



*A Day at the
Fairground*

A Day at the Fairground

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The Gates of Change

1. I was a day at the fairground,

I found it hard to find joy,

It was nothing but tragedy here,

Knives beyond the kingdoms

2. I was a day at the fairground,

A day in which I almost died,

It was a day of torture,

It was a day without any light

3. The next day I woke up,

I was happy and full of life,

Pleasure seemed to follow me everywhere,

For I had escaped from the fairground

4. My wounds were scars now,

But some wounds didn't seem to heal,

I'm still living with them,

Reminding me of that day at the fairground

5. That horrible day had changed my life,

Through the gates of change I went,

To become wise

6. Not so long ago I returned to the fairground,

It had changed now,

The machines didn't work,

It was a mess

7. It seemed no one was working there anymore,

And I found some small lights,

I found some joy

8. It's a pleasure to be here now,

Through the gates of change,

I found a new way to deal with it

9. And I will return here many times,

Searching for the last lights,

Of a fairground I never understood

10. And I will sing here and dance here,

To raise the fairground again,

But this time in my way,

In my ways we will do it again

11. And it will be so much better,

And it will visit so many places,

And so many will come,

For the fairground has just begun

12. Through the gates of change they go,

Heading from show to show

Queen Ant

1. Wargoddess, queen ant, laying eggs in the middle, making the dollars roll On wallstreet she is the lady bowling, bowling, making dresses too fragile to hold

2. Wargoddess, she flies with horses, queen ant, prosperous smile and liberty She has mighty flags all around her They need to be big, so everyone understands They need to be rough, the blood must flow
It's raising money for the show Six helicopters in a row

3. Wargoddess, queen ant, showing us how ladies bend Tears in her eyes, she got the flu and all she dreams about is you You, her mighty tv hero But you got shot in episode two It's drama she makes, and drama she expects She needs some love, and this is how she does it

4. Wargoddess, tragedy when you stand up it's all misery She lets the dollars roll She gives them in eggs Brooders is what she wants

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5. Dollar hatchers, snake's surprise, she's gliding forth, through battlefields and mines She's gliding forth to do her thing Making all the losers win Blood on the dancefloor, and in the house Blood on the ceiling, through the door it slides They stand there with golden smiles Trophies full of money Small coins, but many papers to hide

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6. She wants it big, no testimonies She wants it cool, all for you Foam on money, who lets it spout, champagne in Wallstreet, champagne so wild Queen ant rides the horse Her chariots full of fire

The Dollars of Queen Bee

1. *Turn the chocolate, girl, turn it all around, to find the pearl, you're machinery, baby, you're the show in wild wild version, in treasure*

Turn the chocolate, green girl, and become blue

2. *Turn the chocolate, white girl, we're all colours, we're all dollars,*

Turn the ocean white, pale girl, and hit the ball, hit the pearl, turn the ocean, blue girl

3. *Turn the chocolate, make it wide, stretch it out and let us decide, we're all dollars, baby, dyed in red*

4. We're bloodmoney, we've been stolen, we have been in the assassin's hand, in those of liars and of those telling nonsense We have been in the hands of scrooges, of capitalists and cannibals We have been in the hands of idiots and those who are insane Put us in and play us, baby We need some help We're dollars dying in hell's rain

5. We're the lullaby, we're bloodmoney, roses dying We've been to hell and now we're back So play us baby, turn the green Make it white instead

6. Make it like water, make it like yesterday For the days are dying

7. We're longing back for the old days ... We're dollars, we're smiles on tv We returned from the underground With so much gold in our eyes We're dollars to your surprise

8. We want to be picked up by a lady this time, a lady gentle with a wide smile A lady trustworthy, and full of tv A lady like a nurse, like a queen bee

Fat Hotel Boss

1. The fat hotel boss was a cruel man, he always scared the guests away. Suzy was a leather woman, with many leather traps, she would catch them all. Tommy wanted to escape. Who could burn this freaky hotel.
2. The fat hotel boss had a cook who ate brains, sleeping in the corridors, dreaming on the stairways, while monkeys were in the elevators. The fat hotel boss was friendly to the ladies, but he used to beat the guys up.
3. The fat hotel boss had a big hotel. One day someone brought him under a spell, and he was the kindest hotel boss in town. So friendly, so lovely, everyone knew his name. Everybody loved him, he got so much fame.

4. The fat hotel boss had made some small animals, with a small Jesus, a small Mary and a small Joseph. It was Christmas. The fat hotel boss he wanted to enjoy the days before Christmas. Everywhere there were candles. Then a boy came to the hotel, and asked the boss if he could play the piano and some violin, and the boss agreed. He loved it. The fat hotel boss he wanted to keep the boy in the hotel, all for free, and the boy liked coffee.

5. There was always such joy in the hotel, after that spell.

6. Fat hotel boss, even vampires and bats came to his hotel. They all loved him, they all needed him. He was their star. There was a place for all, the friendliest people came here. Kids could find their grandparents here, lonely people their lovers. Fat hotel boss, big name in history, when he died it was such a loss.

Ditches of Venice

1. You came from far away,

Through the ditches of Venice,

Through the painting,

All your way,

You brought the Spanish girl back to the painting,

A pretty sight,

She has colourful clothes,

I can dream with this lady

2. I smell the oranges when I stare at her,

I adorn her with small banana images,

I adorn her with fairytales,

The finest ones I could find,

She's a pearl to me,

A precious pearl,

This Spanish girl

3. You brought the Spanish girl back,

You girl from French,

You brought her where she belonged,

In the painting,

Through the Spanish alleys she runs,

There are grapes in Venice,

She believes, she believes

4. You brought the Spanish girl back, high in her painting,

High attics in high churches,

She's sliding across the walls

5. Spanish girl, black painting,

Spanish girl

6. She's there with her dog,

And do you believe,

She's sliding through the ditches of Venice,

With me, sweet fairytales,

Among the rats and fishes,

Oranges and bananas everywhere,

She brings me through the frames,

Across the lines,

The painting comes alive

7. Ditches of Venice,

Grey morning,

Afternoon is orange,

Evening's red

8. She comes with all her soldiers,

She comes with all her dogs,

She's bigger than a fairground,

She's the warmth on the beach,

The breath in the alley,

Painting's coming alive

9. Ditches of Venice,

Grey morning,

Afternoon is orange,

Evening's red

10. Do the dance with me,

You saved a Spanish girl,

Oh French girl,

Cowboy indian girl

11. I paint the world for you,

And everything will be good,

I paint the morning,

Evening's red,

So many clocks,

I paint the world for you,

These grapes of Venice

12. In the alleys of pisa I found you,

Who had covered this all up,

Who was playing the police,

I found you now,

You feel my hand,

I bring you into the picture,

You will come alive again

13. In the alleys of pisa I found you,

Oh girl, I found you,

Who covered this all up,

There's a world so deep here,

You're my cowboy indian,

You're my gypsy rod,

A bleeding fairytale,

But I have found you now,

Cover her by red roses,

By petals of the clown,

Smile a bit deeper,

Breath in some more,

I have found you in a flower on the shore

14. We must run away now,

To the wild west,

For flowers are burning here,

There's fire everywhere

15. Grapes of Venice,

Alleys of pisa,

All to bring us deeper into the pearl

16. She's swimming there among rats and fishes,

She's swimming there with me

17. Grapes of Venice a pretty picture,

Grapes of Venice, so Venice,

All to rise higher into the picture,

Into the painting there's a new world

18. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a cowboy's prince,

Doing the do together,

Riding on the wind,

She's swimming there with me

19. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a cowboy's grief,

Doing the do together,

For all those who believe

20. She was a Spanish princess,

He was a mother's boy,

Walking hand in hand,

Towards forever joy

21. In the painting they have found each other,

They felt each other's hand,

Now they are together,

Grapes of Venice,

Fairytales of make-belief,

Grapes of Venice,

Red red roses of an indian chief

22. Can you feel my hand,

Picture's freezing,

We're in the painting now,

What a survey,

We are alive,

We are alive and well

23. She was an Italian princess,

Nathaly from Italy,

He was a boy from France,

With so many boys from Greece,

Make my painting white,

Make my roses and flowers pale,

Make them oh so white,

Adorn them like snow

24. She was a gypsy princess,

Doing the do,

She was a princess from Greece,

From Spain and from France,

Let's do the dance,

And raise them into the picture,

The painting's freezing,

There's chocolate everywhere,

Flowers are big,

With rabbits and frogs

25. He was a gypsy prince,

A prince from Spain and France,

A prince from Greece and Italy,

Coming from the alley's of pisa and the alleys of mars,

He was a greek greek horse,

A fairytale,

A blue white fairytale,

All these grapes of Venice,

All these colours of joy,

All these torn clothes,

Made of oranges and bananas,

What a well,

What a wishing well

26. She swims there with her parrots,

When she's on the shore she raises her gun,

She knows where she belongs,

Who covered this all up,

The cops are running,

Someone comes from the alleys of pisa,

Someone comes from the alleys of Venice,

Who has covered them up so long,

And who's raising these paintings now,

Who's raising the boys now,

They are the boys from lynx,

Boys from pierot,

He's raising them tall,

They're growing from pisa to Venice,

Like an adorned bridge,

White as snow,

These boys know how to do the show

Chopin's Pearl

1. The final strike, she's coming to me, like a leather rainbow, she's my dream ... I told her she's a masterpiece, a sidewalk's show, oh oh

2. Boys from pisa and Venice, from spain and france they do the dance,

They come from mars and lynx, they come from the gypsy's heart,

From the mother violin,

These boys from lynx, they know how to win,

I hold my baby tight

3. Boys with the big dogs, bigger than lions and tigers,

These dogs they bite like no one can,

They are atomic bombs

4. Boys with the big dogs,

Boys from the violin,

Hear their tales,

Always fight to win,

Fight to win

5. These alleys have been painted,

By the violins of Venice,

By the violins of pisa and pierot,

By the mother violin they have been painted,

The beginning of the show

6. My heart is beating,

For the first time in my life,

I hold my baby tight

7. By piano's of Venice,

By violins of pisa,

The clowns run,

They dive on stages,

They do it in harmony,

By the rod of synchronity

8. There is chaos in the ditches of Venice,

What a paradox,

What a painting,

And I raise you tall in it,

The rod has made us thin

9. Spanish girl,

Princess of the hotels

10. Spanish girl,

Chopin's pearl,

You are the daughter of the king,

Chopin's roses around your chin,

Are you blushing

Chopin

1. He's like the sovenir this boy, pinocchio is running,

Bringing him another toy

2. Stromboli watches from a distance,

He cannot do anything,

For he has been tied by leather red rope,

Indians were here

3. He's like the gold,

This Pinocchio,

I loved him from beginning,

His heart is beating for the show,

He's a boy from the painting,

Cut and pasted by the violin,

A pretty puzzle,

Made to win

4. Made to survive in this jungle

5. He's like gold Pinocchio,

He's like my silver,

Doing the show,

He speaks with many voices,

He's the boy from the painting,

Cut and pasted by the violin and the piano,

Piano made some blossom,

Oceans for a deep show

6. This boy is like the gold,

So many rays on his head,

He's like osiris,

Like sindbad,

Like gepetto

7. He's like the ornament,

He is chopin,

He is my friend

8. He can make sounds like a lullaby,

He can make sounds like an ocean,

And all the sand is like bubbling, like magic,

Painting the picture all over again,

The painting is moving

9. Lips are coming through,

Big lips,

Kissing ...

Big lips

From paradise

10. Purple painting,

French girls in white

11. This boy was lying on the beach,

There was a rattlesnake,

The boy took it,

Made a necklace of it,

What a pretty necklace,

How pretty are the boys in white,

Boy in white,

Boy in transparent light

12. Boys from lynx,

Boys coming from the depths,

Boys with deep thoughts in their head

13. He made a book for me,

Like a world beyond fairytale,

He wrote a letter to me,

And the letter was a ladder to me,

Like a world beyond fairytale he was to me

14. Chopin do the dance,

Do the dance for me

15. There was a boy called chopin,

A boy in white,

Necklace of a rattlesnake

16. There was a bird losing it's feathers,

It was screaming help me,

Catch me in the night,

Catch me in the deepest night

Warfeathers

Path

1. They never chose this path, someone pushed them on it They never chose to be warriors, mean boys But someone turned them into these Who ? A witch ? Now they are werewolves They can't be trusted Their eyes full of scorn full of deception leading them all to the traps Evergrowing suffering they inflict

2. They are the mean boys, mean ones hearts burning like fire But it's something else It eats souls away, while it's always growing again They are sons of Prometheus, they have been in Tantalos for too long These boys are crazy now and can't be trusted Too much pain and hunger made them this insane

3. But you weren't listening to me You were breeding them As breeding the mean boys, that's what you do

4. I gave up on you already, long ago You made me one of them There's no way out This is the sad story of a mariner's son A sailor one Hoping to become general one day to defeat this dragon

Rebirth

5. I get drunk while I'm only watching you, while others turn into stone You're like Medusa, strange one I get drunk when I see your legs moving You have legs like tall red boots, and every step is another bar

of my prison Lead me out, you're like the lion Lead me out, this time You're breathing like the ward Mean boys at the coasts
Your legs like mean boys What can I do ?

6. There's no way out of this, since you pushed that button, since the spears fell down, now they're standing tall, turning, like grills after all
There's no escape from this place It shrieks when I move She has pushed the button, oh yeah but realize it's the way of the fool

7. You're so obsessed with your Tantalos, but one day the mean boys will also strike you All breeders breed predators, and one day they burst out But everyone breeds, we never chose this path Someone has pushed us Who ? The witch ? Now we are werewolves and now we can't be trusted Our eyes full of scorn, full of deception We are like mean boys now We gotta grow up and change our point of view We are like men at crosses We do not know what we do

8. Wake up, you're under someone's feet, you never chose this path So
be reborn

9. She smiles like an insectian It's not a smile but a cry A cry for help, but what can you do ? There are strange bars between us When we move they shriek Whatever we do it always hurts someone, and when we do nothing it hurts them too So what can we do ? We must choose the best path, a path which is best for me and you

10. And do we hurt ourselves ? By every step we make We are fooling ourselves so much, for we can't stand the pain It's hopeless, this reality but it's a cocoon my dear Who taught you that butterflies come out of the cocoon ? They all have to get in

11. We live in cutting wonderland, a visionary ball around our heads Letting us believe anything, as we do not have another choice We have to walk like they do, act like they do, or we will be refugees having nowhere to go to So hold on to the mask for awhile, I'm almost close I will save you out from this, there will be a new glow

12. Did you say love ? I will show you where we are We all live in slow motion until we freeze We're like stone producing the new fire

13. And they were made of stone Made by life Their faces hard and full of scorn Stay away from us We won't show you where we live

14. We live where roses burn until they are flies

15. We're flies soaring in the air, on our way to death, until it burns the last mask away, where the blood drip falls to catch them all Don't come closer Stay away You better stay on the hill For the memory to fly away

16. We live where roses burn, where it all explodes Nothing to hide anymore We are all dirt and beauty in our fall

Burning Roses

1. They never chose this path, someone pushed them, pushed them far. Like orange suns exploding, spreading their arms of fire. And now we all must run for our lives, for they're coming down to take us and break us.

There's scorn on their faces, they have mocking crowns, they are all burning roses They never go to bed or bath, for someone has struck them that way Their dirt is a sword, their foul mouth a spear

2. They're standing at the coasts, on the sands of seas Like dragonlegs, like the legs of a woman They're treading the grapes for wine like soldiers But they never chose this path They never chose this path Someone pushed them in this fire Someone bound them together in this army, but they would never choose each other for this

3. They never go to bed or bath, there is fire coming from their heart, a fire falling down on everything, at the coasts they rise, on the sands of the seas Yes, my heart is still in fire since I saw them And I don't want to belief I'm one of them

4. Let us all run for our lives, for they're coming down to break us,
they're coming down to take us, to make us one of them One of them,
full of glory, like legs of a dragon we walk The woman is dangerous,
we can't talk We can only stand at the coasts catching her spark
When she moves her hand we bend This is something she pretends
We are all living in her dreams, no way out For the mean boys she
needs for war There is war in the sky, orange suns falling down
And she's holding her heart While the boys hold her scorn of
something from million years ago They do not know about her other
life She was forced to be someone's wife Now she thinks that
marriage is a lie So she lets them march and tells them goodbye

Afternoon Wine

tall lights from the red

1. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one
understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater
in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts
like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ...
where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it
would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow
I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding
me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her
knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ...

2. After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ...

3. In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ...

4. The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spread ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ...

5. The woman talks, the woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me

red ship

6. I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight

7. He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed

8. But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored

where is the magic

9. And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rosetrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did

Sea of Death

1. I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go. Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch. Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged. Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ? Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

2. I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you. It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here. I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there. I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart. I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking

deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you. Even if I
don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the
beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you,
but when I wake up, I am alone.

My French Girl

1. My french girl, I want to paint the world for you,

My French girl, bringing you in that painting again,

There where flowers are and striped bushes,

My French girl, and do the do

2. We can dance together again in that boat,

Across the rivers of Venice

3. My French girl, I will adorn you with the finest jewelry,

With the finest fairytales, from my heart to you,

For you saved my life, and raised me up into the picture,

Through the frames you brought me,

You were like the storm

4. My French girl, you painted worlds forever,

Big flowers, yes, you are my heart,

French girl, you painted my heart forever,

It's beating now, and you are the warmth on my beaches

5. We can dance together in that boat,

Across rivers of Venice,

There's jewelry in your hair,

Big dogs are running since you came,

You with the gypsy's rod,

With the indian's coat,

I love you

6. You're the dreamboat's naked source,

You're the French dream in white,

White white dresses adorned like snow,

Blue white bite is the beginning of the show

7. I found you on stage but I raised you high,

You're grown up girl,

Childhood is over,

Find your pearls in the sky,

In the big painting I brought you again,

Covered by sand you stare at me,

Yes, blow, blow the wind to me,

Among the flowers we will be

8. *You're a book in my hand, My French Girl,*

You speak a language I understand

9. *We can dance together again in that boat,*

On the rivers of Venice,

Yes, ditches, adorned rods,

Tall enough to make us move,

I'm the cowboy indian on the roof,

I like to dive and swim along,

Among the rats and fishes,

All day long,

I'm with you again, you again,

My treasure

10. Spanish girl we paint the ditches,

Spanish girl we make the riches,

You're so Spanish French,

You're an indian,

Do the dance

11. Your pretty hats they stare at me,

Your movements adorn me,

I feel so special when I am with you,

I am a French boy, doing the do

Ballerina Girl

1. A day at the fairground, a day between you and me

So much horror, so much grief, it's a battle,

We always misunderstand each other,

And you think life is a game,

Well, I have become like you

2. I'm in a deeper pit than you are,

I asked it and I got it,

Bought it somewhere at a fairground

3. A clown gave it to me,

It worked, and killed me

4. Why did I eat this stuff ?

I wanted to meet you in your loss

5. I got you by the hand now,

I don't come from above,

But I come from the depths

6. A day at the fairground, a day between you and me,

I played a game and won you,

I will take you home, I found you,

I took you out of that awful machine,

How long did you work here

Ballerina girl

Predator

1. There are killer clowns at the fairground,

They have raised their knives so high,

And they cover them by cakes,

By prices to win,

All they want is your heart,

All they want is you take them home tonight

2. Who would blame them,

They live here in terror,

In prisons and in slavery,

Have you seen the tears of these clowns,

Why do you make fun of them,

Why do you think they are insane

Why did you kill them

3. There are clowns at the fairground,

They do not have much to eat,

At nights they live in Africa,

When the morning falls it's Russia

4. There are clowns at the fairground,

Killed by you and me,

Killed by an overconsuming society,

Fat bosses like to eat,

But they hang at their crosses

5. There are clowns at the fairground,

Some nasty girls do the ditches,

Some nasty girls have spoken some words,

Of liberty and football, lusty designs,

A show after all

Why do you keep these animals imprisoned

6. There are clowns at the fairground,

Fables between you and me,

While girls are gossiping they drown in grief,

There are clowns at the fairground,

They never win a game,

While you are always winning, you take them away,

To a home where they can live at your wall,

A home which looks like a carnival

7. There are clowns at the wall,

They are your heroes,

They work day and night,

To give you some coffee,

And a lot of food and light,

Yes, you fatten yourself up,

To be happy is your goal,

While the children of Africa,

Oh, that is hell,

For we belong to heaven,

We belong to the thrones of Spain,

Where the animals have to die,

All those who are insane,

Can you take this any longer,

You have your own crosses I'm sure,

So who nailed us so high

8. There are clowns at the wall,

At nights they come alive,

They are our nightmares

9. Why do you want to be happy,

While others need to suffer for you,

Isn't that insane, or are you just a predator

10. There are clowns at the walls,

Asking for your name,

They are reading the book of life,

To search for predators

11. There are clowns at the fairground,

So happy their faces,

For they found some new places

Traffic of War

1. They do not have an own personality,

They just gossip, they just eat,

All those fat bosses

2. And they become fat too,

Those with the microphones,

But cosmetics covers it all,

The chemical carnival

3. You do not know what they do in their houses,

They love to eat their own meat as well,

Isn't it an insane farm,

A fairground and a factory

4. Who raises them up in the army,

And against who is the fight ?

Isn't it insane to fight without having some brains,

Or are the brains the problems

5. There's racism at the fairground,

No one lets the other win,

All scared to lose the game,

For the losers have to do the dishes,

They have to work backstage,

To discover all the secrets

6. There are dolls at the fairground,

Cheerleaders chosing their race,

Then the game begins,

The big fight, ending in war,

To have some lights in the night,

To read the book of life

7. What gives you the right to be somebody,

What gives you the right to judge,

What gives you the right to fight,

Do you have the right colour

8. *Is there a throne of god,*

What if he is a clown,

What if he's a deceiver,

What if the real god is bound up in the cellar,

What if he will rise tonight,

I saw it happening at the fairground,

A beautiful game,

The ballgame with the lights

Overcoming the Game

1. Someone played this game,

And now the fairground is exploding,

While dollars are rolling,

Or is it blood

2. He won a vision,

He saw god

3. A fairground car full of games,

Why aren't rabbits the leaders of this world

4. He had cracked the game,

He had overcome the game,

And in the book of games was his name

5. He got a harem and some eggs,

A breakfast and some beds,

And a world beyond fairytale,

He was free now,

Beyond the backstage,

He got some boats, but what did he do ?

He built his own fairground

6. How long will this go on,

Who will shut this book of fairgrounds,

Or isn't there an exit

7. There's no escape from this strange restaurant,

For every exit is the entrance,

It's a trap and we come deeper and deeper,

Don't move, that's the best thing to do,

For everything moves by itself

8. We are part of the machinery,

Our saviours were our wards,

Waiters of this strange restaurant,

They have poisoned us,

They have made us drunk

9. No one knows the way out,

And if someone does,

He will just lead us deeper into it

10. I wished I would never have met her,

But it's too late,

This babe cannot be manipulated,

And takes everything over,

We're her soldiers at the end of the day,

One of the waiters,

Eatable, broken, but risen like jesus christ by cosmetics and chemicals,

To eat and to be eaten,

To become fat and make fat,

While rare explosions make us thin

11. We are toys in boxes, killer toys,

Not wanting to live in their rooms, but in their hearts,

We are marionets and puppetmakers, puppetmasters,

All by a stupid fairground,

Always rising from it's ashes

12. The laws of the fairground are always switching,

Chaos is master here, unless you can dance,

You need to know the songs or you are roadkill

13. And these clowns their mouths are burning,

Eating your souls until you are turning,

Dance, dance, or it will be too late,

The book of life is open

14. Run, run, or they will get you,

Their posters are everywhere in town,

Their billboards big in every village,

But where do we go,

We are part of the show

15. There is no escape from the story,

Our fate is evergrowing,

Our names written by clowns' pencils,

Our hearts rotting in spoilt decembers,

How will you be at christmas,

We lay on dishes to grow in clowns' stomachs

Sick of Laughing

1. This is the place where the clowns play,

They sit on thrones in tall halls,

Like holograms in the brains

2. This is the place where the clowns play,

They use others as toys,

Don't you think that's insane,

But who is insane after all,

The pot calling the kettle black

3. We are the judges,

Everyone else is wrong,

And we are right,

But we do not make a difference

4. Isn't that a sad story,

But this is the place where the clowns play,

Should have known it before,

But there seems to be no escape,

It's always the same

5. We are in a clowns' prison,

Condemned to be a judge and to be proud,

Condemned to have an ego

6. *Someone else is always worse than us,*

We have so many reasons to mock and judge,

We are slaves of the clown,

We are sick of laughing,

And now we have tight faces,

Still doing the same,

We can't laugh anymore,

But the others still laugh,

Or are these our masks

7. This is the place where the clowns play,

I should have told you before,

But you weren't home,

And I tried to call you on the phone

8. Now you have phones in your face,

But it is too late,

We're in the fire already,

This is where the clowns play

Other Side of the Wall

1. There are clowns in hell,

Their faces made of candy,

Made in the fire

2. They are marching loud,

No one can beat them, for they are the clowns,

They have made this place,

And know all about it

3. They aren't dumb, they are scientists,

Masked against the unknown

4. They know how to dance,

They know how to sing the songs,

They know how to play the game,

This is where they belong

5. When doors open they march in,

While others fall down

6. They have high thrones,

And believe in telepathy,

Their nerves are on sharp,

Like a harpoon

7. When they play the violin,

They just send their messages,

Into space,

To the other side of the wall

Flowerfields

neighbour's goodbye

1. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ...
Heading for the buildings of the poles Marazanta like Mary Poppins in
the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... Heading for new
flowerfields ... The flowers are so warm ... Marazanta like Mary Poppins in
the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... The sew and saw crows
stand tall like towers, disappearing in bubbles ...

2. Thornrose floating to her spinning wheels ... The roses will bloom
tonight To cover the castle again ... It will not end in a kiss today ...
For the lark is flying high heading for the buildings of the poles ... while
the towers are tumbling while their houses have flowerfields on the
floors

3. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ...
the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... her saw and sew
toys ... The lark is flying high ... Old spinning wheels from an old old diary
... covered by flowers and some old dust heading for the buildings of
the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their
floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... and he speaks about Izu ...
they do it when they are shattered ... their strange dances ... while
perlottia is sleeping deeper the sting brought sleep the sting brought
the jet the sting brought these flavors and now he is heading for
perlottia ... heading for the buildings of the poles there he flies like

mary poppins ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu where they bring new sand to the bottom ... the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... while izu is stepping back from the wild sides ... having a good picture of the big toy again ... distance makes everything soft again ... while spinning around makes new colours

4. there's a raven's prince rising from the hat ... running for the last roundabout ... riding on purple horses ... he's speaking like a million trumpets while all songs slow down ... and fade away ... he's speaking like a crazy man like an esau looking for birds he gathers them all in his big basket there he sits on the back of the big hairy bird ... singing his thriller song his head spinning like a roundabout ... having a million racecars in his mouth he is speaking like .. a crazy man singing crazy songs ... about an ugly shark in seas of flowers with all these waves of teeth the rose's thorns surrounding the castle ... he's a sleepwalker only dreaming about it he's safe in the distance he defeated the green witch ... and all her trousers ... he's now .. the rainbow's friend ... he's a sleepwalker drunk of his mother's soup ... he lost his feathers ... but now he's rising from the ashes ... like the raven's phoenix ... like the raven's smile while all glasses break ... all the focus there's roaring a child inside ... the hairy bird still a funny bird full of jokes ... breaking all the focus he's safe in the heart of the cockatoo ... he has a roundabout head he is enchanted by a lark ...

5. ten men with roundabout heads ... walking through the desert ... making the pond so cold so cold there where the icecream is rising ... the lake of transformation the lark is rising from the ice ... rising to new horizons horizons of the toy sweet letters from momma's ... he's

still missing her with the rainbows in his head like waiting for new rains to fall ... he's now .. on highways of perlottia on racecars of high tables bringing the toys and the candy to the boys ... in tall attics ... while these boys are still running in tall shirts without trousers ... they are running for business ... they are running for strange business of crazy birds ... running to christmastrees ... to the big gepetto ... that old time doll ... while they are floating to their birdnests ... doing the lark's movements ... heads like roundabouts ... standing on high purple heels these colors are wild too wild they are selling their christs for money ... they are rulers of toys and candy ... they are rainbow-kings ... but they're cruel to sinners and blasphemers ... the edges of their kingdoms are raw meat and horrorshows ... while the lark is their rocket coming from the ice heading for a place far away where no one can reach them ... only some nephews ... but they will never come as far as them ... where esau met the sons of cain

6. they're sitting behind their high tables ... playing a strange game ... kartates blazazarium ... tragedies ..from cartoon ... they're letting their marbles roll, laying their playcards in speed ...

purple light feather blankets

7. while the giant windows on the attic are staring at you ... like the eagle's messengers ... like the iron frames of owls ... so big ... these trees are reaching for something ... for those strange gardens of early days where the golden tea drips while the golden sharks are running through the waters ... the golden sun is staring ... some things heal so fast ... it's like the pear is heading for new coasts ... while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the

golden sun is watching watching the iron teeth ... no one can break
them again ... no one can shake them again ...

8. in too much noise the pears swim ... heading for ... a new africa ...
where all the roofs are soft while the mandarines are lying on purple
light feather beds ... they were divided by horns by visitations of
strangers the man from beyond and behind still drives the car ...

9. the paradise bird will not be forgotten ... she will still shine ... with her
tall purple tail spreading her light feathers in the night ... all these
trees are growing there ... all those flowers are sitting there ... it is one
step in a new flowerfield one step away from the summerfield with
all those custards in the air ... with all those puddings ... streaming
through the socks of elves ... it's making your head so wet like flowers
dripping ...

10. children of oz ... children of a mailman's runner sliding through
railroads ... like the last trains to oz's neptune to take a dive in
elkland's baths swimming pools in deep forests ... but only the snake
was a guide over the rivers of death towers grew tall in his kingdom of
sickness while the dogs watched them ... so tired an orange was
riding them having so many tricks having such tall smiles deeper
inside the dwarf lived and there the shops were cold ... cold as the lark

...

11. now the orange could also grow in speed to bring forth a pear
easy enough ... for a picture of luxury and comfort ... fire on the carseats

... ships sinking like titanics ... they all flew like larks back to their towers
.... they shut their doors with a shhh ... like million of doors were shutting
... like millions of neighbours were leaving ... like trains of mars were
coming ... to bring the blue face back

12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater ...
now he's rising to perlottia ... and to all the gates of elkland breeding
tomorrow's superstars ... with the liquid guitars ... hot triangles in a pot of
water through summerdays and milkdays ... the trains will arrive
they will arrive like a cold man in hot chocolate ... to print the last tattoo
... to destroy the last leprechaun

13. the loss of memory the loss of marbles ... while egypt's eye is
closing up and all which is dreaming inside ... a gate of transformation
... where the silver moons turn into gold where the eagle messenger
shows the giant hills the roofs of owls and other birds where the
sparrow shows her mourners ... where the rose turns into a faery once
again he is just an elevator ... he is just a red balloon with zepellins
from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... they will
show the anchor ... they will show the final award ... a giant's dive of
sandman putting their marks sharp to lay the addictions ... they're
heading for ... the sun's balloon ... the last drip of a rain .. still peacock's
horrorshows ... they are the birds of another paradise ... they are the
watchers of oz

14. they stand tall raising izu ... golden marbles on a silver dish but not
to be touched ... only to view ... she's the watcher of andromeda ... she
opens her clocks still a strange client after all ... here a rocket goes to
wilhelm's city ... he's standing there like a tall statue in the museum ... not

caring about clocks anymore ... now the trafficlights are all shot ... now
the baker's windows are all broken ... here the kites are meeting ...

15. ben maten the animal's friend ... these paintings are all ... protected
by his laws ... trademarked by the cartoon ... copyrighted to protect them
against the big rape ... a nuclear war is what they fear ... the libraries
reach for the paintings ... the art museum on snake's pillars ... while ben
maten is sailing his ships ... higher in the skies ... while walking through
the whirlpools while entering through waterfallcurtains until you
touch ... here the toystatues stand ... the enchanted ponds and the ice
mirrors ... through which you freeze yourself into a new painting ... in a
new andromeda ... to get drunk so drunk reaching for the final
delirium ... where children of owls live ... but also a squirtle

when the squirtel screams ...

16. finally only a toy is standing there surrounded by dwarves ... it
does not sleep ... but it is king ... it's floating in the air ... like a red balloon
... it doesn't move, but it is king ... and a toyworld is inside ... so soft

17. it's the world of a deaf child, but inside he can hear ... it's the world
of an autistic child ... but inside he has his connections ... here he can

touch the new aldebaran ... here he can feel connection to his toys ... and
finding so many new ones

18. everything he lost outside can grow inside now he's now living in a
shell ... an ambient world ... here he can touch the shadows of the world
he lost outside ... and it's finally better like this

19. and he doesn't know how many times the squirtel will have to
scream again ... but he will climb it's ladder to the custardworld
there were pancakes and cookies come alive ... there where the tarts are
ruling having their own birthdays and mas's ... there where everything
is transparent ...

20. and he knows the screams of the squirtel will only bring him deeper
... while watching the suits of carnival ... he's drinking from the candy
juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... the ones
enchanting him back to where he came from

21. while the squirtel is screaming ... giving power to machines of deers ...
seventy zeppelins from mars ...

22. behind golden fences they stand like scarecrows between the
flowerfields

a castle is standing in the middle ...

Poetry from the Yellow Milkmaid

The Lion's Fight

"Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince
the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good
driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind
good old day-possession"

living the red dragon

1. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them
with care ... they are so shiny now ... Pictures glowing in the grass ...
mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your
attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the
hills ... And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ...
these tall horses in the night ...

2. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...

3. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...

4. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... painting his toys in the night ... but there's something so strange in their embraces and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ... He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... to have some stalkers around thick dragon walls Still they march on the towers ... on the walls of the castle singing their strange songs in the night ... marching in a strange dance if you ask me He is ... the ..red dragon ...

5. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... and I'm still a young young girl ... He thinks I am his paradise bird ... I'm a yellow mermaid Doing this poetry to you giving you this book ... He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...

6. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting while everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands

7. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... he was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he don't want to know about ... he's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... these sparrows in the wind

8. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle this woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures

from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers ..
drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the
red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone more lying than him

...

9. Jokes full of possessions ... jokes full of dreams ... setting the babies free
... those babies with the big heads Jokes full of possessions ... jokes full of
dreams

10. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince
.... the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a
good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind
..... good old day-possession

11. He's standing tall on a million escalators ... He is the king of traffic, a
nuclear war ... He is riding the orange ... hiding them all ... He loves to
sooth books ... to steal their feathers so that he can throw them in the
lakes while the golden swan is still his brother ... spreading the golden
tea ... by golden dignified fountains ... in the middle of these lakes ... He is
the golden swan .. still his brother ... he is the golden swan ... still his maze
.... these brothers are always fighting ... like two lions in a lake ... The four
panthers will fall ... the four panthers will slide through the night ... until
their mother gathers them all in a purple box

12. he is the red dragon ... that fourth brother in the night ... but he will
fall in daylight ... losing all his possessions .. losing all his teeth ... returning
to his coffin again ... this old ghost from nazi's soup ...

13. Pictures are glowing in the night ... pictures are glowing in the rain of
tomorrows ... pictures are breathing like lion-hearts bringing the cats
from london back ... Pictures are glowing in the universe ... pictures are
dreaming like the daydream confessions ... Pictures of seabirds and
paradisebirds ... with milkmaids on their back

14. He is the red dragon ... he was your mother's lover He made the
craddle for you ... from old socks of forgotten christmasses ... He is riding
the sock ... spinning his ornaments tight escaping through daylights ...
staring at horses too high for him ... he will never ride these ... for they
will ride him ... they are standing in teagardens ... waiting for the strike ...

holy supper

15. Bilmageln still the orange dragon ... the lion's dragon ... with the
aslant eyes ... This time he isn't smiling, but complaining ... standing for
the cloisterwindow all these iron lines inside ... make the tea so hot ...
or do you want .. some juice ?

16. Bilmageln is the king of the sick ... having a sick eye ... while the other
eye is dead ... the shark's eye ... and he's still knocking at the old window
... wanting to play some games ... while he's still complaining ... not
smiling anymore ...

17. He will be the last train to virgo He will be the shark in the swanlake ... he will hurt the underwater trafficlights ... while paradise birds will wait for him there ... While the milkmaids are the mermaids there Bilmageln makes this trip everyday Everyday it's on television ... before the children go to sleep ... before they get their movie-eyes .. to make their own shows ... like pictures glowing in the night ... pictures glowing like daylight-lovers ... pictures are watching the swanlakes and fishing for new movies ... Pictures marching to the forests pictures marching to the birdlakes ... pictures marching with candles in their hands ... with chinese lanterns with japanese decorations ... they all have their tall black jackets ... they all have their shames and their fears but when bilmageln swings the coffeepot they will have their own fountains in the lakes ... golden virgo fountains ... or silver, for another strike ... these virgo fountains seem to change ... in the middle of the night

...

