

# 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