

Capercaillie

"The High Swelling Of The Sea (translation)"

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The everlasting swelling, hear the sound of the high swelling

The roar of the sea is as was heard by me as a child

Without change, without pity, sweeping up the sand of the shore

The everlasting swelling, listen to the sound of the swelling

But I'll depart from you, I'll not move any more to meet you

My age and my appearance give an account of the shortness of my days

At the time I am wrapped in the cold slumber of death

Make up my bed by the sound of the sea

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