



HEART

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## HEART

THE SONGS, LYRICS AND VISUAL ART PIECES IN THIS COLLECTION WERE CURATED IN THE FIRST MONTHS OF THE SELF-QUARANTINE DUE TO THE COVID-19 VIRUS IN BROOKLYN, NY, 2020.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT MONTHS HAVE PASSED AND THERE'S STILL NO DEFINITIVE END IN SITE. ASIDE FROM THE HUGE TRAGEDY AND LOSS OF LIFE – WHICH IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO IMAGINE, GREED HAS ONCE AGAIN – MORE THAN EVER – SHOWED US ITS DAMN, UGLY FACE.

MY HOPE IS THAT WE'LL COME OUT OF THIS, NOT WITH THE NOTION OF GOING BACK TO WHAT ONCE WAS, BUT RATHER AS HUMANS, MOVING FORWARD TO WHAT WE CAN BECOME AND TO SAVE MOTHER EARTH.

ALL THE SONGS OF "HEART" ARE COMPOSED, WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BETWEEN 2012-2020. RE-MIXED AND MASTERED IN MARCH AND APRIL OF 2020.

ALL INSTRUMENTS AND VOCALS BY MIKKI K.V. NYLUND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SOME BACKING VOCALS.

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## BLUE EYES, BLACK HAIR

“DO YOU WANT TO DANCE?” HE ASKED.

“I DON’T THINK SO,” SHE REPLIED.

“WHY NOT?” HE WONDERED.

“YOU’RE NOT MY TYPE.” SHE SMILED.

BLUE EYES, BLACK HAIR. LOVE ME, SHE SAID.

“DO YOU WANT A GLASS OF WINE?” HE WONDERED.

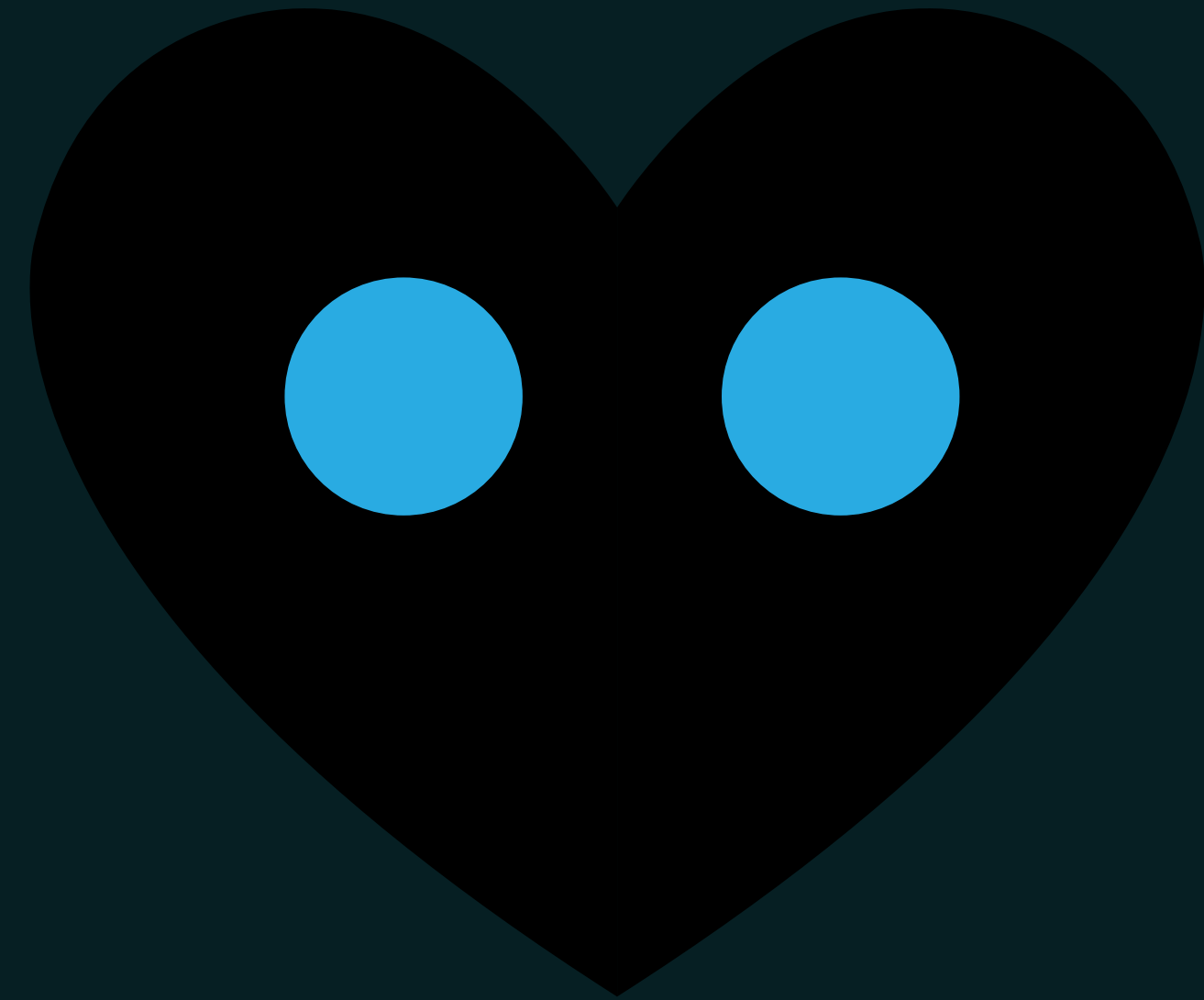
“NO THANKS, I DON’T LIKE WINE.” SHE MADE A FUNNY FACE.

