

Capercaillie, The High Swelling Of The Sea (Translation)

The everlasting swelling, hear the sound of the high swelling
The roar of the sea is as was heard by me as a child
Without change, without pity, sweeping up the sand of the shore
The everlasting swelling, listen to the sound of the swelling
But I'll depart from you, I'll not move any more to meet you
My age and my appearance give an account of the shortness of my days
At the time I am wrapped in the cold slumber of death
Make up my bed by the sound of the sea.