



G e N // S h A

[bleeding] foundation



Some are driven by an almost insatiable hunger for change, a thirst for change, a turning towards the future. Others, meanwhile, seem to be frozen in catatonia, in a destructive habitus in the midst of a world that is sometimes perceived as imaginary. Fear drives them into a seemingly hopeless defeatism.

The paralysing disinterest in an obviously inevitable change towards a more considerate coexistence that can be felt on all sides drives an initially small, then ever-growing group to no longer accept their fate as God-given, but to take it into their own hands.

Once isolated, frustrated and predominantly young people join forces and embark on a search for the origin, the core of everything, instead of being satisfied with superficial answers. Society is deeply divided. There are those who want to preserve the sometimes fatal status quo of the day before yesterday at all costs, and those who crave the change that is so necessary.

On the visible surface, an initially quiet, almost inconspicuous battle is raging, but in the medium term no one can escape its pull. Egoism and altruism cross swords.

Enter Genosha.

TaxFREE HOLLOWS

Let's share some melancholic aggressions
Human nightmare confessions
A well built procession
Divided from fashion

An evil I don't want to see
That's your breakfast-diplomacy
Some rainbow colour coated bees
With stings that bring me misery

*Cut – paste – collect – waste
Seek – destroy – sorrow – joy
Lost – found – sharp – round
Bound – free – diplomacy*

Let's share some melancholic aggressions
Human nightmare confessions
A well built procession
Divided from fashion

Taxfree hollows on their way
Passing through cultures – send and stay
Simple lifeforms made up the tasks
For which the least of us have asked

*Cut – paste – collect – waste
Seek – destroy – sorrow – joy
Lost – found – sharp – round
Bound – free – diplomacy*

HUMAN
NIGHTMARE
CONFESSIONS

Sally

THE CORE OF CONFORMITY

At the very start
Of thinking and believing
The world awaits for her to receive
Any signal any pulse
Consulting from godlike adults
Following the simple rules
Sally uses simple tools

Be good to me and I will follow
Be good to me and I will follow
Be good to me and I will follow

Sally lived in monochromes
Used to refuse the undertones
Education does not exist
She faces with her smallest dress
Kneeling at her smallest dreams
Ignoring any self-esteem

Be good to me and I will follow
Be good to me and I will follow

*Give me the smallest crumb of hope
Your kind attention is my dope
How cruel and dumb the world could be
She forces Sally on her knees
One of a billion tiny stars
And if you touch
She'll crack like glass*

Be good to me and I will follow
Be good to me and I will follow

*Give me the smallest crumb of hope
Your kind attention is my dope
How cruel and dumb the world could be
She forces Sally on her knees*

HOW CRUEL
AND DUMB
THE WORLD
CAN BE

Tiny THINGS

THE CORE OF HOPE

You are buried in thoughts
`cause your head drills your mind
In hostage

They left you for your wealth
Deaf and blind – awake
The stage is yours
It's time to grind your core
Start to create
In hostage

You're running on a streak of empty thoughts
When at the end of time your soul gets caught
And nothing's left for you

*In case you don't know
In case you can't show
Sometimes there'll be this one thing
Which really helps you grow*

From the very beginning
You'll be kept socialized
When you are coming of age
You're forced to dignify
In case you try
Any creature here presumes
To complete a single masterplan
Be grateful

You're running on a streak of empty thoughts
When at the end of time your soul gets caught
And nothing's left for you

*In case you don't know
In case you can't show
Sometimes there'll be this one thing
Which really helps you grow
Will grow*

START
TO
CREATE

To Ut
est
pARDONé

Mob rules is a state of mind
One condition to decline
Never let the hatred rise
In your heart and in their eyes

Laws are changing
My spirit won't
Hearts are free
You are not free
How could all the cowards be
In their shameful misery

*Such a lovely day
I'm forced to go
But what's life worth
If we can wake up
a thousand*

*Today you're killing us
Tomorrow it's your turn
My last goodbye
May they continue
What we have started*

Soon you'll stand in my place
A pure heart's life in a murder's land
Spread the word to all the other friends
The sun still shines
Until the end

Laws are changing
My spirit won't
Hearts are free
You are not free
How could all the cowards be
In their shameful misery

*Such a lovely day
I'm forced to go
But what's life worth
If we can wake up
a thousand*

*Today you're killing us
Tomorrow it's your turn
My last goodbye
May they continue
What we have started*

Laws are changing
My spirit won't
Hearts are free
You are not free
How could all the cowards be
In their shameful misery

*Such a lovely day
I'm forced to go
But what's life worth
If we can wake up a thousand*

BUT WHAT'S
LIFE WORTH
IF WE CAN WAKE
UP A THOUSAND

*In the words of Sophie Magdalena Scholl
(9 May 1921 – 22 February 1943),
a German student and anti-Nazi political
activist, active within the White Rose
non-violent resistance group against the
fascist regime. For her actions – distributing
anti-war leaflets at the University of Munich
with her brother Hans – she was executed
by guillotine.*

May her positive thinking spirit shine on.

