



Since I started making music again in 2018 I have released two albums. This will be my third since 2018 and my 6th album all in all. On "From Across the Fields" I had to learn to walk again. With the revision of "Unbelonging" I started to feel comfortable with the ins and outs of music production and got hold of all the new ways of making music. This leads me to my new album "The Greater Good" where I finally feel fully up and running.

As a result, I think the album is way more consistent than the previous two.

It is a more acoustic album with a more somber tone than previous ones. Stylewise I am almost returning to "Last Day of Sanity" but with a lot more elements from Balkan and Gypsy music. I have been fortunate to work with excellent musicians from all over the world (Denmark, Norway, Ukraine, Russia, Serbia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, USA, Venezuela and Israel)

A lot of the songs center around activism, refugees and climate crisis. Obviously, these are the topics that are generally on my mind and I prefer to write about what happens around me and not about me. I must admit that I tire easily when artists only write songs about their own life and all the crises they are going through.

This album is dedicated to Julian and Christian Rno, who wrote me the most heartwarming fan letter and strengthened my belief in that there is place in this world for my music.

Songs

1. Whisper
2. The Freedom to...
3. Repeat
4. Your War
5. Children of the Sand
6. Breathe
7. Shadows
8. The Blind Eye
9. The Mayfly
10. Become No One

Credits

This album wouldn't have existed without the help of all these talented musicians. A special thanks to my friend, Per Solgaard, for the great recording sessions in his summer house throughout 2019 and for trying out every kind of instrument.

Per Solgaard:	Bass on all tracks. Western guitar on 7, Dobro on 4, 5, 6, 8. Mandolin on 9, 10.
Sandra Bullet:	Backing vocals on 1,2,3,5,6,10.
Nina Uzelac:	Cello on 1,4,6,9,10.
Dima Faustov:	Baritone Sax, tenor sax, soprano sax and clarinet on 2,3,7,9.
Mathias Lunde:	Guitars on 1, 2, 8.
Hugo Iglesias:	Dobro (squareneck) on 4,6,7. Western guitar on 6.
Michael Hatter:	Guitars on 3, 5.
Eneko Rodriguez:	Violins on 5, 10.
Damiano Della Torre:	Accordion on 1, 2.
Danny Pena Balboa:	Accordion on 8.
Nicky V:	Guitars and Banjo on 4.
Luisana Hernandez:	Violins on 8.
Miguel Vargas:	String arrangement on 8.
Gerald Guy:	Dobro (squareneck) on 10.
Maurizio Antonini:	Drums on 9.
Michelle Foster:	Lead vocal on 9

Mix and master by Ivan Ilyukhin.

Cover art by Sidharth Ojha.

Cover photo by Lars Rønne.

Music videos by Arda Sen from Allegro Creative.

Whisper

The cause requires a fight
You keep on saying you might
Before you start giving birth
Before you cripple this earth
Well, the time is now

*Whisper, why do you whisper?
Why don't you join them out in the street?
Tomorrow? Tomorrow it's too late!*

Acting isn't in vain
When seeing is causing you pain
The SoMe in all of its might
Can never settle a fight

*Whisper, why do you whisper?
Why don't you join them out in the street?
Tomorrow? Tomorrow it's too late!*

I don't know, how you manage to just lay low, how you let go
While the future, while the future becomes the past.

*Whisper, why do you whisper?
Why don't you join them out in the street? Tomorrow?
Tomorrow you still whisper.
Why do you whisper?
Why don't you join them out in the street?
Tomorrow? Tomorrow it's too late!*

Comments

This is really about Slacktivism. This song is directed at all those privileged people who acknowledge the climate crisis but aren't willing to do anything about it. All those highly educated people with good jobs who are never to be found out on the street demonstrating for a better world. They have all the right opinions but do very little about it.

I am definitely one of them.

I really had fun with this one. It is the first time I mix Latin elements in one of my songs. The cello in this song is really awesome, you can really tell that Nina is used to playing tango. As with "The Freedom to" I wrote the song specifically with an Israeli guitarist in mind because I wanted him to play some Klezmer licks in the song. However, he ended up not having the time to play on the song so I found a great Norwegian guitarist instead who took the song in a more Kaizers Orchestra direction.

