

# 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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