

# Hook The Monster

Kalmah

One the surface of the lake  
Thousand sunbeams playing their game  
The line marking its own way  
Through the mirror of the day

And the boat is gliding slow  
Early in the morning glow  
The flash of silver will follow  
Is calling the green beast from below

Soon its tail raises the mud  
The beast is ready for attack  
The reel screams the line beings to run  
And the struggle shall begin

Bites the lure a massive bonehead  
Pulling hard Blending water  
In the boat a firm man standing  
The fight is one to hook the monster

And with butter it will be fried  
Gulped down with great desire  
But soon this tall and fairy man  
A fishbone in his throat he will fall

Bites the lure a massive bonehead  
Pulling hard blending water  
In the boat a firm man standing  
The fight is one to hook the monster