

Windlake Tale

Kalmah

Down to the south they migrate, I'm watching down below
Desire burning my heart, I cannot fly
I'm standing on the shore, birches are waiting naked
Heavenly broom of winter has swept their leaves

Nothing - left for me
Tones of grey - are all I can see
Eastern wind is tenderly fingering
My cheekbones
And on the lake
On the foam-crested waves
Grandfather frost
Is riding

So I'm going back to the Windlake
Into the eye of the harsh gale
Once and again to the Windlake
Forever she's calling my name

I say farewell to summer, and winterize my boat
Onto the wooden horses, I put it up to rest
And to the draining water, I will turn my back
But along the icy cover, I will come back

Nothing - left for me
Tones of grey - are all I can see
My feet cold, my hands are stiffed
My snot and tears are taken up
Taken, taken up by the wind

The wind tells my tale - Windlake Tale
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Windlake Tale, Windlake Tale

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