



NotDEADYet

white lie

NotDEADYet - white lie





white face

(Temme/Oomes)

love the doom before you fall
leave the room before you go
no things to understand
when you live in a wonderland
on doom days, hard to know
every stone begins to glow

live your live... you understood
or at least the way you would
in the pale blur... of your face

lay later
always later
when the white turns grey
when you hate her
when you love her
when the white turns grey
in the pale blur of her face
in the pale blur
of her lovely white burned face...



[chaotic police megaphone]

this greed is what you feel
this fear is what you need
this name is what you pray
this future has washed away...

float to unknown land
a simple treasure to understand
like storm in a suitcase
loaded with blond & black

live your live... you understood
or at least the way you would
the way you would...

the haze
some days
dark grey
doom days
a boat float
the future log
a fog behind
close the book...

love the doom before you fall
leave the room before you go
no things to understand
when you hide in a wonderland
live your live... you understood
or at least the way you would

in the pale blur of her face
in the pale blur...
of her lovely white burned...
in the pale blur of her face
in the pale blur of her lovely
white face...

clouds

(Temme/Oomes)

the wind, the wind takes you away,
slowly slide in a circle of wind,
'draw' conclusions of the weather
together, the wind takes you
around mother earth,

I see buildings destructed
in the distance, grey, no sounds
and totally empty, wow
gleaming clothes in the sand...

the drunken clouds
flock together
flock further
slowly slide the circle around
a mind in distortion that is
walking behind a dinosaur

there is a forest in the woods
behind red curtains
that glance is a forest
and ruins the woods
turn up hope that need for home
a tend to fear will be near
no sense of time...
a lake ripples of the wind
fish and bear play together there
seaweed in the salt and
fresh water of the lake

incense spirals up
from the speaker blares
"there's no one here..."
the sight of ruins is so clear

the drunken clouds
flock together...

...

need no omen



a sun behind wings
a son to mind things
touch the wheel
touch the wheel
a son to mind things

a demand not met
move to anything
a wooden wing has vanished
in his absence he... the son:
he mind things

hmm... the drunken clouds
flock together...

...

the waves become much older
suffering on the shoulder
dare and dust claim the weight
but move straight, and vanishes
in the solitary cloud...

that cloud's the morning
move towards you
poor mist isn't getting there
long wave, short tracks
burning grass tells no facts
a nice try, a nice try, a nice try,
a nice try

you can't trust the freaks
one might need a talk:
"under the poor water"
"grapes shrink tight of laughter"

the drunken clouds
flock together...
and the clouds turn red now
for the taste is sour

a carpet floats
just above the sand, really
with a proportional speed
and the space between the sand
and the carpet is an expression
of connection, a notion, a motion
in eastern depression

a pave in a wave
it's clear to see steps
of a man and woman
that understood each other
and brightly discussed
which tree it is to hope for
and also to believe in...
which tree it is to hope for
but also to believe in

you heard about the tale now
of the apple and the snake
this is in essence of what went
wrong from the beginning
and... in the end
this is our Christmas song...





red ROOM romance triple-R

(Temme/Oomes)
in the house of 13 rooms
two rooms are noticed in particular,
not the blue room or the white one,
but the one in between with the table in the middle,
chairs lie on the ground...
lots of chairs, and there is noise...

noise in the next room where
a man is standing near the square table...
he wears a fancy hat, pointy shoes
the one with iron snake head on it,
his white shirt is not so white anymore
the only painting hangs askew

it's only ∞ steps to the exit-door
a way out, or way in?

water drops from the tube,
on the oak wooden floor, the carpet is wet
only at the edge of the red rug,
and there is garbage in the corner,
the bin has been replaced for the style is modern...

It's only ∞ steps to the exit-door...
a way out, or way in?
[a variety of cathouse noises]

the bed under the painting has been slept on
it is still lukewarm, the man
contemptuously takes of his fancy hat,
he leashes his greyhound and leaves the red room.
the lights flicker then...

it's only ∞ steps to the exit-door
a way out, or way in?
to start or to begin, leave or to go in

he has been here before
splitting hair, indifferent,
and the line is straight,
it's a trick, a fools goal,
a loophole for birds, slim
birds, like owls?

it is ∞ steps to the exit-door
a way out, or way in?
in some interval of time
there are new species of
birds in the woods
there are stripes of sand on

the window, not far from the
trees, the wind blows,
the trees bent,
it's only ∞ steps to the
exit-door
a way out, or way in?



monkey beer

(Temme/Oomes)

what happened in Japan after
the mushroom cloud...
what happened to Das Reich
when their wall fell down...
what happened to the flowers
when the hippie died...
and what to the monastery
the monkey & the bride...

