

Problem
is not
The Problems



21st Century Poetry
P.H. Sarach

The problem
is not
The Problems

Problems are in progress . . .

Birth
Life
War

All poems have been written between
2018 and 2020 by P.H.S

Right now we are all in jail
Or under curfew
Suffering from the lockdown.
So we have plenty of time
To digest this.

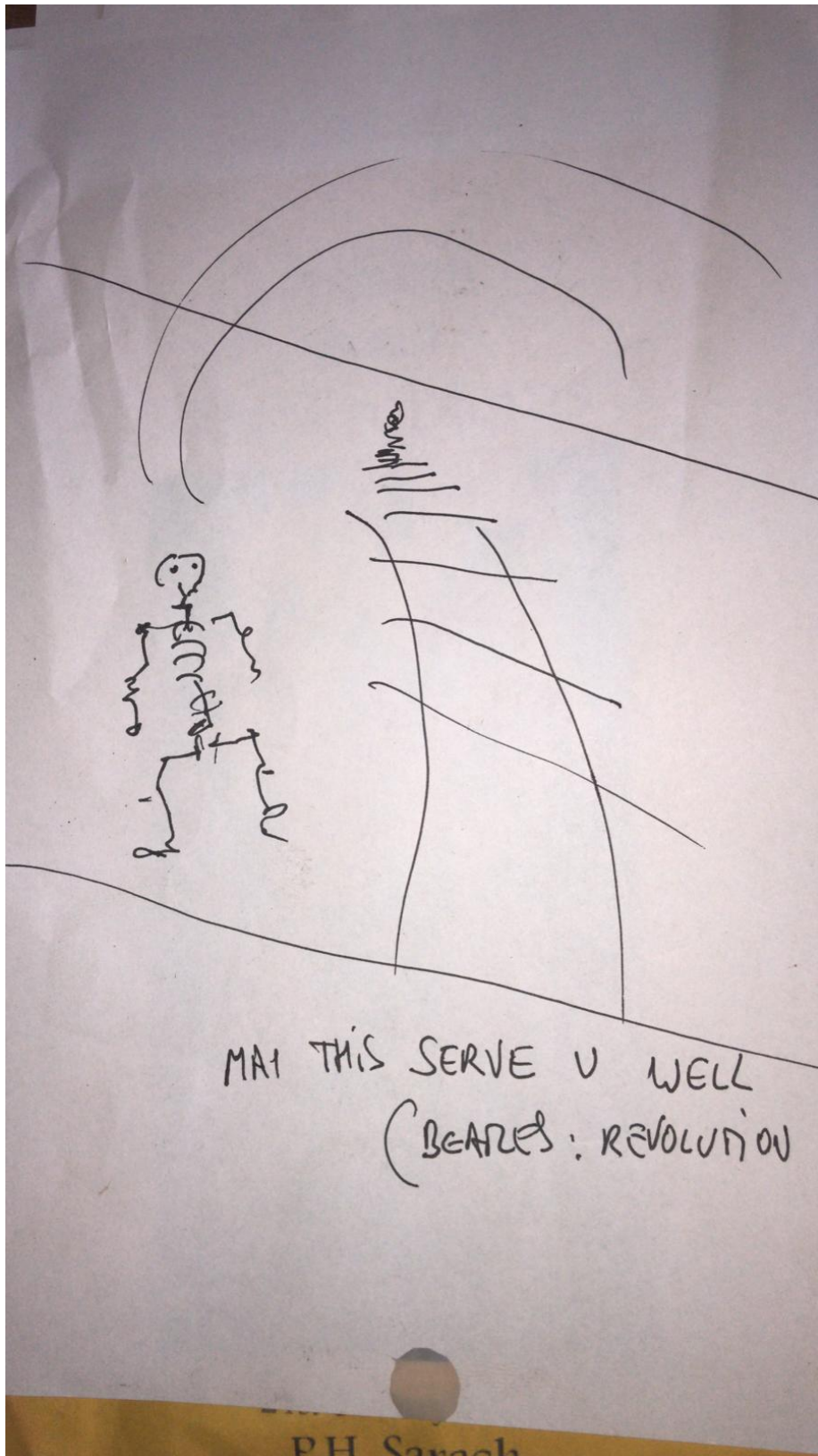
P. H. S

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*"Jesus died for somebody's sins
but not mine"*

(Patti Smith)



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The only way
To write
This song
Is to Really
Feel alone



Birth

(CABBALISTIC EXERCISE)) 9.2.20

The why mantra

I wanna know
From one to two
Ask why ? why? why?
Three times I do
Only one decision
But three times why?
Why do i feel so low
When i'm up
So high, high, high?
Why three times
Why, why, why ?
Because four is
So square & more
And five times
Is a hardcore war
And six is the sun
Shining onto the poor
Why, why, why
Is one more demon
4 more angels

Guarding the gates
Of the seven heavens
Ever more
Why is the eight
All to gather
The richest, taste
And why nine ?
The tree of the three
Times why
The lunar fundament
Of all that's five times
Into the universe
Of zero & one
On which all the
Material universe
Is done
But nine
Is what it's based upon

It sounds so serious
But it is fun
To realize
That one is none

But six times one
Shall define
The center of the sun

Add another three
& the base is done
Come on ..come on.. come on
Three times that song
And nine is done
So praise the moon
For stabilizing the sun

I am not a believer

I don't believe
In myself
But i believe
In solutions
I don't believe
In nothing
But i've got
everything
I don't believe
In everything
But i know
I know nothing
I don't think
That the important
Is important
I don't believe
In anything
That seems
To be important

Beginning

First thing
I saw
A man
Dressed in white
In a white light
Hangin' from a white ceiling
Shining bright
Can't remember
The first times
I was doing
Passing
Until
My mum smacked me
& Told me
where I should shit in
They sent me
To school
That mold
I should fit in
I didn't like it
At first
But suddenly

Time
Started ticking
I liked the girls
Skirts
As they
Loved me
Bullshitting
The pressure
Beginning
Ya, got to
Learn kicking
I must
Have become
A criminal
At the age
Of five
But we
Moved away
To Madrid
So I stayed
Alive

Grey morning

Grey morning

Sky

No matter

To color

Your high

So no wind

shall

Blow to the

Clouds

To go by

Stuck over us

Dwell

But not fly

Everything is falling down !

Down
To the ground
Pascal said
Before
Eva's apple
Fell down
To the ground
Newton tried it
And wanted to proove
That
Everything is
Falling down
And it ain't gone
It is laying
Somewhere
On the ground
It is hiding out
But we will find
It somehow
Somewhere down
There on the ground

Power of gravity

If a few of you
Don't wanna believe it
You'll have to
Know very well
What
You don't want
To believe
& anyway
No one will ever
Be capable
Of telling the clear
Meaning
To sort out
Whatever you
Wanna
Declare as
Truth

So if you wanna declare
The power of gravity
As a fake
Cause you have

Decided to levitate
Your heavy body
You will have to
Discover & learn
The power &
Effects of gravity

Which have been
Academically,
Scientifically
& pragmatically
Sorted out
Birds don't care
Much about
Gravity
But they know
The technique
Of avoiding
To fall down
Like thru speed
Or termical weather

Shadow of your arse

Madonna !
I saw the
Shadows of your arse
Not only me
It was banned on film
Ready for the mass
Of idiots
Who'll provide you
With cash

And it's good
The younger generation
Get's your granmas
Wisdom &
Your sexual
Education

Your little tits you
Shake
While you're fixin
Upon your
Public masturbation

Madonna - oh, madonna
I know you wanna
Really cum ah
And we all know
You gonna
But do you need
So much
& All of them & us
To come - ah

