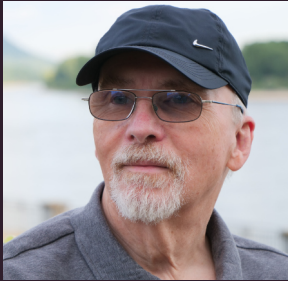


R.E. Transmitter
The Unrelenting Pendulum



R.E. Transmitter



Roland



Aubrey



Eric



Lukky

The Dawn Of Thousand Years

Broken ruins veiled in dust,
Once the temples of our lust.
We worshiped at the greed-made shrine,
Hedonism was our line.

Whispers echo through these halls,
Memories of rise and fall,
Words of sorrow etched into walls.
Never again we will stand tall.

The last of us now hide below,
Mourning ghosts we used to know.
From predators to hunted prey—
That's the debt we had to pay.

Yet in the fractures something grows—
A restless force that gently flows.

From the scars of yesterday,
We will rise and not decay.
In the dawn of thousand years,
Lives a strength beyond our fears.

Now we feel the rhythm,
The pulse beneath the stone,
The primal song of nature
That leads as to the unknown.

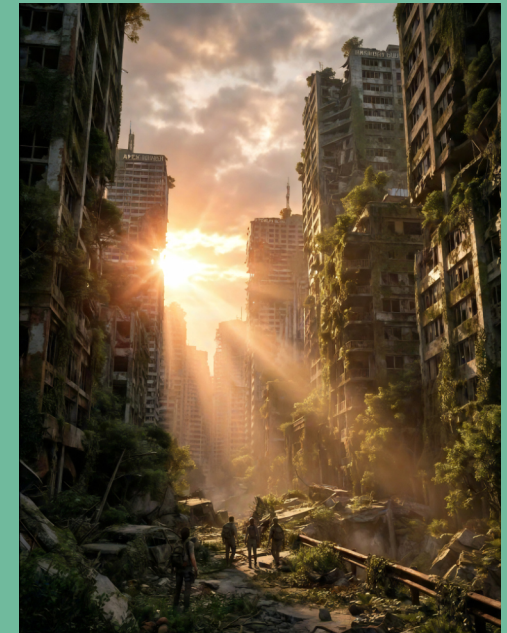
Green returns to barren plains,
A glimpse of peace revives our veins,
A shimmer in the darkness grows,
A spark of hope now faintly glows.

Children of a wiser age,
Erased our deeds, rewrote the page,
From our flaws, new wisdom grew—
With open mind we'll start anew.

Through the shadows we emerged,
Bound by hope and fully purged.
Nearly perished and reborn,
Now gazing toward a new dawn.

From the ashes, we reclaim our song.
Now bold and confident, we can carry on.

From the scars of yesterday,
We have risen, found our way,
In the dawn of thousand years,
We've transcended all our fears.



While The Pendulum Swings

The mind resists the tides of change,
Clings to comfort, fears the strange.
When the sun is bright, we pray it stays,
But storms can break on golden days.

In good times, we build on sand,
In dark times, we lose our stand.
But life, it turns in cycling rings,
Just like a pendulum swings.

While the pendulum swings,
we breathe, we break,
Rise with the dawn, and bend with ache.
Winters are always followed by springs,
Hope flies again on beating wings.
As long as it lasts, we're still alive.
While the pendulum swings, we survive.

Bleeding wounds can be healed,
Leaking vessels can be sealed.
Laughter fades, but it returns,
Ashes cool, then embers burn.

So brace yourself when
skies are blue,
And stand your ground
when fears come true.
For every joy and every
sting
Comes with the
pendulum's swing.

While the pendulum
swings, we breathe, we
break,
Rise with the dawn,
and bend with ache.
Winters are always

followed by springs,
Hope flies again on beating wings.
As long as it lasts, we're still alive.
While the pendulum swings, we survive.

Expect changes, late or soon,
Like the phases of the moon.
Spring tide comes and waters soar,
Don't build your home on shallow shore.

While the pendulum swings,
we sag, we rise,
Altering from dumb to wise.
Sunrise sets the dawn aglow;
Winter days, they drown in snow.
Even in bad times we can thrive—
While the pendulum swings, we're still
alive.



Holly

Holly Gibney, you write your own story,
A novel of blood, pain and glory.
The author types what you dictate,
You are in charge, there's no debate.

