

A Lie is a Lie

There's a love for everybody out there, you just have to wait
Things will turn out well, you know, it's never too late
If you seem just out of luck, you haven't tried hard enough
A tramp just won the lottery - give me some more of that stuff

But if your poor, rather weak and not looking good
You better move out of the way
When I said everyone, that still counts you out
There's a nice trailer park where you can stay

*And if you really still believe in the american dream
Then, your head must be filled with sugared cream
Guess, you don't see you're walking a one way dead end street
A lie's a lie, a cheat will always be a cheat*

There's a good in every bad out there, sometimes hard to see
Those up there have their worries, too, just like you and me
There's always hope, it's not over, as long as you can dream
And after all, we're all the same, playing in a team

Sure, you'll never get a run out, you won't even make the bench
If you don't know the ones you need to know
For those in front of you, they will never clear the way
So, you'll rot at the back of this row

*And if you really still believe in the american dream
Then, your head must be filled with sugared cream
Guess, you don't see you're walking a one way dead end street
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The Castle

I know you from the times when we all joined together
From the times when those above us still lived together
Those times are long gone, but they'll last forever
It may be a blessing, it may be a curse, it may be whatever

I know, I shouldn't be where I am today
I know, I should leave, but I seem to stay

I know, I shouldn't be what I am today
I know, I shouldn't ever feel this way
I know, I shouldn't say what I'm about to say
But, Hey:

Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba

Now we meet from time to time, no need to worry
And it will surely stay like this, no need to be sorry
Life takes many roads, but it won't take this one
And there must be no regret, this is not a chance gone

I know, I shouldn't be where I am today
I know, I should leave, but I seem to stay

I know, I shouldn't be what I am today
I know, I shouldn't ever feel this way
I know, I shouldn't say what I'm about to say
But, Hey:

Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da ba

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Helping Hand

He's quiet and he's friendly and he leads a steady life
He's a loving dad of two sweet kids and he never beats his wife

If you need someone to move your stuff, you can count him in
If you need someone to stop your bleeding, you can rely on him

*He's a helping hand
You find him in the second row
He's a helping hand
He never takes control
He's never in the driving seat
He never gives the beat
He's a helping hand
And the world would be nowhere without him*

He'll never paint a picture, and he'll never write a song
No new idea will leave his brain, no matter right or wrong

But if you want to start a revolution, you can count him in
If you need someone to get your heart back beating, you can rely on him

*He's a helping hand
You find him in the second row
He's a helping hand
He never takes control
He's never in the driving seat
He never gives the beat
He's a helping hand
And the world would be nowhere without him*

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The Owl And The Penguin

Up in tree, the owl sits
Her eyes are never shut
Watchful, guarding the tiny shack
Below her feathery butt

*She never misses the evil approaching
The shack the white woman lives in
A beauty to look up, but even more so from within
To the owl: The all-meaning queen*

Over the field, the penguin stands
Just visible in all the snow
But he sees any danger, from far and from near
From high, as well as from low

*He never misses the evil approaching
The shack the white woman lives in
A beauty to look up, but even more so from within
To the penguin: The all-meaning queen*

Up in the tree, the owl sits
Her eyes are never shut
Over the field, the penguin stands
You bet he can see quite a lot

*They never misses the evil approaching
The shack the white woman lives in
A beauty to look up, but even more so from within
To them: the all-meaning queen*

*Over the field and up in the tree
They keep all the evil away
From their queen, there in the tiny shack
Every night, and every day*

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No One's To Blame

And then you shouted at me
That you want to be free
And that there's just one way out
Of this misery

I didn't quite understand
And reached for your hand
But when you walked out the door
I really knew it for sure

*Oh, what a shame
Seems like I missed it again
It's always the same
In this stupid game
And no one's to blame*

I don't know why I drew back
When you came up to me
Believe me, close to you is
Where I wanna be

