

# Jens Johansson, Forest Song

I come from the northern woods, I dwell  
in the snow, I found all my answers long  
ago  
the winter the enemy, and summer is  
cold, the gods in the sky are growing  
old

the sky is my only roof, the forest my  
friend, the river is in my blood, i stay to  
the end

the forest is wet and cold, the forest is  
dark, say, have i the will to leave my  
mark  
I ask to the northern star, it's up in  
the sky, I wanted to know I before I die