Old movies on worn-out video tapes,
By heart you recite every line.
There are no secrets to escape you.
You recognize every sign.
Enigmas are your second passion,
However difficult they are.
You solve them in your very fashion.
Your brilliant mind reaches far.

They try to fit you in their mold,
But you're strong, you are bold.
Woman of steel, hardened in fire,
They try to hurt you, full of ire.

Oh, Hollyberry, you make me smile!
Once you were weak, but now you are
resile!
A hunter of monsters and a private eye.
A keen-eyed hawk high in the sky.
Oh Hollyberry, you have your own mind.
You belong to a rare and special kind.
They whisper 'Asperger's' as if it's a flaw,
It's a superpower that deserves awe.

Your mother never noticed
the sparkle in your eyes.
She tried to control you
with all her petty lies.
Until her painful death,
she always succeeded.
Weakening your self-esteem—
that was all she did.

A threat and a burden,
even after her end—
Still an open wound,
You have to mend.

You read the facts, not the face,
You miss the jokes but win the chase.
You walk alone, but not in fear,
Justice is the voice you hear.
You've brought down fiends and human
beasts,
Saved hundreds of human lives at least,
Found killers who moved like ghosts in the
fog.
You followed their tracks even through thick
smog.

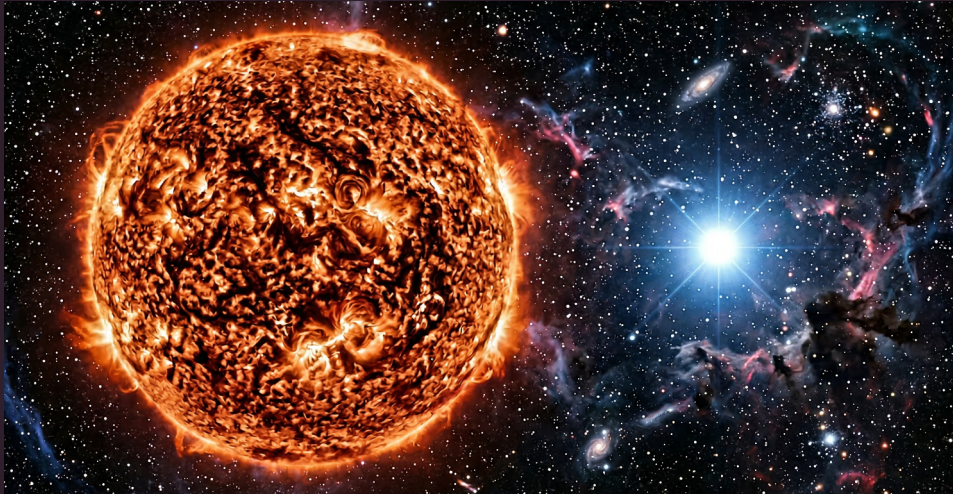
Oh, Hollyberry, you make me smile!
Once you were weak, but now you are
resile!
A hunter of monsters and a private eye.
A keen-eyed hawk high in the sky.
Oh Hollyberry, you have your own mind.
You belong to a rare and special kind.
They whisper 'Asperger's' as if it's a flaw,
It's a superpower that deserves awe.

No cape, no praise, no grand applause,
Just sharpened thoughts and a noble cause.
You chase the ones the rest won't see,
The wolves in coats of decency.

They try to fit you in their mold,
But you're strong, you are bold.
Woman of steel, hardened in fire,
They try to hurt you, full of ire.

Oh, Hollyberry ...

Betelgeuse (instrumental



Betelgeuse is a red giant star in the constellation Orion, which is 800 times the diameter of the Sun and about 10,000 times as bright. It is of particular interest because it is unstable and on the verge of a supernova explosion. This may even have already happened. We just wouldn't know yet because the light takes around 500 to 700 years to reach us. If it were visible here, it would be quite spectacular. Betelgeuse would then reach the brightness of the moon and would even be visible during the day.

However, in astronomical terms, 'imminent' can also mean a few thousand years. So it is rather unlikely that we will experience it.

Gaming Girl ...



Hidden in the shadows: a little wallflower,
A silent girl with no power.
Dreams of friendship fade away.
She's unseen and feels betrayed.

But in the world behind the screen,
She's someone else, she's a queen,
A gifted gamer who survives.
In the virtual world, she feels alive.

A gaming girl with heart and soul!
In her realm, she's in control.
With cleverness and badass skills,
She sneaks stealthily, light as a quill.

