

# 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 rovdryri

men hev ikkje fleire lamb å missa. I skogen er eg fri for rovdryri  
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