

The Waves

What should I do with you, waves, you who can never decide whether you're the first or the last?
You think you can define the coast with your constant wish-wash, grind it down with your coming
and going.

And yet no one knows how long the coastline really is, where land stops, where land begins, and
you're forever changing the line, length, lay, with the moon and unpredictable.

Consistent alone is your inconsistency. Ultimately victorious since, as so often evoked, this wears
away the stones, grinds the sand down as fine as needed for hourglasses and egg-timers, as
required for calibrating time, for telling the difference between hard and soft. Victorious also
because, never tiring, you win the contest who of us will be the first to fall asleep, or you, being
the ocean still, because you never sleep.

Although colourless yourself, you seem blue when the sky is gently mirrored on your surface, the
ideal course for being strolled upon by the carpenter's son, the most changeable element.

And inversely, when you are wild and loud and your breakers thunder, I listen between the peaks
of your rollers, and from the highest waves, from breaking spume, a thousand voices break away,
mine, yesterday's ones that I didn't know, that otherwise just whisper, and all the others too, and
in their midst the Nazarene.

Over and over again those stupendous five final words:

Why have you left me?

I hold my own, shout at each single wave:

Are you staying?

Are you staying?

Are you staying, or what?

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke)

AH: electric bass guitar, drum

BB: vocals

JA: electric guitar, drum

NU: drum

RM: large processed metal sheet, big drum

Ari Benjamin Meyers played the piano.

Strings arranged by Jan Schade: Claudia Gubisch and Anton Teslia, viola: Stefano Macor, cello:
Jan Schade.

Nagorny Karabakh

The town lies under mist
I am up on my mountain
in my black garden
squeezed in between the heavens
in the enclave of my choice
where I am hiding
in Nagorny Karabakh

Once deep forests
mountain chains, maybe ice
a brass-yellow sun
perpetrates a paradise
my sys- or diastole
and between them the moment
borne by the birds
about their business here
in the enclave of my heart
where I lose myself
in Nagorny Karabakh

I climb down the mountain
enter one or another valley
flying flags of every colour
in Mount Karabakh

Two large black ravens
devouring the plums in the tree
I wonder if the other city cares for me...
In the enclave of my choice
where I am hiding
in Nagorny Karabakh

Come and pay me a visit
I have unlimited time
and the view is most lovely

over the clouds and the town
in Nagorny Karabakh
Nagorny Karabakh
Nagorny Karabakh

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke)

AH: electric bass guitar

BB: vocals, hammond organ, fender Rhodes electric piano, vibraphon

JA: e-bow guitar, melodica

NU: amplified metal bass spring

RM: jet turbine, bassdrum, metal percussion, blue bin

Ash Wednesday: samples, 16th century church organ

Becausecausecause

Becausecausecause
becausecausecause
the chain of appeasements
is unbroken
will never break off
what is straight will be bent crooked
what is crooked they'll talk it straight
becausecausecause
measured gait
sugar sweet paws
tiptoeing about the beaten bush

Becausecausecause
becausecausecause
that's right

Don't take the advice of those
who've long since frittered their winter fat
of opportunities

Becausecausecause
becausecausecause
You notice something must be wrong
with the patterns of the story
from the right angles
missing corners
up to hereditary transgression
becausecausecause
The teeth are being ground down in the works
ideas are stretched thin
all you learn is nothing more than parallel parking
Don't take the advice of those
who've long since frittered their winter fat
of opportunities

Don't take the advice of those
who've long since frittered their winter fat
of opportunities
you have to behead the stars and the moon
and for good measure also the tsar
the celestial bodies will keep their head
but most likely not the tsar

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, electronic choir and instrumental treatments, banjo, choir

BB: vocals, vocal-loops, choir

JA: xylophon, electric guitar, choir

NU: amplified metal bass spring, iron plate, choir

RM: bass drum, metal percussion, electronic percussion treatments, big drum, Yang qing, choir

I had a word

I had a word

a long, homespun one like guttering, with wheels,
narrow like a dugout or something that's meant to channel cement
no more than a model, stream-lined and wind-swept, but mine

I had a word

a round one, round as an orange
now and then at midnight it lit up the whole interior for me
its fruit was overgrown as in nature
with a photo of the moon beside the bed

Someone has concealed the meaning from me

in a corner very far away hidden too

I've got no proof

di di di...

I had a word

an alien one, most inimical to me...

one day it grew with little heads on either side out of my skin

then in the morning we three mustered each other in the mirror

and found it hard to believe – so unfamiliar

somehow it then also disclosed itself to me

no longer kept itself hidden in its corner

there was the proof

di di di...

I've travelled to the farthest corners

in search of the meaning, of this proof

of a word I now finally know again

that I bore within myself that I will never surrender again

I will never ever surrender it again...