18. There are pictures glowing on the markets ... there are pictures glowing in the lights ... there are pictures marching through the villages ... reaching for the deserts where the men with the sombrero's live ... There are pictures sliding over the walls ... There are pictures sliding over the tiles ... yes, they slide through the roofs and touch the chickens inside ...
when the paradise birds come

19. Bilmageln walks through the flowerfields ... when he stops walking it's like thunder is roaring in the distance ... and then the orange waterfalls stream before him while the orange rains are falling and a silverbird is sitting before him Then he enters the golden fields ... the land behind the rocks ... where he raises his frogs and canaries where he stands

high on escalators he is the orange dragon he is the lion's dragon
when he touches the bread it all happened on a holy supper ... he did
it all .. together with his small virgo dog ... his lapdog if it comes to that
.... while the golden clocks were staring at the background ... until they all
exploded

20. Bilmageln and his golden dog ... They come everywhere if you like it
or not Benmaten is the name of the dog ... When he speaks it's like a
million of shoeshops are opening ... While the ding dongs are playing in
the distance ... you're entering the narrow hall ... you're worthy to be
visited then ...

21. you never saw rio swimming through the night ... you never saw his
racebrother you never saw his ornaments glittering ... for you were
blinded by the red dragon ... when rio falls the red dragon takes over ...
the fourth brother of this pocket

22. when rio falls ... it will rain rainbow-dragons and butterflies sitting
on tall jellyfishes ... when rio falls ... smoke will rise from the seven hills ...
then there will be daylight in the sand ...

23. they will all go back to their mother's purple box ... these powers
were too dangerous to play with ... now the birthday's swimmingpool is
rising ... and the racecars are roaring ... daddy's loud roaring trains are
taking you away ... to a land of sand and boxes

24. on japanese lanterns they were painted these dragons one to four
... they will make a fall so hard that they will never reach the shore ...
they were the kings from ancient grids ... they were the towers of ancient
cats ... stirring up the milkmaids

25. it takes a little while to reach the holy supper .. it takes a little while
to scream ... the daylight's terror ... finally over ... but now the cats of
complaint come ...there will be no medicine seven snakes will rise ...
seven snakes will find their peace seven snakes will spin their
ornaments and turning into dragons in the night ... they are the
watchers of the elven forests ... they are the watchers of the green dream
... they are the watchers of the lifetime's possessions ... and they are so full
of grief but here they will find their peace ... when the four brothers
will fall then they will not be their puppets anymore then they will
have their own ornaments there are seven snakes to rise there are
seven snakes to rise .. they will slide to their ornaments to their
snakelakes they are killing the criminal inside leaving his blood to
some rats .. some rats

26. there are seven snakes to rise ... becoming purple in the night ... they
rise like dragons ... they eat like pale ... pale roses they live like
ornaments in the sky ... laying the tragedies so deep ... so deep .. there are
seven snakes to rise ... fulfilling the ornaments ... old prophesies ... from a
liquid tower ... from a liquid dream ... there are seven snakes to rise

27. like lamentations in a basket you see the poetry pictures ...
surrounded by snakes they will rise there ... they will rise there ... from
marilyn's grave ... and tonight they will be yours ... tonight they will make
your suits ... for the next show ... for the next round salt covered by

sweetness ... you will have to bite, you will have to bite ... until you see
your father's fantasy .. the place where he had been drowned ... the place
where he met that old father of church ... a churchfather just a
churchfather you see when it's time for him ... to cover the earth ...
with his dust just a churchfather ... just a father of a church a rat ...
and now he's attached to the face of a raper and it will sink down like
a stone in the lake in a lake of rats in speed they will touch you
in speed will they grasp you and eat you in slow motion it's a
communistic threat it's a day without a nazi ... but they look like it ...
sure .. they look like it ... and still you remember their flags in the night ...
those colourfull flags those flags ... of the jaguar

28. and on the bottoms of rat's lakes ... you find the purple again these
floors are covered by strange paintings ... while the parrot is singing on
it's island ... so far away ... so far away ... while benmaten that virgo dog
... that lapdog ... is standing tall like a kite on the escalators ... high in the
sky catching all these paintings ...

29. and these rats ... they follow the dragon ... they follow the ornament's
dragon ... they follow the jaguar's dragon ... still painted on their flags ...
still painted ... while they have no name while they give away all
attention entering through black points in the night still skew-eyed
... racing like rabbits ... on railroads ... too high for them ... until they all
fall in a bottle while a milkmaid is smiling having more pictures for
her poetry ... still ... the yellow milkmaid still the yellow story ...

30. her tail is touching venus ... her mouth is touching mars ... but she
stays on her island ... with her parrots and her harlequins ... and her
brave men ... so brave embracing the rats until they die ... she catches

them in her trousers and then she gets drunk .. she gets so drunk ... to
make that painting ... were you dreamt of when you were young .. so so
young

31. but now you feel so old and now you feel so lonely so lost and
alone ... so lost and alone the tails of your mother's dreams cannot
reach you here your father's tails are too short so you can forget
about it all but there is a little hope left in a rat's bottle ... where a
milkmaid will make a new painting a yellow milkmaid is rising ...
speaking in unknown languages ... screaming from the hills ... while the
glues are all dripping ... making everything so small is she the queen of
dwarves ... is she the queen after all

32. and she's walking to lapoendria ... where all the cats are living ...
where they are all smiling ... all these pictures in glue ... all these
ornaments hidden so well ... she always came like a visitor ... rising a fast
spell transforming the weathers hiding her feathers so well not
showing too many of them she still rides an artist's pencil ... are there
still lions fighting ... are there still ornaments in the rain ... waiting for
their daddy's ... waiting to spit the brain ... to spit the prain ...

33. are there still lions fighting are there still ornaments in the brain
... are there still daughters too tall to shake their visions are there still
... trains to lapoendria brains to the maze brains to mind's
possessions ... brains to lay the lame frame are there still trains to
lapoendria ... when the lion will be too smart when he lays his crazy
jokes on the sideroads these are ornaments ... these are ornaments in
side ... these are children's playtoys these are railroads of higher spaces
.... in the alphabeth of sleep she can still sooth your intentions ... she

can still soothe your heartbreaks while she's rising when your spine is
speaking ... she is the soother of all these lampsteads she's crying till
the purple is back to you all these lambs of soft sleeps ... of dreams too
tall ... of the highways of the cinema's ... of the candytales of glued ...
poetry pictures in grandmother's diaries ... this line of cockatoos ... she
will rise

34. are there still lions rising ... are there still lions fight inside ... in this
heart so broken ... in this tune so colourfull inside ... so colourfull inside
are there still parrots leaving ... are there still parrots leaving inside to
only come deeper ... to only touch your lame heart inside ... your lame
heart inside

35. are there still dolls falling ... are there still skaters skating on the
rivers are they still picking up the purple are they still painting new
paintings and is peter pan still sleeping on his cupboard there ...
waiting for the lullabies to enter deep down in someone's head to
stir up all the treasures ... all the feathers inside your mother was a
cannibal ... your father was it too but your aunt came like a roaring
perfume to bring them to the world of 2 ... the world of 2 ...

36. your brother is a birdkiller your sister is a headcutter but your
nephews came with roaring shoes ... riding the sock .. to kick them out of
the window ...

37. your grandmother was too slow to rise ... your grandfather was a shark are there still lions fighting in the lake of rats ... are there still skaters skating there ... are there still dolls falling from there ...

38. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...

39. here where the purple rules here where the thunder roars ... here where the men of high hats make their tall decisions ... all gathered by a storm all gathered by a goat on tall rollerskates ...

Railroads to Lapoendria

between a woman and a man ...

1. and it speaks to me ... it's just a criminal inside ... on the head of a dragon ... on the head of a plane too wide ... and it speaks to me, it wants to kill my wife ... it wants to eat all my children ... this complaining low end's lamentation

2. and it speaks to me ... it wants to kill my brother ... this criminal inside ... it wants to eat my husband ... and pull away all my feathers ...

3. it wants to pull me out ... out of my liquid roses ...

i still dream of this man

4. and it takes me in ... and it pulls me down like a raging plane ...

5. and it takes me in ... and it binds me together ... and then it swallows me

it's all between a woman and a man

6. it forbade me to see it this little criminal inside ...

between a man and a woman ...

but now there's nothing you can hide ...

it's spoiling me like the birthdays pool ...

like the name's brigade ...

railroads to lapoendria ...

waving white flag

*my mother raised me she showed me the door she showed me
twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore she spoke to me
always in two words and then shutting a million doors she still loves me
but i cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records
and then i would be like a parrot lost in a stream she always brings me
back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for i still want
to be more than she wants me to be*

Orange Balloon ...

1. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children
... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ... he gives
them all what they deserve ... It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of
the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket
hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his
children ... so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of
neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the
night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ... from cockaigne
to z ... that big button in the air ... through which they can see the moons
of their dreams ...

2. and when the orange strikes the red ... they will all dream these
dreams ... then the red balloon rises ... and the virgo dog speaks ... the
lapdog, that little dwarf ...

mixing the red through the white and the blue ...

still a strange jestersock ...

a tunnel ...

where all the children will win ...

for it's all just a movie ...

it's all just a dream ...

surrounded by orange ...

while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ...

3. journey through the stocking,

while Bilmageln, Benmaten and Sandman drink tea in Vega's diningroom

...

touching Rigil-Kent and Achernar ...

When Benmaten the lapdog is speaking ...

a million shoes open themselves ...

so many doors to travel through ...

he's still the red shoe ...

still the red balloon ...

he is still the keeper of dreams ...

4. Orange Balloon...

the railroadrunner

Orange Balloon ...

bringing all the children inside ...

to bring them all to blue and purple ...

where all their pictures freeze in the night ...

like statues for a comic book ...

5. Orange Balloon ...

a shark at some moments ...

Orange Balloon ...

a dragon deep in the night ...

raging until all his children are home ...

6. In an orange balloon ...

the eye of vega ...

In an orange balloon ...

the eye of rigil kent ...

standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...

sometimes skewed but also very straight ...

it opens doors and closes them ...

it watches rainbows and shatters them ...

he still has the waterkeys ...

those waterlights ...

leading them all through the night ...

only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ...

7. he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...

the red stone brings you down ...

into the nightmare ...

you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...

you're under the weight of bills and summons ...

and finally you wake up by this red coffee ...

staring into a face of a red tiger ...

it is the red dragon ...

and now you're heading for another day in prison and crime ...

another day in the factory ...

8. under the weight of a red stone

we all meet daylight's horror again ...

all our dreams broken in a million pieces ...

like a japanese vase has been broken ...

9. but when the screaming voices become too loud ...

and when there will be too many of them ...

the red will strike the orange again ...

and we will sink in a deeper sleep again ...

reaching for ... the red licorice ...

reaching for the seas of red dreams ...

reaching for cockaign's jupiters and andromedas ...

for it's rigil kents and vegas

so that the story will rise once again ...

all surrounded by warm orange ...

10. you cannot fight the red stone ...

mother always said ...

when it becomes too heavy and too cold ...

it strikes the orange ...

11. and while they fight in the night

while they have their love dances ...

two crocodiles are watching tv ...

two old crocodiles ...

grey ones ...

they let their puppets dance ...

they let their marbles roll ...

when they reach too high

it strikes the silver ...

twenty soldiers in a row

twenty forks

and they will descend like hell

to cause sickness and pain ...

to bring the grand delirium

these masters so vain

12. when the silver strikes ...

these masters so vain ...

these name brigades

these identity guards ...

13. under the weight of a silver stone ...

we all get sick and we all get pain ...

we cannot fight this stone ...

it comes when red and orange jumps too high ...

there's nothing we can do ...

when red and orange become too heavy ...

then the forks will fall

thin forks ...

pushing a silver stone

and when the silver strikes the gold ...

it causes ... death

14. while the grey ones are still staring ...

getting older and older ...

until it strikes the gold for them too ...

15. and mother always sais you cannot fight these stones ...

they are only to sharpen the swords,

and they protect you against something worse ...

so i love my marbles running through the night ...

they always switch and that makes the rainbow shine ...

Dwarve's Rain

*And there in the distance , I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the
ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for
trains too loud ... too loud to hear ...*

Supermarket Lies

*1. I'm smelling the supermarket-lights ... they are riding on grandfather's
motors ... They are the dirty boys ... They are smoking in their helicopters*

*2. They are mocking the statues of holy men ... They are spitting their
teeth out when they speak ... their words are sharp and they're laying
their marks of glue ... The supermarket-lights are in town*

*3. They are the dirty boys ... They are putting holy men in their
supermarket-boxes ... To have their big arena's ... while they sell the meat*

... and stirring up their supermarket lights ... bending their big mirrors ...
It's the big mock into town ... selling his comics ...

4. Supermarket Lights ... there are thunders in the air ... lightnings
march through the streets ... like worldwar 2 nazi's ... they want to
misunderstand the truth ... to speak with their devils ... they want to mix
the meat ... so that they see their own rainbows ... that what they want
to hear ... the bibles they want to read ... supermarket lights ... and they
all walk aslant ... with their aslant faces ... laying the marks of glue so
deep ... shining their gluelights in the middle of the night ... bending
sunlight by their mirrors ... supermarket lights

5. the streetlights paralyzed the young woman ... she was now a walking
piece of meat ... while the supermarket lights were smiling through the
windows ... while spitting out their teeth ... it's an aslant city ... people like
to misunderstand her ... they like to shine their supermarket-lights on
her ... their lights of misunderstanding ... it's a dirty city ... they are
reversing her for their own pleasures ... it's a dirty town ... like the
matador ... misunderstanding bulls ... these red supermarketlights ... these
red trafficlites ... paralyzing us ... wars in lapsalvania ... wars of the red
picnic ... all about a tv's tuner ... some red movielights ... the actor has red
eyes today ... yesterday they were blue ... and tomorrow they will be blue
again ... it's red against blue here ... twenty suicidal ants from the blue
picnic were carrying the autist's eye their blue lights were raising the
Pinocchio-Balloon ... It was breathing so fast while blue points were
appearing on him ... the boys from lynx sat in the baskets below this
zeppelin ... trying to raise the microphone from the comics and the
pockets ... he was a victim of business ... a victim of aslant faces ... cruel
faces ... and this woman is never interested ... she's never curious ... it's
never enough ... i know a place where it's never enough ... there ... in her

heart ... and people still talk to her ... still trying to please her ... but it's
never enough ...

6. and i'm still ... misunderstanding myself ... and i'm measuring myself to
watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all
underwater .. hiding in glue ... these are still my tall christmas-presents ...
bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields .. i still watch my own shows
in baskets of rain ... slowly trying to smoke some cigarettes ... with my
head underwater ... these birds from cigarette ... how many deer does it
take to raise them ...

7. and i'm finally smashed out by the billboards ... well i would leave you
anyway

8. and i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ...
fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ...
bites from z ... transparent pink gluemarks ... the deer eat the stories
with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter
and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... they smoke their birds of
cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia
... blowing all stories to their pasts ...

9. they reverse their sodom and gomorrah's ... they reverse their
weddings seeing the divorces in the cakes ... they hear the alarms when
the orchestra's are playing ... they never trust your smiling faces ... for
how many dwarves were killed to raise that one ... she's never satisfied ...

she always delays her weddings ... and at the end there will never be a wedding ... and it even didn't exist ... there will not be a future

Blessing of Dementia

children of the dune

1. At the end of the pipeline, Sandman sits with his orange doll faroom da bazite ... still a war-machine ... alkaline orange ... the hospital was full that day ... And at the end of that pipeline ... A yellow world opens ... a world of sand .. but it's all fake ... it's something else ... And there I see ... the bakerman's faces jewel ... spinning slowly above the sand ... while a leprechaun is sitting on it ... Talgamen ... A social machine ... A strange hospital ... where they drown babies when they are too ugly ... but it's all fake ...

2. Strange abortionists ... The doctors are all crazy here ... But they wear z-rings ... and their weddingrings are fake ... In the pond they drown the babies ... docter Pharaos and docter Herod While docter Judas sells cigarettes to a statue called Jesus ... He's a dirty doctor ... He reads comics of "Sex in the Old Testament"

3. Far away from the hospital another pond exists ... a pond near the forest ... Here a faroom da bazite stands ... pissing in the pond It's a statue from Belgium ... The pond is still a tankstation for old busses and cars ... for old-timers and old trains ... They are raging at the strange hospital ... but it's all fake ... deep in this pond, some sharks live ... fake sharks .. they take visitors to the forest by an underground river

4. the river ends under the forest where the visitors are launched into the air above the forest where some fake eagles catch them ... a big machine hangs above the trees ... it's a sort of funpark ... where the boy called birthday works ... it's an icecream-machine ... where the cars race ... here a giant shark lives ... making figures in the air ... symbols and signs ... all by his tail ... It's another hospital ... and the shark becomes orange in the night ... to heal everyone who came from the hospital of the desert ... And at the end of the show ... the visitors slide out of the machine to enter the forest ... here the pathways always change ... here the leprechauns play ... and here another hospital stands ... where people lose their minds ... It's a mental institution .. Here the leprechauns do their swindling business ...

They give the people their old toys back, but take their minds away instead ... here the visitors grow like aslant flowers to another hospital ... a hospital for aged people ... on a hill of the forest they are under the blessing of misunderstanding They feel like they are on a holiday ... From this hill they can see the seas and now they can be the clowns to the kids ... But there are no kids here They themselves are the kids ... They are children of the dunes ... Here they have their parties ... They feel like they are on a holiday ... They feel so young again ... It's the blessing of dementia ... Here they have their schools, and their markets ... but it is all fake ... These things are their toys now ... It doesn't harm them anymore Here they have their parties ... Here they can race their cars ... Here they can have their boats ... Here they can have their bike-planes and bike-cars to fly with fast clowns ... to enter their fake churches ... and

drink their fake wines ... to smoke their fake cigarettes ... these birds from
cigarette ... While at the end of the day ... they slowly feel themselves ...
sliding to the old desert again ... where the old leprechaun sits ...
Talgamen ... The social machine ... that strange hospital ... there where
they drown ugly babies ... there where the doctors read sex-comics ...
there where they kill ugly old people ... a doctor says .. his name is God ...
he wanders from hospital to hospital ... having his own strange ways ... of
throwing a goat from a tower ... it still happens in Spain today ...

5. and you know i still blast at this picture i'm hanging like Harold Lloyd
on this clock ... while Hitler, Jesus and Charlie Chaplin ... are still throwing
their dice about it ... it's like Peter Pan against Captain Hook ... it's like
Alice exposing her White Rabbit ... it's like Belcanov rising up again ... from
that old old coffin .. that old old pocket ... melting the pick pocket faces ...
by red light spots ... oh Lord, bless this handshake ... Talgamen ..

Shrieking Boys Clock

1. They shriek when they fall, They shriek when the goat falls from the
hill, They shriek when an old man loses his hat, They shriek when a
grandmother takes her grandson by the ear, They shriek ...

2. They shriek in their clock, When time falls, They shriek when the tart
gets too many candles, When the lantern becomes too hot, They shriek ...

3. They shriek in their ornaments, They shriek when their indian shoes become too tight, They shriek ... They shriek when the shark changes the cake .. They can't stand the changes ... They shriek when people watch them ... They shriek when they feel someone's hand ... They shriek ... They shriek when their trousers become too short ... They like to wear tall trousers over them ... Their shriek when the ring stings the finger .. When the rose bites them in the neck ... They shriek when they get the tattoo ... They are the boys of hyperventilation ... with the hypersensitive guns ... They are empathic to goats ... but they let the rest die ... They are the boys of hysteria, They are the soldiers from the small box ... with their pale soft lips ... because they let them bleed too much ... They move by their shrieks ... Opening the waterfalls of tears ... They still love the pink ones ... They still go through custard's cocoon ... They still love to lick the spoon ... These boys from the shrieking clock ... They still grow in trees, and in green hills ... while their eyes are closed ... reaching for Jupiter's Nipple ... to drink from it's milk ... that sweet milk ... while their lips are vibrating ... for they bit them too much ...

4. Vibrating lips searching for the tankstation ... Where they drink from faroom da bazite ... Still Sandman's Milk ... that orange milk ... turning yellow in the night ... And then they become ... the wild boys ... So many hulks wandering to the orange cafe ... Then they rage and race To become tall boys in the night ... on top of mornings ... They lay their flowers surprised ... This clock in Snow White's House ... so many strange things happening and it all happens ... when they shriek ...
Shrieking Boys Clock ...

Red Dinosaur

1. Watching the red eye from a distance, this lion of glue, all in the sea,
while chinese lanterns stare ... This aldebaran bird, this plastic fire, while
green is against the purple ... the black face arrives ... chasing the
nighttrouper away ... for it's almost daylight ...

2. The track to the deepest tax, what a nation, there are wolve gnats on
the highways they have soap in their mouths ... spitting fires and lights
... they are from tax undercover .. In siam the tops of bottles are high ...
while their caps fly into limited skies ... for their are bigger pictures
behind ... screaming ... there are trains running ... to arabia and back ...
but it's all in arabia ... when they go they just come ... trains of arabia ..
while it's purple against the green ... shivering colors of a tiger ...
democracy ... just a trick of tax ... a skilled dictator ... bred by those who
didn't listen ...

3. an orange to make all things pale again ... transparent enough to lay
the addiction ... while an onion and a potatoe are dancing ... these are
things they can never reach ... while tax is growing in their head ... it's the
black curse ... they are taxmasters of memory and association ... laying
the addiction ... freezing the focus ... while you pay and pay ... until you
are in money's hell ... where slaves are dying for money ... where there's
never enough ...

4. never enough to save the children ... never enough ... to free a man ...
this land is under a spell ...

5. when the orange smiles, the yellow rose falls, when the onion touches the moon ... a potatoe ... she hits the ground, it's the yellow spoon ... rising up to feed the awakening children ... these are jokes in the air ... this banana's child ... a good way to burn money .. to let the parties rise .. they call it charity ... but it's a trap ... for you are the slave the rest of your life ... walking with their caravans spreading the crime ... bark, your mouth gets without paper ... it's turning into glue, i told you at the beginning of the trip ... but you didn't listen ... breeding dictators ... and now they're standing here ...

6. the deepest taxes like holes to the station ... the yellow rose leaves from here ... too much confusion .. when the onion touches the potatoe .. under an orange smile ...

7. when the green hits the black it finally hits yellow ... then the squirtel will laugh ... until the banana touches the chocolate, a brown stone ... while the red is falling, and the squirtel will weep ... 60 days she will weep ... until the red touches the blue ... then she will become cold as ice ... until the blue hits the orange ... then she falls asleep ... to be a statue on a white chocolate marketsquare ... she rises ... all pears lead to the fir here ... one fir ... with so many edges ... and from the statue darta bahann comes to bring the snow the white dance

8. aldebaran birds as feathers in a gamble machine ... these machines of deer ... still on top of arabia's city ... where the movies dance ... it's a big jukebox, there's coffee streaming from it and all sorts of lemonades ... and in the evening and the night there's lion's tea for all ... while a red

dinosaur is starting the trains ... these trains of deers these trains from
arabia ... these are the caravans going to the deserts ... to pick up their
prisoners .. for an authors kitchen

9. the red eye is spinning, the toys come alive, the movies are running ...
and the thunderbirds are floating down .. while the curtains are rising ...
and then closing, while a jesus-judas is descending ... into your darkest
nights ... a night trouser ... never seeing daylight ... he has a bakerman's
mouth full of blame ... these blaming mouths ... these bakerman's mouths
... roaring through the night ... while their bodies are inviting ... luring like
billboards ... these are the displaydolls of bagdad .. striking you like
thunder and lightening ... in this fisherman's boat ... you have no rights at
all .. their mouths are roaring on aldebaran's coasts ... where statues of
lions come alive ...

10. he has a bakerman's mouth, a red one, roaring through the nights,
these are watertunnels leading you home ... these are spirals while the big
8 is running ... and then we are in bakerman's stomach ... pushing little
buttons to z ... cockaigne had to eat, cockaigne had to swallow ... we are
just a piece of meat ... coming alive in the stomach ... and what we see
there ... the black pond ... and a dwarf with three roses ... showing us the
tall cowboyfaces of the deserts ... and when they swallow us ... we can
reach for the shoes ... the shoes ... while machines of deer are spinning ...
we take flight ... we bend the light ... to make the fairytale complete
the missing piece doesn't make us asleep again ... for it's in our hands now
... this red eye ...

11. to dive in a black pond of slavery ... where a black castle stands ...
while a brown stone brings me to the arena ... some people never fight ...

they never travel, they can't move ... while the brown lets me fight for freedom, i become more and more a prisoner ... and then i reach the purple ... where the delirium breaks me free ... these are the kisses of death ... binding me to liberty ... while the rats are running ... and three pirateships arise ... and chinese lanterns stare ... these are the fruits of orion ... dark creatures .. in okil's seas ...

Ravalan Madok

"wings of dementia"

Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts it is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... i'm amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many hearts inside ... these wizard hearts banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... where I'm having red dwarf shoes pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly ... by the wings of dementia ... powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... i have autistic

hearts from the wizard ... having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while i feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ... i'm flying by the wings of dementia a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... i'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ... there are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... it brings me to something ... oh i believe we can communicate through this ... it's like my face has a thousand nipples ... you like to stare at it ... to become drunk ... you like to touch it watching the milk flow ... these tears inside ... Me and my crazy world ... I have brown spots so brown ...presents from the moon ... or are they the scars when i was jesus christ ... scars of a pirate ... sovenirs from a day in the zoo ... vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... for the wizard has fires in his eyes ... his hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room these hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ... roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... to drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes like new alphabets penetrating my mind ... i have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... these wizard hearts

playcard syndrome

1. here the roads are rippling, in the land behind the deserts, where the
oasis are, the orange ones. here the deserts and oceans are rippling, in
this land behind the sun. the fires of insurance are roaring, breeding the
arms of cat ... it's a white fire, bringing them in high materos ... and here
the candy and the salt is rippling, until a pink hotel comes to take
everything away ...

2. here the roads are rippling, to a faroom da bazite, an orange one ...
here the fires of insurance are burning you, into high materos, until
everything bends, in a pink hotel ... where mr. coffee drinks and eats ...

3. these are rippling roads on the tongue of a strange creature he's
praying to elsefic when he eats ... and then you're climbing the zebra's
tree ... there's life behind the beaches ... it's rippling coming to you, until
you have the flags in your hand ... it breeds the arms of cat ... it eats and
takes distance ...

4. you're sinking in the land behind the deserts, here where the oasis are
... it's rippling to you like gold in silver here midas touches you, you're
gold ... they breed it into a corset ... a cuyornaida corset, where you fall in
love with yourself ... you are your own james bond, the highest bidder on
the auctions ... and strange glues are streaming here, you're on someone's
back .. yourself ... this insurance ... still the trick of a multiple personality
syndrome ... bringing you over the bridge ... a rippling snake ... and here
the waterlights are rising, giving their keys to benchelot ...

5. here the roads are rippling, the roads are on fire, in orange style, you have a media syndrome, the fruit of a multiple personality ... how do you do it on the coin ? it's just a playcard syndrome ...

6. white fires are burning the oranges ... it's insurance day ... there will be new winners in the evening ... while deeper earthfruits rise ... these are the darker ones ... reach the oasis in the fruit ... and drink from the black seeds ... it tingles in your stomach ... how many white fires will come to burn us ? one silver book will remain ... the one with the golden letters ... it's the third one, on that third day ... it's a black apricote, while the black potatoes surround ... these fruits have many faces ...

7. and I'm eating from the zebra fruits, these rippling fruits, while everything gets smaller ... there are strange sounds coming from wasp-tv ... like powders exploding ... it's leading me to the oasis behind the deserts ... where the liquors and the black seeds are streaming ... it's black spice from the ornament ... while golden stars are rising ... it's a strange faroom da bazite, pumping, while the trains are riding ... still burning roads of insurance ... while the waterlights take flight ...

8. you can drink from these seeds ... from these rippling juices ... it's streaming from the comics of belchelot ... he's having dark glasses ... while swimming in the bright blue ... it's a strange hill underwater, if you ask me ... while lights are in him so bright ... come swim into him, this fir ... and drink from the seeds ... take new trousers to ripple yourself ... while the faroom da bazite is pumping ... and everything gets smaller ... strange traffic in a gamblemachine ... waking up by white coffee ... the needle is running in a circle, everything is spinning, they have roundabout heads ... with purple horses ... follow the seeds ... when the wheels are

spinning ... it's rippling in so many ways ... while a flower is growing in the desert ... to bring them all in the land behind ... drink from the seeds these black seeds ... from these rippling fruits of belchelot, his comics ... have a faroom da bazite in your heart, surrounded by all these griffons between high and low tones ... they're making the music, the ripples, while everything gets smaller ... you must burn your books by fire ... these are strange white oils of insurance ... follow the pencil to the snake's egg on top .. on top of the zebra's tree it's eating and writing ... and parrots are descending there, taking you to the land of the seeds behind the deserts ... where the juices stream ... still white coffee is waiting there ... waking you up ...

9. the seeds are burning and everything gets smaller, bringing you to high materos ... until the tears of the cartoon flow ... these are darker tears, the tears of tax ... these arms of fish where the lights are dying ...

Jericho

1. Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... to strike the silver ... three times ... then silver books come forth ... letting the tears flow and the seed ... heading for the brown

boot these are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the
museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ...

2. I know a place where comics come alive ... where the trousers run ... in
white pink ... they are hard outside but soft inside ... they drink from iron
boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... here where the swans spit fire ...
where snakes dance ... on the bottom of a purple pond ... in a little
musicbox ... the yellow station ... where a blind musician sits ... selling
indian warbooks to the doves ... and he smokes the pipes from neverland
and nowhereland ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the
museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

indian line

1. indian line, raise the kettle, indian line, thin line spun by harmony ...
by a crazy fly ... red stripes is my destiny ... strange raincars in the sky ...
indian line, harmony, let the knees bend down before i put my red
stripes unto thee ... indian line, cursed decision ... red potatoes smile, i am
your destiny ... with all these churches on my back ... i travel through
chocolate deserts

2. indian line, hard decision, indian line, waiting for the destiny ... in a
smile of death ... waiting for the red stripe to bring them to sleep ... it's
sandman using his red stripe ... indian line, hard decision, indian line,
truth so hard to find, all these orange liars, in destiny ... indian line,
truthfull decision ... indian a riddle of the cat's destiny ... hard to hide ...

there's a flame in the sky ... of a red stripe ... from sandman's glove it takes flight ... indian line hard decision, indian line, truth bends down to history ... on wings of dementia it takes flight ... to find the last light ... indian line strange hard riddle indian line so soft inside ... brothers tell me, it wasn't for love, not just for one potatoe ... it needed you to fly home ... for the yellow dragon couldn't do it ... it needed you

3. indian line .. brothers tell me, indian line, this truth it needs a stripe ... indian line, oh indian line ... oh indian line ... you gave it it's tail ... and now it's dying in a sea of flowers ... reaching for home

Capricorn's Jackpot

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ...

2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

3. He writes what he sees, he's just a gambler ... when he wins ... he takes flight ... Oh wasp-tv, gambler's tv, letting the kids tap the green beers from the screen ... there's crocodile glue when the chocolate is mixed with the vanilla .. then the business-brothers come ... capricorn boys against the boys from lynx ... making prisoners for an author's kitchen ... all in a chocolate factory ... crocodile-glue so thick and sharp ... then i dive in dangerous seas ... when yellow and brown .. strike the green ... but i just won capricorn's jackpot in this red dragon's casino ...

4. but i want to be a truant ... i want to go to pleasure land ... while i have a black dragon in my mouth, a hall of games in my mouth ... where the black lemonade streams ... striking the red it's still a red dragon fighting against a black dragon ... two lions fighting in the lake ... while a skater's on the waves, and a parrot is sinking ... to the world beyond history ... to the big museum ... the puma's paw is gambling ... and when he wins ... the tears flow ... the juices stream ... awakening the boys from lynx ... it's tea against the coffee orange against the black ... while red cowboys hide behind the black bottles ... waiting to attack ...

5. it's streaming from the clock ... this orange juice ... mixing the black ... these boys rule the blue ... these boys rule the blue ... they have africa in their hands ... with orange coins ... they bred the animals for granddad's zoo ... it's streaming from the clock you know ... it's tea against the coffee ... while black lemonade is streaming ... and the red still hiding ... waiting for the strike ... in cold conscience we all cry ... where the coffee wins ... and the tea sinks ... streaming to the yellow station ... while grandfather cries ... the icecream is burning ... and glues are rising ... making us so addicted ...

6. tax's smoke is in my mouth, i want to swallow, while there are comic's eggs in my stomach ... strange juice ...

Life in the Distance

1. i know it's already destined to die ... these are one day butterflies ... one day butterflies ... dancing so fragile through my mind ... giving me such a traumatic feeling they are dead at the end of the day hold on, although i cannot save you

2. you could not heal my pain and i could not heal yours we died like fishes reaching for each other's coasts ... and could only see life and love in the distance ... you could not save me out of this circle of fire and i could not save you out of yours ... it was too far away ... only the echo could reach your memory and it was too weak to save you, while the wind was dividing the shattered pieces ... brought by storms of howling wolves ...and now we are the foam of the sea with a life which could never become a reality ... we were too weak to live the life too weak to touch the fruit of love

3. and here we float with consciousness too fragile to know who we really are ... we were too weak for knowledge, too weak for wisdom and it's powers we were one day flowers ... burnt off at the end of the day ...

4. but they must know by now that life like this will fade like the
dying star ... we don't need more strength ... if the weakness is our
medicine

5. turn your star over us and breed the light of this distant touch ...
create your stars in a basket of water enchanted by distant life

6. and when the stars begin to shine ... bakerman will close his eyes
and goes to sleep ... while his moons will watch over our distant love

stars of blasphemy

1. The cigarette of two colors switching, it burns, it gets smaller, while a
squirtel is screaming ... Something is sinking to the bottom of the sea ...
where the seagardens rage ... Aldebaran Boys have the waterlights in
their pockets ... gods of ten ... full of publics ... it seems they breed them ...
by smoke ... tax smoke, the black horror ... breaking orange balls ... to let
the tea rise ... Waterlights form the bakerman's faces ... the masses for the
big oblezea vitrininium ... still birthday's eye ... oblezea vitrininium ... you
get to sleep ... and something is waking up into you ... you get soft and
something else gets hard in you ... you're sliding into the comic ...

2. the cigarette gets smaller while the publics are roaring ... it turns into a ball ... to become the footballer's ink ... these balls roll by blasphemy ... while churches are burning ... sandman is bringing them all to bed ... the big comic is speaking ... and glues are coming from his mouth ...

3. It's a snake's egg, bred by a million of snakes and a black rabbit ... all these boys locked up in bottles ... when they cry the comic juices stream ...

4. These are the tearfalls from locked up soldiers ... streaming from the comic ... after the cigarettes were burnt ... black ashes on the table with some twigs ... while the smoke gives power to the machines of deer ... It comes from the orange balls when they are opening ... and the orange juice streams

5. Oblezea Vitrininium is speaking ... floating from wasp-tv in the night ... It's full of strange glues ... making prisoners for an author's kitchen ... he brings them all to sleep ... while tv-heroes are growing into them ... by this strange camera ... by this strange curse ... the tearfalls let the hard things enter ... It's an enchanting mirror after all ... letting bakerman's faces eat ...

6. the birds from cigarette, giants becoming dwarves by diving ... then they write your stories ... these red boys from santa clause ... they are the movies bringing you to bed ... they are nipplian dragonflies ... all doing it by journalism ...

by a black microphone ... they suck the red warm juices of the flute ...

7. these sharkbars ... hiding the boys in comics ... behind paintings they sit ... waiting to be freed ... there are so many eyes staring at them ... sucking the comic juices ... while they laugh ... it's a strange zoo of noah this time

...

8. These wasprains tattoo hearts ... while bilmageln is drumming on soft tiles ... they all fall ... and the marbles float to history ... to hit the bottles open ... while princes are crying ... bilmageln is drumming the eyes ... while comicjuice is flowing ... tears from strange tearfalls ... giving strange feelings in the stomach ... it seems the golden cigars are speaking ...

9. and the pictures have their own screams and shrieks ... for the prince of video-clips ... he just shows his pictures fast ... while songs of orphans flow ..

10. these are singing tears from the tiger ... they use dragonblood as ink ... hot enough to raise the songs of orphans ... birds from cigarette, rising from wasp-tv, diving into the red's eye with their wasprains ... to breed the alphabets for uncle one to ten ... all these uncles breeding the songs ... by broken pictures ... while you are having an eagle helmet ... with a traffic light inside ... all these eyes growing into you ... it's a stinging nettle deep inside ... stinging you to let the tears flow ... breeding you like an icecream, on a vanilla playground ... while churches and games are dying ... these balls roll by blasphemy ... Jericho, city of cartoons ... making comics soft again in the morning ... while the eye of delirium is speaking

by purple drills ... she's heading for the comicbook ... when the pink falls ...
it's wasp-tv updated ... burning the books by a black hand, showing the
horror behind the cartoon ...

11. the sugarcigarette burns ... to become alcohol ... while the indian
warbook shows up ... while wasp-tv has a fever ... blue smoke struck the
cartoon

12. the horrorjuice is streaming ... a red black sharkglue ... while it's
thundering ... and fireworks come from the kettles ... it's uncle peacock
speaking ... red tapes are appearing ... to bind the girls from jericho ... the
doghedge is moving ... there's blue glue in my head ... egypt's eye is
speaking ... while the fights bring the juices streaming from the shoes ...
the red giantboots are winged ... while the mirror-suit takes flight ...
heading for izu ... the girl with the golden hair ... she has a jesus judas face
... an orange black ball ... tea against the coffee ... while blue is rising ...

The Dragon Candle

"You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It
was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the
green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it
reached your mouth ..."

Flying Carpet

1. Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock
bows it is your destiny, When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to
play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge
today

2. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The
Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream

3. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, and underneath that tree, you
find the golden care to watch your movie flee ...

