

## 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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