So here I'm sitting once more
No further than before
But there's one thing that I know
I'll give it another go

*Oh, what a shame
Seems like I missed it again
It's always the same
In this stupid game
And no one's to blame*

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A Matter Of Class

It's true babe, life can be really bad
Sometimes you're almost glad
It's going to end

I too feel sometimes like don't giving a damn
Just wishing I'm back in my pram
Not knowing a thing

And those who were born in a better place
Are graced with more time and space
No doubt about that

They sure get away with it all, those above
Their money buys cars, toys and love
All they might wish

*Maybe you can try to join them, it's easier than you think
Maybe you can try to kill them, it's harder than you think
Or maybe you can try to love them, though I wouldn't try too hard
I'd just leave them, ignore them, they're not what they think they are*

Remember though, it's our shoulders they're resting on
If we feel they're not where they belong
They're down with a crash

We walk on, we'll never reach glory and fame
No one will remember our name
After we're gone

We walk on, we know to what side we belong
We're weak, but together we're strong
And never alone

We walk on, we know to what side we belong
We're weak, but together we're strong
And never alone

*Maybe you can try to join them, it's easier than you think
Maybe you can try to kill them, it's harder than you think
Or maybe you can try to love them, though I wouldn't try too hard
I'd just leave them, ignore them, they're not what they think they are*

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Everybody Always Has A Point

So, I'm an ass in arguments, I hear you say
I'm too sarcastic and too loud in every way
The way I analyze, generalize
And how I fail to realize
There's sunshine even in a rainy day

You mean like

The motorways of Adolf Hitler
The early works of Pink Floyd
The cock size of Mick Jagger
The writing skills of Freddie Nietzsche
The latin skills of the Pope
The motorways of Adolf Hitler

And everybody always has a
And everybody always has a
And everybody always has a point

Yeah, I'm an ass in arguments, I sure agree
If I was up for election, I wouldn't vote for me
The way you differentiate, modulate
How you succeed to accentuate
The good that lies in everything you see

Just like

The poetry of emperor Nero
The exit gates of Old Trafford
The tantra skills of Gordon Summers
The drummer of Led Zeppelin
The business sense of Schwarzenegger
The poetry of emperor Nero

And I piss on Schwarzenegger
I piss on Gordon Summers
I piss on Freddie Nietzsche
And I piss on Adolf Hitler

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Sexy Atheist

Oh sexy atheist, how bright you are
How you can see thru any wall
How you laugh 'bout all believers
'cause you don't believe, you know it all

You know all comes from nothing
You know all ends in nothing
Oh sexy atheist, you really know a lot about nothing

Oh sexy atheist, you funky
strictly rationalist materialist
How you reveal that fear and evil
Are only caused by the holy fist

You know all comes from nothing
You know all ends in nothing
Oh sexy atheist, you really know a lot about nothing

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The Wall

There's a place of wholeness, I certainly agree
Quite difficult to reach, so well to see
Some people get there, sadly not all
For first, you have to pass the wall

Some people don't even seem to try
Some just don't care, some are just too shy
Some fail, and then, never try again
Some try and try, but everytime in vain

*You're walking to the wall again,
Trying to get through, 'cause you know
All you want lies there behind
And will stop you from feeling blue*

It's not in you to shy away of the wall
It's not in you to care how hard you may fall
It's not in you to give up, not until you're dying
It's not in you to rue it, even when you end up crying, crying, crying

*You're walking to the wall again,
Trying to get through, 'cause you know
All you want lies there behind
And will stop you from feeling blue*

*And you're stuck in the wall again,
Looks like somewhere in the middle
Doesn't seem to let you through this time
The way back will hurt, ooh-ooh*

*ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh
ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh*

*ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh
ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh*

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Sleepwalking

Sometimes life looks pale and grey
And you're just dragging through another day
You're tired of your friend's dull talking
You realize you're just sleep-walking

