

## 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 mortals

all 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 die

I'd let you sleep now  
but I don't know how  
I'd let you grieve now  
but I don't know how

I chant the songs of madness  
to be the chosen one  
still all these bleeding wounds  
cannot be cured by sadness

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bless the one who cannot cry  
there is no night  
there is no sunlight  
until you refuse to die

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