

R. E. TRANSMITTER



Benefit of the Doubt

CRIME SCENE, DO NOT CROSS

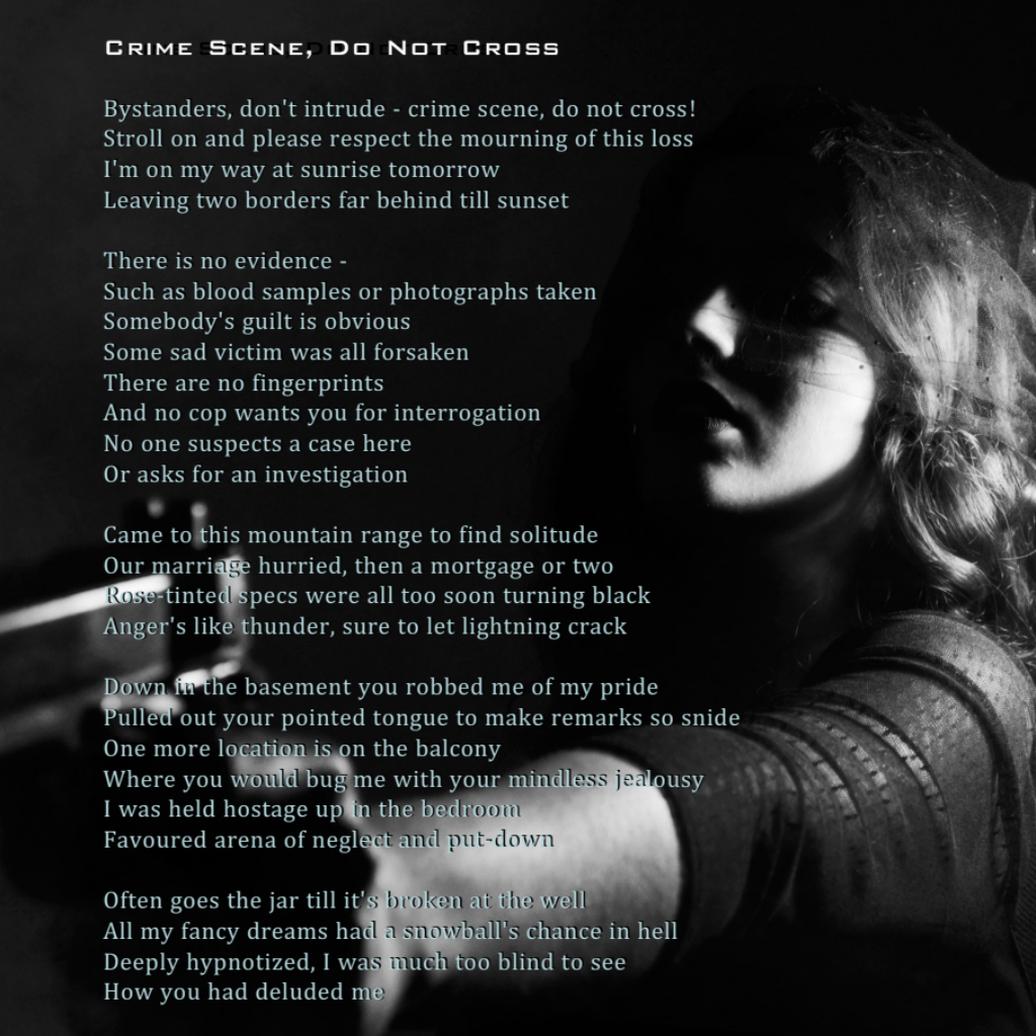
Bystanders, don't intrude - crime scene, do not cross!
Stroll on and please respect the mourning of this loss
I'm on my way at sunrise tomorrow
Leaving two borders far behind till sunset

There is no evidence -
Such as blood samples or photographs taken
Somebody's guilt is obvious
Some sad victim was all forsaken
There are no fingerprints
And no cop wants you for interrogation
No one suspects a case here
Or asks for an investigation

