

Taken Before Given

Kalmah

A newborn in a basket cries
Her mother and her father - dosed
Welcome to the world little one
Nothing that they have
Done is your fault

Life - mystery in itself
A gift - so hard to keep
Death - nothing more than the end
An aim - too easy to achieve

Taken before given
Traded before broken
The thread of life so fine
Made with love or without it

A sin - and everything within
A crime - older than time
Lust - the evil we trust
Hate - our graceful fate

Taken away from you
Everything and nothing
Broken - the thread of life
Before given

Maybe even better not to be born
Everything you'll learn here is
How to crawl and mourn
In this crooked creation filled with
Nothing is given
And even that is taken