



Unbelonging was my first published album and was originally released in 2004. I did the mixing myself and as this isn't exactly one of my strong suits the overall sound was muddy. After I re-released my old albums on Spotify in early 2018 Per Solgaard suggested that I also released Unbelonging, but maybe I should get it mixed first. When I examined the individual songs, I realized that the recording quality was very poor on a lot of the instruments (some might say it was part of the charm), so I ended up re-recording most of the album. But not only that, I also rearranged a lot of the songs and even changed some of the lyrics. In the end this is a very different album than the original album – it is the album as I wanted it to sound back then (I think... maybe I can't remember). Some will prefer the original album but listen to this album in its own right. I had a blast re-recording it and blowing off the dust that had settled on the songs.

I hope you have a blast listening to it as well 😊

Songs

1. Grease Monkey
2. Rocketpack Upgrade
3. Good to Go
4. Fan Fiction
5. Elise And the Guardian Angel
6. Aftermath
7. Downhill
8. The Scaffold
9. Midair Collision
10. Streetlight
11. Endings Are Endless
12. The Nightcrawler

Credits

Old recordings (2004)

Kirsten Marie Øveraas: Lead vocal on 6, 9 and 11. Backing vocal on 1, 2, 5, 8, 12.

Jacob Bonde Larsen: Backing vocal on 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10, 12.

Massimo Fiorentino: Accordion on 2, 12

Morten Ryberg Dannisboe: Drums on 10.

Sara Madsen: Trombone on 5, 10.

Per Solgaard: Piano on 12

Peter Bjerring: Double-bass on 2, 8, 10.

Dorte Fredskilde Braad: Viola on 12

New recordings (2018)

Michael Hatter: Guitars on all tracks except 8.

Per Solgaard: Bass on 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12.

Giovanni Todaro: Trumpet on 8, 10, 11, 12.

Eneko Rodriguez: Violins on 9, 11.

Nina Uzelac: Cello on 5, 6, 10.

Annie Leeth: Violins on 10.

William Stewart: Violins on 5.

Andrey Golodukhin: Drums on 3.

Maurizio Antonini: Drums on 12.

Mix and master by Ivan Ilyukhin

Grease Monkey

Oh, this desert isn't dry
Sound of laughter nearby
She's been travelling the sand
In her home-made tin can
And always wanting more

I am drowning in her eyes
Such an uncanny size
We are lying on the ground
Her lips they move yet make no sound
And she is wanting more

*La la la la la, she said
Be my grease monkey
La la la la la, she said
Be my grease monkey
La la la la la
Be my waterhole*

The sun is closer to the ground
There is no one around
I see the shimmering replays
Of a life spent in a daze
And I will beg for more

*La la la la la, she said
Be my grease monkey*

And when the steam is rising, you know
The engine's going to blow

*La la la la la, she said
Be my grease monkey*

Comments

I wasn't really very fond of the original version. Somehow it sounded half-baked. As I started to work on the song I realized that the potential of the song was much greater than I thought. It ended up as my favorite song of the new album. The most prominent change to the song are the brand-new lyrics (and lead vocal) – I hated the original lyrics which felt super dumb, so I tried to create a similar atmosphere, without changing the chorus, but with less stupid lyrics.

Rocketpack Upgrade

I am the X-15 fighter
On the edge of the sky
I fixed me an update for my rocket pack
I've been flying for a decade
in this tin of explosives
I got to come down now before I am burning out

I was a mean destructive bastard
on this highflying bomb
concluding that killing is better than sex
whereas love gets you down
after every go
Fire makes you hotter and harder than steel

*I'm out of everything that is fun
I've got to bring this rocket down now
I'm out of everything that is fun
I've got to bring this rocket down now*

All the sirens are singing
from the airfields below
struggling to convince me to make a change of plans
But space is compelling with its emptiness
I don't have to think, and I don't have to feel

*I'm out of everything that is fun
I've got to bring this rocket down now
I'm out of everything that is fun
I've got to bring this rocket down now*

Comments

There's a lot of changes in this song. The most obvious is that I removed the original chorus and exchanged it with the coda – which in the first draft of the song was the chorus. However, at the time, one of my friends pointed out that I had used the same chorus in an earlier song and I felt obliged to create a new chorus. That chorus never really worked. I then intended to use it as a bridge instead, but that didn't work either, so in the end the bridge became a solo part.

