

Dark Forest

"A Few Acres Of Snow"

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Quelques arpents de neige
une terre desolee de glace et de neige
le nord vrai et fort, fier et libre
la terre de l'etoile du soir

A man crosses the plains
Searching for identity, searching for his means
He's looking for guidance: "who then are we?"
But gone from here his ancestors long are they

Through a few acres of snow
Had they treaded and forged their path
Through river, snow, mountain and field
A frontier was made and secured without fear
And out of it rose a folk; the new world awoke
In the spring through every new sown seed
A folk who had dwelled, struggled, survived
On just "A Few Acres of Snow"

Quelques arpents de neige
une terre indesirable de glace et de neige
Aueun desir de quoi? inapte pour qui?
They who went A mari ad mare ad mare?

Twenty thousand men stormed the
plain in old world Europa in 1917
Instilling the freedom, instilling
the means, the freedom of the fabled
Quelques arpents de neige...

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