

SONGS

Sam's song

I haven't made a choice
To give truth a chance
Don't remember the motive
Will my soul come back to me?

Questioning the meaning of each word
Makes me silent
Once spoken, leaving my mouth,
Never to return

Easy life
No memories left
Who, where and when am I
Am I wearing red?

Feelings too, left me
A while ago
Because I doubted them
Didn't give them the protection
They needed to survive

Easy life
No memories left
Living without emotions
Only nonentity ahead

To look truth in the eyes
Trace the lines of its face
Soul come back
Resensetise oblivious days

Did I forget, or even once know
How it would be
To loose everything
I'd cherished inside
Soul, please come back to me

Thomas' song

What would happen
If I told you
What I think about you?
Would it scare you?
Would it hurt you?
Or would it make you trust me more?

What would happen
If I told you
What I think about you?
Would it charm you?
Would it excite you?
Or would it distance you from me?

I guess,
If I did,
I'd have to realise
That what I thought
Is now wrong,
Because I was not
Taking into account

You knowing
My thoughts
And the you
I had thoughts about
Will have gone

It might have been true
Before I said it,
But now that you know,
It is not anymore

Mark' s song

In the past he had no future, just a secret to be buried in his brain
Confirmation, if invisible, of consequences no-one could explain
Struggling to comprehend, the people spinning clumsily round hope and fear
But with some naive tenacity, the boy discerned just what and not to hear, for years

The monumental meaning of microscopic information -
A miniature world history, a few years' interpretation
Religious retribution, science-led investigation
Sympathy – policy – stigma – damnation

Now it's now and truth has changed, opinions fade like ghosts of those they represent
But the boy, now 'safe' in chemistry, remembers views he tries not to resent
Knowing, as we will, that what we think today will turn out false why are we sure?
Seeming certainties feel comfortable but facts are rhetoric and nothing more to explore

The monumental meaning of microscopic information -
A miniature world history, 20 years' interpretation
Advancing medication, geographic implication,
Charity – profit – politics – nation

The new embryonic ideal future scene the boy now secretly invents -
An effective, universal cure that's quick and simple costing pence
Expectations of a time - do they inform events or simply have no weight?
Does the butterfly effect inspire in thought, or what exactly can dictate? Is it fate?

The monumental meaning of microscopic information -
A miniature world history, further years' interpretation
Enlightened frustration, global celebration,
Memory – apathy – insight – explanation

Mat's song

Streaming breath
Every step like a wonder
Unfolding as a flower in our heart
Truth keeps on moving

Enter the world of reality
If we want to see a wonder, it's right here

A ritual of daily behaviour
Playing with our tail
Surprise can be anywhere
Dance the day

A chain of infinite reality
Who was here yesterday, last year, thousand years ago, next year, over thousand years
A chain of infinite reality
Wherever you are, have been and will be
A chain of infinite reality

There won't be fruits
If you not take care of roots
Failure and success
Is not a one-man-show

Enter the world of reality
If we want to see a wonder, it can be everywhere

Non-violent meeting with reality
Streaming breath
Be be, being conscious
A matter of life and death

A chain of infinite reality
A chain of infinite reality
A chain of infinite reality
A chain of infinite reality

Sara's song

I need my daily amount of lies
To sit confidently in the dream
We all agreed on
Say, do you mind if you're lied to?

I'm here with a soft yarn lie
Amorously knitted around my neck
Just like you, soon
Say, do you mind if you're lied to?

Now a tangled little truth fights its way
Through the jam of my mind
Let me take care of it and with time
It will adopt and grow with us.
You'll love it!

I'm a stranger to you
But you know that I know that we know
We're just pretending to describe
What looks like nothing we know