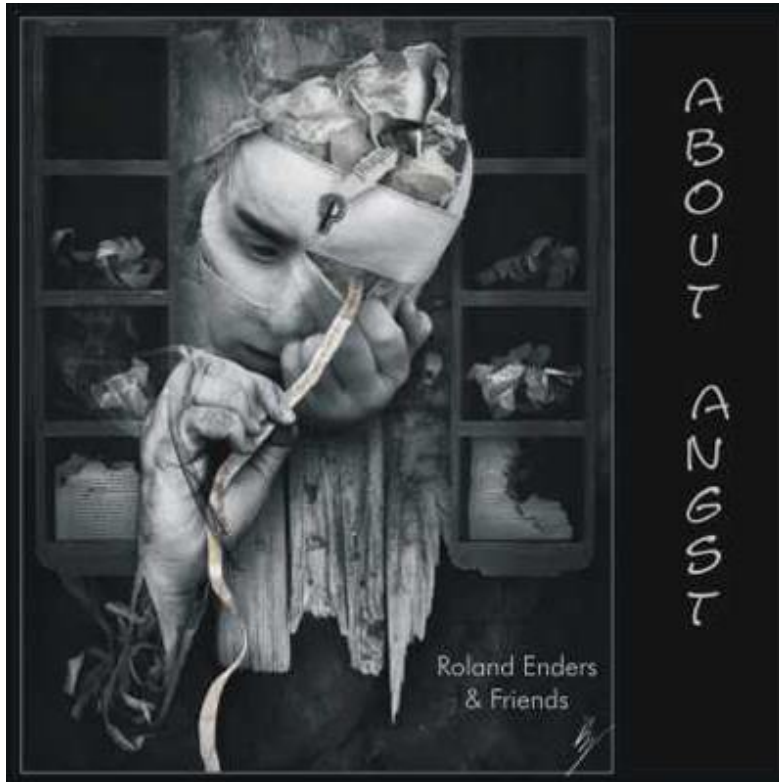


Book of Lyrics

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2009

CD 1 - About Angst



The Fearless

Mascara eyes in a pale face
midnight blue hair
piercing everywhere

Wears a black gown and a bat-tattoo
looks like one of those vampires
he deeply admires

Jake has buried his fears in the
abyss of his soul
there lurks a black hole
where every feeling and empathy
is captured by endless gravity

They call him The Fearless
the king of the fools
but he isn't a hero
he has nothing to lose
They call him The Fearless
but he ain't brave
as he only feels happy
if he doesn't feel save

Doesn't fear no peril to life
surfing the train
gives a kick to his brain

Jake doesn't need drugs to feel high
runs on adrenaline
everywhere, all the time

He climbs steep walls without a rope
puts a plastic bag
over his head

He's a flatliner, flirting with Death
plays the Fainting Game
they call him insane

Why doesn't he fear?
why doesn't he feel
anything – can't shed a tear?
Who has forged his soul
as hard as steel?

Chameleon's Shadow

Jake found his taste for visual arts
early in his young life
His talent was obvious - he gained awards
at the age of five

He tells the stories born in his mind
in monochrome drawings
with shades of darkness and spots of light
in a world cold and grey

Jake is a comic-strip artist
highly gifted
His pictures are weird
with a slightly shifted
point of view
Hiding his face
behind a mask

His strips are about a super hero
defending the helpless and weak

surviving great dangers, defeating the evil
a four-page sequel every week

"Chameleon Man -
created by Angry Jake"
is printed on the cover
Inside a world to discover
Chameleon Man
disguised in his camouflage
so no one can see him
He is creeping and sneaking

And Jake's friends they devour the tale
Will C-Man prevail or will he fail?
The plot ends with an enemy's roar

Eagerly, they wait for more

A naïve story one would say:
Obviously there is a similarity
between Jake and C-Man
the person he would like to be -
so they suppose.

