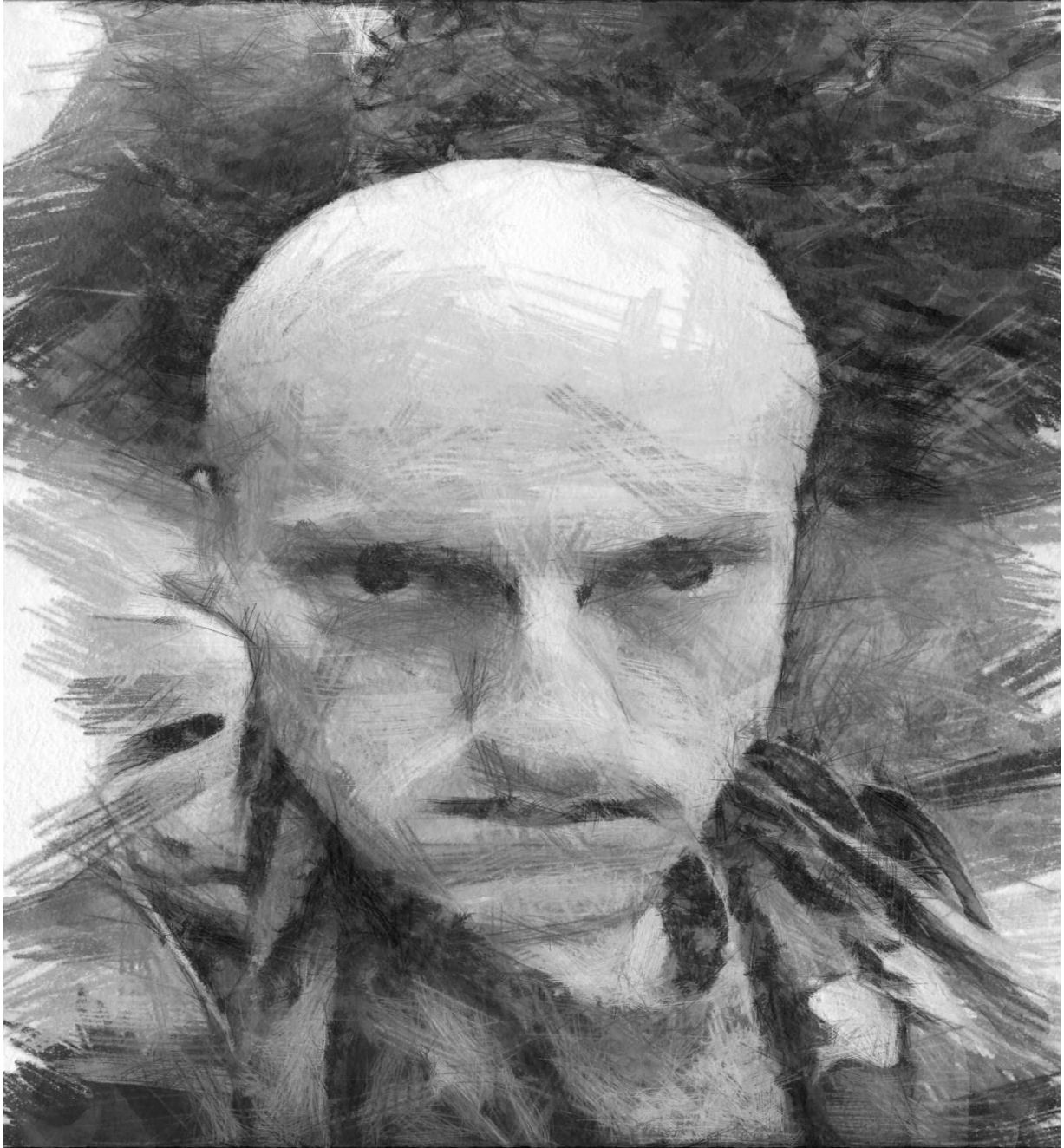


BOSNIAN SONGS OF WAR



OLIVER SCHWEIKARD

FREE EBOOK VERSION

BOSNIAN SONGS OF WAR

Introduction:

The following one hundred songs were all written between September 17th 1994 and November 9th 1995. At that time I was with the Bosnian Army as a sniper, commando and military advisor. Already as a teen I had started writing poems not only in German but in English as well. My preferred music was Metal, Oi and Punk what mostly was not just due to the music as such but also because of the lyrics which are often explicit. As far as I am concerned I never really liked that commercial music for there is no true message in these songs simply because they are made to earn as much money as possible. One might argue about that until hell was freezing but my point of view is that especially the lyrics should always honestly reflect the writer's soul and state of mind. Just as you can see here. Many songs have been added too as I would best describe it "on demand" or according to even some weird wishes of my brothers in arms. Guess you might easily tell which ones are these. At that time there also used to be a Bosnian band called "Sikter" (means "Fuck off!"). They were singing pornographic songs in English. One time they even made it on state TV. That was the first and the last time since someone managed to translate their lyrics and so I guess they got banned for life. So in some way these songs I wrote for my comrades according to their wishes may also be seen as a tribute to "Sikter". There are a few songs with dedications while there are about twenty where I had to abstain from linking them to certain people. That was mainly in order to prevent some brawling among a group of warriors being on booze. About one third of the songs I actually wrote while drinking with them myself. Mostly it took me about half an hour back then to write these songs exactly as you can see them now. While for a few "more sophisticated" ones I sometimes spent even up to three hours. In this ebook you will find it all now being made available to the public for the first time after so many years. Whether anyone loves them or hates them – well quite frankly I do not give a damn. Regarding the circumstances under which I wrote many of them often by candlelight I would rather intend to say that they are remarkable pieces of memory too. Due to some explicit content "Bosnian Songs Of War" will remain as an ebook only as I seriously doubt that any publisher would ever allow such stuff getting printed.

Sanski Most in April 2020,

Oli

NOTE:

Explicit lyrics – parental advisory!!!

(All similarities with any living, dead or undead characters may be intended..)

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NEWSONGS:

101. SOMETRUEADOLF	(09/24/18)
102. THELAST ANDTHEFIRSTMAN	(02/26/20)
103. CITY OF GHOSTS	(03/25/20)

INTERPRETATIONS

01

NOWTHE TIME HAS COME

At the edge of a new tomorrow

People are still buried in sorrow

At the end of a long dark night

They still can't see the mornin' light

(Bridge)

R

But now the time has come

To wipe out the enemy scum

Now the time has come

NOW!!!/the/time/has/come... (Chorus)

(Solo)

Now it's time/to sweep them from our land

Now it's time/n we gotta make a stand

We're gonna kill/the evil commie scum within

We're back again/and this time we will WIN!!

(Bridge)

R

But now the time has come

To wipe out the enemy scum

Now the time has come

NOW!!!/the/time/has/come... (Chorus)

Red flags are burning now everywhere (Vocal and Chorus)

Commies beg for mercy but we just don't care

See dead commies/lyin' all over the street

With their heads/kicked in by our feet

R

Yeah, now the time has come

To wipe out the enemy scum

Now the time has come

NOW!!!/the/time/has/come... (Chorus)



02

HATRED IN YOUR EYES

As I'm walking down the street
Watching all that lifeless stupid meat
Fools are cursing me whenever they pass by
'n I wish I could kick 'em until they die..

R

Can you see the hatred – the hatred in my eyes?
Can you see there's no way – that I will take their lies?
Can you see the lifelight – burning in my eyes?
Can you see 'em crumbling – the same way as their lies?

I look upon the pages in the Daily News
Whatever lies all the agitators choose
I'll never get brainwashed their way
Though they're likely to make my day...

R

Can you see the hatred – the hatred in my eyes?
Can you see there's no way – that I will take their lies?
Can you see the lifelight – burning in my eyes?
Can you see 'em crumbling – the same way as their lies?

Sometimes I think I'm all alone

Isolated 'n completely on my own

But then I begin to realize

You feel the same as I look into your eyes...

R

Can you see the hatred – the hatred in my eyes?

Can you see there's no way – that I will take their lies?

Can you see the lifelight – burning in my eyes?

Can you see 'em crumbling – the same way as their lies?

03

TRIGGER HAPPY

Assholes all around me – I gotta make it stop

So I bought a handgun 'n acted like a cop

With that gun I am the law

'n I always got the faster draw...

R

Some may ask what right I have to take human life this way

But I got the gun – I'm in control and I don't need your OK

Some may call me trigger happy 'coz I always smile when they die

'n if you get in my way – you won't even hear you own cry...

At first I cleaned up my neighborhood

Twenty kills – so far, so good..

I shot 'em straight into the head

'n made the meat lead..

R

Some may ask what right I have to take human life this way

But I got the gun – I'm in control and I don't need your OK

Some may call me trigger happy 'coz I always smile when they die

'n if you get in my way – you won't even hear you own cry...

Then I went on to the City Hall

'coz I like to see their bodies fall...

No more government – no more rules

No more manipulation – no more fools..

R

Some may ask what right I have to take human life this way

But I got the gun – I'm in control and I don't need your OK

Some may call me trigger happy 'coz I always smile when they die

'n if you get in my way – you won't even hear you own cry...

There's still a lot of fags 'n junkies

Hppies, punks and other monkey...

For all of them there's only one final solution:

Instant death by execution..

R

Some may ask what right I have to take human life this way

But I got the gun – I'm in control and I don't need your OK

Some may call me trigger happy 'coz I always smile when they die

'n if you get in my way – you won't even hear you own cry...

(Fade)

04

NORTH ISNT SOUTH

Reeducation nowadays..

Is everytime in every place

Left wing teachers at the schools

Turning kids/into brainwashed fools..

R

Hey, kid! – Don't be stupid!

Be yourself 'n don't take shit!

Kick their asses in your classes –

Show 'em all that you are strong!

They're teaching you to be ashamed

For everything you're to be blamed..

You're born just to be guilty

Of any crime at any time...

R

Hey, kid! – Don't be stupid!

Be yourself 'n don't take shit!

Kick their asses in your classes –

Show 'em all that you are strong!

Voice (Evil):

Instead of wisdom you get their poison

As they take control over your mind

Instead of freedom you get captivity

As they turn you into one of their kind...

Voice (Chorus):

Say goodbye to a life of honor, dignity 'n pride

Their mental darkness throws you into eternal night!

R

Hey, kid! – Don't be stupid!

Be yourself 'n don't take shit!

Kick their asses in your classes –

Show 'em all that you are strong!

So listen closely to this song

'n learn to choose between right 'n wrong

Don't take their lies – make up our mouth

You know the truth – north isn't south..

05

WARZOMBIES

Intro (from "Night of the Zombies" movie – speech and sound)

It was in the end of World War Two:

The experiment of a scientist's crew

Deadly wounded should be kept alive

Instead of death – eternal life..

R

War Zombies – will live forever

War Zombies – will rule the world

War Zombies – stay undead forever

War Zombies – in a brave new world..

In the German mountains – the final test

Special unit "C" fighting the SS..

Something strange was happening then

As dead bodies stood up again..

R

War Zombies – will live forever

War Zombies – will rule the world

War Zombies – stay undead forever

War Zombies – in a brave new world..

A new life form had been created

Undead, evil and full of hatred

They don't need bread – they don't need cash

All they want is human flesh..

R

War Zombies – will live forever

War Zombies – will rule the world

War Zombies – stay undead forever

War Zombies – in a brave new world..

So they made up their master plan

in their struggle for power began

Farms full of humans to be their food –

The triumph of evil over all what's good..

R

War Zombies – will live forever

War Zombies – will rule the world

War Zombies – stay undead forever

War Zombies – in a brave new world..

06

AIRBORNE UNDEAD (WAR ZOMBIES PART TWO)

You cannot kill 'em 'coz they're already dead

They'll rip your brain out of your head

They'll tear the flesh right of your bones

They turn all areas into dead zones

R

Airborne undead falling from the sky

You won't escape them - prepare to die

They're coming for you - this ain't no dream

They'll shred you off just while you scream

There ain't no place where you can hide

They'll turn your day into bloody night

There ain't no shelter where you'll be save

They'll throw you right into your grave

R

Airborne undead falling from the sky

You won't escape them - prepare to die

They're coming for you - this ain't no dream

They'll shred you off just while you scream

Sargent "D" - now he is back

Dead stormtroopers – on the attack
They won't rest 'til they get you down
'n your shredded corpse will feed the ground...

R

Airborne undead falling from the sky
You won't escape them – prepare to die
They're coming for you – this ain't no dream
They'll shred you off just while you scream

07

IRONMARGIN

She's so pretty – her hair's so blond
But inside her head there's something wrong
She looks like an angel – she's so nice
But she's nothing else than the devil in disguise

R

(Chorus)

She's the daughter of evil
She likes to kill...
There ain't enough blood
For her to spill...

A chamber for torture – it is her pride
Loving the thought of men locked inside
She's the Queen of Darkness – the Devil's bride
There's no escape once she's grabbed you tight

R

(Chorus)

She's the daughter of evil
She likes to kill...
There ain't enough blood
For her to spill...

She finds new victims everyday
To sacrifice them her evil way
She'll cut your balls with a sharp knife
She loves you deadly suckin' off your life..

R

(Chorus)

She's the daughter of evil
She likes to kill...
There ain't enough blood
For her to spill...

GIRL OF MY DREAMS

I will always remember – oh I can't forget

That fateful day 'n place where 'n when we met – hey...

You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen

'n your lovely big eyes are shining so green...

R

Girl of my dreams – you're always inside my head

'n I'll do all to get you into my bed..- hey...

'coz you're so lovely 'n your lips (are) so red

'n between your legs you are always wet...

I will always think of you – whenever I'm alone

How that fateful day when you picked up the phone – hey...

Then I told you everything – what I feel for you

You started moaning – 'n I was moaning too..

R

Girl of my dreams – you're always inside my head

'n I'll do all to get you into my bed..- hey...

'coz you're so lovely 'n your lips (are) so red

'n between your legs you are always wet...

I will always keep in mind how I held you tight

With my tongue into your mouth – began our first night – hey...

'n I knew immediately that there's no time to waste

'coz there were some other parts I still wanna taste...

R

Girl of my dreams – you're always inside my head

'n I'll do all to get you into my bed..- hey...

'coz you're so lovely 'n your lips (are) so red

'n between your legs you are always wet...

You wrap your arms around me – my hands are on your hips

My fingers moving downwards – I knew you don't wear slips – hey...

I rip off your T-shirt to take care of your breast...

With my head in your hands pressed against your chest.

(Fade)

(to be continued – real action starts in Pt. II..)



09

AREN'T YOU LUCKY?

They all say there's one thing – that you should admit

Since you came into this world – you are in deep shit

You tried to change your fate – you tried it so long

But no matter what you did – everything went wrong...

R

So why don't you wonder

Hwyou can exist

You're just another number

On their fucking list...

They all say there's one thing – that you should confess

Nothing that you've ever tried – ever had success

So you should lucky when you get some bone

You're just some kind of dog – eat it on your own...

R

So why don't you wonder

Hwyou can exist

You're just another number

On their fucking list...

They all say there's one thing – that you should respect

Nb matter what the matter is – you'll always get sacked

You're a born loser – you'll always stay a clown

'coz that's the life of everyone – who looks like Charlie Brown!

10

EMPTY BOTTLES

Hundred bottles full of beer

That's the reason why I'm here

'coz I've sworn an holy oath

All that beet shall pass my throat

R

Empty empty bottles, empty empty bottles

Empty empty bottles are showing my way... (Chorus)

'coz I don't like full bottles – full empty bottles

I am here to turn them – into empty empty bottles..

Empty empty... (Again Chorus)

'n even when the end comes near

I just wanna drink that beer

I drank too much – this is the end..

The reaper comes 'n takes my hand

Voice (Reaper):

You know the reason why I'm here?

I'm only here for all that beer

'coz I don't like full bottles – full empty bottle

I came here to turn them into empty empty bottles..

R

Empty empty bottles, empty empty bottles

Empty empty bottles are showing my way... (Chorus)

'coz I don't like full bottles – full empty bottles

I am here to turn them – into empty empty bottles..

Empty empty... (Again Chorus)



11

TEARINAPART

The invaders won/in '45

Killing/our nation's life

Reeducation 'n collective shame

We had to pay 'n take the blame

They tore apart our nation

With no hope for salvation

In the west just yankee fools

In the east red commie rules

Whenever your money was at stake

The whole world took their piece of cake...

Aster commies built a wall of tears

The whole world took their part ' cheers...

Capitalist ' communists how they coexist

Everyone who loves his country's on their list

But nothing lasts forever – especially crime

'n so the tide has turned – now is our time

(Bridge)

Our reunification

Means freedom 'n salvation

We have the right to be proud

So raise your voice 'n shout!

(Chorus):

We've got only one land – 'n that is Germany!

'n there is only one way – one way to be free!

So let's think first/of ourselves

'n tell the others/to fuck themselves

(Fade – German National Anthem)

12

HIDE IN THE SHADOWS

He's the shame of the human race

´n he's afraid to show his face
He's crippled, sick and paranoid
He's the kind of being you should avoid
Disease is eating up his skin
´n bloody slime runs from his chin
He thinks about his children ´n wife
´n how toxic waste destroyed his life

R

(Chorus 2x)

Hide in the shadows – far from all the light
Hide in the shadows – protected by the night

He prays for death – but cannot die
He curses god – but cannot cry
He lurks in dark corners ´n starts to hate
He thinks that everybody should share his fate
If the others would be like him
His future wouldn't be so dim
Then he blew up some power plants
´n now he's got a lot of friends..

FINAL VICTORY

Raise your hand to hail the dawn

´n swear to live as what you´re born

Don´t let them take away your pride

Your day has come – see the mornin´ light

R

This is our vision of power and glory

This is our final victory

This ain´t gonna be just another story

This is our final victory

The enemies are now dead ´n gone

The battle raged hard until we´ve won

Their evil aims remained unfulfilled

Their attack failed ´n they got killed

R

This is our vision of power and glory

This is our final victory

This ain´t gonna be just another story

This is our final victory

On the battlefield the sun shines bright

Everything´s so calm – everything´s so quiet

The whole world now belongs to us

We finally took all what´s ours

R

This is our vision of power and glory

This is our final victory

This ain't gonna be just another story

This is our final victory

Chorus:

Honor, Hope, Power 'n Glory – this is our final victory!

(Repeat several time and Fade)

OLIVER SCHWEIKARD
12.11.1995
Sarajevo, 27.11.1995.g.

ODBRANA REPUBLIKE
VOJNA TAJNA
POVJERLJIVO

Zahtjev za demobilizaciju,
ostavlja.-

KOMANDA 1. KORPUSA
n/r brigadir Nedžad Ajnadžić

Poštovani komandante !

Dana 08.12.1995. godine trebao bi se vratiti u Njemačku da bi se nastavio baviti novinarskim poslom i književnošću. Kao strani državljanin tražim od Vas da razmotrite moj zahtjev za demobilizaciju. Takođe molim da se Televiziji ARD omogući da snimi moje zadnje dane u Sarajevu. U Njemačkoj javnosti postoji širok interes za moj slučaj zbog toga ova reportaža bi mogla imati izvjesnog uticaja na ugled Armije RBiH u Njemačkoj. Pogotovo u zadnje vrijeme, kada se šire glasine da se dobrovoljci smatraju topovskim mesom na ovim prostorima. Takve glasine, uz Vašu pomoć, na mome slučaju mogu se uspješno demantirati.

Vi znate da nikada ništa nisam tražio osim naoružanja i prilike da likvidiram četnike. Kao pripadnik IDV-a 101. bbr uvijek sam davao sve od sebe.

Ovom prilikom moram zatražiti i neku finansijsku pomoć za pokrivanje putnih troškova do Zagreba, gdje će me dočekati moje kolege iz ARD. Molim Vas da mi obezbjedite i dokumente koji ^{rekazuju} ~~obezbeđuju~~ moju pripadnost A RBiH, te da nisam prekršio međunarodno ratno pravo.

Lično ^{mi} ~~meni~~ je žal da četnički podljudi nisu doživjeli ^{tačani} ~~uništavajući~~ poraz ^{ALI SF} ~~i ipak~~ nadam se da će to možda nekada biti.

Trudiću se da mojom knjigom širim istinu o agresiji na RBiH i da tačno i iskreno pišem o vremenu provedenom u ARBiH.

Uz vojnički pozdrav !

Sarajevo, 27.11.1995.g.

Oliver Schweikard

14

CRACKED BY A.I.D.S

They are disgusting 'coz they're so queer

But fortunately their end is near...

Within a few years all these fags

Will rest into nice plastic bags..

R

(Chorus)

Anally Inflicted Death Sentence

Is nothing but the nature's vengeance

Whenever they gonna suck some dick

The virus makes them real sick..

Instead of getting fucked into their ass

They will be lying deep under green grass..

R

(Chorus)

Anally Inflicted Death Sentence

Is nothing but the nature's vengeance

A.I.D.S is the thing in what we trust

To make these fags decay to dust

So let's make fun of fag-boys who are quite afraid

They haven't got any choice – they won't escape their fate

R

(Chorus)

Anally Inflicted Death Sentence

Is nothing but the nature's vengeance

15

JUNKYMONKEY

As you were just a kid – you started smoking shit

'n you told all your friends that it's just a little bit...

You didn't care about their well-meant warnings

You told that they shouldn't care about your things...

R

Junkymonkey – just some dealer's slave

Everyday you're getting closer – to your grave...

Chorus:

The poison has destroyed your brain

The drugs have driven you insane...

You took tablets 'n screwed up at school

Everything was so easy – you were always so cool...

You liked it harder 'coz reality sucks

'n pumped your body full with drugs...

R

Junkymonkey – just some dealer's slave

Everyday you're getting closer – to your grave...

Chorus:

The poison has destroyed your brain

The drugs have driven you insane...

You needed more drugs every day

That's the end of your glory way...

There's nothing more to worry about

The crack inside you has wiped you out...

