

## **The Little Girl**

Now it's time, time to take me by the hand and lead me to the place where I definitely not wanna be  
*"No there's no sun shining through"*  
*"No there's no sun shining"*

## **Little Girl**

I still dream about  
To lay my head  
Into your lap

Like a unicorn  
Lays it's head  
Into the virgin's lap

But I'm not a creature of fantasy  
I'm real and my deeds are real  
Apart from my fantasies

Take me by the hand - lead me - show me  
Help me to realize  
What and who I really am

## **Lost Poem: LS Not Necessarily Means Light Speed (2. Version)**

The speed of light  
Fastest possible speed

Vicky, Laika, Rika, Nelia, Tanya.....  
Did you liked it?  
What has became of you?

African, Thai, Chinese, Filipino, Indian.....girl  
You not liked it - quite certain!  
What has become of you!

Such a little girl - Daisy  
They destroyed you!  
Killed you mentally!  
Months old!

Should you look aside?  
or  
Should you look carefully?

Why we are able to do such things?  
Would I

## **Dark Side**

*And if I show you my dark side  
Will you still hold me tonight?  
And if I open my heart to you  
And show you my weak side  
What would you do?  
(Pink Floyd, The Final Cut)*

That doesn't matter!

You have to - you know!  
You have to - you know!

So, welcome to my dark side!  
Welcome!

## **Hard Candy**

There's a phrase in Germany:  
As long as there're slaughterhouses,  
There will be battlefields!  
In German this is a kind of wordplay:  
Schlachthöfe - Schlachtfelder

Hard Candy  
What do you expect from a world -  
A world like this?  
Hard Candy

Do you hear the birds in the morning?  
Do you see the stars shining in the night?  
Do you hear the child crying in the brothel?  
Do you see the child despair of being?

Hard Candy  
Hey, hey, hey ,hey, hey, hey  
Do you see the beauty of this world?  
Hard Candy

## **Hard Candy**

Try it, it's sweet!  
So incredibly sweet - taste it!  
You will crave for it!  
It's a drug!  
Enjoy it!

She don't like it!  
That makes me even more horny!  
Bitch!  
Fuck her!  
Let her cry!

Like her tears!  
How nice her fearful face!  
She's begging!  
Swallow!  
Fuckmeat!

Why?

## **Hard Candy**

Pretty Baby - Louis Malle - Brooke Shields  
What a fucking corrupt movie!  
How happy she is!  
After her defloration - her first fuck job!

What a nice movie for every "child lover" - sooo nice!  
How about a bit reality?  
Oh, sorry, I not wanna disturb you!  
Sorry for my discourtesy!

Isn't it confusing?  
Everybody knows it - nobody cares  
*If everyone cared*  
*Then we'd see the day, when nobody died*  
At least one day without this shit!

*(Nickelback, If Everyone Cared)*

## **Hard Candy**

*The Candy Man*  
*The Candy Man can*  
*The Candy Man can cause*  
*(Sammy Davis Jr., The Candy Man)*

Candy Man, Candy Man, Candy Man, Candy Man, Candy Man  
Tell me, what's good for me!  
Tell me, that I'm fine!  
Tell me, that I'm your shine!  
Tell me, that I please you with my smile!  
Tell me, that you love me for that what I'm!

All I'm dreaming about is  
To please you  
To give you a good time  
To make you satisfied  
To be your one and only  
To be your little gem

Doesn't matters what I

## **Hard Candy**

*The Dark Side Of The Moon*  
The Dark Side Of Me  
*There is no dark side of the moon really.*  
Really?

How much I desire embracing you!  
Please, tell me that you're fine!  
I know, that's a lie!  
So often said now:  
Lie to me!  
But otherwise, I don't know how to handle it!  
But otherwise, I don't know how to bear this world!

Hard Candy -  
Only a word!  
Hard Candy -  
Only a word!  
Hard Candy -  
Only a word!

Hard Candy -  
A synonym for this world!

*(Pink Floyd, Eclipse)*

## **The Other-Side Of The Otherside**

Welcome to the otherside!  
Well, the only problem is  
There's also this other-side of the otherside!

Dive deep, really deep, deeper than you wish!  
Then you will find this side  
The other-side of the otherside!

*Welcome back my friends to the show that never ends  
Come inside! Come inside!*

Realize where you belong to - where your kind hidden is!  
Pull it into the light - yeah, let the sun shine thereupon!  
Don't hesitate - the work has to be done!

Welcome to the show!  
Welcome at home!