It's time for you to expand your mind
Before you're going deaf and blind
To see things as bright as they are
To realize the world's a shining star

*See, that tree must be a thousand feet high
And its top gently touches the brilliant sky
Hear, that rill sounds like a symphony
And the golden sun rules the sky, for all to see*

Tomorrow'll be another day
All back to normal, they always say
But you know, that's just not true
For what you saw will stay with you

Sometimes when life looks pale and grey
Remember how it looked that day
When you get sick of your friend's talk
Take your mind for another walk

*See, that tree must be a thousand feet high
And its top gently touches the brilliant sky
Hear, that rill sounds like a symphony
And the golden sun rules the sky, for all to see*

*And your touch makes me feel a thousand feet high
And your eyes shine like the brilliant sky
And your voice sounds like a symphony
And your smile rules the world, for all to see
And the golden sun rules the sky, for all to see
And your smile rules the world, for all to see*

*And your smile rules the world, for all to see
And the golden sun rules the sky, for all to see
And your smile rules the world, for all to see*

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What You Get

I can see it coming round the corner, yet I seem to just walk on
Guess there's no sense in running away, this chance seems so long gone
Now, it rears its head in triumphant laughter, so sure it has now won

*That's what you get when you mess with what you can take
That's what you get when you let your heart become a fake
That's what you get when you mess with what you can take*

Rotting corpses fall down on me now, looking straight into my eyes
Commanding voices are shouting orders, backed by sneaky lies
And my mind is tumbling, there's nothing left to reach out and hold on to
The abyss, dark and gaping wide is pulling on my shoe

I don't know how long I can bear this state, I don't know if I can heal
Gotta face the wild boy in the cellar, gotta strike a working deal

*That's what you get when you mess with what you can take
That's what you get when you let your heart become a fake
That's what you get when you mess with what you can take*

I can see it coming round the corner, I say: Hi, how have you done?

*That's what you get when you mess with what you can take
That's what you get when you let your heart become a fake
That's what you get when you mess with what you can take*

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Timing

If we want to get into the groove, we need to have the right timing
The way we play, the way we move, a lot relies on timing
When you try so hard, but with no luck, could be you lack some timing
And then, when you don't give a fuck, you succeed thanks to your timing

If you want to put the ball in the net, you shouldn't forget your timing
A lot of things you might try to get, you get them easier with good timing
If you like this song for some reason, I fear, it's not for the rhyming
And whether we get together, my dear, may be a matter of better timing

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Nightfall

No, we're sure our calculation's right
In two hours time there'll be no light
Like it was two thousand years ago
End of our culture, for all we know

The Cult says:
"We will fall into a cave and our world will turn a burning grave"
They're a bunch of idiots, I agree ,but they might not be all wrong, you see

If you look up to the blood red sky
Only Beta shines, and will soon too die
For there's a moon up there we never see
Today it will be our destiny

*No Sun will shine tonight
And we can't cope without its light
We'll see the stars, it's understood
And lose our minds for good*

"The eclipse starts!", I hear them shout
It's getting colder, darker, there's no doubt
Soon, Beta will be out of sight
And flames the only way to light

The Cult says:
"The stars will take our souls away, our punishment on judgement day"
They're a bunch of idiots, I agree, but they might not be all wrong, you see

Darkness will come definitely
Madness quite presumably
Destruction very probably
But the stars: are they for real to see?

No Sun will shine tonight...

There might be other suns, some guess
A dozen maybe, more or less
To really shine, too far away
But they might be seen on nightfall day
A push and I fall to the floor
I look up, there's no sun anymore
Ten thousand stars stare down on me
We didn't know anything, you see

*Ten Thousand stars tonight
No shining, warming sun in sight
They're poking holes right through my skin
And madness is floating in*

*Ten Thousand stars tonight
No shining, warming sun in sight
And the hopeless lunatic I turn
Screams: "Burn, Lagash, Burn!"*