

Seventh Swamphony

Kalmah

This is the start but where is the ending?
Do we still have means to pretend?
Creation shouting praise for the keeper
Glory to the son of a man

The shovel has let our Mother's blood
Ingredient of life has been peeled off
Slowly the land withers away
Disappears into thin air

I'm standing at the edge of the blackened swamp
I can't hear the crane's horn or the black grouse bowline
The treadmill rotates
But only in one direction
In the shade of the plant
The contractor smiles

Seventh Swamphony
Mother's tears have dried
Deadly way to live
Work has been done

Wounded land full of ditches
Excavated upside down
Every day he keeps on rooting
Glory to the son of a man

Glory to the Son of a Man who inherited the land

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