

Lengsel, Coat Of Arms

(Words: John Robert, Music: Tor Magne and Lengsel)

Horrific death, you are closing in on me
Circling silently towards the centre of the earth
The rails lead the way, night and day
Black tracks ahead
I keep my eyes on you
Keep you in sight from a distance
And join in the carousel movements
Afraid, awed
Beholding the ghost-like smoke
I grow tired as the weary wheels go round
Feel sick as the smelly smog surrounds me
I droop like snowdrops and wither
Wait for your horrid hands to extend
And touch my white-stained arms of love