

# Korpiklaani, Northern Fall

The Woods are getting naked  
and the weather is getting colder  
I can feel this fall deep inside my bones

I hear the call of the birds  
they are going to leave us  
I wonder how they know their destination

The woods are turnin' colours  
the wilderness is shining  
the north prepares for winter,  
'cause it will be cruel

The birds calling gether  
they are going to leave us  
I always wonder how they know where to fly