

On Rich and Poor

Amorphis

Old folk remember
And those today learn
How before their time
Life was different here:

Without the sun people lived
Groped about without the moon
With candles sowing was done
Planting performed with torches.

At the time we lived
Without the sunshine
Who had covered up our sun
And who had hidden our moon?

Without the moonlight stumbled
With our fists fumbled the land
With our hands we sought out roads
With hands roads, with fingers swamps
We could not live without the sun
Nor manage without moonlight
We could seek out the sun
Who spy out the moon?
Who else if not God
The one son of God?