

Done with the Wind

Svartby

Down the valley from the hills
Light as feather
Come the finger-tall whirlwinds
Weather-freaks

Swaying grass, the only sign
Of their lightest pace
Till the whirling air spies
Pick the trace

Hurricanes of gnome size
Fury-storms, mad and small
Bad and small
Whirling lightning power
In a shape of an airball
Airball

Turn the village upside down
Ripping off the cattle legs
Filling lungs with ash and dust
Blasting beer kegs

Blow off the house roofs
Smash the windows
Done and gone with the wind
Damned village ruins

Invincible
Bullet-proof
Axe-proof
Bend to the airballs

Invisible
Fool-proof
Snatch-proof
Bend to the hurricane!