GeNOSH A

THE CORE OF FREEDOM

WE CAN NEVER
BE BOUGHT

You'll know my name
I'm not in the mood for conversation
This is your last chance to spit on me
beyond this there's no therapy
You'll know my name
A silent soul in isolation
Not in the mood for conversation
Seeking liberation

*Some Genosha in my veins
One more rebellion that needs to be tamed
No more victims out there feeding
Your lust for those innocent bleeding*

*You'll know my name
I'm not in the mood for regulations
I came to free a thought
The lace around our neck is fading
We can never be bought*

Lost in a world of shadows
I wonder on my own
With wounds that run so deep
Feeling cast in stone
You'll know my name
A silent soul in isolation
Not in the mood for conversation
Seeking liberation

*Some Genosha in my veins
One more rebellion that needs to be tamed
No more victims out there feeding
Your lust for those innocent bleeding*

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I'm not in the mood for regulations
I came to free a thought
The lace around our neck is fading
We can never be bought*

The Age of Non-innocence

In a world divided hearts grown cold
Prejudice and hatred - stories untold
But we stand united against the tide
A beacon of tolerance spreading far and wide

*Oh we won't be silenced - we won't comply
We'll break down the walls - reach for the sky
Hand in hand we'll make it clear
Let's be the sand in their gear
Love and understanding - we hold dear*

Before our eyes they hate and swear
Or kill the hate inside
This is a world of fear
Or kill the hate inside

Or kill the hate inside
I refuse to accept your violence
Let's be the sand in their gear
Hand in hand we'll make it clear

Colours of the rainbow - together we shine
In this tapestry of life each threads divine
No room for judgement - no time for hate
We'll rise above - it's never too late

*Oh we won't be silenced - we won't comply
We'll break down the walls - reach for the sky
Hand in hand we'll make it clear
Let's be the sand in their gear
Love and understanding - we hold dear*

OR KILL
THE HATE
INSIDE

Before our eyes they hate and swear
Or kill the hate inside
This is a world of fear
Or kill the hate inside
And it's coming nearer
Let's be the sand in their gear
Dissolving racist fear

Or kill the hate inside
I refuse to accept your violence
Let's be the sand in their gear
Hand in hand we'll make it clear

Colours of the rainbow - together we shine
In this tapestry of life each threads divine
No room for judgement - no time for hate
We'll rise above - it's never too late

BeHInD tHE BaN LiEUe

Around the fire exiled pile
This could maybe take a while
This could maybe take a while
Make sure that you are one of those
Most exciting of all hosts
Most exciting of all hosts

Long forgotten
sons and daughters
Marched the longest time
to the slaughter
This pure life's lucidity
Has to be valid for you and me

The mob is rising for some aim
There is still some hate to tame
There is still some hate to tame
Everyone knows "it's" why
Hold your fists up towards the sky
Hold your fists up towards the sky

Long forgotten
sons and daughters
Marched the longest time
to the slaughter
This pure life's lucidity
Has to be valid for you and me

This isolated island's rise
Demands a cruel and bloody price
That we all will have to pay
In different kinds of ways
In different kinds of ways

Long forgotten
sons and daughters
Marched the longest time
to the slaughter
This pure life's lucidity
Has to be valid for you and me

THIS
PURE
LIFE'S
LUCIDITY

AlwAYs Day OnE

Beyond any therapy
Besides all the harm
Your soul shall rest
Peaceful and calm

A class of its own
Be a model – be straight
May your inner punk never fade
And even if you fade one day
Your punkish heart is here to stay

It's day one day one always day one
With the first slow step in the sun
It's day one day one always day one
What you were up against is gone
It's day one it's day one
And your life has just begun

Still day one - start to run
Always day one
Still day one - start to run
Always day one - always day one

It's day one day one
And your life has just begun
It's day one day one

YOUR LIFE
HAS JUST
BEGUN

g E R M A N A n G S T

It is normal to refuse
Any kind of violence
It's quite normal to reduce
Any harm to common sense

And it's normal to make sure
Every refugee is safed
Fuckin' normal 'cause we left
Our stoneage caves

Ain't it normal - the life of the free
Going where you wanna be
And it's normal to believe
In global equality

Coldest hearts feed smallest minds
It's anger they adore
No value is sacred
No value anymore

It's German Angst
That feeds their hatred
Dehumanized their core
No value in a rotten mind
No values anymore

Ain't it normal - the life of the free
Going where you wanna be
And it's normal to believe
In global equality

COLDEST
HEARTS

FEED SMALLEST

MINDS

T h E S T O R Y O F A C O m i N G S t o R m

If there's freedom in your veins
And your will's about to sigh
Stand tall with spirit - don't be afraid

If there's freedom in your veins
Rise up, find your strength
It's time to take a stand
Let spirit guide you, hand in hand

Raise your voice - let it be heard
Break the chains with every word
Together we'll build a world anew
Where freedom and love will break through
Where freedom and love will break through

In this journey for freedom
We'll never sway
For in our hearts the torch of liberty
Will forever stay

Raise your voice - let it be heard
Break the chains with every word
Together we'll build a world anew
Where freedom and love will break through
Where freedom and love will break through

Raise your voice - let it be heard
Together we'll build a world anew

*In this journey for freedom
We'll never sway
For in our hearts the torch of liberty
Will forever stay*

*With open hearts and minds
We'll bridge the divide
For tolerance and understanding
Side by side*

Raise your voice - let it be heard
Together we'll build
a world anew
Where freedom and love
Will break through

If there's freedom in your veins
And your will's about to break
Stand tall with spirit -
don't be afraid

DON'T
BE
AFRAID

LET TOLERANCE GUIDE YOUR WAY



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