

## LYRICS

### THE CALL WITHIN

I remember this day,  
a cold thrill from the inside.  
This place I've been seeing,  
was to collapse for the unknown  
Down on my knees, hands on the floor,  
paralyzed, I move no more.  
Faceless bodies surrounding me,  
will I end up here on my own?

I don't have to die,  
a continuous resumption,  
my angel is nearby.  
Those white lights are finally gone.  
I left my costume of ghost,  
it's the one of father I dread.  
It happens once in a lifetime,  
I hear the call within.

I feel like a ghost,  
wandering between two worlds.  
A part of me cannot die  
and leave room to a new future.  
Specters sink into the light,  
I know they won't come back.  
From here I see their sadness,  
will this be an endless torture?

I don't have to die,  
a continuous resumption,  
my angel is nearby.  
Those white lights are finally gone.  
I left my costume of ghost  
it's the one of father I dread.  
This happens once in a lifetime,  
hear the call within.

- GUILLAUME CARBONNEAU

### FATHER

I never really had a father, he  
passed away when I was eight.  
Jumped from a cliff, 58 feet on  
a riff, carried away from the tide  
and found on a beach by a  
child.

Few years later I found a little  
black book. Notes, poems,  
thoughts of a man becoming a  
father. I headed up to the cliff,  
threw the book into the black  
water where it belonged. Hope  
those words won't reach the  
beach. They are ment to lie on  
the ground of a deep abyss.

For a few years I forgot about  
the cliff, the book, my dad. Till  
the morning my wife told me I  
am becoming a father. I feel  
like no one ever told the truth  
to me.

-DANIEL GOSTELI

### FOETUS

I guess I am in trouble, I'm feeling instable,  
walking through the woods while I am in bed,  
Try to explain everything to myself,  
suddenly there lies a knife, next to my wife

I cut her wide open, try to reach deep inside,  
I cut her wide open, now I feel a warm tide.

Spiders climb up my arm, at least I have some company,  
It takes a while till I can see, my wife smiling at me,  
I'm pulling out a little foetus, tell him not to come,  
Stay safe, stay warm, stay in and listen to the pulsating song,

I close her slowly, the spiders have gone,  
She's sleeping gently, but I regret what I've done,  
Avoid him from living, from all life is giving,  
I don't have the right, to reject him from the light,

I run through the woods, leave my woman behind,  
I stumble and fall, the nightmare rewinds,  
Same spiders, same place, but not the same face,  
Cut open my mother, and the fetus is another.

I watch in a mirror, I try to care,  
Now I see much clearer, how can I dare,  
I wake up in bed, my wife next to me,  
She tells me what I said, welcome in the family,

I look in a mirror, I try to care,  
Now I see much clearer, how can I dare.  
I wake up in bed, my wife next to me,  
She tells me what I said; welcome to the of our family.

I feel like no one ever told me the truth.

- DANIEL GOSTELI

### PERPETUAL PT.I

Sitting at a desk, hand on the keyboard.  
Starring at the display, submerged in fog.  
Turning the head right and then left.  
Seeing the other, they're like empty shells.  
They're stacking, lifting numbers,  
concluding tasks, perpetual nonsense.

Sitting in the train, hands on my cellphone.  
Starring at the display, blurred by fog.  
Searching for company, shoulder to shoulder.  
I'm not able to speak, to start some conversation.

Panic is now my best friend,  
All I feel, is pure regression.  
I shout out loud, to free myself from addiction.  
Instead I fill my lungs with silence.

This perpetual life is crushing me,  
constantly I am trying to find,  
my rise from this endless sorrow,  
but I'm broken from myself.

- DANIEL GOSTELI & ANDREA PORTAPIA

## LYRICS

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### PERPETUAL PT.II

I get through the day eventually,  
coming back home every day consistently.  
Get supper, undress, go to bed,  
I stare at the white ceiling,  
I'm falling right into a shade.

I remember what I used to be,  
a young man with many dreams.  
Liberty was once my true claim,  
freedom has always been my aim.

I'm afraid to fall asleep,  
these feelings I can't hide from are suffocating me.  
To live day in and day out  
and get through some day, some way and somehow.

Now I'm older I used to be,  
a grown man with many broken dreams.  
Why should I try to go against the stream?  
It's easier to obey, perpetually.

- ANDREA PORTAPIA

### HYNKEL

I'm sorry, I don't want to be an emperor, that's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone if possible, Jew, Gentile, black men, white. We all want to help one another, human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness, not by each other's misery.

We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone and the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way. Greed has poisoned men's souls, has barricaded the world with hate, has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives us abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical, our cleverness hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More the machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities life will be violent and we will be lost.

The aeroplane and radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in men. Cries out for universal brotherhood, for the unity of us all. Even now, my voice is reaching millions of despairing men, women and little children. Victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people.

To those who can hear me I say, do not despair. The misery that is now upon us is but the passing of greed, the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress. The hate of men will pass, and dictators die and the power they took from the people will return to the people. And so long as men die, liberty will never perish.

Soldiers! Don't give yourselves to brutes! Men who despise, enslave you, who regiment your lives! Tell you what to do, what to think and what to feel? Who drill you, diet you, treat you like cattle! Use you as cannon fodder! Don't give yourselves to these unnatural men! Machine men with machine minds and machine hearts! You are not machines, you are not cattle, you are men! You have the love of humanity in your hearts. You don't hate, only the unloved hate. The unloved and the unnatural.

Soldiers! Don't fight for slavery, fight for liberty! In the 17th chapter of St.Luke is written: „the kingdom of god is within an“. Not one man, nor a group of man, but in all men! In you! You the people have the power. The power to create machines, the power to create happiness! You the people have the power to make this life free and beautiful, to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then in name of democracy, let us use that power, let us all unite! Let us fight for a new world, a decent world that will give men a chance to work, that will give youth a future and old age security. By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lie! They do not fulfill that promise, they never will! Dictators free themselves, but they enslave the people. Now let us fight to fulfill that promise. Let us fight to free the world, to do away with national barriers. To do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason, a world where science and progress will lead to all men's happiness. Soldiers, in the name of democracy, let us all unite!

- CHARLES CHAPLIN