



Fix	01
20th Century Plague	02
Big Brothel	03
Fusion	04
A New World Arise	05
Plastic World	06
I Know	07
Like Leaves	08
Misery	09
Fallen Star	10
Symphony of Hope	11
Psycho Blonde	12
Phosphor	13

Fix

Falling in love, like in a plastic bag
Suffocating, lungs deprived of air
Have to back off, I have to take care
Not prone to romance, not Byron's heir

Here is my heart -- take it and explain (how it works)
It has stopped my soul from love
Too many times before (too many quirks)

Rumours of hollow shells
Whispers in my head

Dismal affairs, like infected scars
Unable to mend, unwilling to open up
Another afternoon in Wayne's coffee shop
Not trying to love you, but trying to stop

20th Century Plague

It's so sad when nothing gives you peace
Disturbed by the mess that I see
I'm a man in need
But no one can help me

Don't bother if you see me
Don't help if I bleed
There is no cure
Accept the fact
I'm dying in this disease

It's the 20th century plague
Poetry is dead
It's the 20th century plague
Mankind's fate

It's the trap they set without remorse
Letting nature have its course
I'm a man indeed
Knocking on death's door

Don't bother if you see me
Don't help if I bleed
Nothing is sure
Except the fact
That I'm dying in this disease

Big Brothel

Those inexpressive faces
Displaying useless minds
Idiots with a tan
And a one-year lifespan

I flip through the channels
I flip through different ways
Of humiliation
Different freaks every week

And for us this seems
Remarkable and sad
That folk need
To be stupid, to be bad
To gain fame
A fake respect
A revolting reputation
Is the key to the media nation

A famine in North Africa
Genocide in South America
Revolution in East Asia
Suppression in Malaysia

Peace process in Palestine
It's a battle of wits
There's no place in the headlines
'Cause BB blonde got new tits

Fusion

Hold your breath
Don't let those words out of your head
I want peace, I'll bury the hatchet
Drop your guard
Drop your shield
And the sword you wield
Why do you need
To see me bleed

Close your eyes
I need you tonight
We dream away from fearful fights
Feel your way ahead
Close your eyes
I need you tonight
Feel your way ahead
I'm love in disguise

Hold your breath
Don't ruin this needlessly
Let's start again
Let's see what this will take us
No sentence of death
No words of violence
Embrace the silence
You don't need

A New World Arise

The sky is red with the colours of the dead
Feel the flames touching your face
The fields are gone; everything is burned to the ground
We hope for an answer, we hope for rain
How can we move on, how can we explain?

This is a sign
This is a wake-up call
The ashes will be new life
We have to face the dawn
With hope of a better world

We walk away and let it burn
We are too old - it's our children's turn
To sow the new seeds and make it grow again
To create their answers and create their rain

Plastic World

If you have lost the genetic lottery
If you have had an unfair start
You no longer need to improve your personality
We have the means
It's our specialty, actually

Don't compensate - imitate
Don't compensate - operate

A plastic world
Everyone wants a model look-alike
A plastic world
No one cares how you look inside

First step - immorality
Next step - immortality

Next chapter - design your own child
All you need is fantasy
Inspiration is all around, in every magazine
We have the means
It's our specialty, actually

Don't compensate - imitate
Don't compensate - operate

I Know

I know
I saw both of your faces
I know
I have friends in many places

You've got me pinned to the wall
I have a million questions
I'm out of ideas, it's your call
I'm open for suggestions

I know
I saw both of your faces
I know
I have friends in many places

I have known for a while
Since you changed your perfume
I've witnessed a change in style
There is a smile where there was gloom
I have known you far too long
Sometimes I wonder
If you're trying to get caught
Parading in the necklace he bought

Like Leaves

It's getting colder
The wind tore up the sea
The rain is flooding the streets
And we are falling
We crawl back in our shell
So weak
So beaten
But still we regain

We are falling like leaves
We release
Too hard to hold on
So hard to stay warm
All that kept us strong
Within the darkness
It's all gone

It's like a disease
That could break a man out in tears
A man that nothing fears
Except himself
The colours are dead and pale
Fighting for survival
Waiting for the winter day
To fade away

Misery

Still seeking wisdom
Something to fulfil my expectations
Embrace my needs
I have lived in solitude for so long
Broken every record to maintain strong
Shadows dancing on the wall
Nail marks embedded in the concrete wall

I walk alone on this path
Searching for answers - searching for love
Regret the acts from the past, disguised as light
I uncover a window - I fill the room with light
I struggle for my life - revived for a second
Disguised as light

This is my misery
This is my doom
The path I choose to walk
The burden I have to seclude

I'm done with freedom
I'm done with every other excuse
To remain safe
A life in solitude's a waste
Taken every measure to maintain alone
I'm sick with this life, I need a change
I'm getting lonely, I'm getting strange

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Fallen Star

Here you are waiting for the applause
Eager to come back into the game
Addicted to the sideshow
Addicted to the fame
You were in, but long ago
Failed to reach the top
Not knowing when to stop
Going out, but not in style

It's a fallen star breaking up
In the heat of the atmosphere
Collapsing core, media whore
I can't watch that
It's a fallen star breaking up
In front of those who were there
Throat so sore, the show's a bore
I can't watch that

Here you are waiting for the applause
A new era, a new project name
Or is it the same
Prototype again
You were in but long ago
Failed to reach the top
Not knowing when to stop
Going out, but not in style

Symphony of Hope

I have begun to hold on to hope
Am I enough to star in the scene she plays
In her dreams

Hope is a storm and I am so weak
I hold on to her, I feel like a freak
We fight the winds, love is a kite
We hold on to the rope
We hold on to hope

We walk over mountains
We walk over crystal lakes
A magic moment, we embrace
Caught inside the fairytale
The lovers' secret place

Fear is a shield and I am afraid
Love is so strong, it's like a grenade
We stand our ground, love is an anchor
We hold on to the rope
We hold on to hope

Psycho Blonde

With or without me she plays
And she comes two or three times a day
She is born to love and lust
Without that she crumbles to dust
She is born to love and lust
Without that she crumbles to dust

Therapy doesn't seem to work anymore
It only adds to the hurt and the sore
When we are out she makes me wear handcuffs
She's far too much and not nearly enough

She never ever gives me room
I fear I'll suffocate soon
Psycho blonde -- I'm not your toy
She never ever gives me room
I fear I'll suffocate soon
Find yourself another psycho boy

I begged her to get herself fixed
I'm tired of games and I'm sick of tricks
I had to move to stop seeing her again
She has a way to crawl back into my head

Phosphor

Whirlwinds of beauty tormenting the heart
Less than light, more than dark
Chaos is tearing their lives apart
Less than something, more than nothing

Fake smiles are burning like phosphor
Modern men in their modern corps
Too much power to remain sane
Too much adrenaline to feel the pain

Figurines dance at the horizon
Puppets that drink acid and breathe ozone
Pieces when Gods are playing chess
Embodied lifelessness

Life and death at their disposal
Live or die, roll the dice
Too many decisions not enough facts
A conscience is a cheap sacrifice