



CASINO BABEL  
Smog In The Hourglass

## STREET KIDS

Musik: Roland

Text: Rib/Karlo

The pack is growing day by day.  
Wounded creatures gone astray  
hanging 'round at street corner joints.

They've slipped into a new career,  
act so tough, won't show their fear.  
Their bodies are their only property.

Street-kids - cut-off retreat  
Street-kids - making ends meet  
Street-kids - put on parole  
Street-kids - selling their souls

Mel's a crack at stealing cars.  
His daddy clings to iron bars,  
while his mum's collecting needle-marks.

Spoonie's on a bloodstained track,  
stabbed a salesman in the back.  
The lure of easy money sealed his fate.

Authorities can't seem to cope  
with wildcats cheated out of hope.  
Not yet sixteen - and future is a threat.

## IN BETWEEN

Musik: Roland

Text: Karlo

He is down when she is up  
She is chained when he is free  
He is rain when she is sun  
She is night when he's day.

When will they meet just in between?

He will lose when she can win  
She is blind when he can see  
He is hate when she is love  
She is bottom when he's top.

Oh, could they meet just in between!

He wants to be shore when she's the sea  
He wants to be ground when she's the snow  
He wants to be cloud when she's the wind

But they're always apart  
They'll never meet in between.

## GYNEPHOBIA

Musik: Roland / Karlo

Text: Rib

Is moral debris alone  
the key to my lack of confidence?  
Will she really laugh at me  
my joystick and my awkwardness?  
The moment she rejects me  
I'll probably die  
I'll certainly die.

Yesterday's party was no exception:  
had a crush on a fabulous girl,  
dreamed of two-sided love adaption  
mixing laughter with passionate whirls.

But I just watched her from any angle  
trying ever so hard to relax.  
When she addressed me, felt so entangled  
like a puppet all coated with wax.

Misfire in my brain driving me insane  
GYNEPHOBIA  
As occasion serves I'm a bag of nerves  
GYNEPHOBIA

In the early days when my skin was soft  
education reared ist ugly voice,  
"Look, those charming things  
not quite unlike you  
aren't meant to comfort cheeky boys.  
Glance at them till your eye-strings hurt,

but keep your fingers stuck in your pockets,  
never let them creep under any skirt,  
never dare to touch women's sockets!  
'cause the Good Lord could,  
when creating man,  
scarcely meet his seven-day deadline,  
messed up his own construction-plan,  
clumsy chap, but terribly divine,  
furnished prototypes with such body lust  
as had never been clinically tested.  
Now his deputy's power is going bust  
while he's fiercely tryin' to suppress it.  
He's not fond of tricks  
played 'pon him, our Lord,  
as Adam will readily tell:  
had his chest-hair burned  
with a flaming sword,  
lost his rib and pension fund as well.  
Done by duty only sex makes sense  
- for conception shamefacedly fulfilled -  
J. P.'s antidote damps what's too intense:  
penicillin cut with guilt."

Now and again I can cope with ladies  
when libido remains unimpressed.  
If they draw near, I draw near to Hades  
feeling so diabolically stressed.

Though there are millions  
of female gourmands  
simply yearning for some tender guy,  
I must confess I'm cut off from romance,  
silk suspenders and love's lullaby.

## BIG EYE

Musik: Roland / Karlo  
Text: Karlo

You can't see it, but it's ev'rywhere  
You can't cheat it, and you must beware  
'cause wherever you go,  
it follows you to and fro.

Don't turn 'round if there are things to hide.  
Don't speak aloud, you're overheard all night.  
If asleep or awake there will be no escape.  
So you're never alone;  
even your number is Their own.

Big Eye is watching you,  
Big Eye is looking through you.

And Their amateur spies  
will detect all your lies.

Interrogation because of collaboration  
Constant persecution for private revolution.

Now stop thinking, it will blow your brain.  
Now stop dreaming, it will bring you pain  
'cause whatever you do,  
it will break all Their rules.  
Now stop ...

## TERRA INCOGNITA

Musik: Roland

## REEF OF SOLID SILVER

Musik: Karlo / Roland  
Text: Rib

"Fisher and sons follow short cut to ruin"  
Some bastard headlines still ring in my ears.  
Kane is my name. It's our right of pursuin'  
what's worth pursuin' that cost sixteen years.

Had only Dirk lived to witness our break-through!  
Appointments made with Señoras we'll keep.  
Once we were wreckless, today we shall wake you;  
and sunken millions are hauled from the deep.

We traced the reef of solid silver  
when failure was our constant guest.  
The sceptic world will tell our story  
of quiet but obsessive quest.

Perfectly safe in a well-preserved oak chest  
a bottle surfaced, intact and still corked  
holding a parchment.  
The crew climbed the wave-crest  
like awesome children, when history talked.

