

Christian Kjellvander - Portugal

**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**