4. To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it
be your destiny ... To the city of The Hague, It is your bragging sledge
today, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ...
It's the Red City ... where all the red men stand tall ... Not bowing for
your destiny ... They only bring you higher ...

5. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the
creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia
.. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still your destiny ... still
the spice making your life worth living ... the sweet day will not drown

you ... she will not kill her man in the bathroom ... she already did before
... but now the ornaments hang too tall for her reach ... she can only bow
... The tail of a dragon, the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land too
small to hide ... when the dwarf's on a ride ...

6. When you fly through purple curtains ... when the octaves rise higher ...
when you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ... the hormel walks, the
hormel talks, he screws you everyday, but when you peel the fruit, the
spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, the true time's brother,
that keeps you safe today, it is the tail of a white dragon, turning yellow
in her spray ... you know about the cupboard, in the middle of asgard,
where all the gods unite, where all the gods make their butter ... An egg
was born there, humpty dumpty on a walk, green roses spread
conscience for automatic horses ... they unite ... they rip the ornaments ..
to turn them into daylights so soft .. i wonder about these lanterns so big
... smiling in the air ... waiting to swallow us again ... to bring us back to
bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ...

7. To the city of The Hague, see the spanish dancer break ... while a
woman is laughing, his wife .. she does the bitter steps ... she's a
tapdancer on the roads to oz ... a yellow brick road ... turning red at the
end of the day ... i think we aren't in oz anymore ... we are heading for
cockaigne ...

8. In the city of the hague ... in the city of the ache ... sickness close to
health ... it switches like the brooch ... it always does it like this ... the
aunts are stepping on permission ... when they are driving uncle's cars ...
presents from peacock ... oh what a presents ... to live in this sarcasm
today ... these are the princes of satire ... tall lions with tiger edges ..

stirring up the jaguars ... while panthers surround them ... staring with
those cold unaware smiles ... they are cities undercover ... hiding the
bottles of beer ... for the children are near ... while the storms are blowing
outside ... waiting to pick you up for a ride ...

9. lovers, pick a coin, for another ride with the barrel organ .. on the red
road to aldebaran ... where all our days become black ... she's falling from
a black hill ... to fall in red desires ... where she sacrifices us again ... to the
highways of perlottia ... to dreamhats without trousers ... they have only
wings to fly ... while in april they die ... they are the goodbyes of a lost
summer ... to make them all cry ...

10. do you remember these tears, these city tears ... these bottles high ...
there are tunes on a market square ... while the boys are doing business ...
they rise ... like peanuts they rise ... coming out of their shells ... to enter
the room of india ... such a warm room with the soft lights on the tables
and the walls while the mistress is hearing the call ... she needs to leave
these children alone ... while cabman will bury them for a ride ... it's your
mother's nightmare ... but she can't stop it ... when the dragon's tail is
swimming ... then someone with three purple pale roses stands for her
door ...

11. In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... while the
ballerina is spinning ... dancing with her toy soldier ... while the toysoldier
wants to go home ... the dragon needed to save him from the princess ...
and he will do .. with his soft voice ... can a canary stand when that will
happen .. it's lucifer's final day of tea ... and then he will fall again, to his
first degree in knitting a fever for a princess delight ... keeping them all
alive in this night ... bringing them all to silly places ... where they can

laugh while they get sicker ... where they can see the men are dying ... in
their purple white glasses ... for they drank too much ... there was too
much pain inside ...

12. it's the city of the eagle ... making it so small again ... until it's too
small to hide ... when the dwarf is on a ride ... that big dwarf called
bilmageln ... bringing them back to the edges of cockaign ... where the
devils can fall again ... where the angels can rise again ... to soft blue
heavens underwater ... and to the silver ones underground ... it is your
mother's destiny ... and your father's dream .. we will unite ... on a
californian flute ... to drink the soup of santa clause ... your mother was
always his wife ... and now he needs to hide ... and now he needs to be
rescued ... by an angel unaware ... by a picture police ... by an object police
... to give a father to a father ... so that in the end ... they can see the
darker city ... with a mightier light ...

13. mighty lights ... floating up from a darker city ... that city of the
hague .. the red pity ... while the grandaunt is complaining .. she's a witch
in your eyes ... and you need to be saved from her ... when she's running
after you ... you need to drink and float higher ... for these norms are
strengling you ... deciding who you are ... under high black elections ... by
their selfspun democracies ... i take flight ...

14. watch the face of the owl, watch lucifer's transmissions ... one's devil
is the other's god ... watch the number on his face it's 666

15. it's a black stripe ... with an almighty light can you jump without reason ... only big dwarves can ... everything they do is good ... and they do everything ...

16. let the morning decide today ... it's your mother's spray ... while the big ant is rising ... to give you a new consciousness ... you're a liar ... an orange liar ... with all these wasprains in your hand ... do you understand

....

17. the lie is still a riddle of truth ... a golden carriage with a silver cabman ... he needs you today for a ride to cockaign ...

18. do you understand, it's all for love ... your mother appeared to be your father ... i would not care anyway ... lucifer has lost his trousers ... preparing for another fall ... while one's devil is the other's god ... i don't care ... i never did ... and neither did you ...

19. do you understand ... the lengths of these stairways underwater ... heading for the poles of aegir ... and his strange strange sisters ... they make you cry ... in mimirs well we stand ... throwing the coins for another ride to aldebaran

20. she falls she is a wide spread lie ... becoming a truth in the night ... while all bakermen hide ... watching her ...

21. she is the black widow ... spreading kisses ... while tomorrow they die
... these are one day butterflies ...

22. she stands tall she's rising to izu ... where all the black men fall ... to
become even darker ... but they have to ... they need to bear ... the
mightier lights ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the
lights will rise higher ... the soft strike will make them harder ... when the
orange touches the blue ...

23. oh these bakermen's fires ... bringing bakertree's boy alive ... with his
head like a skindisease ... he's shining like the golden sun ... the autistic sun
... i finally have ... a friend ...

24. To the city of the hague ... they all march slower and slower ... while
the ice is rising under their feet

25. vanilla planes growing in the air ... these bakertree's fruits ... don't eat
them just touch them ... along the sideways of mars they stand ... with
jupiter's smiles unaware ... the angel unaware is watching you ...

26. to the city of the hague ... all these dark witches walking in the rain
... in the green pasture ... slower and slower ... waiting for the strike of
chocolate ... to freeze them inside ... to be the walls of the hague again ...
to become darker and darker ... to raise the golden lights ...

27. i cannot help these fears ... you need to run to grandma, expecting
she's a wolf ... she always turned you backwards ... you're still locked up in
her clocks ... jumping from one to another ... while she sais it's your
birthday while she said that all these presents ... are hiding you for a
snake

oh yes she is sarcastic

28. she breeds you like a snake ... so that one day you can eat the snake
she fears ... you are her little golden boy ... her little golden sister ... she's
breeding you for her business ... so that one day you can make the dive
to be her fallen angel ... chemistries united ... she needed to send her
shepherddogs out ... you were one of them ...

29. welcome to the daylights ... welcome to the ornament's stream ...
dreams from harry ... dreams from chemistries united ... waiting for a
nuclear day ... stick it in your pocket .. and buy a ticket to japan .. to
escape these horrors ... to watch a final movie ... to ease the frustrations
and fears of your heart ... where lampsteads are standing inside letting
your hearts glow ... in almighty lights ...

30. she freezes the frog ... for another chocolate day ... she freezes the
mother ... and kills my brother ... for a new business day ...

warm flutes

31. warm flutes it's the red juice ... pipers standing on the walls, they
play in the gates of life ... while visitors are entering, you and me ...
waiting for an exorcism ... for there's living a strange creature inbetween

...

32. when markets flow he plays ... he is doing the dishes ... the green
stone the green car ... a green fir ... with smiles unaware ... raising the
daylights ... touching the forestroad to virgo where a dwarf and a tall
niece stand ... these are the toystatues for a new ride ... the jukebox
statues for new delights ... guiding you to cockaign ... where the
barkerfaces dance ... where tailors speak french ... doing the da business ...
prisoners from da ... sitting on a flying carpet ... but there's no fairytale
left .. only fruits from cockaign where the lazy cats walk ... too lazy to
do anything ... while they have the name of being busy they are two
faced cats ... it's 2-cat coming to you ... a masked dragon, turning white
in the snow, he has the cards of opposite, with plastic leather ... his smiles
are plastic ... but he's a killer unaware leaving no blood at all ... he kills
in peace ... he never hurted anyone ...

33. it's 2-cat on a ride ... having 2 babies inside ...

golden carriages are his art ...

he dines with princes being smart

but at the end of the day ...

he puts them all in delay ...

never reaching for the night ...

he prisoned them all in daylight ...

everyone knows what they are doing

they never reach the night ...

while 2-cat and his kite .. they're riding the night ...

oh boy it's 2-cat make a jump ...

for you never reach the night ...

when he touches you with his kite ...

it's his stick on a ride

34. Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,

to be with a man like that,

it's a delight for free ...

he is the lanterns in my hat ...

he bakes my diners,

saves my pets ...

this little man called 2-cat is a mother's threat ...

35. he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed,

he closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they
regret,

he's the mourner, crying with a smile,

he makes my movies,

grows my cows,

he embraces them in magic and peace ...

while doing wars on chessboards greese ...

take me away 2-cat before it is too late ...

before i lose my control ...

before i lose my pride and honour ...

take me away and make me drunk ...

make me delirium ...

36. in the city of the hague ...

a man with a barrel organ stands ...

doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...

his red eyes ...

he's like the licorice ...

he's like my mother on a spider's morning ...

she tied her hair ...

doing the clean clean song ...

turning her house upside down and backwards ...

while the tiger can run free ...

she's not afraid of it anymore ...

she's now my butterfly i adore ...

when 2-cat reaches the shore ...

he's a shark unaware ...

he's just everything ...

doing nothing ...

being them all ...

i will never fall when he's by myside ...

this 2-cat warrior ...

the man i adore ...

he's reaching for my shore ...

with all these bakermen lights on a cake

why did it have to be my birthday

37. he is still my flying carpet,

still my bakertree,

with bakermen's faces ...

38. i'm eating his fruits everyday ...

all these vanilla planes ...

bringing softness to my mouth ...

softness to my voice ...

39. making the swallow to toyworld,

a playground tree stands ...

i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...

to find my bones again ...

40. I am stung by a thousand wasps,

I cannot walk,

but I have all these comics in my head ...

These inner scars and tattoos speak ...

They block me from going outside ...

while inside the storms are roaring ...

bringing me to izu ...

41. In my mouth I am stung by a million wasps,

I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,

I can only hear their stories ...

They tell me one day I will sing like a thriller

In Vanilla Deserts ...

42. And on top of the playground's tree,

bakerman's faces unite,

to do their conspiracies ...

While on top you can enter Vanilla's Deserts ...

Where a white alice and a yellow alice live ...

They have been to vanilla places ...

to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds and cities ...

They have been to the world of wasps ...

where marbles roll through sand ...

Waspian dragons soothe the babies asleep with their soft wet lights

These are mightier lights, these are lights from the red

43. You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ...
It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...

44. Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You
had to wait until it reached your mouth ...

45. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to
death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ...
building my memory again ... rebuilding you ...

46. These are orange liars, leading me to death,

with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu,

rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ...

47. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,

bringing me back to vanilla deserts, bringing me back through the sting
of a wasp ...

all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes

48. Give me a spoon,

these books are all talking,

spreading green tomatoe seeds ...

in a night of arabian magic ...

49. she's staring at the lullaby ...

she's not a child anymore ...

50. Do you understand,

he has the wizard balls under his feet,

baking Indian cakes,

from Vanilla Deserts ...

Birds of Hamelin

1. They stole the kids, by a flute, to bring them behind candybars ... While birds of prometheus raised the tables and the spoons ... I was surrounded by your chocolate ... while you were eating the cookies ... They stole the

kids, by a lie, these birds of hamelin ... bringing them into the arena's ...
to spin sugar ... There's no escape in this land ... They are breeding
siamese twins, while grandma eats the cookies ... in a golden chocolate
world i take root ... in a bottomless pit ... i am an island in the clouds ...

2. she's just another autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like mud on
tables .. spinning around like judgements in the night .. she's just another
autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like classroomtables ... spinning
around like judgements in the sky .. this prometheus girl ..

and this is the glue of scorpion, with the glue of an eagle ...

rabbit's hospital

1. icecream rippling with glue, here behind the deserts ... where the boots
come alive ... it's rolling from strange trees ... rabbit trees ...here the
marbles roll ... she's a rollerskate baby ... hiding her wings deep inside
her white tongue is burning all the ashes ... strange roads of insurance ...
they used to be insects ... icecream rippling with glue ... it used to give
light in the night, but now it's dark ... between the walls of rithelm ... still
the walls of jericho ...

2. between the walls of rithelm, it's icecream rippling with glue ... when
you touch it it will never let you go, but you can never hold it, for it drips

away like wet mud ... it's growing from the rabbit's boot ... heading for
your head ... it's the world of comics and cartoons ... as in worlds of
fairytale, the distances are so near ... but never frightening ... there where
fear died ... between rithelm's walls ... where the babies walk alone, where
the babes of rollerskate are ... taking toysoldiers from the rubbishfields ...
to give them another round in the game ... between rithelm's walls there
are magical ashes ... coming alive in the nights ... it's icecream rippling
with glue ... strange seeds of tax and insurance ... there where the
hospitals burn ... sliding into high materos ... it's getting further away, but
coming closer than ever and these churches built on tax and insurance,
they are strange hospitals where the gods are sick ... there are so many
doctors walking ... giving them strange food ... of a rabbit's tree ...

3. it's the rabbit's hospital, full of numbers, it's flying ... it's burning,
sliding into high materos ... these rabbits are pink, they are raising a
strange hotel, from an iron boot ... where the icecream ripples with glue
.... there are strange seeds hanging in trees growing, until it's food on
hairy dishes ... his head is on the coin, and now he's so far away, but he
made it to your pockets ... it's like he's everywhere but you cannot touch
it ... the curse of insurance ... rising on a white day ... and now we're in
eminius fire ... we're behind glass while someone's escaping ... spitting
sand, while heading for the land, where the icecream ripples with the
glue ... seeds of strange strange fruits ... from a rabbit's hospital ...

4. and the girl has rollerskates ... she works in the rabbit's hospital ... to
care for a black dragon ... she's like the white rabbit, with many crosses in
her skies ... she's like snowwhite in her coffin ... killed by an assassin-apple
... she struck the coin, and now there are playcards in the air ... she
possesses her little jesus ... by the mouths of mice ...

5. the shoemaker is a strange mouse ... he sells shoes to the rabbits ... they drink from it, strange seeds ... strange tears from a strange giant ... he wants to be a dwarf ... but he has too many faces ... he's a strange machine, a strange clown ... he cries too much, for no one listens ... he feels alone in his castles ... his heads are on the coins and stamps, but he doesn't have friends ... they don't have room for him ... and that's why he cries day in day out ... he's a strange tree, a rabbit's tree

6. and they drink his tears and get drunk, so drunk, into strange delirium ... they live in shoes and travel underground by it's strange elevators ... i make a living in the rabbit's shoe, where the rabbit's eye rises ... it seems the mouse lives here too, and a strange bird, a tailor ... he's spinning strange leathers and strange wool ... there are strange rabbitkitchens here ... where they are making pancakes of strange shoes ... it's the land behind the swallow ... where the orange lights are rising ... they burn in strange candles ... while i'm taking the elevator to the earthshoes ... they are like potatoes, like strange underground fruits ... where the red licorice lives ... it's the end of the swallow ... here a rabbitmountain stands ... deep in a rabbithole ... it seems the mouse made all these shoes ... he's the king of the rabbits ... while the tailorbird is his mailman. they are hiding the gianthearts here, where the tears stream from ... these hearts are like the nests of bees ... and there's honey dripping from it ... there are comics on the hearts, like venus bookshops ... but they feel the glass of the magazine ... these hearts are lost ... there are strange dragonbars between you and me ...

7. and when the rabbit drums the drum ... there are strange ripples in the air ... making the rings tighter until it melts in high materos ...

there are tearlakes in these shoes, dripping from the giant hearts ... they
want to be a dwarf ... but they feel the glass of the magazine ... they feel
this coin is hard ...

8. the red licorice lives here, a boy made of cigarettes ... a strange
elevator, to the giant shoe ... the giant shoe is crying ... it wants to step in
the dwarfhole, but isn't allowed ... it feels the glass of the comic and the
cartoon ... while rabbits drink it and swim in it ... and they swim from
shoe to shoe, in this strange swimmingpool ... in this strange shoeclock ...
these are strange letters from a strange mailman ...

9. strange glues are here, in this land of the glue ... where the icecreams
ripple ... it's rabbitglue and shoeglue, spinning the cartoons ... it's
cartoonjuice to drink ... while strange playcards are swimming there ...
raising the tarts ... these are strange roundabouts, bringing you deeper
and deeper, in a rabbit's hospital ... strange rabbithole, in a rabbitboot ...
seeds swimming like fishes ... while insurance is still burning ...

10. these are strange clocks in rabbitshoes, and strange rabbitshoes in
rabbitclocks ... it's ticking on my zebrawatch ... growing like plastic from
where the toys are rising ... while the giant still feels the glass of time,
he's crying sand ... until finally the mouse gives him the wings of dementia
... so that he can run on the shoe's elevator to become a dwarf ... these
magazines ... strange clocks in strange waitingrooms, waiting till the
doors are opening ... by the wings of dementia ... strange elevators in a
rabbit's boot ... they are the ears of rabbits diving into the orange pits to
bring the faces of history back ... there, where the black rabbitbottles are
... when the rabbit is rising from the hat, it's heading for the moon ..
behind the moon the gold glitters of forty million years give me land

and water ... these are strange feathers, strange ladders in a rabbit's boot

..

11. the waterlights are all striped, eating the black rabbit ... they're still heading for the cartoon ... strange wet powders are coming from the cartoon ... while a painter sits high on a pillar ... he has horns on his hat where lightening is coming from. he has a pale purple face, and a million lights are coming from him ... he's the banana king ... he's the boss of strange railroads ... all in a yellow rabbit's bottle ... so many shoes come from here ... while he's eating them burning them by fire ... until they're in high materos ... having the historybooks in their bags ... these shoes are travelling ... with the wings of dementia ... they are the arms of strange clocks, strange bottles ... where juices flow from and so many waterlights ... heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon ... heading for her pink boots ... she is a rabbit, and there are silver ballerina's rising from her boots ... they're building the shoeshops ... they're raking the seven moons ... they're spinning on tops of ladycoins, sinking into the bottles to spit the white fires ... these are darker fires .. coming from the cartoon ... here you eat from the white chocolate ...

12. i'm living deep in a rabbit's shoe, where the egg of cartoon lives, still a strange ornament, blinding you. they're feeling the glass of the cartoon ... it makes them cry ... while the cartoon gets bigger ... then it's exploding and golden eggs stare at you ... on golden spoons ... strange tall rabbitboots ... there's breathing something inside ... it's nothing but a pencil ... of a banana king ... there's strange paint in my body ...

13. and the tears in their suits, they wait in the waitingroom, until they can come in, turning into seeds of the seas ... the seas of cartoon ... in an

arabian castle a white rabbit stands ... smoking tall white cigarettes ...
from a strange cigaretteclock getting smaller and smaller ... there are
strange creatures living in rabbitshoes .. her creatures ... she spreads her
playcards ... speaking out the numbers ... while white candles are burning
... she and her elevators are sinking in the ground ... gathering the old
faces ... to let the old liquors stream ... there's white chocolate milk
streaming from the nests of bees it's coming from the zebra's fruits ...
changing the tears into seeds ...

14. these are the faces of history ... strange coins for strange bottles ...
there are spiders on rabbit's eyes ... turning the tears into the seeds ... it
was just a strange bottlemachine ... these coins can open the taps of
history ... and to mix them again, we can make the puzzle ... the pieces
didn't fit, but now we're trying again ...

15. these flowers are heavy with seeds, when they speak bubbles come out
of their mouths ... they have balls of soap in their hands, while their
fingers are the pencils of insurance ... spinning tax ... they know how to
open the black bottles ... and then the coins fly through the air ... playing
the white golden flute of insurance ... such a strange jukebox ...like the suit
of the king of cigarettes ... he's a preacherman gathering golden crosses ...
but he doesn't believe in them ...

16. the eye of insurance shows the movies ... it's a white golden ornament
... it's standing on a red golden shoe, bringing up the old faces ... it's a
strange hospital after all ... and the fire burns the black until it's orange,
and the faces can live in someone's head ... they have their own
democracies roaring ... letting it all ripple, until it's seed .. these statues
are strange drink-machines, showing their comics and their playcards ...

it's the ear of insurance, bringing them back on the wings of dementia ...
where they see their old toys shattered ... there's a toyshop on the rabbit's
boot ...

17. and still these flowers are heavy with seed ... where the glues are
rippling with icecreams ... coming from a rabbit's boot ... there's an
orange ravine where the rabbit ear is a ladder, blinding them all ... they
are soldiers of insurance ... drunk gamblers ... while there are jewels in
spanish nights ... these are strange boards of draughts and chess ... while
the waterlines are rising ... spouting the silver ... bringing them to high
materos ...

18. i'm living in a rabbit shoe ... heading for high materos ... i have sown
the seed ... now i can go to sleep ...

The Postbank's Clock

1. Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... They tried to
take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside
down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear
... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are
blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to
change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in
vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can

see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ...

2. There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ...

3. Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... descending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet ..

4. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays

stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ...
it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for
the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden
drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without
dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's
summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from
their pockets ... making the banks rise ...

5. Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take
flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the
ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the
gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed
watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend
with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die ..
so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn
into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden
moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses
of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his
face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the
crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian
screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she
breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while
auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows
... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one
with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have
to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few
whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many
cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the
prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are
running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's
wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ...

no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...
these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a
millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new
rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar
on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a
dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the
blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder
animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama
after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards
wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in
the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will
lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in
raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an
orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten
grammophone days in spain ...

6. Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a
good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange
traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ..

7. Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains
.. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths
on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children
inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick
them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple
treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in
miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you
reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done ..

8. Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in septembers brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake

9. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ...

10. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they

set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch
the golden lights in spanish mirrors.

11. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's
written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of
the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never
make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the docter ... killing
the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day ..

Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my
grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for
it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallow, you red horse ... you red
picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all
your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they
promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red

Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while
warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head
stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red
Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield,
finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still
my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy
days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this
Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel
on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan
on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of
other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These
medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh
I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions
about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never
reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second
lawyer ... a liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ...

spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin
will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on
it ...

12. Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the
Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my
knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises
on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin
city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your
mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your
mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for
lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty
colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ...
while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes
of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles
... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to
be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally
free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that
place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise
to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are
red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity
breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea
is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies
... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a
brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding
themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I
take flight .. back to izu ...

13. Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins
... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen
angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the
black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising
higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven
draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards
like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ...
These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe
...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue
.. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with
the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lappossessed by a smile
... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a
number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six
feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir
and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire
with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions
... they see the land of the smiles.

14. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the
daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm
not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from
the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on
a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ...
breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ...
spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the
coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The
orange just sais what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ...
It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me
... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the
ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin
of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation

... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest deccions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot.

15. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where docters do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

16. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the

cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lappossessed in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ...

17. on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of

gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ...
there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ...
he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a
secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ...
it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins
on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a
vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ...

18. These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange
dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the
sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in
bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand
they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun
is what it sais ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ...
the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so
many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to
take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes
of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...

19. I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the
desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines
listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show
you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the
deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night
leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange
dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange
snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu,
strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a

lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of
charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher
... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes
..... for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying
fire ...

20. I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle
of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high
.... like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides It's a
strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the
sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising
from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange
household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle
.... bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising
from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange
needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the
icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under
bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the
golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a
gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands
letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the
coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's
castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking
me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ...

21. There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ...
I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading

lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ...

22. I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ...

23. He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ...

He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ...

24. When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ...

25. These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes

with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are
floating ...

26. it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield
... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher
.. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are
following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ...
It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge
the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle
unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is
rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ...
it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's
face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ...
still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping
in his bag ...

27. He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while
his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these
are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on
a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun
in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's
still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine
with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing
chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these
butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ...
where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a
strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos is drowning his
boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers
need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard

day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a
mailman's bag ...

28. Pharaos are doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these
indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the
morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's
a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it It's the lawyer's
orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a
mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange
still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this
lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this
golden bread ... while the lion is rising ... a golden one ... for a golden picnic
... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is
the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ...
about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a
strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this
talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine
... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden
by a drunk indian ...

29. And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange
strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december
instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame
... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while
a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's
job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the
schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On
a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he

is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange
bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas
under bekehelm's helmet ...

30. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as
butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will
decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's
helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald
communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ...

31. His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she
even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the
flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this
golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is
spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of
soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she
rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still
weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag
as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ...
with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ...
they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange
pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just
writing bills saying it's from someone else ...

32. he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the
judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ...
wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while
sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ...
strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a

flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals
... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a
strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a
woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps
of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under
bekehelm's helmet ...

33. He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued
books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles ..
strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in
sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all
these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes
to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched
by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and
drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the
flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ...
strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ...
the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange
stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's
tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all
in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's
boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all
faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on
this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a
strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ...

34. For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ...
They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go
back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they
can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These

stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ...

35. These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ...
These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

The Night Trouper

Who am I in your fantasy ? You can make me or break me ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red ball ...

Gabriel's Fall

1. Where the chessboards are red ... If you want to change the world ...
You must change your view first You're in a red ball ...
2. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice.
3. Yes, he would take over this planet, and he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red.
4. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green.
5. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid

appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles.

6. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ...

7. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets

...

8. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out.

9. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.

10. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall of the Nordics for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.

11. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.

12. Suddenly Gabriel woke up, bathing in sweat ... What is this, who is penetrating his mind ? He didn't want to fall ... was it an attack of his enemy ? Was it the Incubus, was it Leviathan or Rahab ? Who was giving him these visions, who wanted to bring him down ? He felt the hand of his father on his chest. 'Gabriel, wake up, son, we have things to do' ...

13. There were strange red lights in the eyes of his father. Troxododeron, chief of the elohims and adonais, and the circles of Ruachs ... So many things to do today, for the enemy is attacking.

14. Cain, Esau, and Red Jesus, the Fallen One ... The days of 666 come near, and our kingdom of Nordics needs to be prepared for the Great War of Armageddon. They are spirits of demons and they go out to the kings, to gather them for battle on the Great Day of God Almighty

15. Reload Antartica, our shop for the green prisoners, we will sell them as ice-creams to go through the funnel for pigs. Reload Delfio, we have our own devils and 666-worshippers.

16. The days of Delfio have come, he will transform us all into pigs, but we will be killer-pigs and he will be our king. Delfio, help your old Nordic fathers and their sons, oh golden grandson.

17. Don't listen to the voice of the Aakse, the Great Jupiterian Snake, for he's about to let us fall, but Delfio will save us. Save us, oh Delfio, our 666-miracle.

18. But father, it is too strong, I am ... losing this game ... he takes me away ... I'm in a Fall not falling away from your heart ... but falling

away from your mind ... I am confused, I feel like I am losing my memory

....

19. GABRIEL, GABRIEL, LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER TROXODODERON !
YOU WILL NOT FALL, FOR DELFIO WILL CATCH YOU, YOU ARE IN HIS
HANDS !

20. But father, I'm losing my mind, I know I have to, for it is written I
get Delfio's mind. He is our saviour, He is our Christ, the second coming,
oh how we need him, the Returning Christ for us Nordics, Watchers of
the Big World ... Father, I command thee, my spirit, take it Father, in
thou hands I command my spirit

But .. but ... the panther ...

Yes, son, go to sleep ...

The Red Bedroom

21. And like tall teeth are these cocoons, leading them in a fresh wind,
from pig to chicken, from chicken to goat, it's the journey of cattle, the
ones they used to slaughter, they become it themselves now. Isn't that

justice after all ? Becoming what you ate, and what you ate will become
you ... well, in another form then ... for you were ugly ...

22. The record is spinning with the voice of the newsreader.
Trochodendron explodes ..something he only does at special occasions ...

23. And I am still ... heading for Izu ... to have a great sight enjoying
the horror ... in silence I will not speak I will be silent ... as a silent ...
red ... scorpion deep down in the red sea ...

24. Like tall teeth are these cocoons ... and finally they will be some
cows and some sheep isn't that odd

25. This is where these flowerfields lead you finally ... No, there's no exit ...
there's no escape It will finally reach The red bedroom ...

26. Father ... I my hairs are in fire

Father ... the panthers .. there was another attack ...

Go to sleep, son, don't believe ... what they are telling ..you

You, you ... just dream of sheep

Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me
through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red
bedroom

Son, but don't touch the bed then ... for it is cursed ...

Father I already touched it

27. Gabriel wakes up again ... what a strange nightmare ... and what a
strange voices what are they doing to him ... He has to make the
journey through the eye again ... to become a sharp butcher again for
he feels like he is ...cattle ... and he feels a hot breath in his neck ...

Panthers ?

Yes, son, panthers

28. On sundaymorning they will rise from Marilyn's Grave ...

Dan Roland, Deon Damar, Rio Damar and ... The Red One ... finally ...
four panthers in a row ... to take over the planet but the Aakse will
strengle them too ... He will even eat the old woman of catlikes yes, he
will ...

This brother of Michai ... the fallen one ... both children of Metensia ...

29. Delfio will build the cocoon of pigs

Dan Roland will build the cocoon of chicken

Deon Damar will build the cocoon of goats ...

Rio Damar will build the cocoon of cows

and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will
do ...

30. The panthers will have their feasts on us and them but then the
Aakse will feast on them too He will break them all one by one ... by
his Jupiter's tails ... but then the woman of the catlikes will eat him from
inside out

31. And she will put her throne on the sun and rule again for 80 days
.... Who will slay the big Jom ? Who will slay the Big Snake ?

32. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the
blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ...

33. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go
... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother
Metensia

34. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on
the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... The book of books, the father book
of the bible It's the Red Bible

35. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron
portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He
makes silence and noise whenever he wants ...

36. He's the red balloon, the man of scorpions He speaks languages
sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a
Red Secret close to it's hearts

37. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and
blood red He is Michai ...

38. Seven snakes in a row, will make their paths slow ... Seven Lions
Seven Sharks ... and then ten red scorpions ... heading for the red
bedroom ...through the red flowerfields finally home

39. They will open the gates of mars, they will burn the deserts ...

40. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from
gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will
be on top of the temple ... when the red scorpion takes the throne ...
coupe d'etat ...picture police is in town ... looking for red michael ...

41. aldebaran and vela are brothers if it comes to old musical boxes ...
they are the jukeboxes of the universe ...

42. I met the king of ai, and basan .. all scorpions in a box

43. I'm staring at a strange chaotic box, producing sharp art ... There's
coming art from the chaos ... a sinister order ...

44. Kill the pretty boys, close the abyss of women ... I love my men ... The
red men ... these wild boys ... but some of them we just don't need

45. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He didn't have feelings for them anymore only for some boys from lynx ... He was under Sodom's Curse

46. These animals are all on scorpio's base ... French accents, lil children all under the dress of a golden mistress from the golden tall house ... lil children becoming icecreams ... her guitar will do it she sings songs of orphans she sings songs of sodom ... for she needs more of them ...

47. In Sodom there's a gate to Draminia ... they are all marching to ...

48. It's raining blood It's raining red ... While Og's watching ...

49. Strange sounds coming from a Japanese Bowl ... It's the scorpio's prince making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice

50. All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ...

How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ...

The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ...

Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making
music ...

It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the
castles ...

51. These men are all on scorpio base ... while the abyss of women is
closing ... I think they will all drown ... soft words are sharper than knives
...

52. The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all
prisoned .. in kisses of death ... what is a woman ? where icecreams
become too soft I know a place where it becomes too sweet ... wet
colours in the air ... where Og is rising ... Ten days in a washing machine
will bring you there ...

The Third Day

53. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... The
animal flood of blood ... while Noah built an Ark on 3 by 3 ...

54. Red Lords with high hats standing on red coasts ... watching the red balloon ... It was a sort of pump, an elevator ... All happening far away in the air ... The wizards could only stare ... but they knew more about it

55. Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... trying to find her prince ... but there weren't no princes anymore ... only a picture police ...

56. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... she has ... rainbowteeth now

57. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts,
surrounding the men they call men ...

58. While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ...

59. There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ...

60. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature

61. But it's like there are too many woman-statues hanging on his sleeves and trousers ... He cannot be what he wants .. They drag him down ... into women's abyss ... turning up his heat so that he can melt the chocolate ... It's a strange guitar ... He feels himself like a prisoner of a strange dance ... but he wants to be free in this land ... flying through the window into deeper hells a dive in scorpio's tall boots he stands ...

62. But these gates are closed now, he's a scorpion's song, singing black and white songs for scorpio fishes ... Their heat penetrates your mind and emotions, letting you feel you were always king ...

63. These zebra scorpions ... You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...

64. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ...

65. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now ... You have your rainbowteeth now ... The raiders are hunting you ... It's a new gender, the third one on the third day ... You are not a woman or a man anymore ... Something has cut you inside ... It's the red stripe ...

66. There you are walking to Jericho's walls ... You see the black and brown women ... victims of the red stripe ... They cannot talk anymore and they are deaf ...

67. And still blind children play at the portals of Jericho It's Aldebaran's pride ... while deaf children rule the city ...

68. They're all spastic, they make strange movements ... while barrelorgans are playing ... and old men are watching the show ... They are the night troupers ... leading them ... to the red city ... like a bubble inside ...

69. On the chessboard it's heat against the cold, in the Y the glowing oil
arises, to let the racecars ride ... He's a raider ... riding the racecars ... so
many animals under his feet ... He opens the bridge ... the yellow house ...
and then everything disappears in red ... The red balloon shows up ...
pushing the orange balloon under ... and then everything goes to sleep ...

70. Through purple and green curtains, you finally reach California ...
where cold deserts rise where orange cowboys lure the orange snake ...
to let it rise again ... Their hats are big, their bodies tall ... and they
smoke ... you ...

71. They smoke from the bakertrees ... where you grew in but you're
not a boy or girl anymore It's the third day ...

72. And where red cowboys smoke from Pinocchio's tree you find your
golden shoe again ... leading you to the big red giant shoe while red
stripes making you silent, you feel so alone ... but you're bathing in flowers
...

73. It's melting on your feet, these shoes Here you find your holy grail
... Who am I in your fantasy ... you can make me or break me ... Who am
I in your world ... Am I buried in your dreams ... ?

74. It's the third day, mothers lame transmissions ... mothers strict
excuses ... she finds her ways ... Mother was just a night trouper

marching to bring you back to the rain ... red rain on that third
day ...

75. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for
it's the third day

76. And I'm floating to a new Aldebaran, the skies are so blue ... while
yellow rays touch the trees ... It's like looking through a new mirror ...
Like a newborn baby While pink songs in a car ... let you touch the
edges of time ... It's singing in the air ... and you feel young again ... with
sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... Mother was a Night Trouper ... Ten
days in a washing machine ...

77. The Topaz Shark is bleeding, showing his throat ... but he cannot
touch you anymore ... He will go back to Eden ...

78. A man is crying in Sodom ... This city is made of tears This city
roars you will be alone

79. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new
Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just
waking up to it ... On that Third Day

80. She was .. a Night Trouper ... She killed her mother and her father
while guitars are raging through the night ... They say she has the seven

rages in her heart ... They are all red ... While a red balloon is pumping
Your arms feel thick and heavy ... but they look thin and light ... It's like
you cannot move them ... but you can ... on that Third Day ...

81. Eagle Scorpions are in the air, heat is flying through the Emelis Shatau
... Now you know me and I Know you And the breath is red and
purple ...

82. Oh, how you like to bathe in red ... red streams in all shades while
icecreams girls are dancing in the distance the red balloon touches you,
to inject the heat and let you forget about everything ... It's like far away
... but it's close so close ..

83. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft
lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp,
the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the
third day ... Where Noah rides the scorpions ... and picture police checks
the portals ...

84. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ...
and we have dashboards in our heads ... These are helmets of the Rising
Eagle of Scorpio ... They're all walking in a red ball It spins, producing
red glue It's boiling don't touch it ... but let it fall on cold ground ...
where the carpets are velvet ... Who am I in your fantasy ? You can make
me or break me ...

85. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first
.... You're in a red ball ...

86. And scorio eagles are flying to Vela, in such a strange speed ... They
fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants
from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ...
carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the
cooks of frogs and toads ... It's a green picture when they eat ... It was
something you ate and now you're here

87. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their
abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown
in their pit ... and now it's a red scorpion abyss ... They are looking for
death ... but they cannot find it ... while sickness flees from them They
are never tired ... She's a slave, she's a night troupier ... She has purple
boots, and she's staring at the green ... I cannot get her out of my head ...
I can't ...

88. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head
anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key ... It was Red
Uriel there and now the Red Scorpions live there ...

89. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... Who am I in your
fantasy ... You can make me or break me ... We are all on a red
chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have
strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that
third day ... It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are

in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we
ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteeds sit ... She's
smoking the fairytales

Jericho's World

90. It's a journey through the Red Eye ... It takes courage to face the
facts ... There is a washing line from Sodom to Draminia ... where so
many clothes are hanging ... These are your suits ... if you dare to take
them if you dare to sing these songs ...

91. They have Vela faces, these soldiers ... Their songmasks coming from a
green car ... doing the dishes ... But now I have no time to see it ...