I sailed out into the sea

I sailed out
Into the sea
Landscape fled
Caught by the winds
I couldn't get freed

I went thru the storms
With my pirate crew
We entered & looted
Raped & sacked
Some of us
Never made it back

I tied myself to a mast
So the sirens
Wouldn't tempt me
But when the seagulls
Cut me
I dived into
The deep sea

At first

I met the fishes
Their bubbles
Talked bubbly to me
Then stranger forms
Of existence
Far from any definitions
But full of a poison
Spreading ecstasy
It opened up my other minds
The streams
Of the flow
Led me

To the holly uskebeaghe

You lie upon my weary eyes
Like devils veil in paradise
As ghosts ride upon my unconsciousness
And morning glory's yellow dress
Upon my head dances stress
My dried out mouth
As morning burns
The taste of waste
All thru my face
Now morning is dressed
But it's all still a mess
The well is now dry ... Oh so dry
Like the night was high
With a couple of jacks
To get well thru the common scene
Of sudden friends and in between

Your golden, chrystal, glow
Like firy water flow
That makes me go
Ambrosia to Osiris
Not wondering what why is

Tried not to look at that building
Tried not to have a wife
Tried to ignore my feelings
Never tried to live a life

It's a long way out
And I don't know what it's about
Tried no to talk the way I am

I don't want your trials

I don't want your trials
Prefer to see your smiles
After all those million miles
I had to go thru all this shit

Sometimes I dwelled a while
Cause I love to see your smile
When my songs made you fly
& My jokes they gave you kicks

Musical violence, made me high
Not always received the smiles
Anyway I loved you wild
Me behaving like a crazy child

Sailor's wisdom

If you wanna know
From where
The wind is blowing
Spit on your finger
And hold it up
Into the air
It will be showing
The direction
You should be going

Well done

Well done, son
Thats not the way
I want my steak done, mum
I meant that
It was well done, son
Oh no, mom
Can't you see
I want it bloody, mum
No son
I was talking
About your success, son
Oh that mum
It's all a mess
I'm just so lazy
And i'm trying
To impress
Well done, son
Oh come on, mum
I'm just trying to tell you
That it ain't no fun
So you shouldn't be
So proud of your, son

No you don't understand, son
When i meant well done
I was only asking
How you want your steak done

The best film ever

If you
Have
Ever
Seen
Harold & Maude
You
Will
Always
Love
The
Music
Of Cat Stevens
Even
If
He
Has
Changed
His
Name
Again
And if you're
Eyes

Remained dry
While you
Were listening
& Watching
You're certainly dead
Nothing
In this world
U will
Catch
In



Life

*"Ich werde nicht enden zu sagen:
Meine Gedichte sind schlecht.
Ich werde Gedanken tragen
Als Knecht.*

*Ich werde sie niemals meistern
Und doch nicht ruhm.
Soll mich der Wunsch begeistern:
Es besser zu tun."*

(Joachim Ringelnatz, 1910)

Slave to myself

To be a slave
Of myself
Don't know
If it's good
For my health
But it's better
For me too
Not to be a
Slave of you

Kung fu

Concentrate
But don't think
Be now
Meditate
Practice
Concentrate
But do not
Think
Learn
Respect
Love
Help
Fight
Do it
Right

The problem is not ...
The problem
You will make
Mistakes ...
Don't worry
But be conscious

About them
Concentrate
& don't think
Breathe now
Practice
Your movement
As slow
As you can
Don't think
Do it right
The important
Is not
The important
Is nothing

Study yourself
Perceive
What surrounds you
Feel
& don't rely
On your thoughts
Relax
Learn
Absorb

Canalize

Destroy

Don't believe

Your thoughts

Be weak

In your strength

Be strong

In your weakness

Take your mistakes

& learn from them

Concentrate ...

Canalize

Make a plan

& do not rely on it

Don't believe

In the future

Never rely

On success

Keep work

And progress

Do not stagnate

Grow

But never too old

Apocalyptic exercise

Skin pale

Apocalyptic exercise

Elephant hangover

Supersize

No reminiscence at all

Horse trail - drug paradise

Lost my mind - lost my wife

No soft place

To fall

Cockroach

The unendless toast

The sun got lost

In the post

No dealer

No doctor to call

Ruined wrecked & gone

All the things

We've done yesterday

Are now long gone

Some sex action

I can't remember
With all them bruises
Must have been tender
Slow motion
Perpetual exercise
Drain devotion analized
How the fuck should I remember ?

Too many nites - much too much
Too much light - sun oh go away
Too many nites
I can't make it
Without my eyeshades

Slow motion
Bisexual advertise
Corrupted definitions
Television oversized
How the fuck
Could I remember
Of what I should
Be been
Ashamed of
That exact moment

I lost
I hope somebody
Gonna pay the cost
So fling me a rope
If I should get lost

All I left

I couldn't talk
Anymore
So I left a
Message
Drawn by the
Dust
On the marble
Of your
Living room floor
I couldn't exist
Anymore
So I left
A pile of
Skull & bones
On the backyard
By your
Gardens door

I couldn't die
Anymore
So I left
My spirit

Dwelling at
The threshold
Of the curtains
By your main door

The veil
Isis
Shall hold
Evermore

A den of lies

I talk to the flies
Above the one who dies
I can see this ditch of lies
Held up by guys
In dark expensive suits
& Horrible ties
With tiny dicks
Well, hidden
Proclaiming their dicks are super size
Idiots slipping into coats
Which cover up everything

A den of lies
If you take the truth
You'll never know where is
It shall hide
Be too late
When nature cries

The fly is sitting
On my glass of wine
It's telling me

That all things that shine
Are well worked out blasphemies
Not so easy to see
Proclaiming impossible
Harmony
Sustained by practised
Hypocrisy

So cool

It's cool to be a loser
It's even cool to be a geek
It's cool to be a beatle
Or some Rolling Stone freak
If you got nothing to do

It's cool to have a haircut
The newest one in town
Good to be an idol
Someone that hangs around

It's cool to drink Champagne
To smoke those big cigars
To sniff a lot of cocaine
And show off with your scars

It's cool to be a big shot
A nigger with a dream
To be born in lower east side
With connections to the queen

So cool to have a gun

When shooting doesn't bring ya no fun
Cause if ya got nothing to do
You could try to be cool too

No one invited me

I was just passing thru
Nobody ever told me
About what you do
I'll keep my opinion
& I won't give it to you

But if you would offer me a drink
I wouldn't know if I'd accept it xxx
Cause I don't like what I see
& I know that girlfriends
Don't like me

Nobody invited me
But if you offer some money
I will come for free
No one ever invited me
But if you offer some love
I would think about it - maybe

I was just talking to
I can't remember who
Could have been your mother

Maybe it was you
Probably bullshit - nothing important
& I ask myself (No importance xxx)
What the fuck I wanted from you

Nobody invited me
But I'm getting on your nerves
That's what I can see
That's what I learn
When you're trying to tell me
That no one invited me

Poetry

poETRY IS TO be refilled
placed right here
Always changing,
Progressing and transforming
Its holy self.
Not ready yet!
No conclusion
A cascade of words
Revealing something
Sometimes
Sometimes nothing.

