

## **Christian Kjellvander "Portugal"**

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Hollowed and holy  
Borrowed and brand  
The map's not the mountain  
The lay is not the land  
The waters of portugal  
Beloved new  
The waters of anywhere  
As a city blooms  
All that I love will disappear  
Even if I stay  
So I myself am going where  
My nervous blood will sway

Lost and leaving my fate  
And on the twelfth day  
I'll take a stand  
One ghost of many  
I'll raise my hand  
All that I love will disappear  
Even if I stay  
So I myself am going where  
My nervous blood will sway  
Lost and leaving my fate

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