

Decisions made out of fear

Where should I go? How should I live?
What work should I do? What should I do
with the time that I only have once?

How long should I hesitate? How content should I be?
And why should I feel there is something I ought to do, and why can't I
just live the way I really want to?

We are living a bad compromise, in which fear is a method
of keeping us small, so everyone meekly minds their own business.
We make decisions out of fear and call it reason.
The constant pressure makes us conformist and dulled.

What is the best way for me to sell myself?
How high is my price?
What fills my time? What guides my hands?
Do I have to be happy with this or am I just pretending?

What if I get ill some time? What if the rent rises?
Will I lose what I already have? How safe is my life?
Is it fail-safe, and what dies because of safety?

We are living a bad compromise, because we don't believe that more is possible.
And someone else profits from it if you function and forget your dream.
We are getting further away from our truth and we are becoming alienated from
ourselves.
They tell us that this pain is character-building.

Can I show myself what I am like?
Or is it sick?
What is not enough for me and what is too much for me?
Will I still be loved if I say what I want?

Should I pack it all in? But what would I do then?
If everything is uncertain, where can I find the courage?
If there is no example, how can I manage it?

Our life is a bad compromise, we take what is left.
We become diaries in which cynicism writes verses.
Yes, we are living a bad compromise, we have made a mistake.
We look on as the joy of life dies.
Yes, fear takes more from us than we were afraid of losing,
because we give up without trying.

Infect each other

stones packed down into the road,
happy people that live in catalogues,
thirsty people everyone knows about, there is drinking water in the toilet, that we all shit
on

heavy luggage, on which we carry, worn wallpaper at the office,
religion, the longing for death and waiting for the end of the world

something that hits you, without leaving marks on your skin
something that hits you, without leaving marks on your skin

alarm clocks and all the fences, the laws that control us,
the lack of tenderness that we live with, everything here has its price,
places with nothing beautiful about them, a future that threatens us,
faces on the underground in the morning that swallow anything like the dustbins in the
yard

a peace that kicks you when you are down
a peace that kicks you when you are down

this must all be smashed, this must all go...

spread hope like an illness, be brave and infect each other!

Falling or flying?

Am I falling or flying? Come on, count to three, then I'll run away.
I want you really near me, even if I am hiding from you at the moment.

Let me come, let me go, kiss me softly and let me stay.
There are ghosts inside me, that hunt me, and I don't just like you - I feel a lot more than that.

Tell me, why does it make me so anxious when someone says that he loves me?
There is something inside me that is absolutely convinced that it could never happen to me.

I would love to have control again - beat me with words, hurt me.
Give me a thousand good reasons for me to leave you today.

I try to put up with it, but there is a wounded child inside me,
that is hungry, and who wants someone to come and take away his fears.

But I know that nobody can carry this load for me, and it is mine alone.
Sometimes I can't even hear your sweet words, because all the ghosts are shouting so loud inside me.

I'll count to five, then you can hide, and when I ask "where are you?", maybe you will shout "here!".
Believe me, I don't want you anywhere else except right here next to me.

You are worth a lot to me and I don't want to crush that with my clinging and fear.
Come to me, the door is open, or run away while you still can.

I would like to make you stay with me, but I can't control that.
And that makes me so desperate and so furious, and I start to project that onto you.

I would like your life to touch mine, without us losing ourselves in the process.
For us to love each other and grow closer together, without us becoming fixated just on that.

Am I falling or flying? I hope I can let go
- and then if I let myself fall, let's see, maybe then I will fly...

My manifesto

Take some time to think about what you want from life.
Manage with little money - that makes you harder to blackmail.
Steal only from the rich and from companies,
and don't let them steal your life.

Sometimes be braver than you really are,
because brave hearts multiply.
Put on a thick skin when people try to break you down.
Build solutions for everyone and not just for yourself.

This is my code, this is what I live by - I don't care whether you like it.
It's like a road-map for my life, that keeps me alive.
They are the signposts that I put up, so I don't lose perspective.
- like a torch in the darkness of dehumanisation, practical constraints and greed.

Do not debase others, in order to be something special.
Feel that you are a part of everything.
Do not scorn others, just because they have different goals.
Fight the rules, not the people who play by them.

Do not believe anyone who tells you that you are ugly or worthless.
Try to be healed from all the rubbish that is in you.
Find yourself (male and female) friends that you can trust.
Become vulnerable and allow them near you.

This is my code, this is what I live by; I don't know - maybe you can understand it.
It is something that always gives me strength, and helps me get up even when I have fallen down.
That is the last thing to be beaten away, whatever you hit me with.
Something that warms my hope and brings me through all the madness.

