

Soldiers of Jah Army

"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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