"I'd much rather join my comrades on deck  
be swept overboard by a towering wave  
than robbed of my strength by malicious disease  
be trapped in the stern of this capsizing grave.  
How high were our spirits when we set sail!  
How deep in his rage will God drag us down?"

The wealthy merchants, idle dames  
would gladly give their precious loot.  
No gold doubloons or jewelry  
can save them from this destiny.  
Signed: Pablo Morales of Cadiz, Spain,  
the year of our Lord 1622."

We traced the reef of solid silver  
when avarice had struck us blind.  
The frantic world will move along soon  
and leave our claim to fame behind.  
Our solvency is redefined  
but will it give us peace of mind?

## JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF MY MIND

Musik: Roland  
Text: Roland

Do you want to go on a journey,  
a journey into my mind?  
So watch the wondrous and curious land,  
but stay on the path - it's dangerous!

Pass through the Tunnel of Glass  
and enter the Chamber of Ice,  
now follow the rill running dry soon  
which carries my frozen feelings.

Now you are in the Crystal Hall.  
Mirrors covering the walls  
reflecting the light and warmth from outside  
to prevent them from entering my mind.

I'm the prison and I'm the prisoner  
walled in by my fear.  
I'm the victim and I'm the murderer.  
Get me out of here!

Break the walls and free me,  
take my hands and heal me.

The Gods of my madness  
cryin' in desperate sadness  
and the chorus of thoughts  
singing dissonant chords.

Now let's continue the journey  
to the centre of my mind.

Come into the Cave of Dread  
where hate and aggression live.  
It's dark and cold - be quiet inside,  
don't change anything - it's alright.

Be all ears! Do you hear the faint cry  
re-echoed by walls of stone?  
It's the shade of my soul - deaf and blind.  
It is lost - and soon will die.

## NIGHT No. 2

Musik: Karlo  
Text: Karlo

High over the hills  
storms are riding black clouds



through the night.  
Leaves tumbling from trees,  
dancing on graves.  
Dark shadows in the moonlight.

Mist over the moors,  
autumn winds  
are filling the air with fright.  
Two children in rags  
writing poems  
in flickering candlelight.

Writing about their fears in the night,  
watching eagles in silent flight,  
staring with their eyes open wide.

#### THE QUIESCENT INTERLUDE

Musik: Roland  
Text: Roland / Rib

One future period in mankind's history  
will be different: the "Quiescent Interlude",  
an era when not even close investigation  
will uncover any new trace of human existence  
on the surface of the Earth.

Blinding flash, unfailing pressure,  
fall-out blankets.  
Man was striving for  
the dawn of the Quiescent Interlude.

Burned-out cities laid in ruins,  
lifeless landscapes,  
flooded continents:  
noon of the Quiescent Interlude.

Human relics long eroded,  
nature's patience  
bearing brand-new fruit:  
dusk of the Quiescent Interlude.

Crawling mutants cov'ring pale eyes  
dazzled by twilight,  
repetition scheme:  
end of the Quiescent Interlude.

#### OCTAVIUS GREY (The Soldier)

Musik: Roland  
Text: Roland

He's been a patriotic soldier  
for the honour of his motherland.  
And his little daughter - yes, I told her  
that she will never hold his hand - again.

He is dressed like a mummy  
with a plastic tube in his nose

He lost his eyes, will never see  
the colourful beauty of life.  
Shell splinters made him a blind man.  
He will never see his lovely wife - again.

And his name is Octavius Grey.  
His body is dead - he can't find a way  
to enter into relations  
with the outer world.

He's deaf and dumb, will never hear  
the singing birds in the trees.  
He lost his senses, he won't smell  
- anymore  
the fragrance of the salty seas.

He's a brain without body,  
a wincing protein sponge

But they take care of their heroes.  
Social Welfare you know.  
He'll be employed as a monster  
you can gaze at in the curiosity show.



Thank you Elsbeth & Pi Mäurer

#### CASINO BABEL

Karlo  
Beck

lead & harmony vocals /  
electric bass /  
electric rhythm guitar /  
synthesizer / percussion.

Richard  
Bellinghausen

acoustic & programmed drums /  
vocals / percussion.

Malte  
Burchard

absent (Vancouver,  
B.C., Canada).

Roland  
Enders

lead & harmony vocals /  
electric lead & rhythm guitars /  
keyboards / computer /  
electric bass / acoustic guitar /  
programmed drums / percussion.

#### SPATIAL GUESTS

Wilfried  
Bellinghausen

vibes.

Elsbeth  
Enders

photographs.

Franz  
Kremer

saxophone / flute.

Peter  
Moser

trombone.

Recorded at SLANDER DRONE, Bonn,  
by Roland, assisted by Karlo  
Mixed by Roland  
Lay-out by Rib

Original-Edition auf Cassette 1986  
Remaster von Roland 2010