

LOST VITAL SPARK – THE MOTION PARADOX

THE WISDOM OF THE MANY

Don't read the poems, you better stick to the schedule
Roll up the chart, seal up the world, just in time while you still can
There will be the day again
There will be a time of accusation
Billboards full of sorted names, symbols painted on, nay-sayers
Blessed who guides the needle through the chest

Innocence will come undone
Learn the highest art of all
To be undone, to change the face
Innocence will come undone
Learn how to denigrate
Your daily, dirty task

While you sew, bitch
Tight is the arm that sews garments of death
Narratives of an alterity will be in bloom
Useful the books to enkindle the flame
Declarations herald the end of shame
Zeal and ambition will do it to finally fight for the right goals again

Innocence will come undone
Learn the highest art of all
To be undone, to change the face
Innocence will come undone
Disparity is erased
Your daily, dirty task

Daily, dirty task – the wisdom of the many
We see a goal (we see a goal)
We have the means (we have the means)
The wisdom of the many
We never give a damn, our morals are our sham
The wisdom of the many
We see a goal – we have the means

The wisdom of the many

The wisdom of the crowd, a torpor of a mass

NEO-CYNIC

Oh, humility, this is what sets you apart from the mess

Humility against yourself – Neo-Cynic

Old becomes new – this time as farce

There is a trend that lurks in the media

Abstain, renounce for the highest good

In light of devastations I've felt

No doubt: The old certainties fade

A favor, a share, my relative's asset

A plan to take care, that I don't want for anything

I see the rat race I'm in

Think twice - give the thing a go

I need to find a way – to frugality

All I ever want is to be mine again

So I have found the grail

What have I poured myself

A favor, a share, the deprived one's options

A plan to take theirs, renounce for the other's good

I see the rat and it's me (it's you)

Hoarding what I don't deserve

That's what stocks are for

I need to find a way – to frugality

All I ever want is to be mine again

I need to find a way – to humility

All I ever want is to be mine again

I need to find a way, I need to find a way

I need to find a way, I need to find a way

I need to find a way, I need to find a way

The rogue and bold – we’ve seen it all before
Delude us all, lead us to fall
Their modest ways, reserved for the few
Delude us all. Striving for more

Striving for more (striving for more)
Striving for more (for your own gain)
Everyone that hath shall be given
Striving for more (striving for more)
You’re striving for more (for your own gain)
Do not fall for their scam
Old becomes new, this time as farce

ANTHEM

For generations you’ve failed to act
You spoke of dignity, of freedom, and civil rights
Our prospect – fire, flood, and drought
Too long you’ve pleaded self-commitment
“Look! General progress will sort it out”
Our prospect – damnation and dread
Children will drown in their parents’ blood
It’s time to catch the facts

We are forsaken, cursed to go extinct – we’re left for dead
Don’t you realize the truth, we play a snowdrift game
And we are wasting every chance we had
Purified, when we die, natural at last – we’re left for dead
Don’t you feel a stirring insight (insight)
Don’t you see the need to change your life (change your life)
So won’t you join in? Tune in, before it is too late – and you are dead

Four generations have failed to act
Underpredicting our habit’s tenacity
It’s your mistake – to be fooled again

Ignorance is fed by helplessness
Your panic broadcast just conveys
We're left for dead

We don't feel a stirring insight
We don't see the need to change your life
So we opted out and chose the best way versus change – we wait for death

Readied arms that spread out radiate fear
Force the incitement of change to stay unchanged

We don't feel a stirring insight
We don't see the need to change your life
So won't you join in? Tune in, before it is too late
You are forsaken, cursed to miss the mark – you're left for dead
Don't you realize the truth, you play a panic game
And you are wasting every chance we have
Terrified, we don't care, natural as we are - we're left for dead
We're left for dead; we're left for dead; we're left for dead
Terrified, we don't care, natural as we are - we're left for dead

