



BEHIND THE LYRICS – TRACK BY TRACK

With singer/lyricist Jimmy Nymoen's comments *in cursive*

Leeches

It's about how we use up all the nature's resources, and how we're letting down future generations.

The rot we leave behind, like a disease it's spreading. Hail the greed until we die. We're like flies surrounding shit. The stench is so appealing. A blinding bliss. We choose to have it all. Revelled beyond repair, we leave them nothing. Devour all, and let it die. We're obsessed by greed. We're leeches. We always crave, we always thrive. We scrape all the remains. The world left barren. It's too late for remorse. We can't change the path we've paved. The world rots, ignore the stench. The world rots, and still we grace the lie.

Worlds Apart

How people show compassion and sympathy for others that have it worse than themselves, as long as it doesn't inflict with their own interests. Keeping their backyards clean.

We give our empathy, sharing your sorrow. Our concern for your tragedy, how it breaks our hearts. But keep your shit far away. Keep your shit far from me. Don't need this filth in my street. Get help where you belong. I pay to have my conscience clean. I pay to provide a safe distance between us. Keep us worlds apart. I have to have my backyard clean from misery.

For the Few

Is about greed, selfishness and the increasing wealth gap.

Infected you breed a culture of gluttony, efficient envy and monstrosity. As profit precedes the needs of humanity. Protected behind a wall of eloquent lies. The rapacious prevail. Vultures of society. Belittle the frail. Left behind, redundantly. Shut out the masses as you're saving yourself. You suck the bone dry, keep it all to yourself. You're fueling the fire, that burns for the few.

A Trail of Failed Attempts

The lyrics revolves around the issues I have about getting older.

Bright eyes as they turn to pale. No lease of life, I'm empty. I stay numb in the remnants of light. Paralyzed, I wither. Can't escape these chains of apathy. It's too late to cut the ties. A trail of failed attempts is all I leave behind. Lost in past mistakes, too late to rewind.

Transparent Lives

We see beggars, drug addicts and homeless people in the streets on a daily basis, but we choose to ignore them, totally indifferent to their shit.

We're caught by wounded eyes. So tired and worn. A glance filled with despair, easily ignored. Transparent lives shattered. Silently concealed. We shut our eyes to your anguish. Stay oblivious. We look the other way. Choose to neglect. Choose to suppress. We remain heartless and cold as you stay disowned.

The Silent Repent

We've lived lifetimes in wealth and prosperity, but it have taken its toll on the world. Now, maybe facing mankind biggest challenge yet, we're left with hindsight and uncertainties. We're the plague, the disease. A narcissistic breed. We're parasites, we're lice. This greed will drain it dry. A race to decay, our demise. A collective suicide. Our denial speaks in tongues. We can't breathe with punctured lungs. Now the silent repent. We have all played a part. No one here is pure of heart. Save us. Slay us. Slaughter us all.

Blurred Flickering Pictures

I have history with quite heavy drinking. The lyrics is about the feeling of waking up not knowing what happened night before. Just hints and glimpses that triggers the anxiety to build.

Blurred flickering pictures run through my mind. And all my fuck ups forming a line. I can't admit how my abuse causes this shit. Still I defy, always deny. Anxiety building. I can't remember why. But these pictures still run through my mind. Awaken drenched in sweat. This feeling never lies. I drown my remorse. Get back into my hole. My pit of self-loathing.

Monoton

I feel that society has become more and more shallow, and it's reflected in what you see on TV, in music and in newspapers. The lack of content seems constant.

Praising these plastic dreams you feed on the herds of vanity. Botox beauty queens glorified by this vain society. Strip our lives of content, stay blinded by this veil of conceit. Confined, trapped by emptiness. Praise the apathy. Blissful like a dream. We're the children of vanity, embraced by monotony.

Old Patterns

Blind to the past, we see yet again right wing extremism growing. Seems history hasn't taught anything.

Who put all this fucked up hatred in your head? What's the root to the evil you're infected with? You're buried neck deep in this ingrained bigotry. You fuel the fiery violence of white supremacy. Spreading sickness with your lies, as we head for our demise. Fuck the bigots, arise. Still repeating the same mistakes. Old patterns prevail. Killing equality. So once more we head down the same path.