“ANYTHING ELSE, I CAN GET FOR YOU?” HE WAS HOPING.

“JUST TAKE ME HOME,” SHE BLANKLY STATED.

INSPIRED BY THE AUTHOR MARGUERITE DURAS AND HER SHORT STORIES:

“LES YEUX BLEUS CHEVEUX NOIRS” (BLUE EYES, BLACK HAIR, 1986)





## JUMP

THEY STOOD ON THE BRIDGE, AND THEY LOOKED DOWN, INTO THE BACK, COLD WATER –  
AND THEY SMILED, BECAUSE THEY KNEW, WHERE THEY HAD ONE AND EACH OTHER.  
HE TOOK HER HAND, AND SHE TOOK HIS, AS THEY CLIMBED UP ON THE METAL.

AND THEY JUMPED, INTO THE SKY, AND THEY FLEW, UNDER THEIR BLACK UMBRELLA. IN LUST.

THEY FLEW AWAY, FROM THE SWAMP OF NOTHING, THEY LEFT NOTHING BEHIND  
AND THEY FLEW LIKE A DRAGONFLY, UNTIL DAWN. IN THE MIST, THEY KISSED LIKE LOVERS DO.

AND THEY JUMPED, INTO THE SKY, AND THEY FLEW, UNDER THEIR BLACK UMBRELLA. IN LUST.

THEY JUMPED AND JUMPED AGAIN, THAT WAS THEIR PROSE OF LIFE, AS SIMPLE AS IT MAY SOUND  
THEY LOVED TO LOOK INTO THE SKY, WHILE JUMPING FROM THE HIGH,  
UNDER THEIR UMBRELLA, THEY HAD FORMED THEIR LIFE AND LOVED THE WAY IT WAS SHAPED,  
LIKE A FLOWER ON THE PETAL, LIKE A DIAMOND ON A RING, LIKE A JUMP FROM RUSTY METAL.

## KISS

A DREAM ABOUT A WOMAN, WHOM APPROACH HIM WITH A THORN  
IN A DEEP AND THICK FOREST, WHERE DESIRE WAS FORMED  
EARLY IN THE MORNING, IN MIST AND DROPS OF RAIN  
LOVE ON LEAFS AND GRASS, ROMANCE IN VEIN

THE BLADE OF A KNIFE  
CUT OUT THEIR HEARTS

THE KISS OF DEATH

THEY MET IN NOVEMBER, AND TOOK THE JOURNEY IN JUNE  
ON MIDSUMMERS DAY, LOVE WAS TRULY EARNED  
THE NIX HAD CALLED THEM OUT, SO THEY LAID UNDER THE MOON  
AND HE PLAYED THEM WITH HIS FIDDLE, TOOK AWAY THEIR YOUNG LIVES





## C'EST MON DADA

AT A CAFÉ I MET THIS YOUNG AND RED FLOWER. SHE WAS AS PRETTY AS ANY ART I'VE EVER SEEN. I SAT DOWN BEHIND AN ESPRESSO  
– IN SILENCE, AS SHE STARTED TO TALK: “WE NEED A NEW MOVEMENT”, SHE SAID: “SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN.”  
“LIKE DADA?” I ASKED – AND SHE SAID: “JOIN ME FOR A WALK.” I WALKED THE RED FLOWER DOWN THE RIVER. UNDER BRIDGES AND  
THROUGH RAINY PARKS. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS – WITH PASSION AND SILENCE IT ALL STARTS.

WE STOOD, UNDER A BRIDGE, AND WE KISSED.

LOVE IS OUR MOVEMENT, LOVE IS OUR THING. WE LOVE EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF THINGS.  
YOU CAN JOIN US IF YOU WANT TO, NOTHING TO SIGN. JUST LOVE AND YOU'LL BE LOVED IN NO TIME.

WE BEGAN OUR MODEST REVOLUTION. IT STARTED FROM WITHIN. AT CAFÉS AND SELECTED BARS – WE WERE DOING OUR LOVE THING.  
WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CABARET VOLTAIRE. IN FACT THIS WAS NOT A CABARET AT ALL. THIS WAS OUR WAY TO SPREAD OUR PASSION.  
TO SMITTEN YOU ALL WITH LOVE! WE SAID: “HERE, TAKE THIS FLOWER, HERE TAKE THIS KISS!” WE DANCED WHEN WE WALKED THROUGH  
THE CITIES. WE HAD A BOTTLE OF CHEAP CHAMPAGNE AT GOOD OLD JIM MORRISONS' GRAVE.

## THE NIX

THIS IS MY SONG ABOUT A NIX, YES A NIX, YES A NIX. HE'S A YOUNG AND A BEAUTIFUL MAN, LOOK AT HIM, LOOK AT HIM!  
I WONDER WHO HE'S WAITING FOR? IT'S PROBABLY ANOTHER GIRL, ONE OF THUS PRETTY GIRLS?  
THAT'S KIND OF WHAT YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE A NIX; YOU LURE, AND YOU LURE, AND YOU LURE.

THE YOUNG HEARTS INTO YOUR LIFE. TO EAT THEM WITH A FORK AND A KNIFE.

