

Unforeseen thoughts (Marion Lantz)

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 mean 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

Sevgilim (Ergün Kutlar)

Sen beni istediğim gibi sevemedin
Sabah güneşi gibi yüzüme güldün
Gözlerimi kör ettin sen sevgilim, sen sevgilim
Sen beni bırakıp gurbete kaçtın
Sen beni bırakıp rahatı seçtin
Sen beni istediğim gibi sevemedin, sevemedin
Gözlerimi kör ettin sen sevgilim, sevgilim
Sakin geri döneyim deme çünkü burda bitti
Benim ile alay etmiş oldun, etmiş oldun
Sen beni istediğim gibi sevemedin, sevemedin
Gözlerimi kör ettin sen sevgilim, sen sevgilim

EDDA RUSS: Vocals
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

S/M (Thomas Wolke)

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 Sunday night
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

Nightfall (Thomas Wolke)

Pictures flow before the city ebbs
Headlights drifting, later we meet again
Staggering in the wells
Living in the wells of town, where we are staggering
And stumbling through the rain, tumbling, running
Forward like automata

Sitting here, drinking this booze
Hanging about, having a tune
Streets of scattered brick
Wet collars of November
So difficult to be no puppet
Staggering in the wells
Living in the wells of town, where we are staggering
And stumbling through the rain
And tumbling, running
Forward like automata

What will you answer, when the stranger says
What is the meaning of this city?
Why do you huddle close together?
Living in the wells of town, where You are staggering
And stumbling through the rain
Stumbling through the rain
And tumbling, running
Forward like automata?
In the wells of town, where we are staggering
And stumbling through the rain
Stumbling through the rain
And tumbling, running
Forward like automata
To make money from each other

Pictures flow before the city ebbs
Headlights drifting, later we see again
Staggering in the wells
Living in the wells of town, where we are staggering
And stumbling through the rain
Stumbling, stumbling
Stumbling through the rain
Forward like automata

We won't worry what to do and we won't have to catch
Won't have to catch any, any trains
And we won't go home when it
When it, when it rains
In the wells of town we'll gather hibiscus flowers
For it won't be minutes, won't be minutes
Won't be hours but won't be, won't be years

EDDA RUSS: Vocals
ROBERT LENART: Electric Guitar
THOMAS WULKE: Synthesizers,
Computer, Drum Computer, Electronics

Thanks to: All Musicians · Ergün Kutlar for lyrics · Ruth Giffels (West Germany) and Marie-Hélène Lavigne (France) as Covergirls · Susanne Gabler for photographic artwork · Bernd Wutsch for designing the Metronic logo · Michael Klische for printing advices · Susanne Gabler, Christoph Kujawa and Wolfgang X for pictures · Beate Hemmer for advices · Annette Marx, Paul Hoan, Michael Pfisterer and Thomas Schrade for helping · Dietmar Gebhard for printing advices and typesetting in association with SuperJoch · Printed by Cebra Druck Nürnberg · Cover photos by Thomas Wolke · 1989



MYSTERY MOON

CONTACT:
»SEPTEMBER GURLS« RECORDS
FENITZERPLATZ 4
D-8500 NÜRNBERG 20
WEST GERMANY
PHONE 0049-(0)911-555166