The Freedom to

You want the state to be leaner
You want an oil loving leader
To give you all the choices
Can't see the tree for the forest
Go through life like a tourist
You think that there's nothing much to fear
Too much talk about the atmosphere

*Everybody wants that freedom to finish off man and burn down the planet.
Everybody wants that freedom to be in control of their own manhole
Everybody wants that freedom to shit in the nest, to decide what is best for all the rest.*

Do you not hear what I'm saying?
There's a price to be paying
You can't have your beef and eat it too
You want a world wrapped in plastic
Short flights are fantastic
It is getting hotter, that doesn't make you quit
The dinosaurs didn't seem to mind it

*Everybody wants that freedom to finish off man and burn down the planet
Everybody wants that freedom to be in control burning oil and coal
Everybody wants that freedom to shit in the nest to decide what is best for all the rest*

Everybody wants that freedom to finish off man and burn down the planet.
Everybody wants that freedom to be in control of their own manhole
Everybody wants that freedom to shit in the nest, to decide what is best for all the rest.

Comments

This is a somewhat satirical song about the privileged climate deniers. They stubbornly want to believe that Climate change is a giant hoax so they can maintain their way of life – because no one should tell *them* what to do. They would rather burn down the planet than change their ways. Also it aims at the slacktivists that are totally onboard on the road to a greener future... as soon as their weekend trip to Paris, the work conference in Texas and the surprise holiday in the Maldives is over.

The song started out almost as a reggae song, but since I really don't like reggae I worked hard to pull it in another direction. I listen a lot to traditional Russian folk music these days so I felt like incorporating some of those elements in the bridge – especially the shouting is a reference to Russian folk music like "Katujśca".

Repeat

There's a pattern to everything you see
History is growing like the rings of a tree
For every pogrom and slaughter that took place
a new one is waiting in the woods behind the haze
For every bubble that ever burst
New greed will spring just to quench the thirst

*I stand like a statue,
your world is passing me by
Could you relive your life?
Would you want to give it a try?
Oh I, I remember, remember it all*

I've been around a lot longer than you think.
I've seen humanity sail across the brink.
I live and die, yeah, I live and die
And I've been everything from a doctor to a spy
For every cycle I play the part
I know every change - that ever was by heart

I stand like a statue...

The future is changing.
The things we hold dear are now slipping away.
The future is changing.
Faces of loved ones fall into decay

I stand like a statue...

Comments

This song was originally written for the album "From Across the Field", but I couldn't figure out how to produce it. The only part I had was the bass riff and the drums (and of course the melody and lyrics).

It was first when I enlisted Dima Faustov on Saxes and Clarinet that the arrangement began to make sense. I am really fond of the instrumental ending of the song as well as the changes in the rhythm through the song. The song is strongly inspired by the novel "The First 15 Lives of Harry August" by Claire North. You should read it, it is really great.

Your War

The cause required a fight.
You whisper in the night
Friends lost in the fire
Scorched by your desire

There's a war on its way
You'll be first into the fray
With a wide-open heart
Tearing those you love apart

How great a price will you pay
at the end of the day?
How many dreams will you betray?
Walking the righteous way?

There's a war on its way
You'll be first into the fray
With a wide-open heart
Tearing those you love apart

For a dream bright as day
You gave it all away
Unloved, failed by and large
The end is taking charge

There's a price to be paid.
At the end of a crusade.
Look how far you have strayed.
Your life you willingly betrayed

There's a war in your way
You went first into the fray
With a wide-open heart
Tearing those you loved apart

Comments

I read an article about a young man who in a matter of months went from being ultra liberal/republican to demonstrate for animals' rights and forming the Vegan Party. He looked really miserable on the photo that came with the article, and so did his girlfriend.

He described how the cause required his full attention and there wasn't room for anything else. Basically his life was on a downward spiral threatening to destroy everything he held dear. In my song I imagine him lying in bed as an old man filled with regret.

The cause might have been just, but was the price really worth paying? And more importantly, can you really save anyone if you cannot save yourself?

The song and the arrangement is inspired by one of my favorite songs: "The Man's Too Strong" by Dire Straits. Never been a fan of Dire Straits, but I love this song. The song doesn't really have a chorus which is something I very seldom do. I think the only other song I have without a chorus is "Last Day of Sanity". Sometimes a chorus is not what a song needs.

