

The Germanic Entity

Solefald

Night has fallen over the nature of the North
The sea lines dark as oil, Frey and Njård come forth
For the love of our province, grant us growth and peace
Watch over the workers on land and at the seas

After June and July comes the grey September
And I think of the nation of which I am a member
Norway, my cradle, that mountainous spoon
#1 on all lists, civilization's boon?

Why be so hard on someone you love?
I've done my bit of crawling, I'll risk 5 minutes above
The critique has been quiet, here is what I have to say
Like my feldgrau dress, let my lyrics be field grey

The wealth has made you arrogant, people run to you for money
Not because they like you, they just wanted to taste the honey
The Norwegian identity is now based on handouts
Why do you think it's so far between the standouts?

Solefald Retrospective Chorus :
In a postcolonial age we wrote postmodern rhyme
Sped The Macho Vehicle down the Autobahn of Time
The Linear Scaffold is a Christian invention
A one-way ticket to Hell with patriarchal intention
Proprietors of Red by The Circular Drain
We come again, like the sun and the rain
The Germanic Entity will cause the World to fall
There won't be any Profit, Progress above all

You complain that kids don't read, never fed them the hooks
The libraries decay, they trash half of our books
Looks to the Atlantic, see Norse heritage thrive
An Icelandic Odyssey, the old gods are alive

The Prince skis through the forest with some ruler on the phone
Spearheading an empire as he glides past the firs alone
Pomp without power was the rage of the past
Power without pomp can make our age the last

The Germanic Entity, its name shall not be spoken
The chains of this Power have never been broken
Blut und Eisen replaced with Diplomacy and Aid
Peace is something that His Majesty made

What can our Statesman do more than to play Christ
With oil-fueled diplomacy, a humanist heist
Social democracy prefer finance to the word
Money wrapped as Dialogue makes Him the Lord

KOSMOPOLIS NORD

Utan fyrebod stend det ein by der, lysande, kastar kvite og gule spjot
uppovert i myrkret, bruer og bygg, løysingar som hjelper
menneski å finna seg ein heim i deg, Kosmopolis
den totale byen diktaren drøymmer um

der han stend under det store biletet, tagal, budd til å fara
frå velstanden som vart til dekadanse, Diktaren skal inn
i den mytiske tidi, til skumringi der ei kvinne sit
og drit. Ho vender deim ryggen, no ventar

skogsvegen, dei store flatone : Eg hev sett deim, kjent deim
Dei drap hundar og skulda på hunger. Dei dreiv tennene
inn i eigne skallar so dei fekk endå ein munn å metta
Dei åt for tvo og drap for tri. Eg elska rovdryi

men hev ikkje fleire lamb å missa. I skogen er eg fri for rovdryi
No vert veggene bygde for å halda oss inne, sperra dyret
inne. Det vil verta endå varmare, endå trongare
enn fyrr. Svarte kalde vegger å spegla seg i