

Hinterland

(Lyrics: Kristian K. Hultgren / Øystein Vesaas)

Travelling, travelling alone
Without guiding lights to show me the way
Something is just telling me, to let go and float on these visions inside
A gentle, gentle breeze soothes my unease
In this realm time slips away
Time slips away

Why am I still holding on to all these images?
The world is lying at my feet, ready for the taking
How do you turn the tide? How can you face the outside?
A self-made refugee, hiding from the real stars of Time

How can I reach someone outside myself?
Escape this loneliness inside my mind
I welcome company, please help me to stay awake
cause this journey's bliss will be the end of me

Still afraid that one day all will slide
My Hinterland, still afraid that one day all will slide
I must come, I must come through, I must turn the tide
My Hinterland
Still afraid

Constant yearning to see, to hear, to be alive
To know the outside from within
Gentle breeze, won't you carry me?
A new world springs from my Hinterland

Rubato Industry

(Lyrics: Jacob Holm-Lupo / Ketil V. Einarsen)

A lonely page in a music book is torn and blown across the lake
And by the water's edge it stills, as the tide retreats in defence
Can these notes awake again?
Father Time is slowing down the floating sand inside the hourglass
Unlike time, they can be free

The path now leads across the bridge towards the chorus where tritons
meet
“Gather around my little ones”, they sing
The notes are dancing through the trees,
Pulling every single string, the orchestra will soon begin
“Listen!”, the brook sings with the green grass that grows under the mill

Echoing fields, you still hear the music playing
This fate in vain, like the silent sound encloses us and them
Now it's merely writings in the sand
Each gentle gust of the wind now fades the written word
Fades the written word