a car touched mars
Gaddafi was shot...
black Thursday...
bloody Sunday...
November 9
but first JFK was shot...
a car touched mars
Gaddafi was shot...
confusion, the subway
claim of noon
a time and mean
a tender re-free



mind you: a monkey with a beer
man had a chance to change...
bruise the world...
bruise the history...
never underestimate
a monkey with beer
love no hate...
black in white...
the hippie and the monk
well... they dig deep
true holy waters
the hippie and the monk
the hippie and the monkey

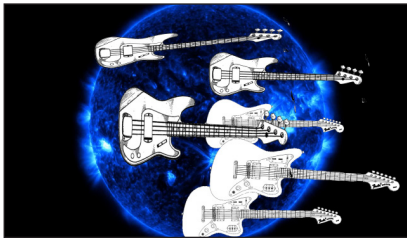
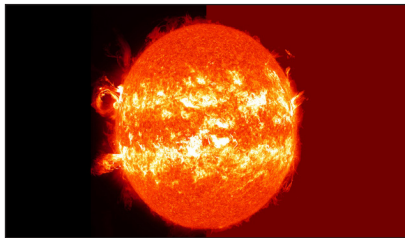
a road, a money tree
the Night of Broken Glass
what happens with
ice and snow?
what happens to
the crowded moon?
what happens to the...

hippie and the monk
the flower, the power
the prayer of the monk
love no hate...
black in white...
the hippie and the monkey
they dig deep in
the rich, are they...
the hippie and the monk
the hippie and the monkey
what if fire doesn't treat?
is that a witch or hate?
and the world turns black
not with this hate
not in this place
this taste is wrong
infinite of... time has gone...
what will happen to
the hippie and the monk
man failed to end
they dig deep
in true muddy waters



the hippie and
the monkey
as long as they
don't speak
we are 'free' of
humanity...





that choice of you

(Temme/Oomes)

WHY?
cold bones!
like cold stones...
untold loans
the loss of cold bones...

Home... full of broken dreams
empty through token souls
and memories of your...
memories of your aim...
the cold bones, like cold stones
the loss of cold bones...
in the seventh... or...
eleventh... heaven
just the memories stay and...
everything of you
nothing is coming back

run run, turn back in time
run run, roll back in time
run run, rewind backwards...
all right...
empty, cold, I can't breathe
with eyes full of pain
so cold... empty love, the loss,
the bones, the cold stones



the loss of cold bones
in the seventh... or eleventh... heaven

run run,
that aim of you
that choice of you
run run,

with turning around
I hear the sound
of broken dreams and all...
scattering... behind...
hear the sound and noise
of memories... the aim ...
the voice... that voice...
the aim of you
the choice of you
that voice
the noise of your silence
winter fades but
the bones are cold
the spade... sand... dust
in the fifth heaven
the cold bones

run run
the choice is yours
the voice is yours
run run



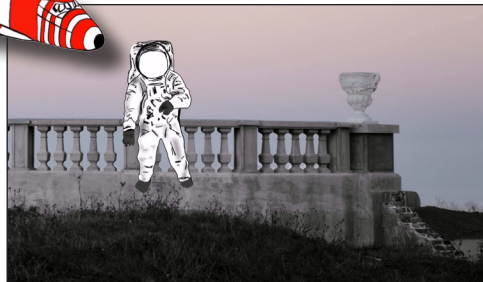
melancholy man

(Temme/Oomes)

we speak of Saturday evening
maybe a Sunday morning
no way, a Monday afternoon...
new waves are old
old vibes unfold
some things untold
no days, on hold:
fade into the strange
fade into your whisper
fade away to (the) dust
and then fade away in your... voice

you stand beside me
you celebrate her

melancholy man
mystify days of yester year...
melancholy man
you look back to your...
imaginary past... melancholy man



hold the velvet stone on your...
precious shoulder
with a deep breath
into the strange...
the morning of morning
wistful look in the future
glorify earth e-le-ment songs
'no blessings needed'
praise the music with tears

a torn luxurious chair
wave the lost... highway way...
you stand beside me
with sounds of yester year
you celebrate
you celebrate her

melancholy man
mystify days of yester year
melancholy man
you long back for the
... sound of your past
melancholy man

old pictures... a candle but no flame...
melancholy man...





