

Högni Egilsson:

TOUCHED BY LIFE

A MUSICAL REFLECTION

5

P. 22 - 23 **A DARK LULLABY**

Gateway to the song:

What is this enigma called Man?
A machine of destruction?
An advanced beast in a jungle of it's own making,
bent on creating sorrow, desperation, torment and violence?
Doesn't it matter to us at all that just as much as life creates us,
we are the creators of life and thus ultimately we are the creators of death.

(5) A DARK LULLABY

Loud is the rumble from ravaged spaces,
rocking the screams from a mangled earth,
fraying the nerves is the hiss of hatred,
hard on the nostrils the stench of naked
and dead
and rotting from time of birth.
Cock your gun, what a shambles sweetheart,
shoot away through the gory night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

Red drips the sun from the realms of heaven,
ripe are the heads for the swollen ground,
baring their fangs are the mad and mighty,
mauling and breaking go wheels of hatred and murder
faster
and round and round.
Gnash your teeth, what a sight my sweetheart,
swing away through the burning night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

Ask yourself while the earth is burning,
ask yourself through the screams of fear;
is it enough to be asking questions,
is it enough to feel, oh so sorry,
to mutter oaths
or to shed a tear.
Roll your eyes for the broken beauty,
bleed away in the ghoulish night.
Brrrr, my baby, brrrr, my love,
bloody gloat the stars above.

A dark lullaby

Arr:
Paul Åge Johannessen

Words and music:
Högni Egilsson

Dm(add9) A7/D Dm(add9) Gm/D A7/D Dm(add9)/C

Loud is the rumb - le from rav - aged spac - es, rock - ing the screams from a mangl - ed earth,
Red drips the sun from the realms of heav - en, ripe are the heads for the swoll - en ground,

5 B^b F/A C/G Fm/A^b Dm(add9)/A B^b/A Fmaj7 Gm7

fray ing the nerves is the hiss of hat - red, hard on the nos - trils the stench of na - ked and
bar - ing their fangs are the mad and might - y, maul - ing and break - ing go wheels of ha - tred and

9 F⁶ Dm(add9) A7 Dm(add9) Gm C B^b F/D

dead and rott - ing from time of birth. Cock your gun, what a shambl - es sweet - heart,
murd - er fast - er and round and round. Gnash your teeth, what a sight my sweet - heart,

13 Gm Dm/A B^b/A Dm(add9)/A A7/D Dm C[#]/D Dm

shoot a - way through the gor - y night. Brrr, my bab - y, brrr, my love.
swing a - way through the burn - ing night. Brrr, my bab - y, brrr, my love.

17 B^b/D Dm(add9) A7/D Dm(add9)

Blood - y gloat the stars a - bove.
Blood - y gloat the stars a - bove.

5

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Published in Iceland 2012
by Gisli Olafur Petursson
Layout of Music Pages: Edvard Larusson.

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ISBN 978-9979-9289-7-3