Came to this mountain range to find solitude
Our marriage hurried, then a mortgage or two
Rose-tinted specs were all too soon turning black
Anger's like thunder, sure to let lightning crack

Down in the basement you robbed me of my pride
Pulled out your pointed tongue to make remarks so snide
One more location is on the balcony
Where you would bug me with your mindless jealousy
I was held hostage up in the bedroom
Favoured arena of neglect and put-down

Often goes the jar till it's broken at the well
All my fancy dreams had a snowball's chance in hell
Deeply hypnotized, I was much too blind to see
How you had deluded me



Guess there's a lesson learned: all your crimes won't pay
Thanks to this .45 you should have locked away
They'll never find you, retrace your lifeline
Down at the bottom of the blown-up coalmine

There is no evidence -
Such as blood samples or photographs taken
Somebody's guilt is obvious
Some sad victim was all forsaken
There are no fingerprints
And no cop wants me for interrogation
No one suspects a case here
Or asks for an investigation

THE DARKNESS

You're afraid of everything
You're always full of grief
If I gave you a diamond ring
You would likely fear the thief
It's lurking in the dark:
Desperate anxiety
Like some man-eating shark
Devouring you entirely
Come out of the darkness

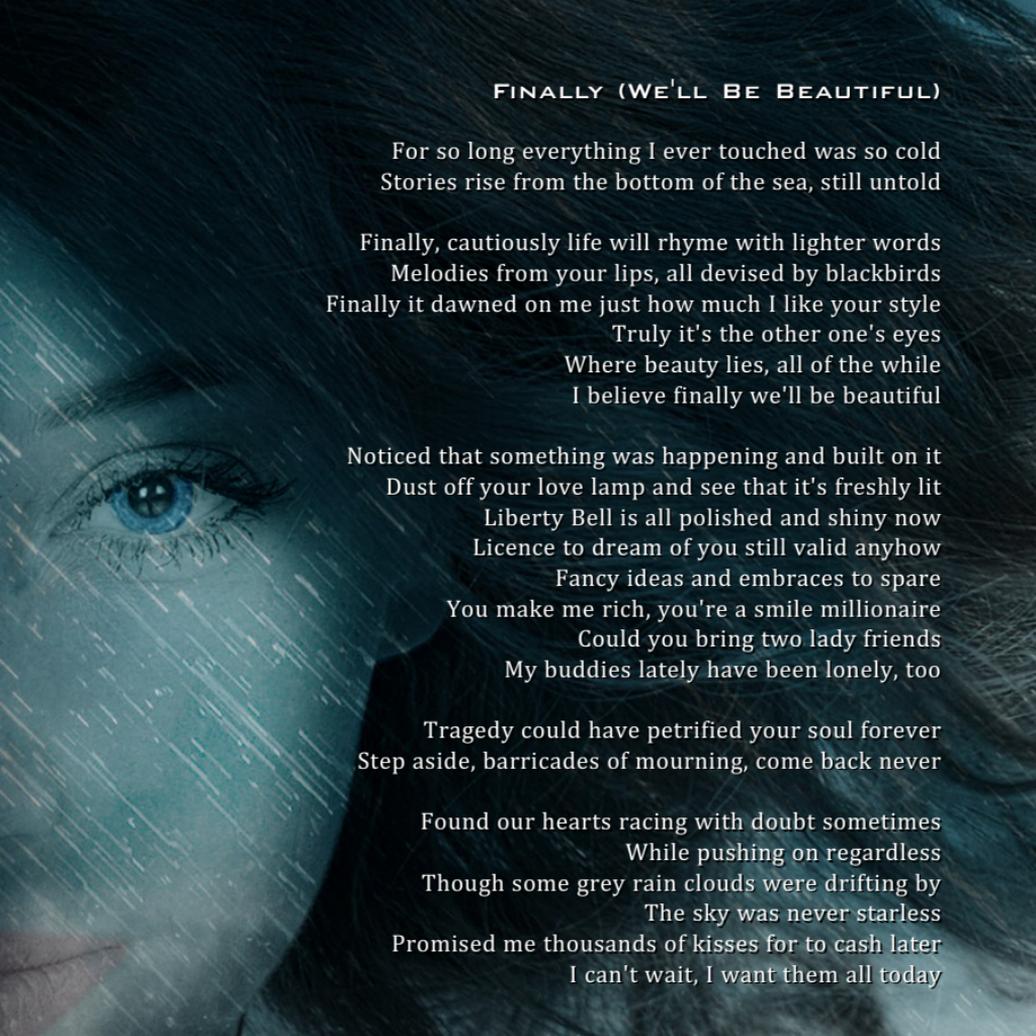
You're crying in the night
You're yielding to despair
You've given up the fight
No longer do you care
About your precious life
Do not forsake yourself
Come on - you must revive
Reclaim your mental health!
Come out of the darkness

