

Stop the Sunrise

fucking jail of mind
...liberate my soul
from this cage of doubt
fucking jail of mind
...liberate my heart
from this clamp of silence
...get me rid of useless thinking
and flood my arid mouth
with words of real feelings
...for good

no one can stop the sunrise
i tried once but i failed
rays cursed thousand times
dry the tearful face anyway

Swan Song

immortality is a curse
there was nothing before
there won't be anything after
living forever would be
the most horrible nightmare
ever happily, happily dead

dentist you bitch
i will kill you with your drill
i wanna save pinocchio
i will shoot pinochet
i wanna fuck santa maria
i will hit the british queen
want to do these things
quickly before i pass away

please dont get me wrong
i am only getting mad
it is nothing personal
my bad, my bad

swan song
last round
final call
it's over my friend
now this is the fucking end

Follow

i beg your pardon
please forgive me
excuse my presence
fashionably yours

he copies and pastes
phrases that he reads
she loves and follows
the model she sees

i beg your pardon
...

desperately obedient
terribly conformist
ready to merge
eager to swallow

i beg your pardon
...

they are submitting
fundamental feeling
you are giving up
basic rights and freedom
remaining errors
are solely those of mine

*modelling, phrasing,
obeying, conforming
losing, not much to
giving up, retreating*

Summer Deceives

at last autumn is here
autumn is real
summer is an illusion
summer deceives
soft breeze, sharp light
bring hope of life
bring hope that things...
...things can last forever

no way can this be true
no never-ending story
the sky has never been this blue
the world's never been so boring

at last autumn is here
...

happy to get wet in rain
facing mighty winds
clouds always fascinate
no pretence, they're real

at last autumn is here
...

sharp contours of traffic lights
red light on, the end is here
the autumn, then the winter
summer hopeless life
then white death - my dear

Dancer on the Rocks

empty space left behind
warm body-shaped armchair
half-empty coffee cup
burning cigarette in an ashtray

*guitar-string still resonates
glass and tears and red eyes
back to us away and walking
mute lips said no byes*

jumping to eternity
falling to nothingness
romantic dancer on the rocks

alone only as one can be
as the whole life has been
setting off for the trip
slowly walking up the hill

*determined like a soldier
self-confident self-restrained
backpack too heavy with rocks
of life
my friend samurai*

jumping to eternity
...

still impossible to believe
hope it's only a nightmare

eclipse of sun
eclipse of mind
eyes half-closed
behind clouds
storm washing
all the years away
not many years
still too close to death
big silent strong man

some boys are stronger
than others
some boys are stronger
than fathers
brothers, sisters, friends
and doctors
some boys, stronger
than themselves

jumping to eternity
...

Hangover of Life

beauty - all gone
forget - so easy
life - just a flesh
burn - burn down

body - all naked
system - fucked up
horror - dead babies
future - there's none

oh, what a terrible headache
hangover of life
sometimes it's just too much
trapped in space and time
great party yesterday
today completely other day

tomorrow is coming
i should be running

but there's nowhere to go
there's nowhere to hide
this might be the last blow
this must be the last goodbye

beauty - all gone
forget - so easy

Whisper in Terror

first finish then start
feel the beating heart
life is choosing you
your words unspoken

facing short life-time
you cannot but keep
cannot but keep... wondering

don't know where you come from
do not know what to do here
do not know why it is to be you

not much to rely on
walk on shaky ground
no sense of fairness
losing hope to hope

many steps to go
you cannot but stalk
cannot but stalk... to infinity

don't know which direction
do not know how long
do not know when to break!

mission possible
failure probable
mission possible
failure probable

some signs of light
some refreshment
...after all

scent of human skin
some salt on lips
...after all

somebody to touch
somebody to chat
...after all

falling back again
back from your highs
to uncertainty
to reality
there is no way back
there is no way out
there is simply...no way

don't know where you come from
...

don't know what else to do
but scream in fear
don't know what else to do
but scream in panic

don't know what else to do
but scream in silence
don't know what else to do
but whisper in terror

Best Solutions

we politicians
will be there
on our behalf
and together with
our own and foreign
experts and specialists
from the EU countries
we will try to find

the best solutions
and deadlines
for slovakia, for us

The Little Match Girl: Part I

most terribly cold it was
the last evening of the year
a poor little girl
bareheaded, with naked feet

*a bundle of matches in her hand
she crept along
trembling with cold and hunger
a very picture of sorrow*

when - the match went out
the match went out
and nothing but the thick, cold,
damp wall
was left behind

to go home she did not venture
a match might afford her
comfort
how it blazed, how it burnt!
it was a wonderful light

when - the match went out
...

*as though she was sitting before
a stove
the fire burned so delightfully
stretching out her feet to warm
them
but the small flame went out*

she rubbed another against
the wall
it burned brightly
the wall became transparent
the roast goose was steaming

it hopped down from the dish
reeled about on the floor
with knife and fork in its breast
till it came up to the little girl

she lighted another match
she sat under a christmas tree
larger and more decorated
than the one in the merchant's
house

*the match went out again
the christmas tree lights rose
higher
she saw them now as stars
in heaven*

one falling down in a trail of fire

when - the match went out
...

The Little Match Girl: Part II

"someone is just dead!"
said the little girl
as her old grandmother had told
her
when a star falls, a soul ascends
to god

she drew another match against
the wall
and there stood the old
grandmother
so bright and radiant, so mild
and with such an expression
of love

"grandmother!"
cried the little one
"oh, take me with you!
you go away when the match
burns out
you vanish like everything
before"

she rubbed the whole bundle
of matches
she wanted to keep her grandma
near her
and the matches gave such a
brilliant light
that it was brighter
than at noon-day

"grandmother!"
cried the little one
...

never before
was the grandmother
so beautiful and tall
she took the little maiden
on her arm
both flew in brightness and in joy
so high
there was neither cold,
nor hunger, nor anxiety
- they were with god

"she wanted to warm herself",
people said
no one even dreamed
of the splendor
in which, with her grandmother
she had entered on the joys
of a new year

"grandmother!"
cried the little one
...

Pressed to the Wall

i dont need to know
the name of a river
to feel its magic
to see its beauty
no need to know
the name of your body
the letters in your passport
to adore your being
stretched to the limit
the nature fights back
"pressed to the wall,
dying, but fighting back"
down to the ground
dirt in my mouth
washed by heavy rain
gasping, i'm not dead

