

The Trapper

Kalmah

In the eyes of the trapper fire's burning, burning bright
He's searching for the crossing where the fox has left its tracks on

Shortly finds a trail jam, lays his snare under the trace
With care wipes his own marks and skis back along his own tracks

The work has been done as well as he does
Can't sleep at night, can't stand the wait
He has to get up, he has to leave
And before the dawn the chase is on

Gently slide the skis on the hardened skiing tracks
The narrow beam of the headlight moves around back and forth
Shows the way through the tangle, reveals the gleam under the spruce
The yellow flashes in the darkness, shotgun's flame lights up the sky

The gleam dies out
But the fire's burning

And on the gambrel's nails
Is hanging upside down
One of god's cereals
Giving away its skin and tail

Once and again
This lonely man
Is skiing back
Along his own tracks