Thursday, Ny Batteri

[Originally by Sigur Ros]

[Original - Icelandic]

heftur me gaddavr kjaftinum sem blir mig
lstur er lokaur inn bri
dr nakinn ber mig
og bankar upp frelsari
ótaminn setur n batter
og hleur n
og hleur n
og hleur n
og hleur n
vi ttum tryllt af sta
t óvissuna ar
til a vi rstum llu og reisum aftur
aftur n
aftur n
aftur n
aftur bak ar sem vi rum
aftur me gaddavr
sem rfur upp gamalt grói sr
er orinn rygu sl
rafmagni bi
mig langar a skera
og rista sjlfan mig hol
en ori a ekki
frekar slekk g mr
aleinn n

[English Translation]

Barbwire Stapled In My Mouth That Bleeds Me
Locked In A Cage
Naked Animals Beat Me
And A Savior Knocks
An Untamed Puts In New Batteries
And Charges Once Again [x4]
We Set Off
Into The Unknow
Until We Destroy Everything And Are Dominant
Once Again [x3]
Once Again In The Back Where We Ride
Again The Barbwire
In My Mouth That Rips Up An Old Healed Wound
Have Become A Rusty Soul
The Electricity Is Gone
I Want To Cut
And Slice Myself To Death
But I Dont Have The Courage
I Rather Turn Myself Off
Im Alone Again

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