

The Dark Side of Dreaming

By

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*I love the early morning and to see the sun rise...
that's why I stay up all night...*

*A selection of poems, short stories and lyrics
by Andréa Nebel*

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Intro

This is a selection of poems and short stories... a collection of thoughts, feelings, experiences, surreal visions, dreams and decadent fantasy... which I have been writing for the past years. Some are really old, some I never published before, others are new.

Writing creative poetry and stories such as these gives me freedom. I find it so liberating, even more than writing lyrics. One can say things in a more artistic, free and emotional way, so I do enjoy this more than writing articles and book chapters... and thus I want to continue to focus more on writing art and poetry, fiction, scripts, comics (also check out my graphic novel 'One Autumn Day')...

This book is a collection of individual texts, many appear to have a similar theme, yet they are not connected. Inspired by my dreams and by my own deep and dark experiences... by something I saw, something I felt, and some things that live in my imagination.

I like to leave it up to the reader's imagination to figure out what is dream, reality or mere fiction here... often they are a mix of all. However, please don't read too much interpretation into the writings as that could easily 'take off'.... I like people to identify with my feelings and thoughts, to feel a connection. But I don't like it when people start to make false analysis of my words. I sometimes read ridiculous claims, reviews and critics from people, fans and even journalists, that believe to know what my lyrics and ideas are about when they in fact have no idea, and I think that's quite misleading and indeed insulting.

Unlike many of my lyrics, the writings here are not metaphorical at all by the way.

Some poems and stories, such as 'The Girl who Met Death', 'The Girl in the Mirror' or 'Azrael', have been inspired by decadent and gothic literature of the 18/19 century. If you are not familiar with these writings, I truly recommend reading such magnificent surreal novels

and poetry, such as by authors Poe, Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde... or the book 'The Chants of Maldoror', or the amazing gothic story 'The Ruins of the Abbey of Fitz-Martin' by an unknown 18th century author. Dramatic literature about human doom and decay, injustice, yearn for freedom and the merciless doings of the Church's authorities. Such libertine writers, often surrounded by opium haze, truly were the forerunners of our time... they dared to break free from the boundaries of Christian morals and restrictions in a time one could get punished and even executed for blasphemy.

Without going much into what some of my personal poems are about, I can give you a little hint to what lies hidden behind such thoughts. I grew up without being safe at night, I grew up without much security. I grew up anxious and with many secrets. Yet through all this, I had a source of immense great comfort, love and security - my grandmothers. I think I owe them my sanity... I owe them my sense for compassion and my self-confidence as they told me so many times how special I was, how I had a gift and the ability to achieve something great...

Life is the greatest school, and even the darkest hours can lead to something bright... the most painful memories can lead to most amazing art...

Late

*Late...Early morning time, it's my own time
When I walk the empty streets and listen to the night
When I lie in bed, still and quiet, I hear the night
The great silence of the night, when all is asleep
And the sounds of the night, a car coming and passing... fading
A dog barking in the distance...
It makes me think, carries away my mind...
Back to the early days when I felt with the night,
becoming a part of it, at one with its great silence and solitude.
And I wonder if longings are born from loneliness
Strife for better days out of this emptiness...
If art is an expression of deep dark feelings...
Comfort from one lone soul to another to say*

You're not alone.

Out there...

*She looks up to the stars
How bright they shine
Oh you stars as you look down on me
High up in the sky with your shining eyes
Is the truth out there? If so what truth? Eternity?
Somewhere out in the universe...
Why do we yearn so much for the stars?
Are we escaping reality? Ourselves? Mortality?
Do we seek other life, our next life? A higher being? Our true
home?
Are we indeed strangers here, put on this earth from a far away
place and we long to go home? Is there a place from which we
came and to which we will return?
Something? Anything? Nothing??*

*Why do I long so to be amongst the stars, float amongst the
planets in the great silence? Away from here? Why does it feel like
home? Why do I have dreams about rising up to the sky, to the
planets that all come together and encircle me, making me feel so
connected to all and everything in that moment? Will I ever know?
What do I know? I just do not know!*

*Her head is spinning as she sat out there alone beneath the stars.
One day, she said, one day I will be up there. I will see through the
black hole of eternity and time will stand still. When the planets
come together, I will rise from this ground.*

My Vampire

*I saw you - from shadows lurking, silently you came out of the
backdoor
At night - leaving for the murky alley - to mingle with fog and dim
shades
I followed you, I had been waiting for you
In my mind I heard you call my name
Yet you still don't know that I exist and that you feel the same*

*I never thought you could be real, Did I summon you?
You turn around and look at me,
You think ah.. A willing prey down the empty alley way?
A cruel smile, you say you're out for the kill
You look surprised that there is no fright in my eyes, Only
fascination...
And I'm out for the thrill*

*In disbelief you look at me, With piercing eyes I hold your gaze
I move closer and I touch your face
I said I want you, I want you to be mine
I'm human yes, but another kind
I'm like you I feel your soul inside
Down this dark-lit alley way I will make you mine*

*I want to walk with you 'til the end of time
I was born for this, it's in my blood... A human she-wolf, fierce like
you
walking on the edge and I'm not afraid to loose control
Give me a taste, let me taste of your world
Infect my blood and lead the hunt
Like cats let us jump the roofs and fly above... And disappear into
the sombre night...*

*The words slowly sink in like sweet music to his ear
Who's eyes are more intense, yours or mine?*

*Charmed like a snake, you look at me with black eyes
You loosen your grip - only to draw me closer.
I sink into your arms and I whisper into your ear
I told you I make you mine, right here...*

Gothic

*Young girl in summertime...
End of term, so exciting... she wants a sparkle of my world.
Ordinary girl going a little crazy, dressing up, a little fancy, a little
freaky
She dared and she feels cool, trying to be this little sparkle of my
world...
It has become fashionable.
And the music starts, a heavy sound and she feels like she's in
scene...
She wants to be cool.
But how far would you go to be one of the cool, girl?
Why don't you go down that road? Go ahead!
Would you follow, young girl? You who tried to be a little sparkle
of my world?
Would you follow the saturnine road to the abyss?
Sinking deeper and deeper, descending from the ordinary world?
This is where the real cool people go.
Do you want to be so cool? You would be horrified.
Deeper the road goes, and you leave the ordinary world behind
In a memory that would be too unbearable to remember.
Leaving behind your friends, who did not want to follow
The boyfriend who could not see you hurt yourself anymore the
way you do.
And deeper goes the road of extreme, hurt, destruction, decay...
Spaced out narcotic minds dwelling in decadent places
Making money the extreme way too,
Dominating the clubs, from night-clubs to strip clubs,
Ending the night with private pleasures, each of us the actors in
this dark, dark play...
Not once because we needed to, but because we wanted it.
Loved digging our way through the graves of extremities,
Seeing where it would end, we wanted to see the end, the edge of
our sanity.*

