

Recto 1

this is
'ghost hour'
here I am
I can't stay
all my life
Here you are
your dreams and fears
your smiles and tears
a sly touch at times
it's clockworks, Juliet...
There's no one here but us !
No one here but us
there's no one here but us
no one here but us, and
Wim Mertens' songs

There's no one here but us,
No one here but us... (07/95)

➤ My Time Warp

there's a pawnshop in a back street
where humans leave odd memories
there's a signboard on the pavement
it reads : "we can make you re-
member things you'll never live"
There's an old man in the pawnshop
One day he turned on me and said :
"I know what you're looking for,
some memories of ... a past"
... he's living in a time warp
... he's living in a time warp
I know I've been there before
in quest of identity.
There's a photo in a glass ball
of a lady and a young boy
light flickered in the old man's eyes
he said : "one would call her mother,
whether 'they' 'd believe it or not ..."

His sister, she's a rose from Dublin
she'd dress like Mary Queen of Scots, and
though she knew that hopes die last
she left her future in someone's past
... he's living in a time warp
... he's living in a time warp
I know what he's waiting for
a dream to pass through the night.
There's a pawnshop in a back street
where humans buy odd memories
there's a notice in the window
it reads : "used emotions sale,
reasonable price guaranteed."
There's an old man in the pawnshop
his heart and soul remain in Dublin
he knows what 'we' need it's called
an 'affective memory'...
There's an old queen in the pawnshop
his sister, she's a rose from Dublin
she says : "haven't we met before ?
In quest of eternity..." (10-11/97)

All songs recorded live



➤ Isolation

this is life, conscious inside... Me
no memories, or time to remember
no innocence, or lead to regret
no conscience, or sensations left
when darkness comes, and lit "children play"
For all this time spent to wonder if...
and all those dreams that we left aside
and all the hopes that we left untold
and all (the) emotions we left unspoken
This is isolation...
And silence, silence like... loss
that left us, torn and empty
no Glory, or Power to take
no Kingdom, or shadows to wake
no white light, or near "Heaven's Gate"
just silence, silence the Law
For all the things that we left unseen
and all the moves that we left undone
and all the love that we left unsaid
and all those moments we left unlivd
This is isolation...
There is no Absolution...
This is Absolute
Absolute (05/01)

➤ Dreams, Inc.

we learned dreams in schools of thought
playing games of Innocent
trying hard not to deceive, then
loved ones said we'd compromise
and tore our wings - away
we sought objects of desire
finding art as only shelter
sealing friendships with ideals
growing sure and uncontrolled
and faced their world - unbound

All they want is your submission
all they want is your subjection
all they want is ghosts of the past
all they want is dreams to pass on
...In this life of great confusion
where one would hide in someone else's past
we were given no chance to succeed, and become
someone we could've been proud of as a child
And in this disenchanted world of theirs
where there's no place for lasting emotions
I sought you, and under the oak tree
you sold me, and I sold you
Sometimes we would question things
living a still life, and by proxy
a dream of techniques renders, a
dream of a still society
We spend life in factories
making things that no one needs
raising children to beliefs
of systems of modern slavery
that burned our souls - away
All they want is your corruption
all they want is your perversion
all they want is rip your heart out
all they want is life to pass by
All they want is your submission
all they want is your delusion
all they want is tear your soul down
all they want is wreck your dreams apart
All they want is used emotions
all they want is tricked innocence
all they want is ghosts of a child
all they want is waste your life away
Dreams, incorporated
Dreams, incorporated. (10-11/01)