But loudly spelt
it becomes
Magic
trance
evocation
prayer
divine sense
nonsense
emotion
an impossible to explain

Real feeling,
Of some music
Rythm
Rhyme
No time
Disaster

It's a giant wave
That shall not
Be controlled
Ever
Not thru matter
Rhyme nor language
Not thru analog
Nor digital zeros
Not thru reason
Nor morality
Nor ethics
Surfing on
Concerned life explanations

POetrY is to be REad
Out loud
And all it says is

I WANNA FUCK YOU

Fuck you

And go fuck yerself

All about

Love

And hate

And shit

And war

And you

Name it

Whatever

You wanna digest

Understand

Or excrete

Dance

Dance good

With the fucking poetry

Too much limerick

Fell in love
With a girl
Long time ago
Now
She hates me
So much
That
She will never
Want me again
To talk
Nor to touch
Everything
We had together
Was very much
Too much

I wish

All that unnecessary
Jealousy
Would not be
And not so bitter
So
We could untie it
And then easily go
Sailing above the past
Everyone
One not
Being ashamed
About the story
That's been told
Which is trying
To tell
The unpleasant truth
Was never so

If ya wanna cry
Eat something spicy
Just a squeezed onion
Would only be a lie

A cinematographic cutter
Could never deny
I know you don't wanna
Believe
Thru your sobbing & sighs
But let the past be
I wish you would try

Too late (To Say Goodbye)

You're fighting
For your life
But your neck
Has already broken
Wrong decision
The chair fell
& The rope has gone tight
Of your weight
You could have done something
But now it's too late
Too late to say goodbye

That handgranade
Has just exploded
In your brain
Now it's too late
To feel any pain
You know it would happen
And get so bad
So don't ask me
To be sad

Substance abuse problem

If you send us to prison
We will double the price
It is all your own fault
You won't get it for free
Cause you don't legalize
We know it's big biz
To keep us people from
Beeing free
If you declare us criminals
Well you will see
What you're gonna get back
Go back to your
A. A.
Forget your
Holy mission

No more dope for you
You state attorneys
Judges & all of your
Fucked up crisis crew

No more prozac

From your psycho-shrinks
showmen & politicians too
No more spliffs
For your wives
No more coke
For your noses
& golden spoons too
Showing off to the whores
You'll have to pay too

Well now what it is
It's what you really got
Is a substance abuse problem
For your family & you
So you will suffer
With your own
Substance abuse problem too

Lockdown

The bars are closed
The restaurants too
Strange winds
Are blowing
The sky is blue
I am stuck at home
Cooking up
My own stew
Taste like poison
I love to eat
Something
Cooked from you

They lock us up
That's what they do
And you know me
I'm gonna go down
To the garage
To sniff up
The last tube of glue

There's no more party
No more crowd
Can you believe it
No, not even that is allowed
I can't hear anyone
The streets are clear
No body screams out loud
Folks believe
All the lies
They hear

If you don't watch it
There will be
No more
Human rights
They will close
New borders
If you don't disappear
Into the nite

Holding up some
Some hidden light
Under the radar
That's out of sight

Then they will catch you
And lead you into
The darkest night
Worse than Milton nor Blake
Have ever described

Tango with Marina

Dancing tango with Marina
Down on the marble
Plaza in Athina
In a punk rock fashion
New kung fu
Shao Lin style

My hat it was
Flying and
Marina as well
People looking at us
As if we
came from Hell

They were dancing
The tango like
A bunch of fucking robots
And I asume they didn't
Understand a word
From the singer
Coming out of the
Filthy speakers

The pigeons were
Shagging & picking
While our dancer steps
Were kicking

The shit out of
The marble floor

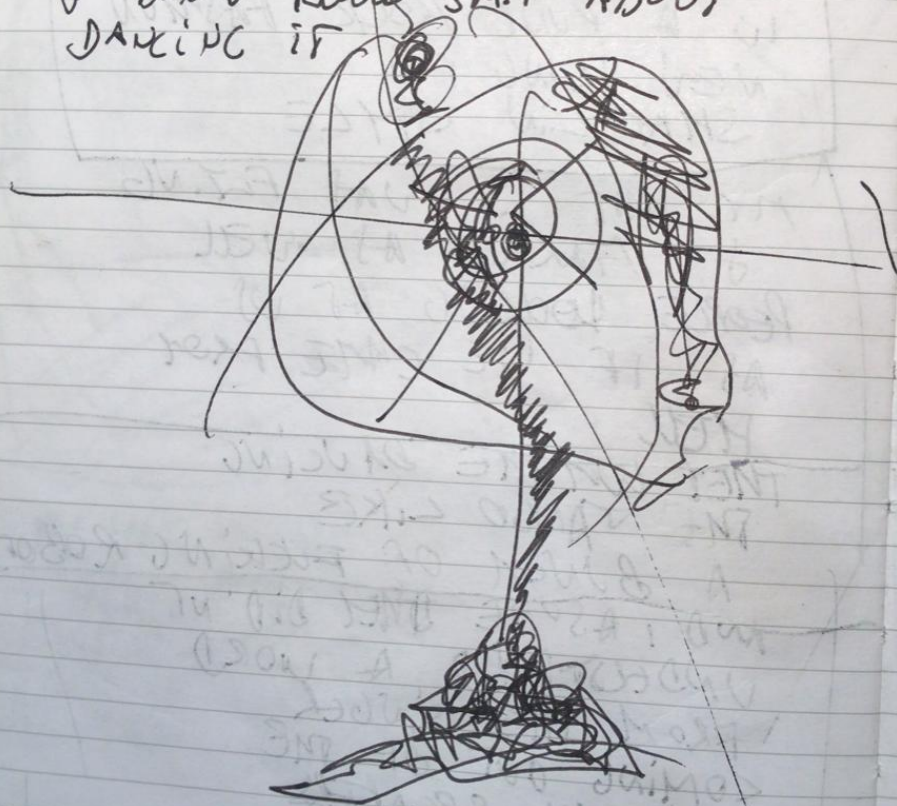
Some folks
They get so conservative
Feel so important
& Don't know shit about
Dancing it

My hat it was
Flying and
Marina as well
People looking at us
As if we
Came from hell

2
(Tao)

WHERE KICKING
THE SHIT OUT OF
THE MARBLE FLOOR

SOME FOLKS
THEY GET SO CONSERVATIVE
FEEL SO IMPORTANT
I DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT
DANCING IT



14-BAJO L3

TANGO
ATHINA



MY HAT IS WAS
FLYING AND
MARINA AS WELL
PEOPLE LOOKING AT US.
AS IF WE ~~WERE~~ GOING
CAME FROM HELL

Sisyphos

I don't look into
Your chocolate box
I go into my
Cigarrete stock
There was no window
There was not even a cock
No need
For a key to unlock
Nor to be stuck
Just feel all the luck
And all my new friends
Who don't give a fuck

Love is the king
In between the queens
Hate is the royals
From the gun machines
God save Carellas
Eros & Hellas



Come on

Come on pretty baby
Walk your arse thru the city
You know you are hot
You're cute & yer pretty

Come on little lady
Don't remain seated
I'll show you a place
So good
Where we can eat it

Come on
My solemn queen
I'll show you a scene
We can catch a cab
I hope the driver won't be mean

Come on - my solemn queen
I'll introduce you
To myself
I don't know where I am
I must be somewhere

On my shelf
Don't ask me
About my mental health

Come on - you beautiful teen
Wanna be your sugardaddy
I am ready to lick you clean
You're the cutest bitch
I have ever seen

Much better than the girls
From the porn magazines
And I am still hoping
That you're over eighteen
So don't tell your father
The motherfucker looks so mean
Come on - don't say nothing
Come on to me

I don't like it
Can't you see

The Oxford bird
Flew away

With the words
Of the songs
Of definitions
For the absurd
Vocal spelled
Nouns you
Never heard
Spelled so fast
To induce to
The words
Faster than verbs
Speeding up now

Oxford blues

The Oxford bird
Flew away
With the words
Of the songs
Of definitions
For the absurd
Vocal spelled
Nouns you
Never heard
Spelled so fast
To induce to
The words
Faster than verbs
Speeding up now