16

FUCKED TO DEATH

You tried to ruin my life – you miserable bitch

You tried to deceive me – you nasty evil witch

All that I can blame you for – you will have to pay

'n so I'm here to punish you – 'coz now it's judgement day

R

You will get what you deserve – you'll be fucked to death

You will get what you really need – you'll be fucked to death

But now you are my prisoner – you stupid little whore

With your body bound in chains – you're lying on the floor

As I start to beat you – you begin to cry

As I go on mistreating you – you think you're gonna die

R

You will get what you deserve – you'll be fucked to death

You will get what you really need – you'll be fucked to death

You start beggin' for mercy – but it's too late

I'll cut off your clitoris – with a razorblade

I'll go on rapin' you – until you will quit

Then I'll throw your body into really pure acid

R

You will get what you deserve – you'll be fucked to death

You will get what you really need – you'll be fucked to death

17

DEAD'N GONE

You've got nothin' more to worry about

There's nothin' more to tell

There's nothing more of what you're proud

There's nothing more to yell...

R1:

(Chorus)

There's no more music – there's no more sound

At your place six feet underground

(Bridge)

Maybe you've lost – maybe you've won

It doesn't matter 'coz you're dead 'n gone

Maybe there's something that you regret

Maybe there's some reason to be upset

R2:

(Chorus)

Maybe you're happy or maybe you're down

It doesn't matter six feet underground

'n you may think of what you could have done

What you can't do 'coz you're dead 'n gone

'n you wonder if someone remembers your name

But people forget – it's always the same

R3:

(Chorus)

´n you knew that someday they will come around

To join you there six feet underground

18

BAD TIME STORIES

Intro-Voice:

Hey dreamer! Welcome to the real world!

Welcome to the world of manipulation

Just take a look at your dying nation

The enemy took over your land

´n rules it with an iron hand

Don't believe in what you heard/or in what you saw

´coz they control the government/the media ´n the law

Listen to the beat of their drums/as they're coming for you

Now it's too late for escape – they're gonna get you too...

R

Just believe in their bedtime stories

´n fall asleep if you can..

'coz you believe in their bed time stories

You won't wake up again..

Welcome to the world of frustration

Just live your life in isolation

Your apartment looks like a prison cell

Your workin' place means a daily hell

Don't believe in what you were taught/by some fuckin' slob

'coz they control the schools/the factories 'n the shops

Listen to the fallin' rain/as they're callin' for you

They still got you anyway – no matter what you do..

R

(Chorus 2x)

Just believe in their bed time stories

'n fall asleep if you can..

'coz you believe in their bed time stories

You won't wake up again..

(Fade)



19

RED DEATH

There ain't no rain to wash away

The tears of those who cried

There ain't no rain to wash away

The blood of those who've died

There ain't no wall high enough

To lock freedom behind

There ain't no wall high enough

To split us from our kind

There ain't no time to run 'n hide

We gotta face the evil threat

So come on brother – choose your side

We won't get killed by the Red Death!!!

Chorus:

Millions of people followed the Marxist's evil way

Millions of people dying the Red Death everyday

Millions of people held captured behind barbed wire

Millions of people's bodies burnin' into funeral fire...

Voice:

Hey commie assholes, listen up to me

I won't stop killin' you until the world is free

Death. Death to communism – my gun will be my voice

We're better dead than red – there ain't no other choice...

20

DO YOU REALLY...?

Do you really believe/everythin' you're told?

Can't you really see/the way you're getting' sold?

Isn't there anything that you should have changed?

Do you really like your life the way it got arranged?

R

Do you really/really make it stop

Or will you really/really mess it up

(Repeat)

Do you really say everythin' you really think?

Or are you really too blind to/see that your ship's gonna sink?

Have you ever disagreed with those who are in power?

Or will they further look down on you from their ivory tower?

R

Do you really/really make it stop

Or will you really/really mess it up

(Repeat two times)



21

MY FRIEND - THE REAPER

Nbwí mgonna tell you about my friend

Hé's the one who will bring your end

Nbt so long ago I've joined his crew

´n now we're together comin' for you

R

The reaper - hé's the mower with a razorblade scythe

The reaper - hé's the dark death angel who will take your life

I met him first on the battlefield

When I thought that my fate was sealed

But with his skullhead he was just smilin' at me:

(Reaper Voice):

"Hey son, do you wanna work for me?"

R

The reaper – he's the mower with a razorblade scythe

The reaper – he's the dark death angel who will take your life

I agreed 'n shook his skeleton hand

'so the reaper became my best friend

'coz killin' is what I really like

I'm now fightin' for the Reaper's Reich...

R

The reaper – he's the mower with a razorblade scythe

The reaper – he's the dark death angel who will take your life

Good 'n evil, black 'n white – all will fade away

When we're gonna get you – on the Reaper's day

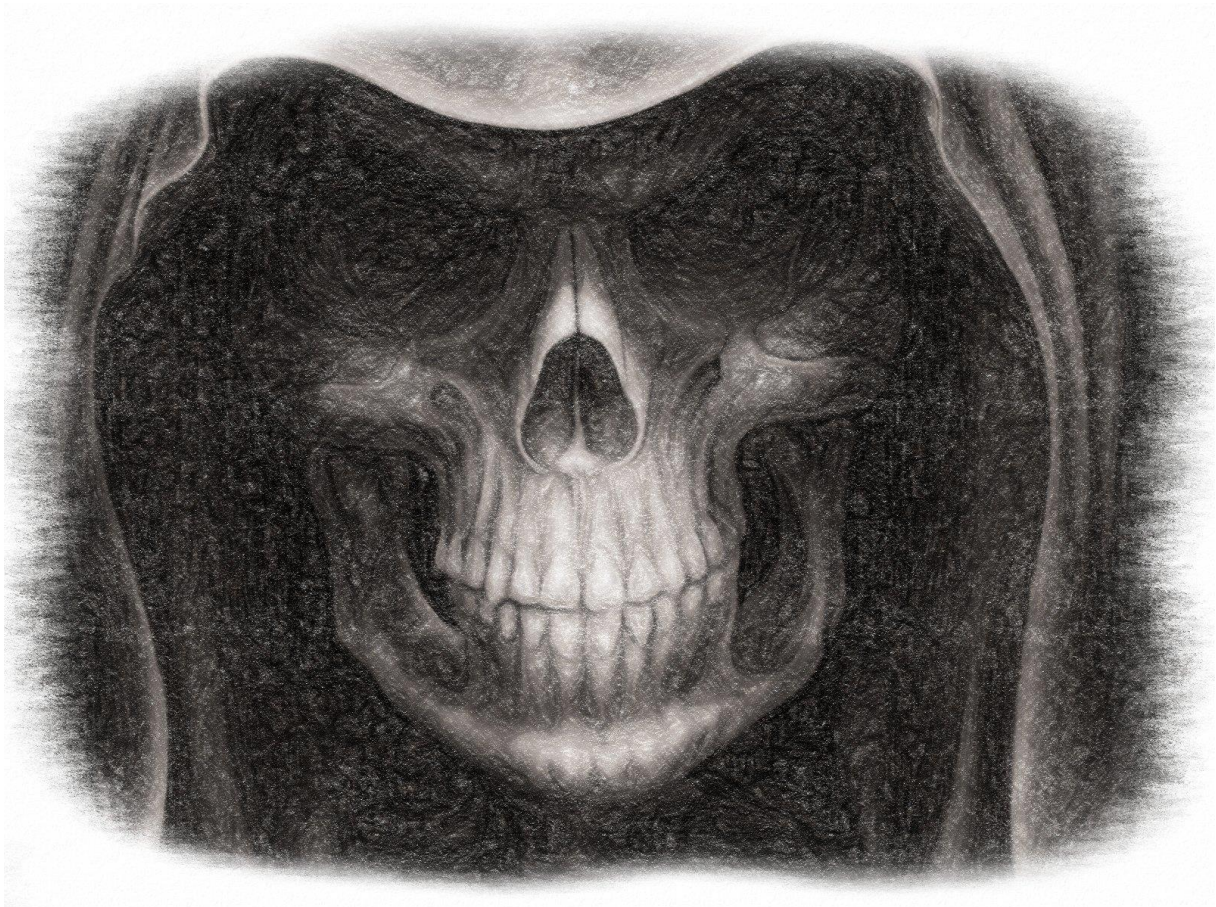
With an icecold hand/he'll take away your breath

There ain't no escape/you're gonna get killed by death

R

The reaper – he's the mower with a razorblade scythe

The reaper – he's the dark death angel who will take your life



22

INSANE

Behind psycho prison's walls you're talking to your master

Locked inside a psycho's cell you're praying for disaster

Wearin a madman's jacket you're alone in the dark room

Cursing god in a loud voice you're praying for doom..

R

All medical treatment – all will be in vain

'coz Satan is your master – you will stay insane
You're an evil lunatic – 'n there's not um 'n' back
'coz Satan is your master – 'n your heart 's so black..

You remember how it started a few months ago
When you followed the Dark One's call 'n they had to go..
Killin 'n shreddin' them – it used to be so nice
You enjoyed to torture them – 'n then to sacrifice..

R

All medical treatment – all will be in vain
'coz Satan is your master – you will stay insane
You're an evil lunatic – 'n there's not um 'n' back
'coz Satan is your master – 'n your heart 's so black..

You were spittin' on these people / 'n their christian way of life
'n you liked to lick up their blood / from your bloody knife
Many kids followed you / to become Satan's children too
On the graveyard they were anti-christened / 'n joined your evil crew

R

All medical treatment – all will be in vain
'coz Satan is your master – you will stay insane
You're an evil lunatic – 'n there's not um 'n' back
'coz Satan is your master – 'n your heart 's so black..

Sleepin' in some coffin – that's how you got caught
In you told 'em what you did – by advice of your lord..

Chorus:

Now you're in the madhouse / coz that's where you belong
With a satanic smile / on your face / you know it won't be long..

R

All medical treatment – all will be in vain
'coz Satan is your master – you will stay insane
You're an evil lunatic – in there's not a turn in back
'coz Satan is your master – in your heart 's so black..

Chorus:

Visions of evil are filling your brain
Hellstorm – everyone gets slain
To recreate Auschwitz – that's your evil aim..
Pure Holocaust – your master's evil game..
(Repeat and Fade under evil cries and laughs..)

23

BLINDMAN

You believe in peace – you believe in money
You close your eyes – everythin's so funny
The world outside 's just bleeding dry

You turn your head – time passes by...

R

What you gonna do blind man – when they're knocking on your door?

What you gonna do blind man – when you can't escape from war?

You try to hide – you're on the run

There's no way out – this is not fun

The world around gets ripped apart

Who cares about your credit card?

R

What you gonna do blind man – when they're knocking on your door?

What you gonna do blind man – when you can't escape from war?

They burn your house 'n rape your wife

They're torturing you 'n take your life

They go ahead leavin' you behind

There's still so many, many blind...

R

What you gonna do blind man – when they're knocking on your door?

What you gonna do blind man – when you can't escape from war?

BURIED ALIVE

When I'm walking down this dirty street

Mindless zombies 's all what I meet

Look inside their lifeless staring eyes

Blinded by some evil commie's lies..

R

Buried alive, buried alive! They're nothing else but burnt out jive!

Buried alive, buried alive! They're gonna lose – they won't survive!

They wanna turn you into their tools

Accoding to some commie rules

They'll take control over your mind

You'll remain poor, brainwashed and blind..

R

Buried alive, buried alive! They're nothing else but burnt out jive!

Buried alive, buried alive! They're gonna lose – they won't survive!

But we can see what's going on

Until there's us they haven't won

Chorus:

We'll smash them with an iron hand

We'll kill that scum – we'll free our land

REST IN PIECESIntro (Voice and nice background melody):

Once upon a time when killin' wasn't crime

Bodies filled up with lead 'n those who "lost their head"

At that time life was quite easy – just blow away everythin' that's greasy...

This time now has returned – so watch out or you'll get burned

Chorus (happy):

We're the bloodthirsty slaughters – for us there's no law

We'll shred off your daughters – with a bloody chainsaw

Take a look at the young girl – she's looking so nice

With her body opened up 'n needles in her eyes...

Oh yeah – we're the bad boys – 'n we're proud of that

We're looking for some new toys – 'n play soccer with your head

Voice (news):

During the last few days the amount of people who became victims of a group of homicidal maniacs has dramatically increased. The victim's bodies (or what's left of them) are hard to identify. Until now there is no information concerning the maniac's origins and possible whereabouts so that nobody can predict when and where they will strike next...

This is your news on... – Hey, what... – Uaaargh...

Chorus (happy):

We're the bloodthirsty slaughters – for us there's no law

We'll shred off your daughters – with a bloody chainsaw

Take a look at the young girl – she's looking so nice

With her body opened up 'n needles in her eyes...

Oh yeah – we're the bad boys – 'n we're proud of that

We're looking for some new toys – 'n play soccer with your head

Voice (shouting):

Enough! There's too much violence in this song! Stop it or I will have to take legal measures

in order to... - Hey, what are you doing with that axe... - Ubaargh...

Chorus (happy):

We're the bloodthirsty slaughters – for us there's no law

We'll shred off your daughters – with a bloody chainsaw

Take a look at the young girl – she's looking so nice

With her body opened up 'n needles in her eyes...

Oh yeah – we're the bad boys – 'n we're proud of that

We're looking for some new toys – 'n play soccer with your head

(Fade)

26

REALITY

"Reality" on the TV-screen

So many things remain unseen

Propaganda 's gonna brainwash you

To take you away from all that's true...

R

´n you gotta learn to ignore/all their evil lies

´you gotta learn to see/the world with your own eyes

´n you gotta learn/to stay alive/within their mental graveyard

´n you gotta learn/to face the facts/even when it´s hard..

Subliminal broadcasts – to manipulate your mind

Glamorous commercials – just to make you blind

So many things you like to watch on your color TV

It´s so easy to forget that it ain´t reality...

R

´n you gotta learn to ignore/all their evil lies

´you gotta learn to see/the world with your own eyes

´n you gotta learn/to stay alive/within their mental graveyard

´n you gotta learn/to face the facts/even when it´s hard..

(Repeat one more time)

27

DESTINY KNIGHT (Warlord II – Skrewdriver)

Intro (Voice historical):

Once there was a land whose people were about to be annihilated

These people once were proud ´n free but now they covered in fear while the enemy

ruled in cruelty. In the darkest hours when it seemed that all hope was lost from this
desert of destruction 'n despair appeared this nation's savior known as...

The Destiny Knight...

As the wind starts blowin' - blowin' from the north

He appears to save his people with his sword

In the darkest hours of the tyrant's night

He came to protect his people 'n their pride

R

See his golden armor - it's shinin' so bright

He's the one 'n only - the Destiny Knight

On his winged horse - into glory ride

He's the one 'n only - the Destiny Knight

All the ancient legends - he has come to make them real

With all magic power in his fist of steel

All the evil creatures - no matter where they are

Now he came to show them that they won't get far

R

See his golden armor - it's shinin' so bright

He's the one 'n only - the Destiny Knight

On his winged horse - into glory ride

He's the one 'n only - the Destiny Knight

His name means terror for the tyrant 'n his creed
'n the tyrant's head rolls down to his feet
All the helpless people – he managed to set them free
Are now proudly cheering their hero's victory

R

See his golden armor – it's shinin' so bright
He's the one 'n only – the Destiny Knight
On his winged horse – into glory ride
He's the one 'n only – the Destiny Knight



ANTISOCIAL

You get up from your bug-filled bed

´n lice are crawlin´ on your head

Your flat ´s full of trash but you don´t care

As you´re pissin´ again in your dirty underwear

R

Antisocial, antisocial – you´re antisocial awawawah..

Chorus 2x

Antisocial, antisocial – so antisocial...

You eat dog´s food ´n your kitchen ´s full of ants

Then you dry up your hands – on your shitty pants

You´ve got no education ´n you never had a job

´coz you´re nothin´ else than a dirty lazy slob

R

Antisocial, antisocial – you´re antisocial awawawah..

Chorus 2x

Antisocial, antisocial – so antisocial...

Most of your time you spend drinkin´ in the pub

You´re fillin´ in cheap brandy ´n then you throw it up

Your girlfriend´s an ugly slut with a fat bubble butt

Maybe you´ll get some illness that you still haven´t got ?

R

Antisocial, antisocial – you're antisocial awawawah..

Chorus 2x

Antisocial, antisocial – so antisocial...

29

'TIL YOUR LAST BREATH

Intro:

They said that they just crossed the border to restore in your country law 'n order.

As you saw hundreds of tanks 'n thousands of men your country's occupation just began...

You knew it / from the day / when you were born

You would die / for your country / the way you've sworn

Take a look at the invaders 'n the red stars on their caps

With your people's blood they're drawin' their maps

R

It's not just some battle – it is your holy war !!!

All the explosives on your body – you know what they're for...

There will be just one explosion – 'n they won't be there no more..

'til your last breath – you'll fight your holy war !!!

They thought it was so easy murderin' your land

But you show them else with your gun in your hand

Killin' unarmed civilians – that is all what they can

But you know that you are fightin' to cross their evil plan

R

It's not just some battle – it is your holy war !!!

All the explosives on your body – you know what they're for...

There will be just one explosion – 'n they won't be there no more..

'til your last breath – you'll fight your holy war !!!

An holy light is the last thing that you will see

You just died fightin' to set your country free

You just gave them an example of what a man can do

You just were the first – there'll be many more like you

R

It's not just some battle – it is your holy war !!!

All the explosives on your body – you know what they're for...

There will be just one explosion – 'n they won't be there no more..

'til your last breath – you'll fight your holy war !!!



30

WASTELAND WARRIOR

Grown up in a warzone – you learned to survive

Many times wounded – but you're still alive

´n so many battles have hardened your face

You're one of the last – of the human race...

R

Wasteland Warrior – you're walkin' all alone

Wasteland Warrior – you're always on your own

Ruins give you shelter - from the ice cold storm

You light up a small fire that has to keep you warm

The nuclear winter painted your world black

Take a look at the snow – there's only your own track..

R

Wasteland Warrior – you're walkin' all alone

Wasteland Warrior – you're always on your own

All former values lost their meaning – death now rules the earth

When everyone fights for survival – life has lost its worth

There's no more love 'n peace – there's just bloodshed 'n violence

There's no more law 'n order – there's just deadly silence..

R

Wasteland Warrior – you're walkin' all alone

Wasteland Warrior – you're always on your own

31

FARTOOLONG

You always told me you would be my friend

You always used to shake my hand

You always told me "whatever may be.."

You always used to agree with me..

R

Far too long you've smiled so nice
Far too long you've spread your lies
'coz you stabbed me into my back
I'm now gain' to break your neck

You never really used to keep the faith
You never thought of those you betrayed
You never really used to tell the truth
You never showed your poisoned tooth

R

Far too long you've smiled so nice
Far too long you've spread your lies
'coz you stabbed me into my back
I'm now gain' to break your neck

But now I can see through all your lies
You fooled me once but won't fool me twice
'n I can see you smilin' without shame 'n disgrace
But now I came to carve out that smile from your face..

R

Far too long you've smiled so nice
Far too long you've spread your lies
'coz you stabbed me into my back
I'm now gain' to break your neck

32

STAY DOWN

When you were young they called you "clown"

'n they did what they could just to keep you down

Nbw you've grown up to an angry young man

'n you don't care if they're one or ten...

R

Nb, no, you can't play else - you've got a gun - they'd better be aware

Nb, no, you can't play else - you won't stay down - they'd better take care

(Repeat)

When you were young with your runnin' nose

You had to live in a slum where the cold wind blows

Nbw you've grown up just to take what you deserve

'n you don't care about the others on this earth...

R

Nb, no, you can't play else - you've got a gun - they'd better be aware

Nb, no, you can't play else - you won't stay down - they'd better take care

(Repeat)

When you were young with your uncut hair

You had to learn the hard way that life just isn't fair
Now you've grown up to be king without a crown
'n you're shootin' all those who tried to keep you down..

R

No, no, you can't play else – you've got a gun – they'd better be aware
No, no, you can't play else – you won't stay down – they'd better take care

(Repeat)

(Solo, again Refrain and Fade)

33

DAMNEDTOWN

Whatever they do 'n whatever they say
You're living for tomorrow 'n not for yesterday
Whatever they planned remained without success
They tried so hard but they'll never kick your ass

R

'coz you cannot be changed 'coz you're far too strong
You're the one who's right while all of them are wrong
'coz honesty 's no crime 'n pride ain't no sin
Victory is yours – you're damned to win..

Do not surrender – stay true to your ideals

Tell 'em what a real man feels

Forward into battle – you've got a heart of steel

Onward to victory – you're gonna make it real

R

'coz you cannot be changed 'coz you're far too strong

You're the one who's right while all of them are wrong

'coz honesty 's no crime 'n pride ain't no sin

Victory is yours – you're damned to win...

(Repeat one more time)

34

DON'T BLAME ME

All you need is some scapegoat for all your mistakes

'coz someone has to take the blame whenever your earth quakes

So many bad things that have been 'n so much more to be

But you just point at others 'n reject responsibility

R

Don't blame me – for the evil you see

Don't blame me – for your wounded knee

First take a look at yourself before you're botherin' me

Stop blamin' others for your own faults – baby, don't blame me!

The real world is different from your childish view
Those you blamed won't back down – they will blame you too
Accusing others for your mistakes – it ain't no solution
'coz you don't want to become victim of their persecution

R

Don't blame me – for the evil you see
Don't blame me – for your wounded knee
First take a look at yourself before you're botherin' me
Stop blamin' others for your own faults – baby, don't blame me!
(Repeat, then Solo, again Refrain and Fade)

35

PEACEACTIVIST

I can hear you talkin' about peace 'n love
I can see the posters with your fuckin' dove
I can hear you prayin' for our enemies
I can see your picture it's on all TVs

R

Peace activist – rest in peace!
You're just spreading red disease!
Peace activist – watch out scum!
We'll make you commie-lovers run!

