

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?