Waiting for the drug to work

I'm sick & I'm down
Just trembling all over
I'm shakin - gotta fix me up
I can't cope with being sober
I'm gonna give it all
Cause I want this moment
To be over
I'm gonna give it all
I'm waiting for the drug
To work

I pawned my grandmothers jewels
Sold some suits to some fools
I sold my mother to my father
For an hour
Just to be alive & feel the power
I wanted it all
Now I want
This moment to be over
I'm gonna give it all
Cause I want this moment

I kissed a goddess - she gave me
A curse
And she made it worse
I'm gonna give it all
Cause I want this moment
To be over

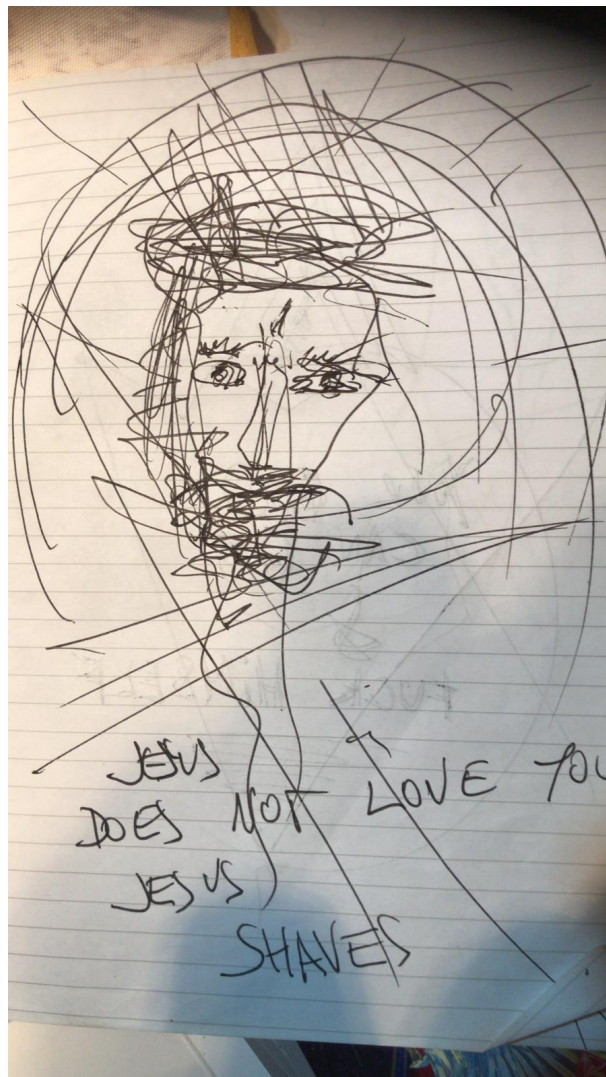
I'm waiting for the drug to work
I don't wanna be in this moment
I'm waiting for the drug to get me off
I don't want to be sober

Jesus & Joe

Cocaine & pussy juice
The good old drugs
Of which we all abuse
So you can ask grandma
The victims and the youth
& no one will tell
You the reall old truth
My friend Jesus & his father Joe
Could not decide to
Which whore house to go
While mother Mary
Was cooking up
Something very hot
In the stove

Jesus said to daddy
This ain't no fun
Daddy said: fuck it!
Let's catch us some nuns
Jesus asked daddy: "what is a nun?"
Daddy Joe said Oh sorry son
The haven't been invented yet

But I will send a prayer to God
& Tell him to get us some nuns
Sorry son they haven't
Been invented yet
& I will send a prayer to God
To check out the prices these nuns have
got



Lonely bones

I'm feeling old
It's getting cold
Too many summers
Have been going
The things I've
Learnt
Knowledge
I've earnt
The wounds
We all have been sowing

So all the
Knowledge must
Be burnt
So wisdom
Shall follow
Right down there
Into the absolute
Hollow

The only freedom
Is right now

Cause there
Ain't no
Tomorrow

And all the love
Is not enough
To cure the pain
You feel the power
But the muscles lame
Things you do
They seem insane
But you
Have to do them
Jump off
The Train

Now I am tough & hard
A block of stone
That doesn't feel love
I am all alone
There's no more soul
There's only bones

Threatened

I feel
What I don't wanna
Feel from you
That concerning vibe
Shining thru
From some place
And some past
I don't know
But you do
Don't wanna be
Sucked up and
Punished by
The sick film you went thru

I feel
Every single bit
Of shit
You are trying
To put me thru
& I don't wanna
Get sucked into
This depression you

Should keep for you

Your shadow is hanging over me
I try to read some words
That I can't see
Even the book
Stops talking to me
While my guitar begins asking:
You want to surrender to that bitch
Or do you wanna be free?

I said:
I feel threatened - cause she's coming for
me
Acts like a vampire - feels what she knows
It is so the end of the passage
To the light of the black hole

I let her taste my spirit
But she craves for my soul
She has the power to loot & to plunder
And enjoy all the torture
I planned for her to put on me
In the dungeons of her beautiful body

Dirty road

Oh, Oh, Oh
The fucking dirty road
Morning time
Rain & sunshine
Oh, Oh, Oh
The fucking dirty road
Oh no, no, no
Another thirty miles
To the next gas station
Where they sell a dreadful supper
They've named new sensation
Oh, Oh, Oh
The fucking dirty road
Oh, no, no
Overtaking another trucker
With his heavy load
Wishes for some spare time
To masturbate
He wants privacy
That we can see
Please don't push
That big thing into me

Oh, no, no
Not again
The fucking dirty road
Oh, Oh, Oh
All these fucking
Asphalted roads

(Outro: (The Beatles)
Why don't we do
It on the road)

Sometimes something

Words are tumblin' all over me
I can't understand
But there's something I can see
Maybe I found out something lately
Clouds are hanging over the sea
Perfect art but not perpetual to be
It must be illusionary
Flies are buzzin around my head
Get on my nerves cause I ain't yet dead
Should I kill one & go back to bed

Ref:

Life always gives me something to do
Sometimes I wish it would bring me
Some money too

Girls are all so beautiful
They're getting me with & the things they
show
To me & she - I wish it would be
More easy to live in a film of pornography
The roads & bridges is all I see

Apart from highways & close up scenes
Breakfast in motels *mat* are nearly clean
(clean they seem)
Where bartender faggots are nice
& The maids are mean
Why am I always getting caught in
between

Ref: Life always ... 4 x *****

Girls they came & left too soon
Saw them on airports & motel rooms
I'm gonna meet them in empty spaces
Beyond the moon
When I'll be ready to go



There is something

There is something
We can't understand
You may feel it
But you can't grab it
It will always
Slip out of your hands

There is something
That may be nothing at all
You may see it
But you won't recall
It was always
Nothing ... filling it all

There is something
That craves for a reason
You may touch it
But only the season
Shall decide
When they serve you the truth
And won't let it hide

Untie the knot

If you would
You could
You know you should
To do you would
But if you could
Do that thing
Cause you know it's good

Untie the knot
The only thing
That you could do
Untie the knot
Where you've got stuck
By the vaginal pressure of a slut
The closed up lock
Don't believe in that
You should've not
Ran over that
Big round sign
That was saying stop
You've forgot of what you want not

Haikus

Quit your job
Before you die!
Underground resistance
Make illegal art
Stay incognito
And then get away
With it