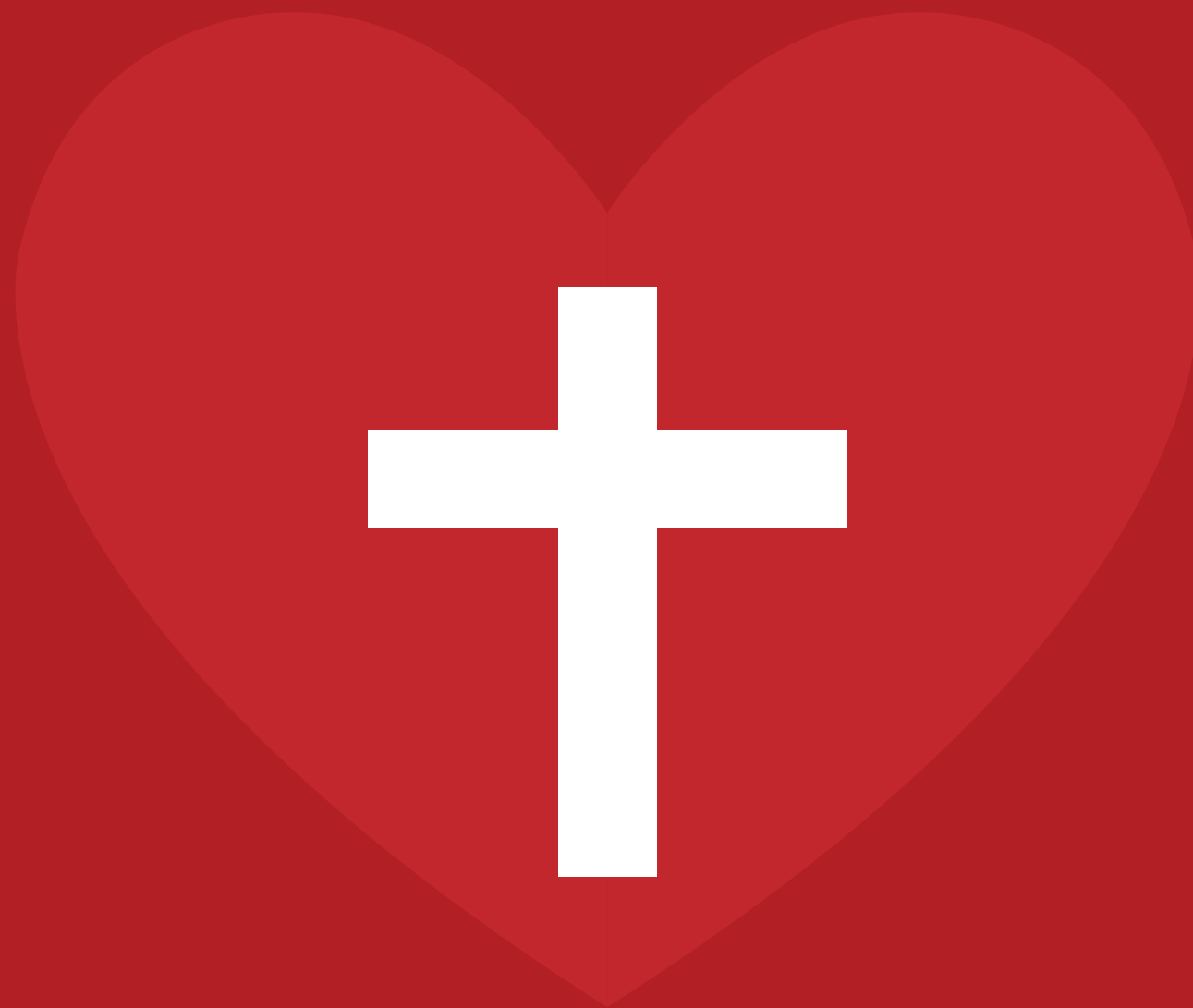
THIS IS A POEM ABOUT A NIX, SERIOUS; NO TRICKS. HE LIVES DOWNSTAIRS FROM ME YOU SEE, AND HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN.  
THAT'S WHY HE GETS ALL THOUS GIRLS, HE LURES THEM WITH A BEAUTIFUL MELODY.  
THAT'S WHY HE GET ALL THE GIRLS, BECAUSE HE KNOWS HOW TO WRITE A GOOD MELODY.

THERE SHE COMES, THERE SHE COMES, THERE SHE COMES, AND STEPS OUT OF THE CAR. SHE'S FOOLED, SHE'S FOOLED, SHE'S FOOLED.

THE YOUNG HEARTS INTO YOUR LIFE. TO EAT THEM WITH A FORK AND A KNIFE.

THE NECK OR THE NIX REFER TO SHAPESHIFTING WATER SPIRITS WHO USUALLY APPEAR IN HUMAN FORM.  
THE SPIRIT HAS APPEARED IN THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF ALL GERMANIC PEOPLES OF EUROPE.  
THEIR SEX, BYNAMES AND VARIOUS ANIMAL-LIKE TRANSFORMATIONS VARY GEOGRAPHICALLY.  
THE GERMAN NIX AND HIS SCANDINAVIAN COUNTERPARTS ARE MALES, WHEREAS THE GEMAN NIXE OR NIXIE IS A FEMALE RIVER MERMAID.





## THE LOVERS

ALL THE LOVERS, AND THEIR LOVERS. OOH, THEY FEEL, SOMETHING.  
OH THE LOVERS, AND THEIR LOVE. HIDE AWAY, IN DREAMS.  
OH YOU LOVERS, AND YOUR DREAMS. AROUND AND AROUND, ON YOUR PEDESTAL.  
ON YOUR PEDESTAL.

