

## The High Swelling Of The Sea (translation)

Capercaillie

The everlasting swelling, hear the sound of the high swelling  
The roar of the sea is as was heard by me as a child  
Without change, without pity, sweeping up the sand of the shore  
The everlasting swelling, listen to the sound of the swelling  
But I'll depart from you, I'll not move any more to meet you  
My age and my appearance give an account of the shortness of my  
days  
At the time I am wrapped in the cold slumber of death  
Make up my bed by the sound of the sea.