

Caine – Lyrics & Credits

01 – Overture

I would like to tell you about a famous superstar, who played an important part in rock-music's history. But it's more than this. I am talking about a metamorphosis. The tale is about a man who was once an empty shell with no deep feelings, masked with arrogance, sarcasm and strange behaviour. He was loved by those who admired his cool personality and hated by those who thought that his disguise reflected his true character. Then an encounter with death changed him totally. A new man was born, a man

who thought himself to be touched by God.

I will tell you about the thoughts and feelings of this newborn person, of his message, of the disunity of his followers, of conflicts between them, reach in hate and terror, of a sect, abusing his ideas for their own aims and of his decision at the crossroads.

I'm sure you know whom I'm talking about:

His name is Caine.

02 – Caine

Caine is on the way to fame
A singer in an up-and-coming band
But he's a man of dubious repute
Even in his very own land

Cause the lyrics of his songs
Form the mind of his young auditors
Steeped in sarcasm and hate
Contaminating their identity

Chorus

His name is Caine
 He broke the chain
His name is Caine
 Hot burning flame
His name is Caine
 Basking in fame
His name is Caine
 No one can tame... (him)

Caine is discontented all the time
Despite his success he feels
Inadequate and meaningless
Fame is his Achilles' heel

He is an egocentric person
He's a hedonist
And he loves sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll
He treats his girls as trashy hookers

He is a tippler
He has no aim in life, no goal

His heart is cold, his mind is gloomy
He is a zombie
He feels no love he feels no pain
His soul is like a barren desert
So will it ever
Blossom in the pouring rain?

I feel sorry for him
He does not believe in anything
Hope one day he will manage
To break free from his inner jail

Chorus

Bridge
Has he ever had a reason
To show a warm and gentle smile?
Has he ever loved a woman
At least every once in a while?
Has he ever felt compassion?
Has he made up for a sin?
Is there somebody who loves him?
Then it's not too late for him

He is a man of such a talent
Could have been a newborn star

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At the firmament of music
But he's taking it too far
Ambivalent and torn apart
Sometimes manic, mostly down
Poisoning his mind and heart

Getting colder as a stone

Chorus

03 – The Last Performance

A strobe light cuts the scenery
In slices of frozen moments
The boys from the band have entered the stage
The crowd is waiting for Caine
Expectance and impatience grow
The crowd is shouting his name
The overture sounds, flares up suddenly
Preluding the entry of Caine

He dances around and sways his hips
Swinging the microphone stand
Doing strange things with his tongue and his lips

Animating the band
Then he closes his eyes and starts to sing
The words come out of his throat
A volcanic eruption of ecstasy

Bridge
A spotlight is beaming across the stage
Catching a figure standing aside
Like a statue still in the light
Dressed in a cape of white

The screeching of fans as a goad
He's hurling his lyrics right into your heart
Hitting painfully like a dart
And if you don't take care of yourself
You soon will be his slave

Chorus 1
He's a great entertainer
A charismatic man
A polarizer – you are either
His loather or his fan
He's a bad guy, a dangerous man
His songs are full of hate
Preaching violence and insurgency
And his influence is great

Chorus 2
He's a great performer
A charismatic man
A womanizer – a fascinator
They can't escape his charm
He's a bad guy, a dangerous man
Poisoning your soul
He says: savour your life and then die
And don't eat humble pie

04 – Interlude: The Accident

The band has nearly finished their tour through Eastern Europe which is a wow. Every concert sold out. Caine and the band are celebrated and admired. Fanatic fans follow them everywhere they go. They are rather annoying. One night the group is on their way to the last performance of the tour. The trucks with the technical equipment are far ahead, the bus, in which the members

of the band, the manager and personal assistants are travelling, creeps along the small road, winding through high mountains. The passengers are sleeping. The driver steers the vehicle very carefully along a deep chasm which opens on the right roadside. In the rear-view mirror he sees the headlights of an approaching car. The car overtakes the bus and the driver has a look at the passengers: two

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teenage couples, laughing and waving with their hands. 'Fans', he thinks contemptuously. All of a sudden the headlights of another car approaching from the opposite side and hugging the curve dazzle his eyes. Trying to dodge the impending impact the overtaking car collides with the bus and skids. The bus-driver slams on the brakes to avoid the crash, but then he loses control over his vehicle: it falls into the abyss.

