

A pail in my hands I'm walking in the swamp  
I'm searching for the cloudberry but found none  
Velvety moss yielding under my feet  
Upon the hummock I lay down to sleep

The flock of gnats keep teasing on me  
Whining in perfect harmony  
It shakes me awake when I hear the sound  
Harvester's blast when it hits the ground  
Felling down those last old trees  
Shattering the land with iron and steel

On the swamp pine is trilling the Song Thrush  
Trilling his tune, calling her bride  
But the echo so silent only answers  
Still keeps on calling, calling in vain

I'm walking away... I'm feeling disgraced  
I'm walking away... I'm feeling disgraced

But the innocent bird keeps on trilling  
Trilling his tune, calling her bride  
Don't know that their nest has been brought down  
With fire and steel, dumber in the ground

Taken is your soul  
Taken is my soul  
Hollo - disgraced and wasted  
Broken - is the spell of yours  
Hollo - disgraced and wasted  
Broken - is the spell of yours

I am ashamed, you - deaf and dumb  
Wrong has been done - by me and my like

Hollo - disgraced and wasted  
Broken - is the spell of yours  
Hollo - disgraced and wasted  
Broken - is the spell of yours

I'm walking away and never will return