*See young girl, if you could look down this hole and see how far
you could go,
You would comb down you hair again and wipe that black lipstick
from your mouth...*

*Some time ago we did meet
Downtown at the centre for a most glamorous feast
In the most expensive and fanciest room
A big gathering of relatives and celebrities we knew
A ball-room lit with candles and party-lights
We joined to celebrate
seated by a never-ending table
we ate well and we drank champagne
we talked and we laughed about old good times we shared
we talked about the old life and the new that we feared
We were laughing and we were dancing
hidden behind disguise
when I knew he was out waiting
lurking in the dark
I had to find a moment
to excuse myself
to escape the jolly party here
to speak with him out there
Stepping out of the glorious room
the scenery changed
Down long neo-lit corridors
that had seen better days
isolated, desolation in the air
a heavy threatening flair
I was treading carefully
Tried not to awaken any ghosts
when by the window we finally met
splinters of glass cracked beneath our feet
those clandestine meetings noone knew about
we whisper of shadowlove and immortal life
I encounter my threat and yet my thrill
I searched for him and had him enter my mind
I had to step out into the gloom to seal our pact*

*And silently I slipped back inside
To the glamorous room with the colourful lights
happily to mingle with the mortal kind
seated by a never-ending table
we ate well and we had more champagne
we talked and we laughed about old good times we shared
we talked about the old life and the new that we feared
We were laughing and we were dancing
hidden behind disguise
in the back of my mind he was there
I knew he was out waiting
lurking in the dark for me
...And I smiled...*

The Girl in the Mirror

Hence she was standing, looking at herself in the mirror... not just for a while.

She would stand for hours, watching and seeing herself, every detail, every flaw

She stared and gazed, carressing and viewing her beautiful self, being in love with herself.

For she loved herself when noone else would.

The love was her own, the secret to keep. A secret between herself and her image.

What would she be without the mirror, without her own reflection that followed her everywhere.

Her own eyes enthralled her, entrapped her. Her own window to her soul,

questing to find out who indeed was hiding within.

Begging to enter. For noone else would.

What would she be without her reflection that followed her everywhere.

Like a lover, flirting and teasing, intriguing, inviting her in. Like noone else would or could.

Those eyes were dazzling, her smile so charming, her soul so innocent, her dreams so real.

They saw the gloom and sorrow, for noone else would.

Her love was with her where ever she went,

unobtainable, an image for her to see yet never to touch.

Longing for someone she could never have. And noone else would.

Alone with herself in the world of the blind.

And the face in the mirror grew weary, the fire of her soul grew dim.

And even in death, when her body was gone and her soul ready to move on, she could not.

Standing by her body, decaying to dust, yet she was attached.

She lamented the sight of herself, mourning for the one she was, The face she loved so much all those years.

And she mourned most of all that she alone loved her beautiful self

... and noone else could.

Ghostlover

*She knows a house, forgotten by time
a place so silent and still, with velvet curtains so red... where the
walls whisper all
She knows a room and the room knows her... they share a secret
so bizarre
She enters quietly, unnoticed
noone knows that she is here, except 'them' ... the eternal
residents
the invisible memories speak of her name...*

*This is her room, deserted by the ages...
She undresses slowly... she's careful and mute
The room has eyes and they watch her
hungrily, from the heavy red curtains and beyond the thick walls*

*She walks across the wooden floor, lightly, not to make a sound
she lays herself down on the bed, that sighs with centuries aloud
She lies still and bare... she is waiting
when they move towards her, loudlessly and unseen
she welcomes with passion, all over again
Like she did the first night she slept here
when she undressed and lay all bare on the white sheets*

How oddly her gift, to feel their remains, to bear cold embrace.

*Scarlet woman for the ghosts
she always comes for more
bizarre obligation under her will
Invisible lovers she calls her hidden thrill
Beyond these walls, behind oak-wood doors
a pact between herself and the house
secret oh' sweet Scarlet alone goes in and out...*

The Girl Who Met Death

*Once, she encountered Death - Death - taker of life, keeper of
existence. Oh how mortals dread to make his acquaintance...
Indeed don't they all claim to believe in the afterlife? Yet they
struggle to reach for his cold hand. But are they not merely
waiting? Waiting their entire distressing existence of non-living?*

*She was not afraid. She had been born to sorrow, she had been
born to solitude. By mortals she was cursed to endless night. Her
home was nowhere and she was cast aside ...Everywhere. Like
many, born to misery. Oh wicked, wicked humankind. I will never
understand your ways. Where misery breeds misery, and empty
lives seek cruelty. Enduring this circle of man-made pain. Where
the only embrace they'll ever know, is by the lethal arms of their
final escort.*

*All alone she was in this world, and she was seeking Death.
One night as she again wandered alone by the waters, amongst
the weeping willows, a figure, a black-hooded shape sat hidden
amongst the shadows by the water, silent, motionless. Gently, she
made her advances. Loudlessly she sat herself beside him. 'Oh
gracious Reaper' she said, 'have you come for me? Oh take me
from this earth, I will follow you'. She took his skeleton hand.
'Please take me with you. I don't belong here, I was not meant to
be here'.*

*Still sitting in sombre silence, the Reaper looked upon her with
gloomy eyes. With pity in his voice he said, 'my dear girl, you were
seeking me and you found me. Yet I cannot claim you. Your time
has not come yet. What is it that you fear more than death itself'?
She whispered 'This life of grief and solitude. I'm pushed away
everywhere, mercilessly, unwanted... and now I see even Death
does not want me...'*

Oh poor sweet girl. Could I have been there to take her to my world, home to many souls like hers. She would see the light, she would see the beauty, she would see beyond human ugliness. Poor living soul in isolation. In the hollow world of existence the Living are punished to walk alone...