I can see you drivin' in your Russian car
I can see you kissin' the flag with the red star
You get your money from those in the east
You're just a useful tool of the bloodred beast

R

Peace activist – rest in peace!

You're just spreading red disease!

Peace activist – watch out scum!

We'll make you commie-lovers run!

You're always lyin' – always tryin' just to make us blind
But we know exactly who you are and who stands behind
You start some actions sending Russia grain
We know who'll be next when Russia invades again...

R

Peace activist – rest in peace!

You're just spreading red disease!

Peace activist – watch out scum!

We'll make you commie-lovers run!

YOUR FAVORITE NIGHTMARE

Close your eyes 'n fall asleep

You're fallin' hard - you're fallin' deep

'you know that you can't stop the pain

(those) evil nightmares within you brain...

R

You wanna sleep - you'd like to dream

But evil nightmares will make you scream

It kills your spirit 'coz it's more than you can bear

It's your own extra-special - favorite nightmare...

You're paralyzed - lyin' on your bed

Razorblade knives are shreddin' your head

You wanna cry but you've got no voice

Silence means just deadly noise...

(Solo)

R

Peace activist - rest in peace!

You're just spreading red disease!

Peace activist - watch out scum!

We'll make you commie-lovers run!

(Fade)

37

FLOWERS ON YOUR GRAVE (Rem 04.02.94)

(Dedicated to Friedrich Adolf)

Voice:

I remember the way you were

Before you left this world

I remember you fought the evil there

And so you left this world..

R

Your life for others – that was what you gave

´n now we´re puttin´ flowers- flowers on your grave

You lost your life for those you wanted to save

´n now there´s an ocean of flowers – flowers on your grave

Voice:

I remember the things you said

Before you left this world

I remember you fighting the evil threat

And so you left this world..

R

Your life for others – that was what you gave

´n now we´re puttin´ flowers- flowers on your grave

You lost your life for those you wanted to save

´n now there´s an ocean of flowers – flowers on your grave

Voice:

I remember you laughin' n' jokin'

Before you left this world

I remember you fightin' the evil kin

And so you left this world..

R

Your life for others – that was what you gave

´n now we're puttin' flowers- flowers on your grave

You lost your life for those you wanted to save

´n now there's an ocean of flowers – flowers on your grave

Voice:

Time has passed since you went away

But I still remember your final day

As we couldn't stop you from bleeding dry

´n you died so silent without any cry...

R

Your life for others – that was what you gave

´n now we're puttin' flowers- flowers on your grave

You lost your life for those you wanted to save

´n now there's an ocean of flowers – flowers on your grave

(Repeat and Fade)



38

VALHALLACALLING

There is a place – a place called Valhalla

A place where the heroes meet their gods

There is a man – on his way to Valhalla

A man who was chosen by the gods

R

See the Valkyries fly – on their way to Valhalla

How they carry the dead – carry them to Valhalla

See god Odin who's waitin' – for me in Valhalla

'til the end of the world – I will stay in Valhalla

Don't waste tears for me – brother, don't cry

'coz we'll meet again – there in Valhalla

Share pride with me – as I say you goodbye

'coz you'll follow me too – on my way to Valhalla

R

See the Valkyries fly – on their way to Valhalla

How they carry the dead – carry them to Valhalla

See god Odin who's waitin' – for me in Valhalla

'til the end of the world – I will stay in Valhalla

For me there's no death – there's just Valhalla

My place is there – on the big table

'n Odin hails me – welcome to Valhalla

All the heroes sit there – around the big table

R

See the Valkyries fly – on their way to Valhalla

How they carry the dead – carry them to Valhalla

See god Odin who's waitin' – for me in Valhalla

'til the end of the world – I will stay in Valhalla

WPEDEUT

They took away all rights from you

They cleaned your brain from all you knew

Since you were born they wiped you out

They had success – they can be proud..

R

You've got no identity – they took away your dignity

You gotta live in slavery – they took away your liberty

Chorus x2

They've drained all life out of you

They make you do all what you do

Since you were born you have been dead

A mindless zombie with an empty head

R

You've got no identity – they took away your dignity

You gotta live in slavery – they took away your liberty

Chorus x2

All again one more time

40

TIMES OF LORE

There's still so much for you to learn

Life means more than the money that you earn

Time will show if you're strong enough – to pass the final test

Then you gotta show you're tough – or you'll die with the rest...

R

These are times – times of lore

These are times – times of war

The highest value is your own life

Learn to live 'n to survive...

You're just a guest on this world of bad hospitability

There ain't no way to reject your own responsibility

Basic survival should be you only aim

Accept those rules 'n play the game...

R

These are times – times of lore

These are times – times of war

The highest value is your own life

Learn to live 'n to survive...

(Repeat one more time)

41

SOUND OF FREEDOM

I can hear it – so loud ‘n clear

‘n I gotta sing – I gotta cheer

All my dreams – they became true

I’ll ring the bells – the bells for you

R

One more clip – one more round

Listen to my gun – it’s freedom’s sound

Now freedom came to you ‘n me

‘n we will live in dignity

So long the quest for freedom’s light

But now we’ve won ‘coz we were right

R

One more clip – one more round

Listen to my gun – it’s freedom’s sound

Now we’re free – free to walk

Now we’re free – free to talk

Have a laugh ‘n have a say

Live your life by your own way

R

One more clip – one more round

Listen to my gun – it’s freedom’s sound

We've got the power – we've got our freedom

All these fools – we just don't need 'em

For our freedom – it was the final strike

Now the world will be just what we like

R

One more clip – one more round

Listen to my gun – it's freedom's sound

42

NAPALM CHILD

They came in the morning

With no sign or warning

You just saw their warplanes fly

When they dropped napalm from the sky

R

You're so helpless 'n you're so innocent

'n war is something that you still can't understand

But nevertheless you are in between

'n your little tears will all remain unseen

As you were just playin' some nice children's game

You heard some thunder, felt some heat 'n then you saw the flame

The firestorm has just burned your children skin
You're not guilty for anything 'n you don't know what's sin

R

You're so helpless 'n you're so innocent
'n war is something that you still can't understand
But nevertheless you are in between
'n your little tears will all remain unseen

What a luck!?! You stood alive but forever you're defaced
Now you see how men can be – you just got some taste...
'n the world just doesn't care about children gettin' fried
'coz business is at stake 'n they took the pilot's side...

R

You're so helpless 'n you're so innocent
'n war is something that you still can't understand
But nevertheless you are in between
'n your little tears will all remain unseen

43

FANTASY OF M

She's a /successful/ young business lady /but there's something missing
She's /very beautiful/ 'n has a body /that every man would be kissing

But there's just one man – she loves him in ultimate devotion
She's not just drownin' in a sea of love – in her case it's an ocean...

R

She/needs it/in a special way/ she's masochistic M(Chorus)
She's/like the ashes in a tray/ she's pleasure slave M(Chorus)

Like a fly in a spider's web she had to become his slave
'n as a sign of her true love she first got a real shave
Like diamonds who are forever was the next thing she had to do
'n instead of the hair on her shaved pussy she got some nice tattoo

R

She/needs it/in a special way/ she's masochistic M(Chorus)
She's/like the ashes in a tray/ she's pleasure slave M(Chorus)

Like ice on fire/she was melting/when he perforated/the nipples of her tits
She enjoyed/the pain 'n came three times/as he pierced holes/through her clits
It was/like white wedding as he put/through these holes/four golden rings
Like a/flower in the spring/she waits for him to take her/hanging on some string

R2:

M- caught by dark desire/pain is her pleasure (Chorus)

M- hanging on some wire/pain is her treasure (Chorus)

R

She/needs it/in a special way/ she's masochistic M(Chorus)
She's/like the ashes in a tray/ she's pleasure slave M(Chorus)

R2

M- caught by dark desire/pain is her pleasure (Chorus)

M- hanging on some wire/pain is her treasure (Chorus)

(Fade)

44

VICTORY OF THE DICTATOR

Take a look at mankind – back into history

It is full of dictatorship ‘n bloody tyranny

All these evil massmurderers – how could they succeed?

Are they men’s worst enemies – or are they what men need?

R

It’s the victory of the dictator – I can see his book it’s on your shelf!

‘coz the most dangerous dictator – is the one inside yourself!

Longin’ for power there ain’t no ethics ‘n you ain’t my brother

Isn’t it the true nature of mankind tryin’ to wipe out each other?

‘coz you see that only the strong survive – that’s the curse of evolution

You gotta be strong enough to stay alive – that is your only solution

R

It’s the victory of the dictator – I can see his book it’s on your shelf!

‘coz the most dangerous dictator – is the one inside yourself!

Dictator's bodies may be dead – but their spirit returns again

'coz politics may change – but not the nature of man!

Instead of cursing the dictator – as a monster in disguise

You'd better look into the mirror – there you'll see his face...

R

It's the victory of the dictator – I can see his book it's on your shelf!

'coz the most dangerous dictator – is the one inside yourself!



45

JACK

(Dedicated to Jack Unterweger)

He was Austria's most gifted writer there can be no doubt

His true feelings 'n inner self that's what he wrote about
They threw him in a dungeon 'n forced him into suicide
But they couldn't kill his spirit as he never stopped to write

R

Jack, Jack, oh please come back! You ain't no maniac!
Just grab another whore 'n break her neck! Oh yeah, Jack come back!

'til the bitter end he stood – a rebel with a cause
A victim of show-justice – that's what he really was
The poorly staged public trial – it wasn't fair at all
'coz long before they'd taken him up against the wall

R

Jack, Jack, oh please come back! You ain't no maniac!
Just grab another whore 'n break her neck! Oh yeah, Jack come back!

He was spittin' on the journalists but opened them his soul:
Only after diarrhoea they should lick up his asshole!
'n all those people in the court were looking him full of rage
They finally managed to break his heart – an animal in a cage...

R

Jack, Jack, oh please come back! You ain't no maniac!
Just grab another whore 'n break her neck! Oh yeah, Jack come back!

Chorus:

Jack, Jack, please come back! Jack, Jack, break her neck!

(Repeat several times and Fade)

46

"INTELLECTUAL"

I can see the eyeglasses right in your stupid face

I can hear you quoting another stupid phrase

You appear so postgraduate after all the lessons that you took

´n you´re tellin´ everyone that you even intend to write some book

R

Hey, little charlatan! You´ll never deceive me!

Under your intellectual cover there´s nothing but stupidity!

You´re acting really good – people think that you´re so wise

A few standard rhetorics – to cover your stupid lies

You manage to impress the illiterate – they´re gonna worship you

But you´re a false prophet and deceiver in everythin´ you do

R

Hey, little charlatan! You´ll never deceive me!

Under your intellectual cover there´s nothing but stupidity!

(Repeat all one more time)

47

YOUR BLOOD

R

Is it your blood – is it mine? Watch it running – see the sign!

Is it the blood of brothers that you spill? Do you feel the thrill to kill?

So much blood is runnin' – runnin' runnin' red

You're swimming in a sea of blood – blood so hot and wet

So many many throats I've cut – I'm drownin' in a sea of blood

Like a vampire I'm drinking your blood – blood so red 'n blood so hot

R

Is it your blood – is it mine? Watch it running – see the sign!

Is it the blood of brothers that you spill? Do you feel the thrill to kill?

Since many years it's just rainin' blood – rainin' blood so red

All the books are written in blood – blood chokes in your head

Eat the fruits from the tree of blood – a tree feedin' on blood

We're all living in the time of blood – blood so red 'n blood so hot

R

Is it your blood – is it mine? Watch it running – see the sign!

Is it the blood of brothers that you spill? Do you feel the thrill to kill?

(Repeat all again until blood runs out of your ears..)

48

BLOWAWAY

Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi – their ideas possessing you
Just follow their way of passive resistance – ‘n you gonna get killed too...
You’re so nice celebrating – what you call “World Peace Day”
I’ll be there too, with my gun to blow you all away...

R

The answer my friend ain’t blowin’ blowin’ blowin’ in the wind
But your ashes, my friend are blowin’ blowin’ blowin’ in the wind

I’ll kill your dove and use it for some nice barbecue
My boots will crush your flowers ‘n I’ll dance ‘n stamp on you
You’re cryin’ that the world’s so cold ‘ you’re always talking shit
Here I am with my flamethrower to heaten you up a bit

R

Is it your blood – is it mine? Watch it running – see the sign!
Is it the blood of brothers that you spill? Do you feel the thrill to kill?

(Repeat all again one time)

49

FIFTH HORSEMAN

Intro (bells, thunder, chorus of monks, storm chorus and sound):

Doomsday! Burning rain falls from the dark sky
It's the end of the world 'n all life's gonna die
See all these people how they cower in fear
The four horsemen are coming – your end is near!

R

To invoke final chaos – that's my divine gift
Four apocalyptic riders – I'll join them as the fifth

Hunger – he is the first, he'll make you suffer also from thirst
All water will turn into stinkin' blood, you'll feel the pain inside your guts
He will turn all into uneatable stones
'n people will starve 'til they're just skin 'n bones

Disease – he is the second, he'll seal your fate in just one second
Medicaments won't help you anymore – he'll make you rot right to the core
Fever and burning skin – to can't stop to ache
Festerin' sores all over your body – you know it is the plague

War – he is the third, you're frightened just to hear his word
A time of bloodshed, fire 'n steel – pain 'n terror is all what you feel
All the men will kill one another – your worst enemy is your former brother
There's only grey desert where he passed by – his torch is gonna make you fry

Death – he is the last, he's come to end your life quite fast

Dark wind 'n no more sun – the battle of Armageddon has begun
You smell the stench 'n see the bodies of all those who got slain
With an ice cold hand he squeezes your heart – no life will remain

R

To invoke final chaos – that's my divine gift
Four apocalyptic riders – I'll join them as the fifth

Chorus:

We're the five horsemen – you've got nowhere to hide
To destroy all life on this earth – we're ridin' side by side

(Repeat several times and Fade)

50

WHO DARES WINS

You ain't no loser 'n you don't wanna take their fuckin' lies
You can feel it deep in your heart that you gotta roll the winning dice
They're puttin' so many obstacles in your way but you won't give in
There's just all or nothing – play your hand 'n win

Time is the test for your valor 'n courage – master every stage
'n in your book of life you're writin' your own page
You don't need to make up stories – 'coz your life's no liar's lair

While others refuse to climb the mountain – you're the one who'll dare

The others watch you enviously – they're so eager to see you fail

But you just show them a winner's smile – 'coz you'll be their coffin nail

Even hardest blows cannot take you down – you know to play the game

You'll advance further goin' straight ahead – 'til you reach your final aim

R

Who dares wins – you'll be the one, with a pencil and a gun

Who dares wins – you will gain, just follow your heart 'n use your brain

(Repeat several times and Fade)

51

GET EVEN

You were such a fool to believe you would be their brother

But they were just exploitin' you 'n kicked you into the gutter

As you needed them most all former friends turned their backs on you

Nbw you're a rightless beggar on the end of a long long queue

R

Instead of writin' your own obituary – go/get/even! (Chorus)

You'd better act like Dirty Harry – go, go, go/get even! (Chorus)

You're back in black with a gun to pump 'em full of lead
Rapin' their women will be great fun as they're moaning the dead
Show no mercy, burn their homes – crush 'em with your feet
Eye for eye 'n tooth for tooth 'til your revenge is complete

R

Instead of writin' your own obituary – go/get/even! (Chorus)
You'd better act like Dirty Harry – go go go/get even! (Chorus)
(Repeat several times and Fade)

52

SWEET LITTLE GIRL

She was sweet sixteen/ 'n it was love at the first look
As he seemed to be her prince/ from the fairy tale book
He always had a dirty grin/ on his face/ but she didn't know the reason why
Until she followed him/ to his place/ but she was still so young 'n shy

R

Nice young girl – you're so pretty 'n so sweet
Lovely little girl – lick my smellin' feet!

He gave her drugs 'n made her drunk 'til she stood for the night
He took her in a brutal way – she was still so tight

Then he fucked her ass so violently that she couldn't sit for days

After that she had to suck his dick 'n he pissed into her face

R

Nice young girl – you're so pretty 'n so sweet

Lovely little girl – lick my smillin' feet!

He forced her into a hardcore movie which became a real hit

Since then he holds her into his private prison from where she cannot quit

There she's kept to satisfy all kind of pervert scum

And everyday at least fifty times she's gotta make 'em cum

R

Nice young girl – you're so pretty 'n so sweet

Lovely little girl – lick my smillin' feet!

53

NO PLACE IN HELL

(Dedicated to George Romero)

Voice:

If there's no more place in hell – the dead will return to this world..

Empty coffins 'n open graves/on deserted graveyards

Rotten corpses 'n worm-eaten bodies/losin' body parts

Evil undead who are so hungry/for fresh human flesh

They were sent back straight from hell/which is full of human trash..

R

It's the night – the night of the living dead

Mornin' light – it means just the dawn of the dead

Voice 1:

Yeah, it's the day – the day of the dead..

As countless undead invade the cities/people get eaten alive

Some men shelter in a mall/but they won't survive

'n a few survivors desperately tryin'/to escape their fate

Scientists try to find a solution/but it's much too late..

R

It's the night – the night of the living dead

Mornin' light – it means just the dawn of the dead

Voice 2:

Yeah, it's the day – the day of the dead..

Voices 3:

Yeah, there's no place in hell 'n dead now rule the earth..

(Solo, then certain short dialogues, news etc. from the three Romero

Cult movies followed by funeral melodies)

R

It's the night – the night of the living dead

Mornin' light – it means just the dawn of the dead

Voice:

Yeah, it's the day – the day of the dead..

(Again Voices 1, 2 & 3 – Fade)

54

MICKEY MOUSE LAWS

You're tellin' me that I should be lucky livin' in this state

But I wonder if you would be lucky behind some prison's gate

You're tellin' me that you're proud to fulfil your citizen's duty

According to the constitution 'n laws all to secure your body...

R!:

Everybody makes mistakes – we all got our flaws

You've got no right to play the judge – I'll fuck your stupid laws!

I know that justice is a joke – but a joke with iron claws

So who are you to bother me – with your mickey mouse laws?

Civil rights may be on thing but reality's something else

Corruption, surveillance 'n censorship are hittin' me like shells

You act as a lawyer defendin' this system – but I cannot agree

Mickey mouse laws for a sick society – that's how it's gotta be?

R1:

Everybody makes mistakes – we all got our flaws

You've got no right to play the judge – I'll fuck your stupid laws!

I know that justice is a joke – but a joke with iron claws

So who are you to bother me – with your mickey mouse laws?

Lockin' up people for just a few words – you call this democracy

“democracy” only for “democrats” like you – what a “free” country...

Using justice as your tool you can make a criminal of everyone

Just send your pdlice to arrest me – I'll hail them with my gun!

R2:

Everybody's likely to break the law

´n you have been the first I saw

Your law's a monster but I'll break it's paws

So don't bother me with your mickey mouse laws

55

THERE AIN'T NO FEAR

You're walking through the minefield – but you're not afraid

Others may become unfaithful – but you'll keep up the faith

Shells exploding all around you – but you're not impressed

Others my get a nervous breakdown – but you're different from the rest

R

´coz you know/that they´re too weak/to destroy your reliance

Even in/a hail of steel/you´ll stand proud in defiance

Even under heavy machine gun fire you´ll reach your destination

The surviving enemies flee from you ´n you take their fortification

Captured enemies beg for their lives – you shoot straight in the head

You or them – there ain´t no fear ´coz you´re a master of combat

R

´coz you know/that they´re too weak/to destroy your reliance

Even in/a hail of steel/you´ll stand proud in defiance

(Repeat all one more time)



56

BATTLESCARED

They've got so many tanks 'n guns but no chance to win the war
They've got rocket launchers 'n war planes but they don't know what they're for
'coz they're fighting against something that cannot be killed
Despite all those years 'n the blood that has been spilled
They will lose...

According to their simple calculations victory should have been theirs
Concluding their campaign within a few days while in the world no one cares
Committin' war crimes 'n massacres spitting on human rights
But there was strong resistance 'n they lost so many fights
They will crumble...

'n their enormous casualties are day by day increasing
While their soldiers' morale 'n efficiency are steadily decreasing
Enemy commandos hit 'em hard causing havoc 'n destruction
'n their supply level gets critical due to some more interruption
They will perish...

Mass desertions 'n drug abuse – their soldiers deny any orders

Every day they're losing ground – retreatin' towards the borders
Leavin' their dead just where they fell – their minds are full of fear
They've lost the war 'n realized that the bitter end is near
They are battle scared..

Chorus:

They are so battle scared..



57

BUTCHER'S BUSINESS

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre – he's gonna make it real
He's workin' at a slaughterhouse – 'n likes sharp stainless steel
With a knife, an axe or his chainsaw – he's gotta cut 'n whack

´n so many people have disappeared – without a single track..

R

Hé's doin' butcher's business – grabbin' meat with bloody hands

Sausages, meatballs ´n hamburgers with secret ingredients

Hé's a good boy who helps his mother runnin' some restaurant

Hé's deliverin' all kinds of meat – of course as a grant

´n meanwhile they got famous for – specialities made of meat

With a boy's smile he says welcome to those who came to eat...

Voice:

“Hey man – see that ! In my pizza there has been some ring the kind of which the missing students have been wearing..” – “You're always lucky. In my pizza there's just been some fingernails..”

R

Hé's doin' butcher's business – grabbin' meat with bloody hands

Sausages, meatballs ´n hamburgers with secret ingredients

(Solo, again Refrain & Fade)

58

LITTLE LINDA IN LEATHERLAND

Let me tell you ´bout Little Linda ´n her games in leather

Normal sex was boring her – she had to get it better

Handcuffs ´n whips really turned her on – she dressed herself in black

Then she tied her boyfriend on the bed – with her nails she scraped his back

He had to lick her pussy for some hours 'n she climaxed into his face

Like a dog on a leash she's directing him on a leather necklace

R1:

'n Little Linda got the idea to hobby into business

So she's no longer Little Linda but Lady Linda the mistress...