Good to Go

Falling down the stairs again
The floor isn't getting any softer
Closing in on thirty now
I'm stuck between clean and dirty
I'll get a pillow for my back
When watching the video porn

I'll open the window and feel the rush of air
I'm good to go

*And I know I'll be making it through
I just know I'll be gliding through
Stormy waters
Yeah, I know I'll be making it through
I just know I'll be gliding through
Stormy waters*

There's no troubles
Here comes spring
and that is all I've got to see
I've got a tiny pixie girl
Living in my knapsack
I've got her loving eyes on me
just about everywhere I go

She's not here to fool me
She's here to play along
We're good to go

And I know I'll be making it through...

I'll get my share of the good life
And the late-night talks
and drinks at the pool side

Comments

I re-recorded the lead vocal in the verse because of some unintentionally hilarious pronunciation mishaps in the original recording. I didn't re-sing the chorus, though, I simply cannot reach that pitch anymore. Apart from that this version is very close to the original.

Fan Fiction

Here's a face that I used to know
Underneath a less clouded sky
Long time, no see
Why come to see me?
But we fill up the glasses repeatedly
spinning walls and oh no
Like a diehard retard
I wake up in a Nebula

*I'm coming down again
Cause I'm out of oxygen
Gonna hit it pretty hard
Blew the engine right from the start
It's kind of sad the only fun I had
Was tearing the engine apart*

Green Light, there's no one in sight
All I can do is sinking a little deeper in
It's my hole, Black hole
The light of God in my watering eyes
Dripping slowly 'till I hit the ground
A small pile of dust of what once was
It's my hole, shithole
The face of God nodding on TV
Kindly at me

*I'm coming down again
Cause I'm out of oxygen
Gonna hit it pretty hard
Blew the engine right from the start
It's kind of sad the only fun I had
Was tearing the engine apart*

Comments

This version is a lot harder (guitar wise) and tighter than the original. Not everyone will like this (my sister hates it) and I almost created an additional acoustic version only with acoustic guitar and piano, but that honestly come off as a little boring. I removed the vocals in the ending part and replaced it with a shorter instrumental version. The original ending part was a bit too much like a completely different song.

Elise And the Guardian Angel

Elise are you all alone tonight?
With the demons you can't fight
They're sliding in under the door
Elise, is there anyone you can call?
Is your family out there at all?
Are they driving you insane?
Someone's got to take control
Someone's got to pull you back in...

*I let the light shine over you now
Heavenly bells chime in your room
I've been busy, but I am here... now...*

Angel, well, don't you even try
With your nose up in the sky
To guide me as I crawl
Angel, you've failed me once again
We all know what happens then
I turn to other voices
Angel, you're no good this way
Angel, you're no good anyway

*I let the light shine over you now
Heavenly bells chime in your room
I've been busy, but I am here... now...*

Angel, there's no going home
The vax is melting fast
Angel, there's no going home
The vax is melting fast

*You got here to late
We are not here to debate
Your light is in the way
Just let me go*

*Don't let the light shine over me now
Spread your wings and get out of my life
You've been mocking me for the last time
You've been mocking me for the last time*

Comments

This was my favorite song from the original album. When working on the revision I feared that the song might not have aged well, so I put off working on it for quite a while – until it was the only song remaining. I have tried to stay as close to the original as possible while adding real strings and cello to it. I re-recorded the vocals for the verses as I found the original recording lacking emotion. As we have played this song a lot live this version have also been adopted to fit how we played it live.

