



CASINO BABEL
Smog In The Hourglass

STREET KIDS

Musik: Roland
Text: Rib / Karlo

The pack is growing day by day.
Wounded creatures gone astray
hanging 'round at street corner joints.

They've slipped into a new career,
act so tough, won't show their fear.
Their bodies are their only property.

Street-kids - cut-off retreat
Street-kids - making ends meet
Street-kids - put on parole
Street-kids - selling their souls

Mel's a crack at stealing cars.
His daddy clings to iron bars,
while his mum's collecting needle-marks.

Spoonie's on a bloodstained track,
stabbed a salesman in the back.
The lure of easy money sealed his fate.

Authorities can't seem to cope
with wildcats cheated out of hope.
Not yet sixteen - and future is a threat.

IN BETWEEN

Musik: Roland
Text: Karlo

He is down when she is up
She is chained when he is free
He is rain when she is sun
She is night when he's day.

When will they meet just in between?

He will lose when she can win
She is blind when he can see
He is hate when she is love
She is bottom when he's top.

Oh, could they meet just in between!

He wants to be shore when she's the sea
He wants to be ground when she's the snow
He wants to be cloud when she's the wind


But they're always apart
They'll never meet in between.

And his name is Octavius Grey.
His body is dead - he can't find a way
to enter into relations
with the outer world.

He's deaf and dumb, will never hear
the singing birds in the trees.
He lost his senses, he won't smell
- anymore
the fragrance of the salty seas.

He's a brain without body,
a wincing protein sponge

But they take care of their heroes.
Social Welfare you know.
He'll be employed as a monster
you can gaze at in the curiosity show.



Thank you Elsbeth & Pi Mäurer

CASINO BABEL

Karlo	lead & harmony vocals /
Beck	electric bass /
	electric rhythm guitar /
	synthesizer / percussion.
Richard	acoustic & programmed drums /
Bellinghausen	vocals / percussion.
Malte	absent (Vancouver,
Burchard	B.C., Canada).
Roland	lead & harmony vocals /
Enders	electric lead & rhythm guitars /
	keyboards / computer /
	electric bass / acoustic guitar /
	programmed drums / percussion.

SPATIAL GUESTS

Wilfried	vibes.
Bellinghausen	
Elsbeth	photographs.
Enders	
Franz	saxophone / flute.
Kremer	
Peter	trombone.
Moser	

Recorded at SLANDER DRONE, Bonn,
by Roland, assisted by Karlo
Mixed by Roland
Lay-out by Rib
Original-Edition auf Cassette 1986
Remaster von Roland 2010

	<p>BIG EYE</p> <p>Musik: Roland / Karlo Text: Karlo</p> <p>You can't see it, but it's ev'rywhere You can't cheat it, and you must beware 'cause wherever you go, it follows you to and fro.</p> <p>Don't turn 'round if there are things to hide. Don't speak aloud, you're overheard all night. If asleep or awake there will be no escape. So you're never alone; even your number is Their own.</p> <p>Big Eye is watching you, Big Eye is looking through you.</p> <p>And Their amateur spies will detect all your lies.</p> <p>Interrogation because of collaboration Constant persecution for private revolution.</p> <p>Now stop thinking, it will blow your brain. Now stop dreaming, it will bring you pain 'cause whatever you do, it will break all Their rules. Now stop ...</p> <p>TERRA INCOGNITA</p> <p>Musik: Roland</p>	<p>REEF OF SOLID SILVER</p> <p>Musik: Karlo / Roland Text: Rib</p> <p>"Fisher and sons follow short cut to ruin" Some bastard headlines still ring in my ears. Kane is my name. It's our right of pursuin' what's worth pursuin' that cost sixteen years.</p> <p>Had only Dirk lived to witness our break-through! Appointments made with Señoras we'll keep. Once we were wreckless, today we shall wake you; and sunken millions are hauled from the deep.</p> <p>We traced the reef of solid silver when failure was our constant guest. The sceptic world will tell our story of quiet but obsessive quest.</p> <p>Perfectly safe in a well-preserved oak chest a bottle surfaced, intact and still corked holding a parchment. The crew climbed the wave-crest like awesome children, when history talked.</p> <p>"I'd much rather join my comrades on deck be swept overboard by a towering wave than robbed of my strength by malicious disease be trapped in the stern of this capsizing grave. How high were our spirits when we set sail! How deep in his rage will God drag us down?"</p>	<p>The wealthy merchants, idle dames would gladly give their precious loot. No gold doubloons or jewelry can save them from this destiny. Signed: Pablo Morales of Cadiz, Spain, the year of our Lord 1622."</p> <p>We traced the reef of solid silver when avarice had struck us blind. The frantic world will move along soon and leave our claim to fame behind. Our solvency is redefined but will it give us peace of mind?</p> <p>JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF MY MIND</p> <p>Musik: Roland Text: Roland</p> <p>Do you want to go on a journey, a journey into my mind? So watch the wondrous and curious land, but stay on the path - it's dangerous!</p> <p>Pass through the Tunnel of Glass and enter the Chamber of Ice, now follow the rill running dry soon which carries my frozen feelings.</p> <p>Now you are in the Crystal Hall. Mirrors covering the walls reflecting the light and warmth from outside to prevent them from entering my mind.</p>	<p>I'm the prison and I'm the prisoner walled in by my fear. I'm the victim and I'm the murderer. Get me out of here!</p> <p>Break the walls and free me, take my hands and heal me.</p> <p>The Gods of my madness cryin' in desperate sadness and the chorus of thoughts singing dissonant chords.</p> <p>Now let's continue the journey to the centre of my mind.</p> <p>Come into the Cave of Dread where hate and aggression live. It's dark and cold - be quiet inside, don't change anything - it's alright.</p> <p>Be all ears! Do you hear the faint cry re-echoed by walls of stone? It's the shade of my soul - deaf and blind. It is lost - and soon will die.</p> <p>NIGHT No. 2</p> <p>Musik: Karlo Text: Karlo</p> <p>High over the hills storms are riding black clouds</p>	
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through the night.
Leaves tumbling from trees,
dancing on graves.
Dark shadows in the moonlight.

