

## Man With Mystery

Kalmah

In the middle of nowhere  
Where the wild spruces grow  
Stands a man with his chainsaw  
Gloomy thoughts in his mind  
Until my foot has gone to sleep I must have sawn  
A million blocks of wood, no payment before  
What a hell did I do wrong to deserve this trade  
Feels like I'm a marionette, an errand boy, a slave  
But I never give up  
I will never give up  
Gnawing bones, muscle cramps, backache  
Coldness, warmth, heavy rains, mosquitos  
And this goddamn saw that will never work  
But with a madman's eyes I carry on, nothing they can do  
A man with mystery  
A man without history  
A man with his story  
A man with mystery  
A man with mystery  
A man without history  
A man with his story  
A man with mystery