Man With Mystery

Kalmah

In the middle of nowhere
Where the wild spruces grow
Stands a man with his chainsaw
Gloomy thoughts in his mind
Until my foot has gone to sleep I must have sawn
A million blocks of wood, no payment before
What a hell did I do wrong to deserve this trade
Feels like I'm a marionette, an errand boy, a slave
But I never give up
I will never give up
Gnawing bones, muscle cramps, backache
Coldness, warmth, heavy rains, mosquitos
And this goddamn saw that will never work
But with a madman's eyes I carry on, nothing they can do
A man with mystery
A man without history
A man with his story
A man with mystery
A man with mystery
A man without history
A man with his story
A man with mystery

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