

Lengsel, The World Monotone

[Words: Tor Magne, Music: Tor Magne and Lengsel]

Remove the tears
And the thrill they give
And melancholy (melancholy)
Will become a burden
Rather than a strength
Devastates me
Divides me

Among gods
I crawl
In a condition
Forced upon me
Freedom a straining thought
Incomplete

Fling salt in my eyes
So that the inner well
May drain away
And my visit stand visible
Before me
Restless

I realize what I have summoned
Hear the death-conscious moan
The world Monotone is now the nervous one
The world Monotone is now the nervous one