Children of the Sand

On the dusty road
lie the children of the sand.
Their world explodes.
Bright burning buildings still stand.
With no food supply
before the dreamers we bow.
The women cry
and turn their backs on the plow.

We get no assistance
You watch us from the distance
You leave us to die
While the seasons go by
Won't reach out your hand
to the children of the sand

I am a civilian,
living in a world of hurt
And my dusty world
always comes in third
'Cause you never know
if this war will be our last
Our hidden foe
that ruled us in the past, now

We get no assistance...

With friends like these
We'll drown in high seas
We'll pick your fruit
Be your prostitute
If you say 'please'
We'll die on our knees - aaaah

We get no assistance...

We just pray we'll float
When bailing the sinking boat
This our last goodbye
While the waves roll gently by

Comments

The song is about the refugees that fled their country due to recent wars only to drown when they try to cross the Mediterranean – and those who did make it end up picking fruit under slave like conditions or as prostitutes (not all of them, of course) .

The sad irony is that “The children of the sand” die at sea. It is also about how we in the West don't reach out our hands to help. Most refugees end up in horrible camps in poor countries while the rich countries take very few refugees. So it is both a very dramatic and political song..

Breathe

Brother well met
This one flight is all that you get
Embrace whoever you can
Be a child, don't be a man
Because brother don't you see
The gates of life are closing fast

*Sleep, I can't breathe
I need sleep,
I can't breathe*

Words stuck in my throat
Cold hands that once wrote
You stand ghostly behind the door
While I'm lying on the floor
The mist is seeping through
And every day there's something new

*Sleep, I can't breathe
I need sleep,
I can't breathe*

Brother well met
This one flight is all that you get
No spark, there is no desire
There's no heat left in the fire
Silent is the night
I shut my eyes and leave the fight

*Sleep, I can't breathe
I need sleep,
I can't breathe*

Comments

For a long period in 2019 I had problems breathing. It affected my singing as well, as it felt like I didn't have the air to sing properly. I underwent all kinds of test which concluded that I was fine. In the end it was due to the lack of sleep that comes with parenthood. I am better now, fortunately. But the song is not about breathing, it is about dying of old age. About giving up. About being swallowed by the mist that is seeping in from underneath the floor boards.

My lyrics often have a pretty somber and melancholic tone and I don't know why that is, I am a pretty silly person.

I like how this song has a dusty, slightly rusty feel. I especially like the intro.

Shadows

What creeps through the night?
What's quelling the last of light?
What's stirring the fallen leaves in the underwood now?
Claws marks on the wall.
A shadow that's eerie tall.
What flows in the fog that howls by the river side?

*But don't you scare easily
Know that your dreams will set you free
Free from the shadows*

What moves out of sight?
What gives in when dreams take flight
What longs for the embers that dance in the fireplaces?

*But don't you scare easily
Know that your dreams will set you free
But don't you scare easily
Know that your dreams will set you free
Free from the shadows*

La la, la la la

Footsteps on the floor
That open the darkest door
With faces unseen, we dare not to look upon now
Don't hide in the shadows

La la, la la la

Comments

This song is about all the dark and scary things kids imagine are lurking outside the house. All the creepy things that live in the fog and along murky rivers. The path to peace and salvation is just going to sleep where the dreams are warm and lovely.

The "la la" part was supposed to describe the happy and warm dream world.

The song is also about standing on the threshold to the unknown and mustering the courage to enter an unknown future.

The style of the song is a curious mix of American Blues Roots and Klezmer/Balkan with a clear reference to Iggy Pop's "The Passenger".

There's also a reference to slave songs in it, but that comes from my Bass player, Per Solgaard, who insisted we tried some "Hoh!" choir. He thought the chorus line was "Free from the shackles". I thought the "Hoh!" choir was a pretty weird suggestion, but why not try it out.

This is the only song on the album where I play an actual physical instrument (synth not included). I play the dobro that starts the song.

