

It's Never Too Late to Break a Contract

Kurhaus

the sun was just about to disappear behind the horizon
but it got cooler only imperceptibly. these damn midsummer nights.
no wonder the kids come across stupid ideas and start to riot.
- there, you hear it?
- yeah, it's starting over. somewhere in the distance,
in a faceless street canyon something had exploded.
black smoke was rising but you couldn't say from where exactly.
there was just too much concrete blocking the sight.
- since the gangs sacked the barracks there's a hell going on.
now the kids armed better than the riot cops.
- i really wonder when they will deploy the military.
- oh, the military. it's been long since they were doing
what the government is telling them.
they just try to stay alive and make a living.
- maybe, but i'd never have thought it would come down to this.
- what? that the shit is gonna collapse?
- yeah, i mean this is exactly what we were singing about all the time.
all these songs by all these bands, you know. this whole revolution thing,
this is just what takes place out there right now.
this is really it, you know, and i'd really love to be part of it. -
well then why don't you just go out there?
- ha, like we hadn't sold ourselves.
we are part of what they're rebelling against out there,
don't you know that. we are nothing but f**king traitors.
- hey, who do you think that i have betrayed, eh?
i've never pledged loyalty to no one!
- you haven't? and what about yourself?
don't you think your i from back then would be appreciative of your i of today?
- well, i dunno.
- but i do. your i from back then would beat the shit out of your i of today
. and so would my i from back then with mine. and you know what?
- what?
- we would be damn right to do so.
- you're exaggerating.
- i ain't. the very moment that we lost our hopes for a better future
and started to make the best of the world as it is was the moment
that we betrayed our f**king selves.
- so what? we had to go on somehow. we had to survive.
you be going against the current all the time. that'd be killing you. really
. - like we'd be alive...
- aren't we? stop being so f**king self righteous.
you live and really not bad at all.
there's a hell of a lotta people who'd be killing to have your social security.
- well, i guess that's just what's going on over there
where the smoke is ascending, ain't it?
why can't i take part in this or maybe turn back time and start it all over.
- why? do you think you would change anything? you are a fool.
you'd do everything again just exactly the way you did it before.
maybe some minor changes here and there but in the end you would resign again
and join this big game that we call society!
- hey, first of all maybe you call it society. i still call it what it is:
exploitation and suppression and assimilation or sedation or...

ah, whatever. and secondly...

- yeah, what?

- secondly i wouldn't let it come down to this. i mean, i wouldn't let it get to a point where i might have a chance of betrayal, you know?

- and how in the world do you want to do that?

- i'd start early burning down all the bridges

so i got no chance to turn around and go back.

i'd have bacchanal sex with ever changing partners of every gender.

i wouldn't let a single day pass without breaking at least half a dozen laws

.

i'd give a f**k about school and college would be nothing for me

but a place to hook up with co-conspirators. i'd never work and if i'd do so

however i'd steal from my employers whatever i could get my hands on.

i'd spray paint the truth on every f**king wall and go to the church service

s

to beat up the priests. every day i'd fall in love anew and every day

i'd get my heart broken. i'd slash the tires of public buses

so the people can't get to work and get some spare time for something more reasonable.

i'd just do everything to make myself unbearable for this society

so it wouldn't even try to absorb and assimilate me. and whatever i'd be doing,

i'd do it radically 'cause i'd know that we're all doomed anyway.

i'd know that every day i don't live the revolution is a day spent in prison

,

a day not worth living at all. i'd just refuse to walk this bullshit trail of death

that is called life by those who don't know what life really means.

or even worse those who know it but who don't dare living it.

like you and me... like you and me...

- you know what? your melancholy is so pathetic.

if this is really what you feel why do you sit in here and wine about

left out chances without realizing that you're missing countless of them right now?

why don't you just get yourself out there and do something?

- yeah, really... why don't i just do that... why don't i just do that...

in the meanwhile the sun had set and the reddish shine

of numerous fires was illuminating the night. armoured cars patrol

in the streets and the spotlights of helicopters are cutting through the dark.

the air is full of noise and the smell of burnt rubber.

maybe destruction is the only kind of change possible in a world like this.

maybe this is how it's got to be... maybe...