

THE RAIN HELD A THOUSAND NEEDLES

Music: Martinsen

Lyrics: Schau

I saw famine
You saw worth
I saw all my broken dreams
Where you saw birth
As the swans sank to the bottom
And the river turned to mud
I saw burials and pain
Where you saw earth

I heard trouble
Where you heard pride
I heard torture
Where you heard child
Even your flash flood of kindness
Would only vomit up a raindrop
Cause I don't believe in stars
Without a night

But if the dead could somehow just manage to speak
What kind of broken advice could they give
I pray and I hope they would only have one thing to say
Live, you that do, live
Live, you that do, live

We were like a corpse
Waiting to be cremated
Decomposing
While vultures waited
If only your dream of an Eden
Did not come with a serpent
You could have had your love
That I'd have hated

But if the dead could somehow just manage to speak
What kind of broken advice could they give
I pray and I hope they would only have one thing to say
Live, you that do, live
Live, you that do, live

Grand piano – Christian Spro, Roar Nilsen and Mads Martinsen