

The Tastemaker

(Øystein Sørensen)

Jeremy is posting me a note
Telling me you really don't belong here
Finally, I understand his quote
A chain inside a castle and my calendar
He shows me all he has tasted
And the abyss of his deed
Don't want another rating
Of the element I need

After a while, after a while
You don't mind, you don't mind
After a while, After a while
You don't mind
The tastemakers bring you the vine

Abigale is blocking me in vain
Telling me I really don't belong here
Suddenly I'm in her game again
A dream inside the tables and her calendar

The juggler is rehearsing
To Make a perfect spin
He is in a competition on ice, he'll never win
After a while, after a while
We don't mind, we don't mind
After a while the tastemakers bring on the vine

Mother Wolf feeds children in the night
Hiding as if they really don't belong here
It's in the air - the focus and the light
Should I stay beside her to defend her?
I Jump into the water
It's cold about to freeze
In the abyss there's a party
An invitation from the tastemaker
And the friends you want the least

After a while After a while - You don't mind
The tastemakers bring on the vine

Jeremy hear voices in the night
Telling him who do, who do belong here
So in between his mission and the lies
I will disappear
After a while After a while
You don't mind
After a while After a while
You don't mind
The tastemakers bring on the vine

Lead vocal: Solon

Flamenco guitar: Robert 'Robi' Svärd

Contrabass: Juan Masana

Percussions: Miguel 'Cheyenne' Rodriguez

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