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke)

AH: electric bass guitar, electric rhythm guitar

BB: vocals, upright piano, hammond organ

JA: e-bow guitar, hammond organ

NU: plastic pipes

RM: amplified metal bass spring

backing vocals: Shennygy

Of ways

Off ways off ways off ways
off ways off ways of ways I know
of ways of ways of which of which I know
I have been away a very very very long time
on ways of which of which I know
have struck tents
such a long time ago
on ways off ways of which of which I know
in the terrain to my rear I never stopped laying mines
off ways off ways of ways I know
have buried my brain
like my soul in desert terrain
off ways off ways of ways
to my left and to my right the highwaymen, waiting, in vain

on ways ways-ways-ways-ways-ways-ways-ways
of which I know
erroneous extraneous tortuous
return to you
were always laid out this way
under and overground
return to you

I live off the white coats on my tongue
off the expectorations of my supposed soul

Dissolve me like sugar
if you find the time for it
do it gently and swiftly
by sleight of hand
or simply with a single look
it was all there once before
best you do it while I'm still dancing
still dancing
still dancing

You breathe like a spark incorporeal inside me
addiction to desire is the only energy

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, mandolin

BB: vocals, chaos pad, jamman

JA: electric guitar

NU: drilled metal percussion

RM: metal tank bass drum, metal percussion, electronic percussion treatments, big drum

Strings arranged by Jan Schade: violins: Claudia Gubisch and Anton Teslia, viola: Stefano Macor,
cello: Jan Schade.

Let's do it a Dada!

Ba-oomppff!

Let's do it, let's do it, let's do it a Dada!

At Herzfeld's I once had breakfast
in Steglitz or Wilmersdorf
with Wieland I had an argument
with Wieland, not with John
I passed him the scissors
I cooked him the glue

In no dictionary
has there ever been this entry
just you and me my darling
we know what it really means
Let's do it, let's do it, let's do it a Dada!

I played chess with Lenin
Zurich, Spiegelgasse
I knew Jolifanto in the flesh
I even once bathed with the urtext
I played with Anna
I played with Hannah
I know where the church tower stands
I passed her the kitchen knife
I cooked her the glue
Hawonnnti!

Let's do it, let's do it, let's do it a Dada!

A big yes and a small no
I drank large amounts
drank with George
but was still not at hand
on the cellar steps

that morning in Savignyplatz

I helped Kurt build his houses

Nos. 1, 2 and 3

I passed him the saw

I cooked him the glue

Aaah, Signore Marinetti

Back from Abyssinia?

Just you and me my darling

we know what it really means

Let's do it, let's do it, let's do it a Dada!

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar

BB: vocals, sample, electric drill record player

JA: electric guitar, pedal steel guitar, household appliances

NU: fender rhodes electric piano, metal bars, electric blower, signal horns, recitation

RM: bass drum, metal percussion, electronic percussion treatments

All open again

It's all open again

The equations

The bills

The questions and the sea

Border, wall, laughter, house

Hostility and visor

The cards laid on the table, open

Like the trench

Like the grave

The end and the fire

The secret and the source

The sluice and the coffin

And maybe also

the stomach ulcer

It is all open again

The future

The sequence, succession

Result

Door, gate, wine, trousers, blouse, shirt and hair

The fontanelle

Gorge

The future and the bar

The circle

The game

Open market economy

The knife

Jacques Offenbach

It's all open again

Forwards

Backwards
Sideways
Out out out
It's all open again
open again
all again

The system
The vacancy and the level crossing
Time, space, book, war
Letters, cupboard and shoe
Roof, canal
The victory and the hearth
The shops stay open
Stay open anyway
The offer is open to anyone

It's all open again
we hope
all again
I lean briefly to one side
and expect a small jolt
I don't know if I should cry...
What is open?
The wound and the heart

The face
The church
Society and the state
The microphone
The sky
The relationship
The word
The open prison

It's all open again

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, metal percussion, electronic processing

BB: vocals, hammond organ bass pedals, samples

JA: electric guitar, metal bars, backing vocals

NU: blue bin, dragged metal bars

RM: bass drum, metal percussion, electronic percussion treatments, big drum, vibraphone

incompleteness

You can't properly call it sleep
from one pole to the next the whole thing at the same distance
dreams leaning over the side
staring down into the crater of displaced objects
where they are calmly doing their rounds
they stare back unflinching
and I ask myself: how many things have already left the horizon again
my orbit
have taken on a life of their own?
My suitcase was checked in
I checked it in, abandoned it myself
and it has landed somewhere
where I didn't land
its contents, the prize, have become plunder
flogged, blown
I sit upright
no matter whether it's morning, afternoon or the middle of the night
daylight will embroil me in circumstances inevitable in this time zone
out there
there is an out there
but am I still complete enough?
Have I got my wherewithal?
the odds and bobs
glasses
pen
and pad
tickets
money
passport
and keys

Talents?

For now I've cancelled the idea of "out there"
to be and let be

I sit upright

I rasp the slime upwards until I catch hold of it. With two fingers I haul its thread up out of my throat, out of my body. Hanging to it like a charm bracelet are:
a heart, my love, a bottle, a house, a coin, a horseshoe, a six, a seven, a shamrock, a fish, a dice,
a thirteen, a bell, a padlock, a key, a hammer, a star, a moon, the sun –
and at the very end a brush whose bristles pull out the remains, the last couple of lumps.

