

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

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