

Growth

I'm talking about flowers,
I'm talking about trees,
I'm talking about you
and I'm talking about me.

I talk about my garden,
I talk about the world.
I talk about power,
and people on the street.

I talk about love,
and I am talking about hate.

I'm thinkin' about money,
to have and to have none.

I wonder about our destiny,
fortune, freedom, fate ...

nothing ever grows forever,
nothing ever grows for good.
there's no stairway up to heaven,
and no lift that leads to god.

every dream ends in the morning,
every morning ends at night.
every night was full of pleasure,
every day was a delight.

such a fascinating treasure,
now you're gone and out of sight.
for a while we stayed together,
knowing it won't be for long.

flowers grow & then they blossom,
just to fade & spread their seeds.
trees will never reach the ceiling,
for the ceiling flew away ...

no one ever stays forever,
no one ever stays for good.
got to pass on what you got,
got to share the things you love.

you can't chain the present moment,
you can't change your favourite mate.
you can't answer every question,
but you can question everything.

you can't think what can't be thought,
some things need to be felt.
oh, mh, lalalalala ...

some plants need a lot of water,
others grow on barren land,
some are hiding in the shadow,
most are seeking for the sun.

no one ever lives forever,
even memories fade away ...

Eden Revisited (Back To Paradise)

I'm going back to paradise,
just because I think it's nice.
that is where I want to be –
eat the fruit right from the tree!

apples ripe and full of taste,
wisdom I appreciate,
knowledge & enlightenment –
a mere delight until the end.

a garden perfect as can be,
running naked, wild & free.
in a greenhouse of reflexion,
I celebrate my resurrection.

a refugee in paradise
sees it all with different eyes
making no more compromise,
sacrificing alibies ...

back to where you
have never been before,
expelled from the real world hell –

I design my own creation,
everything is fine,
everything is mine.

big daddy's gone,
and even Eve is nowhere to be seen
I'm left with a snake and no one else.

I'm on my own now,
no one standing in my way
no one else to blame,
no more excuses
(and no more muses,
that's not amusing).

as they always disappear,
when you needed them the most –
they get you into trouble,
then they leave you alone.

god told satan to seduce me,
just to watch and punish me,
as he wanted to reduce me
to a slave of my desires.

More Than A Thousand Words

exhibition posers,
to see and to be seen,
always the same faces,
always the same fools.

electronic nuisance
and uninspired burps,
faceless fashion fuckers,
artsy fartsy farts.

professional liars
hide behind their screens,
never show their shallow faces,
never make a point.

no one asking questions,
no one got an answer
no one's got a message,
no one gets the message, ...

blinded by a million pictures,
vision overkill –
never ever ever see what's real.
yet another useless message,
another flash of news –
never ever read between the lines.

tired of taking pictures,
tired of making art – no one seems to
bother,
and no one seems to care.

getting bored with the artworld,
seen it all before.
sick of all that music,
I am sick of all the noise.

all sounds the same,
unsound to me. getting tired of tithit
shithop,
flopshop macho chauvi shit.

look at what is out there,
look inside yourself –
listen to the unheard, deep down,
deep down in your soul!

a picture may say more
than a thousand words,
but then again, it doesn't speak.
one word may say more
than a(ny) picture ever could
some things are needless to say.

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I thought we were lovers
who love one another
I thought I could trust you,
I thought I could rely on you.
but then you suddenly turned away,
you turned around and went your way.
what's going on here?
I don't know what's wrong with you.
I know we're in trouble,
I know it ain't easy.
I thought I had lost you,
found no way to reach you,
we're talking in circles,
there seemed to be no way out.
but then you suddenly turned around,
turned around and said you care.
while the world is falling apart,
I thought at least that we would stick
together.
we're stuck in our bubble,
while the world is in trouble.
what the hell is going on?
what in the world is going wrong?
I wish I could do anything
to make you change your mind.

Freezing To Death

please please me, please hold me,
I want you to unfold me.
please touch me, please kiss me,
I don't know why you tease me.
please love me, don't leave me,
I don't know why you want to go.
I want you more than ever,
I want you now or never,
I want to fall into your arms!
I want to lie beside you,
I want to grow inside you,
I want to hold and keep you warm.
I want you, I miss you,
oh, how I long to kiss you!
please please me, please hold me,
I don't know why you scold me.
please love me, don't you leave me,
I don't know why you let me down.
I don't need you, but I want you –
don't be so cold, I'm freezing,
I'm freezing to death ...

Sometimes I Ask Myself

sometimes I ask myself:
what am I doing here?
sometimes I tell myself:
just don't get near!
sometimes I wonder
is this still you?
sometimes I think:
this can't be true!

I only came to visit you,
you let me stay.
I thought you wanted me,
but then you turned me away.

you've been so nice to me,
but you changed your mind,
and all of a sudden you
treat me so unkind.

you don't seem to notice me,
you don't seem to care.
when I'm right next to you,
you are not there.

you told me you love me
with words and signs,
(but) there was something else
I read between the lines.

now you don't say anything,
I'm talking to a wall –
you don't want to understand
anything at all.

I don't want to bother you,
so I'm not gonna stay –

maybe I better leave
before you throw me away.

you pretend to be a woman,
but you're a little girl,
stuck with your stubborn mind
and a heart of stone.
now I'm stuck with your wooden heart
and a fucked up soul.

sometimes I ask myself:
what's this all about?
sometimes I tell myself:
I just want to get out!
sometimes I wonder
what am I going through?
sometimes I'd like to say:
fuck you!

Thinking Of You

I'm wasting my time
thinking of you,
there's a million of things
that I'd rather do.

I'd like to be
as strong as a tree,
withstanding the storms
you are causing in me.

nothing I could ever do
would take me back to you
once you're gone ...

should I give up,
or should I keep trying to get you back
once you're gone?

will I ever see you again?
I might never see you again –
do I even want to?

have I ever been your man?
will you ever understand?
do you even want to?

will I be able to love you again?
will you ever be my ... ?