Kalmah, Swamphell

Watery rubber boots On the field of moss Inside the boots weary legs Of the man I always meet

Swamp full of mist lcy embrace Nothing left of Sense of direction

Swamphell Kill me, let me sink in your lap

Once was the air crystal clear Secular joys were so near Glory days have left behind Swamplord calls now misty mind

Swamp full of mist lcy embrace Nothing left of Sense of direction

Swamphell Kill me, let me sink in your lap

When there is nothing left on the surface And the wind is blowing slow Under the carpet of moss Finally I meet my Swamplord