But in the strip there is a boy
admiring him, and C-Man feels annoyed
This child is shy and timid but
its minor deeds affect the plot.
Chameleon's shadow

You can see him
but you think
he is of no relevance

Chameleon's shadow
is not in the bright limelight
so no one regards him
He is so underrated
Chameleon's shadow
is not taken seriously
He is the leading actor
He is the impact factor

This boy is the true alter ego of Jake
hidden under the veil of his art
He seems to be sheepish but has a great heart
And he is clever and smart

He saves the heroes' skin several times
with all his cleverness
he's the butterfly raising the storm
But there is no one who cares

Blackout

I like to play the fainting game
I like to tame this blazing flame
of consciousness

When oxygen is getting low
The flame is flickering to and fro - unsteadily

From its top black smoke is rising
Curling up and comprising
its dying soul
its dying soul

And when the candlewick is smouldering
the metamorphosis begins:

I'm slipping into a wondrous dream
I'm riding on a sparkling beam of light

Travelling so far from the sun
like Bowman in '2001' –
a space flight

But this is not Kubrick's universe
no hallucination, no fancy creation of mind
this is a real world behind

a wall built by reason to keep me outside -
and I can reach it if I break it down

I'm slipping into a wondrous dream
I'm riding on a sparkling beam of light

I'm drifting and floating all around
I'm crossing an ocean of sounds
and fragrances

I'm drifting through a coloured glow
but there is a horrible undertow
which attracts me into a sucking funnel
into a pitch black tunnel
it dims out the light
and blurs my sight

darker and darker and darker...

She:

Jake, what have you done? Come back to me!
Wait, I will loosen the noose. Oh it is so tight. You
fool! Did you try to kill yourself? Or did you just
play this stupid and morbid game of blackout?
Come back to me! Wake up. Wake up!

Father

Oh father
You'd never embraced me
Oh father
Why did you abase me?
Why did you so spitefully
make a mock of me?

You tread me like a sissy
You called me a wimp and prissy
You laughed at me when I was a child

Despised me when I cried
You never took pride of me
Your mental cruelty made me wild at heart

You don't like if I call you Dad
To be loved doesn't make you glad
I have never been close to your heart
Could never meet your expectations
Had to bear all your frustrations

We always were light-years apart

You killed all my fears
You dried up all my tears
You made me strong and bold
You made my heart stone-cold
– Father

You killed all my love
You made me hard and tough
Compassion and sympathy
are waste, that's what you taught me
– Father

Hid me when you've been rude
and in this special mood
you'd like to test my courage, I was so afraid
You always tracked me down
You made a clown of me
A clown of me because I wasn't brave

Sarah

His life was a high wire act
he walked the tightrope between inner void
and excessive sensations. He was hastening
from one crazy action to another. He just knew
one feeling: the fear of facing up to his lack of
emotions. But deep inside angst was lurking like
a sleeping beast. And Sarah awoke it.

She comes upon him like a hurricane
she touches his heart, makes him feel again

and he learns that love bites, he feels the pain
but his resistance seems to be in vain

Long forgotten feelings occur
she evokes the sense of fear
he is afraid to commit to her
and he is scared of losing her
He loses his footing, feels dazed and confused
he tries to flee, feels grievously abused
by Sarah

But she waters the dry seeds of emotion
and they sprout and grow in fast motion - Sarah

His relationship to Sarah was like sitting on a volcano. Beneath a thin crust simmered the magma of emotions which he believed to have cooled down long ago. If the crust would break open he would be burned to death. Wouldn't

he? Or would the ashes of eruption build fertile ground for new life? He didn't know. But he learned everything about angst.