Sunset Girl

A hot summers day in Maryland, miles and miles with golden fields, guilded by the sun. A path leads to a small house within those fields, a familiar place. She walks the path, carefree, happily. It is a school-day, but she is not in school. Instead she walks to the house, through the lovely garden with apple trees. Inside the old-fashioned house, she enters the kitchen to meet the old lady who is there baking buns. She welcomes her, and wonders why she is not in school. But never mind, the old lady said warmly, she may sit down and have a bun.

So she is sitting by the table, the windows are open and a breeze comes in, a warm breeze from across the golden fields, softly stroking her long hair. A warm smell of earth is entering her nose as she sits there eating her bun, and she felt so good and comfortable.

She would have loved to stay, but she should really move on. And she says goodbye to the old lady and thus walks her way, happily, with a swing out of the door. Out onto the lawn, through the lovely green garden and onto the little sandy path between the fields... walking fast on her way, leaving behind the illusion that was her; the young girl.

The evening is coming, with a soft breeze, cooling down the dry summer air that had been heating the day. Orange the shady light of the sky... Many many times she had seen the light, the sun setting a many nights. Yet each time, the girl in her was amazed over and over again. She was just a girl inside.

She would have loved to stay, loved to return. The girl within her still was there, hidden under a woman's body. But they are calling and she has to move on, to hold on to who she was. If she would have stayed she would have lost her forever and she could not have beared it. Death has claimed her spirit a long time ago... Go now and always be her.

Their Dead Poetry (lyric)

*She makes her appearance
Never unnoticed
Heads turn, egos twitching
They want to see her play the part*

*Oh, what a woman
Something that is so disturbing
They love the muse in her
Wishing for a girl like her*

*Oh, how fascinating you are
So beautiful
So entertaining
You make me laugh
And you had me thinking*

*Oh, never met someone like you
Their drama wants a girl like me
Feeding their dead poetry*

*In their stories, in songs
They make her come alive
Songs of passion and wild girls
Empty words
But hey, they want to fantasize
Simplicity
Is haunting their daily lives
Catch her like a butterfly
Strangling the muse within her*

*Oh, how fascinating you are
Too mystical
Too intriguing...
You make me laugh
And you had me thinking*

*Oh, never had a girl like you
Fading is the muse in her
All alone in her empty house of dreams*

*What a weird girl... living in her own world
What a weird girl... and you can't reach her
All alone in her empty house of dreams*

In My Dreams I'm Free

In my dreams I am free, I am everywhere, could my life just be in my dreams, I need no food, no money, I just am and see, experience. Each night I am in a different reality, in a different situation, I play different roles. I am somewhere else each night, in places that do not have names, do they exist? In real life, in another world? Where do the places in my head come from? Or the people? Every night is a journey to somewhere so familiar and yet unknown. Have I ever been there? It is just the torment of awakening, to find out I have been out there, living, experiencing... life is so much more exciting, easy, everything is possible and I am free, free of this same everyday life over and over again... free from these invisible walls that hold me captured. And then I wake to the real day life and live the same days over and over again, no change, like a repeat... just each time with aging. Could I be connected to the souls of my friends and family as I am in my dreams. We are so close, we know the otherside, we know each other's consciousness. Not these strangers that we are upon awakening. Maybe each night I enter a parallel world, maybe I even enter different souls, different persons and get a glimpse of their life. Sometimes dreaming reminds me of being dead, being a spirit that just observes, being able to just fly from place to place and just observe... just be without taking action. Does my spirit indeed escape my body? Could we only consciously experience our dreams. Could my life be a dream, but could it be? I control my life, but I don't control my dreams... or do I? What does control my dreams... what decides where I go each night? If we were to die while dreaming, would we live on in our dreams? Would we be trapped in our nightmares?

The Dark Side of Dreaming

Sometimes I go to some really bad places... and awakening can be a blessing. The emotions of the most intense fears, sorrows and desperations haunt me... terrible visions and ghastly sights... and I run and run ... often not knowing what I am running from... and I fight and slay and scream...

Do you ever wake up feeling really fearful and so unreal? After a night of a terrifying dream, an unseen and unknown threat is hanging over you... it's watching you like an invisible eye. When waking feels like you escaped, and reality becomes so non-real when you just have been face to face with a threat unable to explain. And this sinister atmosphere is hanging over you, the feeling that this world is not the real reality... but instead is somewhere else at night, where it falls over you, unwillingly, you get sucked in... And maybe they wait for you, until you sleep and dream... and you enter their reality once again...

And sometimes indeed I feel so good about killing and digging graves... knowing my suppressed sides emerge... lurking... to come forth if needed.

Underworld (lyric)

*All alone in here
I close my eyes
Waiting for the stranger in me
To come alive
Say goodbye to the descending sun
Leave me a crimson sky
With a faint kiss*

*We are...
We are... walking at the edge of light
Vanished into fog that night*

*We are (undead)
We are (forever alive)
Stars in a gloomy show
Puppets that faded long ago*

*Why do you feel doomed?
When you realise
That when you can hear through walls
You had come alive
Feel the vibrant sounds
Feel the pulse
How can they demonise
The real form of life?*

The Blind Artist

In a corner of a busy street, just by the tube station... there sits an old woman with long white hair in front of a canvas. She is joined by her grandson who is calling out to the people that his grandma would draw a portrait of them. She is blind. Yet, he pleads to give her a chance... because she is a seer. A blind woman who can paint portraits? People walk by and smile at this silly idea. Noone takes her seriously, and besides, people are busy, they are in a hurry... rushing by with their lifes.

After a while a man stops and he feels a little sorry for this old woman. So he thinks he should give this a go. He is curious. He does not believe that she really could draw him but it would be interesting to see what would come out of it. So he gives her the money and sits down by her side, next to the canvas. She smiles a toothless smile and touches his face. Then she starts to draw... and she draws him fast. And the man is amazed, because she indeed manages to draw his face. She drew him with strangely open eyes though, but nevertheless, this was a good enough drawing for a blind woman. But surely, she cannot be all blind? That is impossible. The crowd around her cannot believe this.

More people flock around and have a portrait made of them. And she touches their faces and draws very fast. The men and women around her are astonished, but they also get a little troubled about the peculiar face impressions they have in the drawings. Indeed they look sad, or pained, or distressed, even frightened or sometimes they almost look asleep... Then, one person she draws with a very frightful face, another with a pained scream...and the people get uneasy. They start to realise what this blind seer woman is doing; she draws them dying, as if she could see the way they die.