*(Emerson, Lake & Palmer - Karn Evil 9)*

## **The Wrong Side Of Heaven**

*I'm on the wrong side of heaven  
And the righteous side of hell*

*What have I done and who have I become*

*I saw the devil today  
And he looked a lot like me  
I looked away  
I turned away*

*(Five Finger Death Punch, Wrong Side Of Heaven)*

I never spoke to God  
Neither to the devil

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I never heard God  
I never saw the devil

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I'm on the wrong side of life  
I'm on the righteous side of death

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I'm on the wrong side of the normal  
I'm on the righteous side of the confused

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I'm on the wrong side of the successful  
I'm on the righteous side of the losers

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I'm on the wrong side of the who get it  
I'm on the righteous side of the who fail

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

I'm on the wrong side of the who are knowing  
I'm on the righteous side of the who are unaware

I'm no God  
I'm no devil

What have I done?  
What have I become?

Once I said:  
Orlando I wanna be!  
No man, neither a woman!

Today I say:

## **Gore**

Have you ever seen, when somebody dies?

Physically - Mentally

Are you interested in?

Don't hesitate! - Don't act coyly!

The world spreads out before you!

Have a look!

Look in their eyes - deep and deeper

And discover therein the reflection

Of your own!

You don't like what you see?

You see yourself - are you ashamed?

Don't look away - look deeper!

And when the unicorn flees with horror

And the black swans cry

Then you know, that it's done!

## **I Saw The Devil Today**

I saw the devil today  
And I looked deep into his eyes  
And I saw me

All this insanity in this world  
All this done by men like me  
All this done by me

I close my eyes and abuse  
I close my eyes and rape  
I close my eyes and kill

Closer every day  
Closer every hour  
Closer every minute  
Closer every second  
Closer

I saw the devil today  
I not have to look  
I know it's me

All this insanity in this world  
I know it's me  
I know it's me

I close my eyes and it's me  
I close my eyes and it's me  
I close my eyes and it's me

Closer  
Closer  
Closer  
Closer  
Closer

I saw me today

## **Daisy**

I'm crying while writing  
And honestly?  
I don't know what I should write  
I don't know what I should do

The music pains  
Not loud enough it can be  
To soak up the noise - Elizabeth  
But the noise will not go away

Why we are able to do this  
Why I'm able to look  
Why I'm still able to live

Daisy  
What a small inconspicuous flower  
What a beautiful flower  
Why we are able to do this with you?

## **The Children's Tears**

Once I've written that the salty ocean consists of the tears  
Of the tears of all the creatures who live therein  
Why then, all streams, rivers, large rivers  
Why then, all ponds, lakes, large lakes  
Aren't salty

Children are the weakest, most defenseless part of a society  
What happens to them, defines a society  
What happens to them, defines humanity

If this is true - yeah, what then.....  
Then the gun lies on the table.....

## **Echos**

*And I am you and what I see is me  
And do I take you by the hand  
And lead you through the land  
And help me understand the best I can  
(Pink Floyd, Echos)*

I do not understand  
Not the humans  
Not me

Why are the humans not able to  
At least nowadays where we would have the possibilities  
To give every human a worthy life  
Religion, ideologies, desires, cravings and so much more  
Destroying our life  
Destroying our planet  
We will not overcome

And I  
I am not able to be consequent and  
To change my life finally or  
To end my life finally

This human world is a dystopian vision

## When Black Swans Cry

*Black Swan*  
*West Australian Swan*  
*Mourning Swan*

When Black Swans cry  
When I see them fly  
High above me in the sky  
Then's the day to die

Two Black Swans fly  
Across my skin  
Towards my heart  
Opposite my beauty

Where will they meet  
At my heart  
At my dark heart  
At my sad heart

My heart so dark and sad  
It hurts so much  
Feels like it bursts  
Bursts into thousand pieces

Thousand dark pieces fly upon the air  
Like thousand Black Swans  
With their wonderful red beaks  
With their splendid white feathers

Have written that they should take me with  
Away, no matter where, only away  
Oh gorgeous bird, how fascinating your glance  
You're my guard, Firebird, beautiful ballerina

This world so strange to me - vegan salad with many fruits  
Café au lait with organic soy milk - an old man, shabby, white beard, passes by and belches  
All so peaceful, quiet here - no sirens, no dirt, no endless hastiness  
For a moment it seems as this is really a wonderful world

But above the Black Swans cry  
From above they see the world  
The whole world not only this backstreet - pedestrian area  
Velo, vegan restaurant - Cosima, Intérieur Diamonds

Why we're not able, although it would be possible  
To stand together, to provide everybody a acceptable life  
To stand together, to provide everybody a life in peace  
To stand together, to provide everybody a own life

I'm sick of this world, I'm sick of this life  
I see the Black Swans fly  
I hear them cry  
I wanna die - fucking tears!

