Weaving the Incantation

Amorphis

A mind dejected, blood boiling with anger
the storm of the warpath, now sings in my heart
your pleading, useless, I now shall disregard
I'll leave you to weep and to fear for me

(I'm ready for my end)
my hair I comb down
with resin into braids
(I'm ready to ascend)
my will burning high
summon strength from the night

I equip myself, to warfare I prepare
I put on my black cloak, enchanted adders skins
your prayers shall not reach into my heart
your despair shall not stop me now

This precious hairbrush, thrown at the wall
it came to me from my father
I give you this as a token of myself
for you to have and mourn over

And when my blood flows from it's bristles
when my sap is dripping from it's shaft
then you will know of my anguish
my destruction will be revealed

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!