# 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 whiskThe farmer hammers and tempers his spears
Marries off his sons
Hands out his daughters
In boots clogged with clay in fancy mittensThe sea swell rumbles and the wind it blows
And the king hears it from five miles away
From six directions, from seven back woods
From eight heaths away the wind still blowsThe farmer hammers and tempers his spears
Marries off his sons
Hands out his daughters
In boots clogged with clay in fancy mittens
Song of the troubled one

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RELEASE RELAPSE MUSIC

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