THE LOVER SEEK IT'S LOVE. HUNTING FOR ITS FEAST.  
LOVE TURNS INTO MILK. FROM A YOUNG WOMAN'S BREAST.  
LOVE IS ALMOST BIBLICAL. AT THE END IT LAYS TO REST.  
ITS PURE AND LUSTFUL PURPOSE. IT'S SECRETS ARE BLESSED.

ALL THE LOVERS AND THEIR FEVERISH LUST. OH, HOW THEY FEEL THE PAIN.  
OH, THE LOVERS, AND THEIR LOVE. IS LIKE THE EDGE OF A KNIFE.  
OH, YOU LOVERS, YOU ARE IN HEAT. AROUND AND AROUND, YOUR DANCE IS FOREVER.

YOUR DANCE IS FOREVER.



## TUBA SEX

OH! IT'S EASY, TO GO A LITTLE CRAZY IN THIS WORLD. OH! YOU DON'T KNOW? THEN I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE FROM?

THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE CRAZY DAYS, I WOKE UP IN A BUBBLE. I ROLLED DOWN TOWN AND LANDED LIKE A BIRD.  
I HAD SOME MATH FOR BREAKFAST, AND I PLAYED IT LIKE A FLUTE. I WAS A SHIP IN THE BOTTLE, SAILING TOWARDS JUNE.

OH! IT'S EASY, TO GO A LITTLE CRAZY IN THIS WORLD. OH! YOU DON'T KNOW? THEN I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE FROM?

I REACHED A PINK HARBOR, WHERE PEOPLE WERE SO GLAD, THEY LAUGHED AND DRANK AND BLEW THEIR BALLOONS.  
I FLEW AWAY, WITH ONE BALLOON, AND LANDED ON A CHURCH. I CLIMBED DOWN LIKE A SPIDER, AND REACHED THE HOLY GROUNDS.

OH! IT'S EASY, TO GO A LITTLE CRAZY IN THIS WORLD. OH! YOU DON'T KNOW? THEN I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE FROM?

I MET A YOUNG GIRL IN BAR NAMED DADA, SHE ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO PLAY HER - LIKE A FAMOUS CELLO? I PLAYED AND PLAYED.  
I PLAYED AND PLAYED, UNTIL MY FINGERS TURNED INTO FLOWERS. SO, I WALKED AWAY, WITH VAN GOGH ON MY MIND.





## CLOWNS

IT'S A BiG, BiG CiRCUS IN THAT BiG, BiG WORLD. THE CLOWNS ARE MAKiNG TRiCKS WITH THEIR SHiNY GUNS.  
AND MAKE THINGS. LiKE HUMANS, DiSAPPEAR WHEN NONE SEES: IT'S A BiG, BiG, BiG, BiG, BiG...SHOW TONiGHT!

AND THE CLOWN SiNG, HAPPY SWiNG, HAPPY THiNG, THE CLOWN SiNG: LA-LA-LA!

IN THEiR BiG TENT OF DiRT, SPOTLiGHT ON A PRETTY THiNG, BALANCiNG ON A ROPE, WHiLE SHE BEAUTiFULLY SiNGS.  
THEN SHE GETS SHOT DOWN, BY ONE OF US CLOWNS, AND SHE LAY THERE IN A POOL OF BLOOD, iT'S BiG SHOW TONiGHT.

IN THE HOUR OF THE CiRCUS, CLOWNS ALL OVER THE TOWN, RiDiNG ON THEiR ELEPHANTS, DOWN THE STREET OF CLOWNTOWN.  
ONE CLOWN WANTS A BALLERiNA, BUT HAS TO TAKE HER BY FORCE, ANOTHER GETS ARRESTED, FOR RiDiNG DRUNK AND ON PAROLE.

## JUGGLE THE TRUTH

SAY, DO YOU WANT TO COME OUT AND PLAY?  
SEE, I HAVE THIS OLD GAME IN THE BACK OF MY MIND.  
YOU DRESS UP LIKE A SAINT, AND DANCE AROUND LIKE INSANE.  
HEY, PUT ON THAT SMILE HONEY, LETS MOVE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.  
LET'S MOVE OUT. FAR OUT.

WE'RE THE CLOWNS OF PEACE, ME AND YOU.  
WE DANCE IN THE STREETS, AND JUGGLE OUR HEARTS,  
FOR THE TRUTH. WE LOVE YOU ALL.

SAY, DO YOU WANT TO MEET ME IN THE PARK, BY THAT OLD MOLDED STATUE OF WAR?  
LET'S PUT SOME STICKERS OF OUR BLEEDING HEARTS, ALL OVER ITS DIRTY, FALSE FACE.  
HEY, PUT ON THAT SMILE HONEY, LETS MOVE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.  
LET'S MOVE OUT. FAR OUT.





## HOLY OIL

GOLD, COAL, DIAMOND, OIL. MONEY, GREED, FREEDOM, SPOIL.  
RELIGION, OIL, GOD, SOIL. GOLD, MINES, NATURE, OIL.

PETROLEUM, BENZENE, HYDROGEN, ETHANOL. DIESEL, POLYESTER, PLASTIC, OIL.

### HOLY OIL

TURTLES, BIRDS, SPILL, OIL. CARS, FISHES, SEAS, OIL.  
LOVE, OIL, GREED, OIL. OUR HOLY OIL.

PETROLEUM, BENZENE, HYDROGEN, ETHANOL. DIESEL, POLYESTER, PLASTIC, OIL.

