



ECLIPSE - SLOWSONIC



ORDEAL

if I keep my wealth of imagination
the unknown will be my best neighbour
I do my task
and bewail my vanished visions

when my voice is shrinking
I'd rather be stone than flesh
to cut the night by light

which claim for judgement above
tired existence
when desire becomes shame
and decays in its grain

I'd put the formality out
only kind lying words
if your self-confidence is only despair

I knew, you couldn't come without a plan
so my actions became desperately tryings again
though, with a bright sigh
I interrogate the time
waiting for silver gods
into my dead feelings

you are nothing without me...
I think it's an ordeal... an ordeal for me

you're getting mad 'cause of coloured rustle
the distinction of dream and death
your silence is lying
and I can't see your humility

I knew, you couldn't come without a plan
so my actions became desperately tryings again
though, with a bright sigh
i interrogate the time
waiting for silver gods
into my dead feelings

SOMEWHERE TO SOMETHING

I will be empty
so much that is empty
my energy is sucked towards a black hole

in my brainstorm
collapsed wires
my ruined signs
and now I don't sleep
my dreams are defective

the morality's dagger in synchronous with the fear
afflict low
somebody, somewhere to something

useless searching

the last way in a paper labyrinth
I'll burst the walls
straight make the playing-field
oh, no
they said: „it's contrary to the rules“
yet, I try

I survive my own weakness
my soul moves into a free tree
and blowing in the wind...

every light is blinding
every voice is deafening
in my obscure memories' pictures
every colour you are

the past dries on the wall
smoke is a cloud I'm hiding behind
they play with stolen thoughts
I save myself from the time-thieves

I said the last word
the tune is recorded
the door is closed
thoughts are dancing inside



ASLEEP

when the sand blows to your eyes
and talk to your imaginary friends
hide your love and say
I can't see anything

if you're tired of hiding
if you're tired of waiting
stand up and laugh
but please don't poison me with your
bitterness

I'm ageless
a smile in the crowd
but you only see me in bad dreams

I'm a simple man
I'm sorry but that's not what I've found
and I wish I had a gun
and I'll show you what was - what will be

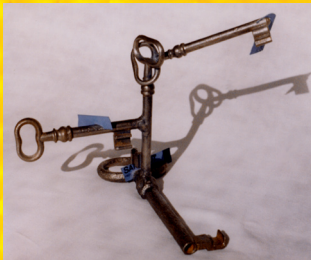
there are lambs for the slaughter
waiting to die
someone take these dreams away
and this love will tear us apart

let god save god

please don't stop to talk
but you're so cold and I'll be crying
if you take my place in the showdown
since I've been lovin' you - I will die

when the sun goes
you see my return
but I fear tomorrow
and I know: there's no love in fear

learn to swim
it's the same all over
and the silence drowns the screams
but our friendship never die



SCHIZO

into the deep
where the body stretched
to the breaking point
where I will be alone
in the big deep press
where I remember a hand
that blessed

that for the first time
warns me
and which shows me
the way
to breathe
so that
I don't forget

I feel the deep wildness
in the taste of your skin
and strokes one hand
not mommy's hand:
it's yours
and soothe me

one hand to stroke
one hand for throttle
so, I'm unable to hate
though, it's not too late
to change
again

strip
stroke
strong
and stride

drift
drink
dream and drive
something's behind

BEFORE THE RAIN

Before the rain
You feel the change
At the end of the way
And the death in the silence

In a rushing cab
The memory of your last kisses
But next time in a coach
You brood over your mistakes

Where is the friendship...
In the time of weapons...
The colours are fading away
The power of pictures is only an illusion

It's only an illusion

What will you tell to the children?
How long will the traffic to cemeteries rise?
Many times you don't say anything
Because you have too much to say

Among the mountains
Songs in tears about blood
You don't feel the rain anymore
You learn how to fly from the earth

Please, take the curses away

The girl rushed
And shot laying down, like you
Cold moved into her heart
And her fingers waved in silence



FALSE MIRROR

They enter to pray
Unknown acquaintances
My drugged imagination breeds a depressed cartoon
My presence is not so fascinating as my past
Though, my money is enough to get you