Deep silence. The four young people are standing on the edge of the canyon, horrified, staring at the wreck of the burning bus. Somewhere above in a small crevice lies a lifeless body. They all know him very well. They feel guilty. Are they to blame for the death of their idol? But Caine's life hasn't expired yet. Not yet.

05 – The Experience of Being Dead

My body lies still on the canyon's ground
In a puddle of blood and covered with wounds
I'm floating above, can't hear any sound
Astonished and marvelled I am looking down

See my life running back in fast motion
Like a monochrome movie from the end to the start
Meet my friends, my lovers, my pals
My parents, my teachers, all forming a line

See the people I once hurt so much
The girls who were an easy prey, the friends I betrayed
See myself – a ruthless guy
A cold-hearted man without the slightest self-doubt

What's happening to me? I cannot stay
I'm losing my footing and I'm drifting away
Ascending the sky I feel a great dread
My soul left my body, I believe I am dead

Then a tunnel of light opens wide
Its walls shining brightly, I'm drifting inside
Am I going to kingdom-come?
I feel safe and warm, my fears fade away

I see planets and myriads of stars
The whole universe is displayed to my mind
Thoroughly filled by the soul of creation
We merge finally – our last resort

Name him God or Allah, Jehovah or Lord
However you satisfy your spiritual needs
There is a common truth – I clearly see
Something you can find in every creed

There ain't no sage words to tell you this truth
You have to find out yourself what it means
Maybe you will find / a clue – I won't bet
Maybe you'll have to wait until you are dead

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06 – Coma

The doctors say he has no chance
Despite the prayers of his fans

He's paralyzed – a broken spine
The EEG shows a flat line

His life's a flickering candlelight
He has to fight – so hard to fight

Translucent skin, his face so pale
Unconscious in his body's jail

He's in a coma

Machines force his heart to beat
He's wired up with sensor leads

Artificial respirator
Pulmonary function indicator
Luminescent screens
A dozen lights gleam

It would be nothing short of a miracle
If he would open his eyes some day
But we believe in wonders in some way
Last ray of hope, so let us pray
For him – he's in a coma

07 – Interlude: Metamorphosis

A few months later. Caine is the only one who has survived the accident. He remembers the day he awoke in the hospital. He had stayed in a coma for weeks. While he was unconscious his soul had made a journey through a strange world. Was it just an illusion or was it real? During his convalescence he had a lot of food for thought. Caine now believes that the material world and the spiritual world are two aspects of the real world.

In his former life Caine didn't believe that he had a soul. In his recreation he now believes that he *is* a soul, and that his body is just the material image of it. After his recovery he founds a new band. The style of music is unchanged but the subjects of the songs are different. He now tells about his experiences in his coma and the conclusions he drew.

08 – The Message

Turn over a new leaf
Forget your idol-creed
Scrutinize and pay the price – for a new insight
Buddha or Lao Tse
Muhammad, Jesus Christ:
There's more than one way, but the journey – is frightening and hard

Chorus

I've been at the borderline
I've been close to divine
I've been a part and the whole
I've been the cosmic soul
Microcosm – macrocosm
Particles – giant stars
Religion, spirit – science, matter
Exuberant life – eternal silence
I've been the first man who ever lived
I've been the last who died
I've been the darkness, I've been the twilight
I've been the brilliant light

Ask yourself: Can you imagine God?
Perhaps you can. Then it is something you've been taught
Maybe your grandma told you that our Lord is male
A white bearded old man in a holy tale
Why isn't she black, why must his skin be white?
Why not the Prince of Darkness, why the Lord of Light?
Maybe God created us but what I know for sure
Mankind has made its gods to fear them and to feel secure
The god we adore who sets our heart on fire
Is made by our yearning and our strong desire
For guide in life and hope for afterlife
A spitting image of man's aspiration

(Spoken):

Man is the only being on earth that knows about death. That is the reason why we deal with religion so intensely. Even atheists and agnostics sometimes mull over god. Nevertheless religion grew from our selfishness and is influenced by the culture and society within we grow up: The Nirvana of Buddhism reflects the desire to break out of the recurrent circuit of rebirth into a bleak and unhappy life. The Islamic paradise promises pleasure and sensual enjoyment: a true believer will have 99 virgins to serve him, who have to care for his blissfulness. The Christian heaven is a harbour, a place where you can seek shelter from hell, the location of eternal damnation. But in almost every religion there are people called 'mystics'. They build bridges between religions because they have a lot in common despite their different creeds. Meditation is their manner of praying and they prepare for the day when enlightenment or God will touch them. In this very moment, they believe, their ego will dissolve and will be absorbed into a new being. When I died, I experienced this moment for myself: I didn't meet a person called God, but I felt a part of a universal mind. I was the soul of all creatures and beings, the essence of all knowledge and truth. After all I lost my personality, had to abandon my ego totally to gain a new existence. But I have been sent back to the terrestrial world, perhaps to fulfil my purpose and to tell you about this experience. Now it's up to you to draw your own conclusions.

