

## A Servant

Amorphis

What was denied from poor  
I thought to be riches  
I run for them there and then  
it made me take my due  
to death I'd plunge with joy  
my happiness to claim  
I am prepared to face the war  
under the black soil

I'm righteous if so desire  
until I reveal my worth  
and take to myself  
what was denied from me  
I stalked them in their celebrations  
I delved into their words  
I aimed at the highest of the high  
and decided it's mine to take

Wont to crawl I was  
to cringe and fawn  
a servant on hours of day  
but a holder of nocturnal sway

What was denied from poor  
I thought to be love  
I run for it here and now  
it makes me take my due