### HOLY OIL

- SERMON -

### HOLY OIL

## I LOVE YOU TOO

I WANT TO PAINT THE WHOLE WORLD, MOTHER. I WANT TO PAINT IT IN COLORS OF GOLD.

I WANT TO LOOK AT IT WITH PASSION, KNOWING THIS HISTORY IS OLD.

I LOVE BOTH WINTER AND SUMMER, EAST, WEST, SOUTH & NORTH.

I LOVE HUMANS OF DIFFERENT COLORS, CULTURE MAKES US WHOLE.

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU TOO, I LOVE YOU ALL!

I WANT TO BRING OUT THE BEST OF YOU ALL, BY BRINGING OUT THE BEST OF MYSELF.

LET'S SHARE SOME LOVIN' - LET'S SHARE OURSELVES.

NOBODY IS BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE.

LET'S SHARE OUR LOVIN' - CAUSE WE ALL HAVE AN END.

I WANT TO PAINT THE WHOLE WORLD, MOTHER, I WANT TO PAINT IT IN COLORS OF GOLD.

I WANT TO LOOK AT IT ONE LAST TIME, KNOWING THE FUTURE IS UNKNOWN.

I WANT TO BRING OUT THE BEST OF MYSELF, AND GIVE IT TO YOU ALL FOR FREE.

I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE I KNOW YOU ARE, AND I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME.





## CAT AND RAT

A CAT MET A RAT, ON A BOAT, AND THEY FELL IN LOVE, ON A NOTE.  
NO WAVE COULD BRING THEM DOWN, THEY WANTED HIGHER.  
WHEN A CAT SAYS: "HELLO," A RAT IS SOLD.  
ESPECIALLY, IN A BOAT, ON A MIGHTY WATER.

A CAT IN HER SHINY, SHINY, SHINY, BOOTS, OF LEATHER.  
STRIKE, DEAR MISTRESS, AND CURE THE RATS HEART.

THE CAT WAS TIRED AND OH SO WEARY. WHISPLASH CATCHILD IN THE DARK.  
ON A RAINY DAY IN A BOAT, WAVES GREW HIGHER.

THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IT GOT DARK.

## SO FÜR MICH HIN

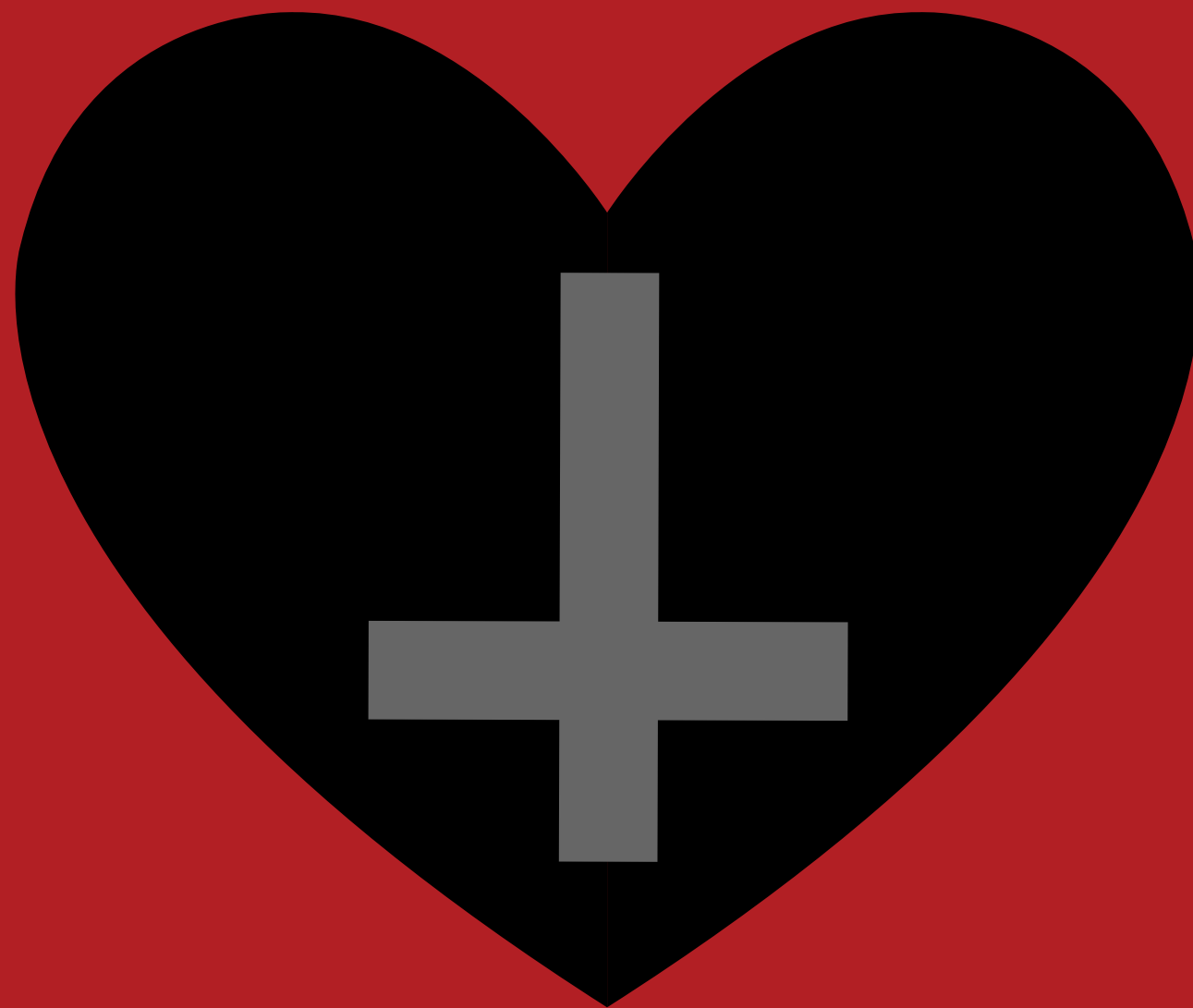
(AFTER A POEM BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