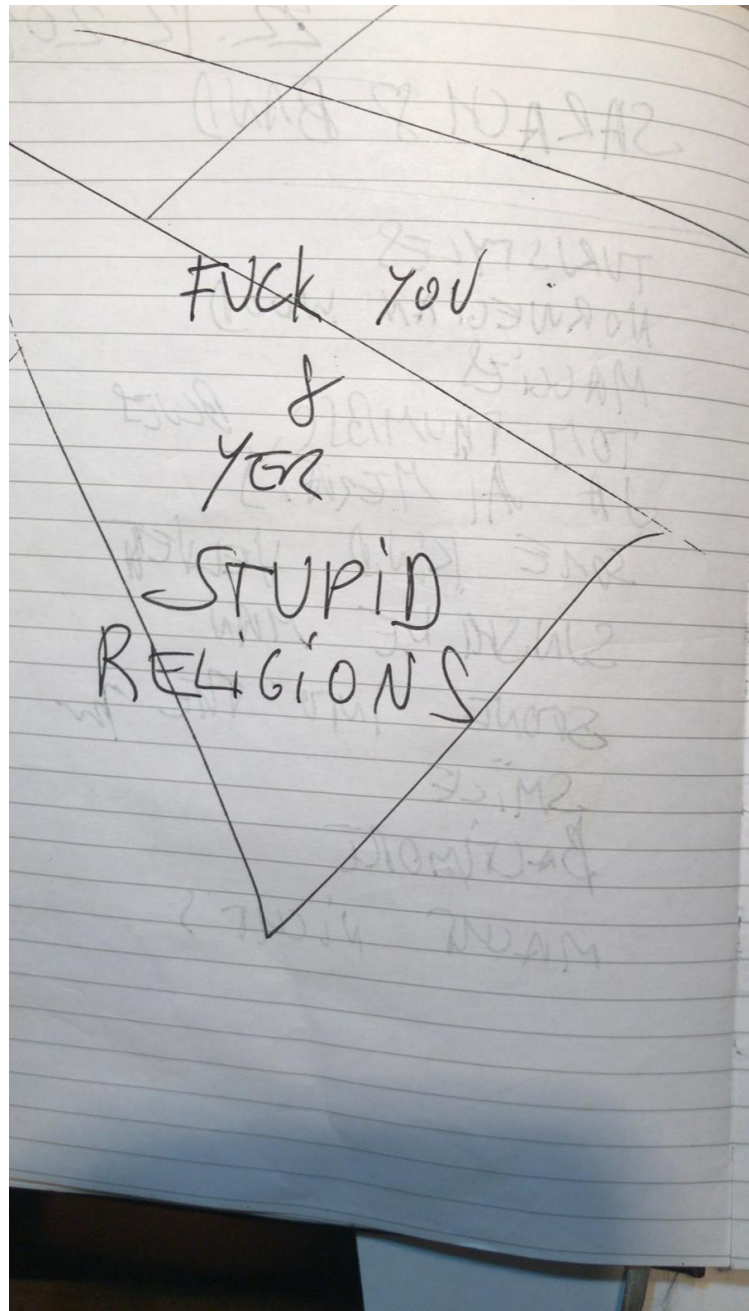
Quote

"We all have the blues
But Rock 'n' Roll rules"
(Thanx to C. Berry) (P.H.S)
& Too Much Monkey Bizness

"1 'O' Clock
2 'O' Clock
3 'O' Clock Rock
We gonna rock around
The clock tonite"
(C.Berry)

"Cat's foot, iron claw
Neuro-surgeons
scream for more
At paranoia's poison door
Nothing he's got
He really needs"
21st Century Schizoid Man
P. Sinfield - King Crimson
1968 - Court of The Crimson King

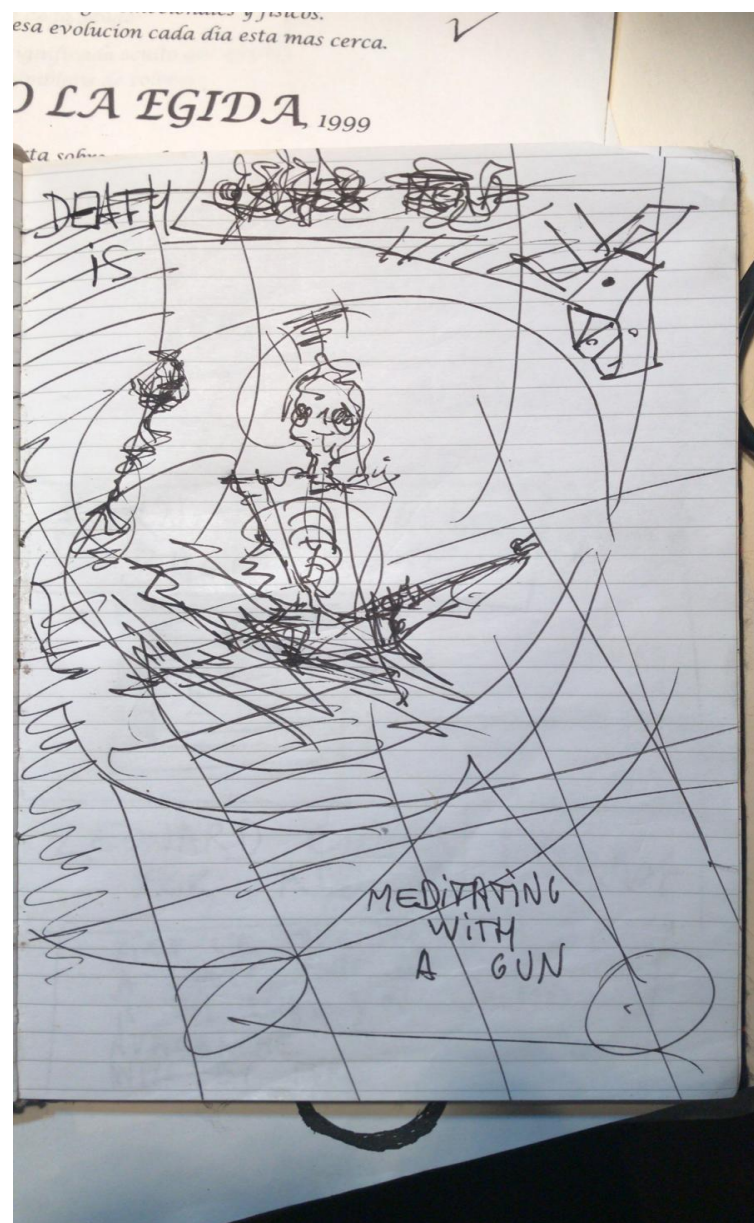
"The aim of science
is not to open
the door
to infinite wisdom,
but to set a
limit to infinite error."
Bertolt Brecht, Life of Galileo



"You Don't need religion
If you can learn
To dance
The Rock 'n' Roll

War

*"There is a war between the rich and poor,
A war between the man and the woman.
There is a war between the ones who say
there is a war
And the ones who say there isn't"
(Leonard Cohen)*



Death is
Meditating
With
A gun

You want

Yer old
Social Hallucination
Yer old
Teddy bear
To pick you up
At the station
A taxi to nowhere
Built up
On scientifically
Prooved technical
Elaboration
A guru to testify
The hypothesis
Of anti-social
Reincarnations

A rule against
The rule
To brake
The rules
Corrupting
The fools

That shall be
Bribed
By the former
Established constitution
To leave
The parental
Moral hole
Of a Donut

To materialize
Some
Outer soul
To be
Reproduced
And merchandised
Making
More money
On revolutions
When guns
Are sold
Bodys
Are burnt
Before they

Get cold

You want

Your food hot

And the

Willing

Chicks a

Little bold

& Also

Rotten

Fit

To be

Squeezed

into the

Mold

Revolution

Violence
Sometimes
Will be
Necessary if
You wanna
Change things
&
Heads will
Roll
Into the gutters
Flowers will grow
In the mud
Of a new morning