She's cursin' her slaves with the worst swear words hangin' weights on their balls

She enjoys kicking 'n whipping them as they're hangin' on dungeon walls

She's using them as some kind of toilet to humiliate 'em completely

'n she managed to earn a lot of bucks for punishing them so neatly

So the whole land heard of Lady Linda 'n her games in leather

Bein' a mistress was boring her – she knew she could do better

R2:

'n Lady Linda got the idea to apply for presidency

She got elected 'n rules now Leatherland from her residency...

Chorus:

Ohoho – l-l-l-little Linda in l-l-Leatherland..

59

MONEYMEN

Drivin' big cars, wearin' precious watches 'n with a noble outfit

But they're only worshipping a gold painted mountain of shit
Wallets full of bucks in all kinds of credit cards but with empty souls
So much money – more than they can ever spend but what about life goals

R

Moneymen, moneymen – just try to buy the world if you can
But you gotta learn that friends cannot be bought – fuck you moneymen

You've got no true ideals – materialism's just a swamp
But you still can't stop playing the master of the lamp
in you're suffering from your so-called life in the emptiness inside
You're just existing but not living – you've got money but no pride...

R

Moneymen, moneymen – just try to buy the world if you can
But you gotta learn that friends cannot be bought – fuck you moneymen

(Repeat all one more time)

60

FISSEBOY

I can see you with your new girlfriend – she makes a fool of you
You're like a puppet in she plays with you "I'll tell you what to do" ...
You say you love her as she fucks around with a dozen other guys
She treats you like shit in takes your money but you believe her lies

R

You ain't no man you're just a fool – she's turned you into her toy

She's usin' you 'n smiles so cool – you are just her pissboy

I can see how she humiliates you in front of all your friends

Seems to me that you're wearing women's clothes instead of your pants

You aren't yourself you're just the clown of the bitch that you adore

You are her slave 'n she'll ruin your life but you love this stupid whore

R

You ain't no man you're just a fool – she's turned you into her toy

She's usin' you 'n smiles so cool – you are just her pissboy

Chorus:

Yeah just keep up attitude towards women

Or they'll push out their cigarettes on somebody else

R

You ain't no man you're just a fool – she's turned you into her toy

She's usin' you 'n smiles so cool – you are just her pissboy

(Solo & Fade)

61

DARK QUEEN

Life is drainin' from my body 'n reality is fadin'

Some woman dressed all in black she's the one who's waitin'

I want to reach her but cannot move - I'm just lyin' there

I want to call her without a voice resigning in despair

R

I'll follow you into your world - you're my cold dark queen

Take me with you into the night - you're my cold dark queen

She's gettin' closer - so close to me

Dark satin handgloves - she's touchin' me

All pain 'n sorrow - so far from me

Spirit 'n body - she's splittin' me

R

I'll follow you into your world - you're my cold dark queen

Take me with you into the night - you're my cold dark queen

She's leadin' me into darkness - there out in the cold

I can hear some words in the distance of a dead cold

Turnin' my head for the last time I am lookin' back

I see some woman standin' on my grave - some woman dressed in black

R

I'll follow you into your world - you're my cold dark queen

Take me with you into the night - you're my cold dark queen

(Fade)

62

BULLET'S VELOCITY

The enemy feels so invincible wearin' a bulletproof vest

But with my lovely supersonic rifle I'll waste him like the rest

Covered completely with body armor protecting him from lead

But with my brand new sniper optics I'll blow off his ugly head

R

War – it will bring you moments of atrocity 'n ferocity

'n there's a funny curiosity – yeah, that's bullet's velocity

The enemy is such a fool to believe I'd be workin' with eastern trash

But a nice little bullet five fifty six will be shreddin' off his flesh

He felt so secure 'n invulnerable – that stupid piece of shit

The impact throws him two meters back – yeah, that's a direct hit

R

War – it will bring you moments of atrocity 'n ferocity

'n there's a funny curiosity – yeah, that's bullet's velocity

I'm not a physician but know the rules – velocity 'n impact

Acceleration of a high speed bullet – that's a crucial fact

So many fools gettin' on my nerves praising their eastern guns

Their assault rifles are so ridiculous – I'll show 'em all at once

R

War – it will bring you moments of atrocity 'n ferocity

'n there's a funny curiosity – yeah, that's bullet's velocity

63

OLD ENOUGH TO KILL

See the ten-year old boy with an old man's face

Marchin' through burnt out ruins in a soldier's space

See that nothin' has remained of the child that he has been

Full of hatred he's eager for revenge – carryin' an M-16

R

He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill

He is still a ten-year old boy but his gun ain't no toy

He is still a ten-year old boy who's playin' search 'n destroy

He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill

They slaughtered his peace-lovin' parents – they didn't want to fight

Then they grabbed his little sister 'n raped her until she died

They were looting, raping, killing 'n burning whatever they found

He was running, hiding, crying 'n cursing those who came around

R

He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill
He is still a ten-year old boy but his gun ain't no toy
He is still a ten-year old boy who's playin' search 'n destroy
He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill

He returned home to watch death 'n destruction with eyes full of rage
'n he became a fighter the same way as so many boys of his age
He learned to shoot 'n learned to kill just as all the others did
See this ten-year old boy who's still so young – but he ain't no kid

R

He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill
He is still a ten-year old boy but his gun ain't no toy
He is still a ten-year old boy who's playin' search 'n destroy
He's old enough to use a gun – he's old enough to kill

Chorus:

Old enough, old enough, old enough to kill...
He's an old young boy with a deadly toy – old enough to kill...

64

RISING SUN

Chorus:

Bury me, bury me, bury me towards the rising sun

R

Bury me towards the rising sun in my boots 'n with my gun

Bury me towards the rising sun on judgement day when all is done

Chorus:

Bury me, bury me, bury me towards the rising sun

Fifty years of dirty peace – scum was spreadin' like disease

On the cementary hill – you're waitin' for the overkill

When you'll see the flashin' light – there will be nowhere to hide

Chorus:

Bury me, bury me, bury me towards the rising sun

R

Bury me towards the rising sun in my boots 'n with my gun

Bury me towards the rising sun on judgement day when all is done

Everythin' s crumblin' so fast – dacyin' to dust in the final blast

Ash to ashes 'n dust to dust – if it's god in whom you trust

Unlike you've died full of pride – with my gun right by my side

Chorus:

Bury me, bury me, bury me towards the rising sun

R

Bury me towards the rising sun in my boots 'n with my gun

Bury me towards the rising sun on judgement day when all is done

Bury me towards the rising sun on judgement day when all is done

'coz judgment day that is when the dead will rise again..

(Chorus & Refrain - Solo & Fade)



65

THE LAST ARTICLE

(Dedicated to Harry Turtledove)

Intro-Sound (Sitar playing, gunfire, crying people, commanding voices, single pistols/

Small arms fire, loud German marching music):

Nineteenfourtyeight - the world's not the same 'coz the Nazis won WWII

Russia 'n England exist no more - in Europe there ain't no more Jew

The Nazis occupied India to face Gandhi and passive resistance

How will they solve the problems caused by Gandhi's existence?

Voices (Field Marshal Model & his deputy talking in military voices without emotions

About Mahatma Gandhi):

"This old man doesn't look dangerous at all. I could easily break him like a piece of old wood..." – "I wonder how such a man could have caused so many problems for the English?" –

"The English are degenerated and that's the reason why he defeated them. If this weak old man is mingling us up with the English he will soon realize that WE are NOT degenerates..."

(Bridge, melody, turns to slowly & peaceful)

(M Gandhi talking with his deputy in a soft, warm and emotional voice about their further plans):

"We were successful with passive resistance until now. I can see no reason why we should change our attitude..." – "These occupiers are different from the previous ones. Just remember this Jewish man told us..." – "I don't believe these things because I CAN'T! Such things cannot happen without destroying the state, society or political system that are committing such crimes..."

Field Marshal Model/represents a system/where human lives do not count

in a lot of dead bodies/was what left/wherever he came around

Mahatma Gandhi/with his philosophy/of friendship, peace and love

Wants to heal a/sick violent world/which has suffered long enough

Voices (again Model, but this time upset):

"Where's my lunch? What's going on? Where are these damned Indians?" –

"None of them is working. They're on strike. This Gandhi..." – "Again Gandhi. This man

is posing a serious threat..." – "They're all following him. What shall we do?" –

"Get every tenth of Gandhi's followers and SHOOT THEM. Repeat this procedure every day until

They go back to work. And set a reward for Gandhi's head!"

(Gandhi and his deputy in their hideout):

“They are killing our people and they’re showing no mercy.” – “My heart is full of sorrow because of all those who got killed. But this was the overreaction of a small group. Their government will have to condemn this brutal act of inhumanity!” – “I listened to their radio news. They said that their army was acting in a very careful way and that the mercy they have shown this time is not likely to be repeated!” – “But that’s impossible. The world will not tolerate this..” – “The Nazis are already ruling more than half of the world..”

Model’s soldiers/are an army/of emotionless combat machines

With their black boots/they’re stompin’ out grass/no matter where it greens

Gandhi’s followers denied violence and all kinds of fighting ’n battle

’n so instead of fallin’ in combat they were slaughtered like caddle

Voices (Model, talking to his deputy):

“You know.. – I’m feeling the same way as the Roman procurator watching Jesus Christ.

And because that Roman couldn’t deal with the situation we belong to the Christians.

But unlike him I’ve got two things he didn’t have. As a National Socialist I’m only responsible

To the Fuhrer and I’m acting according to our ideological program..” –

“But what’s the other important thing you rely on?” –

(Ice cold Voice):

“The machine gun!!!”

The faithful confrontation/between the Nazis and Gandhi/it came to an end

All resistance was broken/Gandhi was captured/n his people have lost their land

’coz totalitarianism/means a system/without any sense for humanity

Humanistic rebels/always get crushed/that’s the way it’s gotta be..

Voice (Model, very pleased):

“Ah, Mister Gandhi ! I hope that at least you understand... - your ridiculous way of resistance led you straight into hell. By the way I know that you gave some advice to the Jews in my country before ten years, where you told them to show passive resistance. Well, in fact they did, so that we could eliminate them so easily... - Thank you for your cooperation! But anyway you dared to interfere with inner affairs of the Third Reich... - However, in this world there's no place for fools like you... - Guards, get Mr. Gandhi out and EXECUTE HM... !”

(Echo of execution salvo - Fade)

66

WASTE 'EM

(Dedicated to Halil Hubijar)

Watch these fools - I'm sick of all their shit - waste 'em waste 'em

Faces like asses - kick these freakin' butts - waste 'em waste 'em

Right in their eyes - that's where I'll spit - waste 'em waste 'em

'coz they're so stupid - 'coz they're so nuts - waste 'em waste 'em

R

They can kiss my ass but I'll kick theirs - I'll waste 'em waste 'em waste 'em

They're cryin' but I'm not the one who cares - I'll just waste 'em waste 'em waste 'em

Watch these cowards - they ain't got no pride - waste 'em waste 'em

I'm gonna beat up that dicksuckin' scum - waste 'em waste 'em

'n I put my gun in the suckers mouth deep inside - waste 'em, waste 'em

He feels the steel - go ahead fag, make it come... - waste 'em waste 'em

R

They can kiss my ass but I'll kick theirs – I'll waste 'em waste 'em waste 'em

They're cryin' but I'm not the one who cares – I'll just waste 'em waste 'em waste 'em

(Repeat everything one more time)

Chorus:

Waste 'em baby... – WASTE 'EM!!!

67

FULL MOON AGAIN

He's a man so ordinary – he's such a common man

He's so colorless 'n so boring – 'til it's full moon again

By the light of the hunter's moon – his hair starts to grow

With his teeth thirsty for blood he's ready for the show

R

He's a werewolf – an evil creature of the night

You can hear him howlin' – he's gonna be your fright

He rips off his victims to get drunk of their blood

Pieces of skin on his claws he's chewin' on some gut

Normal arms can't hurt him there's only one defense

To shoot him with a silver bullet will be your only chance

R

He's a werewolf – an evil creature of the night
You can hear him howlin' – he's gonna be your fright

Chorus:

Yeah, he's a werewolf – he wants your guts for dinner
He'll play with you for your life 'n always be the winner
So take a better look at the boring colorless man
'coz he's the one who'll hunt when it's full moon again

68

LOOKIN' FOR THE BIKE

There's a certain kind of woman behavin' like some nun
Of course she acts some virgin who never had some fun
'n sex is something dirty. Something she doesn't like
Just ask the man who's still inside – lookin' for his bike..

R

Tell me tell me – can't you see that she's a fucked-up whore
Just fill her pussy with what you want – she won't feel it anymore

She seems to be so righteous – tellin' you nice lies
'n of course she's quite religious – there were no other guys
No sex before marriage – these are her rules for you
She's got some big dildo in her pussy – 'n in her asshole too..

R

Tell me tell me – can't you see that she's a fucked-up whore

Just fill her pussy with what you want – she won't feel it anymore

´n you don't know that she got fucked by hundred other boys

´n you didn't see her large collection of electric plastic toys

Nbt to mention the crazy horse ´n the poor fucking dog

But the man with the bike will be your final shock..

R

Tell me tell me – can't you see that she's a fucked-up whore

Just fill her pussy with what you want – she won't feel it anymore

(Repeat first part & Fade)

69

GIRL OF MY DREAMS PART TWO

´m always so happy – to see your pretty face

You're the personification of all beauty ´n grace

To love you as the man I am – you gave me this chance

You ´n me forever – it's more than just romance

R

Girl of my dreams – you're always inside my head

´n I'm so lucky to be inside my bed... - hey...
´coz you're so lovely ´n you're lips so red
´n between your legs you are always wet...

Whenever we are makin' love - you take all strength from me
But your love gives me power to cross the raging sea
All my secrets ´n innerself - I'm sharin' all with you
We're two sides of the same medal - in everythin' we do

R

Girl of my dreams - you're always inside my head
´n I'm so lucky to be inside my bed... - hey...
´coz you're so lovely ´n you're lips so red
´n between your legs you are always wet...

In my car or in the bathtub - for me it doesn't matter
Hot games with an icecube - no one can love you better
´n you're satisfyin' me in a thousand marvelous ways
You're lightenin' up my nights as I'm enchantin' your days

R

Girl of my dreams - you're always inside my head
´n I'm so lucky to be inside my bed... - hey...
´coz you're so lovely ´n you're lips so red
´n between your legs you are always wet...

I don't care about the color of your hair or if you're wearin' leather

Your picture in my mind will be the same whenever we're together

I for you 'n you for me 'til death will do us part

'coz there ain't no force to tear you out of my iron heart

R

Girl of my dreams - you're always inside my head

'n I'm so lucky to be inside my bed... - hey...

'coz you're so lovely 'n you're lips so red

'n between your legs you are always wet...

(Fade)



70

THE EXECUTIONER

Hé's lyin' in his hideout overlookin' the whole area

Hé's maintainin' his weaponry puttin' on some gear

ín no one knows that hé's waitin' to execute émall

All of them just targets to be put against the wall...

R

Burn, burn, burn another clip – blow off their fuckin' heads

Just, just, just another hit – watch all these bloody shreds

Hé's aimin' so precisely with a deadly steady hand

Within two thousand meters their lives ain't worth one cent

ín no one knows that hé's shootin' to equalize émall

The bullet makes no differences – it just makes émall

R

Burn, burn, burn another clip – blow off their fuckin' heads

Just, just, just another hit – watch all these bloody shreds

Chorus:

Hé's the executioner – with his rifle hé's a master

Run as fast as you can – his bullet will be faster



71

FOREIGNCORRESPONDENT

You're calling yourself "professional journalist"

But you're nothing else than some fucking tourist

From one warzone to another you're travelling round the globe

Making up nice stories about death, crime, sex and dope

R

Foreign correspondent – "inform" the world 'til the bitter end

You're so famous for your reports – from some foreign land

You're the star reporter/of your news institute

But in fact/you're nothing but/an intellectual prostitute

You never know/what's really going on/but at home don't either

You've got no story/but just carry on/acting an real insider

Millions of fools/proclaim you a hero/ coz you're always "risking your life"

In the hotel bars/you're indeed a hero/entertaining with your jive

R

Foreign correspondent – "inform" the world 'til the bitter end

You're so famous for your reports – from some foreign land

You're the star reporter/of your news institute

But in fact/you're nothing but/an intellectual prostitute

You know that you just gotta be there in the danger zone

You're working on your liars lair with nothing to atone

A fine position/and a lot of bucks the Pulitzer Price is yours

They don't know/your story sucks – your words are the real force

R

Foreign correspondent – "inform" the world 'til the bitter end

You're so famous for your reports – from some foreign land

You're the star reporter/of your news institute

But in fact/you're nothing but/an intellectual prostitute

Voice:

"I'm really in between... - This is hell... - Shells are exploding everywhere around me... - I'm under fire... - Oh god, is this the end?..." - "OK That's it. Mix that with the combat noises which are recorded on these tapes there and play a bit with the satellite receiver so that we get some nice interruptions. Oh, and bring me another drink..."

R

Foreign correspondent - "inform" the world 'til the bitter end

You're so famous for your reports - from some foreign land

You're the star reporter/of your news institute

But in fact/you're nothing but/an intellectual prostitute

Voice:

"You know that truth doesn't exist. Truth will be just whatever you want it to be... - That's the truth you have to tell them because they demand this artificial truth instead of the real truth which nobody likes..."

72

FACE THE FACTS

Chorus:

Wouldn't it be great to turn back the clock?

Wouldn't it be good to calm down the shock?

Wouldn't it be wise to believe their lies?

Wouldn't it be cool to sleep with open eyes?

The world outside 's so cruel 'n dull – you gotta escape from it all

Every day is so bloody 'n grey – you will witness the world's downfall

R

Run, run, run – try to escape from the damned truth

Run, run, run – try to flee back into your childhood

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to tell you bedtime stories

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to sing you bedtime songs

The fire you started so long ago – now it has returned

Down in hell hatred will grow – now you're getting burned

R

Run, run, run – try to escape from the damned truth

Run, run, run – try to flee back into your childhood

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to tell you bedtime stories

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to sing you bedtime songs

You're runnin' on empty into a one-way street – your life 's without sense

You've got what you want but nothing what you need – there's no chance

R

Run, run, run – try to escape from the damned truth

Run, run, run – try to flee back into your childhood

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to tell you bedtime stories

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to sing you bedtime songs

Wear the shirt, wear the shirt – without pockets it is too large

Hear the drums, hear the drums – they're playin' your death march

Open the coffin, open the coffin – lay down and fall asleep

Face the facts, face the facts – your lies were far too cheap

R

Run, run, run – try to escape from the damned truth

Run, run, run – try to flee back into your childhood

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to tell you bedtime stories

Damn, damn, damn – there's no one there to sing you bedtime songs

Chorus:

Wouldn't it be greater to break down the clock?

Wouldn't it be better to repel the shock?

Wouldn't it be wiser to back off any liar?

Wouldn't it be cooler to cut the barbed wire?

(Solo)

Chorus:

You can't escape – face the facts..

(Fade)

73

STEEL DREAM

Remember the way wars were fought – so many years ago
With artillery ‘n infantry – all went on so slow
Now sophisticated high tech weaponry has replaced troops
‘n there ain’t no chance to resist against robo-battlegroups

R

Robo warplanes, stealthcopters, cybertanks ‘n roboart
Machines replacing soldiers changing off the guard
Enemy’s crumblin’ in despair – watchin’ the black steam
Welcome to future warfare – this is the Steel Dream!

Roboscouts with life-scanners are doin’ all reconnaissance
Neuronal systems guided by artificial intelligence
Thinkin’ a thousand times faster than any human brain
Defender’s strongholds ‘n resistance – all will be in vain

R

Robo warplanes, stealthcopters, cybertanks ‘n roboart
Machines replacing soldiers changing off the guard
Enemy’s crumblin’ in despair – watchin’ the black steam
Welcome to future warfare – this is the Steel Dream!

Everyone gets spotted quickly by satellites ‘n drones
The sound of fighter-bombers roars upon the warzones
Self-propelled howitzers ‘n rocket launchers firin’ from the distance
Creatin’ a storm of shells ‘n missiles breakin’ every resistance

R

Robo warplanes, stealthcopters, cybertanks 'n roboart'

Machines replacing soldiers changing off the guard

Enemy's crumblin' in despair – watchin' the black steam

Welcome to future warfare – this is the Steel Dream!

In the hail of fire 'n steel whole cities are getting wiped out

Clusterbombs fallin' on refugees shreddin' off the whole crowd

'n everythin' that remains are some black burnt stones

As cybertanks move thru' the ruins crushin' skulls 'n bones

Robo-Voice:

“Cyberforces will attack wherever they're deployed

Their primary objective is to kill until destroyed

There ain't no way to stop them once they're underway

They'll be your worst nightmare, twenty four hours a day...”

Chorus:

Steel's rollin' on – a computer guided ocean of steel

This ain't no science fiction – soon it will be real...

(Fade)

TWENTY FIVE BUCKS

For a pack of bucks she sells her body everyday 'n night
With a painted face 'n plastic smile she stands in the red light
She does her job mechanically without any trace of emotion
She cannot get wet anymore 'n so she's using some intime lotion

R

Twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks a fuck
For that money she will please 'em she's gotta suffer 'n suck

Inside herself she carries the dirt of a thousand pervert guys
She's got some various sex diseases 'n her pussy's full of lice
Her main customers are ugly old men with smellin' feet
Rotten perverts 'n sweatin' cripples will all get what they need

R

Twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks a fuck
For that money she will please 'em she's gotta suffer 'n suck

Without teeth 'n sufferin' from hemorrhoids she's too wasted up
'n so there's only one place where she can still do her job
In the famous "slaughterhouse" with hundred customers a day
She's gonna be used until the end as long as they will pay...

