

Joerg Vogeltanz, Hypermarket: The Neuromance

1. introduction (the hypermarket)

the very last night of the millenium
i saw mighty starships
crashed down on burning metropolises
i saw casualties
and gothicks
deformations of the flesh
i saw the plague and the saints returning
and dying scared
i was told: This is future
a Hypermarket
buy or sell

2. postwar time (the watchmen's despair)

follow the highway where beetles sleepily crawl
i know you've seen all the shadows run
the world's turned to rubbish
and now your love has gone to Mars
the stars are so peaceful
the sun's covered with blood and pus

snow fills the roadholes
biohazard along your trail
i know you've seen all the soldiers march
airplanes like dead cranes
decomposing on coalblack sand
the moon is so peaceful
brightens up the shame of your land

once you caught some violence
to keep it deep inside
i know you'd like to set it free
set it free again

3. visitors (straylight door)

shining reflections through the trees and branches
bodies are dancing a madmen's twist
is this the light? is this the vision?
ancient commands are alive in their heads
dancing the slavery walk against heartsound

perceive the liquid blackened eyes
the insect skins
never been buried
forgotten no more
they want to dance with everything
this could be the light
this ain't a fiction

4. burning chrome (lovers in utter agony)

she was a fragrant girl with skin steel-sleeky
a face of a child
with eyes belonging to a deep sea trench
bringing death to me i felt her blackrust hair
she told me that the stars are made of diamond ice

she's burning now
changing into lightening clouds
beneath her skin there's ore
her veins are veins of ore

Burning Chrome
Burning Chrome
only love
only fate

my credit card's erased
i feel no pity
there's just curiosity coming from my listening heart

she built more worlds than god
and told me that the stars are made of coke and spice
they're glowing like my nerves

she's burning now
changing into lightening clouds
beneath her skin there's ore
her veins oh! shining ore

Burning Chrome
Burning Chrome
only love
only fate
She was ascending burning
Burning Chrome
Burning Chrome

5. wintermute

the white cube is stunning
what makes me feel stringy?
all flatlines tell me
i've been cut away

light snow is falling
the cold lights are dimming
they said we won't dream
we won't feel the cold

we built a straylight fortress
to be safe in the sunset
but very slowly
night came in
it filled our heads
with winter's mute

two cold centuries
too much ice
too many januaries
behind my eyes

the freeze is carrying me away

words: j. vogeltanz 1996