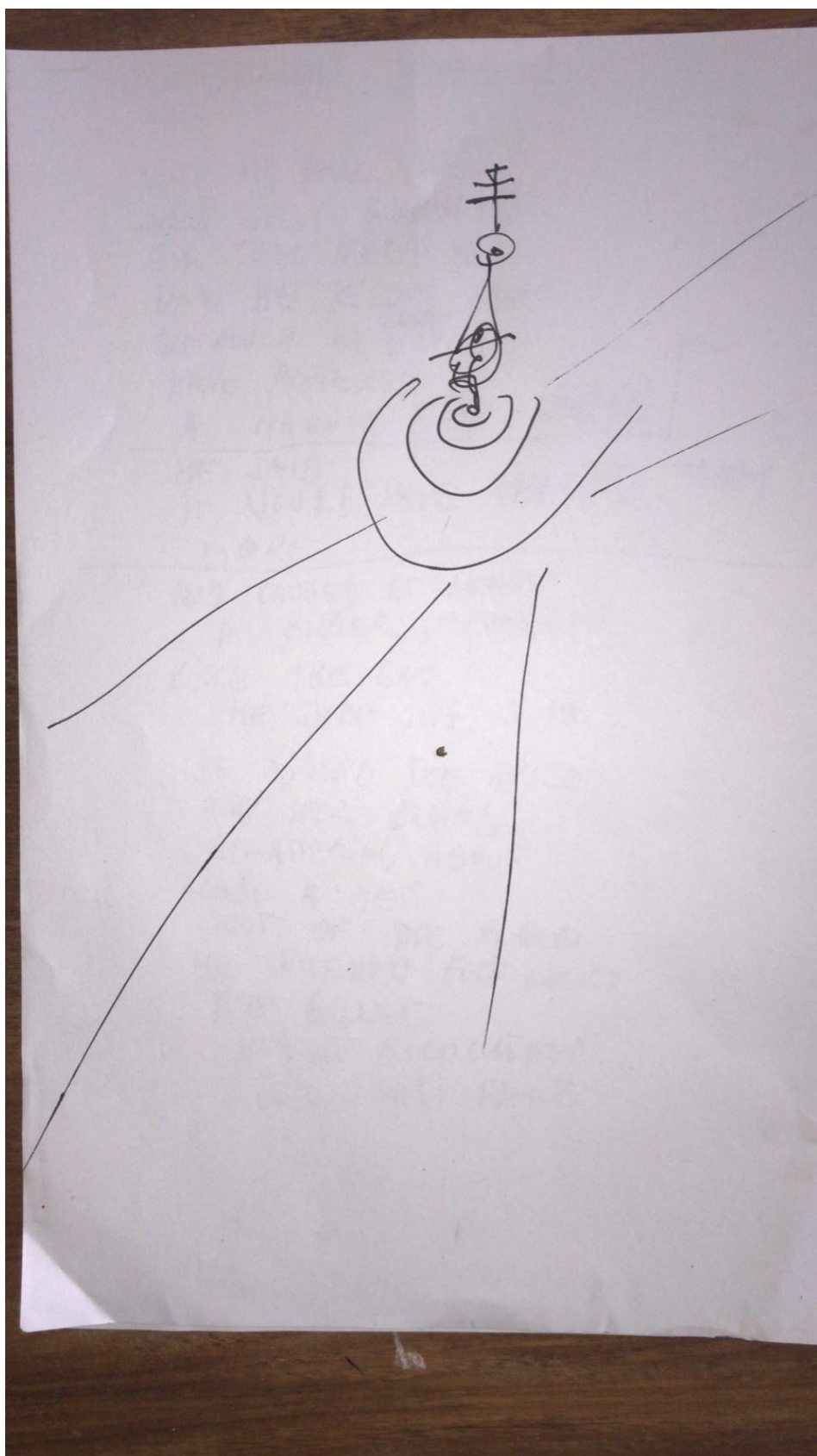
People

People are me
People are you
Don't know who they are
But they think what they should do
People get fat
People are thin
Some work for their moral
Some work just to sin
People get dirty
People get clean
& Everyone is devoted
To the sex & money machine
People know nothing
But think they know it all
After they rise
You will see how they fall
People can be stupid
People can get mad
When they get too cruel
Everyone will be sad
People they lie, betray
& pretend they are hard

Think they are brave
& can't assume they are bad
People they know
About the others they control
Think they've got no problem
In breakin the bones
& stealin the souls
Of people just like them
Who wanna fall in love
Wanna have a worth
Who die after giving birth
People are nasty
And when they get mean
They get into war
For their religion machine
People can open & close the doors
Kill mother and - brothers
In a civil wars
People are rich
People are poor
No matter what they've got
They'll always want more
People make people
So don't ask for more

*"Where ever
There is
People
There
Is trouble"*

(Eric Burden)



Holy ground

You fuckin stage
My holy ground
You only let me
Get you
With my sound

I shed some blood
On your dirty floors
People loved it
They screamed for more

I made you tremble
You shook me more
Lost myself
Felt like a whore

But you led me
Down to my core

The fucking lights
Right in my face
I can't see nothing

But I know my place

Right up here
On the fucking stage
Where I am standing up
Showing disgrace
Just for you
It shall be true
For me a fake

That's why you pay
To get into the place

I got some power
Got some sound
So you shut up
& Better watch out
Cause at this hour
This is holy ground

Not even tinkers
Are allowed around
When I plant my golden arse
Into the scene

It doesn't shimmer
Cause it ain't clean

A subversive object
Puking up
Some deranged (lost coins)
From the money machine
And there's applause
And there is passion
Until some nerd
Declares a fashion
Calls up a manager
To get some cash in

I will not listen to myself
Don't wanna hear your talk
There is no conversation
No signs on the board
- No screechy chalk

I shall listen to the music
Pumping into my ears
Free to take a walk
Absolved of my fears

Digging into nothing
Floating on my fears

Diving into all the noise
We call music

So let's let it go
Light up a flame
Worship me goddesses
You will get to know
Cause they are singing
Cannonizing
The holy ground
For you
So please gain some respect
For them too

Because they are
Cannonizing holy ground for you

Death playground

Come on
Get yer gun - this is fun
Bring your tank
To this desert
Be a punk
Rape your mother
Kill yer child
We'll sell you the weapons
To go wild

