

# Withered

## Amorphis

Withered be the flower  
Long past it's prime and bloom  
Forgotten on the stony bed  
This silent hillside tomb  
For coppered be the grip  
Of this wooded land  
A crude cold gauntlet  
Hides the bony hand  
The tears once warmed the ground  
Torn out of eyes that could cry no more  
Compassion for the wind to take  
Ohh, doth pity the bastard poor  
A life of misery and hate  
Upon a chance a twist of fate  
The poison from the goblet ran  
Down the throat of her drunken man  
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