I tell you: Don't pray to a gracious god
Neither will he heal you nor forgive your sins
He never tempers the wind to the shorn lamb
You are responsible for your life yourself

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Get over all the dogmas
Rituals and outwardness
Believe in God but do not shape him
after your own needs
Don't seek him in the scriptures
There is no easy way

But be prepared to lose your faith, to die
of spiritual thirst
Then let him find you, let him linger in
your dried up soul

Chorus

09 – Interlude: The Movement

The former extroverted cynic has changed to a mystic, believing to have been touched by God's truth. Most of his fans think he isn't cool anymore. From their point of view he has transformed into a religious nutcase. Disappointed they turned their backs on him. But soon he gets new followers, people who like his tunes and the message in them. Some of them understand. Some of them realize that he is not one of those gurus and sermonizers pretending to preach salvation but eager for power and money. They analyze his words carefully and the description of his strange dream when he was on his last legs gives an impetus to their own ideas. Brain-resurgers, philosophers, theologians and other eggheads get together to discuss Caine's experience and conclusions. Think-tanks appear

from these group-meetings. The results are presented in a congress. Lots of books have been written on Caine's vision during his coma. A new school of thinking has been established. The so called 'Movement' comes into being. Lay-men and scientists, pious people and materialists take part. The unification of all these people of different origin bears fruit. The message is: Be tolerant. It doesn't matter what religion you belong to, whether you believe in a personal and manlike god or in a cosmic awareness consisting of an undetectable energy-field filling the universe. Everybody needs an imagination of god to believe in. But if you look through superficiality and simplicity, the essence of all creeds, of science and philosophy, it is all the same.

10 – Credo

Matter and energy, space and time,
Physical laws and life,
Ingredients of our universe,
A grain of sand in creation.

Billions and trillions of them are born
And dying in this very moment
Like man was born of stardust
And his body will return – to the stars

Creation has been and will be forever
Inseparable from the Creator
Like no dancer exists without a dance
And there's no dance without a dancer.

The rhythm of Big Bangs fills creation
Pulses in the divine symphony
We won't be lost when our time has
come
Our souls will sound in this music.

11 – Interlude: The Caineists

Caine is flattered by the admiration of his followers. The man who loved to be despised is now beloved. He glories in this affection but recognizes soon that it is a feeling of vanity. He himself is not important. What matters is that he gains the people's attention.

But then something happens: a radical sect comes into being, founded within the heart of the Movement. They call themselves the 'Caineists'. They allege

that Caine is the true Messiah, that he reflects the will and power of God. And they are intolerant. They do not respect other creeds, not even the Movement they arose from. What they say is the complete reversal of Caine's ideas and teachings. Their number grows quickly. A fierce quarrel between the followers of Caine arises: the fanatic Caineists and the original Movement.

12 – The Schism

Caineists:

He is the chosen one – we follow him
He is the one to forgive all our sins
He is the new messiah
He is the one whom prophets told of
He is the king of the universe
He is the new messiah

Movement:

(Spoken): Hey, wait a minute! What the hell are you talking about?

He never wanted to found a religion
He's just a man of wisdom and reason
His ideas could help the human race
To make the world be a better place
He teaches us to understand who we are
But he's not the saviour you're waiting for!

Caineists:

(Spoken): Stop your stupid talking!

He is the leader. His army we are

The last combat isn't very far
Death to the unbelievers!
And if you deny this very truth
You are for sure his enemies
Death to you – apostates and traitors!

