

# **Einstürzende Neubauten**

## **"Headcleaner"**

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Silence!

General mobilization  
All subjects to be deconditioned!  
HEADCLEANER!

Fall into line!  
Attention! Unpredictable, forward march!

New wonders, new horrors  
Tornado for the obligations to convention  
For the convolutions  
In the skull, cyclone  
As HEADCLEANER!  
Wire brushes to the vermin trash!

Clotted thoughts, frozen now melt  
With HEADCLEANER!

Behind us the universe  
With us inhumanity  
Against universal humanity  
Any means is right  
And proper only the right to the mean average

On parade the psychiatric unit  
Over-the-top ascetics up front  
Pumped up  
With HEADCLEANER!

Next in line the wild rank and file  
Just one thing in their heads:  
HEADCLEANER!

One half of my dreams is shaved bald  
Violence  
Waiting  
The first battering on the door  
Or  
The first one from official quarters  
With questions  
A matchstick caught in my throat

No phrase  
Through my throat  
Which would not  
Start a blaze  
Don't wait  
Get a close shave escape  
Those were the dreams.

A song, one, two, three:

'Cos nothing has been done that can be done  
And nothing has been sung that can be sung  
And nothing has been said so go get out and play the  
game  
It's easy

Nothing has been named that can't be named  
And no one has been saved that should have been  
saved  
And nothing you can do but forget(?) yourself this time  
It's easy

'Cos nothing has been known that can't be known  
And nothing has been seen that ain't been shown  
Nowhere you can be and that isn't where you're meant  
to be  
It's easy

'All you need is HEADCLEANER!'

The right to attacks of controlled frenzy -  
A scout patrol with cosmic iniquity  
Takes it into captivity.  
Discipline is soaked  
In HEADCLEANER!  
Last wind machine before the battle!  
This is where the storm unit sweeps out  
With hurricane  
Deep pore cleansing - never seen again!  
Between grey cells and in all the furrows  
Where hidden fungus always burrows  
They eliminate  
It is too late  
Bombarded with salutes and mowed down  
Straight with HEADCLEANER!  
TABULA RASA!  
TABULA RASA!  
TABULA RASA!  
HEADCLEANER!

This here is in flames, that there has

Completely collapsed.

Heavy and thick ash rain.

Dissolved in smoke and fog.

It's getting light, not a new day  
But an approaching fire; stay at a distance:  
Darkness will return.

The sun is rising, gloomy eclipse of the sun.

Everything is coated with ash  
Like snow.

We, however, who now know the danger and  
Who are aware of it, even we cannot yet make  
Up our minds...

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