There is something buried in you that is terrifying
A horrible experience you are denying
It happened in your past - I can see it in your eyes
You've been utterly aghast - please don't tell me lies
Surely there's no virtue in suppressing memories
You will only be confused and feel ill at ease
Don't you look away, face your demons and be brave
Sure enough you can defeat them and feel safe again

Finally you broke your silence and revealed the truth
You've been hurt so cruelly in your youth
Now I understand what you've been going through
Gone through hell but now you will be born anew
I will share your burden, I will help you stand your ground
Give you confidence and comfort, no you will not drown
I will share your burden, I will help you stand your ground
Give you confidence and comfort, no you will not drown

Behind that cheating mask	Let him feel the fear you felt
Of a well respected man	Don't let him get away
Your tormentor lives his life	Confront him with his guilt
Not atoning for your pain	Right on his judgement day
He has forgotten you	Accuse him of his crime
Now he is unsuspecting	Exposure, merciless
Strike him with all your force	Now end his carefree time
When no-one will protect him	And force him to confess
Come out of the darkness	Come out of the darkness

Come out of the darkness, step into the light
Won't you come out of the darkness and step into the light?



FINALLY (WE'LL BE BEAUTIFUL)

For so long everything I ever touched was so cold
Stories rise from the bottom of the sea, still untold

Finally, cautiously life will rhyme with lighter words
Melodies from your lips, all devised by blackbirds
Finally it dawned on me just how much I like your style
Truly it's the other one's eyes
Where beauty lies, all of the while
I believe finally we'll be beautiful

Noticed that something was happening and built on it
Dust off your love lamp and see that it's freshly lit
Liberty Bell is all polished and shiny now
Licence to dream of you still valid anyhow
Fancy ideas and embraces to spare
You make me rich, you're a smile millionaire
Could you bring two lady friends
My buddies lately have been lonely, too

Tragedy could have petrified your soul forever
Step aside, barricades of mourning, come back never

Found our hearts racing with doubt sometimes
While pushing on regardless
Though some grey rain clouds were drifting by
The sky was never starless
Promised me thousands of kisses for to cash later
I can't wait, I want them all today

BENEATH THE MAJOR OAK

On Saturday my mood always swings to cheerful
Right from the minute the weekend began
Advancing to the edge of the mighty forest
From Edwinstowe I walked to see my Mary-Anne

Meet my love at five beneath the Major Oak
She's a most alluring shepherdess
Leans against the tree, eyes closed while waiting there
In her finest watercolour dress

Twice her father called me a "low-life dawdler"
Though I work the barren soil every day
Hard to be so poor in a wealthy country
She vowed to always be my sweetheart anyway

In a realm unknown to us fairy folk exist
Watching over Mary-Anne in the clearing mist