Mist over the moors,
autumn winds
are filling the air with fright.
Two children in rags
writing poems
in flickering candlelight.

Writing about their fears in the night,
watching eagles in silent flight,
staring with their eyes open wide.

THE QUIESCENT INTERLUDE

Musik: Roland
Text: Roland / Rib

One future period in mankind's history
will be different: the "Quiescent Interlude",
an era when not even close investigation
will uncover any new trace of human existence
on the surface of the Earth.

Blinding flash, unfailing pressure,
fall-out blankets.
Man was striving for
the dawn of the Quiescent Interlude.

Burned-out cities laid in ruins,
lifeless landscapes,
flooded continents:
noon of the Quiescent Interlude.

Human relics long eroded,
nature's patience
bearing brand-new fruit:
dusk of the Quiescent Interlude.

Crawling mutants cov'ring pale eyes
dazzled by twilight,
repetition scheme:
end of the Quiescent Interlude.

OCTAVIUS GREY (The Soldier)

Musik: Roland
Text: Roland

He's been a patriotic soldier
for the honour of his motherland.
And his little daughter - yes, I told her
that she will never hold his hand - again.

He is dressed like a mummy
with a plastic tube in his nose

He lost his eyes, will never see
the colourful beauty of life.
Shell splinters made him a blind man.
He will never see his lovely wife - again.

GYNEPHOBIA

Musik: Roland / Karlo
Text: Rib

Is moral debris alone
the key to my lack of confidence?
Will she really laugh at me
my joystick and my awkwardness?
The moment she rejects me
I'll probably die
I'll certainly die.

Yesterday's party was no exception:
had a crush on a fabulous girl,
dreamed of two-sided love adaption
mixing laughter with passionate whirls.

But I just watched her from any angle
trying ever so hard to relax.
When she addressed me, felt so entangled
like a puppet all coated with wax.

Misfire in my brain driving me insane
GYNEPHOBIA
As occasion serves I'm a bag of nerves
GYNEPHOBIA

In the early days when my skin was soft
education reared ist ugly voice,
"Look, those charming things
not quite unlike you
aren't meant to comfort cheeky boys.
Glance at them till your eye-strings hurt,

but keep your fingers stuck in your pockets,
never let them creep under any skirt,
never dare to touch women's sockets!
'cause the Good Lord could,
when creating man,
scarcely meet his seven-day deadline,
messed up his own construction-plan,
clumsy chap, but terribly divine,
furnished prototypes with such body lust
as had never been clinically tested.
Now his deputy's power is going bust
while he's fiercely tryin' to suppress it.
He's not fond of tricks
played 'pon him, our Lord,
as Adam will readily tell:
had his chest-hair burned
with a flaming sword,
lost his rib and pension fund as well.
Done by duty only sex makes sense
- for conception shamefacedly fulfilled -
J. P.'s antidote damps what's too intense:
penicillin cut with guilt."

Now and again I can cope with ladies
when libido remains unimpressed.
If they draw near, I draw near to Hades
feeling so diabolically stressed.

Though there are millions
of female gourmands
simply yearning for some tender guy,
I must confess I'm cut off from romance,
silk suspenders and love's lullaby.