

Morning Wood

Svartby

Don't sleep tight but
Fear the night
Rusty fir claws
Scratch your window

Old log in the yard
Walks and shuts your door
Dust from the shelves
Raining on the floor

Shiver, clutch your
Pillow in hands
Silver web and twigs
Bind your pretty home

Roots entangle footsteps
Ripping them from the ground
Your house tonight will roam

Curl up
Under trembling blanket
Oh, the monstrous trees
Carry you away

Ugly oaken smiles
Grinning through windows
Won't let you wake
Until the dawn of day

Trapped in middle of the woods
No neighbours around
Trapped with your cozy hut
All alone, all is gone

Sunrise, and you behold
The perfect sight
Of the mighty, still and cursed
Morning wood