Swamphell

Kalmah

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

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

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