The audience now reacts, as folks get anxious, even angry and say that she is crazy to be drawing such nonsense to scare people, that this is a macabre joke. Others just laugh, they even claim that she is not blind at all. But the rest of the crowd is horrified at the thought that she indeed is drawing their final departures and the discussion rises amongst the people: "who wants to know"?

If indeed one day you would pass her by... there in the corner of a busy street... would you have her paint you??? Or would you walk by, quickly, not wanting to know how your last moments will be?

Waves

*Here it stops and yet begins
The waves are dancing, inviting me in
I have come to bid farewell
I have come to travel within
Travel out, travel far
They're leaving loudlessly
On their longest journey
Drifting slowly in shark waters
Drifting til the horizon devours them
Drifting til they're gone
And no one knows where the journey ends
Or how it ends
I'm left behind in the white sand
Cry for the waves to take me along
Will you be there when I'm passing through
Will you be there when I'm crossing too?*

Azrael

*It is time. I open my eyes.
The gentle wind blows around me
I'm alone out here in the night.*

*I lie on the ground in the green fields.
I feel strange and sad, but oh! So good!
The night is so silent...*

And I wait.

*I recall the last moments, the pain
The struggle, the fight...Oh! I didn't want to be here
The desperation as I lost the fight... the end.
It is over. The pain is no more
Still I wait.
Is it all a dream? A nightmare?*

*Oh no, there, in the sky, far away, I see something...
A shadow, yes, moving, moving towards me,
Coming with the breath of wind. Is it...him?
I see clearer, as the shadow draws nearer,
My eyes tear as I try to see through darkness and wind.
Yes, it is him, he is coming for me.
Flying in the air, drawn to me.*

Should I fear him?

*I don't feel frightened. There, he approaches me, I hear no sound
I only hear the wind. I look at him. Cloaked in black
He stands before me.*

Death.

How beautiful he is. I look at him.

*I read no terror in his eyes. Only sorrow.
What a melancholy. I see through the eyes of death
And understand life.*

*He whispers into my ear, soundless, but yet so clear.
Now he reaches out for me.
A lover's guiding hand.
Oh yes, I want this hand to take me from this earth,
To lead me to my eternity.*

*I reach out. Such weird emotions,
And my memories pass me by
My sadness turns to happiness.*

*My hand touches his,
But I feel no touch...
All I feel is ecstasy.
Our hands unite and we fly above.
I leave my body behind.
Below I see the fields,
The mortal world left behind
Will I ever see it again?*

*It matters no more.
I await a new world.
A new beginning
What will it look like?
I shall see it soon.*

*Yer all shall see...
One day...
When the time comes.*

Where The Lonely Souls Go (lyric)

*Won't you come inside?
Rest a while, you must be tired
It has been a long way
But it's not far before you reach your goal
The end of this road
Another step to the new dimension
Before you travel on
Let me hear your story*

*Where do you come from, tell me of your early days
Tell me of gladness, sorrows, was your winter long and cold?
How did you let go?
Tell me and I will listen all night
At dawn I will wish you well
When you go where the lonely souls go*

*It seems so long ago
The memory of years long gone
One day I'll be there
At the crossroad where time has no name
Will I pass on or will I return?
Will you meet me
When I go where the lonely souls go?*

*And a man in a blue robe
Smiles at me, he speaks to me
But I cannot hear for his words fade with the dream
The answers I seek, I will, I will never know
Will you show me?
Won't you tell me where the lonely souls go?*

*And you out there, lost ones,
hiding within a crowd
Searching for the other soul
that you once left behind
You will also stand here at the end of the road, the crossing point
And alone you will go...
Where the lonely souls go*

Once Again I Was Giving In...

*Once again I was giving in
To sleep, to dream
Sleeping all day
Trying to get away*

*To the place where I grow strong
The place where dreams belong*

*In dreams all day and all night
Where I can be and see and feel,
I would love and I would fight
Even the nightmares give me sight
They give me truth and excitement, intense real life*

*Life is for living and I live in my dreams
where no money can make me a slave
Getting away from this prisons that we made*

*And one day Morpheus appeared while I was living in my dream
He said I have been here for too long,
that I must wake 'cause it is here I belong*

*He said get up, you must rise from this sleep
'Cause you are falling way too deep
I would keep you here if I could
But it is too early for you to dwell here for good*

*I'm here at night guiding you
But when you wake, you must yourself get through
Make reality your stage, it is you who writes the scenes
And I'll be waiting in your dreams...*

Love Addiction

*My dark-eyed lover, he truly understood - He felt my yearn,
I touched his soul - We spoke of oceans wild and free - and all the
passions we longed to feel - The deadly sensation, you know what
I mean? - Intensity cuts and scorpio sting - I started to fall 'cause
my legs grew so weak - Lost in a haze, I didn't eat nor sleep - Lost
in Nirvana, we were in it so deep - Going frantic with cravings, I
was drugged, I was high - Hooked on the feeling, each time more
alive - Anywhere, everywhere, we gave in all the way - Childish
and charming, always dared to play - Lost in Nirvana but it came
with a price - He spoke of oceans great and free - and all the pain
we had to feel - My dark-eyed lover stepped outside sanity's door
- I called him back but he went for more - He went beyond and left
his mind - He chose addiction of a different kind.*

One Friday Night...

*Friday night was a bizarre night out
All in a second.....
Saturday morning all was quiet
All in a second.....
Groggy and barely awake I went down the dark corridor and its
many stairs
All in a second.....
All alone in the house... mum was out... and I felt guilty because I
slept so long
All in a second.....
I had to step out to take the dog for a walk
All for a second...
I went down to the playground to mingle with my friends...
All in a second.....
The black kids from the block were already there by the swing
talking, so tranquil, so at ease
All in a second.....
We were swinging on the swings, discussing the past night,
tenderly and so at peace
All in a second.....
We talked about last night when the clock had stopped
All in a second.....
When time stops we suddenly have all the time...
All in a second.....
We have time to be and see through the eyes of the universe...
All in a second.....
I was swinging gently... holding a toddler on my lap...
All in a second.....
The other kids were sitting around and smiled with us...
All in a second.....
When a limo drove by and stopped by our side...
All in a second*

*It was the man in the suit, the man from the museum, the one who
took us last night*

All in a second.....

