

Enemy at the Gates

Amorphis

They will come, the heinous thoughts
Silently from the lair
Hunched and crouched, they will come
Reeling us under their might

As they emerge, from the darkness of a heart
Born of the night, concealed in seeds of fear

They will come
The brothers of delusion
They will come
The sisters of shadows

The enemy is at the gates
The enemy at the gates

They make their camp, on the field of hope
And burn down, the house of sleep
Steal the treasures, of our thoughts
Storm the gated, of our hearts

As they emerge, from the darkness of a heart
Born of the night, concealed in seeds of fear

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The enemy is at the gates
The enemy at the gates