Higher Ground

Amorphis

I climb to the higher ground
to see what's behind the sun
step on the hands made out of clay
the hands of stained mortalsall there is and all you'll have
bless the one who cannot cry
there is no night
there is no sunlight
until you refuse to dieI'd let you sleep now
but I don't know how
I'd let you grieve now
but I don't know howI chant the songs of madness
to be the chosen one
still all these bleeding wounds
cannot be cured by sadnessall there is and all you'll have
bless the one who cannot cry
there is no night
there is no sunlight
until you refuse to dieI'd let you sleep now
but I don't know how
I'd let you grieve now
but I don't know how

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

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