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Myers Flat

Just have been stopped by the highway patrol,
must have been a few miles more than I ought to go
Cop drags me out of my velvet Van,
feel the cold metal of his 45er,
"Freeze man!"

Black leather and silver crosses
that seems like bloody blasphemy to me,
it's exactly what we do not appreciate in town,
You better hit the road before I nail you down!

As I try to speak he unlocks his gun,
California is the state of fun,
no further questions, and no replies,
there is no good living when your body dies

Reentering the van I got a talk with Smith & Wesson,
together we decide it's time to teach a lesson
last glimpse to the man with the star
a quick click, then a blow, shows him who we are!

Heavy shooting on Highway 101
near exit Myer's Flat, Casualties 1
Fugative in velvet van is heading north
towards Washington State Border

The Edge of Wisdom

The morning breaks, my mind is dark
If I could only turn back time a few hours
I might be possibly a bit more happier now
I'm going out to face the sharks
But when I think of you I feel the warmth in my heart
Until I realise I'm on my own

So this was more than I can bear
Although we passed the test of time
Sometimes I think we've gone too far
But we can't stop fighting

The cold outside puts my sentiments down
The setting sun refuses to brighten the day
There's hate in the air and with frustration aware
We never thought we could go wrong
Age, wisdom, power and confusion
And the fight goes on

So this was more than I can bear
Although we passed the test of time
Sometimes I think we've gone too far
But we can't stop fighting

Age
Wisdom
Power
Confusion

So this was more than I can bear
Although we passed the test of time
Sometimes I think we've gone too far
But we can't stop fighting

Twisted

Well I shed my tears and I wonder why
It is getting me so hard this time
And so I'm thinking of my friends
They're having problems with their relatives

And then I compare them to me
And I take into account
The emotional flavour of these days
It is aching deep inside to see them lonely
Now I'm sitting here by the open fire
And it is not only the fire that burns
Deep inside my heart flames are rising high
And the warmth of your touch makes me feel so happy

So I have been thinking for some time
Until my little Cous' showed up
Listening to some tiny bells
He turned to me and raised his voice
Ohh, let me cry weep and die of this pain
This pain within my heart
I know these things so well
And it feels like hell to be lost
To be lost in this world

Personal Hell

Waking up in blood,
While the morning paper sucks
The human liquid
Into its veins
And a gallery of pain
Surrounds my bed
Raising up my body
Couldn't help to feel the bloody taste
And inside my mouth
The feelings I arouse
While filling it - while filling it with blood
Filling it with water,
Filling it with blood,

One step closer
One step cut
And I felt as cold as Ice
As soon as I recognise you
On the floor downstairs
Doorbell sings,
An angel get's its wing
I fear
The neighbor called the law
Zodiac mindwarp record lies on the floor,
Was all they saw

One step closer to my personal hell,
One step closer to my personal hell
Time was running fast
Policemen start to blast
Their inner guts outside me

Me, being critic
Allways sceptical
About the things we do
Do or say
Anyway
We keep on hunting... me

Into PCS

Okay, this is just
Another fucking heart love song
But why shouldn't we give you
The everyday stuff
As long as it
It happens to take place
It seems not to be wrong
When it seems to be warm
We're dancing on a highwire
I was giving my net away
I gave,
I gave you my net
If you knew what it means to me
You and I
Everything I live for
A ship wrecked on the beach
I sacrificed my tears to you
Every and each
I can not figure out,
What you are trying to find,
Don't know what you're expecting
All I gave you was the real me
No creditcard hero in a middle class car

Ameriqua

What a look,
The sea is so violently strange
So many fish swimming on it
The green sun
Is rising in front of it
Makes me feel like the last man on earth
Step aside
And take a look at what is left behind
Only fear, sorrow and pain
The green sun
Is bursting the atmosphere
Burning men screaming prayers for rain
I turn back
'cos my oxygene's low
I run home just following the stairs
And I see, yes I see
That it's really impossible
To get hold of the banister

... in America

Torture

The street's running under our feet
worlds between us, although you're near me
The cold came creeping in the night
and this rain weakens my brain
Hate is the kiss when you awake
a vision of a red red rose
so the clown starts his last song
while a light end the sun

Now we're 200 Miles away from the sea
and I'm standing in the doorway
your eyes are lying at me still
and then you slowly shut the door

The smell of death is hanging in the air
and I see little children burning
while it rains dead cats and dogs
I look to the sky: Where's a god?

Can't you see it's torture for me
and this is why I hate you now,
all I want is to forget you
I can live without you now!

Winter

The feelings that we shared
Are now living seperate lives
It seems to be not in our hands
To make a change, to keep us from decline

I hardly recall your face, your lips
Although I should know
A voice on the phone says:
Do you love me?
And I say: No!

An eternity has past away since we first met
The summer breathe blew through your hair
I won't forget

I hardly recall your face, your lips
Although I should know
A voice on the phone says:
Do you love me?
And I say: No!

