

## Root "RullbrÃ¸h"

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Blackie / Big Boss

RullbrÃ¸h : IÃ¸fÃ¸h, 'm learning the anxiety of  
happiness,  
it seemed deceitful long ago, but words of praise urge  
to birth  
a harbinger of butterfly flight.  
RullbrÃ¸h : Glory of spite, delight of blood,  
Happiness of happy - go luckies  
and the forever mute,  
of strong only in beauty and vulnerability  
living in the sorrow of their souls.  
Propeth : I come acorss happiness  
without looking for it,  
lost in the bottom of bitterness  
in the garden of faded flowers.  
RullbrÃ¸h : IÃ¸fÃ¸h, 'm listening to the whispering  
of voices,  
about the blossomed solitude of anandoned eyes,  
solitude agitates my heart.  
RullbrÃ¸h and Prophet : I will no  
longer, may be when I wake up . . .

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