Do not divide the world into good and bad people
- we are all under strain, we are all torn.
Allow yourself some mistakes, because you grew up here.
And if you mess up, take responsibility for it.

Be tender to others and to yourself.
And don't take pleasure in other people's suffering.
For something new to be created, do what you cannot do
- never start to stop, and never stop starting.

These are my rules, this is what I live by - maybe it's not right for you.
And at the same time I have actually always really hated rules and laws.
But I have made these ones myself, so I don't lose the good inside me,
so thoughts and feelings do not get worn away by this sandpaper reality.

This is my manifesto, this is what I live by - maybe you feel it too.
I always want to keep questioning and weeding out what I no longer need.
But I don't want to tell anyone here how to live and how not to live.
There are so many truths in this world, and my one really only applies for me.

How are you?

Midday throws you out of bed,
the doctor's report catches your eye,
and you remember that your life is not so easy any more.
There is a weight on you - and you know why.
You know that you have to fight, day by day - always starting afresh.
You don't know how you can fight, and nobody can tell you precisely how.
And is fight even the right word?
Transitoriness has stamped on your foot.

I don't know what happens next
I don't know if there is anything next
I don't know if I have any influence
I don't know what I can do
I don't know - I don't know - I don't really know anything
- I'm afraid!

I don't want to carry on - I can't carry on
I don't want to carry on - I can't carry on - I just can't do it
I don't want to carry on - I can't carry on
I don't want to carry on - I can't carry on - I just can't do it
- and yet - I am still here!

Keeping moving - I am just getting started.
Drizzle, damn it - but the raindrops on my skin feel good,
the wind ruffles me, and I stride out towards the canal.

I meet you on the bank.
You ask me "so, how are you?" and lie - "Good".
You look at me.
I smile, because I like you.

I ask you "and how are you?" - you smile, you don't lie, you smile,
because you like me.

And then a moment comes - it gives us a wink - and we accept the invitation...

You ask me "so, how are you right now?" - I smile "good at the moment".
You look at me - I hug you, because I like you.

I ask you "and how are you right now?"
You smile and tilt your head from side to side in the wind.

"I am happy at the moment, because we are together."

You are bigger than you are

Don't give up - and you don't know exactly
what else you feel and what else lives in your heart:
It is not the end - in time things will come
that make it worth carrying on living.

Don't switch yourself off with all the drugs
and just turn your computer off.
And you have deceived yourself and other people,
come on, we'll find a way out.

Don't throw yourself away, and even if you are on the floor,
and if you can't go on, then take a rest.
Don't hurt yourself, and even if you are desperate,
don't beat yourself up as well.

Shout it out, smash something,
maybe that will help you just get through tonight.
I know it's not a long-term solution, but maybe
it will make your powerlessness less powerful.

And if you believe, that the end has already come:
You are bigger than you are!
And even if everything seems so grey and endlessly dreary:
You are bigger than you are!
You are bigger, you are bigger,
you are bigger than you are! ...

You are valuable and nobody can take that away from you, as long as you are alive.
You are bigger than you are!
I will give you a shake, so you never forget it: You are bigger than you are!
Come on now, write it on your hand, so you never forget it:
You are bigger than you are! ...
You are stronger than you are!

Travel song

Yes, its raining outside and the weather is terrible.
Yes, that feels like life, and that is what I have missed so much.
The roads out of town are open; this town seems so closed,
and far away places are calling loud, and that won't leave me in peace.
For far too long my world was a locker full of dead time
and my hands spent too long in the dirt and nothingness.
But now I will set off, because I love movement,
because it almost feels like I am free,
free from all the imposed rules and all the bean-counting.

I tear a hole in the wall, climb over the fence,
pack my things, it's time to hit the road.
I tear a hole in the wall, climb over the fence,
it's time to steal back time.

Bad life tears me apart,
and that's why I often really pull myself together.
And now I am standing here and I do not have to bear anything
except my rucksack, and that weighs 16 kilograms.
There, where their arms can't reach, that's where I want to travel, where I want to go.
I just don't want to see all the crap round here for a while.
Come on, let's be crazy today, let's never forget how that is,
come on, let's be sparks that start a fire.
And let it burn down everything that keeps up on the conveyor belt.
Come on, let's go and get what we are missing.

I tear a hole in the wall...

Now I am outside in the rain,
I am in the open air and the weather is terrible.
But that feels like life, and that is what I have missed so much.
And I've missed my longing so much.
And I missed my sparkle so much.
And I've missed my rage so much.
And I missed my life so much.