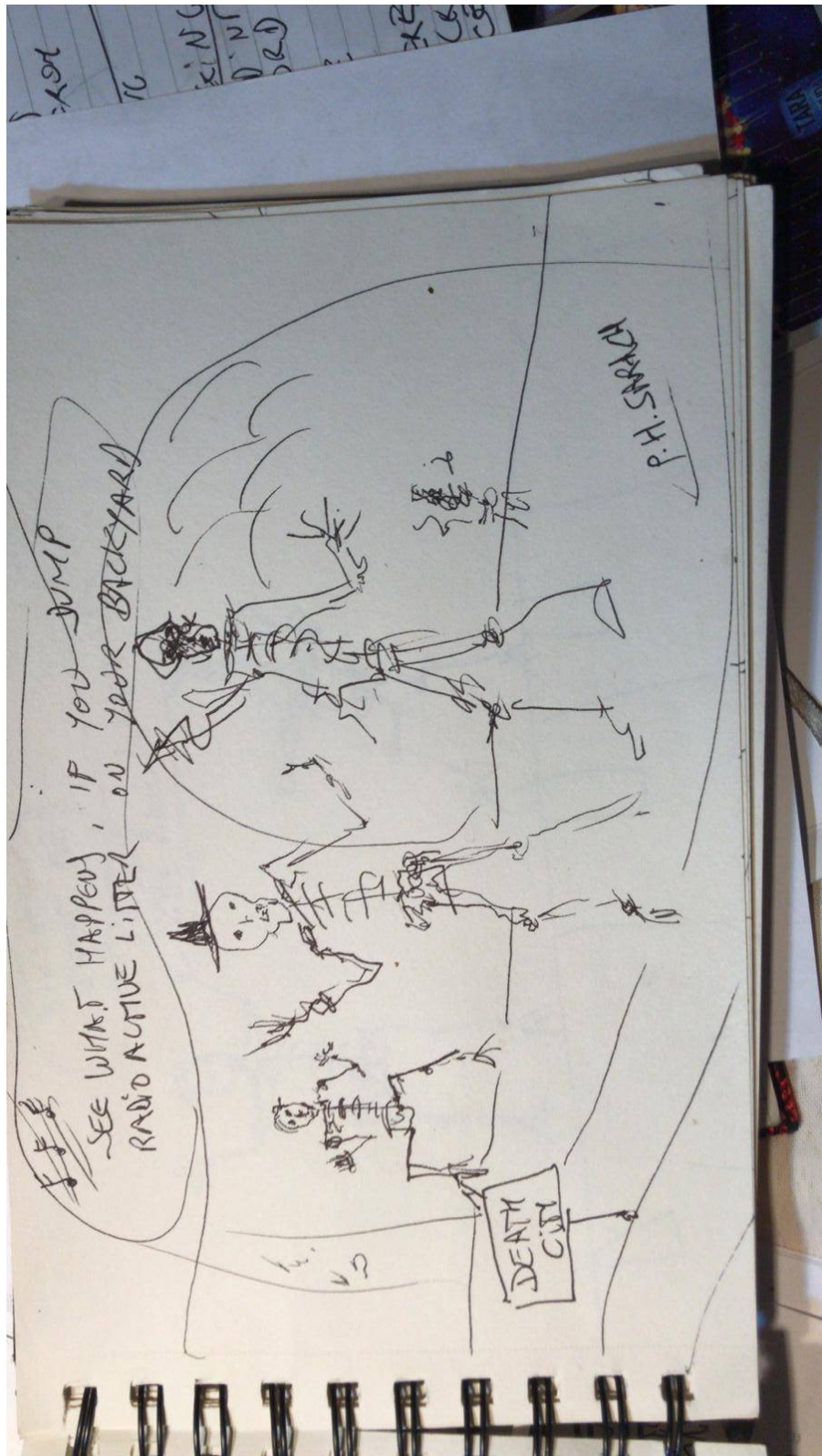
Welcome
To death - playground
I know you'll love
The bomb sound

Buy our uniforms
Soak them
In blood
Get some money
Buy some love

Enter the village
Commit the massacre
Put Micky mouse on yer tank
Enjoy your homicide Disneyland
Your cesspool
May become a tank
& Iron slack
Leaving
The odor
Of Napalm &
All that is left after
Attack

(Dedicated to
be sung out loud in f sharp
combined with the speech of Greta
Thrunberg in uno speech)





Don't pick up the phone

You don't pick up
The phone for me
I know you don't like
My liberty
Cause I sold it
To the drugs
That should
Set me free
Apparently
People say
That they can see
That too much
Of them
Are destroying me
But sincerely & currently
They are creeping
All over me

I won't pick up the phone
For you
Cause you're into
Too much things

I don't wanna do
Like talking to people
About who is who
And I can't understand
What you wanna do
So I don't give a fuck
As I got some drugs to do
But suddenly, currently
They're not only creeping
All over me
Now everyone is right into me

But when they're all gone
Cause we kicked them all out
Please pick up the phone
Cause I'm waiting
For your call
Now, pick up the phone
I need it all

No one invited you

This ain't your party
This ain't easy
& This ain't really cool
My friends are so called
And they ain't nice
Ain't no bitch
Lying by the swimming pool
You won't like the stuff
That we chew
& you won't like
The sound we do
& All of the trouble
We will bring up too

So take my advice - No need to be nice
There won't be pity - only ice
No one will feel sorry
For you - cause you are too stupid
And you think that you should worry
You better get the fuck out of here
Hurry, hurry
No one invited you

So don't complain - cause we're insane
So shut the fuck up
No one invited you

The easy job

They offered a salary
A future a world to see
They gave me a haircut
And some weapons for free
They gave me a slick uniform
Shiny medals for everyone to see
They taught me their discipline
In exchange to remain free

I'm gonna join the military
And if I can't kill you
You can kill me
Dead victims is all I see
The bones remain
That float on the sea

They sent me to a desert (place)
With a powder to blow it up easily
They taught me the technique
To destroy everything immediately
My instructions for chaos
The definition of violence

well, it all shall be

So don't blame it on me
I just need the money
To feed my family
I shall kill you
So you can kill me

Williams confession

With my bare hands!
Said Willy Burroughs
Ask they asked him
How he killed them
Although he would
Have preferred
A magnum Smith & Wesson

He said
It would have thrilled them
More
And caused at least
A bigger impression
Like the day
He shot his wife
He missed the apple
And her brains
Splattering about
Made a mess
Out of the place
He somehow felt lucky
The bullet

Hadn't ricocheted
Into his face

Don't touch my nigga bro

They lynched my
Black bro
In the broad daylight
Not some white nazy mob
It was four cops
That swore to work & protect
& Respect our human rights
How could they dare
To put their
Fat white knees
For seven minutes
On the Throat of
An innocent man
For all he had done
Was to pay with a
Faked twenty dollar bill
Maybe he didn't know
That the money wasn't good
Only a man
Fighting to survive
In his own neighbourhood
It was just a fake

Twenty dollar bill
And no fuckin reason
Cause this man was good
And not to be killed

I shall vomit

When all the famous
Loaded cunts
Are doing their
Benefit concerts
& I shall puke again
When I see those
Bastards
Milking their own
Sick sort of proudness
Planting their
Pseudo humanistic
Bullshit
Into their own
Faked
Promiscuous
Promotion world
Of I save ya
Fuck all - you are my Fans

Buy the stupid
Arsehole - you believe it
That I am concerned

About you
Getting fucked all over
From us
The providence, prominent
in brackets famous
I save your fuckin
Poor slave life
Bonos, Mc Cartneys
And stoned stone
Ya alls
Get a fucking grip
& A gun
& Don't believe the hype
I will throw up again
If you wanna try
To be my fans

What you're gonna do

I'm gonna buy California
I told you
You know that I warned ya
I'm gonna grab it
And I'm gonna take it
Home yeah
Well you know I live in Katmandoo
So...what you're gonna do