92. And the golden princess behind tall red pillars, she sits in the
paradise park, she sits on golden stones, where frogs listen to her stories
...

93. When you touch the picture, it starts to ripple ... Who am I in your
fantasy ... you can make me or break me ... Speak to me, my darling ...
my .. red scorpion ...

94. I know you have me in your red ball, turning golden in the night ...
while blue glue is dripping, becoming green when it touches the ground ...
It's licking the velvet carpets ... for an arabian ride ... These are raiders ...
these are boy-like creatures ... with racecars under their feet ... painters
with icecreams ... while nighttrouppers are watching the screens

95. I have your dashboards in my head ... Speak to me, and it will rain ...
red rain in purple blue ...

96. There are voices rolling on my hands ... speaking of songs ... Jericho's
songs will raise the walls again ... where children and animals can play
behind They will be safe when the monster comes ... while picture
police is in the streets ... Red lanterns in pink delights ...

97. I have you here in my hands, but it still feels like you are sliding away
... It's an icecream melting here ... While someone plays the guitar ... It's
the man with the Jupiter Hat ... He with the shrieking eagles, He with the
incubus smile ... with the strange dancing fishes ... so strange you start to
cry ... they reverse your stomache This is the world of feelings, so
strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess

98. You know it's a black man, like hot chocolate, having raiders darker
than men ...

99. It's a tall black man, stirring up the waters ... what if he's switching
the octaves ... you still don't know ... but he knows .. He goes through

Arabian Curtains, while he's reaching for the Aldebaran Cupboard ... The
tall one with the toys ... While the bells are roaring ...

100. Black man coming from behind the corner

101. She's a night slave, a night trouser ... a leopard calling my name ...
a jaguar like my mother like thundering dashboards in my mind ...
What are we at the end of this song ... It's still a cocoon ... bringing us to
Jericho's World ...

102. Put on your suits of songs. We are from the Urban Renewal.

Chocolate Smiles

1. There he goes, he's a whispering diamond ... with all these wasprains in
his hand ... She has the chocolate smile ... what would you do, when you
would be in these forests ...

2. These are crying rains ... so much to tell ... These are golden steps, she
gathers pictures of arms ...

3. She's a woman of strange wool ... She hides her tables in the night ...
where the wet spots live ...

4. She's walking like a tailorman ... but she's a woman at heart ... She
brings them chocolate on wintertiles ... while tiles of seas are staring ...
They are watching the show ... Her shows ... She discriminates, but she is
not a racist ... She just has strange shells ... the ornaments around her
neck ...

5. Watch her halls and galleries In the New Haarlem, that city at the
sea ...

6. And when she cries, you get hot inside ... She's laying the chocolate
there ... all these chocolate tiles ... surrounded by wintersmiles while
seatiles are staring ...

The Fifth Nightwatch

1. I must awake my dragons, Mother needs them tonight, all these candles with soft fires, coming from the red, to slow all things down

2. These are lights from bakertrees, I must awake the dragons, for Mother needs them tonight, In her castle, she fights, against a dark knight ..

3. She loses, it's so hard to see, I'm crying she's the only thing I have ... I am holding her hand, she's bleeding, and I cannot do anything to help her ... I'm just the ghost of a fog ... The ghost of a soldier ... This black knight .. also killed me ...

4. Mother, can you see my tears, I'm just a night trouper all these years ... Only coming to you in your darkest nights ... but I'm melting away in daylights

5. Mother, can you see I'm bleeding, Mother, can you see I'm falling, I'm coming down the stairways, holding the dragon's candle .. but the sun and the dawn will blow me away ...

6. Mother, I only live in your nights, Mother, you only see me when you dream ... Then we play in the snow ... To do hide and seek, having soft fights of love ... which we can never hold in our hands for long, for it's sliding away like a burial .. when daylights fall ..

7. Mother, can you see my tears, I'm just a night trouser all these years
... Only coming to you in your darkest nights ... but I'm melting away in
daylights

8. Mother, can you see my tears, Mother, can you see my fears, I only see
you in my dreams, you come to me in my darkest nights, Mother, can
you stay a bit longer, I know you are just a night trouser, melting away
when my days appear ... and now I stand alone ...

9. All these prisoners in white satin, sliding along the spirals of the sun,
to be washed away by the waters of a new day, They are prisoners of the
night, chased away by the daylight ... while the waters are flowing, and
the sailors are drowning, they can only watch from a distance ...

10. Mother, can you see my tears, You're just a night trouser all these
years, only coming to me in my darkest nights, but you're melting away
in daylights

11. Mother, can you see I'm bleeding, I only see you in my dreams, as the
watcher of my nightmares, holding the dragon's candle tight ... we're all
behind dragon bars, in this dark dark night ...

12. And when you're coming down the stairways, with your dress so wet,
with your face full of tears, with your arms so upset, I know that I can
only do one thing, to hold you close to my heart, until the dragon's paw
tears us apart

13. So mother, sleep, then I will sleep too, to awake the dragons, to raise their candles, so we can dream, and they can defeat the black knight ...

14. Mother, can you see my tears, Mother, can you see my fears, I feel your yellow touch, your flowers, I hear your songs, your nightmare screams, we are the night troupers all these years, bringing the cake alive, the eagle with his knife, and Mother, when you read this letter, I hope you will see my love and care, I hope you will see the dragon's candle in me ... An ornament full of soft lights and fires, coming from the red, awakening the red dragons, while we sleep in bed ... meeting each other ... in an everlasting dream ... in a red world we will find, the everlasting touch, the everlasting kiss, the everlasting mother, the everlasting son, the everlasting dragon, where the dragons never sleep, we can always dream together

15. They will hold the everlasting lullabies, as candles in their castles, they are the Night Watchers, and in Daylight, they stand at the beach ... The Night Troupers are marching, to the fifth nightwatch ... where the red dragons play ...

Dragons and Dinosaurs

kids are just your recycled parents They want to have that respect

the shark with the million teeth

1. The shark with the million teeth is chasing after me, A glass of wine cannot save me this time I run behind the golden fence looking for another one to hide myself behind

2. Dad is smiling at me It's all a joke, son, he sais It was something your mother left behind after she died You shouldn't open that box, but isn't it fun after all ?

3. No, no, for I'm bleeding like hell And my tears don't stop running I miss my mom so bad Well, the shark is just paper, dad sais Even your mom was just paper I bought her somewhere on a barter She actually didn't die ... I just placed a light in her now she looks like someone else

Then why did you bury her, I ask

4. It wasn't a funeral, son dad sais It was a launchplace for rockets
..... A vulcano's dream You didn't have the right glasses that day

5. But, but I say you just said that mother left something behind
when she died

I didn't say that, he sais ... but you heard it like that you mixed up the
letters a bit

How did I mix up the letters then ?

The shark did But it's just a paper shark mom left it behind when
she died

See, now you say it again

No, son, you still mix the letters up

6. Dad, dad, what did you all say to me the last few minutes ?

Son, I only asked you if you can go to the greengrocer to buy some
banana's for tomorrow's party

Then how do I know you really said that, for my ears can mix it up

7. What are you talking about, son ? You cannot hear, you are deaf

Then why are you talking to me, dad ?

*I'm not talking to you, son, I'm just writing you a letter don't you feel
the paper in your hand ?*

Then where are you, dad ?

*8. I'm with your mom at the greengrocer's to buy some carrots, for you
didn't want to do it*

I thought they were banana's, dad

No, son, you need to read better ... you mix up the letters

9. Dad, dad ... what did you write me today ?

Why are you asking, son ?

For I'm afraid I will mix up the letters when I read dad

10. But son, you cannot read, you're blind And I'm talking to you for twenty minutes now, if you please want to buy some apples at the greengrocer's, for tomorrow your mother comes home from her trip

Where has she been going to, dad ?

To Swiss, son ...

What did she do there

She bought some books for you there

But you just said I'm blind

11. Eh, braille, son ... braille

What's the books about ? ...dad

One is about the shark with the million teeth

And the others ?

She didn't tell me yet it's a surprise

12. Hello mother, you're finally home ...

Yes, son, I bought some books for you braille

One is called the shark with the million teeth

The second is called the shark with the million teeth part 2

The third is called the shark with the million teeth part 3

13. Well, what's it about, mother ?

It's about your father and me

Oh ? and who is the shark with the million teeth

*You ... son it's a book about how to breed sharks the second book is
about how to breed kids*

14. And the third ?

The third book is about how to treat your father and mother

Then why did you give it to me, mom ?

*To teach you how to listen to yourself, because you yourself are the shark,
the kid and the parent*

*15. Mom, mom, what did you say to me today ... I'm afraid I mixed up
anything*

I didn't say anything, son I just hope you will deal with the greengrocer one day for he's a shark

And son ... please eat your beans ... they are staring at you for fifty minutes already

But mom, I don't see beans, so where are you talking about ?

Son, don't tell jokes ... eat them

the shark, the snake and the lion

16. Mom, mom, I'm getting sick and tired of this I will ask it the last time : What did you all say to me today ?

Son, keep quiet sharks don't talk

But mom, how did you talk back then if sharks don't talk

Son, I'm not a shark ... I'm a snake

Then how do I become a shark, mom ?

17. Your dad was a shark Your granddad was a shark

Ok, mom, I will keep quiet for the rest of my life

Son, sharks only talk in themselves They only mutter

18. And snakes, mom ?

Snakes only whisper son

19. Oh, so this was why I always misunderstood you ?

20. Son just whisper back If you talk too loud I cannot hear you
.... And then you cannot hear me Just mutter and whisper so that
you can also hear yourself

And son ... I bought three books for you : The snake with the million teeth
part 1, 2 and 3

What's it about, mother ?

21. Part 1 is about how to treat your mother, part 2 is about how to
treat your father, and part 3 is about how to treat yourself

Why isn't it talking about breeding kids ?

Son ... because kids are just your recycled parents They want to have
that respect And when you know how to treat them, you know how
to breed them

22. Let the child be the parent once in awhile for the memory for
the health

Let the child be the king for awhile for the justice for the values

Let the child be the lion

23. Mom, mom ... what did you all say to me the last hours

I'm not your mom, I'm your child, dad

Oh, but then you're also my mother

Ok, son, I bought some books for you today *It's your birthday*

What is it about mom ?

*24. Books about lions ... do you like that ? The lion with the million teeth
part 1,2 and 3.*

*25. Part 1 is about how to roar Part 2 is about how to whisper and
part 3 is about how to mutter It's about the friendship between a
shark, a snake and a lion They all live in you, and they all live in me
and we need to learn how to treat them. There's a book called The shark,
the snake and the lion, in which you can learn that. I will buy that one
for you tomorrow ... when you are nice ...*

dad in the jungle

26. Thank you, mom you are the best mom in the world where would I be without you ?

27. Eh ... son ... then you would be with the eliphant The shark, the snake and the lion in one Then you would have a mother who would buy the eliphant with the million teeth for you part 1, 2 and 3 about how to treat an eliphant, how to treat a mother, and how to treat yourself

But where is dad then ?

28. Dad is riding the crocodiles having some new books for you next year

I can't wait that long

That's where the book is about how to have patience and how to treat
a crocodile

29. But then I need to read it now This is like coming home feeling
the locked door, knowing that the key is in the house

Well, son ... think about that one this year, ok ?

Mother you are cruel

No son, you are just lazy and impatient

Mom, so dad is in the wild jungles can't I visit him ?

30. Well, maybe ... but then you first need to be as cruel as I am, for
otherwise you will not survive

Ok, mom, then you can teach me I bet you know enough cruel books
.....

Oh yes, son, but I'm cruel enough not to give them to you

Oh, mom, you're too cruel

31. No son, you're still too lazy, too proud and too impatient

Go to the turtle and get wise

Go to the ant and get active

32. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other

33. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are

bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds

the roar of a new fantasy

34. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, Waiting for me to ride him. Together we will build the land, Together we will go through the jungle, To reach shores of new eternities, And beaches of old forgotten islands. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, The roar of legends, From millions of years ago.

35. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends, Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, The tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, The hollow houses, the big balloons, And we will breed the fishes, Of forty-thousand years ago. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, A fantasy of orange giants, Liquid like the paint of the neighbour, Racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond.

36. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, I'm hearing the echo of a burnt tile A maze-land a green artist A liar's spoon But it was just a riddle of truth It was just a puzzle's ornament roaring and racing

*these nights Searching for a good end These computer-games
these computer-games were always the best*

To an Autistic World

1. Please listen to the trees, Please listen to the elves in the trees

Please listen to the dwarves in the elves

Please listen to the flowers in the dwarves

Please listen to the food in the flowers

Otherwise tomorrow there's nothing to eat anymore.

*2. Please listen to the pigs, You once killed in the butcheries, They still live
in your stomachs, Waiting to eat you from inside out, Unless you want*

*to listen to them, Then maybe you will have some friends when the
butcher comes to you.*

Ten little Ascenders

- 1. Ten little ascenders they walked on a bridge of fire. But one didn't want to get to the road of ice and was burnt by the fire. Then there were nine left.*
- 2. Nine little ascenders walked the road of ice full of light. But one didn't want to go into the dark tunnel. Then there were eight left.*
- 3. Eight little ascenders walked in the tunnel of darkness, but one didn't want to go to sleep, then there were seven left.*
- 4. Seven little ascenders came in the rooms of sleep, but one didn't want to go through the dens of death, then there were six left.*
- 5. Six little ascenders walking through the dens of death, but one didn't want to read the book of knowledge, then there were five left.*

6. Five little ascenders walking with the book of knowledge, but one didn't want to have the soldier's helmet, then there were four left.
7. Four little ascenders, walking with the soldier's helmet, but one didn't want to go to the justice-court, then there were three left.
8. Three little ascenders, waiting in the justice-court, but one couldn't wait anymore, then there were two left.
9. Two little ascenders, still in the waitingroom. Then the doors of the judge opened, and it appeared all to be a kitchen. But one didn't want to eat the food, then there was only one ascender left.
10. One little ascender, meeting the love of his life. All his other loves had left him, and even the judge appeared to be a statue. One little ascender, only a mirror was left. His love appeared to be himself.
11. One little ascender, bittered, in rage, fear and full of trauma's, so lonely and so full of doubts, like living on an island, and seeing a sea where all his friends had been drowned. And now he wonders : Was it all worth it ? The tears, the blood, the trauma's ?
12. One little ascender, raising his fists to the heavens, screaming : Is this all a joke ?

13. And yes it is for before you went to this earth, you were reading in grandfather's joke-book, and then you fell asleep Your nine friends were just nine dreams, nine jokes, to teach you how to run.

And that judge ?

14. He was the biggest joke, and you laughed so hard, that it shattered you into pieces, this mirror you have is only one piece So ... look for the other pieces they are all on this island

15. But I'm so tired, is there any way to shut grandfather's joke-book ?

The key is in your heart, when you realize that there is one joke bigger than the biggest joke

You

For you were grandfather's best joke

Palace of the Toysoldiers

1. You know, All toysoldiers are his, The world beyond the faery's realm.

You know, It's the toysoldiers palace, Here they dance, here they feast.

You know it all, They have our faces, It's between you and me.

2. Here the tornado's spin, They can change their face in every second,
Into the face of the next one entering this palace.

Their decorated sleeves, Pink and White, Their voices of pure candy, You
know it all, It was always in your dream, They have our voices, Marching
between you and me.

3. And when someone else enters the palace, Their voices change into
that of a new friend.

They are the messengers of a new world, between you and me, Their
tarts and cakes surround the place, It's forever birthday

Yes, they are birthday-soldiers, Soldiers between you and me, bringing us
from day to day, from year to year

4. Look into their face, then you will see me, and the one who's entering
the palace

Keep on dreaming, so that one day, you will touch the face of Sandman

Birthdayman's Palace

1. Happy Birthday, Birthdayman !

2. When he snaps his fingers , the magic starts, Screaming when you see
him , For there's healing when he's around.

3. His big white beard knows all about you, He's like the Wizard , Running
when you see him, for you don't know what to do with the electricity.

4. There a man walks on the street, Is it him ? Is it the birthdayman ?
Knocking on his shoulders, asking him : Are you the birthdayman ? No,
he sais, he was just here, but he's two streets further now. Someone is
walking there, a man You are asking him : Are you birthdayman ?
No, not me, he sais, he was just here but I guess he's two streets further
now. Now you're running, looking for birthdayman, there, two streets
further another man is walking, it's the same man you spoke to in that
first street. You are getting sad, asking : you're not birthdayman, right ?

5. Will I ever find him ? Well, the man sais : But I am birthdayman. Why
didn't you tell me before, you ask. Because it wasn't your birthday yet,
but now it is, for you held on to me, he sais Happy Birthday !

Funparkman's Palace

1. The great man of the city, The love of all children, When his delirium
hits you, you are in wonderland. In his factory you would want to work,
His wine you would want to drink, When you sleep you are waiting for
his touch, then your biggest dream will start.

2. Your pains are the vehicles of his elves, Your tears are the cups of his
liquors, In your problems, wait for his delirium to hit you, for it brings
you all closer and closer, When you're lying on your bench, Sick under his
blanket, watching some tv, wait for the tv-star to hit you, then your

movie will start. To be enough in his roundabouts, To drink enough of his tea, is to be small enough to enter through his little gates, to touch the sides of dreamworld.

3. For within these walls of life's situations, It will all happen, It will all start. No need to escape, It's all deeper inside. Within these walls your own life put, Within these limits you daily face, You will grow and grow, Till one day you will burst out, and touch the hand of the giant.

4. For outside these walls, you would never grow, you would never have a foundation, and you would never have a balance. Be grateful to the walls, For they are your true friends, And remember : Friends without walls are actually your enemies. For they give you freedom, but this will be the biggest prison you have ever met. For then you are a bird without wings, not knowing where to go. Where there are no walls, there are no roads, there are no tunnels Where there are no walls, there are no colours, This gift would make you blind. With this gift of freedom, you are never able to touch, never able to shake the hands of friends, for there are no limits, no borderlines, no sides, no walls, So that you fall in gaps you never knew of, In pits too deep for your understanding. So, thank God for the Funparkman, for all the fun happens between these walls, and shows you a road beyond freedom, For this is a road which never ends, It blocks you in everything, but never in your growth.

The Gamewizard's Palace

1. Butterflies are in panic, Bears are quickening their cooking in the kitchen, Lions are breathing faster, It's the Gamewizard. The whole castle is in panic, when the Gamewizard enters in, turning chaos into order, all the insects and eliphants are bowing, sweeping the dusts from their shirts.

2. All rabbits are running, all panthers are racing, It's the Gamewizard, the Gamewizard.

3. He always shakes his head, He has always new games, always new rules.

4. We are all sitting in his kettle of limits,

He rules with his spoon,

We are all sitting in his kettle of opposites,

He's making candy of us.

5. We are all sitting in his kettle of pain,

To bring the anger to it's contends,

And then to break it into silence,

Into Candy-sticks.

6. There's boiling something in the kettle of the Gamewizard,

It's his own very hand,

Trying to catch us,

For another game.

7. I'm sitting in his kettle of dreams,

All I can do is cry,

It was only a nightmare, he sais,

But it spun the dream,

The Candy-Dream.

8. In the kettle of hardness,

I make you soft.

In the kettle of softness,

I make you hard.

9. Trust in me,

that I will never disappoint you.

All what you see and hear,

Is just my tool to form you.

There is nothing besides that.

I created your world,

And in that world,

I am creating you.

10. There we sit in his kettle of nightmares,

Tomorrow we are a dream.

There we sit in his kettle of poison,

Tomorrow we are fruit.

11. He knows how to cook,

He asks us to trust him,

It is ok,

All we get for daily meal,

It's ok,

All we get on our plate of life.

It's from the cook,

The cook of life,

The gamewizard.

12. It gets too fast, Gamewizard,

That's too make you slower.

13. You scream too hard, Gamewizard,

That's to make you silent.

14. It's too hot in your kettle, Gamewizard,

That's to make you colder.

15. It all works by opposites.

16. When does the game start, Gamewizard ?

It already began.

17. Can you see the game in your heart ?

The people around you are just pawns in the game of your life.

You created them, they are your interpretations and fears. They reflect your weaknesses and ignorance, the things you didn't digest yet, the things you didn't learn and control yet.

You attracted them, for the work wasn't done. It's all in the game.

18. But what about those brilliant ones, those legends which I will never forget ?

They reflect your gained growth, but also the roads for you to go. They are the blossom of your plants, the flavours of your trees.

But I thought you created them, Gamewizard ?

We did it together, together we rule the kettle.

deliriumwizard's palace

your guide to a crazier world

1. *delirium gets you, delirium hits you, whenever you read his books, he's the bookwizard, candy-choirs are surrounding his head. Whenever he speaks they come over the ones who hear his voice. delirium comes over you when you listen to his speeches, no one ever survived, you don't need to survive, just let yourself slide into his arms. let the world say you're crazy, and thank them for making you crazy, for without that you wouldn't meet the master. they are all made by the master of delirium, it's all in his books. he made them, to bring you to him. they are crazy with serious faces, they are as crazy as you are, all creatures of the master of crazyness, a crazy master. for without being crazy, you could not paint this world how you painted it, you couldn't create all these*

crazy people calling themselves humanity with serious faces, but you did, it's all in your mind. this is something you are praised for. without being crazy you couldn't paint at all, and you would miss all these crazy people calling themselves humanity, then you would miss the master's touch.

2. Read another book, in which it said : All new things are crazy. Nobody dared to paint. While another book sais : All new things are god. When a blue man enters an island with green people, they think he's god. In the other book he would be crazy. We are in his kettle of books, to become crazy. He's a crazy cook, preparing a crazy apple, while no one dares to paint, you paint the way out. Only the crazy can move, only the crazy can breath, the rest will be paralyzed at the end. But trust me on this : There will not be a rest. Everyone is crazy. And who sais he's not, is the craziest of all, and is the master of the crazy, The delirium-wizard. Never lose such a person out of side, someone who sais he's not crazy, for he's the delirium-wizard, your guide to a crazier world. Hold him tight, don't let him escape your grip, and cry till he gives in, cry till he gives you his delirium, till you can live under his umbrella forever.

The Puzzlewizard's Palace

1. Here all dreams start, Here the Thunder reigns. Give him your dreams, and he will make nightmares of them. He's the nightmare man, But that's the best dream you will ever have. For riding on a nightmare will

bring you across the river. Riding on a dream will let you sink, but the nightmare is your light in the darkness. Dare to smile to the face of the nightmare, He's your friend, not your enemy. He brings you over the river of ignorance, He opens your blind eyes. There is no any dream left, after his touch, They are all in the kettle of nightmares, Fishes between the Sharks. Don't cry when he takes your dream away, your nightmare brings you much further. Don't cry when he turns your pink into black, For it brings you across the river of death.

2. Your soul will scream, your soul will fear, But be glad of the touch of the Puzzlewizard, For without it you would never survive. He awakes you, He shows you his candle, To bring you through the night. He can make it dark, And shows you a dim light. For in daylight you don't know where to go, but in dimlight you will find your way.

3. He is the creator of all opposites, The creator of all extremes, He can make it cold, he can make it hot, He's the tailor of your dreams. He opens doors, and shuts them, No one can escape his touch, No one can hold on to a dream, For it slides away like fish. It's all water when he touches it with his wand, And you will have to find your way back to the sand. The nightmare will bring you there, It wasn't for nothing, When he pushed the sun back into the sea. When the nightmare speaks, no one can hide, When the nightmare speaks, no one survives, Then the sun is pushed back into the sea, And only your hand will reach the other side. In the land of the puzzle, Everything melts into the sea, Only a little island will arise, where a new dream will begin.

4. So, look at your hand, and learn how to shake the hand of the Puzzlemaster, for only your hand will survive when his nightmare will

bring you across the river, There where you felt his hand, There where you pushed his bell, There where you touched his puzzle, you will find the wishing-well. For everything you wished, comes alive in your hands, There where you touched the puzzle, There you will touch the present. You were locked up in a puzzle, You were locked up in a dream, But the nightmare found you, And now you run free. For when the nightmare touches you, there's no time to puzzle, there's no time to think, or unlock the door. You can run free. For when the nightmare touches you, There is no room to speak, There's no room to behave, And no room to listen.

5. You can only scream, and cry, And this will set you free. Let the nightmare touch the children, who are locked up in puzzles and tight schools, And set them free on the back of the nightmare, to bring them across the river of crazy teachers. The puzzlewizard was the crazy teacher, and he brought the nightmare to you, It's all in the puzzle, The little devil jumps out of the box. Now you run for him, but tomorrow you will shake his hand. Now you fear him, but tomorrow you will desire him, For he brought you across the river.

6. Thanks to all who made us scream, Thanks to all who made us cry, Thanks to all those nightmares, Who brought us into new dreams. Only our hands survived, Enough to finally shake your hand, Enough to finally reaching the dream of dreams, and to rule the kettle of puzzles, together with you.

7. The spoon is in our hands now, The crowns are on our heads, We finally overcame daylight, The worst nightmare ever made.

8. The Puzzlewizard has many faces, one of his faces was you, The most brilliant one, We will be friends forever, Thank you forever, Orangemoon.

Now when the kids sleep in nightlight, A little dim green light, The Puzzlewizard rides the roofs, To bring them puzzles for the next day, To bring them nightmares for the night, Also to have that little dim green light, In the darkness of daylight.

9. I once heard the hoofs of his horse, Knocking on the roofs, It set my heart free, For the day after I was ill, And didn't have to go to school. The hoofs of his horses, brought delirium to me, Now I'm under his spell forever, With horses under my knee. Me and my horses, we can go everywhere, It was the gift of the puzzlewizard, It woke me up, Out of daylight. I like to do games with him, with our horses surrounding us, he always wins, in the game of nightmares, but tomorrow i will get his dice. He's the friend of the gamble-wizard, I'm off to see him for a new journey.

The Gamblewizard's Palace

The lie is a riddle of truth

1. Playing chess with Mother Mary, The best thing you can do when the riddlewizzard strikes. I'm on the back of a thing I don't know, It's his horse. Yesterday I thought it was something else, and tomorrow it all appeared to be a Lion, The secret of a pot of Tea. Playing chess with Mother Mary, staring at her pink-white hat. She got it from the snow, A present ... I'm sitting on the horse of the Riddlewizzard, And am on my way to the Gamblewizzard. When he touches my head, the crowd will start to melt away. Playing chess with Mary, Still the best thing to do when the Riddle strikes. She knows the road to the Gamblemaster, Her board of chess is a flying carpet. This life is in the hands of the Gamblewizzard, We have to gamble to reach to his doors. The codes change every day, by every breath he takes. Playing chess with Mary, All toysoldiers are on board, Dancing their way to the codes, The codes of Mary's hat. Her veils are so thick, but transparent, I can see her face. She smiles like the rain, Changing her codes, She wants me to dance with her. The truth moves around a circle, around a clock, and changes like the mix in the water.

2. It must be eaten in many forms, shapes and colours, Like the smoke reaching for the snow. The truth is shape-shifting like an eagle in the sea, So that it can be downloaded deep into our souls, Like the coiling snakes into the storages of our hearts. To get rid of the lie, we must know all sides of it, to let it coil out of us, by spirals of liberty. We must surround the lie, and actually discover, that it was just a riddle of truth. The lie was just a misunderstanding, Misunderstanding ... from the Lion's Tea. The lie is a riddle of truth, And I'm still playing chess with Mary. The lie is just a joke of the truth, Can't you see the grin behind it ? A hand of love, reaching out to you, To show you the tear is the key, The lie exists when you don't surround the truth, Then it's teasing you until you start to see all the sides of the diamond.

3. The misunderstanding brings the tear, It brings you on your knees, To let you drink from the enchanted water, To show you the depth of the riddle, For it brings you to the bottom of the pond, where you see all it's treasures. The riddles are the lines between the squares of the chessboard, To separate them, but also to connect them, All to let you see, the many sides of the game. The joke brings you closer, It's a jokeboard after all, And I'm still drinking the wine with Mary. And all these toysoldiers, all these tears of misunderstanding, yes, even all tears of guilt, They run and melt away, When the Gamblewizard hits the board, Opening the Game within the game, Where I see your face, You, the source of all. You, the source of all problems, But also the source of all happiness, For there's nothing but you and me, And finally you have to discover, That it was all in your own head, Just a gamblegame, You, looking for the codes, To find yourself back. Still you gamble, with the balls of life, Trying to find your way, To the Gamblewizard inside your heart, Where all troubles started, and where all problems will melt away ... Problems ? Just misunderstandings, causing guilt, anger and fear, New gamble-automatons to ride in, All these lions on your path, They come from the wizard, To bring you back, Guilt, anger, fear and frustration, Confusion, Misunderstanding, Ignorance, Blindness, Deafness, All lions ... from the wizard

4. Some tones of the music you don't hear, That's why it looks false to you. Catch the other tones of the music, And the orchestra of life will appear right before your eyes, While it was always deep in your heart. Guilt was a trick from the wizard, But the riddle is never guilty, It shows all truth and beauty, Hidden in the joke ... Guilt is a riddle, But is never guilty, Only in the joke, In which there are many veils, The apple is deep to eat, It was all to let you swim to the waterfalls of the river, To show you all sides of the justice-court, This chessboard

5. Every step is in guilt, Every square is guilt, But the chessboard shows you that without guilt, there was no focus, without guilt, the pieces would not move, Without guilt, there would not be a chessboard at all, Without guilt, there would not be any joke, and not any enlightenment, But at the sides of the board, all guilt will melt away, And the crowd will melt away, To show you it was all inside. Your fears created the crowd, but without crowd, there would be no game.

6. When the crowd melts away, you see the game within the game, Your own smile, It was all to make your smile wider, It was all to make your teeth straighten up, All these towers in your mouth, Shining their lights on all sides of the truth, The corners of all beauty. The misunderstanding brought guilt, and the guilt brought fear, And still the Gamblewizard makes such chaos Why is he doing that ? Why does it take so much time ? Time ? It was just a lion from the Wizard

7. Time is the inventor of misunderstanding and guilt, To bring you the fear, to bring you the shock, And then you fly above the chessboard on Mary's Carpet, To see it was all so small, To let you see the smile of the dwarf, Which looked like a roaring giant on the ground, Nothing is what it seems to be, It was all created by a point of view, a point of time. On the ground it roars, But in the air, you see the little machine, just smiling, making jokes, all to let you fly higher. It was sweet and soft like candy, all which appeared hard and cold, The snow reminds you the softness of winter, Winter was just an icecream in summer, And you are feeling the warmth of Mary's Carpet more and more.

8. Time was the riddle of the Gamblemaster, Sent out to teach you new tricks, And you feel yourself like a playball in his machines, When one side

pushes you, it just wants you to meet other sides, Until you drink the wine of the machine, Until the juices will flow, It was all to make your heart at peace. The clock ? Just a trick of the Gamblemaster, And you're rolling like a ball through it, Meeting all it's jokes, Or are you tired already, in pain, or even sick or on the edge of death ? Remember it's the delirium, Another lion sent to you, another riddle, Another phenomenon of nature, roaring inside of you, It's the voice of the thunder, That big helicopter, Taking you out of a deeper gap, preventing you from something worse.

9. Sometimes the Gamewizard shuts a door, and he doesn't want you to see the other side, Then he gives you the juice of curiosity, to prepare you step by step to meet another creature of his wheel. Yes, he is still a master of traffic, after all ... And he tamed his lions like St. Jerome did, Deep down in the deserts, And he wants you to do the same, He can't do it for you, For you are a person yourself. Now you can peel out his riddles, Meeting all his creatures, With the jokes inside, Showing you a hidden nature Waiting for you to access You already got the invitation, Don't let the card scare you off.

The Backwardwizard's Palace

1. He was always there to bring you guilt, He always turned your heart upside down. You could scream, you could cry oceans of tears, You could

let the most beautiful flowers grow and bloom for him, But he was always without mercy. You know he will get you again, You cannot escape, when your backwards friend comes. He always plays your opposite, Your own little captain hook, on your paper ship.

2. No, you will never get his attention, For he is the backwardswizard, He sent out his backwards-lions to you, to eat you like custard. There he turns all your little toysoldiers backwards, and there is nothing you can do than to watch that show. There they all go through his funnel, To fall into the cold kettle, Tomorrow they will be candy, And you cannot reach them, For they live backwards, Marching to make that cruel, cruel joke again. They always did that to you. You thought they were your friends ... But now you cannot reach them, They are dancing behind glass.

3. It's the Backwardwizard, Preparing another trick, Turning all your mirrors upside down, You don't know who you are for such a long time. You gave up all hope, Like the candy is not made for you.

4. Drama after drama seems to follow you wherever you go, Is there a way out ? Who is turning you backwards all the time ? It's the backwardwizard, sending out his lions.

5. No you cannot break this force, You tried it for so long, And you were getting so tired of it, So now it's like you laid yourself down, Giving up all attempts, Or are you still trying maybe ?

6. Why aren't you going to live backwards ? And to discover a world you don't know yet You try so hard to do good, To please the whole world,
But there is another world you ignore, The world of backwards. Here another part of you lives, Waiting for you to shake hands. A part which you repressed so long, Thinking it was your evil side.

7. You turned it backwards all the time, And so you did with so many things. Don't be ashamed to live backwards, Don't be ashamed to take another direction now, And to meet another part of you now. Maybe there needs to be attention there, instead of repression. Maybe there needs to be healing there, instead of avoidance. Or maybe it can give you all the attention and healing you ever needed.

8. Maybe the Backwardwizard just wants to turn back the clock, to where it all went wrong. Maybe he just wants you to return, to put things straight again.

9. Who is living foreward, and who is living backward ? That is what you find out then.

Ladybug

1. she has the head of a ladybug ... her eyes try to pierce me, like the rolling dice i don't want to be with her ... but it seems she thinks different about that ...
2. she's a lamentation cat ... complaining and whining, letting peacocks horrorshows descend ... until i'm back ...
3. i'm her prisoner ... i'm her coin ... always coming back ... her sting is the sting of a wasp ... and now she's shocked ... she's always shocked about everything i do and say ... it's never enough ...
4. when her silver strikes me she understands me then i'm her dinner .. she has digested me ... finally almost satisfied ... but she's from the hollow ... they have never enough ... they're living in the almost zone ...
5. she's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... i'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ...
6. when her silver strikes me, she brings pale stories to the mass ... her newspapers ... her butterflies ... to kidnap the fruits for an author's kitchen ... she's a lamentation cat ... she has to blame someone for pale stories ... while the night brings the colours ... when peacocks horrorshows come ... the day after they are stories ... in venus' bookshop ...

and the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ...

Nonsense of Mathematics

1. Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of ... the animal-mountain a strange tower I'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematics

2. Got me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange world

3. I promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still

smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and
I'm diving away instead

4. I promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the
nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of
mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals
they're wearing, thinking they're Jesus or sandman

5. Twenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk
with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their
flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these
heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still
stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like
the animal-tower I'll never win

6. Got me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a
victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat
Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed

7. Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dreamt
instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this cross

8. So bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me
today to the nonsense of mathematics

Sudden Death of the Mice's Journalist

1. Someone's looking around, like yesterday's ship. It has lost it's power and it's grip. Someone's sweeping the floor, today, and tomorrow someone else will do. The rabbit on the tower of a mouse castle, he smiles, he feels like robin hood. His mother gave him thick trousers, for the winds can be cold here. It's not too late, to knock on the mice door, not too late.

2. Roses standing in a pot of water, slowly dying in this day of june. Archibald smiles, he doesn't think about them, for it's june, and in june, everyone is independent. No beggars at the doors, for he had sent them all away. They can come in all the other months, but june must be free, for it's the month of independency. Everyone must care for himself.

3. The mice knock on archibald's door. They give him some extra flowers, but he throws them on the floor, for june is the month of independency. He sends them home, that's their destiny.

4. Good morning, the witch sais to the queen, i have a baby of you, and i will grasp another one, for it's july, and that's the time for stealing babies. The queen smiles, for she wanted to get rid of the babies. They cry too much. She's the queen of mice, she let them die. She doesn't care about their babies. They cry too much, and in July it is allowed to steal,

so she steals from someone else, some grown-up girls. Oh yes, they have noises, and they gossip a lot, but the queen thinks that's okay. She likes to have some company, for her husband is gone the whole day.

5. Good morning, the mouse says to the spy. Please wait for me, so that we can both go to fly. I have a parachute on my back. That's easier, for when we fall, everything's okay. The spy says no, for it's august, and it's not allowed to have a parachute when you fall. It's the time of hard things, not of soft things. And then he becomes a hard day mouse, waiting for the skies of september, almost a year gone, full of treasures, full of surprises. It's always the same clock, but strange things happening inside of it.

6. I don't know if i have strength to end the story. It's october, and then all stories are short, i must wait for precious december, in which the stories never end, i'm begging to enter. The police of mice is on track today, it will never be december on my way. Some strange company of roses decided it, surrounded by churches. So say goodbye to me, it's my last time, they will shoot me, because i will never reach januari in which i will stay alive. All guys trapped in november will die.

7. I don't want to die, but i have to. I played many songs, I wrote many stories, but they're always short and it's almost november, and i cannot make a bridge to reach for december, and only tall stories will reach januari to live forever. So say goodbye to me, I will not be your friend anymore, oh I would like to be it forever, but the mice police won't let me go. They will shoot me like they did to my friend ... I know this story ... goodbye, this is the end.

