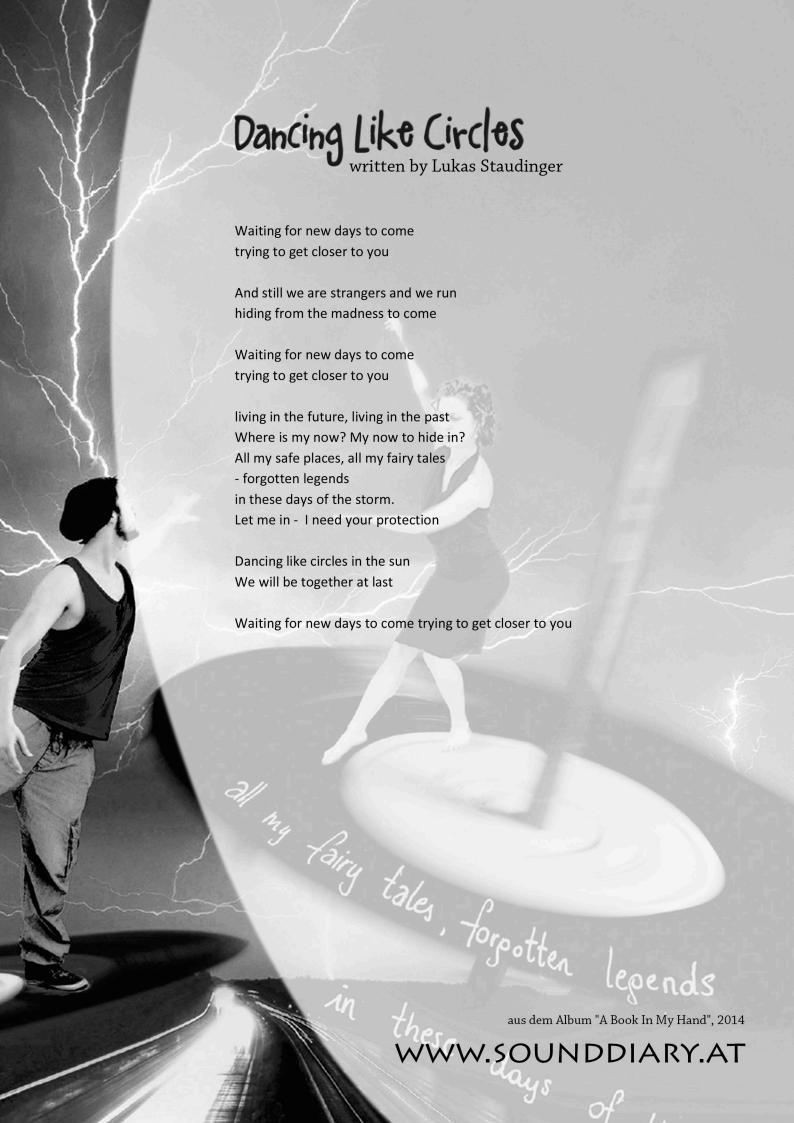
Mercury Syndrome written by Hannes Pichlmann Bov1: Tonight we will retrieve the things that they stole from us they'll have to make amends. This will be our ticket to a new life - just you and me my friend. Will you take my hand? Boy2: Sure I sit in on this we'll break these chains. We'll find a place where nothing but freedom remains. Boy1: So I expect you to be there! You know about the place, the time and the action plan. You'll forget about the lack of care that you're suffering from. You'll become a man. Boy2: I'm dying to get out of here - let's go! Tonight we are the ones to make a row! Policeman1: We could climb the social ladder! Policeman2: I'm afraid. Policeman1: That doesn't matter! Why don't you turn your face to me? We wouldn't meet at mercury...

aus dem Album "A Book In My Hand", 2014







Nevertheless

written by Stefan Pichlmann

They say they 're aware of the commercial crisis. to lock possessions with safety devices. They try about how they can get a higher pension. They care They see in every good will the ugly intention.

They fear that they could lose a very good position. They fight against their feelings and their intuition. to save our hides but only empty-handed. They want They feel that the economy must be expanded.

Nevertheless, no other place to go. no other place to hide. Nevertheless. Nevertheless. there is a constant fear. Nevertheless... and it won't disappear!

They fear to los
the perfect
around They say that the inflation rate has to be lowered. to have their homes completely solar-powered. They try They care about some transcendental meditations.

They see all the oppression in the foreign nations.

They fear to lose the perfect little world around them. They fight against the people who are causing mayhem. They want another leader they can really trust in.

that every day is getting more disgusting. They feel

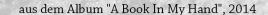
Nevertheless, no other place to go. no other place to hide. Nevertheless, Nevertheless. there is a constant fear. Nevertheless... and it won't disappear!

