

# The Fall, Iceland

A plate steel object was fired  
And I did not feel for my compatriots  
Hated even the core of myself  
Not a matter of ill-health  
It was fear of weakness deep in core of myself  
The fact attainment was out of...

Mounting orations  
..populations  
To be humbled in Iceland  
Sing of legend, sing of destruction  
Witness the last of the god-men  
Hear about Megas Jonsson \*

Cast the runes against your own soul  
There is not much more time to go  
Work fifteen hours for the good of the soul  
And be humbled in Iceland

Sit in the gold room  
Fall down flat in the Cafe lol\*  
Without a glance from the clientele  
Good coffee black as well,  
Hair blond as hell  
Cast the runes against your own soul  
Roll up for the underpants show  
And be humbled in Iceland

And the spawn of the volcano  
Is thick and impatient  
Like the people around it.  
See a green goblin redhead, redhead  
Make a grab for the book of prayers.  
Do anything for a bit of attention  
Get humbled in Iceland

What the goddamn fuck is it?  
That played the pipes of aluminum  
A Memorex for the Krakens  
That induces this rough text  
And casts the runes against the self-soul  
And humbles in Iceland