

## 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 boney hand

Tears once warmed the ground  
Torn out of eyes that could cry no more  
Compassion for the wind to take  
O 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