

Christian Kjellvander - Rid

**Depart and get no further than halfway around the world
Ascend and get no closer than halfway around the girl
I was born a farmer and you were born a farm
To earth, baby, has fallen and it shall spiral on**

**To rid it of its wars and worries
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To rid it of its wars and worries
Be it clean or dirty, common or strange
In the late or early, out of lust or out of rage
All gods, little demon, came to me as one
My nature knows but this Æ?? to love what I hail from**

**To rid me of my wars and worries
To rid us of our wars and worries**