

Born From Fire

Amorphis

I have a mind, a good memory
Here's how my life begins
I wasn't born from a woman's thighs
But from fire I dwell on that dream
I don't want that to fade
I keep that dream
Until the axe does all that work I was kept under the table
Raised from their sigh
I was worthless till the day
When flames did all the work On the day I was born
They denied my rights
Even the right to die

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