

## Printed at Bismarck's Death: Fierceness of the immortal Charisma

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### Charisma

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

„Let me drip the poison in your ears“  
– So a mouth turns to a megaphone –  
But the words don't touch a head  
For on the way to that kindled place  
They're lost in the labyrinth called soul  
With no dark exits but some strange aggression...

„Let me drip the poison in your ears“  
– So a lane turns to a common grave –  
Charisma's the word noone understands  
But with ya feelings you suck that face  
You swallow it to the fill the last gap of your heart  
So the letters contaminate organisms, too!

Creatures come onto the lane  
We're playin' on the burning timpani  
Dance in the circle the fire builds  
Dance until the night will never end...

Peoples come onto the lane  
We're playin' on the dead timpani  
My sepulchral voice will sound for you  
Like the best of Mozart's symphonies!

Creatures come onto the lane  
We're playin' on the rotting timpani  
Dance with me le danse macabre  
My face: the mirror of your dreams!

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Peoples come onto the lane  
We're playin' on the burning timpani  
Dance in the circle the fire builds  
Dance until the night will never end...  
...until the stars will never shine...

### **Goethe's waxworx**

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

We heard the songs from auld lang syne  
In literature we banished our thoughts  
In paperbacks we compressed the stings  
That once had bitten the bourgeois folks  
But we endeavour no more, we gave it up...

With thesis and synthesis  
We protected our antithesis  
With boredom and freedom  
We created a world of wrong-

Finally reality has stolen our supremacy:  
Engaged into a thousand strings  
That Theseus laid in various histories:  
A world of scrub, between scrub-

Social interaction for hiring to protection!  
„Dash the poison'd chalice from thy  
Hand" – but there's no one to recommend you  
Left alone, left aside, the epigones are greeting you,  
They fill the lag with your dead body...

There was a word in the beginning  
Have we failed to mention which one?

The wire has cut the lines  
Oedipus looks in our minds  
And plays the dustbin for our thoughts  
The reservoir for hysteria  
So hundred sceletons fight to bay  
The epigones of sad dismay  
The blue flower of wildest dreams  
Still I pick it up  
And what's left of it?

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### **Dead mediocrities**

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

By and by the world is shattered  
Splinters in the eye of someone  
A razor in my brain's en train  
To cut to pieces subject's pics...  
Tremendous words, idle meaningless gossip  
„iHablo nada!“ – tongues are breaking  
With the syllables of national'ty  
Cruel and shameless-  
Halleluiah!-  
Killing deserves the name o' „human“  
Pining for the obvious hysteria  
In new forms the old swastika  
Send the angel from the angle  
Back to where his mind belongs  
But never forget to give an answer  
Reasons' what the world's needing!  
You find yourself in material  
There's no steady point outside your body  
Make it yours, getcha own  
A razor in your brain's en train  
To cut to pieces subject's pics...

### **You are many...**

Words: Georg Herwegh, Music: Martin von Arndt

### **Sheherazade (parla d'exorcisme)**

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

Somebody waked me in my compassion:  
„Outa the red light of this depression  
Don't see? They build creatures on ya breast  
While you're silently floatin' down the sea of incest!“

The seas of ice, the thorn-bushes  
Myrrha in another body her father touches  
Take me to the point where my aggregate is zero  
Look at the abscess and say that I'm a hero!

Dying faces – Change your Cogito  
Dying faces – Mesmerize it

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Sheherazade parla d'exorcisme  
Sheherazade parla d'exorcisme

Sheherazade chercha le parfait mal  
Pour apprendre le parfait bon

### **Ηδονη**

Words: Martin von Arndt, Music: L. Heiko Mutert

It's Artemis bringing back delight  
We're not accustomed to pray  
In the time gone by  
We want to be  
Ηδονη!

Marched out to fight for glory  
Of our sensuality / sexuality  
The victory over all our enemies  
We want to be  
Ηδονη!

### **Excelsior Drowning**

Words: Martin von Arndt, Music: Martin von Arndt / L. Heiko Mutert

Pretoria-City, heart of Transvaal,  
Suffers a cold night, 9 to 10 p.m.  
In the darkness I see reflectors  
Of helicopters diving in the sky  
On the streetsides: gross policemen,  
Bawling people, streetwalking whores

Excelsior Africa, your heart is tumbling  
Sacred goldland, your ship is drowning  
One is waiting inside a prisoncell  
Inevitably he must be released!

