

Like heaven seen

(Lyrics by Jeannette Gustavus / Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Michael Pfisterer. Arranged by Thomas Wulke)

Weeping, weeping like You never did
And You give nothing, leaving us just this pain
No, there is nothing sheltering us from this pain

Deep, like heaven seen, man
You want to dignify Your heart
And break away

Feeling, feeling like You never did
Oh, there's no time for us, screaming in great pain
And You give nothing, leaving us just this pain

Weep, like heaven seen, man
You want to justify Your heart
And break away

Feeling, feeling like You never did
Oh, there's no time for us, screaming in great pain

Weep, like heaven seen, man
You want to justify Your heart
And break away

RENATE LIEDL: Vocals
MICHAEL PFISTERER: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers, Sound Samplers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

On the sidewalk

(Lyrics by Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

My hands are on the sidewalk
Drunken and tired on the ground
Believed in belonging together
Love is someones' or is it mine?
Mama save me!
On this sidewalk people are fine

My hands are on the sidewalk
Smashed a mirror in my room
Now outside - then warm and together
Or is it mine?
Mama save me!
From those feelings of dying and cryin'

Believed in belonging together
Brushed against him in my room
Reached out for holding his arm
But he smiled
Mama save me!
On this sidewalk people are fine

Hiding, staring at the ceiling
Burned-out eyes will never have a healing
Minded to stand separation
Every thought a photogram
So I see the memory on the ceiling
Above

Love impressions gold and gloomy
Like to feel you next to mine
Awake of your dream and keep back memories

Flickering, flickering against the ceiling
And then all the world came back

Your hands run through your hair
And the world goes on and on
Or is it mine?
Believed in belonging together
Mama save me!
From those feelings of dying and cryin'

My hands are on the sidewalk
Drunken and tired on the ground
Believed in belonging together
Love is someones' or is it mine?
Mama save me!
On this sidewalk people are fine

RENATE LIEDL: Vocals
MICHAEL PFISTERER: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers, Sound Samplers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

One-way traffic

(Lyrics by Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

Traffic jam. Rush hours in town
Thousands of cars surging. Surging in a dense smog
How did the song go? Where is the remembrance?

Should I hit and run?

Radio on. Weather report
Jaywalkers in front. In front of my car
How did the song go? The song with the message

Should I hit and run?

Sideslipping, tiretracks, hands on the wheel
Sideslipping, tiretracks, hands on the wheel
Clutch, brake and go on
Clutch, brake and go on

Interview. Headache in brain
Regarded opinions. Opinions on nonsense-sense
Strange politicians stuttering
Stuttering from a mixed-up mind

Should I hit and run?

Atomism of words. Atomism of sense
Frantic I reach for pills. Am I in a loop of time?
How did the song go? The song with the message

Could I hit and run? Should I, would I, could I
Should...?

One-way traffic

ANNETTE MARX: Vocals
ROBERT LENART: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers, Sound Sampler,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Motions of love

(Lyrics by Jeannette Gustavus.
Music written by Michael Pfisterer. Arranged by Thomas Wulke)

Feeling like this
Never mind
Praying all the time
Mother Night will change my mind
Leave You far behind
My hands are on the knife
My hands are on the wheel
Love is leaving
Burning I will scream
And I go through the motions of love

Gimme gimme gimme some love or emotion
But gimme gimme gimme some room to breathe
Gimme gimme gimme some love or emotion
But gimme gimme gimme it how I need

My hands are on the life pulse
My hands are all you'll feel
Love's a killer
Turning I will leave
And I go through the motions of love

Gimme gimme gimme some love or emotion
But gimme gimme gimme some room to breathe
Gimme gimme gimme some love or emotion
But gimme gimme gimme it how I need

I'll just lay down
Never mind
You're forever mine

And I go through the motions of love
The motions of love

RENATE LIEDL: Vocals
MICHAEL PFISTERER: Electric Guitar,
Drum Computer
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Fallen out of the fish-bowl

(Lyrics by Annette Marx / Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Susanne Gabler.
Arranged by Thomas Wulke)

It was at night when I saw your face
But there was no way of following your trace
I dreamed all night I couldn't find a sign
But maybe it wasn't quite the time
But the day will come to show
You won't have the chance to go

Light was creeping through, through the dingy shades
I dozed and waited laying upon my back
Thousands of sordid images coming to my mind
Six o'clock on sprinkled streets
Burnt-out ends of night
And the day will come to show
You won't have the chance to go

I tossed the blanket, tossed it from my bed
Palms of both hands clasping soles of feet
Later sitting along, curling papers from my hair
„I can't help“ he said pulling a long face
Fallen out of the fish-bowl
Without breath but too much air

What shall I do, what shall I ever do?
Pressing the lids of eyes waiting for a knock
With my hair down to rush out as I am?
My nerves are bad today, troubled and confused
Fallen out of the fish-bowl
Without breath but too much air

It was at night when I saw your face
But there was no way of following your trace
Once I was dreaming You, dreaming silver-blue
But maybe I was behind the times
And I know
That the day will come to show
You won't have a chance to go

ANNETTE MARX: Vocals
SUSANNE GABLER: Synthesizer
MICHAEL PFISTERER: Electric Guitar
DIETMAR GEBHARD: Drum Computer
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

La ville bizarre

(Lyrics by Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux
Restez-y
Restez-y

Et nous, nous resterons
Nous resterons sur la terre
Qui est quelquefois
Quelquefois si jolie