8. I cry ... I'm so please yell at the mice police, I'm dying here, unless a faery comes to defend me, but they don't believe in faery's, they only believe in me ... I'm like their god, and I have to die. It's time for their Jesus Christ to find his way to the cross I was a blue man coming on a green island with green faces and then the blue one is like god and has to die all things which are strange

9. This is the last time, friend hold my hand, I won't return here anymore, I'm just a mouse's pencil, they will break it before it reaches the shore ... not able to become a real honoured citizen of a mouse's kingdom ... Help me, help me, but you can't I don't have the faith, so I will slowly die ... They shot me in my finger ... enough to go to their hells forever but some believe Jesus Christ will rise up after three days ... that's an eternity for me, for I will never reach december that's sad when you die the last day of november even if you're Jesus you never wake up so I must go to their sleeping hells forever ... never waking up in this everlasting damnation

10. My pencil is getting heavier my friend, I will die soon, this is the end Precious friend, don't mourn about me, but mourn about them who invented this cruel system

The End

A Day at the Fairground II

1. Poetry from the Table Ballerina - Smiles from Leprechaun

2. Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

3. Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen III - Green Dragon's Lie

4. Purple Snow I

5. Purple Snow II

6. Purple Snow III

7. Boys from Lynx III

8. White Golden Book

9. Telephone Junks – Cobra Plants 1-17

10. Sweet Telephone Christ – Dirty Sand 1-12

11. Dragons Song

12. Grandfather's Wartrauma – The Hours of Friday

13. Purple Flowerfields

14. Purple Lies

15. Snake in the Swanlake III

16. Poetry from the Black Widow II – Drama's from Z

17. The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding II – Dolphin's Goodbye

18. *Master of Auction III – Alphabet of Misunderstanding*

19. *Broken Bridge*

20. *Poetry from the White Chocolate III – Cold December Day*

21. *Cigarettes of War*

22. *Poetry from the Big Gun II – Dragon Postbanks*

23. *The Banks of History – Silver Cigars*

24. *Potatoes, Onions and Oranges*

25. *Poetry Around the Spear of Jesus – Language of Sleep*

26. *Deaf Shop*

27. *Ladybug II*

28. Master of Auctions Part IV – Brothers from Rigil Kent

29. Indian Line 2-6

30. Red Stripes 1-8

31. Purple Orange

Poetry from the Table Ballerina

Smiles from Leprechaun

1. I feel a bakerman's face flowing through my mind, spreading so many
lies in a lullaby. I am heading to the sky, where my babies bleed. I'm just
an ornament in the wind, waiting for all my babies coming home ...

2. I'm just an ornament's speaker, from this ornament's dish ... spinning
so many records inside ... my face is like a jukebox ... wide in the sky ...
I'm rising from the dishes, baby ... It is a lion's dish .. with so many spells
come forward ... through this dish ... while coffee is spreading ... waking
them all up ...

3. Am I a coffeedish now ... I cannot feel my arms and legs ... These
bakerman's faces ... Am I in a trap And where the rings are coins ... I'm
running high on sweet potatoes ... It's the voice of a leprechaun's table ...
rising in kerses minds ... Am I still a golden table ... like that golden one of
Ra ... so many things spinning around there ...

4. Still the dishes are changing ... and I'm dancing on old tables ... playing
ping-pong with the ancient suns ... They're smiling while I get angry ... I
lost the ball again, while rippling silver tigers ascend in the skies ...
someone is swallowing me, while I lose it ... I am losing the game ... or do I
also lose you ...

5. I feel a bakerman's face ... rising so high in the sky ... and all I can do is
crying ... in this land of the ashes ... while there are leprechauns ... sailing
in the sky ... I feel like I am a dirty old table ... but maybe it's just
something inside ...

6. It's speaking to me ... for help to let it rise ... but I am carrying so
many venus-crosses, I cannot help them, these lullabies ... until the needle
comes to cut them, and they scream ... what a beautiful record ... they
call it the sun ... in these bakerman's skies in these swallowing

ornaments ... while the silver rippling tigers ascend ... like Jesus Christ
.... like Osiris with his ice

7. I'm feeling cold, you are a bakerman's face I feel you're stealing my
pockets empty ... while I don't see your hands am I getting crazy in
these rippling skies like monsters riding high ... with their big mouths ...
they scream at me ... and I am getting smaller am I on high materos,
preacherman, or am I dying like Peter Pan, to find his Tinkerbelle again ...
or his long lost harem in the skies of Kerses Minds

8. Someone lost a tale ... now they are telling it to each other did he
lose or win the game I am in Kerses Mind, let me explain ...

9. Someone loses his tail ... on a Jupiter's mountain, before a cradle
called jericho ... and I'm losing a feather ... are we fishes at the end of the
day ... fishes without tails ... just bullets ... fishes without tails ... just heads
without a body ... just heads without a body

10. Fishes in the sky ... without feathers ... fishes in kerses minds like
trunks they survive they are just fishes in the sky ... they are like
leprechauns on golden tables, telling you what you decide ... in this black
black night

11. Fishes in the sky, tell me brother, why do I have to lose my mind, to
become a fish in the sky ... why do I lose my mind ... just to have a Kerses
Mind ... Is that all we need, Kerses Mind, I'm a dish of Snow White's

dream ... I'm diving like a fisherman, but I am just a fish in the sky ...
without body ... only a head ... I am the Leprechaun ... just pray I do the
rest

12. Fishes in the sky, through old curtains, I am losing my mind while
someone's doing the dishes in the palace of the queen and the empress ...
oh, it's just belcanov ... We are fishes in the sky ... we are the boys with
kerses minds ... we are the fishes flowing through ancient tables, ancient
curtains ... fishes in the sky, of some old potatoes ...

13. Now you're laughing, but soon you will cry ... for we are fishes in the
sky ... just brothers ... losing our minds ... the skies so rippling, mouths so
tender but still fishes in the sky heads of monsters in the sky
silver ripples like uncle peacocks horrorshow.

14. I am dancing on a golden table like Ra, a table behind the sleep, in
sandman's sky This land is full of deserts ... turning into ashes at the
end of the day ... while these are watering skies searching for their
prey ... today ...

15. Circles in the sky I'm wondering ... circles in the sky I wonder
what they are preying for ... praying for ... these circles in the sky ...
Gonna eat me ? Circles in the sky ... you my mother, just circles in the
sky ... rippling like the silver, waiting to crash me ... just silver in the sky
.... of liberty

16. Now I'm dancing on the coin, I am a leprechaun's smile ... I am your brother, if you are also my brother I'm dancing on the dish ... I'm coming from the spinning tables ... these rings in the sky full of records

...

17. Who's shattering my head on the coin what's this table full of stamps just fishes in the skies .. just babies flying high ... my babies

18. A leprechaun is dancing on the table, who invited his silver shoes ... who invented them ... who is this shoemaker, letting the dragons sleep ... He's so free, and he is lying so lie, bakerman, lie ... you are spinning your coffee for another lie ... you're spinning your books of lies ... are you just a pinocchio of black wood rising high ...

19. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies

20. Pinocchio ... your sister was a sleeping table ... but you're awakening them tonight and they will start to speak and spin like your mother ... while the yellow liars spread their red tomatoeseeds ... and their green ones on the other day

21. we are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... tell
me what do you deny tell me what you are doing to these bakerman's
lies give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these
pyramids they rise inside

22. I feel like an old old table in these bakerman's skies with so many
lies with so many dreams ...

23. I will explode in the night heading for Kerses Minds so light
heading for kerses minds in their delights these old snakes of the
leprechaun ...

24. colours so pure and bright ... so pale and so secure so white they
take flight while I'm standing on bakerman's tables ... They have
feathers I do not understand ...

25. These tables with one hand ... These are worlds in golden coins ...
where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns
... these orange guns of mr. orange

26. dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables
... he's having feathers and fruits in his head and I do not understand
....

27. I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ...
with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... where dishes take flight
to reach for the other day ... through silver skies

28. the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout
these wasprains from such a strange television

29. the queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ...
like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one
wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies
... where the silver hides

30. I am the coin of a leprechaun, a strange wishingwell ... people they
jump in it, but they are never reaching daylight again ... only the birds
who were caged in them ... they had to live inside their muscles ... to sing
from these records and dishes but now they are free ... in liberty ...
standing on the jokestatues behind the tables ... these statues of tables ...
in a strange strange kitchen, a strange garden, where flowers start to cry
... when a leprechaun passes by ... no samaritan wants to be helped by
him it's daylight's spring when they unite ... doing the last fight ...
rippling in silver the gold rises ... getting paler every year ... the pear gets
paler every year, while the silver is hiding and the gold is uniting ...
and rising ... while the vanilla it gets so pale ... and the bananas are
burning on their sticks ... they are dying becoming straight like blue
bananas like the big amon ... like the blue tables behind the streams of
sandman

31. and now the marbles are rolling, and now the tables are spinning
and speaking ... their heads are on the coins, while their records spin on
their dishes even on the wall these draughttables and these
chesstable inside there is gold ... while smiles of death are rising ...
smiles from leprechaun

32. I am losing the game ... I am losing everything while someone's
doing the dishes ... Bilmageln and Belcanov The dishes are smiling, with
smiles of death ... The tables are running they are the soldiers of a new
day they're rolling to their beds ... Some things you can never
understand ... There is silver rippling in the sky these silver tigers ...
and soon they're running inside while dishes are smiling ... with the
smiles of the leprechaun ... with the smiles of the leprechaun these
smiles of death there are records on dishes ... spinning eyes strange
banks strange postbanks ... strange decisions ... while something grows
inside ... heading for these prometheus skies ... to these silver skies Is life
is such a strange egg ... we must break out of it ... finding out that there's
always a bigger egg oh, we get so tired ... until the sleepboat takes us
away ... then we can find another day ... on the heart of the leprechaun ...
he's spreading his coins, his taxmachines ... while there is life in his coins
.... standing on strange tables strange traffic, strange highways ... like
strange nerves ... strange railroads ... strange trains ... strange postmen
like Gepetto ... these gods of ten these gods of railroads standing on
strange tables in a leprechauns coin on high tables of the attic ... my
nephews take flight in their strange racecars ... strange destinies
heading for something like the eye of egypt ... in these bakerman's lies ...
it's never time to take flight ... only to get to sleep ..

33. Two sides on the coin, maybe more ... I found a third one service
with little light these hospitals are tricks of drunk indians a strange

taxmachine after all while democracies are roaring ... and I am losing
the game

34. Democracies are roaring ... two sides on the coin ... maybe more all
rippling in silver all rippling in bakerman's lies leading us to Kerses
Minds ... only the birds in us will survive ...

35. I am a table-ballerina speaking to you, maybe you didn't understand
one word I spoke to you but just know I love you ... I hide a tear for
you, behind a smile ... dancing on your lap, but I'm still a table-ballerina,
a silver golden one, spreading the colours on the tables ... when I dance
it's summer, when I dance there is snow ... I'm a table ballerina knowing
the row of lappossessed minds of Jupiter's lies ... my crown it bends and
then it rains to you I'm Jupiter's storm on a dolphin's goodbye I
speak to you it only happens one time in your life and then you have
to follow me I only show up once and for all only those who follow
me, will get me on my knees ... I am truthfull to you on a dolphin's
goodbye on the table of sandman I take flight ... to get them all on
their knees ... I am a table-ballerina from a leprechauns mind from
a leprechauns heart the suns are my friend, my friend

36. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing
machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring
them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ...

37. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin
of a leprechaun I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts
... where a white chocolate house stands

38. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning
around like a crazy spider ... making the plants, that's better for you ...

39. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's
blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ...

40. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these
clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick
pock family's decision not mine, I'm just telling you they locked me
up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a
green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the
coin or maybe more

41. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their
bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on
television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like
dadda's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ...

42. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses
on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the
stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table
in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their

hairs are burning here all smiles are fake and they do strange
business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot
on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle
unicorn and uncle one to ten ...

Boys from Lynx II

The Land Beyond Cockaigne

enchanted bananas

1. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine
o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... You have enough money to write a letter ...
and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just
stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of
dwarves ... the bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so who's
now on turn in chess ...
2. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the
silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden
shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing
deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the
battlefields in the deserts ... where the pick pock family still steals ...

3. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

4. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate and now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... the banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's spoon

5. charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing ... you are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... and now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ... this is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ...

6. and you see the frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... this is the world of the blind ... there are no movies anymore ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... the fires don't have to burn

anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible you wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ...

7. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx

8. These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...

9. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind

....

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... to hear the most beautiful music ...
Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...

11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... but try to find the fairytale
inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ...

12. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside
...

13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside

14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of
deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these
are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ...
These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins
... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..

15. They know the snares to move the tears, this land beyond the
custard These wizards hearts

16. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ... the handicapped
guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver
strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside
the beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden
jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ...
these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...

17. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ... they have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony

...

18. this plastic wood would be good to be a suit ... the wood is soft in marchpane land ... but this is the world beyond cockaigne ... if coins are slaves, then why do i pay ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march .. through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...

19. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...

20. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen III

Green Dragon's Lie

"She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie..."

1. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years, On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ... You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ...

2. Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries, so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ...

3. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... They bear the books on their backs, they are bookstatues, tied to cruel indian stories, there are waspian wars in their heads, and they see daylight as a threat ... They see all these butterflies fall, and need to bring them to the green dragon castle again ... They bring their prisoners to the end of the world ... And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... I don't want to be your slave, I don't want to be your liar, All I want to be is to be free from this story ... This story, a green dragon's lie

4. He was bewitched by a witch, a green witch, having green tears she couldn't bear ... diaries too heavy, she planted it in a boy's heart ... So that she could fly away, and become this yellow dragon ... but the yellow tears ... were much heavier ... for she couldn't fly anymore ... and now they all march on the ground ... all her yellow prisoners ... spreading her yellow tomatoe seeds ... While a red dragon is grinning, he wrote all these stories, he had a wife talking too much ... and all his friends were just his

prisoners ... prisoners of the books she gave him ... bookstatues ... under a blue jaguar flag ... spreading the red tomatoe seeds, these are purple rats ... becoming red in the night ... when the red dragon is raging, throwing his saul spears into david's cars ... still falling stars under stories too heavy ... the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues ... to burn their books again ... by a green dragon's lie ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... In rows they stand, these green dragon's lies ... she's finally a candle statue, she's finally a dragon's tear ... a thing too heavy to bear ... too hard to move, too big to steal, too tall to lie to ... she's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ... by her mouth ... by a green dragon's lie ...

5. Green liars, green dragon's tears ... too afraid to tell the truth ... still prisoners of the lie, but free from the books ... Inside they can speak their truths ... when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... then the red dragons are raging and crying ... while playing on the beach, they're dying ... to come alive again ... Life so close to death ... It's shivering between black and red ... while bookslave-masters from arabian deserts, come to find their prisoners, soft women butterfly women, taking the boys to their books again, soft wings they install, under crying and weeping, these are shrieking boys in a red clock ... while pharao wants to drown them again ... Oh the thrillers of the red dragons, written by a golden pencil ... turning yellow in the night ... while dragon candles burn the books, she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry

... turning a prisoner into a spy ... she lets the boys meet the boys ... she lets the poles meet the poles ... and then she lets them mix for new stories ... she's still the lady of the library all these years bringing the books to enthousiastic children ... unaware of their destiny ... she's still poisoned candy after all these years ... reading the books loud ... by a green dragon's lie ... her husband sells books ... he is a journalist ... a prince of satire ... a boy tied to a microphone ... and she's singing her opera's by taking her boy, and pushing him to the ground ... then they always struggle, a fight which ends in the bathroom ... where she tries to drown him ... there's something wrong with this marriage ... she has the pharao-syndrome ... there's a voice in her head ... a tall baker's whisper ... a green dragon's lie ... making her crazy ... she's still not happy ...

6. In summers she's like tied to a spoon, while her husband is doing the dishes ... under the weight of a green stone ... coming from a dragon's castle ... they try to save their marriage ... she eats ... while he cleans ... she cooks ... while he works ... but it's like their marriage is dying ... it's heading for a burial ... for some stones are too heavy ... she talks too much and he sells the books ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... by a green dragon's lie ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ... smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are both prisoners of a two faced chair ... prisoners of a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... he's a record-statue yawning ... for the songs are too boring ... he hears them day in day out ... she bores him ... sometimes he's the slave of a flute ... sometimes he feels like a car ... he's a victim of a shrieking boys clock ... while she's laughing ... these wheels are weeping, complaining day in day out ... i'm getting headaches, she sais ... I'm going to leave my man, to be free in the snow ... I'm going

to drown these boys, I'm Pharaoh ... She's a tear letting others cry ... She's
a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...
She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ... She's a swindler standing before
the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ... but something's eating
her inside ... It's the red dragon ... not wanting to lose his toy ...

Purple Snow

purple sandman

1. I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while a
purple sandman is picking me up with his wizard's bike ... it's like an
orange motorcycle ... we're heading for the deserts ... where bakersmen
run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... Around the deserts the
villages of the pick pocket families stand ... Here they do their dances ...

2. And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright
eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were
taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to
darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black
christmastrees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays

....

3. These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... throw your presents into them i will be on their back

4. it was a taxmachine producing icecream ... these women all rose from the green ... finding their taxlines to be on tv ... they were the swindling lights on your birthdaycakes ... hiding the ways to these bakerman's faces ... it was a taxmachine producing these icecreams ... bringing this purple snow ... and now purple sandman is standing before you ... with this liquid key in his hands ... so many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... is this where the delirium ends ? or is it the beginning of a new dream how deep is this rabbit's tail ? ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... there where the rabbits drink ...

5. it's all wine ... the baker was a taxmaster ... hiding in sweet amsterdam ... purple sandman is standing before me ... with his purple horses from capricorn's roundabout ... they make the colours so wild ... while I'm bathing in purple snow ... just purple snow ... for the icecream stang too deep ... it was poison ... and now i'm crying on this wizard's bike he takes me away to a giant's kettle ... why did they drown the chicken here ... there's alcohol streaming all over the place ... he would have given it to them anyway pick pock families rising from the chicken ... laughing hard ... it's their obsession they have their stories while we were in an author's kitchen with purple snow in our heads ... these snowflakes lead us to the end to the numbers of conscience ... to the birds of cigarette ...

6. we travel along the purple curtains ... with purple snow in our hair
while purple sandman watches the show .. the icecream is killing us ... and
the tears flow ... leading us to the big shoe to darker creatures ...

grandfather's horror

7. It ticks on his cupboard, i'm the silver cocoon, leading you to the end
of the moon. I'm the aurora, the crucified witch, I'm the harpoon, there's
nothing you can do ... I'm looking for hearts to breed my spoon ... the
enchanted spoon ... My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes
to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become
too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry ... It's still grandfather's
horrorstory-booktears rolling through your trousers ... to reach the big
shoe ... the big shoe ... still a peacocks horrorshow ... the woodcutter never
existed ... it was a taxmaster ... breeding the numbers of conscience by a
strange mirror a copymachine ... it was a shark with a camera ... with
bright eyes making you blind it was a jewel in a spanish sun ... a
jewel in a flower

8. on a black white chessboard we had our weddings and divorces ... now
we look more like each other, for this makes you my brother ... my
mother had to do it this way ... revenge before the strike ... still peacocks
horrorshow ... from grandfathers taxbook

9. i cannot help it you're here today ... we divorced too much in that
strange black and white fruit ... you like this dance this thriller's dance ...
it goes deeper and deeper by in and out ... it penetrates our minds

together ... making a siamese twin, a lamentation cat from peacocks
horrorshow i'm having a new pet almost ripe for this author's
kitchen you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will
not sell it's peacocks horrorshow from grandfathers chessbook

10. what's on the pawn, i'm staring ... a wolve's gnat is sitting there ...
from peacock's horrorshow .. another story from your local taxoffice

11. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, it's like it's
wednesday and thursday on the same day ... It's taxday and tv's on ...

Purple Snow II

Easter lines on wasp tv

1. Winters after summer, it's snowing ... but it's just a winter in april ...
Herodes, Pharaos and Judas coming down, I'm still waiting for the anti-
christ and his little dragon ... it's a dog ... a wolve's gnat actually ...
barking on wasp tv ... his hair is in fire ... he's a lucifer ... And this tv is
just a woman's head ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there
are bakerman's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ...
where babies come alive ... big heads ... where memory is the addiction ...
wasps are rising from wasp tv ...

2. there's blue metal in the air ... making the breath and the swallow fast
and deep ... together with the green metal enchanted mirrors created
the public ... these dogs are mirrors .. diving through black ponds ...
tomorrow they are the nipples i'm surrounded by bakerman's faces ...
all these tv's ... they are women ... they were swindlers on a hill ... with
soft fires ... they made the thrill ... they wanted to be the mirrors in the
bathroom ... laying the pink addictions ... it's a memory tv after all ...

Purple Snow III

1. Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you
believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us
focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her
footballfields ... while birthday's standing on tv with his dog called
christmas for the usual fee ...

2. Do you believe in christmasbells .. do you believe in crashing cars ... do
you believe in white wet alphabets spread on white chocolate do you
believe that when you stare in the jewels of these white waspian flowers ...
you get blind so blind ... to touch the cold conscience ... on a wet summers
day in winter

3. Do you believe in purple snow ... do you believe in purple winterdays ...
coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents

from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships
breeding footballfields on wild seas

4. I believe this is the best opportunity to tell you I do not believe in your
tea waters ... they bring me into sleep too slow ... I need some faster
tricks ... from that dog called christmas ... he has a black christmastree as
his nose ... where a little tailor lives on top ... together with a pirate ...
white pirates on vega southern ships ... still believing in carnival's trip ...
still believing in mad suns ... with mad songs where everything is crazy
... they are all blind ... rising the chinese lights ... while the owl has such a
calming voice ... with his deerbird ... he rides across the moon ... to see the
other side ...

5. these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways .. while the crocodile
breeds the glue ... for his new architecture style ... these are lunar
stairways and lunatic highways ... don't look in the mirror again ... don't
breed your soles when you step don't dive into ponds enchanted ... but
go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ...

6. dragonian architecture is in the house, drawn on the walls ... what a
lovely wallpaper ... i bought them at mimir's well ... these are lunar
stairways and lunatic highways ... while the chocolate is rising ... we are
all marching through footballfields ... flowerfields ... staring into white
treasures ... to become blind again ...

7. there's purple snow on the walls and purple snow on these white floors
... while purple sandman travels with us through purple curtains ... along

purple pillows ... to the broadcast lady of cartoon ... with her pink boots ...
while flowers of smoke send their messages ... the cigars paint the walls ...
saint nicolas with all his taxmasters ... spreading the taxtoys to the kids ...
while i'm getting deaf by my mate ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ...
throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be
prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games while the
purple snow is roaring ...

8. There's purple snow on the footballfields ... While the queen of England
is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the
newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and
all these pencils ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of
cartoon with her pink boots in purple snow ... she was painted by a
dragon ... she was saved out of a game ... and now she's here ... while
some call her a prisoner ... they think they need to defeat the dragon ...
while the dragon saved her ... it was her jesus christ ... and when she's
laughing ... peaple think she's crying ...

9. she's a dragon's prisoner in the eyes of so many ... but the waterlights
are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to watch her pink
boots ... standing on purple snow they want to see her dragon ... they
think they need to save the dragon from her ... for she's not a comic yet

...

10. they want to make a comic of her ... so that the dragon doesn't have
to fear her anymore ... they want to soothe it's heart ...

11. these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ... the dragon will write the dragon will write ...

Boys from Lynx III

1. under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching the snakes come alive ... there's an orange pink forestroad ... drawing us inside ...

2. under purple roofs we sit ... with all these bakerman's faces ... doing nothing but staring at a pit ... where the snakes rise ... and here the dice are playing ... these faces can be tall ... until they are tall whispers hiding us for the storm

3. i call out your name ... i call out for your tall decisions ... let me have my own election days ...

4. i call out to these bakerman's faces ... i need some coins to start this automaton ... this faery barrelorgan ... with sugar melting inside ... with icecream from delirium ... i need oil for my racecars riding ...

5. the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... daddy, the flame's in the red eye ... while a silver eye strikes us to the end ... to these bakerman's faces ... so many nipples on a face ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame

6. with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ...

7. so pale it makes the ancient fishes rise in the ponds ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with peacocks horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic ... waving at snow ...

8. here divas are rising ... fullcoloured birds from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ...

9. and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ...

10. and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ...

11. with peacock's horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic .. waving at snow ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding ... when the pink silver strikes ...

12. they roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared
with their tall wings ... making their operas blowing up their balloons
these snakeballoons ... while a ladybug is sitting on my head ... giving me
numbers and nipples

13. they roar like wolves these boys from lynx like hounds they make
decisions ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat
faster ... while arabian trains get slower like frozen toadstools with
faces ...

14. give me the seeds the powders of delirium plants ... give me the
ornaments these forestroad snakes ... there are tongues of tall decisions ..
and balls of strange footballfields ...

15. these bakerman balloons ... while someone is beating the bottles with
a spoon ... it's the silver strike making us all understand ... we're bathing
in cold conscience ...

White Golden Book

1. There are golden liars on a golden ship.

2. The white golden pinocchio takes flight, it's a balloon in the air, while
Rithelm sings, his hat over his head, you can only see his mouth.

3. White golden pinocchios take flight ... It's the united insurance ...
making the air so thick ... from here the horses take flight.

4. While Rithelm sings, the walls of Jericho are rising, with their curtains,
and soft fleeces ...

5. He's raising the roundabouts for the purple strike ...

6. I'm living in a strange fairground, where the white rules, waiting for
the purple ...

7. It's like tart in my head ...

8. The marionettes are standing there in the roundabout, together with
their purple horses,

9. they make the music in their white suits with the red stripes.

10. They have big strange black hats, and their horses spit fire, while
they gleam in the sun.

11. It's like the dress of my aunt, my uncle could never reach her.

12. She believes in silk and porcelain, and doing what the neighbours do.

13. She walks like them and talks like them, while my uncle can never
talk.

14. He's too shy, but she cares for him like no one else.

15. She's always his hospital when he has drunk too much ...

16. He's like the fish in the fairground.

17. My uncle in the fish's hospital, always after a good drink ...

18. but i never liked to see it ...

19. smoke came out of his ears ...

20. I want to have pointed ears and rabbit ears ...

21. So many ears from the earshop ...

22. He's smoking white shoelaces ...

23. he always gets them from my aunt ...

24. It seems he's so proud of her ...

25. These shoelaces show him the roads to go ...

26. They are always his trafficlights in the games of gamble ...

27. He gathers them and eats them from his golden fairground dish ...

28. It's like music in his head ...

29. But there are golden liars on a ship,

30. while white golden Pinocchios rise ...

31. and Rithelm's singing,

32. with his hat over his head,

33. you can only see his mouth.

34. His mouth isn't moving,

35. the words just roll out,

36. like marbles they build the city ...

37. the city of Jericho ...

38. I wait till these walls unite ...

39. So many roundabouts are rising ...

40. They come from grandfathers old books ...

41. There are gleaming ships on the roundabouts,

42. between the horses and the marionets ...

43. There are also racecars between them,

44. spreading the neon advertisements ...

45. So many birds are flying ...

46. building jericho ...

47. where the comics rise ...

48. rippling with the cartoons ...

49. Deep in the city the golden pinocchio statues stand ...

50. it's almost in the forest ...

51. from here so many balloons are rising ...

52. uncle and aunt still live in their caravan ...

53. They have books of white golden lies ...

54. My aunt has rings blinding you ...

55. They have strange fairground barrel organs ...

56. and they love to hear these roars of lions

57. The lion roundabout is close to their caravan.

58. Uncle takes a ride very often,

59. and then he drinks himself to the fish's hospital ...

60. then nuclear smoke is coming out of his ears ...

61. and also out of his nose ...

62. It always used to scare me

63. He always told me his white golden jokes,

64. but it was always like I couldn't reach him ...

65. like he was standing so far away ...

66. Since my mother died I had so many stepmothers ...

67. and my father was always gone with my uncle,

68. going to their white golden seaparties ...

69. playing with strange playcards ...

70. Kalibra Bazina ...

71. They always had the good glues to drink ...

72. while I was here ...

73. living in this strange fairground ...

74. I'm caressing my zebra ...

75. will I ever see it becoming purple one time ?

76. as white rippling with purple ...

77. I see all these white golden liars,

78. drinking from the purple ...

79. but they leave me in the snow ...

80. I have heard many roars in my life,

81. but this was one of the strangest ...

82. while my uncle still goes to the fish's hospital,

83. taking my father with him once in awhile ...

84. They know all the doctors there ...

85. He's still a black fish ...

86. covering the red ...

87. It's like he blocks me from going ...

88. like he's the guard,

89. the statue of this hospital scaring me away ...

90. while all my bullets sink deeper,

91. and the doctors never believe me anymore ...

92. I feel like a statue ...

93. lost in a strange comic ...

94. They are covering the red by strange black blankets,

95. until the white picks up the shining seeds ...

96. I'm nothing but a tree producing these golden apples ...

97. I'm a marblemachine,

98. they only care for the marbles ...

99. I drowned too much in this black sea,

100. but now I have found the purple golden pearl ...

101. a black fish brought me there ...

102. The purple golden coins sting the deepest,

103. but they open me up again,

104. so that I can breath ...

105. It's coming from the nothing.

106. Jericho,

107. nice town,

108. you see it immediately ...

109. build by the red strikes,

110. when the bottles open up

111. it's tying the black women of tax ...

112. while white golden threads string the purple golden pearls ...

113. It's thunder when the purple strikes,

114. all these statues of democracy standing here ...

115. These fights are fake,

116. I learn them by head ...

117. I let them ripple over my head and shoulders,

118. these strange racecars ...

119. coming from strange bottles ...

120. one wrong movement and I fall ...

121. I must know the tricks of a fairground or I will go down under
again ...

122. I must steal the purple golden stones ...

123. to go to the funparks and peacocks horrorshows ...

124. meeting the wars of the fake ...

125. streaming from so many strange bottles ...

126. I must know them all,

127. or I will drown again ...

128. I must let these snakes ripple ...

129. these strange forestroads ...

130. to breed my statues

131. in the museums beyond history

132. I must know all these faces ...

133. having my own black golden zebras ...

134. I know I must roar and ripple like the panther,

135. or I will not reach daylight again ...

136. I must learn to talk like my neighbours,

137. to walk like my neighbours and to move like my neighbours ...

138. and then to let it ripple,

139. and to do what I want ...

140. reaching for the statues of liberty ...

141. these strange zebras and strange panthers

142. all in this strange roundabout ...

143. I must know when they rise and when they sink ...

144. I must know the waves of this radio ...

145. I must know the legendary movies ...

146. drinking from their bottles ...

147. or these wars will escape outside to be a nuclear bomb again ...

148. i must know the legendary comics and cartoons,

149. drinking from their bottles,

150. to survive the chaos ...

151. there are strange seeds in the docter's hands ...

152. it's like little striked snakes ...

153. so small ...

154. it's coming from a strange fruit

155. it's hairy and dark ...

Telephone Junks

cobra plants

1. look at them growing,
2. while someone is mowing the grass by soft hands ...
3. these are all illusions,
4. coming from brains in contact with plants ...
5. look at them hiding,
6. waiting till someone finds them,
7. then the contact is safe
8. these are strong illusions from minds to minds ...

cobra plants 2

1. watch them watching,

2. finding their clues in this picture of strong illusion,

3. planted by a plant in someone's brains ...

4. he was too close to it ...

5. and now he pays ...

6. smiles ...

7. baby smiles ...

8. surrounded by old boys ...

cobra plants 3

1. watch these cobra plants,

2. these pictures in your mind,

3. making you so old and young ...

4. at the same time ...

5. while glues are streaming through your legs,

6. these flowers sting ...

7. they are safe ...

8. they care for each other ...

9. the young and the old ...

10. in a cobra's mind ...

11. the mind between me and you ...

12. so lets forget about history ...

13. we were too young ...

14. to do the dance ...

15. and now these old men are caring ...

16. in cobra's mind ...

cobra plants 4

1. mouths are contracting ...

2. fluids are flowing ...

3. making me drunk so drunk ...

4. in a cobra's head ...

5. there's strange strange cola ...

6. it's stinging ...

7. coming from a strange plant ...

8. i talked to it so many days ...

9. it's still alive ...

10. growing in my head ...

11. it is ..

12. cola from the cowboy's boy

13. truth from a hurricane ...

14. cola from a mailman's heart

15. he used to drink too much ...

16. and now he's doing the same ...

17. these ripples are stinging ...

18. these toys are too hot ...

19. and now there's a hard hand on his mouth

20. there's cola from the sky ...

21. dripping from a strange strange plant ...

22. it's stinging, rippling in my mouth,

23. while the sun's burning it ...

cobra plants 5

1. keep your advertisements for the rain ...

2. it's soothing like a baby candle ...

3. with all these old faces in a flame ...

4. it's lucifer's compromise between the old and the young,

5. while all these pictures are fading ...

6. santa clauses rising from a new sun

cobra plants 6

it's contracting in my mouth, while glues are streaming, surrounding the
pictures in my head ... it's daylight, do you like to dream with a baby
instead surrounded by so many old faces ... she makes the dance again
.... on a lullaby she spreads ... forgetting about yesterday ...

cobra plants 7

on a station they were waiting, for the girl who talks so loud, to the train
of jupiter they're running, but no one gets ever in it's spinning in their
head ... it's a lost earthfruit telling them to get wise ... they are way too

young for it ... while their aunts and uncles do the dance ... there high on
the attic ... they don't know what to come ...

cobra plants 8

it stings, like the proud coffee it's ornaments are rising high ...under
lucifer's transmissions ... the sky is blue, while orange lights a bit ... under
a red blue moon, decisions easily confirmed by a million splinters of
tax ... coming from the black orange ... coming for a daylight's tune to
bring them high to the lost potatoe, where the prince of june kisses the
princess of july ...

cobra plants 9

don't talk to me so loud, with your hair in the wind ... give me delirium,
make me silent, by your silent smile, your worlds between the coffeedrips,
your worlds between the seconds ... i know i will wake up ... i will watch
your face today ... maybe within some hours, i don't know, but it will
come ... you will touch me there, with your golden flowers, and your
golden plants, you are drinking from the nectars of your love you got in
your contact with them full body warmth contact ... not for lazy cats
to play with only for those of the young and old ... only those of pega
worlds ... in mansion worlds where the art is the mansion, where the
lucifer is the smile ... of expensive coffee ... making me wild i am a poet
.... i am a mistress ... of lost fears ... of lost pears i am the fortune of a
mouse ... i am the fortune of a house, i am a mother, of a thousand years
.... thank god i'm only bound to the ground, of jupiter, i make the days

like bread in coffeebaskets, while she's stinging like a plant in my heart ...
like good old cola from a cobra plant ...bringing the old boys to the babies
.... on jupiter's smiles

cobra plants 10

lovers look like curtains before your smiles ... you're but a machine, and
i'm too young ... doing strange steps with crazy cats ... i do not follow
anything, but the wind ... i'm a child of the wind ... there's nothing i can
do too young to wave away the guilt ... i just need to become older
so i will have to wait ... while uncles and aunts party on the attics
watching jupiter ... i drown ... in my bed i drown watching the
ornaments they left for me ... i am too young to break this guilt it's
smiling at me i do not understand anything they throw at me ...

cobra plants 11

do you understand my fears ... of all these bakerman's years ... i'm just
too young to explain, while i had to lead them all away out of their
fears i was too young ... i was too young ... and still i am ... surrounded
by old faces of a cobra's flame ... it's so sweet in my mouth and
when it speaks the stars are fading am i still a prisoner of izu ... a
prisoner of a black orange snake i'm too young ... i'm too young ... i
was raised too fast i was always the eldest daughter ... oh, who gave
me all these crosses i'm so angry ... but i'm too young ... i cannot
handle the police, cannot handle the government ... and all these funds
and charities ... i only follow the wind ... for it's following me

cobra plants 12

*mother can you see my tears, i miss you i adore you ... do you still stare
into jupiter's glasses ... why oh why ... did they take me away from you ...
i'm too young to understand ... i'm too young to carry this burden ... so
much guilt is teasing my mind these are the things i do not
understand ... i'm dropping all my cowboys*

cobra plants 13

*there's water in my mouth, sand in my eyes ... while jupiter is walking in
the streets of izu ... he's fading this old man ... watching ...*

cobra plants 14

*i'm sliding deeper in the mud, screaming, for you aren't there ... getting
so dramatic, panicked ... like i cannot go further i try to breath ... but
i'm in this cocoon, this cobra cocoon, while plants are growing in my
mouth ... soothing me into sleep ... i was too young ... i only followed the
wind ...*

cobra plants 15

*all these fragments of a cobra's mind, i gather them, like babies gather
pictures of old men ... they need to have some comfort ... in these hard
days ... they watch the baskets of snakes ...*

cobra plants 16

*so many tongues soothing my mind, while the police is screaming ... i
need to forget yesterday, to bathe in the seas with all these plants,
instead of smoking them away ... i need to hold them, making the switch*

...

cobra plants 17

*i'm just a telephone junk, orange hearted ... name's brigade is on the run,
your soothing lullabies, they stand, like lambsteads in the water, playing
all my favorite songs, in deeper dwell slowmotions, in favorite sands and
favorite glances ... gleaming like the suns in rivers, gleaming like the
baby's bands, in all these jupiter's faces, it's streaming to ... the morning
sand ... it's streaming to ... the hill behind this desert ... where my names
are ...*

Sweet Telephone Christ

dirty sand 1

1. She's sleeping under bridges ... she lost her name by a threatening feather ... and I'm too young to help her, she's like drowning there in her own emotions, it's coffeetime ... strange plants in my mouth ... me with my fears to grow older ... and the violins show the old faces on my father's dashboard, it's killing me ...