Aftermath

Her guardian angel flew away
with the last remains of the day
The snowflakes cover her face like a veil
she's pale, mmm

Where are you going?
Where are you going?

Rusted hinges, frozen eyes
The fridge is open, never mind
the meat is rotten when you buy it

Where are you going?
Where are you going?

There's powder on my wrists
I wake up every day and feel ashamed
I cannot cover my tracks this way anymore

Don't you know there is happiness
on cold the edge of the razor blade
the leaves will soon be covering me
in all

That's where we're going
That's where we're going

Don't speak to me of God
He never spoke to me, I know for sure
And if he did I'd tell him to fuck off
There's powder on my wrists
I wake up every day and feel ashamed
I cannot cover my tracks this way anymore

I always knew I would end it this way

Comments

I haven't really changed much to this song and it will appear very much like the first version. But I did add a Cello to the song and that worked so well that I removed the guitars from the first chorus and just let the Cello take the role of an electric guitar. This worked surprising well, thanks to Nina Uzelac, and is definitely something I will use in the future.

Downhill

The winter is tough
And this is just
Another song
That won't get you through it
No, not at all

*You should drink as much as you can when it's
going, going, going down hill*

Your skin is almost blue
I can look right through
There is only one way round
For you that way is down
Down...

*You should drink as much as you can when it's
going, going, going down hill*

Comments

When preparing the song for mix I realized that the last part of the vocal in the chorus was missing. Maybe it was never recorded in the first place, which is really odd. It was possible to disguise in the original mix due to the muffled and muddy sound, but in Ivan sparkling clear mixes it would stand out as a sore thumb. I had to re-record the vocal for the chorus and had to change the tune as I cannot reach the original pitch any longer.

The boys speaking in the beginning and end are some drunk kids I recorded out of my apartment window many years ago. They had been in a fight (or close to) at a party and had to run. The most aggressive one you hear is angry because he was taking a shit while the other decided that they had to run, so he didn't have time to wipe his ass. He is yelling about how he wants to go back to the party to wipe his ass with a tampon - no less!

The Scaffold

I made her love me on a winter morn
With the ravens circling in the ragged sky
A beauty in her darkness, silk woven skin
I wonder how she ended up on the street

*Dying is so much easier
when you don't have a place
that you call home*

She was pushed through the sneering and snarling crowd
"Please, Silence the whores of our time!"
And that was when I caught her eye
Said, "Love me a little before you die

*When your death is awaiting you
at the end of a glance
Don't you blink!"*

Here is my home, the scaffold that I serve
And this is the axe that divide

*The whole from the broken
The once who are from those who has
Who has been*

Comments

I planned to leave this one out of the new album as the recordings as the style of the song was far from any of the other songs. But I started playing the song and scrapped everything else than the original double bass and the vocals. I tried to make it a more modern up tempo folk song (the term is probably Nu Folk), and it was just so much fun that I fell in love with the song again.

Midair Collision

When I left the ground
Your name was written in the exhaust
A pleasant thrill
When we flew back
The smoke had been smeared from rainy days

I wish I'd die here
In a midair collision
I would die in certainty
That you're the one and only

*Let's try another day
We'll lie us high
Let's fake another flirt
We'll lie us so high*

Yeah, you had me,
For moment there you really had me
I nearly thought you'd make it through to me

But I took off
And everything gets blown away
Everything's just wasted
When it's out of sight

*Let's try another day
We'll lie us high
Let's fake another flirt
We'll lie us so high*

I nearly thought you'd make it through to me

Comments

The original ending was a bit weird, so I put most of the effort in re-thinking it. I am really happy with how the ending turned out with the heavy guitar rhythm and the slow build up to the string section in the end.

Streetlight

I still go there after all
And through the fumes I am back

I kind of like her curtains
The way the light comes through
I only wish they weren't drawn
Who am I stalking?

