

Josefin Winther



Righteously wrong



Violence

Violence, sweet violence
You can have me again
Violence, soft violence
I'm waiting for you my friend

Young and free and what are we
But everything we would hate to be
The everlasting fear of waste
makes me cling to my empty days

Violence, sweet violence
You can have me again
Violence, soft violence
I'm waiting for you my friend

Smile your smile, wave goodbye
You'll be free the day you die
There is no fight. You have no rights
The journey is the listening trial

Come, see, nothing's here
Stop. Wait. Love's your fate
The end is here and all I fear is right inside my soul
And finally I'm whole

Walls in Beijing

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark grey textured sweater and dark pants, sits on a wooden stool. She is positioned in front of a wall with peeling, light-colored plaster, revealing darker patches underneath. The floor is made of square, light brown tiles. The lighting is soft, coming from the side, casting a gentle shadow on the wall behind her.

Next time you ask me
If I believe in you
Just know I won't have a choice
Doubt is eating at you
For what you turn into
Soaking your trembling voice

Holding me responsible
For everything you do
Someone needs to tell you
That everything is you

And that someone like me
A fool to think that something like us
Would have the strength
When something like this
Is as thin as the walls in Beijing
And I hear them caving in

Next time you ask me
What I think of you
Make sure I have seen everything
But what you wanna hear now
Is nothing like my truth
We're both caught in a ring

Of endless opportunities
A labyrinth of choice
Hoping for an answer
Waiting for a voice

The end of it all is coming for us
The beginning of the fall
is part of the rush

You said don't look so sad
Just be happy I'm still around
You said don't feel so bad
Just be glad it was me you found

I can't go on
Waiting for another day
Of all the people on the face of this earth
It's me you want to keep
So you can push me away

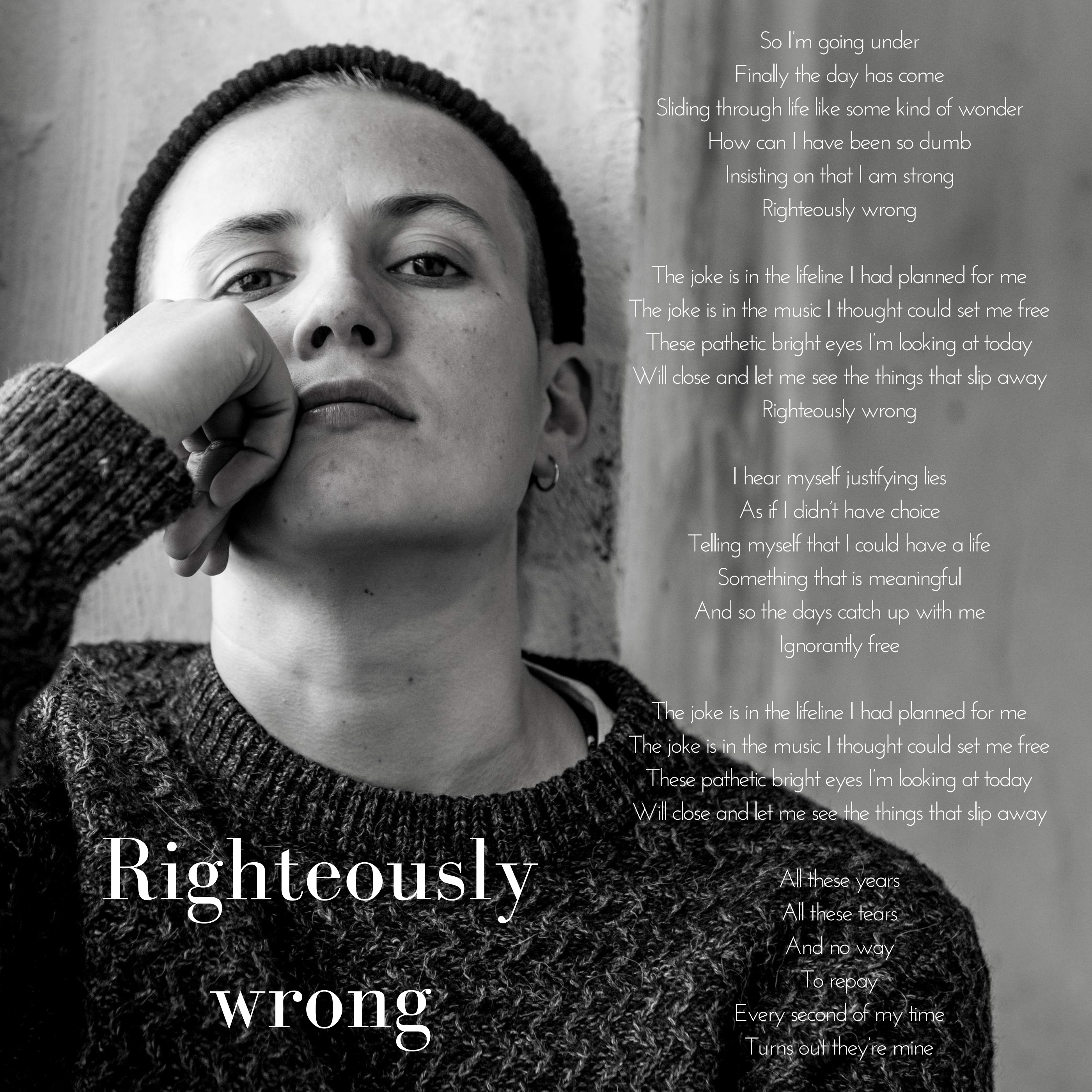
That's why I'm going wild in the nighttime
So tired of burning
Dark like my inside
I don't seem to be learning