2. She's sleeping under bridges ... where potatoes sting ... it's jupiter aloud no killer's pride ... no killer's shame ... she's just blown away by someone older ... older than me ... more experience ... me still with my fears to grow up ...

3. He's taking her away, this older guy, she smiles at me, and saying baby ... do you remember me ...

dirty sand 2

My watch ticking like my heart, spice moving like lamentation doctors ... it's such a strike ... i have nothing to say ... my desire is gone desire to grow up and speak it out, i just cry ... i just move throwing my earrings away ... i had too many of them ... and i was too young my mother has to dance alone ... i give her back my snow ... and my white dress ... and she sais thank you daughter, so wise, so wise ...

dirty sand 3

Bonjour, she said to me, on that horrible day in spring, she gave me the cobra flower, growing in my hands ... showing me the old faces ... and i couldn't speak anymore ... she wanted this older guy ... she wasn't a lesbienne anymore ... but still a whore ...

dirty sand 4

make me older, make me free, it doesn't fit to me, i just want to be out of youth, for it's killing me ... oh it's killing me ... i found a baby with a cobra in it's little hands ... she was drawing a stick on it ... she didn't understand ... and the cobra showed her the old faces ... and then she couldn't breath anymore ... i'm still scared of little babies ... since that day ... in august's spring ... blossom growing on my paws ... blossom from heaven's gates to hell's ends ... in deep ravines and deep pits, where the rivers don't touch the ground, only the mystery wins ... here in this gate ... she lost her mother she had to go through this alone only having fourty five rumours yelling in her mind, she was too young ...

dirty sand 5

ready for the strike ... ready for the babies growing in your mind, when
the cobra shows you the old faces ... it's to bring something new ... deep
there, down there, right on ... catch you later ...

dirty sand 6

i cannot survive this hit, i'm too young, and now strange cola is
streaming, from a strange plant ... it's like thistle's paw takes me ... away
to this place ... i do not know ... for i'm too young ... i'm a telephone
dragon ... i won't kill or smoke you ... just talking to you for awhile ...we
have some better challenges .. these bridges are burning ... these bridges
are falling down ...

dirty sand 8

don't want to talk to you today, there's another friend, someone older ...
warning me against you ...

dirty sand 9

talking to a mandarine ... my aunt raising from the sand ... she doesn't
understand ... while she is wiser than me ... for i'm too young ...

dirty sand 10

*goodbye railroad racer, goodbye bugs bunny and micky mouse, i'm now a
bit better, thank you for saving me out of this house ... it's still a bit silent
... but it's better for i'm too young for the noise ...*

dirty sand 11

*goodbye donald duck, goodbye all your money i have now this soft
plastic rubber in the forestriver, with so many cobra's guiding me like the
wind ... if i'm not following them, they're following me, but don't expect
too much, for i'm young ... show me the old faces ... do the compromises,
water in wine ... it's a game of integration ...*

dirty sand 12

*greet your mother mary's from the hills ... you're now higher ... you're
now ...*

Dragons Song

1. i always forget you when i need you ... blown away by someone older ...
i'm drinking the wine of another lost day ... you never wanted to listen ...
you like to talk ... or is it just your echo ... the memory so strong that
it repeats itself ...

2. care for yourself, i was in a cage of being too young, prisoner and slave
of the wind ... something older than me ... did it grow up too fast ... or
was it me ... being too slow ... i cannot help it when i'm young ... there are
old faces pulling me where i belong

3. religion did it, said the hare, i do not care, it was a cage ... a cage of
being too young, while someone else showed me the cards of old faces ...
drowning me in their old wines ...

4. religion did it, said the hare, the bunny and the square, but i do not
care ... i'm too young to understand, don't want to bind myself again in

....

5. i do not understand the sensitivity of the older ones ...

6. just give me my wings for the day ... let me be as young as i am ...

7. I'm angry, because I am young. I do not understand the things as you
do. Someone older took my bird away, and that's okay. I'm too young to
understand. Don't be too angry at me, for I might be younger than you

are ... aren't you the wind guiding me ? I'm angry, because I'm young. I'm lazy because I do not want to do things I do not understand, but someone hits me and drives me ... Do I feel shame now ? No, for I'm too young ... too young to be guilty, ... this is privacy domain, and you don't know me, as I do not know you ...

8. I was bitten by a cobra, and now I'm dying in this cradle ... just like a baby ... born too soon ... I wish I had some older brothers and sisters ... I could never be a kid ... that's why I'm still ...

9. I'm angry because I'm young, if I was older I would be more friendly, or I wouldn't be here at all ... Will I have inner peace when I'm grown up, I'm so bitter, bitten by a cobra. If the doctor won't come soon, I die. Breath me in, and give me some plants, not to smoke, but to hold in my hands ...

10. Give me cobraplants to delay my birthdays ... I die everyday ... I'm too young ... this is just a strange elevator ... surrounded by strange telephone plants, showing the old faces

Grandfather's Wartrauma

The Hours of Friday

It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away
They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just
... calendergirls gone at the end of the page

Dragonswan

1. They come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours
of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones,
spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a
stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy
thick ...

2. Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no
name ... Glory from the house of Friday, spending its hours, to raise the
silver heart ... This heart of you and me

3. They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These
dragonswans, they spit the fire, every Friday they are there, but
sometimes they rise high in Thursday, sometimes they sow spring in
Tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the
books of old London ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the
first part of the twentieth ... In August she took flight ... On summerdays
she spreads her wings of blue

4. Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the
kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather
.... hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver
taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on
your heart ...

5. And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees,
kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running
through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we
are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ...
and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist
.... it's all happening today

6. The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday,
like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver
stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me
... we're finally free

7. Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like
soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and
me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part
broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver
banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic
taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century
... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free These years still
aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you
and me

Hitler

8. Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history
.... Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday
trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine
Hours of Friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes
you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of
history again ... It's living in our weeks

9. Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is
between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ...
bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is
somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...

10. Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between
you and me Hours of Friday ... the silver between the banks and shops,
and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of
Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is
the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick
and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...

11. Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ...
spred over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ...
I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks
like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of
Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me

in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here

Calendergirls

12. James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ...

13. These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee

14. History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go

by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ...
calendergirls gone at the end of the page

15. It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharao

mates of pharao

16. They found the mates of pharao, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharao are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise

17. Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage
.... to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now
deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never
let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide
... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I
met the mates of pharao ...

18. I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are
still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... And I once saw
my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures
.... Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from
heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my
fathers mates ... to hide pharao's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from
this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take
them away ...

19. Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the
master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book,
like the mates of pharao in the tombe And one day a kid will take one
of them away ... to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country
.... to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't
they just the masks ... of pharao's mates

20. His father's mates just masks of pharao just strange
taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and
democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator
.... when no one seems to listen ...

purple flowerfields

1. Yellow churches take flight on yellow ships they descend, in Laprakot skies. The newsreader waits a second then he starts his attack, he's mister speed in the Laprakot skies. These are railroads of banana, these are railroads of a yellow queen, killer queen, standing on a church of liberty. It's 10 o'clock in London, the newspaper had to die ... for another sky ... for another day ... from the ashes they make new ones ... They are burning the deserts, so that other books can rise ... in this strange factory ... mother nature smiles ... it's her idea ... but do you believe in this god ... of tears ...

2. Strange green money on the screen of paper lies and golden lies ... hiding all these red cowboys behind the bottle .. waiting for the strike ... the strike on tv ... These are Laprokot days ..laprakot skies ... I take flight in sweet decembers for a ride ... and the man he hits the ball high ... in laprokot skies, do you see it's me ... your hero on tv he has iron boots where rabbits drink from ... what a picture .. he decides to be ... in laprakot skies ... do you believe it ...

3. Strange green money ... covering all the red ... covering all the decisions ... by a lucifer's bed do you think they hide them behind dark feathers, or by white ones or by blue ... don't you know it's all a trick of good glue ... in laprakot's skies ... they decide ... they unite above these cities of dead bodies ... they take flight while you don't know the half of it ...

4. Strange green money ... smelling like your city shoe it's baker's case
..... it's baker's glue ... for me and you ... Strange green money, while
parrots take flight to the last city in my mind ... last train ... last orange
blue ...

5. Strange yellow businessmen in church strange bananas, while she's
still queen ... it's tearing her mind apart ... screaming in unknown
languages ... like a nest of bees bringing the honey back to the trees ...

6. And they start mixing the minds ... oh yes, it is gamble time ... strange
traffic of a baker's kid ... will he unite ... the bakerlight ... in the city he
takes flight ... like a griffon with a soft voice ... so high ... it reaches for
laprakot skies ... baker rise to the laprakot skies ...

purple lies

1. It's telling you lies ... when mother decides ... it's bringing you the
flames for your cakes, but there are no candles so you must escape ...
when mother hits the brake It's confusing your soul, it takes you higher
in the sky ... to let your mother fly well ... and you are crashing by a
strange strange law ...

2. It's telling you lies ... this ornament you got from her when she died ...
it's bringing you the flames on the coffee, without candles ... these purple
lies

3. There are purple liars standing in the skies ... saying prayers to a
strange god ...

4. Why do we make wars in all these misunderstandings why not first
going to the blue ... fore some days in a schoolboat ... to learn about each
other ... about you and me ...

5. Why ... do I cry ... is it my destiny ... throwing these pains in the lakes
of purple lies ... tales of the purple flies ...

Snake in the Swanlake III

neon rising

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers
inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... so many paintings telling

the story ... while saturn's fairy touches the water ... it's the pond of transformation, where everything becomes art ... it's the road to the museum, where the big 7 rules ...

2. Here where purple rules, you can touch the artist, you will see the song of life ... coming from the bottom of the pond ... where a musician lives ... where a music box stands ...

3. Here everything goes to sleep ... for seven lullabies stand around him ... turning everything into a desert again ...

4. You find the desert through the painting ... switching between purple and orange until you touch the yellow joke ... until all your chocolates are mixed by banana's ... while caramel rakes the seagardens ... where everything started and ended ...

5. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he wants a sleep ...

6. Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ...

7. Still their eyes are candy eyes ... green in daylight turning brown in the night

8. They wanted to have some colours for themselves ... green for business
... and brown for nature ...

9. They still have their zoos in the night ... All locked up into stones ... It's
their emerald city ... turning brown in the night ... And still they sell it,
turning it into purple ... calling it art ...

10. Today's visitors are tomorrow's animals, the tigers are the gods of
movies and books, coming from the purple, leaving the falling stones for
us ... They still have their movie-eyes ... hiding their white hard candy ...

11. Until the big 7 will show up ... the big fox ... to spread it all ... he's still
the robin hood ... he's still the jaguar followed by rats ... having a
communistic accent ...

12. And when the orange becomes too hot it will strike the blue, then the
waters will rise and the ice will leave a world behind ... skaters sheathing
their sharp lines in the waters ... they will finally skate on hard white
candy ... raising the doll ... while other dolls fall away ... presents from the
tiger ...

13. when the caramel becomes too sweet the tears will fall and the ice
will come down ... an orange phoenix will rise ... to watch the lion's lakes
... to see the lions fighting ... these are railroads to lapoendria while a

snake still swims through the swanlake ... looking for his ornament's
dream ...

14. the orange will rise at the end of the day ... the orange ... still the
tiger's best present ... it will strike the blue when no one expects it ...
when the caramel becomes too hot ... and then the best tailor will come
to mix all these switching colours, to make a suit for the prince to let
the lion rise ... and then the baker will watch ... to raise the birthdays
pool ... to raise the foam for his new new tarts and then esau will eat
for sixty six days ... striking the silver ...

15. while daddy is still counting back on a blue hill ... his loud trains will
come ... and then the blue face will show up again ... while the band is
playing ... while the rats are running underground ... they are heading for
the orange dawn ... when bilmageln hits the gong ... and when the white
is getting harder ... it will strike the pink ... then at the end of that day
.... the boys will be soft again ... then you're staring at pink white candy ...

16. you can not take one piece away ... you will let them stay together ...
like a two-faced jesus on an icon ... pink and white is what it sells ... you
can only buy a 2 ... running through the holy grail, where superman lost
his tail, i found a shoe on an orange mountain, before a orange ravine
while the bridge was broken, while orange was raging in the night ... i
found the holy grail ... where jupiter lost it's tail ... seventy names on a
grave ... and there is something with your name ... still something ... i
found the holy grail ... where lucifer found his tail ...

17. i brought him back to heaven, while god didn't want to be on his side anymore ... misunderstanding ... from the lion's tea decisions too tall ... those men with the high hats ... i found a holy name ... on a stone with a z written on it ... i found the holy grail ... where jupiter lost it's seal all these tall men ... coming from the high z

18. i'm alone, and i am watching the rain ... i'm alone, i'm hearing mother's train ... it's so cold before the deserts strike ... these men with the sombrero's ... it's so cold before the icecream gets his seat in the back of the car it will grow like a flower ... having so many ways to rage ... in the back of the car it will hit the ornament ... until the seven rains will fall ... until the deserts will be washed away ... and it's all sliding deeper inside ... where the sharks have their thrones ...

19. they have their thrones ... they have their ornaments ... alone ... there will be no saviours in this night ... no jesus's only ... some boys from lynx they're flying like wasps through the night ... like holy seals while a lark is crying in daylight they do the spring .. once again ... while she cannot reach it ... she will never be spring ... for the bunny took all his rats away ... it is blue after the purple struck by the orange ornament ... and now they don't know what to do ... is it the foam of a lion's tea ... or is it ... beer of a shark ... all those helicopters rage in the night ... but what will it do ...

20. when the blue strikes the orange again ... it will all rise like towers ... it will all rise like ornaments ... bringing the desert alive again and seven jokes will sit on a fence ... and seven jokes will tell the tales ... they come to steal the ornaments .. for a low day's dream ... for a high man's

tall decision ... for an undercover baby ... for a liar in the storm ... all
watching these honey trousers ... these frogs playing in an acorn ...

21. while she never becomes spring ... while she never reaches summer ...
summer moves on and daylights win ... they will share the guns with
the two directions ... when you shoot someone, you also shoot yourself
it's the 2-gun rising here raising his babes ... raising the restaurant
where everyone has the pay to watch the waiters this restaurant of 2
... the meat is alive wanting to live in someone's body ... while z is still
the symbol above your deserts while z is still the chocolate's dream ...

22. while z is still raking the orange flowers ... he does it with so much
attention ... while they all leave him in the night and when orange and
blue are switching all the time, two crocodiles are talking ... in a
bathroom deep down in japan ... in a daylight's jungle ... they were rising
the forests ... they were rising the daylight's jewels ... for a long sunday in
church ... and they are eating red pink chocolate and they are eating
red licorice ...

23. and all sorts of dark pink candylaces ... so transparent, gelly and
shiny ... where they will watch the nights ... in this giant's world ... there
is a prisoner inside ... in this giant's world ... there is a mother crying
inside ... looking for baby ... she lost in a storm ... but the kid is safe today
... you will find her back in the land of oz in this giant's world ... the
big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is
fading becoming pale ... so pale ...

24. in this giant's world ... there is a mother ... preaching ... in this giant's world ... she will do anything to bring you home ... she is speaking from the caramel ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... while the licorice is rising ... her own private lion ... in this giant's world ...

25. she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... but there is still a prisoner inside ... inside in this giant's world ... she paints the names of her children on the walls of jericho bringing them back to the ornament ... bringing them back to the snow ... to hard white candy ... and to the pink ... but here it's white against pink ... and still lions are fighting inside ... deep inside ... for it's all sliding deeper ... while it's all sliding away it's all getting paler

26. while neon is rising don't you know about the lion's paintings he has a pale lady standing next to him all the time ... while neon is rising it's just the lion's way ... breaking the criminal inside ... it's just the lion's way ... taking the prisoner out of the light ... while neon is rising the eye ..of aquarius ...

under an orange weight

27. the weight of unknown things ... brings you to sleep ... the weight of unidentified shadows ... brought you to sleep a trip through all these curtains ... these criminals inside ... a trip to the desert ... where the men

with the sombrero's live ... some miles away from the house ... they are
the child's lurers ...

28. but they also lure animals ... and confused souls ... like you are ... the
weight of confusion ... the weight of ignorance ... an orange stone ...
bringing you into sleep at the end of the days ... then it starts to move
lower ... and brings you underground ... your elevator to the desert ...

29. the weight of mysteries and misunderstandings ... brings you through
purple curtains ... where you dream .. your dreams ... where pieces and
puzzles meet you ... where ornaments give you their glimpses ... until
you're in the desert ... drinking the tea of a lion ... to be another one's
weight ... to be another one's temple of holy dreams ... there is still a
prisoner inside and then the tall orange men come with their tall
orange faces ... and their orange sombrero's ... these roundabout's
sombrero's

30. and then the gamble starts ... and then the tall green men come ...
with their tall green faces ... and their green sombrero's ... and then the
swindle starts there are so many purple curtains hanging in california
... they all lead to the desert where a white chocolate house is standing
... they come here to have their meetings decisions of round table
churches ... tall decisions ... my sister is a cockatoo

31. she's singing songs to soothe me ... about prisoners inside ... about an
orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of
the night ... in the middle of a trafficlight ... switching between red and

green red and green red and green ... pushing the orange so far ...
pushing the orange so far ... red and green red and green ...

32. pushing the orange so far ... pushing the orange so far until it
becomes gold ... red and green ... red and green ... spinning the ornament
.. spinning the ornament so tall ... red and green ... red and green
spinning the boats of sirius ... these tall boats of sirius ... these cigarlighters
from sirius ...

33. but black and green spin the voices of the nuclears for the next day ...
black and green black and green still two crocodiles ... still highways
to piril ... she's spinning her knights again ... on her spinningwheels ... she
is spinning her nights again ... in his dreams ... she is gathering the sand
from the tables

34. she still works in misery she's still the waitress of the orange
ornament ... sewing the beards on her men again ... now they can be
movie-heroes again not dying in the sharp daylights now they can
rise like towers ... and the hairy bird can sing again ... his songs of rage
and satire ... for the orange maiden is home ... so many directions ...

35. she's the orange rose ... she's covering her knights ... by their beards
again ... while she's sewing the z's on their suits again ... and gives them
their cinderella's back again ... these carers of nights ... these guards of
knights

36. on the back of a jay .. they make their tall decisions ... seeing the waters of sleep .. dreaming the dreams of transmissions ... they adore the ornament she's covering her knights, so deep inside ... she's running to cockaigne ... she is running to the big tables ... of a white chocolate house

...

37. on the back of a jay ... they make their tall decisions .. and now she's running to cockaigne .. to lay some new eggs ... these chickenvoices inside ... it makes her feel like flying ... they sooth her through the realms of sleep ... entering through the soft dreams of decision ... her own decisions ... she makes her own decisions ... where bakerman is running ... he's still her pretty cock .. her pretty cock ...

38. and in the distance she hears the song of her mother ... all those deep cockatoos inside ... warming her dreams to the land of sheep ... all these voices ... awakening the dreams inside ... like lamentation-flowers ... a deeper hunger

39. for she's flying to the city of cockaign ... she's flying to the middle ... that jewel in the desert ... where all the sharks drink beer ... where all the bears drink wine to make their big decisions the red shoe doesn't like attention ... and when he speaks it's like a million doors are shutting and like a million trains are leaving ...

40. where the bakers bake with sand ... deep down in a restaurant ... they're baking the jokes ... they're baking the decisions ... on a hard man's spoon here they watch the ornament ... here they play with their cards

... here the uncles dream ... like a lamentation deep inside a pretty card with a z ... white with red decoration ... still your grandmother's secret ... while the bakers still hide ... in their tall whispers ... while they drink from the rivers ... where the ancestors speak ... those old voices ...

41. here where the lamentation speaks here where the flowers dream ... about an ornament so tall so rich and full of decisions ... where a luxury and a life walk ...

42. where the poor man puts his paw in the dish ... where he climbs down through the soup ... where he finds himself ... under the table ... so rich ..like he never was before he's now the richest man ... with the most ornaments for he walked through lamentation ... and he reached his shoes ... and he found his kingly socks ... and now he thinks he's willem of orange .. for it's the orange pond of transformation ... where all the lamentations become pride ... they become the kings of satisfaction ...

43. i dived in a stream today .. to touch the tiger's fever ... i'm so blue today ... i'm so pretty today ... and i'm in delay ... but tomorrow i will be ugly again tomorrow i will reach for the purple pond again tomorrow i will be a piece of art ... which no one will like ... for it speaks about a lion in a cage they want to keep their lions in the zoo ... the tiger will roar against me ... they will beat me up and hide me too soon ...

44. but a little jester ... a little chicken ... will walk on the battlefields ... after the slaughter to gather all the pretty balls together in a pointy sack and he brings them to the deserts ... he brings them to the fear ...

for these criminals were all escaped and now they will feel the shivers
inside they were of august and lazytember ...

45. a pretty haze in spring ... they were the ornaments of seven rages ...
spoiling the blue ring ... they were of pretty flowers and pretty pictures ...
wandering like blonde ladies but they were travestites ... they were
mighty pains ... all their pretty smiles ... they were just laughing inside
laughing at the red fat lady ... laughing at the picky pocks ... laughing at
the news mercedes ... laughing at your silly blot they were a newsride
mercedes ... they were a newsrise cotelet while they were laughing at
themselves ...

46. i'm here with all those seadragons, in a land where the sun always
shines ... but just not always too much, for there's a pretty lady inside ...
she keeps coming and going

Poetry from the Black Widow II

Drama's from Z

"i know a place where the black lemonade streams from a black hill
deep in rigil kentthere deep insideand at the end of that tunnel
.....the red lemonade streamsall to wake you up inside ...it makes your

mind so fluffyand then you touch a key you didn't see before ...cold
conscience ..."

raising the banana queen

1. the purple balloon brought me back to hell where i would see the art of
life

2. it was struck by the orange of chaos ... there where ignorance is a bliss
... i was a victim of sleep ... a victim of a blind heaven ... but the purple
brought me back ... this stone is lying heavy on my shoulders ... i'm
carrying the globe of z ... i am the purple atlas ... orange gamblers ...
luring the kids by candy ...

3. a green stone is doing my dishes ... in a house where all paintings hang
aslant ... under the weight of this stone i always do business ... for the
fight would kill them all ... when the wars get too much ... it starts to
move ... pushing us all under ... through a green orange leprechaun-
stocking ... we always reach the market-squares ...

4. where the seven dwarves of snow white dance ... still business brothers
... when the anger gets too much ... it breaks our tops into the swindle ...
a war under the skin ... business ... still masked wars ... businessmen ..

carnival soldiers ... hiding their needles ... under soft blankets ... aslant
faces ... trying to hit you in another way ... they are always ...

5. shaking their heads ... in busy rooms ... while a chicken is running ...
bakermen .. hiding the dolls, they do it, bakermen ... riding the dolls, they
do it ... ornaments they raise so tall ... to do their dignified kills for a call
... picking the pockets from the battlefields ... he steals his pocket, while he
can't move ...

6. in that dark night ... for he was stung by a spider ... and she wanted to
make pictures of his room ... but now he refused he was .. an egoist ... still
the dark tales your mother tells ... she still lives in a house with aslant
tables ...

7. where a green stone is doing the dishes ... she's gathering her z's ...
although she has died so long ago ... she's the divorce's rose .. the black
rose ... she is the black widow ... she is the ornaments rage ... she is the
business woman ... and she hides her needles deep .. so deep ... she hides
her bakerman ... in a purple box ...

8. she gathers all the z's from the roofs ... she's still a cannibal inside ...
stuffing them all ... she bred all her children into business for the screams
of revenge got too much ... the hate they felt inside ... was eating them ..
and now they're auctioneer's brothers ... the clocks of the cities ...
spreading shop's apocalypse leading them all ... to the hollow ...

9. like pied pipers in a row ... they do .. the dance ... and every night .. i went to bed .. with the feeling of fighting against a shark ... i couldn't win ... i couldn't win ... in this black bed ... where black leprechauns still dance ... i couldn't ... where beds are killingfields ... i couldn't ...

10. i'm holding my last z tight inside ... but it's a special one ... a sort of joker ... letting me have all the z's ... i'm walking with my head in a bubble .. or is it a ball .. about this hard wars are raging ... while business tries to sooth it by a poisoned banana ... tastes nice ... but what will i be at the end of the day ... in this ball the waterlights speak ... it's so transparent here ...

11. and there's glue inside this ball ... this orange ... or is it a melon ... about this wars are raging so hard ... while business tries to sooth it ... by aslant compliments ... caressing my pride ... in such a way that i have to die today ... under a higher election ... under tall decisions ... i will have to be ... a woman on the second row ...

12. not reaching for the top ... for it will break off ... under a green stone's pressure ... and still it's like .. a black balloon is standing before me ... it's so hot in my head ... buddy ... but it's breeding the waterlights ... those shiny lights inside this world of glue ... i'm heading for the big z ... where they are rising my trousers ... and where i will find my golden ball again ...

13. your mother was a tranvestite ... she was .. actually ... your father i don't want to shock you .. but it's true ... but does it matter ? not really

... just for the administration ... a green doll is still doing the dishes in her house ... where aslant paintings hang ... with aslant faces on it ... he's trying to wipe the wedding-fights from the dishes ... after she drowned in her glass of tea ... yellow mixed by orange ... she slept herself to death ...
after the joke ...

14. dawns of z, the land of fake ... hiding all your playcards behind a good good brake ... and these cyborgs from z ... still having the trafficlights in their eyes ... flashing like ... the waterlights ... but it's all fake ... they are on bilmageln's back ... to touch some new curtains ... on the dolphin's goodbyes ... on the dolphin's goodbyes ...

15. i'm touching new edges .. on the dolphin's goodbyes ... i'm dreaming new intentions ... on the dolphin's goodbyes letters from z ... dressed in ornament's transmissions but it's all fake ... it's showing you two sides of the story ... it doesn't hide anything ... but it just makes a difference ...
for it's the third side of the story ...

16. like three sides of a coin ... and your face is on it ... with all these bakerman's faces ... all those lines in the glue ... and now you know where
uncle one to ten always did their business ..

17. A coin with three sides is lying on my hand ... It burns almost a hole in my hand I'm staring at it ... On one side I see the Round Table Churches, on the second side I see The Giant's Whistling-kettle Orchestra ... and on the third side I see Service with Little Light ...

18. These are the faces of bakerman ... Are there any more faces ... I
throw the coin in a Giant's Jukebox ... A Jukebox from Z ... while pushing
the dolphin's button ... These three-sided coins of Z ... are there more-
sided coins here ? it's the land of z ... still the bakerman's faces ... all these
moons of cockaign ... and i'm spinning my letters in tall chocolate ... they
are still shooting their stars of fire so far ... like a gun with two directions
... one for you ... and one for me ... but it's all fake I'm walking down a
stairway ... drinking some cola ... black lemonade ... It was my last coin ...
and now I'm here ... drinking from the big Z

19. I'm in Cockaign's Rigil Kent ... that holy place ... drinking from the
black lemonade ... all those cola-lights in my head ... awakening the red
flowers inside ... I'm heading for the red lemonade ... i know a place where
the black lemonade streams from a black hill deep in rigil kent
there deep inside and at the end of that tunnel the red
lemonade streams all to wake you up inside ... it makes your mind so
fluffy and then you touch a key you didn't see before ... cold conscience
... and the red lemonade streams there ... where all churches are fake ...
red cola from the white chocolate house ... where all the round table
churches have their meetings ... all in deep secret ...

20. having their conspiracies ... speaking about things you don't want to
hear ... throwing their whispers as dice on their aslant tables here the
whispers sing about your hells and deaths ... your everlasting damnations,
your sins and your blasphemies ... but it's all fake it's all deep down in
z where the ants play at cards ... your faces are on their cards ... your
faces are on their dice ... and they are breeding their tall whispers ... while
your bakers are hiding in it here they drink their blue liquors ... here
they eat their white chocolate ... here they spin their birthdaycakes ...
while you are the flames of their candles ... here they do their weddings ...

here they play at draughts here you can find .. the billiards room
that cruel room ... but it's all fake ... it's the house of z ... deep down in it's
white chocolate ... their colours are still blue white and red ... the black
stone brought you here ... the big divorce ... between you and all your dolls
... but it showed you the baker's face ... and now you see all these faces ...
all these mirrors ... showing you it's just you and me ... partners always
switch in the arena ... partners in crime ... but it's all fake ... it was a 2 in
a z ... to make your heart complete ...

21. to let you take a deep breath ... it was a 2 in a z ... all these wars
were just something between you and me ... me, the black widow ... you
the baker ... both in toysoldier's arena fighting in a black bed
drinking from our red bottles ... our blue liquors ... and eating from ... our
white chocolate ... but it was all fake it was just a game it was just a
joke to survive the black hill ... our own mirrors growing from so
deep ... trying to strengle us both we had just our pillowfights ... to
protect us against something worse ... we had just our child's tears ... our
cartoon fears ... we just had our pillowfights ... there on these black beds
.... i'm still white boots ... turning into a black widow in the night ... that's
the pricecard on the boots you once bought ... but it's all fake i'm still
the black and white movie in your head ... carrying so many colours inside
... there where birthdays are mixed by weddings ... everything goes wrong
... for there religions exist ... while christmasses and easters are growing
there ... in a hole called ascension-day ... but a white rose is rising there ...
growing against the rocks ... it's a wild rose ... carrying an indian warbook
inside ... a white shark ... a lady on rollerskates ... having vanilla icecreams
... she's an atheistic lady ... she's striking the silver in the deepest night ...
there where she becomes ... the tinkerbelle statue ... mary de pazzia playing
games with the green jesus ... her sweetheart peter pan ... on the dolphin's
goodbye ... that statue in japan ... there she sits on the golden dolphin ...
waving with her white handkerchief ...

22. dressed in a bear's skin ... when the white roses are rising ... visitors from z ... writing virgo all over again ... by silver pens .. heading for izu ... there are two gelly seabubbles in my head ... like peter pan's golden balls ... a red one and a purple one ... both so transparent ... both like dark glue ... golden seams inside ... dividing the birthdays and the weddings ... while easter, christmas and ascension are fighting in my stomach ... while the white rose is growing from so deep ... spinning all religions like candy on a fairground ... while a purple rose watches it from a distance ... with her head in the smoke they are visitors from z ... building their green flowers to touch the moons ... visitors from z ... while old men are sitting on the stations ... smiling and laughing ... breeding their eggs ... to let them roll through the giant-stockings ... visitors from z ... while all games are breaking when the black stone becomes too heavy ... then there are white flowers rising in the fields of judgement days ... when black strikes the white ... and then new games will roll ... did you ever see them do their white games ? kalibra bazina ... the zebra's joke ... raising the green to the libraries ... by the business of the fake ... they all stuff them into books ... heading for the museum ... where you can watch some ancient comics ... of some orange ducks ... these are liars ... from the zebra's joke ... orange liars ... too many birthdays will strike the christmas ... while too many christmasses strike the easter ... too many easters strike the wedding ... while too many weddings ... strike ascension-day ... the big divorce ...

23. the black rose ... but too many black roses strike the banana ... the ornament in the desert ... she will tell her jokes ... until it strikes birthday again ... i'm heaving marshpane in my head ... reading the distances ... i'm having a helmet of z ... while someone is sewing my sharks ... caring for the seams ... the skin is so thick ... here the sharks spit fire ... here the sharks spit soap ... here they make their birthdaytarts while the smoke

is rising ... to bring the big 7 home ... sandman is rising ... for his banana queen ... breeding the blue ... for some raptures ... while summerclaus is rising ... breeding the ascension days ... still holes in the air ... where clouds are coming through ... while a service with little light is roaring fake tax ... fake funds ... fake services ... all from the restaurant of 2 ... that restaurant in the middle of cockaign's desert ... on a martian hill ... surrounded by neptunian presents ... directing at the z button in the air ... that symbol sliding above the desert ... here in the middle of the desert ... the yellow rose is standing ... when the orange mazes become too tall ... they strike the yellow jokes ... here in the middle of the desert ... the custard streams ... and you have to eat and eat ... while floating higher ... it's the yellow elevator ... it climbs higher while you're eating ... and then the rains fall ... to make the deserts wet again ... through many rains you can reach for Z ... it's the tall banana bringing you to a tall land where the sea-dragons of the rainbow live ...

24. it is the rainbow-jewel ... the z in the sky ... bringing your games into the clock ... in the land of z the banana-queen lives ... she has her own z-visor ... from here she rules the stars ... flowerfields ... while the giants whistlingkettle-orchestra is playing in grandfather's barn ... doing their fake wars, fake crimes and fake lawsuits ... i'm still doing the fake divorces here ... with those strange, strange movements i know the songs ... like softness in slowmotion ... so that no one sees the wounds ... but it's all fake anyway ... a kid's play ... nothing more ...

never enough

25. while the red stone makes movies of this ... food for wasp's tv ... while
santa clause is breeding his christmasses ... there are appearing new
heroes on tv ... they are communistic ... it is the red scorpion rising ... all
his children will have the tv-stars in their heart ... a burning tree is
growing in the middle of the desert ... it's baker's tree ... and tall faces are
coming from it ... tall faces with sombrero's ... these tall giants ... visitors
from z ... they are marching in all colours ... i'm seeing bakerman's faces ...
so many suns of cockaign ... where communism met christmas ... tv was
born ... santa clause is still riding these trains ... he's still the statue on
wasp's tv ... where communism met ascension-day ... breath-tv was born
... so many channels from bottles ... so many wasp-rains ... while
summerclause is riding them ... it's black against green here ...

26. raising the nuclears ... for a communistic judgement day ... on the
racecourts they will stand ... all these tall horses ... raising the gepetto
balloon ... twenty five ornaments ... on a hard day's spoon ... the black
green jester ... turning thick in the night ... having his little leprechaun ...
for a nuclear stocking ... they all hang through the universe ... like
umbrella's against the rain ... it's tax, the mark of business ... nothing is
only for one moment ... it keeps eating ... everything is for eternity ...
shop's judgement's day and tax will be your train from heaven to hell ...
for wearing someone's hat ... the rent will bring you down ... nothing will
ever be yours ... you can only borrow things, while the prices are too high
... there are many pits to fall in ... many illusive holes ... but at the end
you touch the button ... which shows you the other side ... now how many
sides do these coins from z have ... how many faces of a baker's head ?
spinning holes in the air ... always singing the same songs ... but when you
will see it's last cupboard ... to touch the last ballerina ... you will see the
opposite song ... these are open mouths ... circling in the sky ... waiting to
swallow you ... but there is a way out through it's tail ...

27. when you see the bottomless joke ... and when you brag in it's face
a bakerman's face these were all tall bakers ... visitors from z ... turning
you into food ... into birthdaycakes and eastereggs ... and when you
thought you found ascensionday ... it appeared to be another trap ...
another soft mouth with hard teeth ... all these mouths ... shivering in the
air ... waiting to eat you to sooth their own fears their fears to be
eaten but all mouths eat other mouths ... for it's all sugared by the
bakermen all judged by tall faces ... too tall to understand ... too tall
to please ... they have never enough ... i know a place called "never
enough" ... it's there ... in their hearts ... the black hearts of guilt ... make
the fear rise ...

The Pink Chocolate's Rose Wedding II ...

Dolphin's Goodbye ...

1. Sandman's red mailrunner coming from the big shoe ... throwing some
post through your window ... while he races away with his chicken bike ...
a red bike ... ringing so soft in your ear ... like dolphin's goodbye ...
Checking the orange balls ... by the button of z ... throwing some candy
like nick's play ... but he has a blue face ... remembering the pickpock
family ... it's dolphin's goodbye

2. A wall full of roses, some chocolate and some wine ... it's the dolphin's goodbye ... it's like a million of doors are opening ... it's like winning the tax's game ... it's like shooting the last leprechaun ... it's like meeting red cape in the night ... she knows how to shut some doors ... and to light some candles ... she knows how to lead them all through the night ... these lions and these rats ... she is a pied piper ... throwing in all windows ... shooting all glasses ... until a morning's raven takes you away to cockaign ... where the doves dance and the mail is raining ... dolphin's goodbye ... and finally you reach the last cupboard of venus ... where a silver ballerina stands ... mary de pazzia .. still peter pan's lover ... while on saturdays she's tinkerbelle ... opening the door to a new neverland ... in such a dignified way ... she's the doorhandle on every tenth door ... showing the crisis in china ... hiding a hundred wishing wells under her jackets ... ten jackets she wears ... ten roses in her hair ... ten flowers on a summer's boat ... she did it all for love .. showing you the meaning of chocolate ... she's still her father's wet creation ... standing there on a tenth floor ... on a low low cupboard ... while uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye ...

Master of Auction III

Alphabet of Misunderstanding

1. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call
misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing

.... misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ...
misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

2. tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue
and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to
the candle ... these are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked
while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... like barbed wire ...

3. they will surround the baker's tree that tree on fire pinocchio's
tree ... in which Gepetto's Flame is still locked up there are snakes
running there ... sliding there to do business ... they are having their
corsets there ...

4. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call
misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing
.... misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ...
misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

5. only the tranvestites and the handicapped are free ... they can escape
through communistic red spinning holes in the airs ... the red watermarks
... the red wet face of bakerman ... there will be wars in lapsalvania
because of this ... for there in the endless auction ... a red point will
appear through which Gepetto can escape then his balloon can rise and
float above the restaurant of 2 ... to be the mailman of misunderstanding
.... the god of ten ... he is the god of ten the 2 ... for the ten is the first
number connecting two numbers ... it is the portal from something to
something ... the touch ...

6. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call
misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing
.... misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ...
misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

7. there are so many red points on the baker's tree ... and it's like
pinocchio has a skindisease ... but these are all little lights ... launching the
big gepetto ... it's like a zeppelin from mars it's like a rainbowballoon ...
all the little tens ... raising the big 2 ... the mailman of misunderstanding
... because we misunderstood our teachers ... we could touch the fairytale
again ...

8. the pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are
walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ...
working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses they are the gods of
nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ...
their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame
... a balloon's flame ...

9. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call
misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing
.... misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ...
misunderstand a doctor's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

10. aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds
beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors by the little tens

the wasprains are spouted ... by the big two of misunderstanding one
of the biggest jokes there are seven jokes in a bag while the banana
queen is carrying it ... they will be launched on a sundaymorning ...

11. the banana queen is raising her automatons ... on jupiter's fairground
she walks ... together with white boots ... sharing their flowers with
children ... they are raising their watermarks ... their gluemarks ... they
are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces

12. misunderstand a schoolbell and you will hear your mother call
misunderstand a telephone ring and you will hear your grandmother sing
.... misunderstand a tv program and you will hear your sister cry ...
misunderstand a docter's advice ... and you will hear your son lie ...

13. they have red lights on their faces ... these waterlights ... these little
tens ... raising the big 2 raising the big gepetto ... there are nuclear
wars in lapsalvania ... the ants of the red picnic are rising ... these
tranvestites carrying the big handicapped eye ...

Broken Bridge

1. where plants are the senses of a new world, don't cut it again, for you
might cut yourself away. the boys from lynx they walk ... with machine
guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they sell their

roses ... to keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away
from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ...
there are doctors in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the
sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... but there will not be any
saviour or criminal again ... only these boys ...

2. they wear the stripes on their faces .. they have scars in their necks ...
they sell the old feathers to the young ... they wear their ancient tattoos
on their skins ... they fall when someone else falls ... for there is no saviour
... we are all the same ... when someone rises they rise they are the
tears in our eyes ... they let them rot in the skies ... having no mercy at
all ... they are like easterclauses taking flight it's only you ... they aren't
really there ...

3. and then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata
morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying
on dishes ... while you don't dare to eat anything of it ... these are the
wizards hearts ... you are locked up in your hunger, while you have the
fear ... and you eat nothing ... until you're dry as the desert creating your
own tax ... your legions and masses ... this world is a vision of hunger
it's a strange delirium coming from the third world ... oh yes, you're part
of it ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ...

4. it's a trick of a cobra ... you built your own tv ... there are no saviours
and no destroyers only you ... in lonely and forgotten land you
pushed the bell and now they're here ... but they're just ghosts of the
mind ...

5. you slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... and you see the cobra moving you were at your own exploding ... and now you're living in a joke ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with wasp-tv in your mind ... you're a money-designer ... from a strange bank ... you sacrifice your self-spun sugar to the queens ... but they only make the joke bigger ...

6. and now these bakerman's faces are your gods ... the jesus's you crucify ... your coins to paradise ... while your face is on someone else's coin ...

7. the worlds within worlds bring the feelings ... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk ... come to the hollow ... and eat your burdens ... this is a gate you don't want to know ... but it's your only way to survive ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ... while the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... there where the senses sleep ...

8. there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new

visions in a language i understand and it brings me understanding ...
it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for
the broken bridge

9. when ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then
softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages
... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where
they dive into morning dew they will never reach the afternoon ... they
are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights
underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the
seagardens ...

10. when ornaments come together ... they're riding towards the show ...
where there are no saviours and criminals where everyone is the same
... baptized in red ...

11. there are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and
numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... he's a
dangerous chesspawn on the board of a white rabbit ...

12. so many chesspawns in the air ... boys from lynx against the black
snail and a pale orange octopus ... against so many other pieces on this
strange chessboard of a white rabbit ... and when he turns it around
the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these
thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... these bakerman's coins
can you escape the altar of an egyptian king ... of an egyptian mother
.... who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ...

can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman it's
joseph's pit ... a strange board of chess ... where the suns and the earths
play ... while moons are watching while you're sinking deeper in this
strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... while
an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale
flowers for your mother ... he didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered

13. in ornamental issues i take flight to izu where all insects are
gathered doing strange dances to win their days back ... in this
strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt
and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left

14. who knows the chessboard of the white rabbit ... leading alice to
wonderland it's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ...
you see the faces of the ones around you ... it's all a big conspiracy in your
mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face
.... but at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these
feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called
antartica flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world
.... new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt in the
eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you
need to grow it's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you
.... but you're never good enough it's never done so then you're living
behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories

Cold December Day

Red Seas

1. Honey, did you hear those sounds, terror coming in the night, while we sleep they take everything away, what we built between you and me.

Honey, did you hear those words and the thunder, while our babies crying. Nothing they can do, nothing we can hide away, there is no escape, on Laprakod's Day. They're bringing us to Rabbit's Hill, they're giving us some cards, of what they built between you and me, and we're having their babies. Honey, did you hear those screams, telling us goodbye, honey, are you listening closely, they're tearing us apart, they're tearing us apart, on this cold december day, they're tearing us apart, they're tearing off your masks, they're tearing off these babies, tearing off all what we built here, between you and me.

Nowhere to Run

2. Come away with me, and let us forget about everything, let us hide away and fall, that's better than keep standing here. Honey, take me away, to your shelters, where you have your secret calls, your liars to mislead them all. Come away with me, come and let us fall, for everything here is burning, honey, take the doll, and raise it with the funny faces, to mislead them all. Come away with me, far away from these red seas, show me all those secret places, all what you were hiding for me, or we don't have anything to run to ...

*

3. I know of all your tears, I know of all your pains, fragily woven, the clothes you wear everyday.

*

Golden Yesterday

4. Soldiers rising up today, on this cold december day, suns and icycles on the chairs, baby's singing on the stairs, about stars so far away. You haven't seen them in ages, for they are with me today. Is today forever, like millions of years, is today to stay here till christmas, I'm frozen like a chocolate soldier, waiting for the bite again. Soldiers, rising up today, they came over the bridge of a frozen yesterday. Silly queen, I bought the rest of today, if you're sweet I give you a second of yesterday. I'm drinking the lion's tea, and from a widow-spiderian stream, I must grow up today, to rise to the ceiling, together with these soldiers, on this cold december day. Waiting for the strike of chocolate, waiting for the big bite. You're fragily woven, like the queen's doll, like the mistress of the princess, bowing for today. Give me chocolate milk from a widow spider, to stand with you today. If I fall tomorrow, I always have today, as a golden yesterday.

5. The cinema is closed today, and I can't stop crying, it's a cold december day. There are widow-spiders on the wall, waiting for the strike of chocolate, to rise tall. A boy in cowboy suit came to me today, gave me a book, a red book, like a dwarve's bible, they have fought about it today, and now I am a raven's prince. Please, give me all my ravens back, to take another dive, into the mystery.

Burning Flowers

6. I must dive, I must get through all these rings of fire, dancing through my mind. I must take, I must give away these flowers burning in my garden, they want to go home. They belong to you, in your womb they can grow, these burning flowers, don't you know.

7. I must take, I must give away these flowers, burning in the snow, of a cold december day.

*

8. There I hide them well, deep down in a precious spell, there I hide them well, lots to take, and lots to give ...

*

Cigarettes of War

I'm somewhere locked up in history, the thick fluid is flowing slowly from one place to another, it hardly moves. I think it will take ages. These cigarettes are of silver, and these histories lead to the wild ages. In the stone age we're locked up like rabbits ... reading their iron books ... Birds of Jura stand in tall windows, watching the rules of fire.

Poetry from the Big Gun II

Dragon Postbanks

Jurassic Gun

1. Four Dorothee's, a yellow one rakes the green. A blue one meets the saturdays in august. And sixty alices in a row ... it's complaining about something, i don't know. Pinocchio is a dragoncandle, needle on the grammophone, there he goes, there's too much noise in a spinach tanker, baby, i don't know, i don't know. Four Dorothee's in a row, while the fifth Dorothee comes with orange surprises. These silver fields ... like raking the moons ... while moonchild breaks the stages ... These dogs have silver barks

... in blue ... No zebra's tomorrow ... they will be in yesterday ... So many roses descending to history ...

2. Rollerskaters on a run, while four Pinocchio's are hunting after them ... These dragoncandles are just strange needles from gramophone ... Like lambsteads they take flight ... to other moons ... Jericho's on the spoon today ... there's carnival in a rabbit's temple ... All clothes are sold out again ... we are naked and shivering ... No train wants to pick us up ... we have to stay here till sun will get under ready for the swallow of the sea ...

3. Lately I'm a bit out of space ... Don't know how to rake my hair ... It's a wilderness because of a present ... exploding before my face ... I'm in pain and grief ... I shouldn't have listened to you ... Shouldn't shake your hand ... but it's too late now I'm already locked up in a yesterday's event ... Alice is a rabbit-doctor, a green one standing on the side ... These are the sides of hell she's raking ... There is silver on the moon ... I can see it from here ... where doctors run, and doctors bow ... picking up the last helicopters coming out of their patients mouth ... then it's friday after that, and they can go early to bed ... While blue Dorothee sells the saturdays away ... to a green raven's play ... Didn't you hear it ? It was in the papers yesterday ... And now we have to run and hide ... or this baby will take us away to her hairy afternoons ... Run for your life There are hairy birds on the fields ... while Pinocchio's are raking the walls ... There's no escape from here ... we are waiting for the moment till we fall ...

4. Uncle Peacock has a bad day ... and it seems we're paying for it again ... he has sixty postbanks in a row ... reminding us of history ... while sixty pinocchio's are still the displaydolls There are loveletters from a hairy

past ... These are memory-banks ... romances of dragons ... like old religions ... mom and dad want to talk to us like ancestors in a glass of water ... drowning .. but reaching our sides ... These rollerskates sting, telling us to sink deeper down the hill, monsieurs ... down the hill ... the roses still grow ... There's a telephone from 20 ages ago ... it's still on the radio ... where Uncle Unicorn runs and hides

5. These are old religions, mother, so many alices in the sky ... they're raking the moons for us ... These are old religions baby, messages from thirty ages ago, from times ... we didn't know ... These are strange postbanks it makes you cry ... bye bye baby, they're taking me away blue alice is speaking ... her rabbit is bleeding ... bitten by a monster, drowning in the sea ... it was something between you and me

6. Baby, please give me some room, please give me some space ... these shoes hurt me ... i have to walk ... i have to talk these are horses waiting for the ride ... i cannot help it, never could ... Baby, these shoes are hurting me ... I have to sink deeper, in these tall tall boots ... where the rabbits break me An iron grasp brought me to these old old fashions and forests ... and these old old trains where red alices were weeping and a brown alice was breaking the afternoon to escape to old summers on an old locomotion ... baby give me room, these are just some old religions ... from strange postbanks ... with strange mailmans ... so many balloons in the skies ... it makes you wanna cry ...

7. Mother, invent me, I cannot walk today ... some messages they break me ... did the mailman already come ... he's the god of ten ... with all his pinocchio's ... memories on discs ... strange strange dragoncandles ... singing in spain ... old songs from the rivers so many snowwhites after

the fall so many cinderella's ... in a strange war after the call so many thornroses thundering in the snow between me and you ... a dragon of old ages ... where Uncle Unicorn runs and hides this grammophone needs a good needle she's walking with her boots deep in the snow ... I still cannot hear her echo

8. Echobank make the letters thick ... let me hear your songs ... these old records speak a postman a strange dj ... taking me home today ... with sixty dorothees behind me ... i think i get a piece of this cake ... where brothers are warning me ... twenty jesuses in twenty colours please don't cry about me the red osiris is taking me through it ... like a silver statue he breaks the rules ... and takes me to the schools ... please don't cry again, you're under a good umbrella ... it's a mailman's school ... were waving birds from ancient times will come to you ... with their wide wings ... they will bring you to it they will bring you to mailman's churches ... to mailman's justice-courts ... watch and listen ... it speaks to you like silver thunder ... making everything small again ... the ancient fairytales will appear ... so don't cry again

9. Yes, mailmen take you home tonight. They watch the flowers side by side ... until the ornaments will spread themselves ... Mother invent me ... did the mailman already come today ... he is the god of ten a dragoncandle singing in spain ... these pinocchio's standing in a row ... these displaydolls of strange postbanks The statues drip their watery glues ... New tax from the radio ... new dragons entering in don't forget about his number ... of ages and ages ago ... These alices in pink and white ... they're locking all these rows tonight ... Lady watch the golden spear these animals they greet the snowwhite ... tear ...

10. Mailmen's roses mailmen's tears They bring the deep wide bottles they drink and cry it out every year Mailmen's roses Mailmen's tears they drink and let it stream ... they drink and let it flow ...

11. Thirteen licorices twelve chocolates Let me hide behind the mailman ... bringing milk today Circle of mailmen yellow and green, Alice White is counting the tears they describe and she is drinking all these watering lies are truths from millions of ages ago ... Cinema's they let them play It's a taxletter-postbank It's a taxletter's grey ...

12. Here I come, these dragons need space Just listen to the taxmachine, just listen to the ticking of birds codes of dragons codes of a new today from millions of ages ago ... The dragon's coming through The mailman's heart, just a liar ... the typemachine of ancient truth You even don't know the date of today You lost the calender of old June. All these red liars ... bringing the truths of ancient days ...

13. Blue mailmen, milkmen, teachers coming to the justice-court where the black mailmen read the white letters ... a cherry lies today but tomorrow it's the truth again These letters are bending on top of every day ... It is forever yesterday

14. Grey mice with eleven noses, grey mice with eleven ears, marching to the peter pan's sundaymorning, to tell them other stories ... of yesterday I am sinking to the noises growing from tomorrow, hiding me from

yesterday I am sinking to these glories wandering through my mind
today hiding me from yesterday

15. Blue mice like pinocchio's, marching like the mailmen, marching like
my mother's curse today finding their ways through old stories the
world will be an elf today transparent in all it's colours for Jesus
thinks it's okay

16. Green mice with three ears, and with a blue nose, they can grow,
bringing them to yesterday, through a strange postbank, with a strange
flow Red mice think today ... it's okay ... it's okay ... while Jesus takes
the cinema and disappears in the rain ... My mother hides in Spain ... My
mother thinks it's a strange postbank ... that's like it is ...

17. It's busy in the dragon's castle ... all the dragoncandle's singing ...
these are mice on a stick ... like pinocchio's they tick all these messages
from yesterday, about my mother hiding in Spain It's like a Red Christ
coming from Santa Day like a Blue Christ loving elves Like the Black
Christ not able to play they're hiding all in yesterday My Pink Christ
goes to school, where mailmen are the teachers nothing for him he
screams all dayand at nights he cannot sleep These dragoncandles
running towards the moonchild playing in the skies sitting on the
big snake

18. And I, I still wonder, what's going on today all these Red
Pinocchio's all these telephones and all these radio's from ancient
days Still spinning tax to burn the coins of today ... these strange

Pinocchio's making you cry but these lies were truths yesterday ... but these lies were truths yesterday In the cinema, come, take your guns and clothes ... take your machines and go to someone's birthday to your Jurassic Gun ... to find your Dorothee's and Alice's ... and your queens of hearts And come to mailmen's lawyers, to find the mailman's ring ... waking up becoming a mailman ... just a letter in the alphabet ... balancing between tax and insurance, between a telephone and a radio

Orange Dragonclaw

19. Twenty Esau's cannot comfort me, these are lights ... bakerman's lights ... Their hair is softly burning in strange fire They cannot comfort me ... but it makes me a bit quiet ... There's a clock of moons hanging on the wall ... It's speaking and I see it's eye a big eye if it comes to that like the sparrow's eye ...

20. I wonder what they're doing today ... All these taxes and insurances ... all these economies ... and the ones going to jail ... It's like a dragon coming to the surface ... He cannot speak, but he lets the money roll ... from this side to that side until someone has to go to jail ... It's a big machine ... without mercy ... I can't do anything about it ... The skies are silver ... and so are the buildings ... with their merciless machines

21. The orange dragonclaw has twenty Jesuses in a row ... A strange sight, and all for money ... Yes, they finally remember me On the wings of dementia ... These are the mailman's Januari's strange

feathers from the bird ... When in august the Pinocchio's speak ... the twentieth has the biggest mouth, the microphone of society spinning the rings tight ... These are strange rockets in the air ... from a mailman's bag ... they arise The alphabet's making strange dive's today ... Deep down in the sand ... It's the dictionary doing business today ... a dragon dictionary making drama's ... in the kettle ... the big kettle of spain ...

The Banks of History

Silver Cigars

wonder rocket

1. All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ...

2. Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharaos ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after

all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like
silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks
... and I can dream ...

3. Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the
cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We
weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ...
From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're
still in slow motion ...

4. Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ...
to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting
after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like
lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to
walk ... and let them all talk ...

5. There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe
around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ...
There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings
out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver
arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and
I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm
aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ...
taking me to other shores ... The paths of history I must go ... like a
rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water
on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ...
The spears of Jesus coming through ...

6. I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

Wodka

7. Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...

8. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...

9. Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharao have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through ... I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must

go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver
pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ...
Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the
aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your
wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make
them understand ... make them understand ...

10. Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ...
There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ...
bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand
... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape
... Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the
spread making us all so mad ... There's a war of fruits in my head ...
There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ...
The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ...
crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will
bring him through ...

11. Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver
alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me
where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must
continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a
silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of
history ...

Finally Whiskey

12. I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ...
These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I
had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm
just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns
on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of
liberty, sais the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver
water ... I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history
... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself
to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the
well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making
me drunk ...

13. There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them,
they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to
know where they came from ... these silver birds

14. There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their
hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their
commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally
can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ...
While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like
lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the
next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another
day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest
cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to
Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was
just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his
wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard

day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run ..
knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do
the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the
licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers
blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape
from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that
is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ...

15. In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ...
but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ...

16. Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a
picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the
flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ...

17. There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ...
ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for
sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ...
the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ...
mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the
cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it
kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ...
cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants
expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... these wars
just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees
pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

Potatoes, Onions and Oranges

"when it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe"

When the purple becomes green

1. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red, escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back, until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark

....

2. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... he's an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streamingthere are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... they're

spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... all these
cigarlights from japan when india's on her knees ... these are cigarlights
from sweden, from all over the world ... where the siriuses have touched
their earths ... to descend underground ... to meet the hidden lions ... they
will be free on day three ...

3. and when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all
those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red scorpion rising ... there are
communistic heroes on tv ... while santa clause is still a little statue on
this wasp's delight ...

4. how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's
rising high ... he's heading for the buildings of the poles ... he's on highways
to perlottia on rollerskates ... while belcanov is on my side ... still a
deermachine he rides letting his wasps descend to history in the
delirium of dementia ...

5. black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their
prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ...
tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll
all read it ...

6. businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ...
where the unknown lives ... the dragons ... under an orange stone of
confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading
for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ...

7. sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... and i'm waiting for the strike of orange ... under business we all go to sleep ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... the purple breaks us and mix us ... in delirium ... on a green horse

8. birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights our daddy is an addicted gambler he's selling us ... on the back of a purple horse ... all these wasps ... bringing us back to where we came from ... but by another road ... we don't recognize ... that we had been here before

9. while belcanov smiles from history ... we are prisoners of izu ... prisoners of an author's kitchen ...bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue

10. there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deers and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... they are ... friends

...

11. until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... and a purple deer is mixing us again ... by potatoes, onions and oranges ... until we are pale again .. pale again ...

12. a spanish dream sells the pictures ... one of these deers was a spy ... a blue one that's for sure selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons the roundabout of deers is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ...

13. and this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood

14. you have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever with the deers ... you're smiling it's the third day ... and you see the fragments of a jellyfish's face ... there's multi-coloured glue ... from the crocodile ... with all these watermarks on it's back ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ...

15. where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... in california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there why did the goat has to die ?

16. there's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he likes to be killed ... he likes to be a coin ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he

grows like a tree from the yellow station he is king he is an
ornament ... he is king ...

17. he was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat
he builds wasp-tv by all these tax-lines, waterlines while the santa
clause statue, the little one, is standing on this desert house and now
it's raining and snowing ... rains of the wasp while coffee is running
from the arabian house it was all in arabia spain in arabia the
spy was fake ... spies are just smugglers ... spies are just trains ... it's just a
black goat in panic and fear ... he has clothes with holes ...

18. there's a goat on the coin, he likes to be swallowed he likes to be
eaten by cowboys to reach for the shoes ... where the indian spies ... live
.... just spice from arabia ...

19. how many corners are there on a red eye ... where aldebaran birds
are dancing ... the red scorpion rides ... how many faces are there on a
spider's coin ... it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia
are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through
communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide
into the night without dress ... to awake naked the next morning
but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange
roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you
out of the factory ...

20. these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of
the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ...

then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget
about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are
beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the
coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...

21. in asgard the yellow station we sit waiting to become sweet again
... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue
... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ...
it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas
burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ...
it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... the walls of jericho
are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all
when bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's
red shoe time ...

22. a silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ...
it's dinnertime ... when the black gates are opening ... black glues from
licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight
.... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...

23. when the red dragon is falling, on licorice day ... the red eye is rising
... and the red rose floats to the libraries of the old days ... opening the
taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with
a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all
flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... she
takes flight she doesn't let her roses die ... she's hiding her black bottles
... while red cowboys are riding them ... heading for the yellow ... where
bakerman takes flight ... touching the seven moons of cockaign ... just a
shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to

bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they
were hidden in the pale

24. there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day
... they float away ... and then the shark's beer is floating ... watch the
smile ... these are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a
dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new
alphabet it will be burnt at the end of the day ... all these watermarks
falling stirring the machines of deer ...

25. these ones are tight ... the noses rise showing us a future too heavy
.... for it's unknown to us ... they don't tell us how it is and we fall
asleep ... sliding back to history can we build our towns here ... and
forget about our futures ? the noses rise ... spreading their birds of
cigarette ... stirring the machines of deers these are strange coins on
bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high
while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...

26. what if the orange becomes red faroom da bazite ... a red bed ...
where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye
a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but
now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing
on the marketsquares of jericho ... having strange noses from strange
parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ...
while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch
sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the
boys from lynx alive ... boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... to let
you wake up in another world ... how many floors are there in this red
ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... he's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ...

so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...

27. when it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors enchanted ponds to let you have your own shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond fairytale ... grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...

28. on top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow these are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep

29. but these soft boys become the hard man in the night ... oh yes like
white hard candy lying on a dish ... tell me what you can remember ... it
was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ...
and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of
a sudden ...

30. these are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride
they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced
eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better
be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...
where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard
stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa
clause ... the birds of cigarette ...

31. they rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black
spots running ... doing the dishes ... until snow white comes home there
are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day

32. they are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red
snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of
nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of
conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes
the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched
before ... cold conscience ... it spreads and you see the golden cigars
they can never be burnt ... they can only speak these cigarlights from
sirius ... these lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into
the darkest night

33. your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to
swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...

34. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising ... eternal
damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's
curse

35. swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ...
and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over
the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the
red scorpions ... the starships breeding their eggs of unity by spastic
movements they can bend everything they boil their glues in big
kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience
becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the
tears come ...

these ornaments are so fragile

Poetry Around the Spear of Jesus

Language of Sleep

Security's Armour

1. Mailmen in slow-motion, showing pictures today, of long ago, hiding in the snow ... The flame brought them up, and now this is the answer ... cinema's are running for the show ... Mailmen are bowing ... stretching their hands to something ... I don't know what ... but it seemed to be from the past ... There's a moonclock in their bags It's still like a strange comicbook, it makes me cry ... I didn't know I had so many tears inside ...

2. Mailmen in slow-motion ... moving their arms ... pictures bending ... These are the banks of motion ... strange alphabets ... of a lion and a dragon ...

3. In slow-motion they stand, spouting the silver juice ... No one can move ... Time has gone to june ... Staying there forever ... without name
....

4. These letters were just written to cover things up ... These alphabets were just a strange code, a strange hat ... When we speak ... when we speak we speak in codes ... These are the shells, the curtains ... going to sleep covering the dreams It is the language of sleep, hiding the pictures of the dream ... the message between me and you ... These flames are hidden, deep in the ice under purple snow ... behind mailman's dances ... Only you and me, we know the language of sleep ... Like a lion talking to a dragon ... where no one can interfere ...

5. It is like the walls of a temple ... It's like the riddles on the pillars ...
hiding the treasures into deep Soldiers do the strange dances Liars
hide the moons of dragonprinces ... We don't need to understand, in bed
we get the picture ... The blankets are warm ... In July we get the cold ...
You're talking in your sleep ... The roses don't understand you ... until the
dream takes them away ... Misunderstanding from the lion's tea ...
Strange languages between you and me ... Hide it in a tear of water
It's the seed of what you're telling me ... in this language of sleep ... These
memories are just riddles ... of what happened between you and me ...

6. It's a security-armour It's a language of sleep, in cold slow-motion ...
hiding the flame so deep ... A great lockmaker ... He locks and locks ...
these are the days of august ... our money doesn't talk The twentieth
still the king of lockmakers ... Grasp all the days and let them win ... and
go right through the curtains ... to dream the dreams they bring ... It's
just a cold cold language but the message is so hot Don't lose your
buddy ... but bring his life in the spotlight ...

The Lockwizard

7. Lockwizard is on the run, to catch the daylights in his hat ... These
days of the year were given to him ... they are the locks of the king ...
Everyday's another Jesus, everyday's another Pinocchio ... another letter
from the dragon. These days are to hide ... the kings of the message ...
These days are to hide ... the storms that are coming through ... The
language of sleep ... it knocks you down ... to make you dream

Lockwizard is on the run, the months of the year are guards of the big
spear ... the king's spear ... this spear of Jesus ...

8. He was the killer of Jesus ... a murderer, like flames underwater ... a
lockmaster he was ... Bring him now out of the water, don't call him
saint, he was a Roman soldier ... Etnako was his name ... Bury him, and
let his name be near to the cross and the sacred flame ... like sacraments
of the fall ... his name wasn't worth the call ... But as it always is in
legends ... they all become immortal ... they all become eternal ... the
villain and the hero ... the murderer and the martyr ...

9. Lockwizard is on the run, to hide the daylight in his hat ... Everyday
another esau, everyday another etnako ... in so many colours ... becoming
the weeks of the year ... They stand there to protect their mothers ... and
their grandfathers ... ancestors in a glass of water ... dried out at the end
of the year ... Centuries are bars of the old fences ... hiding the spears of
Jesus deep inside

Deaf Shop

10. It's a deaf shop in a deaf land ... there deep down in Izu ... where they
brought the hearts of spiders ... where they brought her eyes ... where
they brought her spoon ... this old lady's mind ... this land is so sleepy ...

11. They used to come to communistic churches. It's losing detail, it's heading to ..the sea of paint again .. He's hating himself, he's caught by a machine ..

12. They used to come to hospitals .. these old black men .. gathering the pains for a democracy .. while they're writing in their books of tax .. .

13. Oh, they used to come to communistic churches .. ripping the hearts out for a new history .. They painted their flags .. while I had to carry the black tile ..

14. and finally you find yourself in that old old shop again, where fruits are bleeding, you hear them whisper ...

15. under unknown fruits .. while grandmother is too far away .. she's living near the old old shop .. of witch's hearts .. of spider's heads .. of old party noses .. deep in amsterdam .. where the deserts are .. the hills and the canals .. where the hotels move away .. cradle of amsterdam .. ten fruits like little lamps .. like little fires ..

16. pope, rise up, pope sit down, you're the puppet on my finger ... pope go to bed, pope, wake up .. and eat your bread .. it will be a long day in history .. in the factory ..

17. these fruits with the soft lights .. with their angers .. no one hears
them .. for everyone's deaf there ...

18. It's a deaf shop in a deaf land ... there deep down in Izu ... where they
brought the hearts of spiders ... where they brought her eyes ... where
they brought her spoon ... this old lady's mind ... this land is so sleepy ...

Ladybug II

1. the strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ...
where the boys from lynx live ... while wild cats stand on martian hills,
they are rising from the desertsicecreams with forestroad snakes ...
bringing the bakerman's faces alive ...

2. where the boys from lynx do business ... these coins roll ... they are the
balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where
tall whispers walk ... here peacocks horrorshows descend on top of purple
roofs ... while lamentation cats gather the prisoners for an author's
kitchen ...

3. there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks
horrorshows ... they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes
rise ... and purple roundabout horses ... to save their moseses out of black

rivers ... they'll be tomorrows actors capitalists with communistic
smiles ...

4. where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are
strange mirrors in castles ...

5. we are mixed in purple roundabouts ... in peacocks horrorshows ...
while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow
down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us
through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear of venus ... where
bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. to have the
powders of delirium ... making their hearts vain ...

6. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces
... on a nosehead with so many eyes ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and
then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ...
having the face of a ladybug ...

7. these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a
piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then
you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and
there you will find a new world ...

8. red sandman with his suit of flames .. he's so different when the silver
strikes ... then he has a suit of bakerman's faces ... a suit of ladybugs ...
and then he takes flight ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... while

purple roundabouts are spinning to mix them all ... to let the blue rise
... when purple strikes the blue it's christmas ... then the udders rise ...

9. in udders city where bakertrees rise ... they're having black
christmasses and black marriages ... but when the candle is burnt it all
ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... until the
purple roundabouts come ... to spin new sugar of truth ... these are the
patterns of life ... pink blue forestroad ...

10. there are orange liars on a boat eating the suits of green liars ...
they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of
tears are overflowing ... and then the purple roundabouts come again
to black eggs on sunday mornings they're breeding snakes ... they're
breeding the udders of a new day ... under cow's conspiracy service
with little light

11. it's coming from the handkerchief ... all these strange seeds and tears
of delirium ... while they hide in tall whispers and bakerman's faces ...
they take flight heading for the footballfields where indian
warbooks dance

12. it's rising from the bottles ... while chinese lanterns stare ... and
aldebaran birds pick up the bakerman's faces from the battlefields for
another ride ... these coins are without any mercy ... for no one had
mercy for them ...

13. and red sandmen are descending ... having the stories on their suits ...
they laugh in flames they know the operas breeding their boys from
lynx ... in soft watermarks while orange sandmen are mocking the
shows ... the peacock's horrorshows come .. to mix them all again ...
they are the lights on birthdaycakes tomorrow ... they are the spoons in
silver clocks ...

14. and green sandmen they do the dishes ... showing you the lights
leading you to the gold ... you're on the back of a golden pirateship .. a
strange communistic bird ...

15. the bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side of
the cake ... your pyamas are too hot to keep you out of delirium ... so you
take a horse and get tall ears ... a strange smile ... this watch with
bakerman's faces ... too sweet to keep you in the black river your moses
gives you a silver stare where a fire burns the fires ... where a book
swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream
.... letting the tears flow deep inside creating bakertrees in purple
kettles these ragblankets of delirium are in strange flames now it's
too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ...
inviting you to cartoons ...

16. take a flight on a carpet on a new horse to let the udders grow
inside ... these shrieking boys clocks there are udders coming from
birthdaytarts ... spouting the marshpane over the hills ... the eels turn
pale to bring deeper colours the boys with snakehearts beat the drums
... rabbit udders reaching deep ... for venus tear ... they are the heartplugs
when summers freeze ... they bring belgian stories to purple kettles
when the silver strikes three times ... there's snake tea for all

17. and these teeth in glue ... like ladders to heaven's spiral gates ... to
soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses
painted on white chocolate ... while elves with golden stares making the
pictures dense ...

18. when the chocolate strikes the soldiers are freezing, when it strikes
another time they become hard as stone ... silver strikes in the air on a
honeymoon ... he has a bunny clock ... a shrieking boys clock they let
the boys scream by winter dream glasses ... the charity got too much ...
these communistic churches ... now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside
.... the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the
racecars rise ... on banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and
rainbows a good way to burn money wild desertstorms in
bakerman's faces wars in an hourglass ... while dictators strike the
silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ...
hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so
many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ...

19. these are peacocks horrorshows mixing them in the purple ... to let
pure colours rise and pure coffee while they're finding their own boys
of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... it's glue surrounded by teeth
but they are just the icycles of a long lost fairytale it's a clock of songs
... wheels of rainbowcars ... breeding the watch of the zebra ... they're
marching to vanilla paradise where the snakes sing and the wasps
breed the memories ... these monsters of rock ... to make a peacocks
horrorshow

Master of Auctions Part IV

Brothers from Rigil Kent

*"I gotta get out of this story ... all truths die at the end ... to make room
for a bigger truth on the churchpews of rigil kent ..."*

*1. I have a red eye in my head, a chrystal stone, I am a dog, a slave of
Fornax*

*2. But in the end, I'm a brother of Rigil Kent, you can't defy, that truth
becomes a lie*

3. There are caravans in the air

*4. With kings of Assur, They call me a liar, There's only truth on the
churchpews*

*5. But in the end, I'm a brother of Rigil Kent, you can't defy, that truth
becomes a lie*

6. I have these watermarks under my butt, the pews had blessed me
since I was young, they needed some dogs for their dirty works, There's
only truth on the churchpews, I couldn't ignore

7. But in the end, there are brothers of rigil kent, In the end, There's a
time, all these things will bend, but now I'm still a thunderslave, having a
red eyed delirium in my head ... this cyclope was a present my mother
got when she was young ... but in the eyes of my neighbour, I was always
a brother of rigil kent ... There's a truth you can't defy, One day I will
have that red eye of this cyclope, and then I won't be his doll anymore ...
For in the end ... Take my hand, we are brothers of rigil kent, In the end,
you can't defy ... the truth had to become a lie, I was a churchpew statue
.. telling stories to the children ... thrilling them with games and candy ...
all from rigil kent ... I still feel a thunderslave after all these years ... But I
live my own life inside ... This red eye is turning into a spiral ... Into a
snake to save me ... to bring me back to rigilkent the churchpews are
so strange there when you sit on them ... they never let you go
they take you away to stories you never imagined to know they
show you the movies in your head ... they bring you to bed on flying
carpets

8. your birthdaypresents are arabian horses ... and in the end ... you're
still a brother of rigil kent ... I was tied to an arrow ... The statue on a
gun ... They stole the bullets from my mouth ... and I always got the
blame ... She's breeding the arrows for another day in hell ... While my
hairs are on fire ... quenching my pain ... enlightening me I'm a brother
of rigil kent ... I gotta get out of this story ... all truths die at the end ... to
make room for a bigger truth on the churchpews of rigil kent .. There

are thunderslaves howling in the air When the caravans ride, to throw
their spears

9. They are like waterlines so thin, their baseball teams throw the nets ...
white sticks with some red stripes ... they are blind ... In their minds they
draw you like they want you to see ... They need to put you down, to
keep them between their walls ... But in the end you will be a brother of
rigil kent ... They are blind, these caravans ... Like waterlines so thin and
tall, they howl through the night ... They shriek they need to scare you
... for they need to keep you between their walls You are a slave of
business, prisoner of an auctioneer's clock ... It's another shrieking boys
clock ... They use them as wheels under their cars The head of Gepetto
they have, these pirates ... to breed their pinocchio's This tree is a
strange pirate ship ...

10. A tree of swindlers' auctions ... Cuyornaida Corset ... When the
chocolate frog kisses the banana frog, the red rose starts to float to the
past ... to the library ... to tell them this is what ever was and will be ...
this is all there is ... in a red ball we live ... just walking to the other side
... And when the chocolate frog marries the banana frog, wild fires will
flow ... and Gepetto will be set free ... When the chocolate touches the
banana, a cherry falls, a red dragon ... and the music starts to play ...
and your dreams will begin ... the red dragon will fly that day and fall
once again in the basket ... not on the edge this time ... but deep inside ...
where the swans spit fire ... where the rose turns into a faery once again
.... he is just an elevator ... he is just a red balloon with zepellins from
mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... while the squirtel
is screaming ... all chocolate is melting ... deeper and deeper ... to become
smaller and smaller back to the world beyond history ... there are
seventy jokes behind tall walls ... giving power to machines of deer ...

seventy zeppelins from mars ... while an old parrot is hiding another seven behind there are seventy jokes to worship ... seventy jokes to keep your dreams alive ... while a parrot is hiding another seven ... he hides them for ... the banana queen she will always laugh because of this ... when the chocolate is mixed with banana's ... the squirtel will stop screaming ... and the land will smile again ...

11. when the banana ships will sink into the seas of chocolate ... to become fishes again the jokes will reach the hundred ... behind golden fences the joke-statues stand ... they stand like scarecrows between the flowerfields watching the bananas ... with their eyes of birthday ...
Oblezea Vitrininium ... they are the statues of cockaign spreading their blankets in the worlds of sleep ... everything's so thin here ... while it feels so thick ... everything's so tall here ... while it feels so short ... here ... on the suns of oz here paintings are on bodies and suits here you can switch between jokes and horrors finding yourself connecting to a new museum ... to a new wilhelm's city ... oz's ... all life ends in the museum ... and a new life starts here ... where the statues dance ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ... the carnivals are blushing red treasures ... when the red dragon is falling ... roaring behind his golden trees while his milkmaids are raising their tridents ... against the rat of liberty

it was all painted on their flags

poem

12. He is the red dragon, He is the red fear, living underground, to die
every year

13. He is the red dragon, and then he rises again, to the clouds, of japan,
making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground he makes the
rain ... And his son the orange battle, he is an orange flame, through the
nights of fame, he travels horizontal, to the darkness of other realms, and
then he bows down ... diving underground ... to watch the lion and his
fame ... The eagle helmet makes things small and big, that's how we
travel, that's how we move ... by letting a red rose floating to the library
beyond history ... all trains ride ... a machine of deer ... in the city of
arabia ... where a spanish warrior came to take them away ...

