

## 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!