

Markus Apitius – Golden Parachute

Sleeping with Juliet

So you wanna be with the beautiful people tonight.
So you're gonna give in to your Juliet's sweet compromise.

Oh, you weep in silence when all is said and done.
Oh, you wait in silence, and you just won't carry on.

So you're gonna sleep
with all the wonderful people 'round here.
So you're gonna give up
as your friends' names escape you down here.

Oh, you weep in silence...

Golden Parachute

With Nielsen ratings on your mind,
your soundbites are on the air all the time.
You sound so balanced and look so fine,
very impressive with suit and tie. Oh my!

You preach free markets for people like me.
Your golden parachute is all we see
as you jump ship and leave the crowd behind
to deal with your mess, and you won't pay a fine.
Sign of the times!

If I had a say in it I wouldn't let you get off so easily.
But powers that be provide you with a social security
you've denied to people like me, people like me.

You've sold your soul to everyone but me.
I can't afford it so I'd better leave
and dream of leisurely holding hands
and what I would like to do about you.
That's true!

If I had a say in it...

Sweet sedation for the nation:
Doodoodoodoo...

Shipwrecked

Street lights, bright nights calling out to me.
Fish swim, birds fly, still you tell me I'm free.

First you hold me so dear, allow me so near,
And then push me away.
Time is always too short to find a new port
In the light of day.

Starlight, bright & white, much too close to see.
The shipwreck's shadows are closing in on me.

First you hold me so dear, allow me so near,
And then push me away.
Time is always too short to find a new port
In the light of day.

Lucky Lucy

Lucky Lucy will always get away with that,
Lucky Lucy will never have to pay for that.

Yeh, she gets it all for free.
There's no one I'd rather be with.
There's no mystery when you're still too young
to compare and to see that everyone wants to be
without a care in the world, without a care in the world.

Tesla Wonders

11 telephones sold without a single call
and a bunch of germs on every wall.
And so many neighbours are strangers,
strange to me, strange to you, strange to...
We count to 3, which seems so disturbing to me.
If only I could hide in plain sight on your shelf
and Tesla wonders, Tesla wonders.

„I've heard there's life on Mars 'cause I can talk to stars -
flashes before my eyes.
And if you let me try I'll paint what's on your mind
beyond this wall of light.
Utopia, I'm nearly there!“

Once there was lab fire in 1895 In New York on 5th avenue.
80 trunks have gone missing,
and now the FBI is looking for Pandora's smile.

In my dreams I always come back to this place
where streets beyond streets make up my perceived reality
of Tesla wonders, Tesla wonders.

Mighty Murdoch

We've all stopped reading
'cause we have seen the truth in the eyes
of your disciples.
It's so convenient to join your side.

Tell me beautiful lies...

Oh, mighty Murdoch,
please, tell us what we are to believe.
We've scrapped the altars
to make more room for our LCDs.

Tell me beautiful lies...

Rebuild our world in black & white.
Only the meek are forced to live with compromise.

Tell me beautiful lies...

Who wants to share the world?
We follow your every word.
We've survived rock'n roll still leading in the poll.
Who wants to share the world?
Who wants to share?

My Short Attention Span

The new face of rock'n roll -
it does sound pretty old.
One more decade,
now, so what else is there to try?

Another hyped career,
the flavour of the year,
the answer seems so clear
when I've had too much beer.

Oh, tell me what it means.
I'm too slow to really understand.
Yeh, you know I have to lose control
just to cope with my short attention span.
I don't understand,
So, please, be kind.

There's no music on the radio
but vinyls on your stereo -
so many songs to sing,
and yet more to make me cry.

A full moon on a summer night,
so, let's all stay outside.
Pick up my life
and watch me shiver when you're gone.

Oh, tell me what it means...

Catherine From A Distance

Catherine, I haven't seen you for quite some time.
I hope everything went the way you hoped it would.

Outside in the cold air the winter nights are slow.
When I feel the distance I watch your shadow grow.

When we meet, I think that the world hasn't
changed that much.
Each of us still is attached to his favourite crutch.

Outside in the cold air...

Our seemingly endless hope
that each seed holds for change and growth.

Just one life to cope with each casual tragedy
which strike when we thought we have
found a remedy.

Still out in the cold air...

Our seemingly endless hope
that each end holds for change and growth.

Epiphany 74

Through cracks crawl shades of pink.
A moment it takes to blink once more.
Time to waste my time again:
"Angel, please, come and talk to me."

As the 3rd eye opened I felt a pounding in my head.
You are what you see without a chance of playing dead.
Even cynics have to dream:
The empire never ended,
It always wakes & takes & schemes.

Xavier, mon ami, tu n'as pas compris -
With your x-ray eyes you saw beyond the skies.
Well, our sane years are gone.
An old familiar song from Brother John
embraced the way that I feel when not too much is real.
Yet, now I know which parts should heal, my son.

It's all preserved in circles down below.
Their steady movements escape the way our media flow.
The impeached president's victory sign -
we were too high to realise...

With a little help from the ice-blue wishing well
you promise yourself to be a good boy from now on.
But still you need to feed on alien substances,
your only hope to escape the worn-out treadmill you call
HOME (a quick and unforeseen death looms).

That painful light inside my head
shines like an old tormented sun.
You sick and sleepless child, so, stay inside,
Roll with the punches, stay ahead
before you consider suicide.
You piece of lead rolling down the martyrs' pit,
rolling down the martyrs' pit.

With all our safety nets and desperate attempts
there's still the ghost that leads the madman's hand.
Who will step aside and hope to understand?

Phantom Pain

Now I'm a part of you as you are a part of me.
What if I would have stumbled on
without your saving grace?

I know, the phantom pain
might have driven me insane,
Longing for something I'd have never known
Without a chance to share.

Everyone Wants To Be Without A Care In The World

Everyone wants to be without a care in the world.
As we cross the ocean we're all alone out at sea.
But everyone wants to be without a care in the world.