

Unspoken Thoughts

Above all I know (ooh)

There is a guilt

I understand

I crave for more

My inner voice still calls

My stomach aches

I lie awake

I speak through open sores

Push me to the verge of tears

Turn me into flesh and bones

A penny saved is a penny earned

A silenced son

A deed undone

I'm lacking all my words

Come see me at my worst

Consonants appear

To move in reverse

All my vowels unheard

Severed and sincere

When all is lost

Uncanny rot

Reveals your true

Unspoken thoughts

Let's sit and rest today, two loyal foes

Unsounded wars, sick to my core from silent toe to toe

When all is lost

Uncanny rot

Reveals your true

Unspoken thoughts

You'll come across
A setting sun
Reveals a lost
An unspoken one

Thoughts into Letters,
Letters into words,
Words into silence,
Silence into ulcers,
My mouth is an open sore

Salad days are not here to stay
These steps I didn't take keeps me now away
Sometimes I wondered if you cared
Most of the time I was alone

Thoughts into letters,
Letters into words,
Words into silence,
Silence into ulcers,
My mouth is an open sore
My mouth is an open sore

When all is found and quietly done
My lack of skills will carry on

Make it stop!

Seven Digits

And in my dream
A large aquarium
And inside it, a rare, golden fish
And millions upon millions are watching
As I make a final wish
I place a hand upon a bible
A promise is unleashed
To tell the jury and the judge...
To tell the jury and the judge...

The truth
And nothing but the truth
Alps of ashes
A lonely mountaineer with a sisyphean purpose
Old tunes in the wind

For those of you...
For those of you who knew my name
There were so few,
So few of you...
And no one's left to bare witness
So how can I reclaim
That which was never mine?

And in my dream
I'm swallowed by this house
A mouth so full and deep
I can hear it's teeth grinding
(Tell me it's an ashtray)

Numbers, figures, digits
Are to rearrange once more
None to have a name such as mine
Blurred memories, a stuttered deformity
Forged by chambers made of fire

A sky painted ceiling, have I been pulled outside the carnal world?
Don't look, don't ask or else you'll find out
What guides you back and forth
Skywards through the oven's doors!

Skywards through the oven's doors!

Into the chimney, up to the stars
My children are the firmament
Into the chimney, up to the stars
My children are the heavens

I can taste them, when it rains!

ובחלומי אקווריום
ובתוכו דג זהב
והעולם כולו צופה במשאלתי
משאלת שוא
ידי מונחת בשבואה
הבטחתי
עננותי
מכובדי המושבעים
רק רציתי להגיד
מכובדי המושבעים
רק רציתי להגיד
רק רציתי להגיד
...רק רציתי להגיד

The Heart of a Nation (Nadia)

Ageless,
That hideous misunderstanding
There is a grudge between us
An ugly wall of love
I made you look at me
I made you look at me

Senseless
You spoke wisdom
I spoke a truth
Careless
Subjective
Cruel

Sway, love
The bunker's deep the wine is warm
This war won't cause you any harm
The globe will stop its spinning
So we could capture stars

This seed on the floor
Is the heart of the nation
Ideas and guns
Revolution in the household
We let her have it, she was no enemy

Onwards
There is only onwards
Someday this war will end
Someday I'll find again
Nadia
My Nadia
(I made her look at me)

These gloves of silk were made for you
Nadia
My Nadia
If there ever was a proof
Of this tin man's heart....

All Hail the Moustache

The Depth of its territory
Is growing day by day
I cannot help it
A groomed barricade
A fence between two senses
I cannot help it
I smell your tracheary
I taste deceit
It's growing ever larger

The labor and the toil
Our upper lips shall gain the spoil
Abolish any private property
(All hail the moustache!)
It sprouts identity
Out of the flesh of scarcity
Conceals its face, reveals its throne

Old maps
Old man's skin
Grows towards
East Berlin
Can't shave
What's within!
All hail the moustache!

Glorious palatial facial structure
Behold the essence of mankind
A declaration of eternal beauty!

More admiration
More, evermore!

All hail the moustache!
All hail the moustache!
All hail the moustache!

Прости меня, госпожа Муза

Наш языковой барьер слишком болезнен, Слишком болезнен...

Я молюсь тебе — поцелуй мое отчаяние, обрати его в искусство.

Il mio desiderio è

Dormire e non svegliarmi più

Il mio cuore batte Impazzata

Любовь моей возлюбленной — это молоток судьи

Молотящий свое правосудие

А я — вор, лгун, убийца!

Вечно виновный! Вечно любимый! Никогда не свободный!

Вечно виновный! Вечно любимый! Никогда не свободный!

A Final Bow

Tonight
Life is
Too long
She missed
A moment
As never before
Anxiety
Over the telephone

Late night
Burlesques
On her fingertips
They said she
Should not go
(But you know)
'twas her turn to perform

Fame
The soul in her song, is the soul that I sold long ago
If there is only one devil
How come am I growing horns?

Refused and denied
Falsehood!
End This farce!
I was but a satire
In a greater book of love

More than she knows
More than I had to give her
And when the time will come
She'll know she's on her own
A non believer

Once you admitted
How much you loved me
I was admitted
My heart had stopped
How could you love me?
(Telephone... telephone...)

Tonight

Life is
Too long
My dear
Which moments
Made you leave?

It's all over now
It's all over now
Our final bow
Lower
Lower

It's all over now
It's all over now
Our final bow
Wore her
Wore her down

It's all over now
It's all over now
Our final bow
Lower
Lower

It's all over now
It's all over now
Our final bow
Lower
Lower

It's all over now
It's all over now
A final bow
Lower
Lower

It's all over now
It's all over now
A final bow
Lower

Lower