

Greed

Amorphis

Not thirsty am I for the blood
Of redeemer of thy greed
My hunger can't be satisfied
With the flesh of thy Nazarene No gilded streets of Heaven's grace
Entice me in thy speech
No holy mother doth condone
All your pillage, war and greed
War and greed But know thee that all oceans
Worth of waters turned holy
Won't change the course of river
That runs inside of me
My blood flows ever skyward
And pools where thy black is white For wouldst thou not came at my soul
With sword of thy supreme truth
Strike me down on my bended knees
For thy baptism so soothe

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