

Freja Eriksen's delightful debut cd introduces not only an original voice but a new genre to the world's music. Freja's unique and powerful blend of pop/rock and soul is at once melancholy and joyous, offering us a simultaneous glimpse of a paradise both found and lost. Her haunting lyrics summon forth a remarkable vision of a planet where all are united and suffering is shared and understood. The new musical genre? Let's just call it Vision Music. Listen to Freja Eriksen. She might just give you something to believe in.

1. Out of my hands 4:43
2. The spring 4:10
3. Too blessed 3:37



FREJA ERIKSEN
Out of my hands



Music and Lyrics by Freja Eriksen
Arr: by Jesper Hansen and Freja Eriksen
Choir arrangement by Thomas Økland
String arrangement by Jesper Hansen

Backing vocals: Helen Eriksen, Sarah Moshage, Steffen Brix and Freja Eriksen
Keys: Jesper Hansen
Guitars and bass on The spring and Out of my hands: Steffen Brix
Producer, drums on all tracks and bass and guitar on Too blessed: Kasper Viinberg
Cello: Lotte Merete Ørtoft
Violin: Inger Von Ruden, Jacob Rosendahl Povlsen

Recorded in Komo A/S, Herning, DK and Husets musikstudio, Aarhus, DK.

Design by Umberto ApS

Photos by Brian Rasmussen

Many Thanks to....

All the musicians involved in this project. And specially to Kasper Viinberg, Steffen Brix, and Jesper Hansen for making it such a wonderful experience to record these songs. And I can't thank Jesper enough for his assistance with the arrangements of the music. You have really helped the music to come alive.

Special thanks to...

Helen Eriksen who has been an indispensable support both financially, mentally and spiritually my whole life and during the making of this album. Hagbard Eriksen for always being there. Gunnar Nielsen for his support. Thomas Økland for believing in me and just making me so incredibly happy. And to the rest of my family for all your support, love, and energy.





Too blessed

We are brought up to fulfil specific dreams
and we are caught up in a spiderweb of fear.
And we can't let go of our souls terror scream
We resist the flow while we cry a tear

We are too blessed to be stressed
We are not born to be torn
We are too bright to fight
Against what we know is right


Why don't we think about why there's a weight on our chest,
why our anxious thoughts they don't ever leave a pause.
Why don't we stop the war by being nothing but ourselves?
And let us lead towards a life beyond despair.

We are too blessed to be stressed
We are not born to be torn
We are too bright to fight
Against what we know is right

And I won't be too late
And I won't be too late
Oh I won't be too late
No I won't be too late

We are too blessed to be stressed
We are not born to be torn
We are too bright to fight
Against what we know is right

We are too blessed to be stressed
We are not born to be torn
We are too bright to fight
Against what we know is right



Out of my hands

I've got one hell of a problem.
I don't know who I am.
Feel like a slave of the system.
A little girl haunted by spam.
I've been trying to clear my head
to straiten out what is me.
But I find it hurts so instead
I nod, nigh, sigh and agree

...that I just have to fit in and make no noise.
Make myself believe that this is me.
Then my inner child's tiny voice
will stop distracting me.

It is out of my hands now.
I've done everything I thought I should.
I've followed my plan but
there must be something I have misunderstood.
Cause I find it hard to believe
that this is how life should feel.
I've got all I ever wanted
to achieve but something here it doesn't seem real.

Imagine that you wake up one day soon
as the child you were when you were born.
Could you really say with a truthful voice that
you have stood by yourself.

I have tried to think my life through to discover
what my inner child would say.
And it seems that I've been untrue to my innocence
my thrill and my play.
I've got to make a change
and turn my life upside down.
I am gonna rearrange my values and my way of treating my life.

Imagine that you wake up one day soon
as the child you were when you were born.
Could you really say with a truthful voice
that you have stood by yourself.

Self....
Self....
Self....

I have tried to think my life through
to discover what my inner child would say.
And it seems that I've been untrue
to my innocence my thrill and my play.
I've got to make a change
and turn my life upside down.

Imagine that you wake up one day soon
as the child you were when you were born.
Could you really say with a truthful voice
that you have stood by yourself.

Imagine that you wake up one day soon
as the child you were when you were born.
Could you really say with a truthful voice
that you have stood by yourself.

Imagine that you wake up.....



The spring

I looked at myself and then I thought
 Is this really me?
 Am I able to see
 all that I could be?
 If I just believed
 maybe I would find
 that I had been blind.
 That inside I store
 All I have longed for

I took a deep breath and dared to ask
 my light inside
 whether I've made it hide.
 Have I put it aside
 while it should have been my guide?
 Do I stress around
 while I'm loosing my ground?
 Don't I hear the sound
 from my voice within?

What if the trees stopped breathing?
 We would die.
 What if the sun turned cold?
 What if the birds stopped singing?
 What if I'm like the spring on hold?

I look all around and that makes me wonder.
 Have we gone too far?
 Where's our guiding star?
 It seems all we are,
 are a copy of ourselves.
 Are we all in need
 of a guide that could lead
 us all to succeed
 to unfold our seed?

What if the trees stopped breathing?
 We would die.
 What if the sun turned cold?
 What if the birds stopped singing?
 What if we are the spring on hold?

We could boost out our love
 and enjoy every move we make.
 It's marvellous what life is really worth.
 We could boost out our love
 and increase every breath we take.
 We could make paradise on earth.

What if the trees stopped breathing?
 We would die.
 What if the sun turned cold?
 What if the birds stopped singing?
 What if we are the spring on hold?