

Kalmah, Cowards

Oh dear mother why did you give me a birth
I didn't ask to be born
Oh dear father can't you see what you've done
I'm not the one you wanted me to become

A coward I am and a good-for-nothing
Still I can walk over you
When my head is down and I'm in distress
Moonshine is my gentle mistress

A drunkard I am and a yokel, too
Still I can walk over you
My hand is poor and I have to bluff
But cheating to win is not even enough

Walking alone, testing the water
Hiding skeletons in my closet

A coward, a drunkard, a withdrawn, a stranger

What the hell
I feel no shame
What the hell
I feel no shame

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