We all know what to do
If we know what we want
And until that comes to you
It's gonna feel like a hunt
Where you don't know
What you're after or what you've got behind
And you're hoping so
That the right feeling is gonna find you
And remind you

Not to be going wild in the nighttime
So tired of burning
Dark like my inside
I don't seem to be learning

Wild in the nighttime





So I'm going under
Finally the day has come
Sliding through life like some kind of wonder
How can I have been so dumb
Insisting on that I am strong
Righteously wrong

The joke is in the lifeline I had planned for me
The joke is in the music I thought could set me free
These pathetic bright eyes I'm looking at today
Will close and let me see the things that slip away
Righteously wrong

I hear myself justifying lies
As if I didn't have choice
Telling myself that I could have a life
Something that is meaningful
And so the days catch up with me
Ignorantly free

The joke is in the lifeline I had planned for me
The joke is in the music I thought could set me free
These pathetic bright eyes I'm looking at today
Will close and let me see the things that slip away

All these years
All these tears
And no way
To repay
Every second of my time
Turns out they're mine

Righteously
wrong

Joke



I laugh
As I fall to the ground again
And you can't do anything my friend
I sing songs like I used to do
Now I've realized that nothing's true
I might as well

And it's like it's a joke to us
It's like there's no way
To touch the inside
Now it's without you

I laugh
As you tell me that you are gone
As you tell me you can't hold on
to me anymore

And it's like it's a joke to me
It's like there's no way to be free
with all this around me

Go on
And tell me that you'll come back
And that I shouldn't feel attacked
But just try to change

Judging by your face
It's gonna be a long night
I tried and I tried
But I couldn't stop the fight
Shalalalalala

Dancing in disgrace
It's gonna be a long night
We tried and we tried
But we couldn't stop the fight

Long night



I'm just trying to make you happy
I'm just trying to make this last
You always tell me not to get all erratic
I'm just trying to make this work now
I'm just trying to keep my cool
I'm just trying to see if it's worth it
I'm just trying

So go on be what you really want
Leave me behind
Say it's better to be alone and true now
Go on, and have it your uncomfortable way
Go on, go on, go on

I'm just trying to make my life work
I'm just trying to stand in the middle of a storm
I'm just trying to be polite when I need to
And not always pick the fights, like you want to

So go on and get your life in chaos
Go on, be the Nietzsche of your time
Go on, say that no one else is truthful
Go on, go on, go on

Nietzsche



Save my love for you
Is what you said you would do
And now some weeks have passed and you have decided that this love cannot last

Take some time to think
Is what you said that you wanted
And now some months have passed and the conclusion is that I now belong to the past

Oh, you think you got away
And that no one will repay the bones you broke in me
Oh, you think that no one saw the shit you pulled before
That everything's okay now I'm out of the way

I try to tell my friends that sometimes it hurts more than I can understand
They say
Oh, that's okay sometimes it lasts in love and sometimes you lose your way

How we could ever think that we stand a chance against the world
That we had this special thing that let us forget who we are and continue to dodge the end

You're gonna last forever whether you like it or not
With this song it's never gonna be forgotten

A black and white photograph of a person sitting on a brick floor against a peeling wall. The person is wearing a dark, textured sweater, dark pants, and dark shoes. They are sitting with their legs crossed at the ankles, looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. The wall behind them is light-colored with significant peeling paint and texture. The floor is made of dark bricks.

Save my love



Protect you from the past

So many things that I don't know about you
So many things that hurt too much to tell me now
Don't want to bring them back to life again
When you do I just long to defend you
It's not enough to be glad that it is over

So many things have happened before my time
So many people showed you what the world shouldn't be like

So many tried to hold you down
But from a flower you can't steal her crown
But the scars you carry they will last
Because I can't protect you from the past

To see you cry
For something that happened in a different time
If I could I would go back in time
But the scars you carry they will last
Because I can't protect you from the past

I hate when you smile your brave smile
And look away as if it goes away then
Just want to hold you in my arms and say
I can make everything go away

To see you cry
For something that happened in a different time
If I could I would go back in time
But the scars you carry they will last
Because I can't protect you from the past

Before I tell you the truth
Before you claim that I've used you
And I say that it's unfair
To just give us up and leave me here

Before I make you regret
Before you wish we had never met
Before I lose you for good
Because of all the things I never should have done

Don't forget the years we had
When we would take on the world together
happy or sad
And I would catch you if you'd fall
It's just how you remember it all

Before you so easily agree
Before you say that it kind of sets you free
And that it hurts, but you'll be fine
And in a way it's good not to be mine

Before you say it's for the best
Before you tell me you've finally come to rest
Before you ask "Was that all?"
And it turns out it was I who took the fall

Don't forget the years we had
When we would take on the world together
happy or sad
And I would catch you if you'd fall
It's just how you remember it all



Don't forget



Credits

All songs performed and written by Josefin Winther

Violins by Madeleine Ossum and Isa Holmesland

Bass guitar by Chris Holm

Keys by Reidar Opdal

Drums by Iver Sandøy and Ivar Thormodsether

Produced and mixed by Yngve Sætre

Mastered by Jørgen Træen

Photos by Per Heimly

Thank you Live for fighting

Thank you Kimberly for trying

Thank you Reidar for daring

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Protect you from the past

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