He struggles hardly against her love
tries to resist - his exterior is tough
mental closeness he hardly can't stand
if he would allow he would sink in quicksand

Mother

His wife - my stepmother -
she did not protect me against him
I don't blame her, because she dread him
so much
She cared for me, fed and dressed me
but without affection and tenderness
I longed for you, Mom, but he kept you out of
touch

O Mum where have you been
when I needed you?
Why did you leave me?
O Mum where have you been
when I've been alone?
You should have stood by me
I lacked your compassionate consolation
So I grew up in emotional isolation

I have never seen you face-to-face
but I found a yellowed portrait and since then
I remember you as if I got to know you
But I am not even sure that you are still alive

He claimed that you shirked responsibility
and that you left us in the lurch
with his words he sowed the seeds of
lurking doubt
He said, that you did not want me
and felt no love for me
I believed his lies and so the evil seed sprout

I hated you because you left me alone with
him.
You allowed him to steal my childhood.
You should have backed me up.
You should have read me bed-time-stories und
given me good-night kisses.
You should have told me not to be afraid when
you put out the light.
When he locked me up in my dark room, the
gruesome phantoms of my imagination
assailed me.
He called that 'hardening'. You must learn how
to stand and beat your fears, how to overcome
them, he told me. Once you will be grateful to
me for teaching you this lesson, he said.

O Mum where have you been
when I needed you?
Why did you leave me?
O Mum where have you been
when I've been alone?
You should have stood by me
I lacked your compassionate consolation
So I grew up in emotional isolation

I do not hate you any longer, Mom
but I don't miss you either cause now I'm strong
I don't need anybody - least of all you
But I would like to tell it to your face
I would like to hurt you, until you are crying
Then I would take you in my arms and hold you
close

Love Surgery

I have to screw up all my courage
I have to penetrate this scar
I have to make him feel the pain
The crusted wound must bleed again

I try to heal his wounded spirit
But painful will it be for him
His morbid curiosity
Makes him sick - obviously

He's the patient, I'm the surgeon
My love is sharper than a knife
Cutting deeply in his mind
Makes him see again - he's blind
Love surgery

I love Jake but he doesn't see me
He won't even recognize me
When he subtly glides in this curious mood
And loses his grip
On reality

He's sick by all those trapped emotions
They have infected the whole mind
Regardless of my niggling doubt
Have to free them - let them out

I don't know if he will hate me
Once he'll find out what I've done
I wish I didn't have to do this
My love - cuts him to the quick

Culmination

Sarah's Venture

He walked the tightrope, surfed on top of the train
He strangled himself, played the fainting game
He already had rendezvous with death
Maybe today he could draw his last breath

It should be his great day
the high point of his life
He would climb the steep face
without a safety rope
which hasn't been done before
and the crowd will adore – him

But when he reaches the mountains' base
the audience keeps quiet and gazes up the face
totally spellbound by a tiny figure
that stuck high above - he recognizes her:
Sarah!

Grabbing on the cliff
her body has got stiff
Muscles are getting weak
she can't hold much longer
She is in great danger
she's on the brink of death
Between Summit and Abyss
Spoken:

Jake is shaking in his shoes, his pulse is racing, his heart is palpitating, his mouth is dry and his breath is catching. But he has no time to be scared stiff. He starts climbing as fast as he can. He climbs for Sara's life.

Rescue

When he reaches her he hugs her tightly
She clings to him - he senses her trembling slightly

A helicopter approaches from above
But still the situation is rather tough

A rope is dropped - he catches it and straps them both - from beneath, they hear the crowd clap

The crew gently pulls up Sarah and Jake
they're out of danger now but he risked his life for her sake