*Who took me high up to the mechanical room and stopped the
great aching wheels...*

All in a second.....

The night seemed endless as all the chaos stood still

All in a second.....

And for a while we could see ourselves...

All in a second.....

I lost conscious thought, remember fragments of my deeds

All for a second.....

How I lay there inbetween his black satin sheets

All for a second...

Did I walk the streets for money, or did I walk for fame?

All for a second.....

Somewhere in the city I left myself behind

All in a second.....

And now the man in the suit claims our kind

All in a second.....

Once you have seen you cannot return

All in a second.....

But I am grateful for the lessons learned

All in a second.....

*And now we all were sitting by the playground, laughing, smiling,
being at ease*

All in a second.....

For the man in the suit had brought us peace...

All in a second.....

The Moped

*Each time at night when I hear a motorcycle or a moped outside
in the streets...driving, passing... fading...it reminds me of my
first memories. The first memories I've had.*

*I remember lying in bed at night in the darkness... hearing the
sound of a moped driving past while I lay there awake, lonely, so
lonely. Scared and alone because I was alone.*

*And the feeling never faded, I still have the same feeling inside,
this memory when I lie at night alone...and hear a moped driving,
passing... fading in the distance... down the quiet, quiet streets.*

Fear
was always there
Fear
was always there
Fear
from the beginning
Fear
was always there
Fear
but there was noone there
Fear
all alone
Fear
I was on my own
Fear
my friend
Fear
my enemy
Fear
made me scream
Fear
made me roar
Fear
made me sweat at night
Fear
made me fight
Fear
made me loose my mind
Fear
made me survive

My monster

My monster, it came chasing me, it came after me to my house. I went to hide beneath the stairs and when it went into the basement I locked the door and turned off the light in the basement, knowing that the monster will not be able to move in the dark down there.

And all turned quiet... but I ran and I ran as far away as I could... because, how can one sleep when one has a monster in the basement?

Down in the Dungeon

Down in the deep dark dungeon he had taken me, left me, with his loyal guards to watch over me. He thought he was the master of this great dark castle... the leader, with all his guards around him he thought he was in control... he thought he had control. And he was waiting, waiting for me. He tried to bend me, he tried to force me, he tried to keep me from running... yet he knew... he couldn't enter my mind and I would never give in ... And while he waited... down in the darkness, down in the moist and musky dungeon... another put his arms around me, against the cold stone. Down in the deep dark dungeon, restless like a caged animal, and no way of running. ... While he waited, upstairs, waiting for me to surrender... below, a clandestine passion was mine... even the most loyal guard can think of himself when tempted... and less of his master...

Sometimes...

Sometimes I get drawn in by a dark pained energy and in my mind I see what they saw. I feel it through a vision or a dream. I enter, join them in their pain and it almost drives me insane, this tortured energy. Why does it capture me? Why does it embrace me and invites me to see? Does the tormented energy of the wronged souls seek me? Am I merely open, open to the energy that surrounds me?

And I pay my respect... I face the fear and I connect... maybe my instincts will trigger theirs, maybe my anger will set them free. I hear people tell me 'oh don't have anger, you cannot change the world anyway'... But I believe anger creates great energy... music and art can be such energy... to liberate... to stand against injustice, against apathy...

Yes, to face fear and stare the ugliness in the face and hit that face... now that will make a difference.

Proud, aloof, independent... the fighting spirit... on the outside. But on the inside? Ever young girl, young spirit, walking on bare feet... longing to flee this reality of grey boredom.

It is boredom that drives me, that makes me seek out places, weird places, dark places...

It is excitement, curiosity that lures me out into strange paths... It is fear that made me fight in the first place, that made way for the will to live; the choice of either rolling over or getting up and smashing back. The way of the wild animal...

I want to stand fully in life... and yet I try to get away, try to

slip away... to something, somewhere out of this world... crazy sometimes because it all seems so complex.

I feel entrapped, not being able to fly... and how I hate those codes that try to numb my mind and my spirit, that suck the energy away from me... No, I am no follower, I own no slave mentality and I don't kiss insecure arses... I am my own self and I try to survive with it as long as I can.

I am no leader either... I just like to be. The real self... it's the one that brings you closer to the universe, to the within, to real life. The ability to see so many things in casual moments... to walk with open eyes.

We hear the real life is the material world, the man-made world with all its restrictions and man-made logic. But the artist soul is more in touch with the true real world, my real world... and does not do too well in the restricted world, where everything has to be said, done and crafted with this man-made logic to be respected and recognised. Pure emotions, intuition, real life wisdom and art don't seem to have much value.

Loyalty and devotion... I feel them on a much deeper level than society's thinspread idea of 'faithfulness'. Pure devotion, real love and self-sacrifice, to give it all... and yet remaining loyal to your own heart. I do not need the label 'girl-friend' or 'wife' to make me feel accepted in society. I stand by my own worth.

And sometimes independence has its price... when you fall down... and noone knows or understands how you feel... and noone sees how you climb up from the pit all by yourself... pleasure and pain, they tend to go hand in hand...

Humour is the key to make sense of it all. Humour is my life-saver... Satire... to see the ironie of life, to survive mankind's ludicrous absurdities....

Fragments

Fragments of thoughts within my mind.

Through gentleness, love and laughter...

Through sadness, doubts or hope.

The feelings are all mine

Noble, daring, in control... Playful, broken, vulnerable

Like a whirlwind I change all the time....

Through mysteries, ideals and extremities....

*And each time I don't know if I find myself
or lose myself...*

The Chase

Early at morning, after a night out in the city... all was quiet and still, when I found myself walking through a small park... just as I often do... I spoke to someone on the mobile phone and even though I tend to be aware... for a while I was distracted...

From nowhere he came. Surprised and angry... I just uttered a 'what the fuck' as big arms grabbed me. My phone dropped as I took a swing and freed myself. I ran so fast for the street... I was almost there when I noticed a shadow... someone tried to cut me off and now pushed me to the ground. It was two of them... and they had been waiting for me. I knew where they came from... I knew who they were. I had been playing with fire... playing with the wrong kind... we were part of a secret clan and I had been mocking and outwitting the leader of the pack... and now he sent a message for me, a warning, a punishment... playing with fire can get you burnt...

