Withered

Amorphis

Withered be the flower
Long past it's prime and bloom
Forgotten on the stony bed
This silent hillside tombFor coppered be the grip
Of this wooded land
A crude cold gauntlet
Hides the bony handThe 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 poorA life of misery and hate
Upon a chance a twist of fate
The poison from the goblet ran
Down the throat of her drunken manWithered be the flower
Long past it's prime and bloom
Forgotten on the stony bed
This silent hillside tombFor coppered be the grip
Of this wooded land
A crude cold gauntlet
Hides the bony hand

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/