Daisy  
What happened to you?  
What we all have done with you?  
I'm ashamed sitting here, two nice roses on the table

Daisy  
In a world of lies  
In a world of deceit  
Donald and Hollywood only as examples

Daisy  
Would it change anything killing Donald  
Vice president even worse  
Would it had changed anything killing Hitler  
Goebles, Göring, Himmler.....even worse

Daisy  
Would it be possible to change this world  
To change this world really  
Not only to do some cosmetics  
Would it be possible to change this world

Daisy  
I feel so powerless  
I feel so helpless  
I feel so scattered

Daisy  
You survived  
You're still alive  
Do you smile - sometimes

Daisy  
They say you were around 18 month old  
Memory starts most of the time with three years, even later  
So you should have no memory therefrom - no conscious at least, but.....

Daisy  
Should this give me solace  
What a stupid, ugly, disgusting, insane question  
Tell me, do you smile - sometimes

Daisy  
Do you know an answer thereto  
Why we do such things  
Why we slaughter ourselves  
For a stupid leader, ideology, believe

Daisy  
If I would be able to  
I'm not able to do anything  
Please forgive me, unknown child in Dachau

So I sit here in Heilbronn  
Have not to work today  
Summer, last day of my birthday month  
Enjoying my fucking easy life

Will continue to write - what else I can do  
The next six months hopefully again daily  
Then again a seventh month  
Then again Los Angeles - and this time also San Francisco

Oh Daisy, what I've become  
Unable to list all the names, so many without  
Look into your eyes, look into my eyes  
See all of you, see me

See no hope  
See only disappointment  
See only darkness  
Another shabby passes by, collecting cans and bottles - wow, nearly a bit like in L.A.

## **When Black Swans Cry**

*Black Swan*  
*West Australian Swan*  
*Mourning Swan*

Why does it feel so wrong  
Sitting here felice, Allee  
Waiting for my pizza Napoletana  
Should I close my eyes

And then, what I expect to see  
What I have not seen a thousand times  
Should I listen to the music  
Italian pop songs - don't understand Italian

Should I stand up - whereto should I go  
Able to go everywhere, anytime  
Tomorrow the 1<sup>st</sup>, in six month the 31<sup>st</sup>  
Then the year is over and I

I have to summarize then, again "In California"  
Again a time in between and then  
Again a time at the ocean  
The Endless Ocean

But this time it will be different  
This time I will be not alone  
This time I have to confess  
This time I have to confront

Now the Black Swans cry  
Now I have to write without limits  
Now I have to admit, to confess, to show  
Now I have to read

In Los Angeles and San Francisco  
If I don't make it there - February  
Then nowhere, never  
But still months time

Will I be able to change the world - nah  
Will I be able to give love to someone - nah  
Will I be able to pay my guilt - nah  
Will I be able to.....Daisy - never ever!

The Black Swans cry  
I hear them, I see them  
But I'm unable to fly with them  
But I'm unable to cry with them

The Black Swans  
Never I will see them really  
Only a little I can see really  
Otherwise I have to use a mirror or even their two

The Black Swans  
Only their reflections I can see  
How beautiful it would be to see them in their reality, at least once  
So I only can close my eyes to see

And my bird beauty  
Your wonderful head, your fascinating eye I can glimpse  
The rest, your body, your wings, your tail  
Only reflections, only reflections

My rose and my ocean  
You I see not even in parts  
Completely unseen to me  
Only reflections, only reflections

But then  
The little tree, the gorgeous feather  
All the graphics - except one  
All the words, the Initial

The Initial  
You I see every day all the time  
During work, during writing, now  
never trust anyone - sometimes you have to

Sometimes you have to  
This time I have to  
Face my demon  
I do

The Black Swans cry  
I cry with them  
The Black Swans fly  
Will I one day fly with them

One day I will fly with them  
One day all my fears will be over  
One day all my desires will be meaningless  
One day, one day, not now

Now it would be cowardly  
Now it would be a shame  
Now it would be like I would spit into Daisy's face  
She never had a choice, I always had

Now I have to drink off my currant spritzer  
Now I have to walk around a bit  
Now I have to go to my next place  
Now I have to write, to write, to write

### **When Black Swans Cry**

*Black Swan*  
*West Australian Swan*  
*Mourning Swan*

When Black Swans cry  
High above me in the sky  
When their tears hit the ground  
Then I feel alive - surprised?

