

Lengsel "Coat Of Arms"

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[Words: John Robert, Music: Tor Magne and Lengsel]

Horrific death, you are closing in on me
Circling silently towards the centre of the earth
The rails lead the way, night and day
Black tracks ahead
I keep my eyes on you
Keep you in sight from a distance
And join in the carousel movements

Afraid, awed
Beholding the ghost-like smoke
I grow tired as the weary wheels go round
Feel sick as the smelly smog surrounds me
I droop like snowdrops and wither
Wait for your horrid hands to extend
And touch my white-stained arms of love

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