

## The Trapper

Kalmah

In the eyes of the trapper fire's burning, burning bright  
He's searching for the crossing where the fox has left its tracks  
on

Shortly finds a trail jam, lays his snare under the trace  
With care wipes his own marks and skis back along his own tracks

The work has been done as well as he does  
Can't sleep at night, can't stand the wait  
He has to get up, he has to leave  
And before the dawn the chase is on

Gently slide the skis on the hardened skiing tracks  
The narrow beam of the headlight moves around back and forth  
Shows the way through the tangle, reveals the gleam under the spruce  
The yellow flashes in the darkness, shotgun's flame lights up the sky

The gleam dies out  
But the fire's burning

And on the gambrel's nails  
Is hanging upside down  
One of god's cereals  
Giving away its skin and tail

Once and again  
This lonely man  
Is skiing back  
Along his own tracks