I shouted and I yelled at them as they dragged me along through the dirt. They dragged me to a building near by... All was silent, there was no one on the streets and all those many windows were but dead eyes shut. Nobody heard me. I struggled and fought and tried to shout, but my mouth was held shut. They talked about revenge. They talked about taking me, they talked about finishing me off... I didn't know how serious they were... was it just a game? I didn't intend to hang around to find out. In the back-yard by the trash-cans I was pressed into a corner by them both... a woman came out of the house and was walking towards the street... while I was pushed against the wall... How did she not see what was going on here... why did she not react?

I don't know how long I was held in the corner, crushed against the wall again and again. They then wanted to drag me further... trying to get me into the building, into the elevator. In panic, my mind was spinning... as once inside an apartment, there I would not get out that easily. I tried to find another moment to escape, and finally at last when some people came out and into the hall... I could. I ran and I ran out of the iron-gate from the back-yard onto the empty street. And I ran and ran and nobody followed me anymore... I ran through streets, around corners until I mingled with the early morning crowd... finally I stopped by a news-agent. I stayed there for a long time, bought coffee and looked out to the streets waiting to calm down... and nobody noticed anything unusual, nobody knew what I just had been through ... I was just an ordinary girl in the shop buying her morning coffee...

I fought, I ran and I lived. Can you hear me through the dark? You may be pushed down and you fight to survive... and when you do, consider this: Your life is for living, you will have many tests and many threats. So when you are pushed down... get up, walk straight... and live on. Wash away the stains and count your scars. Mark each of them with status. They are your pride. They are proof of your will to live...

The Night Guard (lyric)

*Give me the sweet words
Give me the pain
I cover the deep wounds
Hiding the shame*

*Deep into my eyes
Such glowing sparks
Leave me in silence
Leave me your marks*

*Send white flowers in the morning
With a card to say 'forgive me'
I might read it in another life*

*I have my mirrors
They brighten my place
But here in their dark room
I'm losing my faith*

*Take my body
rob my love
You're cutting my boundaries
Then you close the door*

My Visual World (lyric)

*Would it be the memory that I keep?
Would it be the atmosphere that I seek?
All those places I have seen
Long live the images within*

*On and on I have been walking
Towns and villages, I'm exploring
And it all feeds my own visual world
Like a movie made in my head
Stories without an end*

*Days and nights, seasons changing
Restlessly I'm searching for the right scene
And it feeds my own visual world
You might be part of it, in this other world
You might play a role, but you wouldn't know*

*I sure have been there and captured the atmosphere
Mislead by solitude, nourished my nightmare
Stored the pictures in my memory
A film made by reality*

Samhain

*Samhain, I wait until the evening, wait to light the candles,
lights in the darkness representing the ones I have lost and that I
miss so much.*

*One for grandmother, one for my beloved dog Arcane...
lights that grow in number.*

*It is said that the pain of loosing becomes easier with time. I hoped
it would be so.*

*No use of telling me it was their time, it was the age that made
them leave.*

*As life goes on and we live our life I still have moments where I
really miss them.*

*In my dreams they are still alive. I have songs that remind me of
them.*

*Sometimes I wish I would forget, but then I am scared of
forgetting them,
Of loosing their memory.*

*And it's such a cruel thought that they live through my memories
And with my death the memories will be gone.*

All my memories of my grandmother will be forgotten

And this is so sad about life, that after one or two generations

People will be gone like they never existed... and life...

*Well life with its ups and downs, with sunshine, warm springs and
singing birds...*

It will just go on... without them.

*Sometimes it seems most unbearable to grow old
And carry all the memories of the loved ones lost*

Fate

*We have lived a long long time, for us it is normal to just live and
do our everyday life things. And we really cannot imagine what
it is like for all those who just barely lived and died. How did
they feel? We are spoiled with living life and we see live as just
statistics. "Oh it was just a few who died in this crash" or "oh,
before they stoned women to death in those countries, but now the
law is abolished"...or "oh, another murder of a little girl...but
this does not happen often in our country luckily..."*

*Yes only statistics. But what about those individuals that had to
endure this torture??? Their pain and fear, their horrible end???
Could we tell them "oh it's ok, it's just statistics, and you are one
of them, but otherwise, it's not that many anymore that die such
a ghastly way you know"... No! Those poor unfortunates don't
think statistics! Each innocent person's suffering is one too many.
Sometimes I wonder if I am the only one who feels with them. I
often try to imagine them. I have been sitting by market places
where they once executed people, or burned 'witches'. I sit and
visualize, I try to see and imagine their fear and desperation, as if
I could make sense of it somehow...*

*And all the crowd around them, ugly distorted faces cheering...
bringing down the "evil"... While they are the real evil, the
real wicked brood. One thing I have never understood about
humanity: They have a brain and the ability to know pain. They
would scream at their own pain and fear... so how can they
cheer at another's pain? And than I wonder, those at the stake...
would they be in the crowd, sneering and cheering if another
unfortunate was in their place? Would they? Or is it always the
wise and noble that have to suffer the cruel stupidity of humanity?*

I do believe in fate, but then I wonder, do the ones that die young have fates? What meaning is to their lives but terrible cruelty of having it ripped away from them barely started, and will they ever get a chance again? What if not? Can it be, to be born and taken again and that was it ever to come? Because, then I really wonder what life is. It becomes very frightening to have a life, it almost feels like an illusion to have a long life and take it for granted, whilst others just die in a second...

Life

I

I see life as a journey, like a journey through a great forest with many pathways and you walk and walk, finding new trails, new challenges, meeting other people on your way. Sometimes they walk with you, some may walk with you your entire journey, others just walk with you for a little while, and then they take a turn, using another trail. Maybe your paths will cross again, maybe they don't and you go very different ways.

And it is you who decides which way to go. A lot of times you stand by crossroads and you have to decide which path to follow. You don't know where the road is taking you and if you would decide to go left you would meet new ways, new challenges and new people on the way, than if you would choose the road to the right, or the one straight ahead... where you would have met other challenges and other people. You decide your paths to go, perhaps thinking 'what would have happened if I would have taken another road then and there'?

So you just walk and walk, stopping at destinations, meeting new people...and I wonder if something is leading us, telling us what way to go. Do we have guardians that whisper to our subconscious

and tell us which road to take? Is our route already layed out for us and the people we meet, are they destined to walk with us? Or are we alone in making our decisions? Do we have but one choice, or do we have many choices, which are unpredictable?

And at the end ... we can turn around and we can look back at all the many paths we took and all the challenges and people we met on our way... and we thus look back to what was our life...

