

## 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

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The brothers of delusion  
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The enemy is at the gates  
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