I'm surprised - surprised about me  
Now here - Hartmans - Cosmopolitan  
I'm surprised that I now have the feeling  
That my writing not useless, ridiculous is

Ah, come on  
Why Silvia Plath comes into my mind  
She knew that her poems something special, wonderful  
Suicide - so much younger than I

There's an American tradition  
Before you shoot yourself  
To shoot as many others as possible  
Out with a bang

Hey, I'm dreamin' to become an American  
I should adapt myself to their traditions  
So,.....where I should start  
I should read this in the US

But I'm only a boring German  
Never will become an American  
Hope that nobody will take the lines before too serious  
And shoots me

But I want to use this image  
Before I will kill myself  
I will create a "bang"  
My "bang"

But said before - I hate this assholes  
Not able to finish it without to harm others  
Harm yourself - Kill yourself - Do it  
Do you wanna - jump

My "bang" should be my writing  
But not to accuse, to blame, to harm others  
Point the finger at the mirror  
Look deep, very, very deep into his eyes

The Black Swans cry  
Daisy suffers  
Every day, every second  
At so many places

Have asked  
Should I look away  
Or  
Should I look very carefully

What a question - or?  
What a thought - or?  
What an action - or?  
Look carefully!

The Black Swans in the sky  
High above the ground  
Seeing all, all what we humans do  
There's a reason why they cry

A sudden sense of comfort, safety, concealment  
The Little Girl's lap  
The Black Swan's down  
What an unbelievable strange emotion while writing about Daisy and my demon

For a long time I feared  
That that what I hope for will happen  
I hoped for and feared at the same time  
And now

I hoped I will change - inwardly  
I feared that one day I will be not the same any longer - inwardly  
Feared to lose the hated but used to  
Feared not knowing, and not to be able to control, what will be then

Is it now, has it happened now  
The next days, weeks, months will be the answer  
Daisy  
When Black Swans cry

## The Place Where I Definitely Not Wanna Be

The Little Girl took me by the hand and led me to the place where I definitely not wanna be. What do you think what and where this place is? A dark cruel one? Oh yes! Hard to find? Absolutely not! A long journey? Oh no! A dark, hidden place? Definitely not! A place, you have to search? No, no! A place, you need special knowledge therefor? No, no, no!

The Little Girl took me by the hand

"We don't move?"

"Not in this sense...."

"What do you mean?"

""To move" can mean a lot - not only movement in space..."

"Should I close my eyes?"

"Not this time, this time you have to open them.....and your ears, listen...."

"It all happens here - or?"

"Yes, 'cause this is reality, the reality, the only reality - only reality exists, only the reality is of importance...."

"No photographs, no videos - no words, no pictures - no.....?"

"That what happens in the reality is the reality...."

""La Trahison Des Images"?"

"Yes, not what you see on the pictures, what you think that you see on the pictures is important, that what happened in the reality is important, don't stick at the pictures...."

"You mean I should.....I should face the reality, I should accept the reality?"

"You have to...."

"I don't like to....!"

"You're part of the reality...."

"I can end this!"

"That would change nothing, nothing would be affected....."

"I hate your reality!"

"Oh yeah - stupidly, it's your reality - you're the reality...."

"I sit in a room, the clock at the wall ticks - tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack....till it will end....."

"Till it will end, means, that it has not ended so far....."

"I can do this!"

"Sure you can - as your whole life so far, be useless, meaningless, cowardly - sure you can, but decide - end it or not, not virtual in reality, only the reality counts....."

"I....."

"....stop it! You know it, don't be a fool and blame others, or even virtuality, name it books or pictures, internet or even dark net - dark net what a joke - or....?"

"I...."

"....what in the virtual dark exists that no part of the reality is? If you would omit the virtual world - whatever name you would give it - what would this change the reality? Only the reality counts....."

"But....."

The Little Girl released my hand, a sudden sense of loneliness, then....for the very last time

"Now you really have to do it, from now on you have to go your way alone, no matter how long, no matter how short....."

And with a smile

"I know you can do it, and your tears.....they are beautiful....."

That was the last time, the Little Girl spoke to me

*"But now I see the sun"*

*"Now I see the sun"*

## **The Place Where I Definitely Not Wanna Be**

Look at the video

A young girl becomes raped  
Really?  
A women becomes beheaded  
Really?

Look at the reality

A young girl becomes raped  
"-"  
A women becomes beheaded  
"-"

Delete, forbid, ignore.....the video

No longer - A young girl becomes raped  
Really?  
No longer - A women becomes beheaded  
Really?

Delete, forbid, ignore.....the reality

That's the point!

## **The Place Where I Definitely Not Wanna Be**

In the world of gods and monsters, in the world of the gods who are monsters, in the world of the monsters who are gods, in my world, in the human world, the real world, the world where all this happens, all that that I don't understand.....

Why happens all this, all could have - all of us - a life worth living, able today to provide, but it seems that we're unable to share, to care.....

We act like animals and even they are, at least sometimes, more clever than.....

So, where is the place - The Place Where I Definitely Not Wanna Be?

Open your eyes, open your ears, open your senses  
More you have not to do!

So, what's my demon now?

To be a human - with all its consequences.....