

World Music with Black Edges

Solefald

Out of Africa, Mother of the species
The original tribe falling to pieces
As families diverged and spread to farther lands
We are the offspring of those traveling bands

Back to Africa, returning to the Source
Neonism revived, connecting to the Force
Hear the artillery of the Solefald gunboat
We bring you the rhythms and the stories unsought

In Kragerø, Telemark, reporting from the fjord
Tanned people row boats with children onboard
Above the codfish and mackerel, below the gulls of the sky
In these summers I grew up, so happy I could die

Writing by the sea in Norway, Kosmopolis
In the small wooden hall we wrote our « Omnipolis »
Back when the mothers still walked the Earth
The ones who raised and loved us from the moment of birth

The Kosmopolis Crew have dressed for the tropics
Back to the late 90s with the fluorescent topics
They forgot « to yourself » in the device « stay true »
The Total Orchestra come howling back at you

The motormouth verses, the Cro-Magnon grins
The Zanzibar guitar, the wild beating of skins
The synth machinery, the Gedichte of gloom
The choirs and organs, the bass lines of doom

Kosmopolis, it is something new
Kosmopolis, I have my eyes on you
Verse is the bridge, the Atlantic is the gap
Shoutout to Ill Bill for bridging it with Rap

Soldiers of Fortune, Heavy Metal Kings
How cool to be only one of those things
In 2010 « Black Metal » crossed the border
In 2000 we wrote « Open the Black Metal Order » :
« There are no Blacks in Black Metal, the name must be an error
How did this temple of sound roar into being?
Who made it the tornado it is?
The bad kids are getting old but they played is not
Open the Black Metal Order This is pain immortalized
The future is said to be many things but I predict it to be Transatlantic
Who is able to carry on through? Who is able to stay courageous? »

3rd Inhuman Music Regiment Berlin
Third Rebel for short, a think tank grey as sin
Metal should look martial, be as strict as it is stern
In the hall of arts we made the GewaltKunstWerk burn

The House of World Cultures was the place to begin
The State in Time assembled the NSK in Berlin
Aesthetes in uniforms, Microstates with riding boots
Democrats in leather, Anarchists in shooting suits

Subcultures met and offered peaceful pledges
Three days it lasted, world music with black edges
L'art est le fanatisme qui oblige à la diplomatie
À bas la Terreur, avant que tout ne finit

KOSMOPOLIS SUD

Eg hev ikkje anna å bjoda på enn emosjonell turisme
Ein feit dude i batikk som dansar til ein feit beat
Ein feit chick med glowstick stein på feil shit
I Goa ravar voodoofolket på strandi

Du kan kjenna det, rytmen er ein dansar
Du må lata musikken røra beini dine
Hopp for hyggje, hopp for hugnad
Hopp for glede, hopp for frygd

Hopp over alt som gjer livet vondt å leva
Hopp i tidi til då me dansa, syng med
Vert med til byen vår, Kosmopolis
Kryp inn i mitt hovud