I tear a hole in the wall...

Hiding

I've been hiding here
I have not known this for long
And I don't know what I've been hiding from
Nor exactly when it started

I would only touch anything if I had gloves on
And I thought it was my hand
And even in an embrace
I would keep a safe distance

And the rain falls and plugs the
Plugs the holes in the sea
And I stand
I stand on the shore and watch it all the while

I had set things up for myself very well
My hiding place was well furnished
My pictures were hanging on the walls
Although I had not noticed

Only loud noises could get through to me
I was a master of the art of drawing them to me
After all, I relied on them
To feel myself

Many people passed through
Arriving quickly, leaving quickly
Everything I left behind
Was a blind spot for me

And the rain falls and plugs the
Plugs the holes in me
And I stand
And I stand to one side and watch it all the while

I started to tremble, quietly sensing
That something is not right
If actions are always repeated
As if I am trapped by something

You looked at me and said out loud
"You are hiding"
And I did not want to believe it or to listen
And I ran away from you

You were disappointed that I was not there
You said that blame was never the main thing for you
Slowly I began to feel the walls
And you could feel your patience running out

And the rain falls and plugs the
Plugs the ditch between us
And I stand
I stand on the bank and watch it all the while

I have been hiding here
I have not known this for long
I don't know what I've been hiding from
And I don't know exactly when it started

There are so many things to relearn
And I find many of them difficult
It takes more than courage and time
But I think I have more

And the rain falls and plugs the
Ditch between us
And I no longer stand on the shore
No, I jump into the sea

And the rain falls and plugs the
Ditch between us
And I no longer stand on the shore
No, I swim in the sea

Half past one in the afternoon

Restlessness is eating through your veins and you are distant when you speak to people.

It is summer inside you, it is winter inside you, it is half past one in the afternoon.

Your damn father is worried about you, and your damn mother as well,
and their fears and their adages are really the last thing you need.

The doctors treat you like a card trick; they measure your weight,
but the scales don't show what is weighing down on you.

Your blood is freezing and boiling and you can hardly breathe.
It gets dark, it gets light, it is half past one in the afternoon.

Sometimes you find everything ugly, and mostly just yourself,
sometimes you are happy, if you hold your breath for a minute.

All the people, all your friends, all the food disgusts you,
and with a cushion under your pullover nobody can guess your weight.

Your life makes you sick, you think "stop crying, there's nothing to it".
It's loud inside you, it's quiet outside, it's half past one in the afternoon.

It is wearing you down from the inside, and you wonder "will it ever end?"
It is Monday, it is Saturday, it is half past one in the afternoon.

Part of me

Sometimes I am powerless and at the mercy of others,
and my body becomes a haunted house, with ghosts.
Then everything floats away from me and I don't know what to do with myself.
Then I lose everything, and the whole time I want someone to come and say:
everything is OK!

My pains, my fears are part of me.
My pains, my fears belong to me.

Sometimes I am weak and I am afraid to speak the truth.
Then I really don't like myself and I am ashamed of it.
Then I don't want anyone to see me like that - when I am so broken!

My pains, my fears are part of me.
My pains, my fears belong to me.

There are reasons why they exist, they have a history, even if I don't like it.
They have helped me and they want to protect me.
They demand development and they want new paths.
I cannot shake them off - but I can get to know them and understand them!

My pains, my fears are part of me.
My pains, my fears belong to me.

What hurts today can be my strength tomorrow.
What hurts today is growing pains.
My pains, my fears are friends of mine.
My pains, my fears need space in me - just like happiness.

Counting hours

Do you think this is the good life?
Do you really think that this is freedom?
We say we are doing well, because we know that it could be worse.
We wait meekly for the time to pass.

At work, we have an eye on the clock,
counting hours, a quiet sigh in the corridor.
Your profession is normally not a vocation,
but rather a compromise involving compulsory attendance.

Friends are replaced by work colleagues,
with whom we share the same fate every day.
But I wonder what type of wealth it is
if you yourself are just a commodity.

Why is it normal - do other people find it easier to bear?
How much do we plan our lives according to application forms?
Tell me, is the added value that we produce here
really worth more than everything that we lose in the process?

Counting hours, counting days, counting weeks, counting wounds
carrying on torturing ourselves, counting weeks, counting years, counting scars

Waiting to go home and be less stressed,
waiting for quiet and for people to leave us in peace.

Waiting for people that we see far too rarely,
waiting for the lighter moments and the beautiful ones.

Waiting to find someone who loves us
or just for the latest smartphone to come out.

We are not commodities, not things with feelings,
we only have one life and we have everything to lose.