

# Swampwar

Kalmah

And the swamp was a desolate, treeless bog  
Useless rat hole in the back of beyond  
One day came a tractor along came a greed man  
To start the draining, to tear the turf out of its bed

Splash, splash, splash went the bog  
Crash, crash, crash went the rig

Crossing the swamp there was a tuft he had to cross  
And beneath the turf mat there was a home of an ugly troll  
So woke up the Swamplord who was the guardian of the bog  
horror over the man as he heard the sound of a rumbling voice

Who's that wading on my swamp?

Swampwar the time has come to stop the deprivation  
Swampwar we have to accept instead of domination  
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Swampwar we have to accept instead of domination

Hahaa Now I'm going to gobble you up!  
Snip, snap, snout!  
This tale is told out

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