

A pail in my hands I'm walking in the swamp
I'm searching for the cloudberry but found none
Velvety moss yielding under my feet
Upon the hummock I lay down to sleep

The flock of gnats keep teasing on me
Whining in perfect harmony
It shakes me awake when I hear the sound
Harvester's blast when it hits the ground
Felling down those last old trees
Shattering the land with iron and steel

On the swamp pine is trilling the Song Thrush
Trilling his tune, calling her bride
But the echo so silent only answers
Still keeps on calling, calling in vain

I'm walking away... I'm feeling disgraced
I'm walking away... I'm feeling disgraced

But the innocent bird keeps on trilling
Trilling his tune, calling her bride
Don't know that their nest has been brought down
With fire and steel, dumber in the ground

Taken is your soul
Taken is my soul
Hollo - disgraced and wasted
Broken - is the spell of yours
Hollo - disgraced and wasted
Broken - is the spell of yours

I am ashamed, you - deaf and dumb
Wrong has been done - by me and my like

Hollo - disgraced and wasted
Broken - is the spell of yours
Hollo - disgraced and wasted
Broken - is the spell of yours

I'm walking away and never will return