Burning gaslamps, burning corpses  
On the stake of liberty  
White kills Black, Black kills White  
Fire goes earth, water reveals air...

Rubber truncheons break up heads  
Legs must stumble

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With a board between one's knees!

Echoes hoodwink, sirenes howling  
Goodness me! It's witchcraft that I see!  
One is waiting behind the mirror  
On his robe the badge of KGB!

Legs must stumble, heads gotta roll  
Iron helmets: gifts of USA!  
A nice „white“ X-mas!, happy new year,  
The fire's still burning, melting snow in the sun...

Beside the terror a little sneer  
White farmers chattering: „Nothing to be done!“  
On the streetsides: gross policemen  
Legs must stumble: even when they're black!

### **Laokoon**

Words and music: Martin von Arndt

The night doesn't throw shadows anymore  
Because all that's grey and black  
Is thoroughly banished  
By a flood of light which even  
Illuminates the most concealed  
Which drips into the darkest souls  
The coarse beam of the wake...

Everything's overwhelming itself with clearness  
Only the truth, thy truth  
Is standing aside, cannot be let in  
Because it is disturbing the child,  
The action of rocking  
And frightens up the fears of a whole time:

Laokoon wake up, ,cos all that you see  
Is a bloody insanity!  
Just see, well see, he's prophesying mischief!  
Woe, oh woe, to those who brave the prophecies  
For the sake of their own conscience...!

Laokoon, Sir, didn't they want your death?  
Wasn't it snakes strangling yourself  
Their snakes, their wishful thinking

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'Cos you were smashing  
The fermenting hope inside 'em?

Oh, not did they crucify ya,  
But they mutilated the dark, exiled it,  
They killed it,  
And not as a whole they forgot  
That they can't avert mischief  
By destroying the misgiving!

Laokoon, thy snakes – wake up, wake up!  
Were bourgeois wishdreams – wake up, wake up!  
'Cos you unleashed 'stead of killing hope  
The bleeding, gaping wounds of fright! – Escape from ya bonds!

Hope instead of fright  
Optimism as a remedy for disdain  
Freedom for the light, light into the night  
Danger knows no words, it is ubiquitous  
The sting's sticking deeply inside,  
You knew about its bleeding!

It is – the way it is, remains – the way it was  
Laokoon – wake up, Laokoon – stay awake  
Stay alive, prophet!  
No warning – no threat,  
For talking to deaf senses:  
Does that mean to threaten?  
Thy snakes, Laokoon, were bourgeois wishdreams!

### **Π...S-;31:**

Words: Martin von Arndt, Music: Martin von Arndt / L. Heiko Mutert

Comedians  
Designing my shroud  
Heritage  
Of my ancestors  
Black cross  
You're my white Jesus  
Ain't what you believed  
The world of your ancestors?

## **Sacrificio dell'intelletto**

Words: Martin von Arndt, Music: L. Heiko Mutert

Ya veo las cornejas negras  
Echarse a volar  
Siento la cera de la vela todavía caliente  
Encima de mi mano  
La línea que trazo con mucho esmero  
Debajo del expediente civil:  
Tiemblo ... Tiemblo?  
En un juego entre Tintoretto y Franck  
Discerno: que lo que ellos llaman debilidad  
Es fuerza en verdad  
Lo que nuembran esperanza  
Es traición para mi,  
Lo que llaman razón corresponde a ceguedad.  
Sacrificio dell' intelletto...

## **Donde cayó Camilo**

Words: Daniel Viglietti (Copyright control), Music: Martin von Arndt / L. Heiko Mutert

## **Untitled**

Words: Arthur Rimbaud, Music: Martin von Arndt / Rutger Frank / L. Heiko Mutert

## **Äsop ist tot**

Words / music: Martin von Arndt

What did you feel when you hit the roof?  
Did you feel when you hit the roof?  
What do you know about taking a scythe in your left hand?  
What do you know about taking a scythe in your right hand?  
Left from your heart, right from your head!  
His teeth stood behind him watching him sneering!  
His teeth fell into the audience!  
He caught an applause from the audience...  
He stood at the water banks  
He could feel the smell of piss and snow!  
He fell – backwards!  
Backwards!

## **Impressum**

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