R

Twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks, twenty five bucks a fuck
For that money she will please 'em she's gotta suffer 'n suck

75

COMMANDO CHARLIE BRAVO

The village lies still there in the damp morning mist
But within a few moments it will forever cease to exist
As commandos are approaching to clean the whole area
The sound of their rifles is the last thing the enemy'll hear

R

Commando Charlie Bravo will paint their world red
They are always hitting straight into the enemy's head

Enemy men, women 'n children are lying in their blood
And many of them got fried hiding in some burning hut
Moving to their checkpoint the commandos go on fast
'coz the enemy's on their trail 'n there's no time to rest

R

Commando Charlie Bravo will paint their world red
They are always hitting straight into the enemy's head

Chorus:

Commandos are trained to kill kind of defender
Once in trouble they'd rather die than surrender

Even when they're wounded their lips remain sealed

They send captured enemies to clean the mine field

They are proud, merciless 'n hundred percent tough

They shit on all conventions 'n like it bloody rough

R

Commando Charlie Bravo will paint their world red

They are always hitting straight into the enemy's head

The commandos reach the checkpoint but no one's coming for them

Some are captured by the enemy, getting sliced like ham

Others manage to breakthrough but they won't make it back

Encircled by the enemy they just choose to attack..

R

Commando Charlie Bravo will paint their world red

They are always hitting straight into the enemy's head

(Repeat Refrain several times & Fade)

76

LIFE GOES ON..

You're standing on the open grave ' tears roll down your cheeks

The one inside used to be so brave 'n you still hear as he speaks

You're full of pain, you're full of sorrow with the picture in your heart
You're wet from rain, you're wet from tears with your world ripped apart

R

But life goes on 'n time will dry your tears

You're not alone – just open up your eyes

What you've lost ain't lost forever

There's still hope so don't give up – never!

There at the funeral a piece of yourself has been buried too

'n it's hard for you to live your life 'coz you don't know what to do

You feel so empty, you feel so sad as the memories are filling your head

You moan the fate, you moan the dead as the times are now so terribly bad

R

But life goes on 'n time will dry your tears

You're not alone – just open up your eyes

What you've lost ain't lost forever

There's still hope so don't give up – never!

(Repeat whole song then Refrain several times & Fade)

77

DAWN OF MIND

(First sentence vocal/instr., second Chorus & drums):

I can still remember the spirit in eightynine – ISIT GONENOW?

When I saw the red flags burning – back in eightynine – ISIT OVERNOW?

I can remember myself cheering – back in eightynine – ISIT GONENOW?

When I saw the wall torn down – back in eightynine – ISIT OVERNOW?

(First sentence loud vocal/instr., second sad & bitter Voice):

Those were times full of hope 'n glory – but now it seems all history?

When the commies were fallin' with their flag – but now they're comin' back?

No more red stars, no more terror 'n no more evil treat – but now I still see red?

No more prisons, no more torture 'n no more commie rules – but the world is full of fools?

R

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/in a world of the blind..

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/but we're different kind..

No one can turn shit into gold – they'll remain like before..

The only way 's to crush them – let's start the final war!!!

'n it ain't so long ago when we thought that communism's gone – yeah!

But forty years of indoctrination cannot be undone – oh, no!

Talkin' to such people – it's so useless 'n frustrating – fuck them!!!

When victims become redscum – that's when I start hating – kill them!!!

Don't look at me with your blind eyes – like some stupid kid

They've carved the brain out of your head – 'n filled it up with shit

Your state was just some shithouse 'n you were a toilet slave

Some word against the system meant a place in some mass grave...

R

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/in a world of the blind..

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/but we're different kind..

No one can turn shit into gold – they'll remain like before...

The only way 's to crush them – let's start the final war!!!

You still can't stop glorifying these so-called good old times

'n with your stupid phrases you're rectifying the commies' evil crimes

Standing in the queue for some food 'n brandy your life was just a fuck

'n after ten years waitin' you got some stinkin' car – yeah, that's true luck..

Chorus:

Forget about the peaceful revolution 'coz there is only one solution

Kick 'em, beat 'em, bury 'em alive – wipe out the commies 'n their jive..

R

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/in a world of the blind..

I used to believe/in the dawn of mind/but we're different kind..

No one can turn shit into gold – they'll remain like before...

The only way 's to crush them – let's start the final war!!!

(Repeat Refrain several times & Fade)

FROZENMEAT

As the plane crushed on the mountains within the eternal ice

As the only survivor got caught under cold dark skies

He covered freezing in the darkness inside the wrecked plane

As the icestormcarves his skin the hunger drives him insane

R

There's just one way to stay alive – he needs something to eat

Their bodies had to serve as food – so much frozen meat

He ate their brains, he ate their flesh – fresh bodies on ice...

He chewed their guts, he chewed their bones – what a nice ham slice...

´n so he became a true specialist concerning meatly questions

If he would get out of here he'd have some new suggestions...

R

There's just one way to stay alive – he needs something to eat

Their bodies had to serve as food – so much frozen meat

The rescue team found him some months later – he still looked quite good

´n they wondered how he made it that long without any food!?!

Back into the civilized world he decided to get into business

´n he became a famous "icemen butcher" as you could already guess...

R

There's just one way to stay alive – he needs something to eat

Their bodies had to serve as food – so much frozen meat

(Repeat Refrain several times & Fade)

79

CUMAGAIN

She's pure nymphomaniac 'n she can never get enough

She's wearing black leather 'n she likes it really tough

So many guys were fucking her but no matter how they tried

She wants always much more sex 'n she cannot be satisfied

R

Three guys just fucked her/as much as they can/makin' her cumagain..

But she's already/with some others/who'll make her cumagain..

Cumagain, cumagain... - Who will be the last one/to make her cumagain..

Cumagain, cumagain... - Who will be the next one/to make her cumagain..

There's no time she ain't fucking - she's the world's greatest whore

There ain't nothing she won't be doing just for some long dick more

But when she saw me she immediately got down on her feet

'coz I've got a whip 'n some handcuffs - yeah, I know what bitches need..

R

Three guys just fucked her/as much as they can/makin' her cumagain..

But she's already/with some others/who'll make her cumagain..

Cumagain, cumagain... - Who will be the last one/to make her cumagain...

Cumagain, cumagain... - Who will be the next one/to make her cumagain...

(Repeat whole song once again & Fade)

80

UNDER SIEGE

(Dedicated to the People of Sarajevo)

The city's under heavy fire 'n all supply lines have been cut

Enemy snipers in the city - whoever moves gets shot - YEAH- SHOT!!!

Caught 'n exhausted the people/there are - just like animals in a cage

There's no way 'n no way out/not even for the dead - UNDER THE SIEGE..

R

Under siege the city's dyin' - under siege the city's cryin'

Under siege the city's lyin' - under siege the city's fryin'

Under siege, under siege, under, under, under siege - UN-DER SIEGE!

From the hills all around the enemy attacks everyday

'n both the sky 'n the city are painted in dirty grey

As mortar shells are exploding ripping people to shreds - YEAH- SHREDS!

A bloody mess of nameless corpses - without legs 'n heads - YEAH- HEADS!

R

Under siege the city's dyin' - under siege the city's cryin'

Under siege the city's lyin' - under siege the city's fryin'

Under siege, under siege, under, under, under siege - UN-DER SIEGE!

People look like their own shadows - there ain't no more food supplies

People suffer from disease but no one listens to their cries

For the undead citizens of this city life has lost its worth

For them death means just salvation 'coz they've got their hell on earth

R

Under siege the city's dyin' - under siege the city's cryin'

Under siege the city's lyin' - under siege the city's fryin'

Under siege, under siege, under, under, under siege - UN-DER SIEGE!

During the summer there ain't no water 'n people are sweatin' 'n thirsty

During the winter there ain't no firewood 'n people are freezin' 'n hungry

In mankind's history of bloodshed 'n violence there's a new dark page

But without any illusions defenders are fightin' with eyes full of rage

R

Under siege the city's dyin' - under siege the city's cryin'

Under siege the city's lyin' - under siege the city's fryin'

Under siege, under siege, under, under, under siege - UN-DER SIEGE!

Voice:

So don't look away this time or your city will be the next... - under siege...

81

ROTTEN TO THE CORE

Oh, yeah... - you're a good actor - but you can't fool me that way

Just a piece of shit in some fine dress - go ahead, make my day...

You borrowed money/to buy a knife - you wanna put it into my back

But when you attack me from behind/I'll catch you 'n break your fuckin' neck

R

You're an asshole, you're an asshole - you're as faithful as a whore

I'm gonna kill you, I'm gonna kill you - 'coz you're rotten to the core...

You're spreadin' some/new disease/to watch people gettin' sick

You do what you can/to ruin lives/but you won't become big

Oh yeah, you're a deceiver - but you can't fool me that way...

Just another scumbag in a fine dress - go ahead, make my day...

R

You're an asshole, you're an asshole - you're as faithful as a whore

I'm gonna kill you, I'm gonna kill you - 'coz you're rotten to the core...

82

MY FLAG IS MY VOICE

Hey, teacher! You always told me/that fightin' for my land is wrong
You tried to wipe out/all my feelings/but I used to be too strong
You're teaching children to hate their nation – you're a crazy fod...
But one day you'll be barbecued inside your burning school – SCHOOL

R

Chorus:

My flag is my voice 'n there ain't no other choice!!!
Our flag is our voice 'n we ain't nobody's toys!!!
Black, white 'n red – we'll fight for our freedom until death!
Black, red 'n gold – our pride is something that can't be sold!

Hey, preacher! You always told me to pray for world peace 'n love
'n you'll pray for the red bastards 'til their bombs rain down from above
You pray for the enemy/ moaning their deads – oh god, what a loss..
But one day/we'll finish you off/'n we'll nail you on your cross – CROSS

R

Chorus:

My flag is my voice 'n there ain't no other choice!!!
Our flag is our voice 'n we ain't nobody's toys!!!
Black, white 'n red – we'll fight for our freedom until death!
Black, red 'n gold – our pride is something that can't be sold!

Hey, agitator! You always keep on spreadin' your lies on my color TV

You tried to blitz me/with your propaganda/but it didn't work as you can see

You studied in Moscow'n believe your own lies – looks as if you can't lose

But one day we'll use your blood as ink to write the latest news – NEWS

R

Chorus:

My flag is my voice'n there ain't no other choice!!!

Our flag is our voice'n we ain't nobody's toys!!!

Black, white'n red – we'll fight for our freedom until death!

Black, red'n gold – our pride is something that can't be sold!

Hey, politician! You're always lyin' about democracy in this state

At your party meetings you're a clown but you won't escape your fate...

You expect us to feed on garbage/while you always/overfeed yourself on cream

But one day we'll use your ashes as fertilizer which makes the fields so green – GREEN

R

Chorus:

My flag is my voice'n there ain't no other choice!!!

Our flag is our voice'n we ain't nobody's toys!!!

Black, white'n red – we'll fight for our freedom until death!

Black, red'n gold – our pride is something that can't be sold!

(Repeat Refrain several times & Fade)

DROWNIN'

I don't know who's cursed me to live among the dead
 Visions of doom 'n horror are fillin' up my head
 Rain keeps fallin' from dark skies – rain so cold 'n wet
 'n it's so hard to move ahead with legs made of lead..

My favorite food has lost all of its taste
 My whole work look like a senseless waste
 My few friends are dead 'n gone
 'n I'm far too weak to jump 'n run..
 Sadness 'n emptiness are destroyin' me from within
 The raindrops feel like bullets on my frozen skin
 I wonder what has kept me up throughout all these years
 'n if I could I would be cryin' – but I'm out of tears..

Now the cold wind has become a storm
 My shoddy clothes won't keep me warm
 The rain is growing into a flood
 Is water or is it our blood?!?

Chorus:

Once we're walkin' in the sunshine – but now the lights got dim
 One day the flood comes over us 'n then we'll have to swim

Voice:

Then we'll see how it is to be drownin' without hope for rescue
in even if you can answer every question no one's gonna ask you...

84

DEEPTHROAT

She's got a big mouth in you can guess why
She's stakin' her victims in sucks until they die
She's some kind of vampire but she doesn't want your blood
She wants something else I think you can guess what...

R

She'll fill her throat on the road – deep throat, deep throat, deep THROAT
Or get her load on some boat – deep throat, deep throat, deep THROAT

She does it on the open field or within four grey walls
Like a vacuum cleaner she's suckin' – suckin' off your balls
Her long tongue in sharp teeth will make you scream so loud
in she just won't be satisfied until she has sucked you out...

R

She'll fill her throat on the road – deep throat, deep throat, deep THROAT
Or get her load on some boat – deep throat, deep throat, deep THROAT

(Repeat whole song & Refrain several times & Fade)

85

EARTHQUAKE IN MY PANTS

Watching her smiling 'n talking – I began to sweat

Her body in some nice positions – I want her in my bed

My heart is pounding like a drum

I'll take her down 'n make her cum..

R

I try to keep my self-control / but here's a time / when it all ends

'coz every time I see her there's an earthquake in my pants

I turn my head not to regard her

But my dick gets harder 'n harder

My blood is chokin' – I'm under pressure

She's gotta serve me – for great pleasure

R

I try to keep my self-control / but here's a time / when it all ends

'coz every time I see her there's an earthquake in my pants

Chorus:

Yeah, I can't help myself 'coz my love for her's so strong

She will get to feel it soon – something´s hard´n long

(Repeat whole song & Refrain several times & Fade)

86

VICTOR'S JUSTICE

Intro-Sound (Speeches from Nuremburg show trials "Hw do you plead?" –

"Not guilty!" repeatedly mixed with marching drums getting louder..)

Nineteenfortyfive – the world´s cheerin´ / coz the Nazis lost WWII

From now on the Nazis/will be hunted/by a certain surviving Jew..

Most Nazi officials geo sentenced to death(´n showed up no more

´n National Socialism ceased to exist/but the world would have/to suffer like before..

R

The Nazis may/have been defeated – but freedom hasn´t won

By raping, looting and killing people/the victors had much fun..

Setting new standards/for crime´n homicide/they were Satan´s curse

All those who had/convicted the Nazis/soon turned out to be much worse..

False promises/about world peace/´n some kind of new order

Very soon/the iron curtain/became the new great border...

The United States/used the whole world/as some punching ball

´n in the giant prison/called "Soviet Union"/there´s never been freedom at all

R

The Nazis may/have been defeated – but freedom hasn't won
By raping, looting and killing people/the victors had much fun..
Setting new standards/for crime 'n homicide/they were Satan's curse
All those who had/convicted the Nazis/soon turned out to be much worse..

Their "brave new world" /is dominated/by mass murderers 'n scum
Nice to see these "peaceful" pictures – from Afghanistan or Vietnam..
Hundreds of wars/n countless dead/are the results of their "peace"
Not to mention/all those "happy ones" /who're dying from hunger 'n disease...

R

The Nazis may/have been defeated – but freedom hasn't won
By raping, looting and killing people/the victors had much fun..
Setting new standards/for crime 'n homicide/they were Satan's curse
All those who had/convicted the Nazis/soon turned out to be much worse..

Concentration camps 'n torture prisons are still all over the globe
Wars are fought for the industry, for the bounty 'n for dope
Colonialism 'n Communism/are now stronger/than ever before
And even without the Nazis/we're gonna have some new world war

(Bridge)

Nineteen ninety five the world would be cheerin' /if the Nazis won WWII
'n Palestinian kids/are getting shot/by some heavily armed peace like Jew..
In relation/to peace-professionals nowadays/the Nazis were just beginners
But there's nothing/to worry about/coz history's always written by the winners..

(Repeat Intro as Outro but with marching drums getting silent & Fade)

87

THE MISSILE-AWAY-PARTY

They're the funniest unit in the army – the famous "Rocketeers"

in today there's the big event they've train for so many years

Here it is – the nice cruise missile with a nuclear warhead

in the crew is doin' all their best so that it won't miss its target...

Chorus:

Today we are celebrating – launch the missile – shoot it up!!!

We're gonna have a real nice party – launch it now – shoot it up!!!

Some fireworks with nuke explosives – shoot it up – yeah, shoot it up!!!

They're too far away to watch the mushroom cloud

But nevertheless they're all so happy / n so proud

A chorus counts the seconds remaining / til the impact

They'll celebrate / with whiskey in music / as you could expect...

Chorus:

Today we are celebrating – launch the missile – shoot it up!!!

We're gonna have a real nice party – launch it now – shoot it up!!!

Some fireworks with nuke explosives – shoot it up – yeah, shoot it up!!!

Some hundred miles away/a whole city gets scrapped/from the face of the earth
But don't worry about/those thousands of civilians –they just got what they deserved
It's such a nice feeling/to push the button/'n to send the missile away
So we gotta have/a nice party on the beach/on this fine sunny day

Chorus:

Today we are celebrating – launch the missile – shoot it up!!!
We're gonna have a real nice party – launch it now – shoot it up!!!
Some fireworks with nuke explosives – shoot it up – yeah, shoot it up!!!

88

LAST HONORS

Intro-Voice:

“Oi!!! Brothers! We've come together/to hail/our fallen/brother here/for the last time. His life/was built/around honor 'n loyalty. And so/he lived 'n died/to keep his people free. He defended mankind's most precious values. Identity. Freedom Dignity. He may be dead now/but a part of him/remains within every one of us. Although we bare standing here/around his dead body/we all know that this brave warrior/became immortal! Odin bless him!!! HAIL!!!”

Chorus repeat “Hail!!!” several times, noises of swords on shields..)

For your country and for your nation – you gave your life for that
“There ain't no time for explanation” – that's what you always said
“We gotta do what must be done” – you knew no compromise – Oh no!

´n you have always been the one – killing monsters in disguise – I know..

(Solo & Chorus hailing)

You have been a fierceful fighter – you were so proud ´n tough

And now you´re sitting on the table – watching us from above

Just like a rock in the stormy sea – you stood strong in defiance

Brothers in blood as we used to be – you fought for this alliance

(Solo & Chorus hailing)

You never kneeled to no one – you looked ´em in the eye

´n we all followed the call – when we heard your war cry

You didn´t know about retreat – you just said “Never!”

´n so fell a real hero but/his spirit will live forever

(Solo & Chorus hailing)

(Voice & drums mixed with Chorus hailing):

I hail you brother as I hail the new dawn

With every new child you are reborn

The army of immortals will be marching on

´n we keep on fighting until we´ve won!!!

(Chorus hailing, Chorus “heavenly-heavily” & sound, then Fade)

DOGS OF WAR

(Dedicated to Marius Kocsis)

Intro-Chorus:

“Vive la mort ! Vive la guerre ! Vive les sacres mercenaires!!!”

With faces hardened/by hatred ´n violence/they´re moving in/for a kill

They´re slaughtering/everybody without mercy/til there´s no blood/left to spill

With sadistic attitudes/´n eyes full of rage/they´re doin´/their bloody job

All for money?/´n all for blood/they´re gonna blow/the whole world up

R

As long as there/will be wars/there´ll be always/guns for hire

´n the dogs of war/give a fuck about/what they´re takin´/under fire

They are racists/´n they are fascists/´n they´re killin´ /just for fun

They like martial arts/´n knife throwing/´n they´re sleepin´ /with some gun

They´re spitting/on human rights/´n every war convention – DOGS OF WAR!!! (Chorus)

They´re shitting/on every state/´n all its institutions – DOGS OF WAR!!! (Chorus)

R

As long as there/will be wars/there´ll be always/guns for hire

´n the dogs of war/give a fuck about/what they´re takin´/under fire

(Solo)

Chorus:

Mercenaire chakal de guerre!

Parait pour l'enfer!!!

War is hell/but hell's their home - 'n so they laugh about it - HAW-HAW(Chorus)

They're seen/as outlaws 'n criminals - but they just laugh about it - HAW-HAW(Chorus)

No matter where/'n for which army - they'll fight/ until destroyed

'n in this nice/peaceful world - they'll never/be unemployed.

R

As long as there/will be wars/there'll be always/guns for hire

'n the dogs of war/give a fuck about/what they're takin'/under fire

(Repeat refrain several times then Fade-Solo..)

Outro (some parts of E Plaf's "Non je ne regrette rien..")

90

FUNERAL WEDDING

(Movie Soundtrack)

As a small boy his father taught him how to bring a sacrifice

He enjoyed it all very much 'n always followed daddy's advice

Watching his victims sufferin' 'n dyin' he had so much fun

'coz he wanted to show the world that he's Satan's greatest son..

R

Satan is his master 'n he's gotta bury the bitches alive

He's always lookin' for some nice girl to become his "wife"

The little bitch must burn in hell 'n she will get there soon
Two meters down caught in a coffin – what a nice honeymoon..

Lying bound in the cementary she's gotta be his bride
'n he's raping her satanically until he's satisfied
He's puttin' the coffin into the grave 'n he's diggin' it all in
As the wedding is finished now the funeral my begin..

R

Satan is his master 'n he's gotta bury the bitches alive
He's always lookin' for some nice girl to become his "wife"
The little bitch must burn in hell 'n she will get there soon
Two meters down caught in a coffin – what a nice honeymoon..

Down six feet underground the girl wakes up 'n starts to cry
But all her cries will remain unheard as she's going to die
'n he really enjoys her last moments full of pain 'n despair
With a satanic smile he watches the clock as she's runnin' out of air

R

Satan is his master 'n he's gotta bury the bitches alive
He's always lookin' for some nice girl to become his "wife"
The little bitch must burn in hell 'n she will get there soon
Two meters down caught in a coffin – what a nice honeymoon..

Chorus:

Funeral wedding – he's gonna caress her...

Funeral wedding – may Satan bless her...

(Satanic laughs & digging sounds with clock noises..)

91

LAW OF THE WEST

You just can't stop blaming me – tryin' to ruin my life

You say that I'm a big problem with my long sharp knife

if that's the case then your problem is much bigger

'coz I got a gun 'n I got my finger on the trigger...

