

Bris

Kaizers Orchestra

Bris, bris.

Puster meg i nakken.

Det blir kaldt i frakken og kroppen skriker.

Kom, bris, bris.

Sett meg fri.

Skru på sirenen og gi meg varige mårn.

Bris, gir meg roser i kinna, ta vekk vonde minner.

Bris, du har stengt oss inne, du vinner, du vinner.

Du vinner.

Mitt navn er Kristoffer, eks-lokomotivfører, sønn av en skipsreder, jeg var hans stedfortreder.

Jeg ble tatt hånd om av ei nonne i et kloster.

Jeg gikk i tjeneste for mitt land og kom hjem som krigsoffer.

Og jeg ble lam ifra livet og ned.

Og mitt navn blir ikke lenger nevnt når folk ber.

Og ingen husker, gamle Kristoffer.

Han som reddet fem liv for selv å bli et krigsoffer.

Bris, gir meg roser i kinna, ta vekk vonde minner.

Bris, du har stengt oss inne, du vinner, du vinner.

Du vinner.

English:

Breeze, breeze.

Breathing down my neck.

It gets cold in my coat and my body is screaming.

Come, breeze, breeze.

Set me free.

Turn on the siren and give me lasting harm.

Breeze, give me rosy cheeks, take away painful memories.

Breeze, you have closed us in, you win, you win.

You win.

My name is Kristoffer, ex-trainoperator, son of a shipping magnate, I was his substitute.

I was taken care of by a nun in a convent.

I served my country and came home a victim of war.

And I turned lame from the waist down.

And my name is no longer mentioned when people invite.
And none remember, old Kristoffer.
He who saved five lives to himself become a war victim.

Breeze, give me rosy cheeks, take away painful memories.
Breeze, you have closed us in, you win, you win.
You win.

Lyrics submitted by Martin Karlsen.

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