

Odyssey

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

*Within skyscrapers' darkness a girl is wandering.
Pushed out of her cradle. An odyssey in front of her
eyes.*

*What do you think she hears? What do you think she
sees? What do you think she hears shouting into deaf
ears? What do you think she sees with her innocent
eyes?*

*Apart from numb faces she is walking with parents made
of stone and steel. Apart from a future she is dreaming
away.*

Epigone Inc.

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

Heads with noses and mouths, with hair and eyes are transported on a production line. Peering for some light they're brought to life in file: To a shine they cannot see anymore.

Here they come: the epigones. No identity, just fragile copies living like a memory of their own prototype.

Nor dead or living they wander around a world of freedom, which never will exist. No home, no family they are sliding over a world of ghosts which never has existed.

Here they come: the epigones. No identity, just fragile copies living like a memory of their own prototype.

'Made in China' is labelled on their front. A commodity made out of flesh. A pair of eyes which never saw the sun. A pair of hands which never shook an other one.

To the beat of the machines: moving their bodies, turning their faces, speaking their tongue while mechanic arms hold their babies and a tinny lullaby is sounding in their ears.

Here they come: the epigones. No identity, just fragile copies living like a memory of their own prototype.

The Decision

Musik: Sheephead
Text: Benjamin Lipp

Poisoned rivers pervade through a scorched barren land. And at their banks children are waiting for the march, the march into uncertainty. The burning sun is blinding their eyes. They are dying in a forgotten desert. It's our neglect.

A thousand voices in the air. They're searching for a reason. But nobody seems to hear these children among us.

That chorus, these eyes pull us with entreaty. Those pictures of a future are all in our hands. That abyss of a world we tear open.

The children rise from their purulent knees to spend their time on their bloody feet. They've become a species of condemned men carrying the burden to be born.

A thousand voices in the air. They're searching for a reason. But nobody seems to hear those children aside.