

Lifelovert, Vardagsnytt

(eng)

Here I sit, still and quiet in old misery

The sun goes down outside my dirty window

It shines up and arouses all my repressed feelings

Lays them bare for the hungry jaw of melancholy

Kilometre after kilometre, lined up on a row,

they are shone up by the sun's gas spirit lights - a block of flats!

The town will once again fall asleep, waiting for another dawn, a new day

Waiting for the unavoidable