

Addicted To Self-Destruction

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

*Trough the eyes of other people I destroy myself.
Through the mind of an other god I destroy my thoughts.
In my world of darkness and cold searching for the truth,
in my world of sorrow and pain I suffer my love.*

Addicted to you. Addicted to self-destruction.

*I fall deeply into the gullet of my love's beast. My dirk of
doubts frazzles my thoughts: 'Let me rest in peace!' The
darkness encloses my heart: Only a cadaver. But I can
not stop letting run my blood down my arms.*

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*Darkness kills myself. Life of agony. Bound in a ring of
black. Blood runs down my arms.*

*Beneath the scythe of reality my hope's bending down.
In the shade of a fear to loose I deface myself. Martyred
by the taste of truth my blood runs down into the pool of
my blood-red self-destruction.*

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Suffocated inside

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No idea what is inside. Silence pats my skin gladly: No idea what is inside. It encloses my cold body like a creeping filthy lie. It covers my inner hidden chaos with a thick rotten crust that takes away my air that suffocates me inside.

In that library of my pain I keep my memories. I hold them on in my hands intoxicated by their smell. They enclose my thin throat like a cutting cord, that lays itself down around to steal my fearful breathes.

Caught inside, inside my cell, beneath my skin. I'm caught in chaos. Suffocated, dead inside. I will never appear again.

I forgot to break out. You took my memories. That suction inside takes away my breaths. I suffer. I break down. I perish. I keep all the pain inside my cell like a bomb until it explodes. I sit down in front of my agony expecting a slow cruel death.

Caught inside, inside my cell, beneath my skin, caught in chaos. Suffocated, dead inside. I will never appear again.

So I lie down bound myself in that dark cell inside. I'm damned to sit in here lost inside my closed corps. Only you can rescue me. Only your hands can take away this cold deep emptiness I cling on since I locked up myself inside. No idea what is inside.

Cell No. 10

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

An undead paradise. Silent clocks live their dream beneath this frail world in an unfound darkness. Edged on by this faith to reach a paradise caught between steel stanchions. Their prophets preach this number. Every hour it strikes ten.

An unfree loneliness burns our identity out of our souls. Faceless, with an ignorant smile they beat their time in loneliness with no ending, buried alive forever in unbroken silence.

Cell no. 10: An undead paradise we try to find on our lonely paths.

And I entered the cell: Nothing to hear. And I looked in their eyes: Nothing to see. And I touched their skin: Nothing to feel. This cell became a paradise with its believers buried alive.

In the escape of the frail light, drowned in the eternity, we forgot how love tastes, how words smell, how light pats, how an ending could uncage.

Cell no. 10: An undead paradise we try to find on our lonely paths.

And I entered the cell: Nothing to hear. And I looked in their eyes: Nothing to see. And I touched their skin: Nothing to feel. This cell became a paradise with its slaves.

Died With A Lullaby

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

Lying on the bloody soil of its last breathes, a corps tells his last whispers. Encased in a crawling darkness, memories cleave through his closing eyes. They enter an aseptic room and a silent cradle sways its whisper:

Two hands full of pride and ignorance, the cold embrace of a bleeding priest, it made us whisper in this forgotten chamber, once a temple of shine and loneliness.

Dying foetuses rise up from their graves. Mouths full of tears they blow their fears away in agony out in the night. Hands full of pride and ignorance held a weapon of pain.

And then: Tears and a blinking gun felt out of the silence. A whisper clamps on the void of the incubator. White turns black slowly fading. And a symphonic chorus paints the erstwhile temple in a blood-red dark:

Two hands full of pride and ignorance, the cold embrace of a bleeding priest it made us whisper in this forgotten chamber, once a temple of shine and loneliness.

I hear kids marching in the nursery and military marches shout out of a music box. Little hands form a prayer. And the cross of a foreign hate lies on their shoulders. Slaves of their own existence cry their hopeless whisper out in this aseptic world.