

Amorphis, Song Of The Troubled One

What the thrush toils at
The partridge asks for
The hapless one takes
The troubled one steals
Puts upon a spade
Sets on a runner
Hides under a door
Shields with a bath-whisk

The farmer hammers
And tempers his spears
Marries off his sons
Hands out his daughters
In boots clogged with clay
In fancy mittens

The sea-swell rumbles
And the wind it blows
And the king hears it
From five miles away
From six directions
From seven backwoods
From eight heaths away.