Time makes man stupid
She knows more than I do
Blindly searching through her garbage
Who am I stalking?

I only breath under this streetlight

Don't say that I am lonely
I hardly ever sleep alone at night
Don't say that I am lonely
Cause I remember her scent
She's always near in darkness

I grab my coat and slam the door
I don't think I just walk
Like a zombie through the streets
And finally, I end up here under her curtains

I only breath under this streetlight
I only breath under this streetlight
I only breath under this streetlight

Comments

I have extended this song quite a bit as I have added an instrumental part just before the long chorus / outro, which is not quite a solo. I just loved the way the guitar, cello and violins play together and wanted it to stand out without any vocal. Also I added a violin/cello outro. The original didn't have a trumpet, which is odd because I think the ending I very trumpet friendly, but I probably didn't know any trumpet players in 2004 where the song was originally recorded.

This is the only song on the album where the original drums are preserved.

Endings Are Endless

This is an ending, it's been that for a while
There's no point in stopping, when you know tomorrow we're done
Do not fear for the future it doesn't exit
I dose of with oblivion and I wake up with you

*But we'll end it, oh yeah, we'll make it this time
Yeah, we will end it, like so many times before*

Faith is a river in which you will drown
But drowning is easy, I've heard you die with a smile
Enjoy poisonous beauty as you go down
When your lungs fill up with water, it starts all over again

*But we'll end it, oh yeah, we'll make it this time
Yeah, we will end it, like so many times before*

You say that I haunt you every night
I make no decisions, deaf and dumb is the way to go
My heart is an island scorched by the sun
a book carelessly written, reason is my gun

I'm under the sway of wasting away
every single beat of my heart
I just want you to stay I want you to shine
From inside your cage and let go of the key
I just wanted to stay the way that I am
Become bitter and old and depraved

*But we'll end it, oh yeah, we'll make it this time
Yeah, we will end it, like so many times before*

Comments

The original was too bombastic, and it got a bit tiresome in the long run. I have tried to scale it down (mostly by removing some guitars) and create a more organic feel for the song. I am really proud of the beginning of the song with the whispering violins (is that a thing?) and weird guitar, I think it added to the feeling of being washed up on a beach.

The Nightcrawler

The floorboard is squeaky
The theater is dark
You came here for shelter, so sit down and watch
the piano is broken and covered in dust
For the first time in ages step forward I must... ha ha ha

*Now I will count to ten all this will fade away
And when you open your eyes you will be gazing into another world*

Hello, I am Loke with fire and flames
I will be guiding you through our games
We're delighted to see you have come to our show
This is the creme of showbiz you know

I'll give you glimpse of all of your dreams
Promise you wonders from up on this scene
This is the magic that you want to see
This is the theatre where you want to be

*Then I will count to ten all this will fade away
And on the floor, you will crawl, and you'll be barking, barking like a dog*

A tapdancing devil, a horse with no head
I sleep in a coffin instead of a bed
We'll give you horrors you'll long to forget
Tricks and illusions, you will be fed

Don't look so frightened this isn't real
Our deeper intentions remain unrevealed
We go for the silver and not for your souls
After the show you will have pockets with holes

*Then I will count to ten all this will fade away
When the light and the music is no longer, I'm ghostly*

*Don't you remember me? The star I used to be?
When the light and the music is no longer I'm Ghostly as can be*

Comments

This is not the first re-recording of this song, which might be a bit confusing. The song also appears on the album "End of Faith". This version is a re-recording of the original version which starts out as in shuffled beat but changes to a straight beat half way through the song. The piano, however, is playing the shuffled rhythm all through the song, so in the mix the piano is well hidden from the point where the song really gets going.

The original version had a trombone solo, which has been traded for no less than two trumpet solos playing at the same time. The story is that I asked the (Italian) trumpet player for a flamboyant solo and boy, did he? I asked for a less flamboyant solo and decided they could play side by side to underline the slightly schizophrenic story of the song.