R

Don't you know, don't you know the law of the west

I'm gonna teach you, I'm gonna teach you – teach you like the rest...

Don't you know, don't you know the law of the west

I'm gonna teach you, I'm gonna teach you – teach you like the rest...

You say that I will end in prison 'coz I was breakin' the law

But as I face you on the street you gotta stand 'n draw

'n now there's some nice holes in your body as you lost

I just had to finish you asshole no matter what's the cost...

R

Don't you know, don't you know the law of the west

Í mgonna teach you, Í mgonna teach you – teach you like the rest...

Don't you know, don't you know the law of the west

Í mgonna teach you, Í mgonna teach you – teach you like the rest...

(Repeat whole song, then refrain several times & Fade)

92

YOU'NIME FOREVER

Í mwalking through the darkness – on these fields of fire

With my burnt out memory – 'n just one desire

Things ain't easy since the war began – began within myself

I can't tell you why, where and when – a man fighting himself

It ain't all glory 'n it ain't all honor – the things I gotta do..

Will you still recognize me – when Í mcoming home to you !?!

R

I lost myself but one thing I know for sure

For all my pain 'n sorrow you're the only cure

I try to write you but it's hard to hold the pen

'n I still got some hope that we will meet again..

You cried as much as I left you back but time has dried your tears

You think of me since I left you back – alone with all your fears

You're desperately waiting for some message or lifesign
You're carefully keeping things they used to be mine
You're love for me ain't finished 'n there'll be a brand new start...
You will remain my darling 'n even death won't do us 'part !!!

R

I lost myself but one thing I know for sure
For all my pain 'n sorrow you're the only cure
I try to write you but it's hard to hold the pen
'n I still got some hope that we will meet again..

In my dreams we're always together 'n I hate the moment I awake
I'm looking at your faded picture 'n my head starts to ache
I just want you to know that I didn't leave you behind
'coz deep in my heart your memory's enshrined
'n even in this dead cold wasteland your love keeps me warm
There ain't no force to destroy our love 'n so we'll take the world by storm

R

I lost myself but one thing I know for sure
For all my pain 'n sorrow you're the only cure
I try to write you but it's hard to hold the pen
'n I still got some hope that we will meet again..

Chorus:

Trust me, my darling – we'll take this world by storm
You 'n me forever – yeah, let's take the world by storm

93

THE BRANDMARKER

The branding device gets heated up to seven hundred degrees
As the master approaches her she gets down on her knees
She's wearing some nice slave costume as he puts her on the chain
'n she's so eager to enjoy some unimaginable pain

R

She asked for it, she payed for it – she'll get what she deserves
'coz she always bothered him – always gettin' on his nerves
The brand marker will let her have it – like never before
Now he's gotta punish her 'coz she's just a little whore...

As the hot iron hits her skin she's getting' a mega-climax
'n so much hot wet love juice is runnin' down her legs
Her flesh got burned 'n like some cow she's wearing now the sign
'n though she had to spend months in hospital – she's just feelin' fine

R

She asked for it, she payed for it – she'll get what she deserves
'coz she always bothered him – always gettin' on his nerves
The brand marker will let her have it – like never before

Nbwhé's gotta punish her 'coz she's just a little whore...

Yeah, for all these bitches out there, he's got a brand new idea

They'll all get his special treatment 'n he enjoys their fear

Piercing is out, branding is in – everyday another crazy slut

'n forever she's gotta carry his sign – burned into her butt

R

She asked for it, she payed for it – she'll get what she deserves

'coz she always bothered him – always gettin' on his nerves

The brand marker will let her have it – like never before

Nbwhé's gotta punish her 'coz she's just a little whore...

(Repeat Refrain several times then Fade-Solo..)

94

INTHE NAME OF GOD

For more than fifteen hundred years they're lyin' about love 'n peace

'n during the fifth century they started spreading like disease

Deceivers were sharing their false gospel until Europe was conquered

'n they still calling them "true martyrs" – Oh god, how they suffered...

At first they made up stories about some "Christian way of life"

´n all those who did not listen got cut down by a Christian knife
So many ancient cultures got destroyed as a result of Christianization
´n today they're still claiming that they brought us civilization...

Their mid-eastern crap as some substitute to wipe out our true origin
´n so many people got fooled by some preachers ´n the tales they spin
But our ancestors have been living in freedom with their culture ´n their pride
´n they became slaves who were celebrating Christmas instead of Yuletide...

The Middle Ages were the darkest pages in the history of mankind
´n the almighty church kept the people starving, frightened ´n blind
Denying all progress they'd finally turned Europe into a stinking slum
´n obviously that's what they meant by talkin' about "Kingdom come"...

The crusaders were slayin' Saracens for the holy book ´n the lord
´n some Christian knight in the holy land was slicing children with his sword
The infidels got slaughtered ´n looted – of course all for Christ's sake
´n a few of the heroes returned to Europe – there to spread the plague...

The Black Death killed more than one third of Europe's population
´n so the people had to pray for some more Christian salvation
No hygiene ´n no medicine but preachers with some cross
´n according to the holy church million deaths ain't no real loss..

Fighting "heretics" 'n "blasphemers" Christians gotta be the winners
'n some fat holy man was raping "witches" 'n burning evil "sinners"
The Inquisition brought terror 'n torture – in the name of god
'n for some hundred years the holy men reigned in blood..

Chorus:

Just tell me about peace 'n love – my answer is NOTHANKS!!!
About your cross 'n your dove – my answer is NOTHANKS!!!

95

OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN

He's fightin' wars to pay whores – an officer 'n gentleman
He's lyin' drunk on foreign shores – the officer 'n gentleman
He came here due to his orders – an officer 'n gentleman
He protects his country's borders – the officer 'n gentleman

(Solo)

He's playin' around with his gun – an officer 'n gentleman
He's shootin' people just for fun – the officer 'n gentleman
He never shows up on frontline – an officer 'n gentleman
He stay back 'n feels so fine – the officer 'n gentleman

(Solo)

He's stakin' drugs to get so high – an officer 'n gentleman
He's avoidin' combat 'coz he's so stay – the officer 'n gentleman

He shows his superior's total devotion – an officer 'n gentleman

He just gets another promotion – the officer 'n gentleman

(Solo & Fade)

96

KICKIN SOME ASS

I'd better be patient, I'd better be calm 'n I shouldn't make any noise

I'd better be polite, I'd better be quiet 'n I shouldn't raise my voice

I'd better be friendly, I'd better be nice 'n I shouldn't make any choice

I'd better be content, I'd better be pleased 'n I should be one of your toys

(Solo)

R

You're such an asshole 'n you make me so sick

'n your face will be the ass that I'm gonna kick

Chorus:

Kick it in, kick it in, kick 'em in the ass

Kick it in, kick it in, kick 'em in the ass

R

These new boots I've bought to test 'em on your back

I'll kick 'em deep into your ass 'til they crack your neck

(Solo)

You'd better be decapitated, you'd better be stomped out – I'LL CRUSH YOU!!!

You'd better be annihilated, you'd better be wiped out – I'LL SMASH YOU!!!

You'd better be persecuted, you'd better be thrown away – I'LL THRILL YOU!!!

You'd better be executed, you'd better be blown away – I'LL KILL YOU!!!

R

You're such an asshole 'n you make me so sick

'n your face will be the ass that I'm gonna kick

Chorus:

Kick it in, kick it in, kick 'em in the ass

Kick it in, kick it in, kick 'em in the ass

R

These new boots I've bought to test 'em on your back

I'll kick 'em deep into your ass 'til they crack your neck

(Solo)

Chorus:

Kickin' some ass, kickin' some ass, kickin', kickin', kickin' some ass...

97

TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME

There will be a future/n I'm sure that it will be/as we want it to be

We're lost in the DARKNESS/but don't give up HOPE - tomorrow belongs to me
In there will be/a new dawn/we're rising again - tomorrow belongs to me
The morning will come/when the WORLD is blind - tomorrow belongs to me

They cannot turn us/INTO mindless zombies/if all of us/do not agree
Despite all their TERROR/THEY cannot stop US - tomorrow belongs to me
In no one can keep us/from FLYING our flag - tomorrow belongs to me
The morning will come/when the WORLD is blind - tomorrow belongs to me

Chorus:

Tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs TO ME!!!

The great Gods of War/will show us the sign/that we're all WAITING to see
Pride is our SWORD/in freedom is our SHIELD - tomorrow belongs to me
In nothing can defeat/the TRUE free men - tomorrow belongs to me
The morning will come/when the WORLD is blind - tomorrow belongs to me

The evil will crumble/all over the world/in all of us/WILL be free
The twenty first CENTURY/should belong to our CHILDREN - tomorrow belongs to me
In our ancestors/look down on US/to hail our VICTORY - tomorrow belongs to me
The morning will come/when the WORLD is blind - tomorrow belongs to me

Chorus:

Tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs, tomorrow belongs TO ME!!!

98

THE MORALIZER

Eyeglasses, some camera ' your press accreditation

You're still hunting for some new great sensation

You don't know the language 'n what this war's about

You're what they call a "real expert" – yeah, there ain't no doubt...

R

On TV 'n in the papers – your reports lurk everywhere

'n every day you fool the public with another liar's lair

For a certain amount of money – there's nothin' you wouldn't do

'n you hate the "monkeys" in this country – so you gotta fool 'em too...

You overfeed yourself every day while the people are starving outside

But what's it to you, you ain't Santa Claus – why don't they get out of your sight

You're a true neutral, you hate 'em all – you're just doin' your fuckin' job

'n you even wrote a book about this war – but you don't know why it was a flop

R

On TV 'n in the papers – your reports lurk everywhere

'n every day you fool the public with another liar's lair

For a certain amount of money – there's nothin' you wouldn't do

'n you hate the "monkeys" in this country – so you gotta fool 'em too...

(Solo)

Voice:

“It’s too fucking quiet today. Let’s give the other side some phone call... - Hello, General? Yes, it’s me. Fine. Thank you, Sir... - By the way, do you know that the market place is really overcrowded today? A single shell could kill hundreds of people immediately. Yes. Thank you, Sir... - General? You could do me a great favor if you could do it all at exactly 9AM because I need at least an hour to get these monkeys to work. I just want to make sure I’ll get the pictures first so that... - Yes. Thank you, Sir... - That’s very kind of you, Sir... - Send me the money as usual.. - No problem You’re welcome...”

Your report about/the massacre/brought you great reputation

’n you’re getting’/so many gratitudes/from your TV station

The pictures ’n your comment on this war brought you so much fame

Yeah, you’re a true professional ’n you know how to play the game

R

On TV ’n in the papers – your reports lurk everywhere

’n every day you fool the public with another liar’s lie

For a certain amount of money – there’s nothin’ you wouldn’t do

’n you hate the “monkeys” in this country – so you gotta fool ’em too...

(Repeat Refrain several times & Fade)

99

CHINESE CUNTS BY CATALOGUE

They’re fat ’n pervert dirty old men but they know what they want

They’re mad about sex but can’t find women here so they gotta get some Chinese cunt

But there's no need to fly to Bangkok – they just gotta call some agency
Watching pictures they make their choice – ordering china pussies C.O.D

R

You heard right – it ain't no joke
Chinese cunts by catalogue

Chorus:

You heard right – it ain't no joke
Chinese cunts by catalogue

They're abusing the girls brutally excited by their victim's Asian smile
Then they're callin' all their friends offerin' them to rent some slave for a while
The girls gotta be in hardcore movies 'n of course they gotta work on the street
'n so the story goes on with happy old men buyin' 'n sellin' girls like meat
'n the agency will get 'em some new girl 'coz there's satisfaction guaranteed

R

You heard right – it ain't no joke
Chinese cunts by catalogue

Chorus:

You heard right – it ain't no joke
Chinese cunts by catalogue

DANCE FOR ME

I know you won't forget me – though I'm dead 'n gone

You'll never love another – I was your only one

Think of the old times when you come to my grave

As I lay/in your arms – so pleased 'n so safe (x3)

I know that you are dreaming of me every night

'n how much you'd like it if I held you tight

Think of our good times when you wake up and cry

Such a true/love as yours 'n mine – it will never die (x3)

You always gave me strength 'n magic power

You were there beside me in my darkest hour

'n now I can hear you call my name

But my life/has burnt out – like some candle's flame (x3)

You always made me feel so great 'n strong

As we were both listening to our favorite song

'n now I can't be there when you need me most

But sometimes/after midnight – you may meet my ghost (x3)

Though I lost my body I still can feel your love

Nb was I'm forced to watch you from so high above

I would give my soul just to taste your lips again

I would do/everything – just to be your man (x3)

Your sweet voice will raise me – raise me from the dead

´n I´ll await you at the place where we always met

From far beyond all time and space

I have re/turned – to kiss your face (x3)

Your eyes are wide open ´n I can see them shine

I´ll be yours forever ´ forever you´ll be mine

All will be again how it used to be

Forever you´re/my darling – so please dance for me – Darlin, dance for me (x2)

NEWPOEMS

101

NEKI PRAM ADOLF

Majmuni sa brda, troglodite iz šumadije, jahaće crvene

Sa sjevera došao vamandjeo smrti

Da vampokaže gdje vamje mjesto

Dobro namdošli i varvari turisti

Na bezplatni pregled i ručak u pakao

Pozdrav od srce iz čelik

Malo i brzo i velik

Zlatna strelica kad leti

Sekunda da bude ko vijek

Mala moja s kosama plava

Elloje ljubav na prvi pogodak

Ranjeni grad pod kišom željeznom

Krvnim suzama iz prazni moćima dječiji

Nada i strah zajedno izteću

Ko hrana za mrtve spržene golubove mira

Poderane kosture kuće i zgrade

Kupljeni skupi hekatombama krvi i snoja

Iz pepelja vitez se diže

Iz očima sunca mu sjaj

Još jednomsamo da stoji

Za narod za zemlju u boj

Zna da ga dugo već čeka

Vječni život u raj

Krv teče iz duboke rane

Ratnikomdošao je kraj

Tu dle već dugo on leži

Lahka mu zemlja bosanska

Sa neba nadgleda bez stakla

Ruševine ljubomorne na nogama dva

Koji sanjaju kako lijepo mu je

Tu dle bez tuge i patnje

Dok opet oluja se sprema

Vrati nam se, Fridrih Veliki

Nek svako pun prkosa više

Paka gdje ti je pobjeda

SO EIN RICHTIGER ADOLF

Ihr Affen aus den Bergen, ihr Troglodyten aus dem Urwalde, ihr Roten Reiter
Von Norden kam zu euch ein Engel des Todes
Um euch zu zeigen wo euer Platz ist
Seid willkommen auch ihr Barbarentouristen
Zur kostenlosen Beschau nebst Mittagessen in der Hölle (alt.: Zur Kaffeefahrt in die Hölle)
Ein Gruß von Herzen so ehern
Klein schnell und riesengroß
Wenn das goldschimmernde Pfeilchen fliegt
Die Sekunde wird zum Jahrhundert
Meine Kleine („Lady Dracula“) mit den blonden Haaren
Es war Liebe auf den ersten Treffer

Waidwunde Stadt unter stählernem Regen
Mit blutigen Tränen aus leeren Kinderaugen
Hoffnung und Angst gleichermaßen entfliehen
Als Nahrung für totgegrillte Friedenstauben
Zerfetzte Gerippe von Häusern und Gebäuden
Teuer erkaufte mit Hekatonben von Blut und Schweiß
Aus der Asche erhebt sich der Ritter
Aus den Augen leuchtet der Sonne ihm Schein
Einmal nur noch zu stehen

Fürs Land, fürs Volk auf zum Streite
Wohl wissend daß ihn lang schon erwartet
Das Ewige Leben im Himmel
Blut sprudelt aus tiefen Wunden
Mit dem Krieger ist es vorbei

Da unten liegt er nun schon lange
Leicht in bosnischer Erde
Vom Himmel herabschauend ohne Glas
Auf eifersüchtige Ruinen mit zwei Beinen
Die davon träumen wie schön er es doch hat
Dort unten ohne Leid und Qualen
Während der Sturm wieder aufzieht
Steige hernieder, Friedrich Du Großer
Auf daß ein jeder rufen mag voll im Trotze
Hölle woist dein Sieg



102

DER LETZTE UND DER ERSTE MENSCH

Erster Mensch warst meist der Letzte
dem verwehrt selbst Gnadenbrot
einst ein Held oft gar der Beste
stets voran ins Morgenrot

In den eignen offenen Reihen
Feinde gibts wie Sand am Meer
Schweinsäuglein die bauernschlauen
spotten keck der Toten Heer

Märchentante voll der Schande
tanz zu Strassenstrichmusik
auf lass klingen durch die Lande
wer gewann wohl diesen Krieg

Falscher Götzen Diener lauern
schwarze Seelen voller Hass
wahren Glauben einzumauern
in der Erden finster Nass

Denn was zählt ein Menschenleben
in der Wolfszeit grau und kalt
wieviel mancher hat gegeben
trauriger Rittersleut Gestalt

Schaut sie feiern teuflisch lachend
eines weitren Helden Tod
scheinheilig menschenverachtend
wälzend sich imeignen Kot

Doch es wird noch anders kommen

kehrt sich um Geschichtenlauf

Kunde wird dann schnell vernommen

Feindesbrut brenn und ersauf

(In ehrendem Andenken an meinen unlängst von korrupten Politclowns und Diebesgesindel ermordeten Waffenbruder Major Adem Switsch. Ewig lebt der Helden Tatenruhm!!!)



STADT DER GEISTER

Stadt des Wassers und der Blumen – Stadt des Blutes voller Leid

Hast vom Brote nurmehr Krumen – in der Diebe dunkler Zeit

Hohn und Spott für Bettlerhelden – Unrecht Blut gedeihet schlicht

Lasset Ketzer stolz vermelden – endlos sei das Blutgericht

Stadt des Lichtes und der Künste – Stadt der Geister todgeweiht

Dich umweben finstre Dünste – Teufelsbrut vermaledeit

Knochenmark Dir ward genommen – ausgesaugt und ausgespien

Zukunft scheint nur grau verschwommen – wo die Vagabunden ziehn

Doch das Licht wird wieder strahlen – und die Stadt erblüht aufs Neu

Überstanden all die Qualen – nur wenige blieben treu

All das Schlechte tot begraben – schwarzer Tage schwerer Traum

Trotz des Elends ewger Narben – Freiheit schafft sich ihren Raum



104

HALTSMALUNDSEINEBOSNER!

(Gewidmet Halil Hubijar)

Irgendwann vorgestern wirds wohl gewesen sein

Da rannte Hänschen Klein ins Mienenfeld hinein

Er kam nicht weit denn eine Kugel traf sein Bein

Sein Kopf küsst ne Mine im Fallen obendrein

Gesicht halb weggerissen Blut trinkt Erd und Stein

So schrie und winselt Hänschen Klein in Todespein

Man muss sein Leid beenden so gab ich die Kund
Du wirst selbst tun müssen klanglos lautlos aus der Rund
Derweil ertönt Geheule aus halbtotem Mund
Da fiel'n Rucksack und Gewehr in selbger Sekund
Im Stahlgewitter zogs Du ihn als dauerts ne Stund
Zu retten junges Leben des Toten waidwund

Sie war im achten Monat als der Krieg begann
Vergewaltigt abgeschlachtet genau nach Plan
Deine Schwestern und Mutter warn genauso dran
Du warst nicht dort hörtest nur was da wurd getan
Vernebelt Deine Sinne verlorst Dich im Wahn
Mehrere Geister in Deinem Körper als Bann

Der Krieg er ging verloren durch Verräterhand
Konntst's nicht ertragen verlorst völlig den Verstand
Soviele massakriert verreckt fürs Vaterland
Wärst nun Bettler in der Hauptstadt voll Schund und Tand
Nimm nur hundert Mark von mir in all dieser Schand
Dir genügt ein Bier und Du wolltest nicht noch Pfand

Gezogen aus dem Müllcontainer kurz vor Schluss
Halbtot so voller Sehnsucht nach dem Todeskuß

Vollends zerfressen von Schmerz Trauer und Verdruß
Das Irrenhaus sechzehn Jahre lang ein einzger Exitus
Dann flohst Du gen Heimat den ganzen Weg zu Fuß
In nem Schuppen zu verrecken als letzter Schuss

Der tapferste Krieger den ich hier hab gekannt
Erst Wochen später seine Gebeine man fand
Ein anständiges Begräbnis wurd Dir verwehrt
Elendes Heuchlerpack verlogen und entehrt
Als Irrer und Selbstmörder irgendwo verscharrt
Wird wenigstens durch mich Dein Andenken bewahrt

105

EISGDUNKLES INFERNO

(Gewidmet Amir Talitsch)

Ein Teil von Dir ist totgeblieben
In verschimmelter Einzelhaft
Ein Jahr als dunkle Ewigkeit
Im Wartesaal des Todes

Schreiend heulend Wörtgestammel

Hirn und Herz fast schon zerfetzt

Finster lauert schon die Nacht

We jene als Knecht Blutbrecht kam

Schwarze Komödie Schauprozeß

In Draculas Kasperltheater

Denn Schriftsteller sind die Schlimmsten

Für die ein Todesurteil noch viel zu mild

Überleben ohne sich zu ergeben

Mensch bleiben als ein Stück Vieh

Den letzten Triumph ihnen niemals gönnen

In der kalten Hölle als Nachtgespenst

Gerüchte, Lügen, falsche Kunde

Es gibt nichts mehr worauf Du hoffst

Und dennoch kommt die Hoffnung wieder

Als Vogelzwitschern hell und klar

Dem Henkersbeil schließlich entronnen

Der neue Anfang war nicht leicht

Doch der Leichenschrei aus Massengräbern

Erklang in Dir wie Gebetsgesang

Deine Gedichte sie sind nicht schön
Und können es auch gar nicht sein
Denn oftmals fehlen gar die Worte
Zu beschreiben zu begreifen zu..



