

Johansson, Forest Song

I come from the northern woods, I dwell
in the snow, I found all my answers long
ago
the winter the enemy, and summer is
cold, the gods in the sky are growing
old

the sky is my only roof, the forest my
friend, the river is in my blood, i stay to
the end

the forest is wet and cold, the forest is
dark, say, have i the will to leave my
mark
I ask to the northern star, it's up in
the sky, I wanted to know I before I die