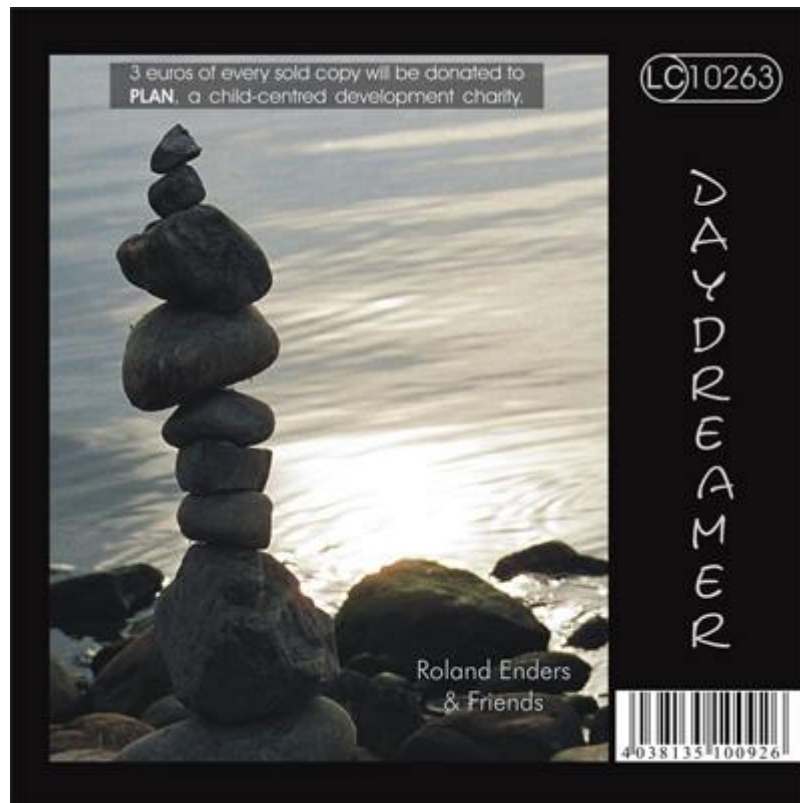
Coming to Terms

Spoken:
He feels how strain dissolves all of a sudden.
He's overwhelmed by emotions.
He recognizes that Sarah' love has healed him;
she has sealed his wounds.
His whole life flashed before his mind's eye.
He is coming to terms with himself.

They called him the fearless
the king of the fools
but he isn't a hero
has now so much to loose

They called him the fearless
a man carved of stone
(but he) left behind his past life
(cause) he's no longer alone

CD 2 – Daydreamer



The River

For millions of years
collecting the tears
of the earth

Cutting through rock
a soft but sharp knife
and brought life

To the desert around the scar
and the land near and far
The river

A crevice in earth
a crack that gives birth
to a runnel

It joins other rills
Flowing water fills
the creek

And the current gets wild and strong
The rush of white water sings the song
of the river

Broad and silver band
aorta of the land
Live-giver

Bringing soil and clay
to the banks each day
Fruitful stream

From its spring to its mouth at the ocean
Essence of being - magic potion - the river
At the shores people settle
building villages and towns
Fruitful fields - blooming gardens
on the fertilized grounds

As prosperity is growing
they deforest all the land
Environment is damaged for

increasing energy demand

Then they canalize the stream
build a dam - a plan mistaken
Upstream drowned and sunken land
towns and buildings are forsaken

Downstream now the desert grows
The fishing grounds disappear
The fruitful freight no longer comes
The intervention is severe

For thousands of years
collecting the fears
of men

Then the earth is shaking
and the wall is breaking
The river runs free

Washing away human life in a day
Recapturing his property - the river

Now the salmon swims upstream to spawn
in the river
And the deer comes for drinking at dawn
to the river
And returned from exile - the black swan
to the river

Broad and silver band
aorta of the land
Live-giver

Bringing soil and clay
to the banks each day
Fruitful stream

From its spring to its mouth at the ocean
Essence of being - magic potion
The river

Shelter

I struggle through my work each day
from 9 to 5 in hectic pace
in a stressful working atmosphere
with hustle and bustle everywhere

I take the overcrowded bus
in traffic noise I hear a cuss
A drunken idiot jostles me
I stumble out - now I am free

Behind my garden lies
an enchanted paradise
a forest deep and green
as you have never seen

