

Swamphell

Kalmah

Watery rubber boots
On the field of moss
Inside the boots weary legs
Of the man I always meet

Swamp full of mist
Icy embrace
Nothing left of
Sense of direction

Swamphell
Kill me, let me sink in your lap

Once was the air crystal clear
Secular joys were so near
Glory days have left behind
Swamplord calls now misty mind

Swamp full of mist
Icy embrace
Nothing left of
Sense of direction

When there is nothing left on the surface
And the wind is blowing slow
Under the carpet of moss
Finally I meet my Swamplord