Angelface

Pling ping. I woke up on my couch by a ring on my web chat. A bit dazed & hungover. It was one of the girls. Maybe on the run again. She was always on the run. Cute & also on a destructive druged path through life. Dancing,intoxicating & looking for an adventure.

Winterland In Norway. January/February, when Its on Its darkest & coldest. From the deepest forests, you can hear the dark & mistfull true Norwegian Black metall ringing. From before It became an Industry. The true anger towards the church. I can relate. A touch of misanthropia & anger. From being, let down. Who els to throw It at than God & The church.

In the deepest forest mountains the car stopped, lost and confused. Stuck In the snow. Wolves howling, bear territory In the mountains. Chilling cold. So beautiful, that angel face. So x-rated. So dangerous.

She can relate to. From up above, looking down on the city. The chemical rush, stars falling. Falling down. From some kind of destructive beautiful decay we were, we fall. We all, fall !

Then later on I woke up In a hotel room In Oslo. She ran away again. Always on a run, I fell asleep. Exhausted and no speed could keep me going. To tired, to tired. Theres nothing glamorous about the drug romance. Needle-bloody & dirty. Dangerous, you really got to trust yourself. What start as a adventure always ends dirty. In the claws of the Illness you may end up as someones 8000 dollars deathfuck or at least an attempt, or the polices “rag doll” with a infection you can get rid of. Dance If you like & Fuck If you love. Your imagination is the only limitation right now.

Dangerous & cute that Angel-face, maybe she’ll keep running to the bitter end. She walked into the city lights one night. The silhouette becoming more & more blurry walking into the big city lights. Maybe she’ll keep running to the bitter end…..

If you for one or several reasons start using drugs. Never start using the needle. It makes everything 100 times more dangerous. For what may seem like an exciting adventure son will turn Into a living hell. More vulnerable In many ways !

I never used the needle & heavy psychedelic drugs. Never a drug dealer. Didn’t want to be serving, the hell. I kept my integrity….

If you for one or several reasons end up In a drug hell you got 1 of 2 choice. You can keep on going to the bitter end. Or you can find a new way of living !

“Where the wild roses grow. Oh the tears In heaven won’t hold right now. Where the wild roses grow, where the wild roses grow. The blood covers the walls, bathroom halls. So tragical beautiful & dangerous, the wild rose fall”

Every time we fall
Every time we fall
Every time we fall