Movement:

He never wants to convince by force
If you believe so you back the wrong horse
Hate and intolerance he flatly refuses
Read his words and trust his faith
He says: Armageddon has to take place
In your mind! Fight the antagonist in yourself

Caineists:

No, we don't listen any longer to
Your false and poisoned words
We are the chosen people
The message is clear. We have every right
To fight, yeah, to fight his enemies
We are the warriors of Caine

13 – Interlude: The Confrontation

His goal was to teach religious tolerance.
But now he recognizes – perhaps too late
– that his songs had paved the way for
one of the most fanatic and dangerous
sects, the one who bears his name
without his consent – the Caineists. They
misconceive on purpose. They pervert his
teachings. They abuse his ideas
perfidiously. But he enters into a dialogue

with their leaders. He tries to convince
them to leave their wrong path. But they
refuse. They don't need him anymore as
a spiritual leader. They only want his
famous name and his high repute for
their own purposes. There is no longer a
way of conciliation. Caine now knows
what he has to do: draw the final stroke.

14 – Assassin

Annoyed he went home
Couldn't carry his point
They have a blind spot and refuse
To see the truth

Tomorrow he will
Inform the media
That he'll break away from them
Doesn't give a damn

Chorus

But he won't have the ghost of a chance
Because in this very night
The assassin will do his dreadful deed
Will make a martyr of Caine

The man dressed in black
Breaks into the house
With a sling around his neck Caine
awakes
On his last legs

Draws his last breath
Gaspes out his life
His heart beats for the very last time
A capital crime

Bridge

What's happening to me? I cannot stay
I'm losing my footing and I'm drifting
away
Ascending the sky I feel a great dread
My soul left my body, I believe I am dead

And a tunnel of light opens wide
Its walls shining brightly, I'm drifting
inside
I am going to kingdom-come
I feel safe and warm, my fears fade away

Chorus

He hasn't had the ghost of a chance
Because in this very night
The assassin did his dreadful deed
He made a martyr of Caine

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15 – Interlude: The Tempest

A faked letter of confession was found, signed by a group of fundamentalist terrorists, so far unknown. The Caineists cry for vengeance. The malicious plot seems to go well. But in the evening before he died Caine had declared himself to his girlfriend Claire and had freed his mind from his burden. Claire informs a newspaper of Caine's conflict with the sect. She also reports that Caine intended to dissociate from the Caineists.

She suspects that the sect is responsible for Caine's death. Her denouncement full of grief and fury moves the masses deeply. The sectarian's plan has failed. The public is indignant and accuses them of murder. Many followers abandon and return to the Movement. The extreme Caineists have been ostracised and expelled. They go underground and become insignificant.

16 – The Victory (Hymn)

Look, the Movement gets in touch with
Prudent mystics of all creeds
Reservations steadily vanish
Inspirations grow to deeds

All distinctions lose importance
We all build on common ground
A new doctrine full of substance
Rises here and all around

Look, the Movement goes a good way
A new thinking's spreading out
World religions, they are merging
Seems the whole world turns about

But is Caine's way the right one?
Is it the truth that we can see?
Or is it just a vain illusion?
Do we gain a pyrrhic victory?

Chorus

His name is Caine and he's living again
In our hearts, like winter-grain
Waiting in frozen ground, sprouting late
At last he bears fruit and will defeat hate

(Spoken):

*But is Caine's way the right one?
Is it the truth that we can see?
Or is it just a vain illusion?
Do we gain a pyrrhic victory?*

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Credits

Roland Enders has

written the lyrics and the music
arranged, programmed and performed the music
produced and mixed the whole stuff
designed the cover and the booklet
Caine was remixed and remastered in 2011

Vocals:

Claudia Salzig on track 2, 3, 10, 12, 14, 16
Nikolas Mews (as Caine) on 5, 8, 14
Roland Enders on 6 and 12, background vocals on 2

Speakers:

Claudia Salzig on 1, 7, 11, 15
Roland Enders on 4, 9, 13

Roland thanks:

Claudia and Niko, who did a great job for friendly turn.
Julia and Karlo for proofreading the lyrics.
Elsbeth for support and love (I dedicate the last bonus song to her).
All the people who will listen to and enjoy my music.

Annotation:

I composed the Music of track 6 (Coma) in the seventies during my folk rock period with the band Aigues Vives. Its original title was "The Accident" and it was recorded and published in 1981 on the Aigues Vives Album "Water Of Seasons". I wrote new lyrics and transformed it into a piece of progressive rock. Unfortunately (or fortunately?) Aigues Vives republished the album in 2003, which I never had expected. So I had the choice either to write new music for the lyrics of Coma or to run the risk of drawing the ire of the other members of Aigues Vives. Dear friends, I beg you pardon for choosing the easy way out.

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