

Falkenbach

"Iceland"

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A plate steel object was fired
And I did not feel for my
compatriots
Hated even the core of myself
Not a matter
of ill-health
It was fear of weakness deep in core of
myself
The fact attainment was out of...
Mounting
orations..populations
To be humbled in iceland
Sing of
legend, sing of destruction
Witness the last of the god-
men
Hear about megas jonsson *
Cast the runes against
your own soul
There is not much more time to go
Work
fifteen hours for the good of the soul
And be humbled
in iceland
Sit in the gold room
Fall down flat in the cafe
iol*
Without a glance from the clientele
Good coffee
black as well,
Hair blond as hell
Cast the runes against
your own soul
Roll up for the underpants show
And be
humbled in iceland
And the spawn of the volcanols thick
and impatient
Like the people around it.
See a green
goblin redhead, redhead
Make a grab for the book of
prayers.
Do anything for a bit of attention
Get humbled
in iceland
What the goddamn fuck is it? That played the
pipes of aluminum
A memorex for the krakens
That
induces this rough text
And casts the runes against the
self-soul
And humbles in iceland

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