II

In life, we have many happenings coming our way, events that we look forward to or that we wish were already over. We have many events like that, many things we wait for, look forward to. Then it is happening and then the event is over and that was that. Imagine such an event; something big happening in a few months. So you wait all excited, the event seems so long ahead. Then you realise the event is near and you prepare, getting eager or perhaps really nervous. And then the event is about to happen, you are there, now. The event is happening, you are experiencing it. And then the event is over, and wow, it really is over, you have passed it. And then the event is in the past, just a memory...

Our whole life is such a big event really, we are experiencing it right now...and soon that will be in the past as well. An event that was...your life...and it won't come back.

III

Sometimes I feel life is just like a videotape that is being fast forwarded. It starts moving, slowly and heavily, taking a long time because there is so much ahead. And towards the middle, the tape forwards faster, steadily, in a steady good tempo. Then the tape spins faster, and faster and even faster towards the end, really really fast and bang! It stops. It's just like life.

The Lonely Cadaver

(... Working in a study project at the veterinary college – summer '05) ...

Today I put down this dog at the surgical department of the Veterinary college. And now late at night, in this light summer night, I find myself thinking about him.

An Airedale Terrier with terminal cancer, two years old and not to be saved. He has been here for a few days and today the test results came in to tell the bad news. The owners were notified, and they said they did not want to come in to see their dog for the last time, they did not wish to say farewell and hold him until he was gone. All of us at the clinic thought this was quite unusual and of course really sad. So I decided to give the dog a real nice walk one last time and let him run outside on the grass. He was so happy and completely unknowing. Enjoying his walk, wiggling his tail... and I had to fight back the tears many times.

Back at the surgical department he got some nice food and dog candy. We felt really sorry for him that the owners did not want to see him anymore. But he was pretty happy and unaware of his fate. And then, some time in the afternoon, we put him to sleep...

And in the end he was merely a cadaver, that I put into a trolley and wheeled to his final road down to the pathology department where he then was thrown together onto a pile with all the other cadavers ready to be cremated.

And here I am, late at night, sad and thinking about the dog's soul. Putting down animals is part of the job of Vet technicians and it becomes a routine. You are supposed to get used to it, you are supposed to not have personal emotions for the animals. Yet for each time I lament the deaths of these creatures and their remaining lonely cadavers. With the pile of ashes, they will be scattered and gone.

The life of animals often doesn't mean much... and their lives are over in a moment. And often the human race, make it even shorter. They decide on animals deaths, quickly, thoughtlessly, when and where and how. They think they have the right to do so. It's just an animal after all... and the body is left to lie or thrown on piles. And I think to myself 'is anybody taking their time to wish the animal souls farewell, blesses them or wishes them a good journey into the otherside or where ever their souls may go?'

Often we see a dead animal lying by the roadside... one more lonely forgotten cadaver and millions of cars drive by. And even though I drive by fast, in my mind I always pay my respect... and I wish the animal farewell.

There are people that go around and they think they are way above animals. Yet, if we look around in the world, to societies that are dominated by the most unnatural, patriarchal traditions, where animals are seen as not worthy of humane treatment, indeed it is here where people behave as if they were apes or piggies... And those that claim animals to have no souls indeed would be the real soulless. To me, being a higher human-being means to be able to respect the most humblest of furry creatures...

Men

After a very long absence the gods appeared on the heavens again and they eagerly looked down to earth to see what humankind has become. They observed and they looked at certain places of the world and they noticed something odd. They said to each other 'What has happened here?'

*I don't see any society... all I see is men!
I don't see any families... all I see is men!
I don't see any lovers... all I see is men!
I don't see any healers... all I see is men!
I don't see any spirituality... all I see is men!
I don't see any joy of heart... all I see is men!*

So the gods and goddesses descended to earth and they asked:

*Men – where is your society??
Where are your families??
Where is your love??
Where are your healers??
Where is spirituality??
Where is joy of heart??
Without women, how can you call yourself 'Men'???*

Kiss Thy Ring?

*Oh, when I see them meet
And embrace... and kiss
This kiss of honour, of duty... of compassion?
The love and devotion that lies in their eyes...
It sees nothing.
The shiny masquerade hides a false act
The real intent lies buried deep inside their eyes
Deceit and disgrace
Coldness and selfishness embrace, not compassion
Nor a hint of grace or honour
It's a kiss in the name of god
They look at each other and understand it well
A bitter smile behind their white lips
Invisible, yet so clear
Without a word they betray each other
Mute about their wicked deeds and greed
But who would ever say it's wrong?
Who would dare to speak the truth?
It's easier to kiss that ring
It's easier to turn your cheek
Just as they do
And betray most of all yourself*

Patriarchal Perversity

Despair and frustration, or was it fear that was there first? The humiliation, the insults, the blows against which she is powerless. Not powerless by nature, not at all, powerless because it is her duty, her fate in their eyes to be the victim, the powerless creature that cannot defend herself, merciless at his mood, undeserved power of his, not power by nature, oh not at all, power by the law that made it become so. In their eyes. The undeserved right to be the master when he is a low-life arsehole, protected by their law, anyway, given without having to prove himself. The accepted arsehole, and nobody reacts, nobody strikes back. Imagine being smashed, and you cannot smash back, your hands bound by the laws of misogynist arseholes, that force you to helplessness, weakness, silence...

And forgive you shall, forgive this arsehole for the pain he causes you, the torment, the humiliation, forgive the undeserved master that made you his slave, not by nature, not at all, but by the bargain called marriage. They who made a deal against you, bringing the slave to the master, at his mercy, be he deranged, a sadist, a looser that fucks up your life, may he be a worthless master, a submissive male by nature, yet, he got the undeserved right to abuse you in the way he wants to.

This pathetic misogyny they call tradition, or religion, fancy names for their perverse insecurities. Disguise the things they do not understand as madness, discard the fact of their envy and jealousy that they cannot bring forth life, so they have to take it away from her, cause terrible pain and despair of the most innocent ones, because they merely have fowl flesh where their hearts should be. And ugly minds that are unable to see through their own sickness, blinded, not by nature, but by the institution that said they should be like this.

And could I only bring back to life each one of them and their victims and do right what has been done wrong, give them what they deserve. Because deep inside we know what is right, not by the institutions that tell us the law, not at all, but by nature.

