

Until You Comply (including Entropy)

Beardfish

There is a storm that's been
following me throughout my life
It holds my tears -
keeps me from crying
And there's a light piercing through
the dark clouds as I walk on by
Keeping my distance -
stay in the shadows

My inner voices
calls me a fiend of sex and drink
I just don't care, don't want to go anywhere
I'm content

Right here at home I travel places
Where no man has gone before
I love the world within myself
Let me go on a journey inside

Sometimes I feel a strange longing within
that breaks me down
something is calling me out
But there is the light
piercing through
the dark clouds as I try to hide
sun is the devil...

My inner voices calls me a coward
what a laugh
They feel no pain,
they want to go everywhere,
take control

outside my door everything's different
people are walking by with hollow faces,
Nobody's saying a word
I want to see life, now that I'm here,
I ask for directions but nobody cares
I hear the city - footsteps, a car
A girl is singing "Tambourine Man"
while strumming a guitar
she has the answers, she holds the key
Just talk to me in music and
I guarantee you
I will listen...

I can't help wondering things like
What's Bob Dylan doing now?
Is he at home, eating a big bowl of corn flakes
Just like I will, later on
when I return back home
Oh no, I shouldn't think that way,
What will my inner voices say?
Standing on a row, facing me

"We're here to tell you
how to think and feel

And most of all to keep you in the line
and show you what to do
We'll just say: no! without a reason why
We'll fuck you over and over again
'til you comply"

In the city park they all spring to life
And although it's getting dark,
we feel the sun caressing our skin
in a yellow tone,
A last goodbye for now, tonight,
For tomorrow comes once more
that harsh morning light
The dying orchestra, frantically playing now
to the bizarre scenery
of a thousand naked bodies in a pit of flesh,
Fucking to the bombastic warfare
of the "valkyrie"
And it goes a little bit something like this...

could I be blind
To the fact that we are all one
All a part of this big vibrant whole
citizens of the ant farm
My thoughts are me
But they spin out of control

And I feel estranged
Are we all wannabes?
oh so hot and cool, ah feared
and at the same time loved
making blatant attempts to fit in
There is nothing living left
Life is a long queue to the urinal

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how to think and feel
And most of all to keep you in the line and
show you what to do
We'll just say "no!" without a reason why
We'll fuck you over and over, again
'til you comply"