

**L**ongtime  
**O**ngoing  
**V**illains  
**E**xposure

The singer should not think too much  
but go go go go  
The singer should deliver his special touch  
what else is there to know  
The singer should just sing his song  
and live for the show  
The singer should disguise his brains  
mirror mirror on his heart  
The singer has a license to go insane  
as long as he is paid by Mr.Smart  
The singer who wants to blow these chains  
keeps falling apart  
Sing me a tune – make me forget  
Make my display peak up in the red  
Entertain me – let me see how you sweat  
your bleeding heart to cover up what shouldn't be said  
out in the open: "Es stinkt, der Kapitalismus stinkt"  
Surrounded by people bound for the dream  
The dream growing stronger – so it seems  
"How much for that dream", says the devil,  
"Now, who's going to pay for your scene ?  
I want bedroom talk and private slander  
right here on my reality-screen" –  
his pay off machine  
But the singer turns his back on this pay off machine  
this split and rule emperor  
The singer doesn't want his tunes  
choked in cheap perfumes  
The singer is one of the people  
with both mind and hand  
The singer keep on fighting for  
the promised land  
Singer – sing me a song  
Singer – sing me a song

I don't know what to do or what to say no more  
My mind is being torn between what's on the score  
Seems so coincidental the way they bill the board  
And yet we know it's not true – the game is fixed for sure  
When I go in the depths and listen to their news  
I hear them split the info up and cut the clues  
Tomorrow little bits forgotten – nothing I can do  
A decade later Oscar movie hypes some points of view  
This just makes me feel like mr. no nobody  
Every fake smile they put on just force me to my knees  
I don't see that much fun as they claim convulsively  
I just see some fucked illusions play authority  
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah  
COME ON

Show a little muscle – you know – rock is a zoo  
Get a grip and twist the digital voodoo  
Smash a hotel room and fuck a Hoochie Koo  
Obey the image somebody pay you to do

“Love is in and love is out – got to play it cool” -  
orders from the marketplace that rules -  
Exploitative tactics sneaky killing the clue  
A robot fucking finger up the waves you do  
Celeb PR charity take your mind astray  
TV starfuck showtime into fade away  
“Money make the world go around” – still what they pray  
All the saints canonized say: Give it away  
Sub zero hard place  
My heartbeat down a robot pace  
An armoured creep shadowing my space  
Its ugly breath - the landscape’s in a haze  
The beast so flashy now it’s lost the race  
Its golden games just a makeup on its face  
Love came in and shook us all by surprise  
Yet somebody turn ‘Hellos’ into ‘Goodbys’  
They insist that love should fit their compromise  
with robots in control of a pack of lies  
robots to decide if we’re going to live or we’re going to die  
robots kick you out and then they tell you “you better learn to fly”

Sister sister – come down and make love  
You’re riding an iron glove  
You play it so cool like you’re told by their rules  
And – boy – how you handle their tools  
Sister sister – I can feel your whisper  
right behind your tongue twister  
Sister sister – now your loverboy is nice  
Now you better stay wise  
‘cause after he learned how to do the dishes  
the warlords kick him out in the bushes  
Sister sister – I can feel your whisper  
right behind your tongue twister  
Sister sister – now you fly so high  
with all the things you can buy  
Your path up to now different from mine  
You can feel it in my rhyme  
Sister sister – I can feel your whisper  
right behind your tongue twister

Head hunter – head hunter  
Confusion, suppression and split up relations  
always outlimit some individual  
Welfare cosy corners paid to pacify  
and everybody waiting for the right one to get by  
Head hunter – head hunter  
Every word is taxed and media over judged  
One way talk has become too much of too much  
Another trend is coming up – another guy is in front  
Sure knows how to handle some dick and some cunt  
Head hunter – head hunter  
Conspirative armies in double talk techniques  
do the front pages to stimulate the privileged  
Agents of agents make chosen outs take over  
Lonesome cowboys pull strings under cover  
Head hunter – head hunter

Two out of three struggling behind  
Only one third of us can fly  
Looks like a rocket in a wasted mind  
People burning in flames

How come we treat one another like no and nix  
Who's got the biggest bag of dirty trix  
trix and trix and trix  
Little white lies getting darker in the mix  
Little nix try to learn how to like it  
Bigger nix get the kicks out of it  
trix and trix and trix  
Little white lies getting darker in the mix  
Little trix – little nix  
Bigger trix – bigger nix  
trix and trix and trix  
Little white lies getting darker in the mix

I'm going wild – wild in my mind  
We were told that hope should draw the line  
Then they came to break down all hopes into tweets  
TV talk about black hoods and chaos in the streets  
World wide attention  
Fat cat redemption  
never had the intention  
to globalize inventions  
Tricky words at showdown – the private jets stood ready  
to help the showtime fly when things got heavy  
World wide attention  
Fat cat redemption  
never had the intention  
to globalize inventions  
World wide attention  
No comprehension

Greedy pipelines  
eat the lifelines  
for the kids of future times  
Safe and sound  
hidden in the ground  
- reserves not yet meant to be found  
Warlords burn the charters  
Hearts getting harder  
Long term ideas  
came up those years  
when the youngsters rebelled their own fears  
The yuppie bubble  
- Mr. Cool and the double –  
faked attentions upside down  
Sex and drugs got smarter  
Hearts getting harder  
Violation and  
lost foundation,  
solo arts and copy cats –  
When eagle's high  
the hawks crack down  
on every little move on the ground  
The noise getting sharper  
Hearts getting harder  
HEAL THE BIG DEAL  
Competition –  
backlash "visions"  
kill the coming masterminds  
Fear their law  
while they make another war,  
closing down your open doors –  
HEAL THE BIG DEAL

Dirt – metallic bird  
killing the atmosphere  
An Icarus overgear –  
totally hubris – no fear  
sellout future – no care  
Stressmen in oil biz  
playing gods on Sundays  
coming home to all their goods  
where the kids remain true to Robin Hood  
Dirt – metallic bird  
Isolation, navigation  
in hundreds of nations  
Hocus-pocus dealers abracadabra kiss my ass  
killing time for some bubbles to blast  
Dirt – metallic bird  
Get it up – it's coming down down down  
Man can be as good as evil –  
labour wisdom somewhere among the people  
“Imagine” the poet cried before some sick brain had him shot  
Technologies in the spirit of ....?  
good God – good good good good good

Why don't we do anything before somebody die  
Why don't we see anything before somebody cry  
Why don't we trust intuition, disbelieve it as a lie  
We know quite well  
why  
We're stressed up with spin  
win win – discipline  
Why does a crisis pop up every time 'come together' showdown the light  
Why are the hopes shot down before they even have a try  
Why can't the facts get through but always end up in a pie  
We know quite well  
why  
We're stressed up with spin  
win win - discipline  
Superbia  
- we got a hell lot of proud champs  
Avaritia  
- as many of greedy moles  
Luxuria  
- see the mountain of pleasant things  
Invidia  
- we got a hell vibe jealousy  
Gula  
- happy go lucky lot of waste  
Ira  
- top down bottom up frenzy  
Acedia  
- soup of apathy  
S.A.L.I.G.I.A.  
- we got hate in the name of love