Hekate (lyric)

The Arcane Light of Hekate

*O'Ancient one! Thy the knowledge of death
Rise from thy tomb, and reveil thy wisdom,
the secrets of life to the daughters of endless night
born in thy womb*

*O'Powerful queen! Thy the knowledge of fear
Dangerous when crossed, the art of sorcery
the bringers of joy and misery
Thy children never tell thy mystery*

*O'Mother of shadows! Thy the knowledge of sorrow
Join the dance in the garden of Dionysys' delight
Joy of life, ecstacy of lust
We embrace thy shining light tonight... '95*

Dead Waters

*It's just me
On the dirty street
Voice in the distance
I hide from you
I dreamt so bad
The sounds in my head
The voice getting louder
I run from you*

Dead dead waters...

*Bad girl bad girl
I know you
Shadow on the wall
I walk with you*

*Bad girl bad girl
I see you
So pretty on the wall
I'm in love with you*

*Dead waters lie deep
Where dark thoughts sleep*

*You and me
We're a team
I like to play
And I'm willing to pay*

*I won't care
Too self aware
Look behind my smile
Into blackend eyes*

Sparcle of life

*They talk, I'm bored, I turn around
He caught my eye he had been there for a while
Where he came from I do not know, there was something strange
Something so different
I saw the sparcle of life in his dark dark eyes
They were just like mine.*

*We smiled, I walked over there
All the people in the pub disappeared for me*

*He took my hand and said follow me
we will ride the great caroussel
I know you wanna get away, get a glimpse of my world, I know you
wanna fly*

Higher...

*We were laughing we were spinning so fast
It felt so good I had found my match at last
And he climbed the steel, jumped above, almost flying
like no mortal could do
that's when I knew my boy with the sparcle of life in his eyes
was from another side*

*I cannot hold on to this caroussel no more
I'm falling down
I fall into the water
All flushes before me
But when they brought me back he was gone*

The last thoughts of Suzy Sue

Her day started like any other day this particular morning. Young Suzy Sue stood in front of the mirror... brushing her hair, putting on make-up... getting ready for school just like any other morning... Mum was down-stairs waiting with breakfast. She is shouting from the kitchen, telling Suzy to hurry up, or otherwise she would be late for school. Her friend Steff had already arrived and she was waiting in the hall, waiting for Suzy to come down. Suzy took a final look in the mirror before she hastily jumped down the stairs, and went into the kitchen to grab a quick bite from her sandwich before rushing out of the door...

Steff and Suzy were laughing and chatting on their way to school, they were terribly excited. Tonight was the great concert down town, their favorite band was playing and they had tickets. It was an early october day, the leaves were falling to the moist ground, a cool wind was blowing, but the teens ignored all that. The school hours were passing very slow, the classes were never ending. The girls were impatient and restless, they were dying to get home, to get ready for their big night out. Finally only 10 minutes to go and they couldn't wait to put on their jackets.

That friday afternoon Suzy was upstairs in her room, tearing all her dresses out of the closet, trying on each one to find the best fit. After all she wanted to look great tonight. She then started to style her hair. Suzy was happy, she was carefree and unaware. Suzy thought the world was a safe place. She was a good girl, she learned to look pretty, she never learned the art of fight. She never felt her wild cat inside... Did you not know, Suzy, that life is about survival? Did you not know that there are fucked-up minds out there who jealously want to destroy a precious life like yours? No Suzy didn't know, her world was rosy.

Evening was finally approaching, the concert was at 8pm. She was supposed to meet Steff and the other teens from her class by the

entrance. There was a buss driving right by her house that would stop almost directly by the concert hall, so Suzy decided to ride the buss into town. Right before leaving she decided to change her tights and she went running back into her room, thus she started to run a little late. Damn, she was not going to make the next buss. She had to wait for the next one. Quite stressed she made her way to the buss stop and she waved her mother good-bye. Luckily the next buss came quickly.

She was excited as she sat on the buss, getting out her little mirror from her bag, doing her final make-up touch up's... and already she had to get off the next buss stop. Surely Steff and the rest of the gang were already there waiting for her by the entrance. She leaped from the buss and walked quickly, awkwardly, in her new high-heeled shoes. She just had to cross the little path by the park and around the corner... when suddenly from behind the bushes a shadow emerged and she was forcefully grabbed and pulled to the ground.

Suzy didn't understand at first what had happened, she did not expect that. There were no other people walking by, nobody witnessed what was happening to her, nobody heard her screams. Her vile attacker could do with her as he pleased. She was just another helpless victim after all that never learned to defend her life, so this surely was no fair game. She was at the mercy of this worthless man-creep and he felt like taking her youthful body and precious life away from her, because it was so much more worth than his miserable existence...

Poor Suzy Sue as she lay there with his hands around her throat... and her last thoughts were sorrowful. How she never would go to that concert, never grow up, never experience love and never see her mother again. Her life was over... mercilessly she was robbed of her youth, of her future, all because the authorites, the justice-system and theapists didn't bother to lock up this perverted creep in time, even though they all knew that he was capable of such a

crime..

Oh Suzy! Had you only realised sooner that life is not all rosy, that you must guard yourself, that our safe society is cynical and not quite just. Don't you wish now you had learned a little about living, don't you wish you were prepared...?

And now you lie all naked on the ground, not a pretty sight, another innocent young woman that they will bury and that they will forget. But oh, the man who did this deed, he will have his trial and he will be defended and protected, his deeds will be excused, his parents will be blamed, yet oddly, they will never be brought to justice... and he will go to an institution for the insane, where he will be good taken care of. And while you rest cold and forgotten in your grave, your murderer will get a second chance at life, and he will be unleashed into the crowd. And soon another Suzy Sue will come walking his way...

Oh, yes, in a society like ours, forgiving and nice sweet angels like Suzy Sue are expected to pay the price

So dear good girls, hear my words and learn a lesson from Suzy Sue and her pityful demise:

Life is not supposed to be lived in carefree apathy. life is a jungle, life is a gamble...

but they never teach you that in school so learn to be cunning, learn to be wise

a nasty loser might lurk around the corner and he yearns to snuff out your life

so be alert and be prepared when you walk at night

bring your weapon, your speed and your skills to fight...

throw the dice and let him know... it is YOU who has the right to live!

The Dark Side of Dreaming

*A selection of poems,
short stories and lyrics*

*By
Andréa Nebel*