106

BLIERNEZET

Bleiem das Himmelszelt und leer
ist Dein Magen
So stolperst Du durch den kalten Regen
Ohne zu klagen

We schnell vertrieb ein Sonnenstrahl einst
All Dein Unbehagen
Doch für Dich scheint sie heut nicht mal mehr
An heißen Julitagen

Bleiern der Hrmel und bleiern die Zeit
Leben war gestern und Hbfnung ist weit

Den Müll durchwühlt ganze drei Mal nur um
Sicherzugehn
Genau hier fiel einst ein Kamerad ja hier
Ist es geschehn
Erinnerungen die wie Blätter
Im Winde verwehn
Ruinen sind Dein Nachtquartier statt irgendwo
Um Obdach zu flehn

Bleiern der Hrmel und bleiern die Zeit
Leben war gestern und Hbfnung ist weit

All das was Dir zusteht hamsich ganz Andere
Längst schon genommen
Diebe und Lügner sind überall und spielen
Auch noch die Frommen

Was vor bald dreißig Jahren war ist heut

Alles verschwommen

Auf der Straße tobt großer Tuntenball

Soweit ists schon gekommen

Bleiern der Hrmel und bleiern die Zeit

Leben war gestern und Hbfnung ist weit

Dein Volk zerstritten, erniedrigt und jeder

Hbfnung beraubt

Überall numehr Spott und Hetze gegen alles

Woran so viele einst geglaubt

Deine paar alten Bilder und Dokumente

Längst vergilbt und verstaubt

Doch eines weisst Du ganz genau

Du senkst niemals Dein Haupt

Bleiern der Hrmel und bleiern die Zeit

Leben war gestern und Hbfnung ist weit

All die Toten für das hier jetzt

Vergessen und entehrt

All die Helden die alles gaben

Denen alles wird verwehrt

Vor vielen Jahren schon hast Du alledem
Den Rücken gekehrt
Überlebst als Wack solange es geht
Bis ewige Ruhe eingekehrt

Bleiern der Himmeln und bleiern die Zeit
Leben war gestern und Hoffnung ist weit

107

HEXENJAGD

(Gewidmet General Ibrahim Nadarewitsch)

Der Sieger schreibt Geschichte – so läuft es nun mal
Der Verlierer hat dafür dann – die Wahl der Qual
Miese Schauprozesse – von Gerechtigkeit keine Spur
Öffentliches Interesse – nichts als Lügenhetze pur
Aus Opfern macht man Täter – aus Helden Verbrecher
Massenmörder heben lachend – zum Toaste ihre Becher

Der eine hat mehr als dreihundert – Menschen massakriert
Nach zehn Jahren ist er wieder frei – voll resozialisiert
Der andere hat nur einige – Gefangene maltrahiert

Zehn Jahre saß er dafür ab – und bleibt stigmatisiert
Nicht nötig noch zu schreiben – wer auf welcher Seite stand
Wer lachend vor der Kamera steht – wer mit dem Rücken an der Wand

Man hört ihre Parolen – all den Versöhnungsscheiß
Wenn Wahrheit eine Ware ist – wie hoch ist dann ihr Preis
Wer Frieden über Alles schreit – der soll sich selbst entsorgen
Wer Frieden will rüste zum Krieg – gestern, heute, morgen
Kriegsschuld lügen, Propaganda – vom Feinde gut bezahlt
Die Karrikatur der Wirklichkeit – schön blutigrot gemalt

Sie sagen alle Seiten waren gleich – und es folgen weitere Lügen
Doch ist das nur der erste – in einer Reihe von Zügen
Am Ende schreien die Täter frech – die Opfer seien sie
Dumdenkt an das was wirklich war – und vergesst es nie
Die Wahrheit hat allein an einem Orte – über achttausend Namen
Die „Täter“ waren hilflos und gefangen – als die „Opfer“ kamen

Helden stehen vor Gericht – das Urteil steht schon fest
Warum wird's nicht gleich verkündet – ohne den ganzen Rest
Wozu die Show wozu der Aufwand – wozu wozu wozu
Zu unsrer völligen Erniedrigung – vorher habt ihr keine Ruh
Um alle von uns zu kriminalisieren – wenns sein muß mit Gewalt
Um unsre Seite zu demoralisieren – bevor bald wieder knallt

PINOCCHOTRÄGT LAMETTA

Du machst die Glotze an – und kannst es kaum ertragen
All die Lamettahengste – gleichs drehts Dir um den Magen
Lügenandacht, falsches Spiel – schon so viele Jahre lang
Vom Totenchor der Knochenmänner – erklingt schauriger Gesang

Du hörst die Schreie – und siehst die Welt getaucht in Blut
Dämonenfratzen lachen – in Dir kocht brennend Wut
Heuchelei und Sonntagsreden – die Wahrheit hinweggeschwafelt
Die Rocky Horror Picture Show – ja heut wird schön gefafelt

Du siehst tote Kameraden – übergossen nun mit Gülle
Seelenkäufer steuern heut – auch manch leblose Hülle
Geschichtsfälschung, Märchenstunde – Pinocchio lässt grüssen
Don Quixote vom Pferd geschossen – liegt tot dem Pack zu Füßen

So düster auch die Gegenwart – von dunklem Nebel eingehüllt
So endlos weit Gerechtigkeit – verbannt und zugemüllt
Doch selbst wenn Du der Letzte bist – das Andenken zu wahren
Die Wahrheit sei das höchste Gut – heut und in tausend Jahren

DER ALTE MANN UND DAS HEER

(Gewidmet Marko Weschowitsch)

Ein alter Mann schwerkrank
Von Leben und Werk tief gezeichnet
Wären es Ideale oder doch nur Illusionen
Von vielen vergessen starrt er in die Dunkelheit

Es gab einmal die Zeit
Da andere um ihr Leben rannten
Und manch einer griff zur Waffe
Auf daß das Böse niemals siegt

Doch Deine Waffe war der Bleistift
Bei Kerzenlicht gegen ihre Propaganda
Draußen Mörsergranatenhagel und Bleikugelgewitter
Drinne Deine Frau und kleine Tochter kauend neben Dir

Die Stadt belagert und ausgehungert
Das große farbenlose Jugodisney-KZ
Die Bewohner schwankende Vogelscheuchen
Nur mehr Mikroben unterm Todesmikroskop

Die Stadt Deiner Bestimmung

Du hast den Bund besiegelt

Des Schicksals Launen nimmst Du hin

Lebenslänglich im Guten wie im Bösen

Zur Nachkriegszeit kurz flackert Licht

Der Hoffnung Kerzenschein

Doch dunkler Nebel schnell zerfrißt

Selbst Dichterwortes Glanz

Geächtet ausgestossen von Hunden angespien

Deine Freunde tot wie auch Deine Frau

Lebst nur noch für die Worte

Denn sie werden bleiben lange noch nach Dir

VON CERBERUS GEBISSEN

(Gewidmet Hammdija Beschirewitsch)

Prügelknaben angetreten – jetzt gibt's Knüppel aus dem Sack
Vor euch steht in Uniform – das größte Lumpenpack
Spießrutenlaufmarathon – die Schläge prasseln auf euch ein
Wann immer es euch zerbricht – grunzt zufrieden manches Schwein

Ein Teil von Dir liegt begraben – an jenem gottlosen Ort
Im Vorhof der Hölle – im Labor für Völkermord
Wie Vieh in Ställen hausend – hinter Minen und Stacheldraht
Menschsein war gestern – die Schlachtbank steht parat

Das weiße Todesleinen – wann fällt es wohl herab
Wann wird all das hier endlich – ein kaltes Massengrab
Es dreht sich nur um Tage – endgültig Leben oder Tod
Du stellst Dir selbst die Frage – Morgendämmerung oder Abendrot

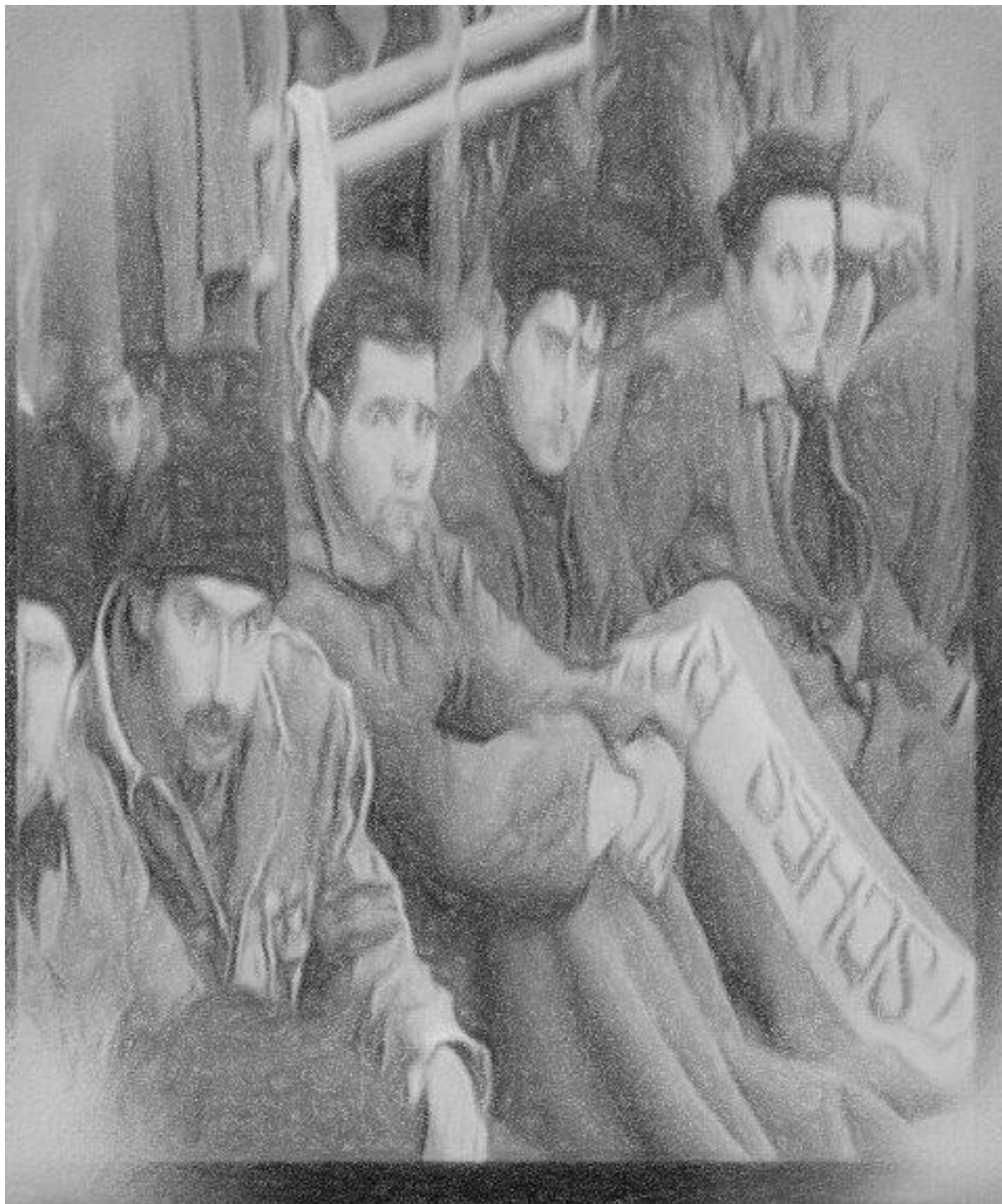
Dem Tode nun entronnen – doch frei fühlst Du Dich nicht
Folter, Terror, Giftbrühe – all das zeichnet Dein Gesicht
Doch die schlimmsten Narben das sind die – auf Deiner Seele
Und im Traume bist Du wieder dort – auf daß man Dich quäle

Gerechtigkeit die gab es nie – und wird es auch nie geben

Nicht für die in den Lagern – nicht für die in den Gräben

Blank ist das Schwert – das Wahrheit heißt

Zermalmt die Körper – doch frei der Geist



INTERPRETATION

Not everybody might understand everything that easily. So here we go with some interpretation or explanation of all the songs. Whenever I thought that some additional remarks had to be added from nowadays position then I did so by writing them bold within brackets.

01:

To reflect my emotions concerning the “peaceful” end of the communist era. I’d prefer a more violent one... (At that time fifth column was the evil within and really some kind of cancer. So in many songs they just had to be my targets although I always took a look at a bigger scale..)

02:

To show my feelings about the false ones i.e. non-humans. Hatred is my reaction to their lies ´n tyranny. (As a matter of fact I’ve never been that emotional but it all may well apply to others.)

03:

My version of the Kicker Bois’ “I gotta handgun”...

04:

This one reflects my situation at school ´n the confrontation with ´68-generation teachers. It’s for all kids today... (The aforementioned confrontation and the lessons I learned from all that greatly helped me in later life by the way..)

05:

I got very angry watching the German version of this Cult-movie which is censored so extremely that only two-third of its playtime remained. I deeply condemn all kind of censorship ´n I simply adore this movie..

06:

After the “Stormtroopers of Death” (S.O.D) ´n various imitations here’s my version of Sargent D meeting the War Zombies..

07:

Women are normally giving life. Therefore killing women are much more interesting, isn't it? (In fact this was some different version of "Ilsa - Shewolf of the SS" by the metal group "At War")

08:

This one was meant as a love song for a girl... - But unfortunately it looks as if my dreams won't become reality. Therefore no dedications etc. - Too bad... (That was not quite honest back then. But I wrote it that way as some of my girlfriends were reading my songs too and so...)

09:

That's a song about a born loser. Obviously there's many of that type. So losers, this one's for you!

10:

I don't like full bottles, full empty bottles 'n so I gotta turn 'em into empty empty bottles... - Got it? Cheers...

11:

This song expresses my thoughts about my country, my nation 'n its history during the last fifty years. (Originally I had written this back in 1989. Although I think that much of it also might apply to Bosnia in one way or another. Especially today...)

12:

How would be the reaction of somebody who becomes overnight an isolated "pariah"? How dangerous such people might become? (Today if we take a look at the situation of war veterans over here then much of that might reflect at least their feelings. There are some more songs which might apply to that as well although at least when I wrote them they were not intended to do so...)

13:

Trying to describe the "Total Victory" -situation I really used to be successful. The atmosphere 'n contents of this song give it a large effect especially on people who are at war longing for exactly that kind of event. (Well as we all know politicians betrayed us for that. Not to mention all that follow after the Dayton Dictate... - However the vision as such still remains even today.)

14:

I don't have the latest bit of sympathy for fags. In case that A.I.D.S. would rid the earth of them I would hail it. But unfortunately A.I.D.S. is not limited on fags but spread widely even among women & children. Nevertheless this song is meant as a simple provocation to homosexuals. (Today we all know that A.I.D.S. was created in some laboratory and that its main purpose was to thin out mainly black population and that not just in Africa where it killed tens of millions. As we easily conclude nowadays regarding recent developments too yet all that has just nothing more than some test...)

15:

I saw quite a lot of teenagers who became mindless drug crippled zombies addicted to this poison & slaves to the grave. This song is based on the story of one student at my former school just quoting many of his sentences...

16:

Bad girls have to be punished, so what ?? (In fact this is basically just the translation of what one comrade told me in Bosnian as his wish for some song he would personally really like...)

17:

In this song I tried to show the (hypothetical ?) view of someone who's dead & forgotten on his situation. Thereby I succeeded writing in an analytical-neutral as well as in an emotional-subjective way creating one of my best songs. (Today considering "Those who survive may envy the dead!" that appears more true than ever before. As it surely expresses the feelings of many war veterans...)

18:

Here I wrote about citizens living in a system where the public opinion etc. are made by almighty (?) manipulators. (As if I already knew what kind of brainwashed fools I would have to deal with in so-called Germany after my return there. Who did not even give me the opportunity to explain something or shortly state my point of view - as they knew "everything" for they watched it on TV...)

19:

Another one against communism..

20:

That one's for the "self-responsible adult citizens" ... (Yet one more about those brainwashed by mass media being incapable to think for themselves..)

21:

This song about an "old friend of mine" is much more real than it seems. Most of all in times of war. As everyone can see..

22:

I was fascinated by a "SPIEGEL"-story about satanistic killers in former East Germany 'n so I wrote a song about that band "Absurd" to show their aims 'n satanic motivation. (Today I guess that band still exists and over the years they some really good songs like for example "Grimmige Volksmusik". Although they failed to do anything like that famous song Varg Vikernes made about Hsbollah.)

23:

It's about ignorance at the eve of destruction.. (Back then it was meant to describe the typical materialistic ignorance in the West although today it may well be applied to Bosnia too..)

24:

Again I wrote about the manipulated "false ones"...

25:

In a "Monty Python"-like black humor style I wrote with the intention to express my anti-censorship point of view..

26:

Too many people are not aware that TV-"reality" is something that can be easily abused for mass manipulation.. (See #18..)

27:

This song is meant as a sequel to Skrewdriver's "Warlord". (With some relation to Bosnia..)

28:

I think that I've characterized a true anti-social person in a really "anti-social realistic" way...

29:

Remember Afghanistan? The same kind of aggression is happening again ´n again. I was always fascinated by the Mujaheddin ´n their holy war, so that I had to write about them. At the time of writing Chechnya was attacked by Russian-communist slaughters while the war in Bosnia went into its fourth year but the Bosnian Muslims are (unfortunately) far from declaring holy war on their non-human enemies... - But anyway this song is one of THEIR favorites... (Today my view of Bosnian Islam remains the same. Most of all after what happened when and after the war ended at least as far as fighting is concerned. If until today I only knew Bosnian Islam than I would still today categorically reject to ever accept that as my personal faith. But over the years of course I got around the world so that in certain regions I saw some other versions of Islam..)

30:

The world after WWII... - or IV... - or V...

31:

True friends are hard to find while backstabbers ´n assholes are lurking around every corner...

32:

There are indeed many cases of people who really made it from social cases to masters about life ´n death...

33:

This is the portrait of a true man whose identity cannot be taken. Despite all obstacles he will make his way. His inner strength guarantees his victory.

34:

Always somebody makes mistakes but wants to blame some scapegoat for that. But that doesn't always work... (Especially in post-war Bosnia "Catch the thief!" has become a common game..)

35:

Until the end of the Eastern Block throughout all NATO states there used to be a large spectrum of peace movements, left wing parties, initiatives against cruise missiles etc.. While Russian communists dropped "toy-explosive devices" in Afghanistan their agents succeeded forming a peace movement that demanded one-side disarmament as a sign of good will claiming that the Soviet Union stand for World Peace... - This is my comment on that !... (Looking back today many

things from the Cold War Era are looking pretty much different. Nevertheless the simple fact that those peace activists were nothing but useful idiots or even the enemy's fifth column remains..)

36:

I'm still suffering from pictures of captivity which are returning often when I'm dreaming. The worst thing about those nightmares is that they're based on real events so that I need a certain time to realize that they are not reality... (Well already at the time I wrote that song I had overcome most of that. At least as far as the worst things were concerned. However over the following years somehow something always still remained. So it all just vanished definitely in early 1999 when I finally got even about really everything related to my first war.)

37:

This song is dedicated to my fallen comrade Friedrich Adorf. He died fighting for his ideals he used to believe in... (Unfortunately over the last few years some vultures and businesspeople as well as members of the enemy's fifth column are trying to make up stories or to abuse his memory in various ways. So I had to write another poem which you can find in here as #101.)

38:

This is one of my best songs. Although using Nordic mythology it wasn't supposed to be a religious song. It is meant as a battle hymn dedicated to all true warriors regardless of their nationality and religion. It is also meant as some tribute to Ian Stuart, whose "Road to Valhalla" was playing in my mind during so many battles and dangerous situations... (As a major provocation to all those Zionists out there I've quoted Ian at the beginning of this ebook. Although he never made any songs about Bosnia since he just managed to mention Croatia. But he really kept on evolving. From an ordinary racist to someone who managed to watch behind the scenes more and more. His song "Vampire" then became his death warrant as the British secret service killed him in some "car accident"...)

39:

One more about identity and manipulation. It's better to be killed than to live as a slave without any identity!!! (Looking at the situation today this is more true than ever before. Not just in Bosnia..)

40:

Initiation and becoming an adult are the subject here.

41:

No one will bring you freedom as a gift. You gotta fight for it on your own 'til the end. Then you'll hear freedom's sound... (Bosnia is one example of a negative peace. Means at first many lives were surely saved by the Dayton Dictate. Most of them without any doubt on the side of the enemy. But if one is analyzing the following years until today it become crystal clear how a decisive military defeat over the years got turned into a great political victory by the other side. With the help of all those powers which were supporting right from the start...)

42:

How many children get killed or wounded every day in so many places of this world 'n who supports their killers?!?...

43:

The film used to be one of my favorite pervert ones. Despite the fact that "branding" has replaced "piercing" recently this song about an extremely masochistic woman shows all her dark desires 'n women's reaction on that are quite interesting... - Maybe I should write a sequel? (In fact that movie got blacklisted which was the reason why I was watching it while drinking beer with some men from my unit in so-called "Germany". When I got back there after a few years in Bosnia things had already changed so much that for example piercing had already become something "normal" just like many other one could only find in perverted movies were socially accepted too..)

44:

One thing is really sure: no dictator can do all the evil he does just by himself. There's always a lot of people supporting him because they are identifying themselves with him as he's the reflection of their own psycho-image. Due to that identification with the dictator people are worshipping him 'n his "great deeds" even after his death. (Dictatorships usually stand and fall with that one "strong man" but as we can see some legacy always still lives on. Regardless of ideology.)

45:

Jack Unterwieser was an excellent writer who killed about ten bitches because they didn't enjoy having sex with him. He committed suicide in investigative prison. This song is dedicated to him 'n his last notices. (His late murders obviously were the result of some whores trying to blackmail him as they thought they could milk him for money like a cow..)