Silent paths are not forbidden.
Secrets are no longer hidden.
She's a spider—climbs steep walls,
Solves riddles in abandoned halls.

In the virtual world she earned so much
fame,

A radiant heroine who plays the game.
Although nobody knows her real name,
They are all in awe, want to carry her flame.

But in her real life she finds it hard,
To assert herself among those stupid
blowhards.
Then somebody finds her behind the
screen.
And all of the sudden, she's no longer
unseen.

Now they see her in a different light.
Her spirit flies high—high as a kite.
She can be proud, 'cause she is famous,
A shining idol for female gamers.

A gaming girl with heart and soul!
In her realm, she's in control.
With cleverness and badass skills,
She sneaks stealthily, light as a quill.

... Gaming Girl

Silent paths are not forbidden.
Secrets are no longer hidden.
She's a spider—climbs steep walls,
Solves riddles in abandoned halls.

From violet to red aglow
hovers a colorful rainbow.
She is the only one who ever
found the precious treasure
at its foot.



I recently had a dream in which I was young again. I was playing in this band, and we had a gig at the old music club where several famous artists had launched their careers. It was packed, loud, and stuffy, and the air was thick with the smell of beer and sweat. We were nervous, but our performance was phenomenal. We experienced an endorphin rush and became one with the music. By the end, we were exhausted but happy.

It was just a dream, but one that is reflected in my work on this album. It leaves me with a deep sense of satisfaction.

Roland



A new beginning



Holly and the Outsider

Invasion

Seven tiny dots of light
Appeared in the sky at night.
Seen through many telescope
By stargazers across the globe.

No comets, no meteor showers,
No asteroids nor earthly powers.
Not the usual celestial lights
But strange and disturbing sights.

“Close Encounters Of The Third Kind”
or “War Of The World”, what will we find?
Ambassadors or ruthless foes
In Trojan horses? Nobody knows.

They come from the stars, light years away
To teach us wisdom or hunt us as prey.
Are they conductors in the cosmic
symphony?
Or will they punish us for our infamy?

Flight vector pointing to the Earth.
The artefacts decelerate,
Still three billion miles away.
We hold our breath and we wait.

They're getting closer on their way;
Now only a few weeks away.
They're obviously coming to us.
And they're obviously coming to stay.

Their arrival divides humanity.
Most people freeze in fear.

False prophets proclaim the apocalypse,
They swear that disaster is near.

Others found sects and build shrines.
They worship the lights in the sky as signs.
They call them gods and beg for grace.
Blind devotion on every face.

The standpoint of reason is drowned in
noise,
No one listens to its voice.
Hope is abandoned, anger ignites,
Streets and cities burn in the nights.

Blood is shed and people die.
Watched by cruel eyes in the sky?
Visitors from outer space—
Will they destroy the human race?

Are we even worth their time
In the grand design divine?
Is our greatness just a scheme,
Nothing but an arrogant dream?

No asteroids beyond the orbit of mars,
No comet swarm or newborn stars.
An armada sent by an alien race
Crossing the vast void of space.

“Close Encounters Of The Third Kind”
or “War Of The World”, what will we find?
Ambassadors or ruthless foes
In Trojan horses? Nobody knows.

They come from the stars, light years away
To teach us wisdom or hunt us as prey.
Are they conductors in the cosmic
symphony?
Or will they punish us for our infamy?

Seven motherships in orbit
Spew out countless landing craft.
Superior strangers on a mission
Defenders are seriously understaffed

Troops assemble, hearts are pounding,
Yet no weapon leaves its sheath.
Alien craft now touch the ground,
Frightened soldiers barely breathe.

Fear and wonder clash within them:
Will aliens heal, or will they kill?
Then the hatches open wide
Spotlight on; the world stands still.

They come from the stars, light years away
To teach us wisdom or hunt us as prey.
Are they conductors in the cosmic
symphony?
Or will they punish us for our infamy?



Why

Rose was so happy when her child was born.
She and John had tried for so long.
A perfect little creature filled her heart
with joy.
She loved him so much, her awesome
little boy.

But all of a sudden Rose's baby died
Without any cause in the darkest night.
Rose was drowned in a sea of grief.
The Grim Reaper is a cruel thief.

Why, tell me, why must innocent people die
Long before their time has come?
Why must their beloved ones
Despair, mourn and cry,
Till their hearts are numb?
Which divine plan could justify
this sacrifice?
What kind-hearted deity would demand
such a price?

Maybe there is no meaning, no higher
purpose we can see.
Maybe the universe moves on in cold
indifferency.