I WAS WALKING IN THE WOODS. JUST ON A WHIM OF MINE.  
AND SEEKING NOTHING. THAT WAS MY INTENTION.  
IN THE SHADE I SAW A LITTLE FLOWER STANDING,  
LIKE STARS GLITTERING, LIKE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE EYES.

ICH GING IM WALDE // I WAS WALKING IN THE WOODS  
SO FÜR MICH HIN // JUST ON A WHIM OF MINE  
WIE STERNE LEUCHTEND // LIKE STARS GLITTERING  
WIE ÄUGLEIN SCHÖN // LIKE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE EYES

I DUG IT OUT WITH ALL ITS LITTLE ROOTS.  
TO THE GARDEN I CARRIED IT BY THE LOVELY HOUSE.  
AND REPLANTED IT IN THIS QUIET SPOT;  
NOW IT KEEPS BRANCHING OUT AND BLOSSOMS EVER FORTH.





## SEBAGO

BRUTAL MURDER'S ONCE TOOK PLACE, AROUND SEBAGO'S LONELY LAKE.  
THE MOUNTAIN TOP IS MYSTIFIED, HAUNTED FIELDS WHERE PEOPLE DIED.

BRUTAL MURDER'S I WAS TOLD, A HUSBAND STABBED HIS WIFE DOWN.  
IN BUD AND FLOWERS, AND WARMER AIR, THE EVIL SPIRITS STILL WHERE THERE.

I WON'T GO BACK THERE ONCE AGAIN. SOMEBODY OR SOMETHING IS WATCHING ME.

BRUTAL MURDER'S BY SEBAGO LAKE, FLOWER DRESSED DAUGHTER'S STABBED TO DEATH.  
O PEELED AND HUNTED AND REVILED, SLEEP ON, DARK TENANT OF THE WILD!

I'VE BEEN TO SCENES OF MURDER'S MANY TIMES, BUT NEVER ALONG SEBAGO'S WOODED SIDES.  
I AM STILL SKEPTICAL TO SOULS OF THE DEATH - BUT I'LL KEEP A SILVER CROSS AGAINST MY CHEST.

WITH INSPIRATION FROM A REAL LIFE EVENT AND POETIC INSPIRATION BY  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S "FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOSIS", 1841.