COMMITMENT IS FUTILE

This is the last serenade of right number x y
The swansong to a good old world of keen oppression
When worlds collide and habits break
They mark the start of another – dependence
Give yourself to it now
Make sure that these old pricks are replaced by new dicks
Dependence – from different wankers
You exchange shit for crap if you don't care
Foul insights loom, all is lost
Hope for the best and dig a hole; there's no place like home

Idol, villain, phlegmatic

The reaper is on his way

To bring you down – writings on the wall

Commitment is a futile aim

He'll bring you down – bring you down

Dependence – your own awful failure

We're mostly blinded fools, who don't get what they do

Thus we all explain ourselves with ex post explanations

While carelessness – is our nature

Don't give in – abstract your mind – to routine

Don't let our epistemic and ontic limitations set the tone

Body talk: There's no sound like home

The reaper is on his way, (phlegmatic) to bring you down – writings on the wall

Commitment is a futile aim. He'll bring you down – bring you down

The reaper is on his way

To bring you down – writings on the wall

Commitment is a futile aim

He'll bring you down – bring you down

Bring you down, down, down

Bring you down, down, down

Down

I will resist disengagement. I will withstand this temptation

I – (I will) – will (be part) – be part (counter) of the movement

I – (I will) – will (be part) – be part (counter) of the movement.

Commit to it

I will be part of a movement

I will be part, moving into spaces

I will be part of a movement

I will be part, moving into spaces

Spaces

HERESY

There are thoughts, living in my routine
Maybe the way to a right goal is wrong
I do what I can do, just so I don't do a thing
Heresy
If it were not so, I would not have done so – no way
It is the gross – circumstance

Carried by a certain idea of morality's gears
Conditions are wrong, your compass is right
So lead us the way and give us a sign (give us a sign)
Your wisdom shows the way, never we'll go astray – give us a sign
Your wisdom is the well
That is all there is to it: The world is like this, and man is a shit

Heresy – is to question the prophecy
To be on the right side of history
Will you refuse collective excuse
It is a choice that you make
It is a choice that we make

Carried by a certain idea of morality's gears
Conditions are wrong, your compass is right
So lead us the way and give us a sign (give us a sign)
Your wisdom shows the way, never we'll go astray – give us a sign
Your wisdom is the well
That is all there is to it: Now you stand up to any excuse
Just go against the tide and you may live a new life, live a new life

My mistake has been to keep the faith
In the revealing grace coming from words that urge us to stand firm
To be the own prophet, a misled one
My mistake was to follow my inner faith
Never will I trust my view

All it takes is to see the world through the lens
Of your own concerns to break any promises you've made
My mistake was to follow my inner faith
Any sign of looming change, countless reasons not to change
Never will I trust my view
Believe no one
I was a believer – this is what I've got
Promises you've once made, shackles of your life
Can you see what I see, can you feel what I feel
Never will I trust my view

A BITTER END

This is what you are: just an ass with a flower
Just a dick doing great
Remember this, remember that
You have your head in the oh so greatest past
History's brown arse
Your thoughts will lend hatred a helping hand
All you have to give is borrowed from
Old thoughts and fears of a distant unknown
Wicked promises, deceptions

Your will be done, so it is written
In the compendium of the favored few

Don't believe it's lack of insight
That's what they think, that's how they feel
It's alright – the devil shall take the hindmost
This is what you want, and this is what you obtain
Promises, deceptions

Your will be done, so it is written
In the compendium of the favored few

The favored few, as they long for you

You hear them calling, calling for the few
The favored few, as they long for you
You hear them calling, calling for the few

The favored few, as they long for you
You hear them calling, calling for the few
The favored few, as they long for you
You hear them calling, calling for the few
Calling for the few, calling for the
Place your cross there, waste your good
Let them try it once again, the infestation
No one will know their fate, it is arbitrary
We are heading for a bitter end
Crucified, crucified by your own right
To fall into oblivion – place the veil
No one escapes their fate – it is arbitrary
We are heading for a bitter end
A bitter end

The favored few, as they long for you
You hear them calling, calling for the few
It's unwise to think those (the favored few)
Who brought out the worst in us (as they long for you)
Follow noble truths (you hear them calling), just calling for the few
The favored few: not like you