Maybe this wondrous world was born by
chance, a mystery.

Frank had worked so hard his whole life
through,
With skill and dexterous hands and purpose
true.
From today, he can realize his plan.
It's Retirement Day for this faithful man.

He drove to pick his loving wife,
To share the dream they saved in life.
They'd head for the shores of the
Golden Coast,
To breathe the salty breeze
They loved the most.

A drunken idiot crossed his way.
Frank had no chance, no time to pray.
The impact shattered flesh and bone,
And on this road he died alone.

Why, tell me, why must innocent people die
Long before their time has come?
Why must their beloved ones
Despair, mourn and cry,
Till their hearts are numb?
Which divine plan could justify
this sacrifice?
What kind-hearted deity would demand
such a price?

The dice roll and sometimes the odds turn
cold for us. But it's not all about bad luck.
Bright moments still unfold for us.

Be mindful and preserve them, for just
another desperate day. Friendship and love,
laughter and joy, they can light your way.

It's pointless to ask why. Life's twists and
turns are strange. But you can always try
to leave your mark, to change the universe
just a little bit. So act and use your wit.

The meaning of your life is totally up to you,
until something happens Out of the blue.

Club 27 ...

The flames blaze high from a single spark.
The Delta ghost howls in the dark.
At the crossroads, a debt had to be paid.
The King of Blues, he made the trade,
First link in a seven-fold chain.
The mysterious myth fuels the flame.

Welcome to the Club 27,
They shook up the peaceful Heaven.
Three times three times three,
A mystic number with pure energy.
At the peak of their fame they
chose the fall,
To wake up immortal or not at all.

Robert Johnson—King of the Delta Blues,
He played and he sang like he'd nothing to
lose.

Brian Jones—the cornerstone, he was
rolling too fast, a foundation of the Rolling
Stones that was never to last—for ever.

Jimi Hendrix—the Wizard of the six strings,
The cosmic magic that his spirit still brings.

Janis Joplin—Queen of Rock and the Blues,
Unmatched in her voice, with nothing left
to choose.

Jim Morrison—Lizard King, he has shut the
last door. A charismatic frontman,
He has lost his last war.

Kurt Cobain—through his songs he cried.
He lived the music to show us the truth and
his vulnerable side.

Amy Winehouse—her powerful voice
brought the Soul back to stay.
With a heart so grand, she missed the way,
led herself astray.

Seven stars sparkling, ever so bright.
Their legacy shines through the dark of the
night.

The decades feed the ghost-machine.
The greatest show that's ever been.
It's more than a number, more than a date.
It's the gravity pull of a heavy-weight fate.
In sudden death, they stood their ground
Immortal now, and glory bound.

Welcome to the Club 27,
They shook up the peaceful Heaven.
Three times three times three,
A mystic number with pure energy.
At the peak of their fame they
chose the fall,
To wake up immortal or not at all.

Three times three times three –
The magic of the symmetry.
The loudest band in Heaven:
Club 27!



Credits:

Roland Enders:
composition,
recording & production,
mix & mastering,
songbook & lyrics.
Vocals on "Why", additional
vocals on "Gaming Girl"

Aubrey Illurimo:
Vocals on "While The Pendulum
Swings" and "Gaming Girl",
additional vocals on "Holly" and
"Invasion".

Eric Castiglia:
Vocals on "The Dawn Of
Thousand Years" and "Holly".

Lukky N.: Vocals on "Invasion"
and "Club 27".

Audrey, Eric, and Lukky, thank
you so much for participating on
this proeject!

A Note on Artificial Intelligence:

We are increasingly surrounded
by art, music, and videos
created entirely by AI, often
without human creative input. I
have no issue with artists using
AI as a creative tool—provided it
is used transparently.

For this project, I used AI
selectively:

The images in this songbook
were generated based on my own
ideas and instructions, as I am
not a visual artist.

English is not my native
language. Despite, the core
content and most of the wording
in the lyrics are my own, though
I used AI to review and refine
them.

The music, however, is entirely
my own—no AI, loops, or
construction kits were used.
Every note was written by me.

The Unrelenting Pendulum

- 01 The Dawn Of Thousand Years
- 02 While The Pendulum Swings
- 03 Holly
- 04 Betelgeuse
- 05 Gaming Girl
- 06 Invasion
- 07 Why
- 08 Club 27

Mixed and mastered in Slender Drone Studio, Germany

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