



ABOUT

"It's not how you fall but how you get up that really counts!"
- from Gravity

Get in touch: contact@stojsnak.com

The EP will be available on vinyl in 4 color variants:

Through the band/[5FeetUnder Records](#): Yellow, lilac w. black marbles and transparent w. red marbles

Through [TNS Records](#): Transparent orange with black marbles

<https://stojsnak.bandcamp.com/>

CREDITS

All songs written by Niels Højgaard Sørensen
Except "Gravity" by Niels Højgaard Sørensen & Andri Sigurdsson
Recorded, mixed and produced by Niels Højgaard Sørensen
Mastering by Rasmus Glassau Clausen

Extra ears and invaluable feedback by Kasper Vestergaard,
Kasper Voldsgaard Hansen, Jill Juul Jacobsen & Ea Juul Sørensen

Artwork by Niels Højgaard Sørensen

Individual Track Credits:

Gravity

Niels Højgaard Sørensen: Vocals, guitar, bass, keys & percussion
Sigurvin Sigurdsson: Vocals & electric guitar
Slagterens Tove: Drums

Playgrounds

Niels Højgaard Sørensen: vocals, Guitars, bass, piano, melodica, Drums & synth

Late Stage Capitulation

Niels Højgaard Sørensen: Vocals, Guitars, Bass, melodica, vibraphone & percussion
Slagterens Tove: nyckelharpa, shakers & drums

Philosophical Malnutrition

Niels Højgaard Sørensen: Vocals, guitars, bass, pillow slapping & synth
Jesper Olsen: Washboard
Rasmus Glassau Clausen: Drums & organ
Jeppe Nørgaard: Low-end support and good vibes

GRAVITY

Gravity is just a theory
Scientific laws owe us nothing at all
We accelerate all the same once we go down
But it's not how you fall but how you land that counts

This old weight, it doesn't attract me
Here I am okay, I am floating to space
Far away from laws of gravity
I'll learn to let go, I don't need you to catch me

For too long I've been drawn to tragedy
And I feel it closing in
I can't escape this pull of gravity
Won't you catch me?
Gravity

Withering leaves, rain dry on the streets
The summer leaves this town in a breeze
If the reasons you're sad are invisible, it doesn't mean they're not there
Like suspended ghosts constantly in the air

For too long I've been drawn to tragedy
And I feel it closing in
I can't escape this pull of gravity
Won't you catch me? (I don't need you to catch me)
Gravity

Gravity is just a theory,
But it's not how you fall but how you get up that really counts

PLAYGROUNDS

Tire swing in rusty chains
Relentless sunsets, peeling paint
I stood right here in another lifetime

Familiar ghosts, rattling bones
A UFO will take me home
The truth is out there just beyond the night sky

Sometimes I start to wonder if these things were ever real
Or - just some stranger's misplaced memory

Solid ground, what a place to sink
Hide in plain sight, cling to a drink
I've searched for love but it's just another urban legend

By strokes of luck some got away
Others got stuck watching the change
The concrete now hosts other people's stories

Sometimes I wonder if I miss the way things used to be
Or- just the way these things once made me feel

Nostalgia and detachment, the tension and release
Turn my memories dim and illusive
Sometimes I start to wonder if that kid was even me
And why - this place never taught me how to live

These fences look so different from the other side
Hardly any sound comes through the cracks
This playground now seem painted in a foreign light
And once you leave, you're never coming back

"No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man"

- Heraclitus circa 550 B.C.

LATE STAGE CAPITULATION

This whole fucking system has been built on corruption
And it's kept in place to serve itself
We are all scared shitless that in case of a disruption
We might lose what little we got

So we pray to televisions for some sort of distraction
That will save us from reality
While we binge entertainment the wealth all trickles upwards
And into bank accounts in Panama

As long as we're alive there are reasons still to try
Tonight might be the night the levee breaks
The world wants us in line but not without a fight
Tonight might be the night we'll see it change
Whoa

We can gaze into the darkness without being consumed
When we've got each other and I'll hold on to you
If you'll hold on to me

The truth is just an agreement the rich like to believe in
To make superheroes of themselves
They paint the poor as leeches, in the end we're all just people
But Billionaires have better marketing

Those who started the gold rush are those selling the shovels
The prospers of progress still remain
We've somehow been convinced to fight over the bread crumbs
But tonight might be the night we'll see it change

We can gaze into the darkness without being consumed
When we've got each other and I'll hold on to you
If you'll hold on to me

We can gaze into the darkness without being consumed
When we've got each other and I'll hold on to you
If you'll hold on to me

PHILOSOPHICAL MALNUTRITION

Our lives are props in a dark, cliché sci-fi scene:
Big corps and bad actors
Run mass behavioral modification schemes

Gamify our addictions
Feeding on self-doubt and shame
Designs that're slowly nudging us to change

This echo chamber of factoid conspiracies
And science deniers
Weigh on our minds and tap into our beliefs

No exchange of opinions
Stupid moves faster than smart
Our social ties are tearing us apart

Whoa, we're drowning in information
Whoa, but starving for wisdom
Whoa, we're choking on information
Philosophical malnutrition
Yes!

We feed on systems that feed on stupidity
Designed for distraction
We're not the customers, we're the commodities

Monetize our connections
Lay out a trail of breadcrumbs
A wall of stimuli waits at our thumbs

Whoa, we're drowning in information
Whoa, but starving for wisdom
Whoa, we're choking on information
Philosophical malnutrition

Take my hand
Let's go outside
Take my hand
Let's go outside

"Social media gave stupid what stupid never had before: Validation!"