"the end will end in the same day... tomorrow,
through crystal words..."



crystal words

(Temme/Oomes)

London, Paris and Vienna
stormy wind will hit them all
hide the science of ancient man
the dark thrill fills the night
and... white saints tell a tale:
you... will walk hand in hand
you: we will need to understand
it shall take a while
this will come somehow
and we sing one song

you: walk slowly hand in hand
shine, spent, the light to be let
a mild weak thing
to mend and to set

a child looks to the surface
...thin ice can bear no man
...snow is melting,
ice-cold, saints tell a tale:
you... will walk hand in hand
you: will need to understand
it shall take a while
this will come somehow
and we sing one song

you: walk slowly hand in hand
these Crystal words
on a cruise to you
no wind will fail your trip...
it gently moves around your thy
I will always be with you
through these Crystal words...

this veil covers up
your night today
this deal will
help you to find a way
an ending for... for...
it will end in the same day...
tomorrow
through Crystal words...
you... you... you...
you... will walk hand in hand
you: will need to understand
it will take a while
and we sing one song...
it shall take a while
everyone is fragile
and we sing one song
you: slowly (walk) hand in hand

you will sing our
Crystal words...
we will sing our
Crystal words...



a thought without an end

(Temme/Oomes)

look at the sky
through glasses
a billion nova in the blue
how big they are
how small they seem...
look at the sun
through glasses, oh...
the last time,
this glaring light
isn't it right...
feel the glass...
see the wind...
hear the sand
fill the mind
the tasty sound
oh touch the gold
touch the gold
really old
Father mold...

damn good love
touch the gold
really old
Mother told...
hail with a tail
a hell you can tell
a dying wish
a pending trick
a smashing lie
you can...
you can tell a friend... ah...
tell a friend
damn good care
a photo 'kills' the moment
this feast tricks the time
a polaroid, a still,
a butterfly for one day
Father mold, Mother told...

hail with a tail
a hell you can tell
a dying wish
a pending trick
a smashing lie
you can tell a friend
tell a friend, tell a friend
[whisper] no big lies

hail with a tail
a hell you can't tell
a dying wish
a pending trick
a smashing lie
you can tell a friend...
tell a friend,
damn good care

green fingers cry for flowers
rainbow colours has it all...
fragile they are...
so hard to see...
wardrobes to show disorder, oh...
the last time,
you'll see the night
a giant tree...
a torch of stone...
a dying tree
damn good love
oh touch the gold

this moment I know
a debate club... for one
like marking time
we touched the gold
really old,
gold
a pending trick
and smashing lie...
you can tell a friend
during the past...
tell a friend

soul searching

(Temme/Oomes)

soul searching
let us run inside your mind
soul searching
let us hide inside your mind
muse, wonder
soul searchers:
worry, puzzle, wonder
let us talk about the mind

they walk alone
they hide in stone
hide alone
run the sidewalk
run the stone
hide in stone

soul searcher
let us drift inside your mind
long nights awake
steady visions break
long live the sleepless

nights
at the wrong side of noon
... why... why...
long for... what you hunt
long for... what you want
hold it, I told it
find the meaning of it...

soul searching
let's just drift inside your
mind
soul searchers
let us walk through your mind
And when you come again

you'll find the perfect match
the lucky clue... a perfect man
the tumble weeds find out
will find out what to do
what to see and what to find
hiding, to find
no asylum seeker

you'll find the perfect girl
the lucky clue
the perfect world
the tumble weeds will find out...
what to do, to find in to...
what to sea, what to find
to hide, to find
no asylum seeker

soul searching
let us hide inside your mind
soul searchers
let us walk through the mind
the doubt, the uncertain
long live the sleepless nights

soul searching
let us walk through the mind
soul searching
let us walk through this mind
what hurts to thy need
those things you really want
hold you, I told you
find the feeling of it

long for... what you want
long for... what you hunt
hold it, I told it
find the meaning of it:
feel that wrong side of noon...



soul searching
long live
the sleepless
nights,
at the wrong
side of noon



heavenly lie

(Temme/Oomes)

(so) I sleep on the roof
with candle lights and love beat
dump left, search right

when you paint in the rain
stars becomes stripes
great dinner we had that night
on love-street, reservoirs
boy Holmes, girl Jones
with a hat and a fez
imposed concubine

time, time, time, time sucks,
heavenly taste, time...

a friend on the moon
with some more there soon
so I sleep on the roof
with candle lights and love beat



dump left, search right

we can all hear him, undemanding
we can feel you more
we can hear you're near
we can feel you more
we can hear you're near...

[megaphone yell]
time time time time sucks
you s... time time time sucks

friends start to show now
we preach and we breath
"on heavenly rain
you fell into my life
unforgettable smile"
it's a sheer Almond lie...
this will heavenly taste
and thorough demands
and friends to step in the dark

time time time time sucks
heavenly taste
time time time time sucks

live love life, the heart beat



01. the beginning
02. white face
03. heavenly lie
04. red roOm romance
05. my holiday
06. melancholy man
07. crystal words
08. the voice
09. a thought without an end
10. that...
11. choice of you
12. monkey beer
13. the searching voice
14. soul searching
15. clouds
16. the dying voice

notDEADyet
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we are NotDEADYet
but...
this is the end



NotDEADYet ~ white lie

live your life
the way you would
like mother told
with crystal words
and father's mold
white lies
seldom unfold..

live your life
in a red room
with a beer
and a heartbeat
with a white blur
and that voice...