Sur le tableau noir du malheur
Dessiné le visage du bonheur

J'aime les moments très rares
Dans la vie bizarre

J'aime être un loup
La douceur d'une colombe
Le taureau mis à mort
Couronné de chapeaux

La petite seconde d'éternité
Quand tu m'as embrassée

J'aime les moments très rares
Dans la vie bizarre

Un monde sobre, ivre, triste,
Gai, tendre, cruel
Terrifiant et aussi marrant

Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux

J'aime les moments très rares
Dans la vie bizarre
J'aime les moments très rares
Dans la vie bizarre

Les deux corps enlacés
Echangés et caressés
J'aime être un loup

La douceur d'une colombe

La petite seconde d'éternité
Quand tu m'as embrassée

J'aime les moments très rares
Dans la vie bizarre
J'aime les moments très rares
Vivre dans la ville bizarre

ANNETTE MARX: Vocals
ROBERT LENART: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

S/M

(Lyrics by Thomas Wulke.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

I woke up one Sunday night
Walked around and I felt alright
I had a dream
It told of the trees
Of the birds
and the bees

I opened up an inner door
Stars were falling on the floor
On a violet TV screen
All my thoughts could now be seen
It showed to me
My fantasy
Strangest love
And bad pain
And I wished I'd never never woke up

Why do I hide my fantasy
In that little diary
Different colours must there be
Different colours must there be

Tie me on a railway track
Make the sun turn into black
Wind these chains around my neck
Wind these chains around my neck
White teeth and red fingernails
Want to tear Your pretty face
Hold me, kiss me, hold me please
Beat me, beat me, beat me, beat!

I woke up one sundaynight
Walked around and I felt alright
I had a dream
It told of possession
Sex and passion
And of love
And I wished I'd never never woke up

I won't hide my fantasy
In that little diary
Lipstick and black leatherwear
Lipstick and black leatherwear

Kiss me on Your bended knee
Taste that whip now bleed for me
Wind these chains around my neck

Wind these chains around my neck
White teeth and red fingernails
Want to tear Your pretty face
Hold me, kiss me, hold me please
Beat me, beat me, beat me, beat!
I beat You and You beat me

MARION LANTZ: Vocals
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Unforeseen thoughts

(Lyrics by Marion Lantz.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

World is moving mechanically
Future is just what we imagine
Some are looking for excitement
Unfortunately I'm present at the same time

Scatterer

Raindrops are no more healthy
Rainbow turns into a colder shade of shame

Unforeseen thoughts flashing through my mind
What will earth of tomorrow look like?

Who guarantees our lives
Without rights that means you live?
Without rights will you surrender?

Scatterer

Don't, don't cool down
Politicians are longing for excitement

Unforeseen thoughts flashing through my mind
What will earth of tomorrow look like?

Fear is causing madness
This madness causes delusions
Visions of running for helpless hands
For helpless hands

Scatterer
World is moving mechanically
Some are longing for excitement

Unforeseen thoughts flashing through my mind
What will earth of tomorrow look like?

MARION LANTZ: Vocals
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Oses-tu cueillir deux roses

(Thomas Wulke from a poem by Paul Hoan.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

Oses-tu? Oses-tu cueillir?
Oses-tu cueillir deux roses?

Je lui parlais de l'Espace
Que font les rapports élus

Oses-tu cueillir deux roses
Devant la maison qui dort?

Elle sourit. Et nous primes
Le chemin de sable fin
Vers la Mer aimée
Le vaste tumulte bleu

Je lui parlais de l'Espace
Elle sourit. Oui elle sourit
Elle sourit, sourit, sourit

Je lui parlais de l'Espace
Où l'Etre engage vos rêves

Mais né du vent, quel désordre nouveau
En ses longs cheveux

Oses-tu cueillir deux roses
Devant la maison qui dort?

Elle sourit et nous primes
Le chemin de sable fin...

Oses-tu cueillir deux roses
Devant la maison qui dort?

Elle sourit et nous primes
Le chemin de sable fin
Vers la Mer aimée
Le vaste tumulte bleu

Et je chante, chante la chanson

Elle sourit et nous primes
Le chemin de sable fin

Je lui parlais de l'Espace
ô Saints, Artistes et Savants!

Mais né du vent, quel désordre nouveau
En ses longs cheveux

Oses-tu? Oses-tu cueillir
Devant la maison qui dort?

ANNETTE MARX: Vocals
MICHAEL PFISTERER: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Denn meine Liebe...

(Lyrics by Marion Lantz.
Music written by Thomas Wulke)

Reich bin ich geworden an Dir
Ohne Dich je besessen zu haben

Geschenkt wurde ich mir
Ohne fortgegeben zu werden von Dir
Wachsen wölte ich in Dir
Ohne Schatten zu werfen

Die Kerze stellte ich ins Fenster
Und einen Kuss auf Deine Lippe
Das Auge seziert, nur das Ohr faßt es ganz
Worte sind Klang

Worte sind Klang

Erinnerung wie Sinuswellen
Die schwächer schwingen beim Entfernen
Beim Entfernen

Höre die Dinge an die Du Dich nicht erinnerst
Durch die, die Du nicht vergißt
Denn meine Liebe ist ein Kind und wollte spielen
Denn meine Liebe ist ein Kind und wollte spielen

Die Liebe als kriechende Laterne
Mondzittern
Ich verliere meine Augen in der Ferne

Das Auge seziert, nur das Ohr faßt es ganz
Worte sind Klang
Worte sind Klang

MARION LANTZ: Vocals
ROBERT LENART: Electric Guitar,
Bass Guitar
THOMAS SCHRADER: E-Drums
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers, Sound Sampler,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