How shall the this faith return to earth again
Lay hand on your heart
What once was love is now despair again
This winter shall not pass
Let this winter pass

I guess it's something that I should learn
Because I never seem to find the right term

Psychologic Secrets

I close my eyes - like a tear my brain is falling
Crashing on concrete ground
They step on it
They step on it like on tears
And I close my eyes

Then the sun is flashing dirty
Moving in dark Areas - Dish
Scum on it
And scum on it and falling and laughter
And frozen dreams - like a tear

Psychologic secrets - leave me, deceive me
Get out of my brain - getting out of my brain

The photograph in my hands - and falling
A gun in my hands
Scum on it
They step on it - the decay
My brain on the floor

Psychologic secrets - leave me, deceive me
Get out of my brain - getting out of my brain
Psychologic secrets - leave me, deceive me

Productive phase abridged because of psychological
And physical distress

The Reanimator

Hunting a trace to the public pools
Followed by a dozen of skaters
They drag me down and they pull me through
And now I think I need a reanimator

Recovering fast I continue my way
Open the door of the building
Closing today, says the man in white
I turn around maybe they're filming

Slightly despaired as I kiss him goodbye
Sorry boy, but I should be leaving
Before I treat you the skating kind
I cast a spell and turn you into a beagle

Ain't losing hope cause there's still a chance
Beaching the local lido
I see four hundreded grannys are drifting by
Over an area of five square meters

I feel treatment over me
This kind of treatment

And this is the end and so we go...

Chameleon

Silently I am walking on hollowed ground
Am I walking? I seem to fly
Birds all around me whispering, gazing

Everynow and then
A flower on the way
Slowly getting pale,
Slowly recovering
Beasts crawling, sneaking
Silently weeping
But I don't seem to notice

Suddenly a voice or two
I turn around and hardly can believe
In what I hear, in what I see
(The Nightingale talks to noone)
To a stone, To a beast turning
Red and green and blue

Blue as I used to be,
Till I found you
It's the Chameleon never responding
Silently nodding,
But never spending a tune

"I'm alive" says the bird,
"I'm alive in here", The Chameleon smiles
It's fate is it's youth,
Never loved before, never shared a tear
never let someone in

As deeply as you did with me
It's the Chameleon never responding
Silently nodding,
But never spending a tune

Darkness fills the air and I realize
I do not fly anymore
No Chameleon, no Nightingale, No voice

Over there the riverbed, a bridge
On the other side
I see flowers

Is it worth a try or will I drown?
What better way to die
in search of life?
As I step on,
a Crush I drown, I die
Happy though...
Happy not to have
Let a thing in life untried
A last view to The Chameleon
never responding
Silently nodding,
But never spending a tune

(I'm alive, I'm alive in here
I'm alive, I'm alive in here)

The Bolt

I memorize my trace
Way far behind
A path that leads to days when
I cursed my own possessions
A thousand times
But now the only love
That I went through
Fell by self destruction
Buried for a lifetime
In my heart
In my agonizing dreams
I crave
For something to rely on
Wishing my tormented soul
Might be released

A passion's lurking deep inside my soul
Performing my transgression
Obsolete in mind they hunt me down

That Deadly Kiss

I am a solitary lover
All alone within my heart
There is no certain kind of nothing
Solitude just helps me missing
My everything
That is so far away ,
That is so far away
A smile explodes in an oftaking fireball

I am a solitary lover
All alone within my heart
There is no certain kind of nothing
Solitude just helps me missing
My everything
That is so far away,
That is so far away
So far away
A thousand miles
Miles in my dreams, I feel you near me
Miles in my dreams, feel the warmth of your embrace
Although there is no particular living
Living you, just visions
A smile on your face, a smile on your face
A smile explodes in an oftaking fireball

Missing everything that I own
Or everything I've give
Remembering the days that have gone
The days that have still to come

Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me Deadly
Ohh kiss me, kiss me, give me that deadly kiss

Despair

Your eyes are blue
Dark brown hair
Your smooth body
In my arms
My mind is dark
And in your eyes
Resistance, resistance
A little pain
Makes me fun
Your red pants
Will turn me on

Hot Flesh, Wet
I like it,
I like it
Despair...

Benevolent,
The things we share
Mean much to me
You don't care
A candle lit,
A sip of wine,
I punish you, your body's mine
A little pain
Makes me fun
Your red pants
Will turn me on

Hot Flesh, Wet
I like it,
I like it
Despair...

Why is a burning heart determined to fall down
From skies of pain while every other day I stumble to the ground
And so I stay another week in lonely happiness, I seek
Another nightmare to be honest, I still love her desperatly
Is this me

Tybalt

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
Oh, sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week!
Or if you do not make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies!
Or if you do not make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies!

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven
How shall this faith return again to earth
Unless that husband send it back to me from heaven
By leaving earth, by leaving earth

God's bread, it makes me mad
Day, Night, Hour, Tide, Time, Work, Play
God's bread, it makes me mad
Day, Night, Hour, Tide, Time, Work, Play

Nothing is Impossible!

The 7th Trombone

Down the stairs the fallout shelter
Destination of mankind
The citizens of our hometown
Waiting silently and blind
Are you joking are you kidding
There's no solution to the end
The countryman sings on the air
That some broken hearts never mend
Empty streets and an imaginary skyline
Not to find in tourists' guides
Liberty has lost its feet
A view on missing city lights
Sheets so wet and within I sweat
A worm inside the Big Apple
I awake from sleep and I start to weep
The end has not yet started started to happen
Ten minutes to midnight
Hide run just a few seconds to live
Ten minutes to midnight
A fatal mistake the world will not forgive
Ten minutes to midnight
Hide run just a few seconds to live
Ten minutes to midnight
A fatal mistake the world will not forgive
While melting away...
We're melting away

The Scythe

I'm sorry, Daddy,
I won't do it again

Time you joined us captain
No, mister
Hear me?
Captain, you're not going to damn well put your life on the line,
Starting now!
As your commanding officer, I forbid it!

Forward weapons cabinet
I figured you might say no,
So I came prepared

Mr, what are the records?
It means that I'm giving you a leaving chance, Captain,
Which is more than you're giving the rest of us by staying out this hand

You have a choice
Either play this hand and get a fair shot of staying alive,
Or sit out the hand die