Therein a grassy glade you'll find
a willow with a bench behind
A runnel flows around its roots
there I sit down, take off my boots

Here I can breathe, here I can dream
while listening to the dabbling stream
This is my shelter, my location
here is no limit to imagination

Behind my garden lies
an enchanted paradise
a forest deep and green
as you have never seen

This place means a lot to me
a play ground for my fantasy
a resting place for my mind
where peace and shelter I can find

Behind my garden lies
an enchanted paradise
a forest deep and green
as you have never seen

But I have to go...

back to the busy places
back to the deadpan faces
showing no emotion - no pity
back to the rushing city
back to the fighting zone
back to the world of clones
with their grey suits and briefcases
back to the busy places.

I struggle...

The Treasure Chest

Lying in the green grass
looking at the blue sky
watching a flock of seagulls
swiftly passing by

Warm sun on my face
has dissolved the haze
sand between my toes
I smell the fragrance of a rose

All that I'll keep in the
treasure chest of my memory
to preserve it for you
to share it with you

Time is relative as Einstein taught:
happy times pass rapidly
sad moments extend to eternity
But in memory it's the other way round:
hard times shrink and good times swell

So mind is our wishing well
where good memories accrue
Let's drop a coin into
and relive them anew
have a nice déjà vu

Read a novel last night
it was so exciting
made me stay awake
until dawn's break

A guy named José
told me a joke today
about a pot of honey
it was so killingly funny

All that I'll keep in the
treasure chest of my memory
to tell you about
it's not half as good without – you

I Wonder

I wonder how it feels to be a bird
when the feathers bristle in the wind
when you glide up smoothly in curves
and the thermal carries and serves you
I wonder how it feels to be a bird

I wonder how it feels to be a fish
when the corals are tickling your scales
when you float through a silent world
when you spin around in a swirl
I wonder how it feels to be a fish

I have a recurring dream
where I slip into the skin
of creatures wild and free
Then I see the world through different eyes
its greatness, its beauty, its savageness

And I really wonder how it's to be
in the skin of an Aborigine
As close to nature as a human could be
Perhaps he has the same dream as me
Wonder if he would like to switch roles with me

I wonder how it is to be a gazelle
to be running through waste-deep grass
to scent the predator's animal smell
to drink clear water from a well
I wonder how it is to be a gazelle

I have a recurring dream
where I slip into the skin
of creatures wild and free
Then I see the world through different eyes

I wonder how it is to be... me

My Toaster is an Alien

Last year I bought a toaster deluxe
in a hip designer shop
The price was really exorbitant
but it was utterly top

It glazed like a polished mirror
of chrome-plated steel it was made
Its supplementary functions included:
buttering and spreading with marmalade

Its artificial intelligence
was powered by an array processor
It knew more than 3000 words
That is marginally lesser than I know

I called it Mary - she was refined
she was my kitchen fairy
She was so cute and well designed
I had to admit: I love Mary

But one day she cried and said to me:
"Oh Bob, I feel so lonesome here
I am a stranger in a foreign world
My mind is filled with sadness and fear"

"I have no one to talk with
The fridge is completely oafish,
the washing machine is unable to speak,
the dishwasher only attends to dishes"

I called her Mary - she was refined
she was my kitchen fairy
She was so cute and well designed
I had to admit: I love Mary

I tried to console her that she still had me
as a pal but she said to me:
"I need my own kind to share my live with
machines that are on a par to me"

Could not help her. My financial status
didn't allow such expensive purchase
of social powered hi-tech apparatus
so she fell into disrepair little by little

One day she conked out. She made me so sad
had to part with and dispose of her
when I was burying her at the junkyard
she woke up astonished and joyfully called:

"I must be in paradise among my people
I hear their voices all around
Now I am no longer a lonesome alien
I find my life to be meaningful again"

I called her Mary - she was refined
she was my kitchen fairy
She was so cute and well designed
I had to admit: I love Mary