The Blind Eye

Follow the lights at sea
Stay quiet and calm and we'll be free
The night we fled the ruined earth
The night we lost our birth right
The hole we get to keep

*How are people keeping sane?
All the children lost in vain
How are people keeping sane?
When those images remain
The blind eye. The sky-high lie*

Moving through the silent docks
Lost inside a freezing box
Came to see the city glow
Death is slow and no-one, no-one will ever know

*How are people keeping sane?
All the children lost in vain
How are people keeping sane?
When those images remain
The blind eye. The sky-high lie*

*Do you know what we become,
When our humanity is gone?
Do you know what we become,
When our humanity is gone?
The blind eye. The sky-high lie*

Comments

This song is based on the ending of Children of the Sand and the story follows the same vein with desperate immigrants and refugees crossing the Mediterranean only to die inside a cooler trailer on their way to the dream of a better life. I wrote the song after the incident known as the “Essex lorry deaths”. I am amazed or rather, terrified, how we can witness the most terrible accidents, digest it, shrug on our shoulders and move on.

I decided to re-use the melody from the ending part of Children of the Sand, because I felt the tune had more to offer than just being an appendix to a song. Also, I rather like the idea of infusing elements from one song into another. I also wanted to try out a more Middle Eastern rhythm for this song – I am not sure it really is, but to me it has a more Middle Eastern vibe. At the same time, I wanted the first verse to be almost acapella. I was difficult to do and when the beat comes on it might seem a little odd at first.

I produced the song just after I was done with “The Freedom to” and had fallen in love with the break in the middle of “The Freedom to”. Why not do it again, I thought – complete with stomps, claps and shouting.

The Mayfly

The starlings fly above the heather, the crashing of waves.
Please tell me that the storm will bring us news of your flight.
But the storm brings no hope to me, but quite some sand in my eyes.
Your freedom fight won't last forever, one day you'll be coming home.

*Mayfly come and get me, don't fight any longer,
Darling don't you leave me.*

Mayfly! Your sacrifice is keeping me cold.
Once I promised that I would be slave for your will.
But here is no will present and nothing will grow on barren ground.
Forgive me for fading away, uncertainty is killing reason

*Mayfly come and get me, don't fight any longer,
Mayfly don't deceive me.*

The Mayfly, the Lady whisper, still bring us some hope.
They've seen him in the darkened alleys, he will come back.
But I know he's gone forever, I have seen the bloodstains on the wall.
In a frenzy I leap from my window, brick walls and wires pass me by.

*Mayfly levitate me!
You said you would never leave me.
My wings won't carry me now that you have sealed my fate...
that you have sealed my fate... that you have sealed my fate...*

Comments

This song is old. 21 years old. I put it on my first demo album "Behind the Times". I've wanted to make a full blown version of this song for a number of years, but only found it fitting for this project. It has some very clear references to Irish folk music and I have tried to move it into a more Gypsy-like feel.

It is the first song I have published that doesn't feature a guitar! I write nearly all my songs on guitar so not having a guitar as a key element in a song is almost outlandish to me. There's mandolin on it, but that's not a guitar. It's a mandolin.

The song is about the wife or lover of a fictional, and not very successful, freedom fighter from the renaissance era. The song follows the woman as she falls into despair in the wake of her lovers disappearance.

When I instructed Dima Faustov in what he should play for the ending of the song I sent him some pictures of Palio di Siena (Italy's most iconic horse race, the one with the parades and the funny dresses) and told him "That's what the ending should sound like!".

Become No One

Like a dying ember
In the late November
I sit idle, nervous
In stressful lack of purpose

But don't you see
There's no work for me
I'll put on a show
Time's moving so slow

It's easy, too easy
To be become, become no one
It's easy, too easy
To be gone, just a walk-on

A flood of abbreviations
Bullshit for generations
The end of social relations
In my work life autumn
I just die of boredom
But that's not a workplace problem?

So, don't you see
There's no work for me
I'll put on a show
Time's moving so slow

It's easy, too easy...

And already we're fighting on a slippery slope.
And already we're hanging on to a lonely hope
And some day we're drowning in the landfill

It's easy, too easy...

Comments

I wrote this song a few years back, but never got around to finish it and had a hard time coming up with any meaningful lyrics for it.

But then I read a great (but not very well written) book called "Pseudo work" about all the work we do that doesn't really contribute to anything. All the stupid procedures we follow that in theory were a great idea, but in practicality amount to very little. I wrote the song about a man who slowly withers away in the pointless sea of pseudo work.