

# Planetary Misfortune

Amorphis

I hear you  
hear your worthless speech  
unheard and sensational  
feeding my comprehension  
let me see beyond all additional

show me something real  
something low and dramatical  
when all this sinful glittery  
is still too much to see

taste the death from my hand  
cleanse your senses  
take the death from my hands  
please your senses

I fear you  
planetary misfortune  
who will pray for my hallucinations  
I'm not attuned  
when you fold your hands  
it's a wave of the salvation  
and their slaves are their kings  
futility of this creation  
stand before the illusionist  
the man of misapprehension

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take the death from my hands  
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