At least I'm brave enough to confess I'm a coward
Once I had to run, pursued by a bear
The poetry my love likes to pin to tree trunks
Is slowing down my pace but always leads me there

She's never been a scrooge when it comes to hugging
Lying on a bed of sun-flooded moss
Sometimes she recites from a risqué stage play
Her lines are cherry-picked to get her point across



2048

No one even is considering to play music when not paid
We have lost all sense of empathy fighting personal crusades
For our fast-eroding family ties we can find no substitute
Comfort is expensive at the Church of ill repute

Fair-minded people are fooled and marooned
What is left of humanity dies from self-inflicted wounds
Lies rule, and yet it moves, it orbits and rotates
Perfect time to forsake this world - it's 2048

When the last environmentalist saw no point in further talk
We'd already watched Calcutta drown like proud Venice and New York
There are continents of plastic waste floating in the Seven Seas
Grandiose inheritance, our children will be pleased

Our next of kin, poor mutations
Our next of kin, aberrations
Not much desire for awareness
Not much desire to evolve

All that I see gives me the creeps
All that I see makes me unhappy
All that I see

There is really not an effort spared to make life a real bitch
We are forced to bear day in, day out the impertinence of the rich
For an undisclosed but princely sum politicians may be leased
Morons now are presidents of fake democracies





HAUNTED

It's been a year since they sent us here
The contract seemed like a brilliant idea
We were a good team, we got along fine
Wages were high, we even met the deadline
But we failed to recognize the signs

Nobody came for the shift handover
Connection's down, so we're isolated
Can't leave our base, and the ship is grounded
A hostile world, and my heart is pounding
Weird phantoms roaming the surroundings

A cold-faced moon makes the shadows creep around
The haunting ghosts keep me alert and daunted
Suddenly the night starts falling
And an eerie voice is calling
Sitting on my bed with a gun in my hand
And I'm waiting for the enemy to take a stand

The voices, they haunt me
The voices in the night
The voices around me
The heralds of the fight

As of late my mates behave so strangely
As if their minds were decomposing
They eye me up with a lifeless glance
Apparently in a state of trance
Quite obviously in a state of trance

Feel suspicious, don't trust them any longer
Do they gang up on me? The pressure's getting stronger
Grave malfunctions in this tiny outpost
Looks like they sabotage the life support system

"Persecution mania", they say and shake their heads about me
"Pull yourself together, man! We know that there is nothing out there
Except for rocks and heaps of sand - nothing to be scared of
You mistook the wind for cries, let your fancy fool you
You're a little overstrained, better get some rest now
They will not forget us, friend. Soon they will take us home."

A cold-faced moon makes the shadows creep around
The haunting ghosts keep me alert and daunted
Suddenly the night starts falling
And an eerie voice is calling
Sitting on my bed with a gun in my hand
And I'm waiting for the traitors who once were my mates

Woke up with handcuffs on my wrists
I grit my teeth and I clench my fists
They have arrested me as if I were
A dangerous criminal - that's unfair!
Awoken but still caught in a nightmare

They told me I had caused a bloodbath
Killed three of them in a crazy wrath
Had gone ballistic in my madness
Their solemn faces full of sadness
Oh, my memory reawakens!

A cold-faced moon makes the shadows creep around
The haunting ghosts keep me alert and daunted
Suddenly the night starts falling
And an eerie voice is calling
Sitting on my bed, tryin' to understand
Waiting for the verdict, see my bloodstained hands!

