

## Falkenbach

### "And This Day"

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EverywhereJust no fucking respite for us hereDream  
theatreAnd this dayNo matter what all who fills  
basketsOr who?s just thereThe whole earth  
shuddersAnd this daySeen from the bottom glass phut  
cigEverywhereJust no fucking respite for us hereJim  
kidderAnd this dayThe old feelings came backThe  
surroundings were screaming on the roadAnd you  
even mistrust your own feelingsAnd this dayThe old  
feelings came backYou show me the bloody poor  
boresThe surroundings were screaming on the  
roadsSo you even mistrust your own feelingsA big  
basket full s-pub s-martAnd this dayThe old feelings  
came backEverywhere just no fucking respite for us  
hereJim kidderA big basket full s-pub s-martA zero in  
the ss school bus lacks wagesPoetic justiceAnd this  
dayThe old feelings came backThe surroundings were  
screaming on the roadsSo you even mistrust your own  
feelingsAnd this dayAs seen from a glass bottom phut  
cigEverywhereJust no fucking respite for us hereJim  
kidderWho are the translators? In a bl glandule  
areaAnd though the blades make presence feltLike us  
football playersAnd this dayIt will soon heal  
upEverywhereThe surroundings were screaming on the  
roadsBut I?ll even blow my nose on last pound noteAnd  
this dayThe old feelings came backThe surroundings  
were screaming on the roadsSo you even mistrust your  
own feelingsEven God pays hereYou can go all around  
hollandHolland europeYouth continentBut it will soon  
come backAnd this dayIt will soon heal upThe  
surroundings were screaming on the roadsSo you even  
mistrust your own feelingsAnd this dayI am right  
hereThe fear and the aweMedical thingyAnd this  
dayEverywhere justNo fucking respite for us hereJim  
kidderEverywhereJust no fucking respite for us hereJim  
kidderAnd this dayWho are the translators?  
EverywhereJust no fucking respite for us  
hereGuaranteed by godRosso rossoAnd this dayThe  
old feelings came backEverywhereAnd this dayWho  
are the translators? who are the empirical leeches?  
WhoWhoClassicalSmart organic brain  
bankMultiplexesWho are the transistors? Who are the

numerical leeches? Brain bankIt's clear when every lie  
disturbsMakes you jumpEverywhereJust no fucking  
respiteUs here jim kidderYour friends are dustThey're  
in bitsThey're dustDusty friendsI cannot accountFor  
this villageTurned me into a niggerSpace dusty clock  
drove meTo this village

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