

Recto 2

we question in
mechanics of Joy”
I’m moving
I’m on the screen
I’m talking
oh... so obscene !
I’m thinking : “it’s the
Forgiveness of Life...”
I still need it,
mechanics of... Joy

(02/97)

➤ *This Device*

it was so insecure...
nothing could help us then...
those sirens on the wall...
blue collars talking in a low voice...
hum... all stories for sure...
Yellowed photographs by the bed...
oh... it must have been years...
and then something broke down... - only
a few steps away from me...
and this device I call ‘you’
lies dreamless in this room...
and now I’ve no one to love.
Hey... why should I ever renounce ?
I’ve been waiting here for days...
here by this device I call ‘you’.
...I have this awkward complex
I am your ‘life operator’...
I saw the ‘dream police’ today
they said that you died years ago in the crash
there’s so much love of
no object in me tonight...
I wish I could be with you,
running in the rain, like before...
We were so innocent...
or maybe just ‘wrong’...
I wish I could be like them all...
if only I could feel... like me.

Hey... the alarm’s been ringing for days and days
me I don’t know who I should love...
here by this device they call ‘You’

(04/96)

➤ *20th Century Rust*

...if we were young, and sure of us
if we were young...
...if we were young, and sure of us
20th Century rust...
Here come the men with the Guns
here come the wounded heroes
here come the war memorials
that curse that ‘Total Age’
Here come the men with the Brains
whole countries out on the dole
hunger and mass production
I hear the wire’s song, it says :
“...if we were young, and sure of us
if we were young...
...if we were young, and sure of us
20th Century rust...”
Here come the men with the Dream
office towers on the moon
that great ‘American smile’
a Brave New World’ ahead
Here come the men with the Greed
they’re killing much more than life
they’re killing the principle
of life in itself, and say :
“...if we were young, and sure of us
if we were young...
...if we were young, and sure of us
20th Century rust...”
20th Century rust

(08/89-11/96)

➤ *Animas*

stay with me, here, stay with me,
I feel so wry

➤ *The Machines*

the machine-town broke down
the machine-brain struck
the machines ‘hum’ died down
like a breath, the humming died – down
The machine-nurse switched off
the machine-god blinked – out
the dream machine fell quiet
the god-machine stopped – here
She says :
“slaves to them, are we slaves to them ?
all those wasted years, can you feel the pain ?”
she says :
“fools to play, aren’t we fools to play ?
all those devious games, just make me slip
[away...”
she says : “han...” She says : “...”
The life-machine broke down
the die-machine’s wrecked
the machines ‘pump’ died down
like a heartbeat, the pumping died – down
The Earth-machine dies out
the god machine turns – off
the time machine seized up
the machines god stopped – here
She says :
“slaves to them, are we slaves to them ?
all those wasted years, can you feel the pain ?”
she says :
“fools to play, aren’t we fools to play ?
all those vicious games, just make me slip
[away...”
she says : “han...” She says : “...” (08/89)

➤ *Dream Deceiver*

we are so exposed
our memories have been fixed
we left dated dreams

stored in a back street shop
we are so exposed
there’s nothing I can do now
except believe in you
and that’s so uncertain
We are so exposed
a slim chance to take
the Factory’s closed
the mechanic’s late
we are so exposed
have I told you how
she would turn me out,
when ‘Touch’ came she said :
“isn’t it strange
how your design has changed
no ‘universal device
identity request”
she said :
“I felt that before
with a wild ‘Nexus 5’, hum...
that quest for emotions
leaves you barely alive”
she said...
We are so exposed
the State Police is watching
they could spot our thoughts
if we dared to doubt
we are so exposed
odd photographs in our coats
our friends ?! they’ve all had it !
damaged beyond repair...
We are so exposed
we’ve been there too long
the Factory’s closed
the mechanic’s gone
we are so exposed
in time, I recall
how she’d turn me on