

## Leaves

### "Skraelings"

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Solitary houses by the fjord  
Rain is drifting in small water chains  
Silent voices talking behind walls  
Fire burning keeps us warm

Will they come my way?  
Will this change my fate?  
Do they ask for friendship?  
Do they speak my language?  
Will they come my way?

The new sound arises from their base  
And now it's rowing from the south  
Stay and swim back and forth  
Skraelings are in search for the shore

Will they come my way?  
Will this change my fate?  
Do they ask for friendship?  
Do they speak my language?  
Will they come my way?

Usher men  
In the boats  
Holding spears  
Getting close  
Swear struck, Ha!  
Getting low, Ha!  
I don't know  
Lower the swords

Will they come my way?  
Will this change my fate?  
Do they ask for friendship?  
Do they speak my language?  
Will they come my way?

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