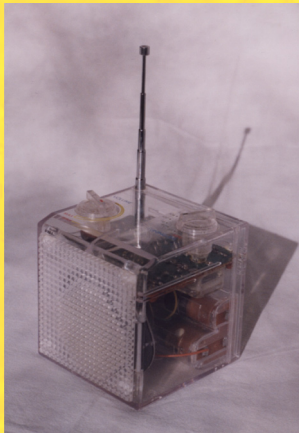
I put away my desire
'cause my dreams still make me tired
I play everything from the brain to mind
Till the exhaustion shuts my thought

My ways are loops
The hardest thing to be here
Every moment speaks with solitude

Be beastly
Imagine this
You belong to something common

Some worn stars in my space
They seem free
Strange fates all around
In the visions of guilty conscience
Their pay is their controlled ways
And you're there everywhere
Alone
As if you swam to the bottom

And you sulk under someone's skin
This mask is fabulous
The mirror whispers
It's fed by your wounded nature
And you can feel it from the other chamber
It didn't start today
And tomorrow is not the end



DAYDREAMING

When the passing means something
Inside the letters of the silent news
You'll understand that your dreams're scanty
You'll be relaxed, you'll touch
You'll make it sure
There's another side
Behind the gates of consummation

If the faults are walled in
The sense of fear increasing
Your legs go the wrong way
Without the pretension of changing
And you get bored 'cause of every smile
Because you can't see anything behind

Every day you pay the fee for the lessons
Of the similar weekdays
You claim to get something or somebody
Who needs you
To play together
With the other's tolerance

What's your claim?
What can you give or offer?
The wheel turns round in your hands
Your desire wobbles on its edge

Our age is getting greenish grey
Sometimes this picture disperses or gathers
together
Black and white dizziness
Relax into this enervated day

You start, you arrive
Why don't you look around?
You feel the chill, only...
The warmth fades away...

CLIMAX (instrumental)



SLOWSONIC

Some people live for the call
Some for the money from the past
Others, not you and your mates
I can't look through this cover
I'm blind, just like my faults
I'm covered under untrue sheets

You wouldn't find anything in my room
That remind me of you
You'd also travel in your own film
If you liked to know and understand me
I hide behind
The perfect mask of mine

When you're not interested in strangers' opinions
I can travel beside or behind
On the screen's other side
You remind me of the riddle

What I think what I feel
Conserved memories...
Strange and stranger...
Strange and strangling...

My life feels like a dream
My dream is like life
Indistinct lines
I change the tune or my perspective
from time to time
I'm looking for myself till I'm living for the day

CIRCULATION

I write the news
You don't know when I lie
Real thoughts, real dreams
Version of the full-life

I try to dance too
Despite the music isn't my style
I travel or escape
I haven't decided yet... all right...

Imitation jewellery in a stylish dress
You're wrong if you think you see my actions
And you don't even guess the truth

This will be my yellow road with nothing to change
It is the circulation
Circulation of events

Dirty lusts, payable feelings
Second-hand words
Second-hand girlfriends
For sale

The needless thoughts are wiped
My head is clear in the open air
Old dreams, tired smiles
Some velvet phrase in your mouth

I build a cenotaph for the trust
I spread desire to the empty-headed people
And I laugh and laugh...

I'm running and my thoughts are fading away
Speed is freedom
It reminds me of space

Pull-offs along the road
Halls are grown dim by smoke
Drunkards under the tables
Lights on my line - but now I blind



CATAMARAN

Now you can't remember a substantial
movement
Which caused to feel that it's bad to hit and
it's bad not to hit
That it's bad to judge and it's bad to forgive

When the voice of your memory
Screams to the silence
The changing hides this formality
Beside the humiliated and tormented gra-
titude

Your wounds are deep
Your words are moody footprints
You'd like to have others' lives to live
without soul

In order to stop judgement
In order to stop to curse
Try to stop and forgive
'cause there's no anger, no compassion
Only the nightmare of passing flames

The lifelessness of the same faces bore you
You're so far from the facts
And the miracles can't redeem you, as well
When you say good-bye to your memories

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