The voices, they haunt me
The voices in the night
The voices around me
The heralds of the fight

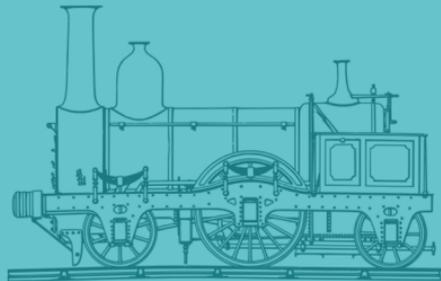
THE RAINHILL TRIALS

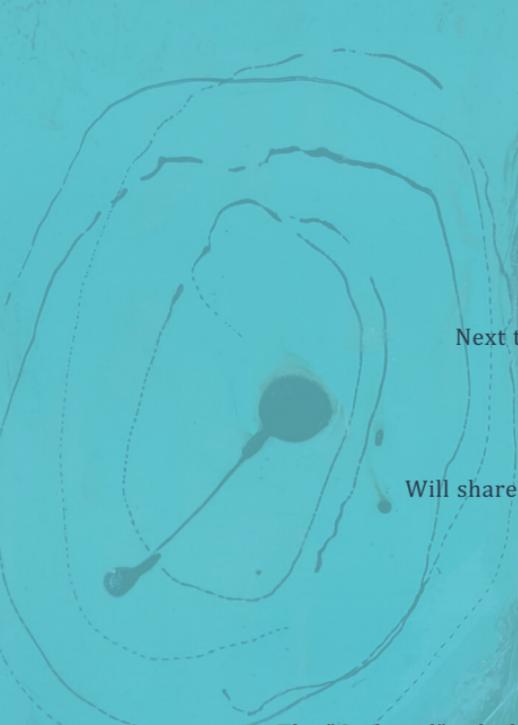
I may never get to Fleet Street
But I'm good at telling tales
Write my columns in the attic
And submit them all by mail
No one of the staff has seen my face

While I sign "John Henry Saville"
I was christened Emma Lynn
Love a fresh, inspiring story
That will get beneath your skin
So excited 'bout this railroad craze

The "Liverpool and Manchester" will soon complete their railway track
A locomotive must be picked to get the travellers there and back
Especially the Stephensons are known as genius engineers
The competition still is tough. Let's find out what their peers do!

The "Cycloped" is lacking steam: a belt is driven by a horse
The "Sans Pareil" performs quite well until the engine cracks with force
Not fit to make 10 miles per hour, the "Perseverance": obsolete
For problems with a boiler pipe the "Novelty" may later face defeat



