

## Windlake Tale

Kalmah

Down to the south they migrate, I'm watching down below  
Desire burning my heart, I cannot fly  
I'm standing on the shore, birches are waiting naked  
Heavenly broom of winter has swept their leaves

Nothing - left for me  
Tones of grey - are all I can see  
Eastern wind is tenderly fingering  
My cheekbones  
And on the lake  
On the foam-crested waves  
Grandfather frost  
Is riding

So I'm going back to the Windlake  
Into the eye of the harsh gale  
Once and again to the Windlake  
Forever she's calling my name

I say farewell to summer, and winterize my boat  
Onto the wooden horses, I put it up to rest  
And to the draining water, I will turn my back  
But along the icy cover, I will come back

Nothing - left for me  
Tones of grey - are all I can see  
My feet cold, my hands are stiffed  
My snot and tears are taken up  
Taken, taken up by the wind

The wind tells my tale - Windlake Tale  
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