

## Until You Comply (including Entropy)

Beardfish

There is a storm that's been  
following me throughout my life  
It holds my tears -  
keeps me from crying  
And there's a light piercing through  
the dark clouds as I walk on by  
Keeping my distance -  
stay in the shadows

My inner voices  
calls me a fiend of sex and drink  
I just don't care, don't want to go anywhere  
I'm content

Right here at home I travel places  
Where no man has gone before  
I love the world within myself  
Let me go on a journey inside

Sometimes I feel a strange longing within  
that breaks me down  
something is calling me out  
But there is the light  
piercing through  
the dark clouds as I try to hide  
sun is the devil...

My inner voices calls me a coward  
what a laugh  
They feel no pain,  
they want to go everywhere,  
take control

outside my door everything's different  
people are walking by with hollow faces,  
Nobody's saying a word  
I want to see life, now that I'm here,  
I ask for directions but nobody cares  
I hear the city - footsteps, a car  
A girl is singing "Tambourine Man"  
while strumming a guitar  
she has the answers, she holds the key  
Just talk to me in music and  
I guarantee you  
I will listen...

I can't help wondering things like  
What's Bob Dylan doing now?  
Is he at home, eating a big bowl of corn flakes  
Just like I will, later on  
when I return back home  
Oh no, I shouldn't think that way,  
What will my inner voices say?  
Standing on a row, facing me

"We're here to tell you  
how to think and feel

And most of all to keep you in the line  
and show you what to do  
We'll just say: no! without a reason why  
We'll fuck you over and over again  
'til you comply"

In the city park they all spring to life  
And although it's getting dark,  
we feel the sun caressing our skin  
in a yellow tone,  
A last goodbye for now, tonight,  
For tomorrow comes once more  
that harsh morning light  
The dying orchestra, frantically playing now  
to the bizarre scenery  
of a thousand naked bodies in a pit of flesh,  
Fucking to the bombastic warfare  
of the "valkyrie"  
And it goes a little bit something like this...

could I be blind  
To the fact that we are all one  
All a part of this big vibrant whole  
citizens of the ant farm  
My thoughts are me  
But they spin out of control

And I feel estranged  
Are we all wannabes?  
oh so hot and cool, ah feared  
and at the same time loved  
making blatant attempts to fit in  
There is nothing living left  
Life is a long queue to the urinal

"We're here to tell you  
how to think and feel  
And most of all to keep you in the line and  
show you what to do  
We'll just say "no!" without a reason why  
We'll fuck you over and over, again  
'til you comply"