

Moonman

“Letters to the dearest”

Naked soul without a mission

Bye! There is a lonely time
I can't survive
Hurt no more!
Unlike you did before...
I can't summarize...
Electrify!
You're no more a part I can ignore!
Help me find what there's to find
But not around...
I am not trying to break your heart!
You can't stare at me like that...
It's provocation!
Yes, it is...
I burn and you don't freeze!
Your absence is like a code
Without a mission...
No, there's one!
You see we're just rich bastards!
Tell me when you're fascinated
By what I do...
All the time!
It's weird...

I could have been your dad

I'm finally here to find
What made my own eyes blind
I could have been your dad
I'm sitting here alone
I'd better I was told
Not try to emphasize

I don't want you around
I could have been your dad

I'll turn into a bird
That turns up when it's cold
I'm not trying to make you smile

Not time to meet your eyes
Too early my advice
Is “stay here where you are”

I don't want you around
I could have been your dad

Underground design

When we almost cry
Dying like a sad butterfly
Howling on the ground
Howling underground

When you hear the sound
Of the crippled
And the desires
Of the people around
Making dirty signs

Fetichist desire
Self-sufficient doctrines
The ones
You can always rely on
You can always try

Take it over here
Bring it over here

When it's clearer inside
When you wake up
dazed and docile
howling on the ground
Underground design

Dangerous hit and run drive
When you're simply hating someone
From the very first time
From the very first hour

Time to tidy the mess
We suppose it's nevertheless
Just an empty space
Just an empty face

Take it over here
Bring it over here

Toast

I miss you even when you're here
There's nothing else to fear
Be overwhelmed by warmth
It is nobody's fault

Do we know
If there's an end?
No need
to hide behind a fence

I'm with you when we're away
It's like a game we play
To see who lacks the most
I'll gladly make a toast
To you...

Better

Wreck me slow
Oh you know
You're so kind
And i'm so blind
Seconds move
On the groove

I don't really know
What's on
But let me linger
I don't wanna go
I can't make it better

(We) make it better, safer
Let it come inside your arms

Watch me grow
On the floor
And the sounds
Of roused orphans!

Rich son of a bitch

I'm not a good man
I'm not a rich son of a bitch
My flat has freaked out
And I've been living in a mess
I'm not a hot child
But I will kick it if it blinks
The streets are sparse now
That's why
I choose a dark place in the mist
Ideas are rough at times
Sometimes
It's hard to come with no secret
If I were you
I would think twice
Before I write my every thoughts
Because it will hurt bad
Supposedly more than you know
Oh no!

The rigid stars were wrong

They will go back where they once
belonged

Made us write the most horrible
songs
Made us mourn stories that never
lived
And could never deceive

The rigid stars were wrong
All along
They made us live like monks
In a pond
Now i can see the eyes of the soul
that will undoubtedly be the one
The one i'd never been
And make the man be a real man
The man you've never seen

Varied dresses of a naughty kind
Make me bless the brains of spotless
minds
Wishful thinking makes us feel
complete
And frightened of defeat....

****Write on invisible shores****

All the time
Raise the right finger
They will find
It shall pass muster, right?
All right!
I'll see you later
Moonshine alcohol drinker
All the time
Raise the right finger
They will find
And i'm not even that sure
Write on invisible shores

Justify
Of the right answer

They will say
It shall pass muster, right?
All right!
I'll make you suffer
Jumpstart the economy of us
Justify
Of the right answer
They will say
I'll make you suffer
On time.

****Hostage of an overcrowded
man****

It's all shrinking
It's like a scree in a mountain
Have you mistaken
The power of our routine?
It's like coastal washes of water
between us
You've been ironing
Ironically for ages
Your social ladder
Makes it all heavier.

****Ocean****

You really don't know
what i undergo
The number crunchers
On dead computers

You should not follow
The dreadful sorrows
Of Penthouse wankers
Pigeonhole seekers

Your old sex stories
Make my own blood freeze
The pitfall's coming

With winter in spring

Your mind is like an ocean
You have no notion
You're panic-stricken
By paper chasers

****Very old letters with cigarette
burns****

There are very old letters
coming from the past
with cigarette burns in the corners,
explaining why he could not come,
that he's sorry, that he won't come,
finally, or because of the war
you know,
and these people who mean nothing
to you,
wearing forgotten suits,
upright in front of the yellow farm,
some flowers in a garden,
faded and gray,
You have nothin' more,
and how to make sense there,
how could you embrace this past,
when you lost the memory
But someone says that you used to
go
and see these people sometimes on
Sunday.

**all songs by Moonman , except
"Very old letters with cigarette
burns" : lyrics written by Dana
Hilliot – 2005**



greed recordings

GR mp3 01 – GR cd-r 05