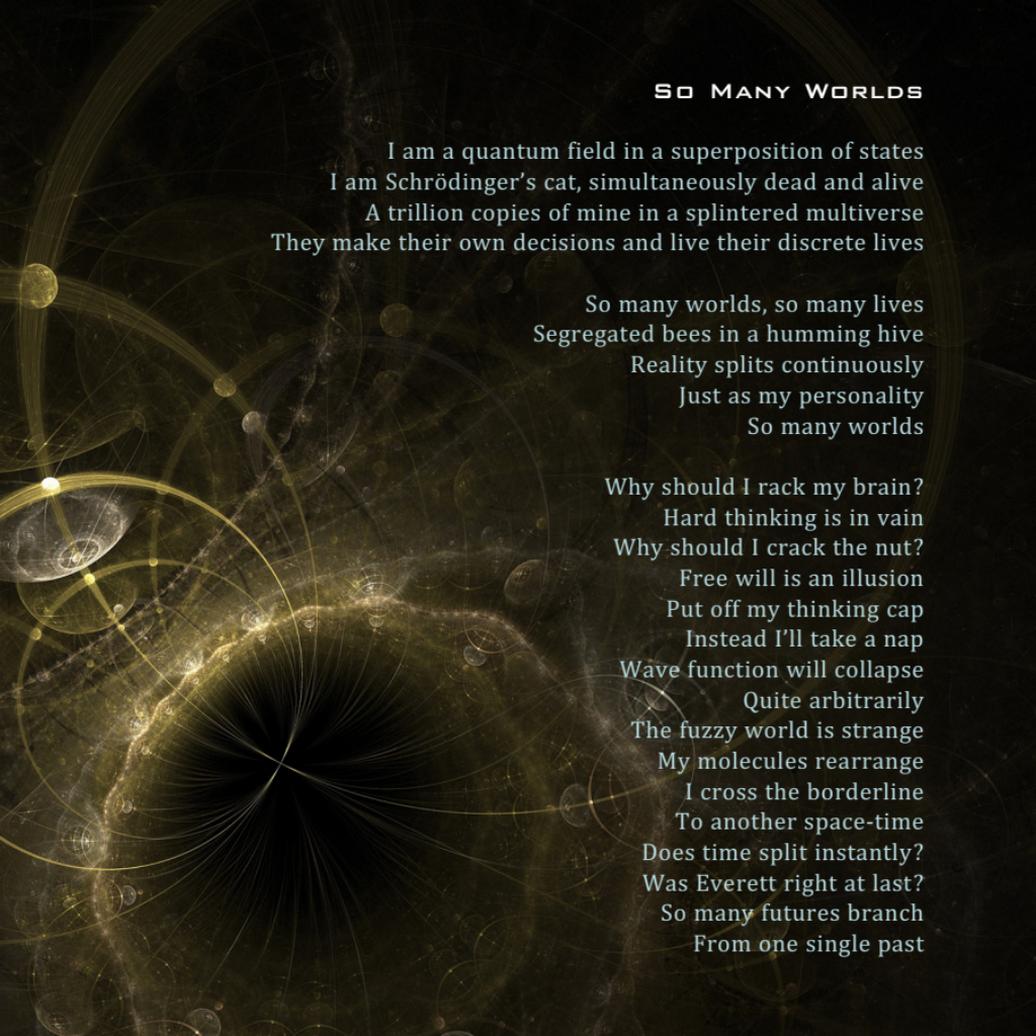


Must be 10 to 15.000
Who've assembled here to watch
Now the candidates still running
Clearly step it up a notch
Next three miles of track require full speed

Maybe thirty years from now
Papers will hire women, too
Then my daughter or my niece
Will share opinions just like you - wait and see!

Now approaching is the "Rocket"
With a sharp triumphant sound
And completes the Rainhill Trials
Taking home 500 £
I can't wait to write this story down

The "Cycloped" is lacking steam: a belt is driven by a horse
The "Sans Pareil" performs quite well until the engine cracks with force
Not fit to make 10 miles per hour. The "Perseverance": obsolete
For problems with a boiler pipe the "Novelty" at last admits defeat



SO MANY WORLDS

I am a quantum field in a superposition of states
I am Schrödinger's cat, simultaneously dead and alive
A trillion copies of mine in a splintered multiverse
They make their own decisions and live their discrete lives

So many worlds, so many lives
Segregated bees in a humming hive
Reality splits continuously
Just as my personality
So many worlds

Why should I rack my brain?
Hard thinking is in vain
Why should I crack the nut?
Free will is an illusion
Put off my thinking cap
Instead I'll take a nap
Wave function will collapse
Quite arbitrarily
The fuzzy world is strange
My molecules rearrange
I cross the borderline
To another space-time
Does time split instantly?
Was Everett right at last?
So many futures branch
From one single past



R. TRANSMITTER E.

A stylized graphic of a radio antenna with three concentric curved lines above a vertical stem, positioned between the 'R.' and 'E.' in the title.

All music written and performed by Roland Enders

Lyrics: Richard Bellinghausen (1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8) and Roland Enders (2, 7, 9)

Lead vocals:

Claudia Theisen (1, 5, 8), Roland Enders (2, 4, 7, 9) and Richard Bellinghausen (3, 6)

Background vocals:

Claudia Theisen, Roland Enders and Richard Bellinghausen

Recording, mixing and mastering: Roland Enders @ Slander Drone Studio

Booklet design: Richard Bellinghausen

Original artwork: Ute Grewenig - photographs by Tom Birkhäuser

Additional artwork: pixabay.com - many thanks!

Model: Tanja Raffel - photographs by Karin Kämmerer

Website: www.songs-and-stories.de

