

Soil of the Corpse

Korpiklaani

Calmly I walk in the bone gardens
I listen to the wind of north.
I dig soil with my hands
for the good of the day to come.

Tomorrow I will be back again.
We'll drink a cup and another.
I'll toss soil in your spirits.
You are to taste the might of death.

So I agreed and so will do.
I stayed up nights, heard a sound
from the depths of the dark mind,
from the caches of the horrible song.

Soil of the corpse, I give it to you
I sprinkle it around for you
to get rich, to fall in love.
I take a risk, I check my cards.

As you drink the soil like wine -
crumbs, remnants, the corpse of mine -
you will see the world with new eyes.
You will see the world with insane eyes.

If you don't drink the soil of death,
if you don't taste the black earth,
I will then lose everything -
my money, mind and spirit.

Tomorrow I will be back again.
We'll drink a cup and another.
I'll toss soil in your spirits.
You are to taste the might of death.

Your head will turn, your mind will twist.
You'll sink in pain, and you'll fall down.
Your destiny is death.
The Underworld will be your home.

So I agreed and so will do.
I stayed up nights, I heard a sound
from the depths of the dark mind,
from the caches of the horrible song.