Clean at last. Empty at last.

I drink a large glass of water and wait. What had stuck in and kept me worried is hanging in front of me and drying like old vegetables, desiccated fruit.

The water finds its way. I let it, a last trickle.

A last gas, a flatus.

Empty at last.

Empty at last.

Me: my shell.

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, backing vocals

BB: vocals, jamman

JA: electric guitar, backing vocals

NU: plastic pipe, aluminium sticks, backing vocals

RM: bass drum, metal percussion, electronic percussion treatments, big drum, glasses, backing vocals

Strings arranged by Jan Schade following an original idea by Blixa Bargeld: violins: Claudia

Gubisch and Anton Teslia, viola: Stefano Macor, cello: Jan Schade.

Susej

Haggard and emaciated
as recollected
loaded in at the same place
as where you got off
on the lips the same questions still
about the first things, the last days
or simply just about substances

Let us go home

You ask me, old man,
where are you harbouring what I had in mind?
Is it inscribed or was it drowned?
I say
your doings alone are what remain of me
beneath layers, years, annual rings
it is yet still engraved

Let us go home
to yours and mine

I sing of our catastrophes
intonate the breakdowns
I join in each deceptive cadence
I extemporize upon your harmonies
up to the refrain, to the finale

Let us go home

Susej

We have to make everything work in reverse
Susej
Climb down from your skull hill

Susej
back through streets and alleys
Susej
the rabble and the masses
they can go home now
Susej
Call the astromagic off
even the Magi can go home
Susej
They can all go home
All
Ajulellah
Ajulellah
Ajulellah
Ajulellah
Be transitory!

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, electronics, backing vocals

BB: vocals, electric guitar, clavichord, electronics, choir

JA: electric guitar

NU: blue bin, metal bowl

RM: big drum, plastic pipe, metal percussion, glasses, electronic treatments, spring bassdrum

Strings arranged by Jan Schade following an original idea by Blixa Bargeld: violins: Claudia

Gubisch and Anton Teslia, viola: Stefano Macor, cello: Jan Schade.

I'm waiting

I'm waiting with closed eyes
waiting for the morning
I'm waiting for the cleaner
to dispose of the flower waste

I'm waiting for the waitress
moons are what I've ordered...
I'm waiting throughout the newspaper
until it's time for the world

I'm waiting with the ballpoint pen
for ideas to strike
I'm waiting waiting waiting
until it's time to return

I'm waiting in the gaps in between
allegedly unprotected
I'm waiting for the new language
that that will be of use to me

I'm waiting for the dopamines
that have been internally promised
I'm waiting for the vision
that the film finally begins

I'm waiting at the machine
waiting for my money
I'm waiting until a lump of cosmic junk
crashes down at my feet

I'm waiting touching black keys
because white as yet is wrong
I'm waiting waiting further waiting waiting unperturbed

I'm waiting for the cat's gait's racket

I'm waiting for the fishes' song
I'm waiting for the single big
irrepressible gong

I'm waiting for the dark masses
between the stars still undiscovered
I'm waiting for the saucers
kept in the Andes by the Nazis under cover

I'm waiting at the edge of the world
where even atoms feel giddy
I'm waiting right by the black hole
I'm waiting waiting still waiting
I'm waiting undeterred

I'm waiting for my iceberg tip
at the end of all physics
for November heat
and for things that don't exist
I'm waiting waiting incessantly
ultimately for music

I'm waiting for the one
who has truly earned her name
was always there is always right
for the one who excavates the sun
who suspends the law of graves
I am waiting for her who tactlessly harvests
dripping honey
dancing barefoot without slipper
who note for note eludes rigidity
appears immediately familiar to all
I'm waiting for her to open doors gates sluices
until in a cloudburst – reveille fanfare –
unexpected she leaps out in ambush
I'm hoping she'll instigate a hymn
I'm waiting for there to be nothing left to wait for

life is not an error, not error and music

I'm waiting

I'm waiting still

(Bargeld / Chudy / Hacke / Moser / Arbeit)

AH: electric bass guitar, vihuela, hammond organ bass pedals

BB: vocals, electric guitar, hammond organ

JA: electric guitar, electric guitar treatments

NU: amplified metal bass spring, iron plate, metal percussion

RM: bass drum, metal percussion

Produced by Einstuerzende Neubauten and Boris Wilsdorf for neubauten.org. Executive producer Erin Zhu.

Recorded and mixed by Boris Wilsdorf at "The Bunker" in Berlin between February 2006 and June 2007, assisted by Marco Paschke. (Parts of "Nagorny Karabach" were recorded at the Teatro Valli in Reggio Emilia / Italy, and at the Palast der Republik in Berlin / Germany, these recordings were engineered by Rocco Weise).

Mastered by Michael Schwabe at Monoposto.

All compositions by Einstuerzende Neubauten. All lyrics by Blixa Bargeld.

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Official Einstuerzende Neubauten website: www.neubauten.org.

For more detailed information concerning this record go to: alles-wieder-offen.com.

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Alexander Hacke Blixa Bargeld N.U.Unruh Rudolf Moser Jochen Arbeit