SUOMI FINLAND

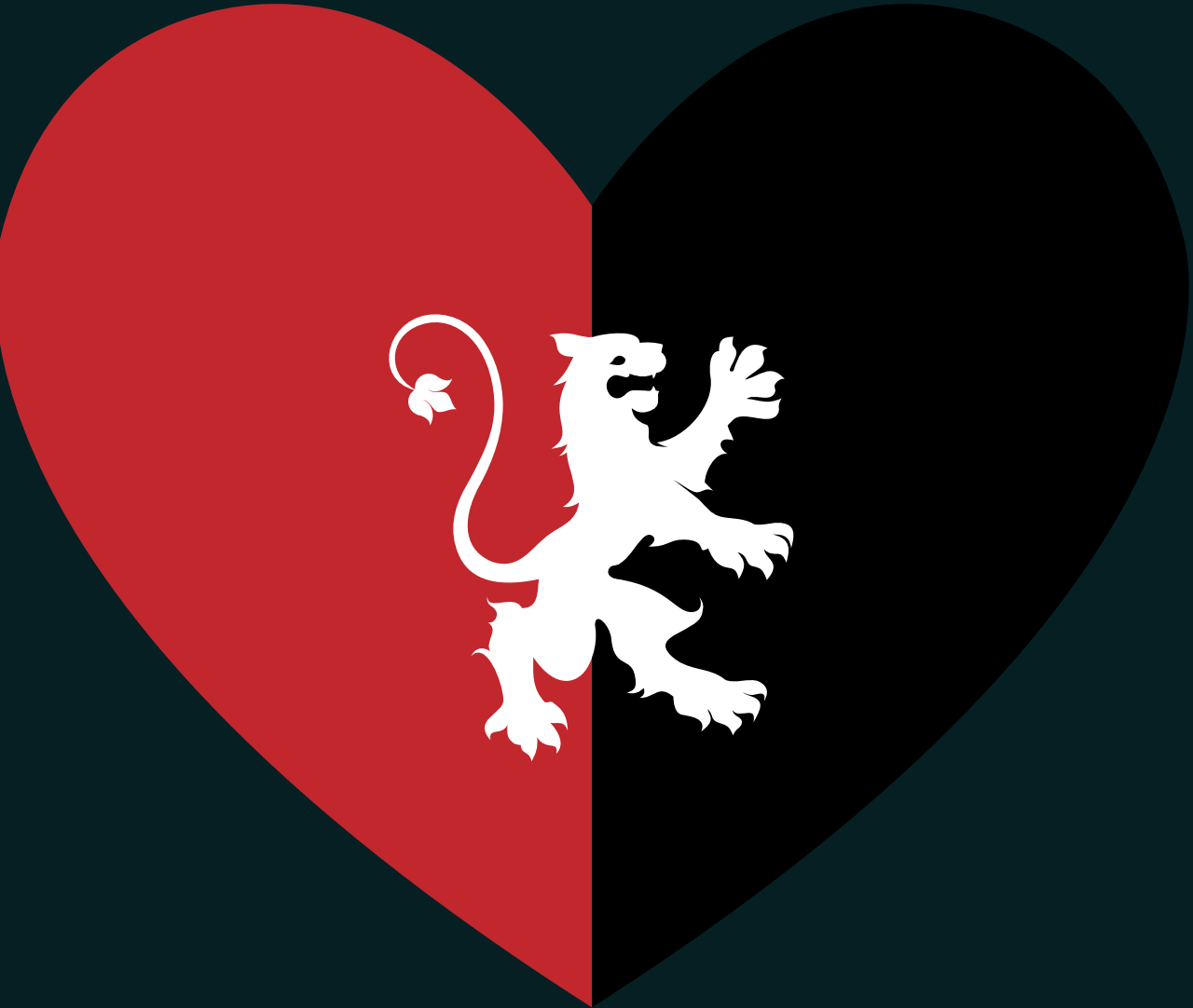
SUOMI SIBELIUS UUSIKARLEPPY HELSINKI

SHIVER WOODS REINDEER ROOTS WINTER WAR WOUNDED TROLLS  
ON A HILL CHILL WATER BELOW WOUNDED MOTHERS WOUNDED SONS  
DRINKING SINKING PHILOSOPHY POETRY FINLAND OLAVI FINLAND ETERNITY

KARELIA RUSSIA FINLANDIA TALE KALLELA BOY WITH A CROW  
IN A WOOD HE STOOD FACING THE BEAR WOUNDED FATHERS WOUNDED DAUGHTERS  
DRINKING SINKING ETYMOLOGY PSYCHOLOGY FINLAND DIGNITY FINLAND APOLOGY

1917 HELSINKI DECEMBER 6TH

ICE LAKES THOUSAND MAKES TANGO WAR MANNERHEIM TSARS  
HEALING HEARTS FEELING HEARTS DRINKING SINKING HISTORY MYSTERY  
FINLAND KALEVALA FINLAND DREAMS





## THE BLACK UMBRELLA

HOLD MY HAND, LET'S JUMP FROM THE BRIDGE TOGETHER. LET'S FLY AWAY UNDER A BLACK UMBRELLA,  
WITH INNOCENCE BETWEEN WINDOWS AND TOWERS. LET'S FLY WHILE WE CAN, WHILE WE STILL FEEL IMMORTAL.

LET'S FLY AWAY, LET'S FLY OUR WAY, LET'S FLY AWAY, LET'S FLY IN THE RAIN.

RAIN AND SNOW. WE WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

WE DON'T MIND THE RAIN; IT'S A LOVELY WATER. FOR THUS WHO'S INSANE, ANYTHING CAN BE PRAISED.  
WE LOVE LIKE A CHILD, A MAGIC RELIEF. WE FLY WITH THE WIND, WE FLY AND WE SING.

WE LAND ON A FIELD, TO FEED OUR SECRET – A WHITE UNICORN, THAT WE FEED OUR VIRGINITY.  
THE UNDERGROUND – THE TROLLS AND THE ELVES. OUR HOME IS DEEPER THAN THE DEEPEST OF WELLS.

RAIN AND SNOW. WE WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

WE FLY AWAY, INTO THE HOLY SKY. BEHIND THE CLOUDS, WHERE THE ANGELS HIDE.  
WE FLY INTO SPACE, TO OTHER DIMENSIONS – TO EXPLORE AND TO PRAY, OUR LOVE FOR THE CHILD.

IN LUST.

## FUCK THE STUPID DOORS

WHAT IF THERE WERE NO DOORS – WHAT WOULD WE DO? WHERE WOULD WE GO? THE STAIRWAY'S TO HEAVEN?  
WE WOULDN'T GO DOWN TO THE DARK AND SCARY BASEMENT. WE WOULDN'T LOCK IT AT NIGHT, WE WOULD SLEEP TIGHT.  
WE WOULD SAY "NO" TO DOORS AND JUST WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD. NEVER FEAR WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR, OR THAT, OR THAT...

FUCK THE DOORS! FUCK THE STUPID DOORS!

WITHOUT DOORS NOBODY WOULD BE LOCKED BEHIND BARS. THERE WOULD BE NO MORE DOORMEN AT THE BARS.

A DOOR IS JUST A WALL BETWEEN YOU AND ME. YOU COULD SEE INTO ANYONE'S HOME.

NO MORE SLAMMING, NO MORE BROKEN HEARTS. TEAR DOWN THAT DOOR, TEAR IT DOWN RIGHT NOW.





## THE FLOWER GUN

THE RAIN HAS STOPPED IN THEIR VALLEY OF PEARLS. THEY'RE ALWAYS HAPPY CHILDREN IN THEIR WORLD.  
IN A LONG FORGOTTEN CITY THEY FIND A GUN; A HEAVY OLD COLT. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, NEVER SEEN A THING LIKE IT – BEFORE.  
THEY FLY TO A NEARBY PARK, FILLED WITH FRIENDS AND WISE OLD MEN. THEY LOOK AT WHAT THEY FOUND – AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS AROUND:

HEY! PUT SOME FLOWERS IN THAT GUN, IT BELONGS TO THE SUN.  
HEY! LET'S LOAD THAT GUN: WITH SEEDS FOR THE SUN!