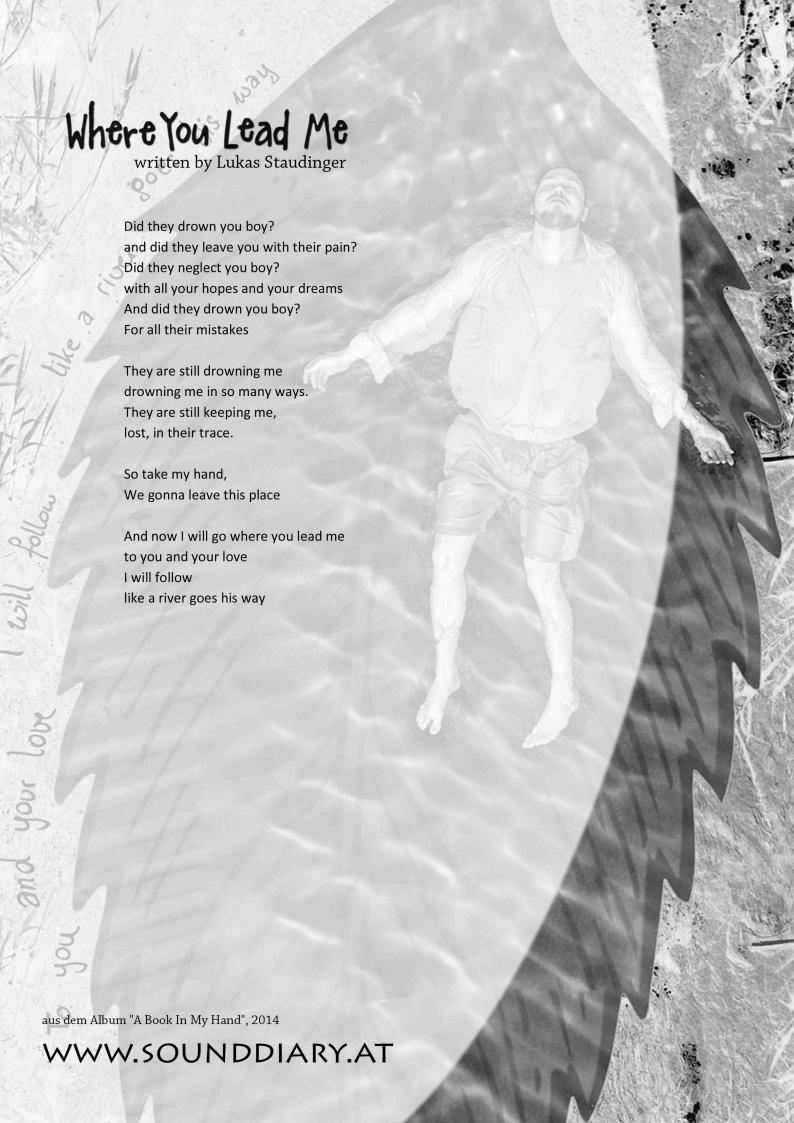
Still I'm trying to believe,

that it's something good what they attempt to achieve.

Still I'm trying to deny,

that life's just a threat before the day that I die.





Obedient To Indifference

written by Stefan Pichlmann

Another dull thought comes into my mind. Sit here and wait for my brain wave to come. Desperately claiming myself to find an answer inside a bubble-gum.

Senselessly chewing I'm making a vow: Never be different than anyone else, difference means effort - anyhow. And effort is something that rarely sells.

So I am figuring out what it is all about:

Don't ever let it affect me inside, keep the safe distance and I'll be all right, rational thoughts set my mind at ease, I'm just indifferent and do as I please.

Here is my commandment, here is my prayer: Worship my god of indifference today. And never mind as a global player he gives you safety, in every way.

Settled and calm in his holy shrine he closes the trap-door over your heart. Count your belongings and just feel fine, there's no one like you that can be so smart.

So you are figuring out what it is all about:

Don't ever let it affect you inside, keep the safe distance and you'll be all right, rational thoughts set your mind at ease, just be indifferent and do as you please.

aus dem Album "A Book In My Hand", 2014



A Book In My Hand

written by Hannes Pichlmann

Empty pages – mirror-like – are staring back at him.

Reflections of a hidden world and suddenly shoots a rim.

Into his withered consciousness – a shot that causes pain

Reveals this well-known loneliness and turns snow into rain...

Rainbrain – soulhole – smartheart – integrity
Touchscreen – loophole – smartass – fertility
Teamwork – homework – clockwork – consciousness
Snowshow – trytear – spycry – insanity

You go through the pages
A holodramatic experience, well-known for ages.
A chapter's been written, a book has been sold.
I'm loving a star and I'm puking on gold.

Fuck all the patterns, the music, the tune, the words and the phrases, the poems of June. What counts and what matters can neither be said nor written, composed, performed or played.

You go through the pages
A hologrammatic experience, well-known for ages.
A chapter's been written, a book has been sold.
I'm loving a star and I'm puking on gold.

Lines in the sand
a book in my hand
Its sound takes me to
a place where I meet you...

aus dem Album "A Book In My Hand", 2014