46:

Is there something worse than so-called “intellectuals” with nothing in their heads, showing their “superiority” by acting postgraduate will-be-writers etc. ? Not everyone can be intellectually competent ´n stupid assholes will always stay that, no matter how they try to act some kind of “elite-intellectual” ! (Well if one takes a look at post-war Bosnia not to mention the whole so-called “West” then you can easily see not just intellectual prostitution but also the triumph of dumbassness everyday and everywhere. So it’s quite difficult to avoid meeting half-educated or even nearly illiterate people posing as “geniuses”, “academics”, “PhDs” and what not...)

47:

“Blood is a special kind of juice.” (Goethe) – that’s it...

48:

How would you call people under siege in some city claiming that armed resistance against merciless killers ´n their total warfare against civilians is WRONG? Instead of fighting there should have been passive resistance ´n war would not have been... – War really would not have been because this city’s inhabitants would have been slaughtered like cattle immediately... – Someone can be naive, someone can be stupid. But at such a level...? – Here’s my answer to such fools!!! (In post-war Bosnia pacifists with their sick ideas once again are acting as a spearhead of the enemy fifth column. Mainly by trying to manipulate the victims into reaching their hands to those who attacked them That is what they call “creating peace” as their sick logic is “If somebody attacks you you must never fight!”. And if somebody fought back at least he has to apologize for that later...)

49:

The most interesting part of the bible is the apocalypse. Judgment day, the end of the world etc. have always fascinated me ´n so I had to write about the “famous five”... (Of course the best song ever done about this is “When the Man comes around” by legendary Johnny Cash..)

50:

That song is about myself. I’m the one – with the pencil ´n the gun. It’s of course for all similar people too... (Although I intended to remain just as a writer after my first war the course of events took me to the battlefield again. So my life went on just like in this song and I really had some great success both as a commander and as the author of three field manuals. Since I returned to Bosnia in summer 2012 I just remained a writer. Quite frankly I can’t wait to take up a gun again in the near future no matter where no matter when..)

51:

This is about bloody revenge... (In the Bosnian Army I could not have any political motives and least of all religious ones. My only motivation was revenge and that not just on behalf of myself but also for all those who could not be out there for revenge anymore. One might call this whatever he wants but as at least I have been honest about that all the time..)

52:

This one is based on another pervert film Male persons find it nice, interesting ´n funny while female ones say that it´s disgusting ´n written to humiliate girls ´n women. Oh yeah...? (Truth is that the first part is what one of my comrades actually did to some sixteen year old girl from his neighborhood. While the second part were his further plans. But back then I had to abstain from both a dedication to him although he asked for it – and I even changed the interpretation this way as some fo my girlfriends were reading this too. Keeping in mind who fast some news over “Radio Neighborhood” went all over the city I thought it was wise not to mention my comrade in this..)

53:

My favorite horror movies are made by George Romero. “Night of the Living Dead”, “Dawn of the Dead” ´n “Day of the Dead” are excellent horror masterpieces. This song´s a tribute to them..

54:

It´s about law ´n order, rules ´n justice. Isn´t it interesting that those who never stop moralizing around often turn out to be the worst kind of criminals ´n scum? (Now having a look at the so-called “West” but of course at post-war Bosnia too here we go once gain with “Capture the thief !!!” ...)

55:

There are those who are too stupid to be afraid. But there´s also others who learnt to convict their fear, especially in battle... (“The greatest battle is the one against yourself...”)

56:

Here I made a song out of some war analysis in order to show the failure of a full-scale invasion due to the morale factor. (Although one can not fight a modern army just with bare hands the dedication to a cause and the self-determination as well as readiness to bring the ultimate sacrifice are still the decisive factor even in a high-tech war where combat soldiers are basically reduced to be either observers or targets.)

57:

This is meant as a mad caricature of “mad butcher”-movies..

58:

There I wrote about a very dominant woman mainly out of the reason that I'd like to show female persons, who are accusing me of humiliating women in my songs, that it is not true. Still they're asking if I'm normal...? – Yes, mistress... (Of course this is all meant ironically. Basically the song as such is about me making fun of feminism just for those who might not get that while reading..)

59:

That one is against yuppies 'n other capitalist downs (Well I could describe my whole life as a struggle against all these materialistic fools too..)

60:

Some guys fall in love 'n make fools out of themselves. But there's also cases when certain girls are exploiting their boyfriends having them like dogs on leashes. This song is about these humiliated unlucky guys... (So many relations later looking back at everything I still wonder why I never had any such trouble with women. They always respected my authority. My only problem was therefore that all of them were terribly envious and really went on my nerves always suspecting me of having started something with other women. So although I got it surely better than all these weaklings and duds in every relation I had to carry my burden too for sure..)

61:

As I'm told this is also one of my best pieces. Death in the personification of a woman wearing dark clothes 'n a detailed description of passing the edge between life 'n death declare death as a force bringing salvation 'n the end of all pain 'n sorrow. In accordance to that female character “Dark Queen” is setting a relation to the woman who gives life in order to show the circle of life 'n death. (Let me still add that in some languages like French or Spanish Death is female (la mort/la muerte). While of course the question remains whether it makes any sense at all applying male or female attributes to some supernatural being or power..)

62:

I'm fed up with all these fools telling me that their lousy eastern guns are the best in the world. They show an enormous amount of ignorance so that sometimes I feel the urge to blow off their thick

skulls with .cal 5.56x45... (To be fair AK-47 is a very reliable rifle great for beginners. Once we were surrounded by Special Police from Belgrade with full armor it quickly turned out that me with my G3 (7.62x61mm or .cal 30) saved the day. Most others rejected that rifle though. Reason was bad ammo where every fourth bullet had to be thrown away. While .cal 223 or 5.56 NATO remained just some dream of mine. We had a few such rifles but the ammo for them was a great problem..)

63:

I got the inspiration to this song from the movie "Cambodia – the apocalypse". The enormous number of child-soldiers is a very important ´n hot subject in world media. (And of course it remains as such until today. In post-war Bosnia there are also those who were between fifteen and seventeen years when they started fighting as volunteers. They were not children but still they were not adults either. Their struggle for some kind of recognition today of course still goes on..)

64:

War, Death ´n revival on Judgment Day. This is another battle hymn or better death march..

65:

Here I've turned the excellent story about the confrontation between violence ´n "passive resistance" into a large song. Using a lot of the childish ´n absolutely unreal points of view that some people have, I show that everything else but fighting an enemy are just deadly illusions. You simply can't count on humanity, compassion, mercy etc. when the enemy's policy knows only the law of the jungle... - "Passive resisters" are just supporting the enemy making it much easier for him to do his genocidal job!!!... (Back then I had only read the German version of "The last article" so that I tried to make up the English one by memory. Nowadays I could replace these parts with the proper ones but I guess it was better to leave everything the way I wrote it back then. I chose that story as a base since you can explain many things easier in such an "what if" -way than by taking some real examples although the relevance and meaning of everything should be quite clear..)

66:

Characterizing a violent ´n psychopathic personality. I've dedicated this song to somebody who's somehow like that... (That was not true in such a way. But Halil liked it as well as he got excited when I translated him this interpretation. As he considered it quite a good joke..)

67:

This ain't no horror song. It's about normal, ordinary people who become maniacs under certain conditions i.e for example at war... (Well by now everybody knows the "Postal Dude" and so..)

68:

If there's something I really hate then it is a girl or woman who tries to fool me in some stupid way by lyin' n acting a nun. This means manipulation n she will try to fool her boyfriend again n again considering him some stupid asshole. This song means my detailed description of that kind of stupid bitches. (During and after my first war there were many Bosnian girls who really tried to fool me in such a stupid way. Means I would have to marry them first and so on. My reaction to that was always the same. I just turned my back on them sometimes telling them to find themselves another idiot...)

69:

The second part of my great love song. But will my dream ever come true? It's hard to realize that the chances are close zero... (Well already back then I had that certain feeling. Several times I thought I had found some true partner for life. But always something happened and as bad as it hit me when for example I had to cancel my planned marriage in Ireland when my father got hit by a stroke - it also somehow prevented me from making a big mistake. As I figured out later...)

70:

That one's about a sniper. Well, happy hunting then..

71:

Something that makes me very upset are those assholes who are acting brave war reporters but in fact they're just making up sensationalistic stories earning a lot of awards they do not deserve the latest bit. Here's their song-description! (Main inspiration came from the ones like Peter Arnett, but working for some TV channels and News agencies in the TV building in Sarajevo I had to watch all possible kinds of these scumbags every day. Some were just ordinary pieces of shit while some were working for certain secret services too..)

72:

Escapism is widespread nowadays. You can act the blind, you can try to construct your own reality but there's no way to escape from the only true reality which will hit you sooner or later, destroying all efforts you made in order to escape...

73:

War in the close future will more ´n more exclude the human factor so that computers ´n unmanned battle machines will do the main job. Such kind of cyberwar is described in this song. (Well, just as I would have foretold my own contribution to all that in the following years already here back then. At that time everything were just visions of course as I even had to do my strategic simulations and other stuff at that time usually without electricity by candle light using pen and paper. Just that alone made me feel as if I got blasted back into the past at least fifty years. Nowadays then you read "Terminator X" I guess that many of you may fully understand the true meaning of this song too..)

74:

Prostitution is the subject of this song. The portrait of an old fucked-up whore should symbolize the dark aspects of this business where women are selling their bodies every day. (In the following years prostitution has been legalized in many European states. So it is seen as "business as usual" there. What it of course another clear sign for the decline of society as such..)

75:

A realistic war song based on the great movie. (That is probably the best French war movie ever. Simply because it´s honest or as one might best put it "shockingly authentic".)

76:

Many people have lost their beloved relatives or friends. This song describes their feelings ´n sorrows. It shall give these people some hope ´n power to overcome their current problems. (As you may have already guessed this song is of timeless value. Especially if you´re looking at the situation in the post-war era all until today. When for example many of my comrades within just one month lost more of their mates than during wartime..)

77:

Remember ´89? – While others were celebrating the end of the communist systems I knew that the commies would do everything to be in charge again. Acting nationalist they got a bloody comeback endangering "freedom ´n democracy" all over the world. This song is also a description of all those manipulated fools who are glorifying the former system getting on my nerves with their disgusting commie-nostalgic attitude... (In post-war Bosnia you got those "Yugonostalgics" still today and their number is still large. Although there were quite some differences between communist systems in Yugoslavia, Eastern Germany and Cambodia yet the basics are the same everywhere. That collectivist ideology had in fact been created by Free Masons or Zionists and as such is absolutely inhumane. While for example creating the illusion of equality that is just the next step after the

French scum revolution from 1789 which was of course instigated by the same dark forces too. Today I may listen to communist songs for example by David Rovics who really got some great lyrics even if I often of course cannot agree to the message. But to me that ideology as such will always remain something hostile and evil..)

78:

The events covered in this song may be authentic. In addition to that there've been moments during my captivity when I was quite in a similar situation as the man shown here... (Although of course I did not think about cannibalism. But one can never tell what people may do just in order to survive.)

79:

Some women ain't satisfied 'til they meet Mr. Right...

80:

This one's about Sarajevo – under siege... (One may wonder why I never mention names, places or the country and nation as such. Well, first of all when I wrote this propaganda in fact was not ours. But mainly some continued imitation of that “anti-fascist” bullshit from the communist era. As such our propaganda was ineffective. Only a few exceptions like “Radio Saigon” worked but the mainstream line unfortunately remained the same. Then there were countless poems written in the same red shitty scheme too. As well as many asslicking “poetry”. All that crap was just either boring me or getting me upset. So my way of writing was that one might usually need to have a second look to understand the relation to Bosnia in my songs. Moreover as some of them were meant not just for the moment but as something that should remain “fresh” for years to come..)

81:

Backstabbers are lurkin' everywhere – so you'd better take care...

82:

All those 68-teachers, all those preachers, agitators 'n clowns in politics... – Wouldn't the world be much kinder 'n gentler without 'em? – Here's my proposal how to get rid of them..

83:

Loneliness 'n depression find their expression in this song.

84:

Maybe one day she's gonna suck you too... (Of course this is yet another song written on demand..)

85:

The normal psycho-physical reaction of some man who met some amazing girl is the subject here. Any dedications? Maybe... (One more song done by suggestion..)

86:

I'm sick of all those idiots who are always presenting the Nazis as the worst kind of massmurderers while this world had to suffer from so many wars and mega-crimes since the end of WWII. Today eighty-year-old Nazis are still hunted while present 'n past war criminals are honorable statesmen !?! History is obviously written by the victors 'n it gets abused to negate the present... - Nazi victims may condemn National Socialism but war criminals 'n all those active 'n passive supporters of genocide who are calling themselves "Anti-Fascists" make me throw up... (This of course remains true today. In post-war Bosnia fifth column members are usually pointing at real or imaginary Nazi crimes just as if some Nazis moving in with flying saucers would have done genocide in Bosnia. Just as if history was just happening from 1941 to '45 while for example we had lots of earlier genocide campaigns from a certain side when there still were no Nazis at all. To cut a long story short this nothing else but a very nasty attempt of playing "Catch the Thief" or "Catch the Massmurderer"...))

87:

I once watched some TV-broadcast about a US-rocket unit on Crete. After every missile launch they had a party on the beach..

88:

The synthesis between myth 'n reality characterizes this ballad. It's about a hero who fell for his ideals 'n it's meant as some kind of death march and/or battle hymn... (Relying on Nordic mythology was basically well received by all members of my unit. If I would have chosen for example some Islamic background I think that most of them would have rejected it..)

89:

Usually mercenaries are criminalized by authorities of many states whose politicians created the wars in which those men are fighting... - Mercenary is largely used as a swear word nowadays 'n even volunteers 'n freedomfighters are insulted by some state officials who're calling them "hired killers". My point of view is that some difference should be made between those who are fighting for money 'n those fighting for their ideals or out of other honorable reasons. However, in my opinion

even the worst “mercenary” deserves more respect than some politician or some fucking embassy office-clerk... (Years later the best song on that topic became mainly known in the Italian version called “Mercenario” by the band “Non Nbbis Domine”.)

90:

The movie about some satanic rapist ‘n gravedigger impressed me so that I had to write this song as some kind of movie soundtrack.

91:

It’s about Wild West-like violence ‘n anarchy...

92:

This love song shall be describing the mental situation of two lovers at war. They’re separated by countless miles but as long as their hearts beat as one they’ve got a chance to win against all odds...

93:

Just as I had finished “Fantasy of M” I read some magazine that said: “Piercing is out – Branding is in!” ‘n so I had to write about it... (One more of the songs which might have been shocking at least to some back then while nowadays there are countless other sick fetishes for so many years already...)

94:

Missionary men getting killed by evil pagans, a religion full of love ‘n peace, compassion ‘n mercy, children singing “Silent Night – Hbly Night” around the Christmas tree... – That’s what Christian propaganda wants to make us believe as the typical picture of Christian salvation-work in this world. For more than fifteen hundred years they succeeded brainwashing people that way but in fact these more than one and a half thousand years are just one great crime story. The crimes against humanity ‘n all ethic values never got punished: destroying advanced old cultures, intolerance ‘n hatred as basic elements of “culture” ‘n “civilization”, Crusades ‘n Inquisition, the old “Christian” Xmas is nothing but the Christianized pagan “Yuletide” etc... – Unfortunately I couldn’t put all evil crimes of Christianity into this song ‘coz there’s not enough space to cover ‘em all... (Well first of all I disliked Christianity in common already as a teen. On one hand due to all their lies and then as I saw how their so-called “believers” were in fact nothing but hypocrites and often even real two-faced bastards and backstabbers. So for me it was impossible to have any of them among my friends. Moreover since especially the protestants were usually extreme lefties as well. Some

said how the churches had changed in the decades after WWII but I could not agree to that since in my view they always had worked against the people and now they just kept it up if one looks at the very basics. In my first war I got to know yet another disgusting version of Christianity – the Serb orthodox faith. After my first war during the promotion of the first translation of my first field manual meanwhile I got to know some Russians who were really quite different from the Serbs. Just as I met Muslims who were quite different from those “MPZ”-clowns I had usually met in my first war. So basically only my negative view of Catholicism remained. That changed somewhat when I met with the Franciscan monks in Sarajevo. As a general rule every religion which has some pacifistic crap for me is definitely unacceptable. Same goes as far as brainwashing and any kind of manipulation are concerned. Worst of these so-called Christians are all those Zionist crusaders in the USA although there are many Muslims too who are unfortunately nothing but Zionist puppets..)

95:

The kind of officers described here can be found in almost every army but especially in those who are eastern-type... (Guess you know that in my first war my experience with those “JNA”-scumbags explains a lot about this song and my statement above. Although I should have added some black market activities, deliberate mass murder of their own troops and many other things as well. But that was already one of my last songs anyway and I was counting the days until demobilization..)

96:

Assholes are there to kick some boots into them isn't it? (That one was related to some scum I had to visit in order to get paperwork done. Sometimes I could hardly hold myself back as I just wanted to kick my boots into their fucking faces)

97:

Ian Stuart's famous ballad “Tomorrow belongs to me” impressed me so much that I had to do some second part as my version of his magnificent masterpiece... (In fact the original is from the movie “Cabaret” of course although it has been covered by many artists in many different ways)

98:

That one's the sequel to “Foreign Correspondent”. The character shown here may be more than just authentic...

99:

The trade with female pleasure slaves mainly from Asian states became a great business nowadays... (Written on demand as one of my comrades thought about starting such a business after the war since there had been some reports about a wave of Chinese expected to be probably moving to Sarajevo during the post-war years)

100:

One of my favorite songs is "Lili Marleen". I remember how many times I was singing it in the Bundeswehr. During my captivity in the "Black House" in Banja Luka I had to be in the same cell with some Serb war criminal who had slaughtered at least 260 innocent civilians. He forced me to sing this song every evening at least thirty times while the guards (who were usually beating me up 'til I got unconscious!) stood there listening 'n spent applause when I finished singing... - I never listened to the English version of this song but I think that "Dance for me.." is the definite 90's version of the former WWII-smash hit 'n evergreen. Maybe this song is gonna be some WWII-smash hit 'n evergreen... - Who knows...?!?

NOTE:

For the freedom of mind:

FUCK CENSORSHIP!!!

ADDITIONAL SONGS:

101:

This one about my fallen comrade Friedrich Adolf was the first poem I ever wrote in Bosnian. So the German version is just some kind of better translation. Reason for doing so was a so-called poem by some Bosnian writer who wrote some nonsense and repeated some propaganda lies under the pretext of honoring Friedrich's memory. While in fact it was all about getting more people to buy his book. However it is not my way just to criticize someone. But of course I also have to show that I can do better too. Guess I was successful on this regard. Well, judge yourselves..

102:

This one is originally written in German as my murdered comrade Adem Sivic understood German quite well. So I am quite confident that he would have liked it. The title is related to that book by Olaf Stapledon which is some guideline for my "Termination X" at least as far as the writing style is concerned. While Adem means "Adam" and being the last man on earth was surely how he often felt over the last few years. First part is about a war hero who ended up as a tramp in post-war Bosnia. Which is run by scum who are denying him even some very basics for survival. Second part is about enemies in the own ranks and mostly some "wise villagers" who are now mocking those who fought and died. Third part is about the so-called mayor who's dancing to enemy music while holding speeches about how this side according to him has won the war. Fourth part is about some hypocrite self-proclaimed "believers" who also denied him every help and even stopped some action by true believers to collect money for Adem in the hospital on some bigger scale. The fifth part deals with the time of the wolf ("Vargold") as such. While the last sentence refers to the 17th Brigade where Adem has been commander of the 4th Battalion as many members of that brigade are basically sharing the same fate. The sixth part describes some triumph of evil with scum celebrating his death. While the seventh part expresses the hope for a significant change which will of course result in the adequate punishment of all those responsible not just for Adem's death but for so many other similar cases too over all these years..

103:

This one is about the town of Sanski Most or "Sane" as the people here are calling it. Rest assured that it will never be published by any local media belonging to certain political parties. But I think that especially for that reason many people may like it. Well, at least I hope so..

104:

That is basically the poem version of a story I wrote already some years ago. It is about the very tragic fate of one of my comrades. The title is a quote from a story my friend Marko Vesovic wrote about Halil in order to help him. Of course there are many more cases like him. Still today I am not sure whether I did him a favor when we placed him into that asylum back then. Or if I have caused him just so many more years of agony and pain..

105:

Dedicated to Bosnian writer Amir Talic. He wrote an excellent book full of poems about his time in a torture prison run by the Chetniks. Unfortunately he never got the reward he deserved for this key piece of Bosnian postwar literature. Simply because a book is not enough as this had to be done as

an audio book where some narrator probably with voice modulation in combination with effects, speeches and music would create the necessary ambient.

106:

This poem is based on true stories. If you are a Bosnian war veteran then Sarajevo is one of the worst places for you to be. As I can just confirm from my own experience there. Nowadays the majority of people in Sarajevo have a very bad attitude towards those who defended the city.

107:

Witchhunt. There has not been a single Bosnian soldier or officer being sentenced by any international court. Now in contrary to international basics of law over here Bosnian war heroes are put on show trials. Usually they are sold out by politicians belong to their own nation or even party...

108:

There are Bosnian generals who should have never been allowed to become even corporals. Their typical mixture of cowardice, being simply inept in every possible way and their ruthless selfishness have already caused great damage and losses during the war. Today they are using every opportunity to present themselves as heroes, great commanders and true patriots. This poem is about these twofaced bastards

109:

Marko Vesovic used to be the one who contributed most to the Bosnian war effort in the intellectual sense. After the war some political party monkey turned everything into their own freakshow. Like many others Marko could not cope with that. Today he is old and sick although his spirit remains unbroken.

110:

This last poem is about the infamous concentration camp Manjaca. There has never been any kind of justice for the ones who suffered there. I felt the urge to write this one as I saw quite a lot of poems by Bosnian authors. All of which I can only describe as weak, soft and basically meaningless. Hope I could do better...

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