

## Sole

### "Christania"

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{Edvard Munch in Christiania  
Painter in the poor capital of  
A spoon-like strip of land

He painted a self portrait in Hell  
And herad Death speaking French  
His anguish is remembered  
And works of art extolled

Munch}

Beboere av Christiania, fÃll min angst!  
Himmeln den lave brenner et bÃl, men dere ser ikke  
opp  
Dere ser pÃ meg med grÃne fjes  
Aldri noensinne vil dere forstÃa!  
Beboere av Christiania, fÃll min angst!  
Jeg hever blikket mot den synkende himmels flammer  
Og dere ser, dere ser  
Dere ser mitt selvportrett i helvete

{Death}

Je suis venu pour recolter les malades  
Je suis venu pour fÃter leurs maladies  
La misere me nouritt  
La misere me renforce  
Il n'y a plus de Bible dans salle des malades  
Il n'y pas de livre parmi les malades  
Succombs, mes enfants, Ã la nÃ©cessite de la mort  
Succombs, mes patients, Ã vortre humble docteur

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