

Killing Me Softly

Wondered If there's another side. Life after death. One of the reasons religion was created. Fear of death and the need for comfort. You only have to believe they say. After you pay the collect or else we try to psych & scare you into it. Pathetic ! By all means don't apologize. No rather pull the moon out of orbit before admitting your failure. Heaven or hell, unselfishness or egocentric. Signs from the other side, coincident or something of a deeper meaning. I'm not the one robbing you from belief, I give you hope, I'm the carrier of light....

I haven't always been a fighter. I grew into one. Besides sporadically telling the local Hells Angels to shut up their bikes at age of 5, I were no tough kid. Smiling, lighting a smoke probably wondering about who this wierd kid was. They had their club house right between my place & the centre of the world.

So out of the ashes of what was & is probably the best race hours ever I grew up right next to my grandfathers oat mill. In the 60' & 70' It was totally superior. So this was my childhood playground & I remember quite clearly the stables with horses & all the loud noises from the machines. The smell of freshly cooked oat lay over the whole area.

As I said I was no tough kid, I got some scares that stayed with me for a while. At the time an unnamed feeling of anxiety. It followed me for a long time, at school, at home. It stuck, creating a not that awesome time. So out of all of this two things evolved. The love for music & football. It became my arena of fighting & at some point I started fighting back. I hit back at everything with it. I got in shape, I started daring. You got to dare, dare stand up for yourself. Dare to live !

I became really good. Scoring lots of goals & ending up in the local newspaper scoring the winner goal in the young championship. At the same time the love for music grew. We kept a guitar in our house and for a long time it just stood in the same place. Watching it, was I one of those who could learn to play it. I absolutely loved dreaming of it. The dream took me time and time again far away. At a point I were on a football cup in Denmark. I was lying down relaxing after lots of matches and a Cd was put on. Listen to this, after the 2 song I was amazed. The music, the guitars, songs & lyrics was awesome. Scapegoat...Sad but true !

Some songs come into your life creating different moods, directions, destiny or some may be something much more. After what was my life's maybe biggest disappointment I grew new scars. It evolved, making me not the best version of my self. Creating a vast darkness of mind. What at start seems like harmless fun rapidly turn into a living hell. I discovered a new high. A total crystal clear fog off mind. No man has a positive curve by doing drugs. We all fall, in the end !

In this state of mind in the end of the 90' I heard this song coming out of the radio & all I really could hear of lyrics were Killing Me Softly. The only thing I could hear was Killing me softly. It came through the walls. Through the roof & through the floor. I woke up some time later after a long week of partying. Coming down hard. I fell asleep sitting upright. When I open my eyes I saw a big knife lying in my lap. I looked up & my mother was sitting in front of me. She had been dead for years !

Some years later I fell down in my kitchen. What seems to have been an heart attack. I lost total control of my body, started shaking. Everything blackened. I passed out and where most end their path in life. I later, woke up again.

I'll tell you again, I'm not the one robbing you from belief, I give you hope. I'm the carrier of light !

