Planetary Misfortune

Amorphis

I hear you
hear your worthless speech
unheard and sensational
feeding my comprehension
let me see beyond all additionalshow me something real
something low and dramatical
when all this sinful glittery
is still too much to seetaste the death from my hand
cleanse your senses
take the death from my hands
please your sensesI 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 salvationand their slaves are their kings
futility of this creation
stand before the illusionist
the man of misapprehensiontaste the death from my hand
cleanse your senses
take the death from my hands
please your senses

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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