

# 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  
Uncomplete

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