Christian Kjellvander, Portugal

hollowed and holy
borrowed and brand
the map's not the mountain
the lay is not the land
the waters of portugal
beloved new
the waters of anywhere
as a city blooms
all that I love will disappear
even if I stay
so I myself am going where
my nervous blood will sway
lost and leaving my fate
and on the twelth day
I'll take a stand
one ghost of many
I'll raise my hand
all that I love will disappear
even if I stay
so I myself am going where
my nervous blood will sway
lost and leaving my fate