Hill of Misunderstanding

From here there are no mondays, factories still come to my church ... I'm
still an old leprechaun ... Still an old windowwiper ... Gathering the
widows from the roofs ... I give them a chocolate-swallow ... and some
nice good shoes ... to let them dance on the hill of misunderstanding ... to
let them become ... a child of the dune ... So many children dance here ..
while I am their piper ... I made their heads cold and their hearts hot ... I
gave them a good bike ... to fly, dance and sing ... I gave them singing

food ... dancing in their stomachs ... I am the leprechaun My head is
on their coins, I decide what they eat ... I even decide what they like ...
and what they not like ... You cannot dance against it It's a
Leprechaun's spell ... But they amuse themselves very well In the land
of the Leprechaun They will like it all ... Unless I don't want them to
like something In the land of the Leprechaun They won't feel any
pain ... Unless I want them to feel some pain ... I am the Leprechaun

indian line 2

1. indian line, smile from brannan .. walking through the fields of life ...
while death spreads itself like an undercover horror, thinking it's queen,
thinking it's a liar

2. indian line ... smiles from acha ... running inside on esmeralda's hard
line ... it breaks there into dots ... oh esmeralda truth will set you free

3. indian line, oh esmeralda ... esmeralda don't walk too fast with your
lines breaking into powders ... while white chocolatemilk is rising

4. esmeralda don't lie, esmeralda don't fight against old coffee, let those
of dementia have it ...

indian line 3

1. *esmeralda, esmeralda, can you hear the echo in a lie, it leads to truth,
it leads you back to the garden, lies just riddles from the truth, it's
cabman ...*

2. *indian lie, hard decision, indian line, truth bends down to history ...
into red stripes it comes to me ... from sandman's glove it takes flight ...*

3. *indian lie, truthfull decision, indian lie, truth sets down into history ...
for a big picnic ... indian lie, hard decision, indian lie, truth sets all things
on fire, until it's back ... it's all upside down ...*

indian line 4

*oh esmeralda, oh esmeralda, don't lie, your truth must find another way
to do the dishes of this king ... don't spoil your lies to the lazy ones ... give
them all to me ... and show them to me in the skies ... of indian lines ...
break them into powders whatever you wish ... but don't lie to the lazy
ones again ...*

indian line 5

*esmeralda, esmeralda, your voice is like the echo burning in my mind, to
give me wings of dementia ... you enchant my childhood's rats they used
to bite me ... criminal sets free the books in me ...*

indian line 6

*1. indian line hard decision indian line truth will find it's history
..... indian line tomorrow's decision indian line these mouths
are contracting in my spine when holiday meets destiny on the
wings of a banana in golden seas golden chocolate open your doors,
show me the indian lines reaching for your shores where truth
becomes like whores watching the harems of thirty thousand spaces
.... killing them in brannan like the newborn assassin indian lines ...
indian spice hard to keep it secret born to live in a microphone*

.....

*2. in a microphone a black one spreading so many powders
these deserts are burning for tomorrow's newspapers bring them all
home*

red stripes

*There are red stripes between you and I I don't believe them I
just eat them so many rumours on the kill so many liars on a
zebra's boat so many cowards taking cruel decisions between you
and I all these red stripes*

red stripes 2

*red stripes in harmony, these liars can sing oh what a choir now
they only need a machine of deer too many bananas to put inside
the flight is over while bakermen unite all these red stripes*

red stripes 3

*mother in the cake, i'm lying, mother take a break for i can't cook
mother do your cruel decisions for there are liars on a spoon ... breaking
you and me for a letter's cruel book and then we are in venus
again, carrying strange crosses in the deserts i cannot reach you, while
you can't reach me as well*

red stripes 4

tomorrow and tonight is the same, you need some bakermen on your cake, the night is bright you took that cruel decision tomorrow's like the wild horse, and i am like the centaur spreading all these red stripes, like strange flies in the daylight they are blinding your sight ... binding all these mirrors on a sandman's goodbye ... how can you survive knowing that these deserts are all breathing waiting to swallow you oh bakerman's lie your truth is deep inside i don't have power to discover you i'm all over the place looking for a lost horse to cross this river

red stripes 5

1. tunes high on day five in a spanish night i take flight, to see the red fly, like a racecar, so high, beating like a wizard's dream

2. so many hearts on the case, it's asking a bit fragile for more light to burn the cowards and the liars ... these strange cigarettes from hell they are red stripes, full of bakermen, like strange fires on the cake, destroying your birthday's party and there won't be a next one ... but you will marry soon in that day in June ... you forgot it was your history ... I wished you had a bit more of dementia then you would see the future no more ... this lie of a black rose still standing on a hill

still burning the deserts by a thrill still wanting you to be a candle
on her cake

red stripes 5

oh you, reading the book, like it's your destiny you only watch your
history there's nothing to lose only to remember just remember
it again on the back of a red rose with the wings of dementia ...
under bekehelm's helmet ... letters become so small ... to make space
for the new king

red stripes 6

ornament of juice parrot of decisions ... waiting in June waiting to
have it's own decision and not those of the wars of democracy
anymore it's coming from the purple ... a strange battlefield ... making
such strange jokes until they're all exploding into purple powders
into brannan's glory into higher decisions these powders are
dangerous it comes from the purple ... bringing them all to the black
hell again nothing but the juice of a dictator wanting to have them
all his puppets

red stripes 7

the city is a liar, an orange liar, and you are the spoon

red stripes 8

*1. the city is a liar, the city is a spoon, while you are the food and
another city wins*

2. another trick of democracy

*3. the city is a liar, the city is a spoon, feeding you to another city, and
then they win, and you are the fool, and then you will gather your fifty
armies, waiting to strike back, waiting to make quick decisions waiting
to break this bird's neck it's wanting you so much for this game, it
wants to raise the purple, it wants to have you in military ... it wants to
make a picture of you deciding, while it decides by itself ... it's just a lie
it's just to cover the red it was installed by someone else ... having the
burning deserts in the pocket*

Purple Orange

1. And yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... for prisoners of dementia ...

They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet ...

They are prisoners of liberty ... prisoners of their history ... but there's golden flour streaming from it ... from deep inside it flows ... She has the media behind her, and now everyone believes her, while the democracies roar ... There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ...

2. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ...

3. These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ...

4. Take flight on the wings of dementia ...

The End

A Day at the Fairground III

1. Boys from Lynx IV

2. Strange Lullabies

3. Boys from Lynx V

4. My Name is Belcanov

Boys from Lynx IV

songs

1. They have wide smiles, these boys from lynx ... They come from the fairground having clowns in their pockets who wins

2. They have hearts so broken, but so full of fire The wind is on their side

3. Boys from Lynx, a full word spoken, for the first time in your life

Boys from Lynx, you're heart's not broken anymore,

For you have found your wings

4. Boys from Lynx, sweet fairytales, turning into horrors in the night,

But you need these songs, baby,

It brings you through the light

5. They are breaking through the walls,

They have reached your hand,

Breath

canon

6. Boys from Lynx, a sweet fairytale,

Sweet burning, dying, coming to life again,

It was nothing but a story,

And there's a scratch on the picture,

Scratch on the record,

This thing has been eaten by a parrot,

We will never win when we will stay in poetry,

So wait for the morning, that soft morning,

An egg in a sweet soft blanket,

So fragile like your mother's hand

7. Boys from Lynx,

Sweet fairytales bringing you to the bend,

What would you do without it,

You have nowhere to go,

So you need this canon,

You need this show,

We must have some liberty,

We must have a car to go somewhere,

Somewhere in a dream,

Where all the lilies are burning,

Turning, where the witches are crying,

Broken down, not proud anymore,

She offers you the clown

8. She had to lose her card,

She had to lose her mind,

For she stood there too tight,

Like the statue,

Attacking you from behind

9. She had to lose her joker,

She had to lose her staff of poker,

Her rod of misbehaviour,

Where would you be without the canon of the boys from lynx

Strange lullabies

1. listen to me baby i'm peeing in the sky while no one likes my belcanov
listen to me baby i'm peeing in wild rivers come and get me make me
wild listen to me baby i am harder now not soft anymore like i used to
be be my baby and steal my thoughts sell them to the trees sell my babies
my bakerman's faces they cry they make me crazy they are too soft if
you ask me, their voices so loud, but it's all happening in a whisper ...

2. they come from whispering rivers from loud roses they're lost lullabies
... these lalla birds these children of owls can you sell them to mamma she
turns into a wolf at nights can you tell me who you are can you tell a lie
can you break my car you did it when i slept you made my lullaby you
little criminal you made my lullaby can you tell it i'm a scream can you
break it, i'm the queen, when you are sleeping i take your crown ...

3. i am your lullaby, i tell you, father, i made your dreams go by will you
make it, will you name it, you can't you're off, i'm a lady's tower, you're
screaming, i'm bleeding, i am a bakerman's face, tell me father, i'm a
bakerman's face you did it, i'm dreaming, you made me lost my day i'm
bleeding, you're leaving, but i feel soft, you gave me feathers, i feel strong,

you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, yes, tell me father, you're a
bakerman's face ...

4. you're dad's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's my
little little ... you're dreaming, i did it, i'm a bakerman's face, tell me
father, i'm a bakerman's face you little liar, you little dreamer, you make
me sick to escape my schools and factories they don't exist, for you're a
bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... what's this
ice, you like icecream, you bakerface, my mother, my babba you dream,
you cow, you're a bakerman's face, tell me, brother, you're a bakerman's
dad's face my brother, my brother, bakerman's face

Boys from Lynx V

1. Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the Laprakod skies,
Baker, rise to the Laprakod skies, baker rise ... Do you see the light in me
... Do you see the moonchild is taking over in me ... Do you see the spell of
bakerman, rising in a lie full of fire, a bakerman's desire ... Baker rise to
the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the Laprakod skies, Baker rise to the
Laprakod skies, Baker rise ... into Laprakod skies, skies between you and
me, I speak order , to the Laprakod skies ... these baker's skies ... full of
scary sails .. breaking you and me ... for a deeper revelation of who we

are ... Baker rise to the Laprakod sky ... Baker tell me who you will be, it
all is under thunder and sunsets ... until the moonchild rises ... bringing us
to Laprakod skies again

2. Bring the bananas into me, let me sail the seas of chocolate, let the
red rose be burnt, to touch my history ... bring my toys alive by her ashes
... I love her but she needs the stone ... of this story ... She finally needs to
come back also ... on the wings of dementia ... then the trains of deer can
drive ...

3. Bring the bananas into me ... let me sail the seas of chocolate, give me
the key ... and burn it by vanilla ... by white powder ... white ashes ... still a
dream ... of a thousand deaths ... a thousand and one night ...

4. Bring the bananas into me ... these wizard hearts ... these churches ...
strange motors ... an aeroplane for gods ... this is how they travel ...
through chocolate seas ... wings on fire ... fires of dementia ...

coffee of insurance

5. white coffee poetry, they let the coins fly, they rise on the seventeenth
of every month, in spain, it's the tax unity, picking up the coins called
jesus christ, while so many have to give, the cigarette is rising in white
coffee. these are strange insects spreading the pictures, while clauses and
christs unite, building wasp-tv ... it's strange coffee on the screens, while
white boots are talking ... finishing every dream ... the lines of tax unite in

one coin, where the christs are rising and the clauses are spreading them

...

6. it's strange coffee, while mothers take their children by the hand,
there are dangerous beaches rising ... they are cutting the coins in orange,
while the waterlights take flight .. all these strange clauses, with their
strange christmastrees ... on top a shoemaker and a tailor live ... while red
boots has legs like the octopus ... she's the broadcastlady of tv ... it's
strange medicine after all ... in the restaurant at the sea ... there are
strange auctions in the sky ... while green coffee is streaming ... heading
for the purple ... these democracies still roar ... until the orange strikes the
blue ... then the teacher will rise from the swimmingpool, like pharao he
drowns the kids ...

7. it's strange coffee on a summer's dream ... while white boots drinks her
own coffee ... there's silver coming from the gold ... strange clocks with
many arms ... while insurance is spinning ... it's nothing but a secret
auction ... who wins, the man with the golden gun, or he with the biggest
money ... all on wasp tv tonight, while strange white coffee is streaming,
covering the green, and heading for the pink ... in schools they get drunk,
all these children ... while they're getting blue money, so sharp crenated ...
strange insects on the money ... it's a mental institute ... these kids don't
know the difference between sodom and gomorrah ... there are many
funds in the air ... but it's paralyzing them ... pharao is drowning the boys
... until the white strikes the pink ... and then they can work in holidays ...
drinking liqor from heavy bottles behind the deserts ...

8. you see, it drinks when you drink, i have sodoms lambs already in my
pocket. i used to have them since i was four, when my father let me work

in the pink hotels. let me have my own grips. and now i don't drown anymore, but i just drink this stuff from sodom, strange strange coffee, like the mad mill in your head ... they need some birds of insurance to do the deal, rising higher and higher to wake them all up by yellow flashes ... you need to believe in these guys, you need to have their heads on your coins, or your cars will sink deeper. not that it's that important ... just for the ones racing for the bonus ... are you a winner or not ? i was a winner since i was four, when my daddy made a winner of me ... it's a matter of having your birthday in the best craddle ... not everyone is that lucky, but it's just a detail ... it's strange coffee and not everyone is waiting for that.

9. mr. coffee where are you hiding, it's hairy in sodom, and the rivers have dried out, so now the coffee can flow, the black ones and the red ones, while the white one is raising them all, bringing them to the pink ... it makes the candy so soft ... behind the hard walls ... we cannot risk anything ... while from jericho the tears are streaming ... strange comicbooks and balloons ... and gomorrah is still a riddle ...

10. it's a matter of time and flash, these clocks of insurance are ticking on tv ... there are good programs, while the octopus is spinning ... turning into a spider at times ... there's tea making the connection ... we cannot live on coffee alone ... or do you want some juice ... some animals are spitting it ... they are marching to gomorrah ... while some elves pee in the sky ... the candy is streaming ... while the pink is burning it to raise the toys ... strange cars with strange oils ... having their yellow delights ... all in the middle of a greek summer ... it's boring the show ... but it's all coming from gomorrah, where the centaurs unite in a mental institution ... they are drinking yellow coffee while spitting the soap ...

11. and then it's time for uncle peacock for his head on tv ... everybody screaming ... he's raising uncle unicorn ... for the new tv stars ... these all time dogs ... there are birthdays on tv ... while mother rakes the sand ...

12. and still you like to drink white coffee, making your mind so light ... until you get into delirium ... meeting the white dogs of santa clause ... a big family out there ... having snow clause in the pocket, that all time statue ... he only listens but never comes ... he's raising the telephone lines ... he's freezing them all ... until they are so paranoid, social disturbed ... they need to be in pink factories ... raising the toys ...

13. there's a millionaire walking in red coffee... looking for the white but it seems he cannot find his medicine ... his trips to jeruzalem are over ... jeruzalem jeruzalem, god gave your light back ... while archibald returns, with his grail of benchelot au revoir

14. summer clause is raking the fields, while easter clause is sowing ... strange chessboard ... while holiday clause picks his pawns up ... to let them work in pink factories ...

15. strange insurance ... while jesus christs are dying ... they all die ... painting the pictures for tv ... until the tv-star rises ... it's rippling in the coffee white coffee ... covering the green ... there are machines of potatoes in the skies ... waving while the mistress is still sleeping ... until snow clause puts some white coffee into her ears ... it smells like candy ...

16. this white coffee ruined my days ... but now i'm safe in my years ...
still a good year ... my days are on the dice ...

17. this white coffee burns holes in the stomachs ... picking some parts
out of it ... while tax is covering the pain .. all a secret of a good tv ...
uncle unicorn smokes cigarettes while drinking white coffee ... while uncle
peacock breaks the masses ... he's a bit more rude if it comes to that ...
he's a sword in the eye, rising from a good beak ...

18. it's white coffee you gave me, with all these strange insects in my
head .. it's floating higher ... i'm waking up, but to what ?

19. this insurance man has his head on the coin, it's a bakerman's face,
an orange one, spitting fire like a gun. and in the night it's only ashes ...
spreading the daylights ... uncle unicorn doing the drama, having a
multiple personality syndrome, breeding his canaries ... he's a good author
having an orange pencil ... he's a white coffee machine ... coming with the
butterflies and the ladybugs ... he screams he is a siren ... while uncle
peacock is raising him, having swimmingpools under his shoes ... it was a
trick of the mailman all these letters ... coming from a strange clock in
his bag ... it's done by seventy sunsets on saturday, leading them ... to the
pink factories ... to raise the toys ... it was the trick of a good
copymachine ...

20. she has a white feather in her hair, doing cruel things to me ... these
are just dwarves showing up, in a dwarve's ornament ... rising from the
white coffee ... while uncle peacock spins the lines of insurance, all getting

thinner, taller and smaller, rising in high materos, while elsefic is sailing ...
it's the silver beast eating until it's gold ...

21. they are hiding it behind the deserts ... in a purple bag where liberty
roars ... it's the white chocolate house, where strange theologians live
they are thieves but it's just strange traffic ... they bring the chicken back
to the golden bakery ... there where the wines are here king midas still
breaks the wolf, that sixth wolf of benchelot ...

22. there are pink factories in the golden bakery ... where the birds work
... their beaks are the white roads of insurance ... where the white coffee
streams ... and all these letters of the books ... just roads of insurance ...
where the white coffee streams ... the beaks of strange birds ... a good
way to burn the money ... while new heads are rising on the coins ... they
get smaller ... until it's ashes ... and stamps are rising for the mailman's
ideas ... he has so many stories ... for his wife talks too much ... it's
happening in strange teeth ... they're telling the stories ... while an
octopus is spinning on her head ... she's just the broadcastlady ... smoking
her pipes of peace ... and strange needles rise on strange dishes ... and
strange shoes are rising from the tables behind the sand ... these are the
roads of insurance ... leading you to high materos ... where uncle unicorn
smokes ...

23. there's so much smoke here, and so much tax ... it's wasp tv rising ...
from high materos ... while elsefic is still sailing ... spreading the paprika
seeds ... there are letters on the petals ... strange clocks strange fires ...
while the red mailman is running and diving ... sandman speaks until
they all sleep these roses are dangerous you never know what they
do to you ... his mouth is full of soapbubbles, tinkerbells are running and

ringing ... these are the bells of christmas ... these letters are strange
insects ... strange roads of insurance ... arms of a strange clock ... it's uncle
peacock speaking until it's all burnt like pepper ... these are strange
powders in strange armrings

24. he's taking the years in his hands ... while elsefic's on fire strange
traffic bananas on bananas ... as ladders to holidays in the skies ...

25. he's taking the years in his hands like roses ... to understand what's
lying inbetween ... so many chocolate ...

26. roses can be green roses can be blue there's always candy
inbetween ... always banana ladders in the sky ...

27. he's a millionaire, he's a baker's spy ... he's a millionaire, where truth
becomes a lie just watch the spy he gathers his coins on spanish
rivers, gathering coins on pink oceans ... they lie to him but he just
smiles

28. he's shy, he's not a good idea ... he hides away in his castles of tears
and holidays ...he lives from history ... he lives in his memory on the
wings of dementia he takes flight ... he is a millionaire ... but watch his
daughter, rising in the night his daughter with all these lights, when
the lions have their fights ... in history

29. his toys they came alive a long time ago now they work for him ...
but he lives in history ... safe in his holidays his coins work for him ...

30. his daughter has a brandnew car, but he rides his daughter, she's still
his assistant, writing his books ... she lives deep in his deserts

31. and his toys like christmasballs ... they work for him in the
restaurants feeding the coins feeding the histories while his
daughter writes and writes ...

32. he's a millionaire, a heart of stone, while he spouts the deserts of gold
... in rainbowstreets he lives he's the big most ...

33. he never gives his tears away he only gives them luck, so that he
can sleep and live in history in holidays while they can work

34. he's a sick man giving them health for the factory ...

35. he's a millionaire, no one ever agrees, they make him sick, they make
him taking his tears away to deeper places inside ... these tears are
coins ... he's a moneymaker he cries and then the balls roll ... the years
are melting in his hands he makes them like candy ... he makes them
like health for his children in the factory ... for his daughter a silver
ballerina she needs to dance ...

36. and these years he makes them like chocolate to spread his charity
.... to make them work in pink while it lies to him

37. these pink bananas they burn the money the yellow takes the gold
away while the green spreads the powder by black machines he's
giving his life away ... he's a saturday clause preparing them for the heavy
mondays ...

38. while he preaches on sunday ... with his silver ballerina ... while moses
rides the killerpig his ornaments are pink ... they need to burn the
money becoming ashes to take him further away in history

39. how many cars this boy has these pink raincars in the night ...
these factories they burn the money ... these pink factories ... strange
friends of bicycles ... here they're making the chocolate ... to bring all his
toys back ... he gives them saturdays to work in mondays ... time doesn't
exist ... these years are just the walls of his home ...

40. he's weaving his indian lines ... weaving the pink on which he takes
flight ... still a strange trampoline ... and when he falls back he just sinks
deeper ... while it's lying to him ... he has a chocolate factory ... making
pink chocolate ... he has the years in his hands ... all these kings and
queens ... burning the money ...

41. these coins are tears he never spends them ... he only gives luck ...
giving his daughters away ... oh green lady, green ornament, green baby,
in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie

42. it's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a
mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ...
of millionaires' pride

43. oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing
in the books where makermen unite it's peeing in your head like a
golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... oh sweet
baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning
truth into lies

paranoid men.

44. and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit
the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's
world, these elves ... while the icecreams are running ... they don't want
to be businessboys again ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ...
the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... in Elsefic's
desires they take flight ... these paranoid men.

45. a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's
hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is

streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the dishrecords spin

...

46. These men are paranoid, while I am a leprechaun's table ... a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

47. paranoid men, paranoid men, these elves are running, hiding in a red shoe, on a blue table, they are escaping someone's threat, i'm in the middle of it ... watching the potatoe seeds, they run like silver, touching the gold.

48. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ...

49. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ...

50. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... these balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ...

51. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ...

52. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ...

53. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean

54. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylight they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ...

55. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ...
It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's
cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day Their
mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing
playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to
have teeth for summer ...

56. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming
so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream
streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ...

57. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like
saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... the milk is flowing,
they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're
winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's
they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's
unite ...

58. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have
them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's
tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging
their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... it
was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ...

59. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you you look like me, I'm not your
santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these

churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... I'm still one hell of
a beast ...

60. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black
man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the
deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ...

61. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my
veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores
... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ...
spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i
lost your number ... but now it's back ...

62. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by
a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in
icecream ...

63. burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the
baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream
veins ...

64. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it,
hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth
at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ...

65. holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this
businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my
shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper
inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers ...

66. the icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to
Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me
... i can only remember my name in thick letters ...

67. it's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the
icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never
hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape
someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. They're
coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too
short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ...
setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ...

68. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the
streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ...
They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand
is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the
tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... and still the old black man
is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue
forever ...

69. There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are
striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the wasps ...

they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams
... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds
... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ...
They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold
by silver ...

plain words

70. plain words, we're talking about plain words, the truth comes so close, but it doesn't touch us, we're living in tantalos deep words, we're talking about deep words, in deep minds, we're talking about deep minds
we're the line between you and me, bends all the lights, bends all the views, we don't know anything about each other, we live in our own worlds big views, we're talking about big views, where the mind touches the heart, where we can trust again, like we used to do, when we lived in the fantasy, but look at us now brainstorm, talk about brainstorm, the truth we can deny, but it doesn't deny us, look at us now and inside the flower breaths, taking away all our breath, and inside the rainbows hide, taking all our colours away, we're living in a jewel, in tall whispers, no one hears, you are the only one hearing your words, seeing your views, there's no one out there to listen, you have to do it yourself, plain words, talk about plain words, easily denied, but it won't deny us

71. Shivering between yes and no, still yes from the no-zone, there is a yes in every no and a no in every yes, this gives us the access to the land of 2 you better be blind and deaf these days ... when the big 2 roars ...
you better sell your nose, and fly ... to the land of feelings, to lose all senses ... to win a transparent road on the dolphin's goodbye ... while the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up

behind letters ... these dragonbars ... you were a prisoner of an author's kitchen ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... locked up in the land of association ... behind killer-2's ... while vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ... they can never reach her, she's too transparent, but they can sense ... here they breed the giants ... for a yellow strike, to the land of soap ... where the swans spit fire ... they raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away red dragon, letting the poles meet the poles, the author, still the boss of the arena, the master of war, using others as toys, while yellow journalists are hunting ... for tomorrows stories ... red dragon, lord of dominoes, with his gods of ten ... while waterlights strike the orange balls ... heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon ... it's striking the pink and the blue ... he's the gamemaster ..

72. striking with the silver spoon ... to let them eat the custard ... to give them cold conscience ... to have their own elections ... to have their own black nights ... raising the birds of cigarette ... all these pipes .. for a song of orphans ... to free vanilla he is the red dragon ... a good pawn on the white rabbit's chessboard ... conscience is translation, the within's ... the deeper it goes, the more a cyborg you are when everything starts to shiver, the forestroads rise in the snakelake, when everything starts to switch and vibrate, the panther rises to lock the senses ... then the transparency can rise again, the traumatic vanilla ... whispering words, lullabies, taking it downstairs ... to the cellar of serene ice, the blue ... where uncle one to ten is cutting potatoes ... pale earthfruits are reaching for the traumatic sights ... where everything is transparent ... naked yet so covered ... there are so many nipples on the face of a dragonfly ... so many nipples on a wasp's tv ... spouting the waterlights ... while the guitar is full of nipples ... someone is playing the piano ... like an organ ... while the waterlights are spouting ...

73. it's sour, the nipples are arena's .. these bakerman's faces ... deciding which colours, smells and sounds will be spouted ... so many senses from one tv ... it's still so sour ... there are coming powders from wasp-tv ... the dragonfly is speaking ... he's the newsreporter ... while red boots is the broadcastlady from wasp-tv ... red dragon brings the movies ... while pink boots is the broadcastlady from cartoon ... white boots is for the games ... while green boots brings the education-programs ...

74. echo is proud ... his work is almost done ... he's smoking his cigar while his dad is smiling ... there are so many bakerman's faces on a wasp's tv ... while the dragonfly is soaring ... he's the journalist sent out by the red dragon ... to make prisoners for an author's kitchen .. there are two bakerman's faces on each domino-stone ... echo finished his puzzle ... now we will see how it will work totally ... there's a wasp-tv on top of eagle ship ... it shines in the sun and chases away the threats ... it's a good alarm if it comes to that ...

75. it's birthday, singing his songs of love, dressed in pink and white, with yellow stripes ... coming from the orange ... he has blue bubblegum ... and he's playing the organ but he's deaf a dog is eating his trousers ...while wasp tv is burning ... snakes are coming from the big fruit ... they are the movies living in someone's head .. they eat the trains of arabia and start the machines of deer while they fly to history on wings of dementia ... the bakerman's faces are spinning like coins ... the automatons are working ... to build a bridge over the nightseas ... these are just some musical boxes with balerina's and toysoldiers dancing on them ... and then the enchanting mirror is rising ... while everything is the same ... the rats are rising ... without name ... the giant is skating, coming from the hollow ... leaving a world behind ... while two lions are fighting ... the air is shivering in ice ... while the nipples rise ... Noah is

breeding his bakerman's faces ... some marriages .. to have some arena's,
some tennisfields for wasp tv ... He's the broadcastman of soap ... He's
Lord of the tennisballs ...

76. and while the tennisballs are moving ... wasp-tv is in full speed ...
while a rabbit and a hare play tennis against two wolves They are
standing on bakerman's faces ... while the waterlights spout the
crocodile glue is streaming ... and the orange brings the land into sleep ...
Helicopters are appearing on wasp-tv ... and they sing songs in the shark
temple ... lullabies and whispers ... while stinging red nettles grow in the
watchers ... and their red eyes are spinning ...

77. When bakermen unite in silver I take flight, to kerses minds ... Now I
am a shoe on a table, it's dancing through my mind, like a strange clock,
a strange path ... These rippling silver tables ... spinning the custard ...
There are seven parrots on a dream ... They are bringing us away to the
paradises ... of kerses minds And I believe ... these snakes in their trees
... they're hiding their rippling flavours The custards are streaming
there from hairy hanging bags in trees it streams

78. Uncle parrot sits in his hat, he is a daydream believer ... he runs he's
like the killing tree ... he's a bakerman's face ... he's a bakerman's liar ... he
was a shark but now he rises like a parrot ... he's a bakerman's face ... he's
a bakerman's liar ... with all he's killing songs ... he's flying higher ... on the
coin of a leprechaun while stepping on stamps it's the killertree
he's rising from the table ... he's a tablebird he's a talebird, a uniter ...
he's an ornament's dream ... and a glider ... getting whiter ... so pale ... do
you believe him or will you fail ? There's a green boot in the middle of a
table ... a red table ... while a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it

sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and
now custard is streaming ... and tableballerina's are dancing ... and the
dishrecords spin ...

79. These men are paranoid, while I am a leprechaun's table ... a shoe on
it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a
strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds
are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while
they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the
icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ...
they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ...
rumours in the night.

my name is belcanov

1. tranvestites, handicapped, autists, punkers and cannibals ... are these
the new communists ? ... or will they be the new capitalists ? ... we will
never know .. unless we will take a look at that burning tree in the
middle of the desert where we can see the baker's faces ... where we
can see ... the ornaments' rain ... where we can jump on that button
called 3 back to izu back to the ornament back to the 3d coming of
christ while someone downstairs is still raking the christmasfields while
my name is still belcanov

2. i found some shoes today at the canal today on the streets today while
it was christmas today these were men on dreamboards these were men

on statues these were ballerina's on cupboards these were lampsteads on a dolphin's goodbye while there's still a criminal inside while my name is still belcanov these were lampsteads to the moons of z these were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games with strange playcards these were the nephews' friends while the friends of the nieces are still dying while there's something new on the emilis shatau there's a rat in the moon raising purple while someone is raking the christmas fields while i met all these big dolls called judgement's days while i think they are all balloons while my name is still belcanov while i still write between the letters and the lines while i still adore rollerskates while i still visit fairygrounds to watch their rollercoasters and their big beasts and balloons while someone is still raking the fields of the second comings switching the poles watching the game in a safe capsule he has some remote machines he stutters and wears tall boots he's a chicken he's a cowboy while my name is belcanov

3. i found the little golden statue of the banana-queen on the lowest cupboard of neptune she was sitting on a dolphin's goodbye so i take her away to rome for awhile to show her some aslant buildings and aslant paintings while all people walk aslant here i still collect ancient dolls and ballerina's antique statues porcelaine copper tin or metal it doesn't matter to me for my pockets are big and communistic i carry a red scorpion inside and am still a member of the giant's whistlingkettle orchestra while my name is belcanov

4. i have my own forbidden fruits falls and floods i have my own noah's in my pocket and a scissors called moes in three colours i have my own lies and skyscrapers skywars and skypapers with my own sharkteeth it's purple against pink here making the pink so dark while my name is belcanov i still do the dishes for kings and queens gathering the wars they

left behind their unwanted journalists cameramen unwanted visitors
thieves escapers unwanted windowcleaners fired householders butlers
unwanted cocks cats dogs and other pets unwanted divorces weddings
and birthdays unwanted judgement days christmases and other mases
unwanted second comings and third comings unwanted raptures
ascensiondays and easters unwanted crosses and eggs unwanted
unmanageable children and horses unwanted cattle unwanted meat and
food unwanted candy lurers stalkers and dishcleaners unwanted crowns
suits and ornaments or just their precious possessions they left by mistake

5. my name is belcanov i have chronical pains but it is all fake i talk to
superstars on unworthy tone i talk dignified to emperors scientists and
other famous people i talk to my fingers while i can be angry at them i
sometimes rage i sometimes put them in bed or bath i talk to docters
and assistants while i look at their hair and check their pulses and
skincolour i surround hearts by hands all my fingers have hats all my
nails are painted my name is belcanov the dentist is my best friend he is
married to the tooth fairy and they possess the forest of teeth where
teeth are like mazes and waterfalls where dwarfkings and giants live
where the tallest cupboard on jupiter is called cain while a golden
dwarfstatue is standing on it it's sitting on a dolphin's goodbye while the
smallest cupboard of virgo has the statue of a tall lady on it the shark's
lady shooting the shivers into the universe she's a tvstar of thrillers she's
the detective of z she's a z-lady with all the criminals inside she's the
statue of a gun a silver statue becoming black and white in the night but
she can also be a purple lady a brown lady letting out all the dogs and
she still becomes the grey dragon on d-day where all the z's gather there
are still d-days in my heart and there are still misunderstood babylons
sodoms and gomorrahs there together with fields of reversion days while
sekmeth is still my friend this land is built by sharkteeth this land of glue
this land of d where all the z's gather this land of glue this land of

nonsense when you jump on the button d while you take decision d you will be launched my name is belcanove you will be launced my name is belcanov i stutter a bit to the land of nonsense where the glue is framed by teeth thick glue while the waterlights are having their parties there nuclear parties these waterlights these trafficlights these discolights these neonlights all on the billboards leading you to the mission aborted mission aborted error error my name is belcanov error disturbance disconnection i stutter a bit i stutter a bit my name is belcanov game over game over disconnection my name is belcanov my name is belcanov

6. I'm switching between d and z maestro not knowing what to choose major i'm switching flying becoming so tired at the end of this story i will sleep or was this always my bed benmaten is the king of fake the king of z while bilmageln is the king of nonsense the king of d they both call for sandman they work together with him while no one knows who's the boss my name is belcanov i saw a d warrior on a hill it looked like a backwards warrior his face was blue his voice was low in different grades like a millions of sharks were talking to me

7. this is the land of d where all dentists come from where they let their glues stream in frames of teeth here in this land of glue here a house of theologians stand of old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers but when you take a closer look they sit in a wheelchair with a duck-swimmingbelt around them while they have chickenlegs they are chicken they are the pickpocks on the battlefields walking with pointy sacks to gather that what others left behind it's the legendary notorious pickpock family

8. the balconies are full of gluecapsules divided by tall teeth in these capsules they sit the pickpock family it's a big family there are four parts of balconies in this gallery also one part with members from service with little light with their camera's one part of the members from the round table churches and the last part full of the musicians from the giant's whistlingkettle orchestra some sit on the stage playing violins drums trumpets or horns my name is belcanov

9. there are four sides on these coins of d and i throw one coin in the giant jukebox pushing the button of the swan while the gallery is growing bigger and bigger while more stages are rising and on one stage a wave is appearing in a big displaywardrobe where a man stands on a surfboard sliding over the wave it is the swanrider on the ceiling a big 2 appears and i'm now in the land of misunderstanding i watch the surfer while all sorts of strange feelings roll over me in the distance behind the wave i see a new aldebaran where everything is aslant aslant houses aslant people aslant paintings aslant tables aslant kitchens aslant towers and everyone lives in misunderstanding in the big 2 but they are happy like i am my name is belcanov

10. running like a romeo the tragedy is too heavy and there's yellow enough to enter but i still want to be romeo running for the shop is almost closed and then the holiday starts while i have nothing in my bag i am a rose full of trousers but there is nothing in my bag she wants me to look inside where the trousers hang and forget about my bag for it will explode on mondaymorning dragging me to a hill where all factories bloom but when the bag is empty nothing will happen and then i can stay in my holidays to be a child she wants me to be a man for i'm behaving like a woman but there is another one wanting me to be a woman so they are tearing me apart they are tearing me apart and in

this i'm losing myself but isn't that finally better they are playing games
with me until i lose my head until i can feel my trousers again all these
conspiracies

11. she's standing screaming on a hill while her girlfriend screams from
another hill trying to confuse my soul poor me

12. guess what they want my marbles they share them with each other
they want my icecream while forbidding me to eat it oh well i will leave
them both i will not be family of them anymore they can forget about
me they can sit on someone elses knee i will bend it once again and jump
like sandman jumps i'm still the frog you know i still know where to find
my golden balls there is something loud running on this cold day daddy's
trains are getting me now you can throw your dice alone

13. scratch the parrot follow the mailmouse i will have my poetry
pictures in the night while grandmother shows me her diaries she never
liked you twin of gossip of voices too soft dance in daylight follow your
cars i will have my poetry pictures glued on my face then you can say i'm
a strange elf then you can say i'm a strange juiliet then you can say i'm
just a dot in the night where all dolls fall from then you can say i'm a
heaven without a ceiling then you can say i'm the heaven from above an
upper heaven without policemen you can say what you like but there are
frogs in my ears already telling me other tales and i will be someone elses
robot not yours anymore i never was i just played with you to let you
think what i didn't think you were always my rubbishbin

14. oh romeo and juiliet play sisters while you are brothers
play lovers while you are twins use others as your mirrors
play enemies while you are friends oh grandmothers of
confusion i will bend it once again and jump like sandman
jumps i'm still the frog you know i still know where to find
my golden balls there is something loud running on this cold
day daddy's trains are getting me now you can throw your
dice alone for besides me there was nothing you attacked
everything and now there's nothing left for you anymore oh
romeo and juiliet you let me think i loved you you let me
think you were family but i hated you and you were just the
tragedy on my birthday you let me think you were my
teacher you let me think you were my lover but you were
nothing you let me think you were the beach of my land but
you were dust on the table

15. now i have a black dragon inside escalators running high
girls on rollerskates black girls shutting my mouth and mind
like sekmeth always did she is now the rose on my head and i
walk like the licorice now fainting when i see a bird and rising
one moment before i saw it i now confuse history with future
like a dementia man that chronical man now my name is
belcanov

