

Christian Kjellvander, Lady Of The Land

As the landscape unfolds
And the skyline fades agray
These ditches were dug by ghosts
We just roll by with lazy grace
Lines in fields tell that fall is coming late
Lines in hands - ambition or fate
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers dead and buried
We have love for those whom the earth has married
She sprung from this soil
Lived of this air
And passed through this sand
So far from poor
So close to me
And so close to land
What goes around comes around
Comes down
Her beacon was barely burning
She saw the fire underground
We have so much to learn from nothing
From the silent, the humble, the sound
But there is one thing that keeps us poor
There is nothing here to die for