

I'VE GOT

I've got noisy pressing voices

inside of me

Fighting against each other

Enough to lead me to

every possible mistake

I've got other worlds

undefined sounds

stopped at the red light

of my stomach

waiting to get out

I've got good intentions

for my next life

And do not say I didn't think about it

I've got half stuck dreams

in my pillow

and others too soon flew away

but the most beautiful

I keep them, tight, in my hands

INTO THE BLUE

Into the blue

Digging through rubble

Trying not to lose

The sound of the words we have left

behind

There must be a room

Where we can stop for a little while

And take a deep breath

Licking and healing our bleeding wounds

Oh why oh why is it so hard?

in my open sea

when the wind and the rain come to me as

a storm

and i'm going to fill

the gap between me and the rest of the

world

i want to believe this is

a way to come back out of the dark

Just to find out

i'll fly over the waves with no bounds,

oh why oh why is it so hard

Into the blue

a spark in the dark

false maybe true

the smile of the shark

the moon in the sea

Big hammers hit

The hum of a bee

A one-way street

Days in the school

Pages of a book

nobody's fool

nowhere to look

A foot in the sand

Unspoken words

A dream in your hand

behind closed doors

oh why oh why is it so hard

JOYFUL LITTLE THINGS

all in all they were the good sounds

flying around your head

so that all those bad things could not

ever make you sad

finding someone who loves you

it's the best gift I ever had

breaking open all the light beams

narrow in the gray

So lay your hand on me

Show me how to get through

Show me

the way to get home

Show me how to get through

Show me

All your joyful things, so good to catch

my fall

Don't you see them?

Pictures on the ceiling, fading right

and wrong

Don't you see them all?

you can see them from a butterfly

Washing in some drops of rain

Or from those moments you have kept

in hidden corners of your brain

finally you find your way

in joyful little things

nothing more to hear or say

enjoy them here with me

So lay your hand on me

Show me how to get through

Show me the way to get home

Lay your hand on me

*All your joyful things, so good to catch
my fall*

Don't you see them?

*Pictures on the ceiling, fading right
and wrong*

Don't you see them all?

let's wait for the dawn

a new day is gonna come,

shining over us

NOORDERLICHT

A wind from the northwest

brings the smell

of the refinery

Howling through

the creaking wrecks

of the machines

Looking at fractal-lights drawn

in a cold winter sky

Behind a window curtain you

lose a hand to your fate again

Lights in the night

and dark in the day

Oh yes you tried, surely,

you tried so hard

a breath, a smile, a look,

a thousand blurred words

But you're still there,

phone won't ring

in a run-down hotel

with a beautiful sign

Lights in the night

and dark in the day

BETWEEN THE LINES

I know you can see my colors

Can read me between the lines

Can feel my vibrations

Can send shivers down my spine

Falling upwards without chains

One million miles into my mind

And swimming blind beyond

Every imagination line

It's a blue in which I reach the top

A blue that penetrates

A blue of big heart rates

No one has ever been so high

So all the rose thorn tips

Are all gone

And the craters

where we use to fall

Get filled with soft silver foam

IN BETWEEN

It was when I found myself thinking about
the ebb and the flow of the tides
that I've started to wonder about my ever
changing mood
about the opposition
between right and wrong
between reason and feelings
I didn't want to grow up
but I've still got a rage now
It's not the rage against the future
I had when I was a boy
They bought me out of it
it's the rage on the time passing by
without the change I hoped
But now you are here,
And I feel I can make it
You are here
Out of the blue

OUT OF THE BLUE

Out of the blue
You came through centuries shining and
true
Just out of the blue
All in me was fading waiting for who
Could take me back
To the place where the sound is pure
and good

As if for heaven's sake!

Long-gone grandfather Hermès and the
town band

were still playing to forget the black

Of the mud in the trenches,

bullets to the heart of memories

Of a first or last love

To a photograph stuck in the barbed
wire

For the king and the nation

Funny but sure

Stars collapsing on downward curves

Hands over ears

While the roar of the clash is growing in
tune

Tender and cruel

Time is up, you're still a smiling

photograph

What else is due?

It wasn't so hard