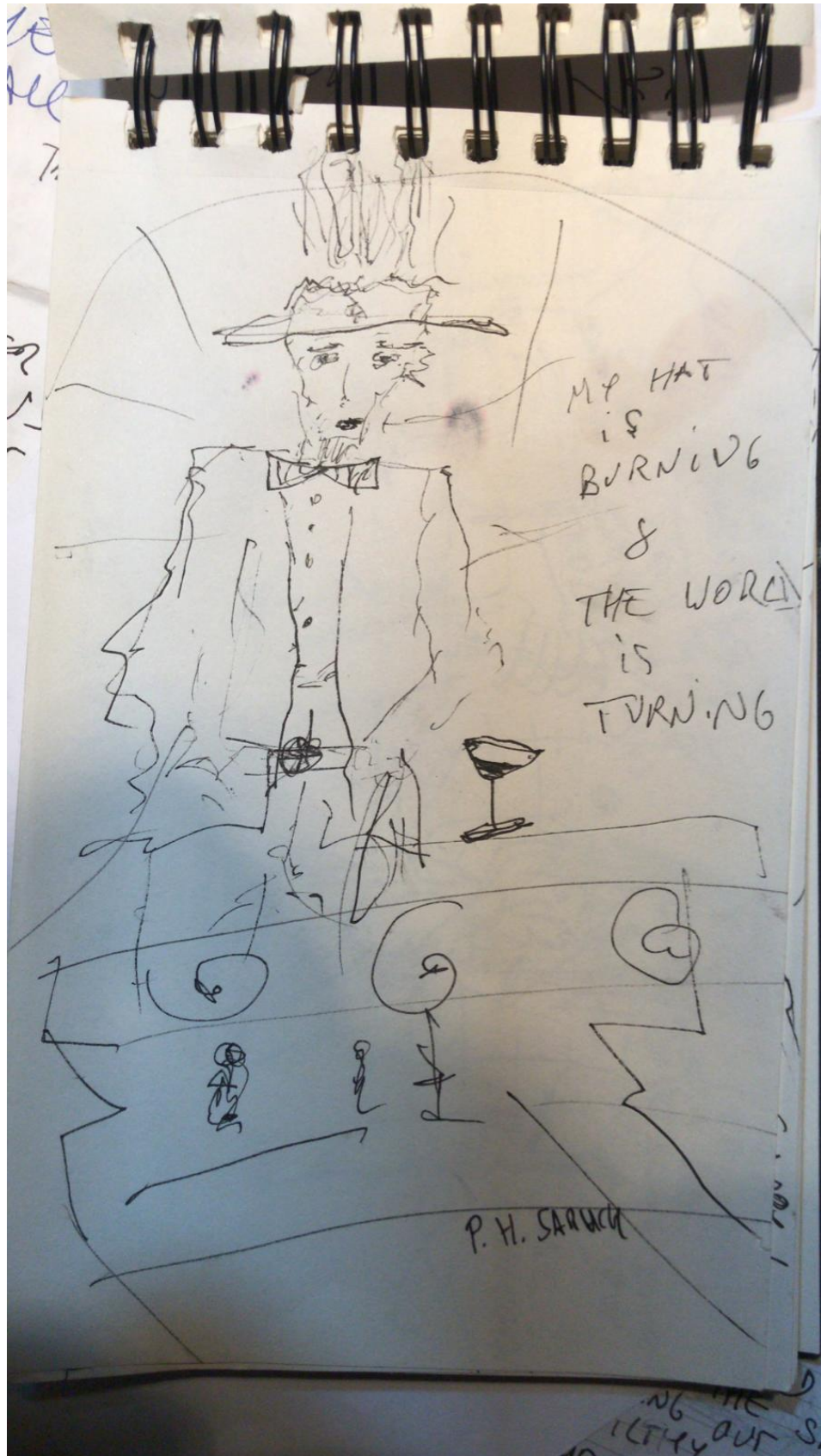
I think I'm gonna ditch Arkansas
And I'll buy me
A brand new Chinese whore
That sort of bitch
You never ever saw

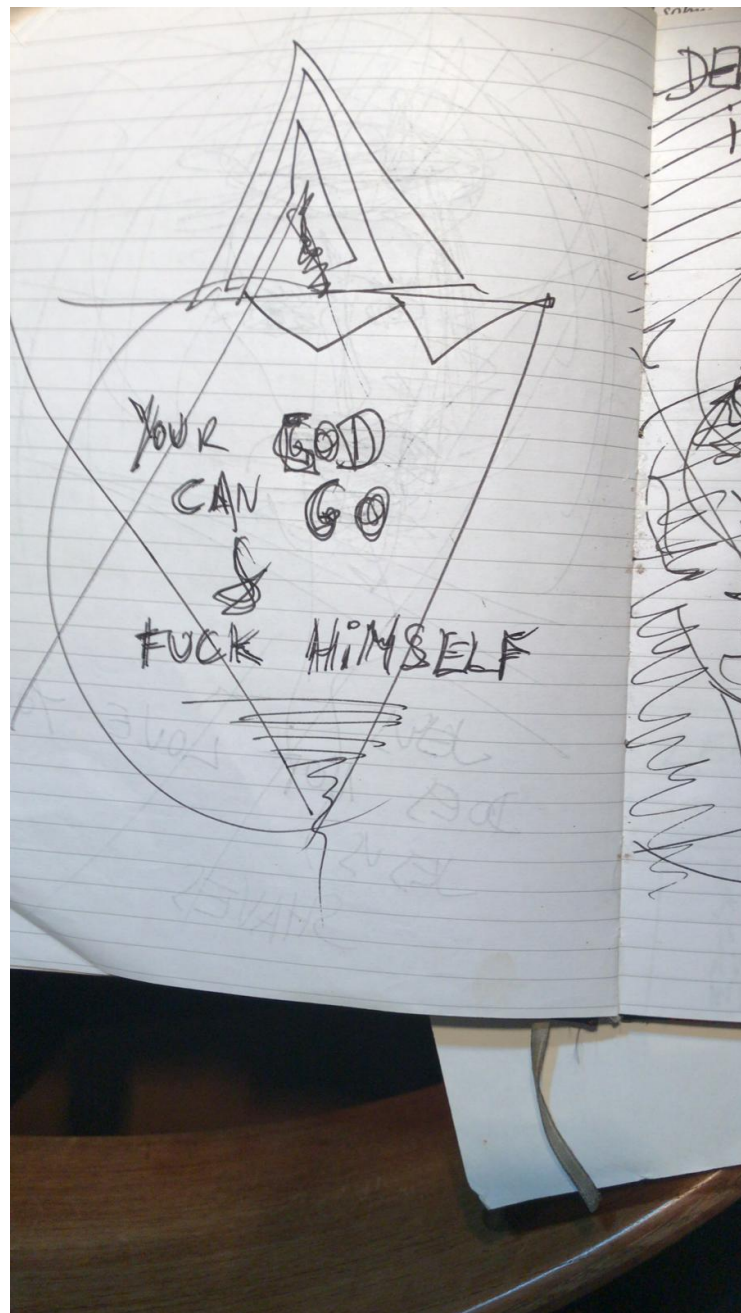
You can call up the police
& You can talk to the law
But you can't
Proove it
Cause these are things
Nobody ever saw

So what you're gonna do
So what you're gonna do
Ooh, Ooh Ooh
If I take it all away
From you

I am gonna blow up
The ugly buildings
The ones
You have planted
Into your shitty city
I don't blame ya
But I don't feel pity

Sorry
Me too
I am feeling pretty shitty
In your ugly city





'Thank God I'm an atheist!'
Luis Bunuel

Hitler is dead

Hitler is dead
You stupid Germans
Why is he still
Walking in your head
Himmler is gone
Why are you still
Talking about the dead
If all what survives is the waffen-ss
Yeah you can still go
To all your recent funerals
And masturbate
But it will take a long time
To get rid of the erection
You're about to create

So you wanna legalize
Mein kampf
Make up plenty of lies & footnotes
About the worthless message
Of these fucking nazi cunts
Make some money
Like Hugo boss & Siemens

Your fucking third reich
We know you sold it to the Americans
So go and feed
These stupid academic *(Leaches/
suckers/ vampires)*
With all the blood
They shed
If you wanna keep
These rusting memories
In your head

I don't even know
Why it's still singing about you
It must be about something
That you still do
Sieg heil & fuck you (8 times)
You stupid
Motherfuckers
& Cock sucking imbeciles
You should know
We are thru
With all of your shit
You're telling us
And no way

We're gonna do
Sieg heil - idiot
Fuck you - idiots
You poor brain drenched fool

Problem is not The Problems



Parental advisory

This is still Rock 'n' Roll.
So shut the fuck up.

Four letter words have been used
So if ya don't like them
Fuck off and steal a Bible in some
Hotel room.