

## **I have myself a dream**

Andrea Keller

I'm dreaming that you and me

We are two lonely cowboys

Lost in the shadow of paradise

Lost in a city's prairie

So give me a concept of my enemy

I say

Give me a fuckin' gun

And some shined up boots

And I'll show everyone

Where I stand

Well, then I see you

And you recognize me

As your worst enemy

You look right into my raving eyes

Suddenly, we are between the devil

And the deep blue sea

Riding wildly through a dualistic land

Where all the Gods

And all the people

Bless the simplicity

Of black and white

All right

You say

And so we are playing

The marmoreal chess

Of life

Sure  
We both lose and win  
At the same time  
But with broken wings  
Being fallen angels  
We smell the fire  
Of eternal desire  
Revenge  
In human hell  
If I kill what you stand for  
If I torture your king and queen  
Your farmers and runners  
Your horses and your honor  
Then I'll be free of reflections  
I won't hear your objections  
Anymore  
I'll finally be able to keep silent myself  
Get rid of all these painful voices  
Inside of me  
That tell me to be wrong in what I do  
Burned-in in a deeper understanding  
That no borderlines exist  
That we are all good and bad boys and girls  
At the same time  
We are killers and sinners  
Creators, spectators  
Lonesome Lucky Lukes  
We are dead James Dean himself  
Cause we all are actors

Dying every single day on stage  
For nothing more than fly-by-night attention  
Somewhere far away from home  
Somewhere lost in scenarios and fights  
We do not even understand  
But we all say and play  
What someone bigger has written down for us  
In our DNA's and scripts of life  
We are green and naïve  
We believe to be players  
To be hand and brain  
In our dualistic game  
And nobody and no soul understands  
That we ourselves are the chessmen  
Moving from C5 to whatever  
Never turning into something better  
But you know what?  
That's all alright  
It's just a bad dream  
And in the end  
Every single game will be over  
No clapping hands  
Anymore  
No "encore"  
And manifold drabness  
Will recover  
And suck off the contrasts  
Of artificial sunsets  
The pure will cure

We all will be naked  
Sand dust in the desert  
As meaningless and innocent  
As we always were  
But forgot to be  
Not only me,  
But you, too  
We all are in a deep sleep  
In these bad dreams  
We are just little kids  
Covering loneliness  
Playing powerful games  
Subdividing everything  
Into "the Good and the Bad"  
Into "with us" or "against us"  
Into friend and foe  
And in blazing hate and blindness  
And sometimes even in deep love  
But most often in pure fear and anxiety  
We are playing terrorist, playing president  
Playing the jealous lover and Mrs. Right  
Playing de Sade and the Virgin Mary  
Playing all the world and his brother and wife  
When will we finally awake?  
And after sunrise,  
Tell me,  
What will follow?