

## Song of the Troubled One

Amorphis

What the thrush toils at  
The partridge asks for  
The hapless one takes  
The troubled one steals  
Puts upon a spade  
Sets on a runner  
Hides under a door  
Shields with a bath-whisk

The farmer hammers  
And tempers his spears  
Marries off his sons  
Hands out his daughters  
In boots clogged with cka  
In fancy mittens

The sea-swell rumbles  
And the winds it blows  
And the king hears it  
From five miles away  
From six directions  
From seven back woods  
From eight heaths away.