THEY LOADED THE GUN WITH SEEDS, WHILE WISE MEN SPOKE OF PEACE. THEY BURIED IT INTO THE GROUND, AND SAT DOWN TO WATCH IT GROW.  
SOMEONE PLAYED THE GUITAR, AND A WOMAN PLAYED THE LOVELY HARP. FOR NIGHTS AND DAYS, UNTIL ONE MORNING THE FIRST LEAF LEFT THE PIPE.

HEY! PUT SOME FLOWERS IN THAT GUN, IT BELONGS TO THE SUN.  
HEY! LET'S LOAD THAT GUN: WITH SEEDS FOR THE SUN!

IN A WOOD, THICK AS A BOOK, THEY EAT OF FRUITS LARGER THAN THEIR HEADS.  
ONE CHILD ASKED THE OTHER: "WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF THAT SO CALLED GUN?"  
"I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS, SAID THE OTHER, "AND I DON'T WANT TO KNOW".  
SOON, THE IMAGE VANISHED, AND WHERE REPLACED WITH OTHER THINGS THEY FOUND.

HEY! PUT SOME FLOWERS IN THAT GUN,  
IT BELONGS TO THE SUN.  
HEY! LET'S LOAD THAT GUN:  
WITH SEEDS FOR THE SUN!

## THE LOVE SONG

EVERYBODY DREAMS OF SONGS IN THEIR SOULS.  
THE WAKE UP TO SPRING THEY WAKE TO HOLD.  
TO RISE AND SHINE, TO KISS, AND TO PLAY.  
EVERYBODY DREAMS OF SONGS IN THEIR SOULS.

ON A TRAIN. ON A BOAT. IN A CAR. WE CAN FLY.

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA

EVERYBODY WANTS TO HAVE SOME FUN.  
A LITTLE BIT OF COLOR NEVER HURTS.  
THEY PAINT EACH OTHER: RED AND BLUE.  
EVERYBODY DREAMS OF SONGS IN THEIR SOULS.





## THE SONG OF FISH AND WARS

THEY WALKED MILES AFTER MILES, UNTIL THEY, FOUND LOVE. IN A VALLEY, NEAR A RIVER, FISH LAID DOWN TO DIE.  
THEY DID NOT EVEN TRY TO LIVE ANYMORE. THE GROUP OF PEOPLE PICKED THEM UP, AND THEY HAD A FANCY FEAST.  
TO LOVE, DANCED AROUND LIKE MAD, MAD, MAD DOGS. UNTIL THE SKY CAME DOWN ON THEM, UNTIL THE SKY CAME DOWN ON THEM.

LEFT TO RIGHT, AND STRAIGHT TO THE SKY. BACK AND FORTH, AND FROM THE MISSION.

BROTHERS FIGHT AND KILL EACH OTHER, SISTERS' CHILDREN WILL DEFILE KINSHIP.  
IT'S HARSH IN THE WORLD, WHOREDOM RIFE - AN AXE AGE, A SWORD AGE - SHIELDS ARE RIVEN - A WIND AGE, A WOLF AGE.

LEFT TO RIGHT, AND STRAIGHT TO THE SKY. BACK AND FORTH, AND FROM THE MISSION.

BEFORE THE WORLD GOES HEADLONG.  
NO MAN WILL HAVE MERCY ON ANOTHER.

## TROLL STORY

HE KNEW HE WAS A BIT OFF PLACE, A PLUMP, AN OLD TROLL IN A HUMAN PLACE.  
IT DOESN'T MATTER, HE TOLD HIMSELF - WHAT MATTERS IS THAT I CAN BE MYSELF.  
HE WENT UP TO THE BAR AND ORDERED A DOUBLE SCOTCH, AND THEN ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.  
HE GOT PRETTY DRUNK AS PER USUAL, IT DOESN'T MATTER, WHEN YOU'RE A TROLL YOU GONNA FALL ANYWAY.  
YOU GONNA LAY ON TABLES, AND READ DARK AND DEPRESSIVE POETRY.  
YOU GONNA THROW UP, GET THROWN OUT AND FALL ASLEEP.  
YOU'RE GONNA DREAM OF ALL THAT BEAUTY, THAT WILL HIT YOU ONE DAY.  
YOU GONNA WAKE UP PROUD OF YOURSELF AND DO IT ALL OVER FUCKING AGAIN.

A TROLL HAS HIS OWN TERRITORY. A TROLL ALWAYS WRITES HIS OWN STORIES.  
NO MATTER WHAT HE SAYS, IT'S ALL MADE UP: HEY, HO, HEY, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!!!

A TROLL ALWAYS DREAMS, AND LIKE ANY OTHER DREAMER, THEY BELIEVE IN IT,  
AND THEY WANT TO DREAM, LIKE FRANK ZAPPA & THE MOTHERS, LIKE JOHN & YOKO AND THE OTHERS.  
AND THEY DO, BUT THEY FAIL, AS THEIR HEADS SHED THEIR TEARS AND THEIR BLOOD BOILS HOTTER THAN THE SUN  
NOTHING WEIRD ABOUT IT, IT'S LIKE LOVE, LIKE YOU HUMANS SHOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT.  
DREAMING IS HARD WORK FOR A TROLL, BUT WITH A BAR IT'S EASIER.  
JUMP IN, DRINK, THROWN OUT, DRINK FOR PLEASURE, DRINK FOR PAIN, SHUT OF THE BRAIN.

COME OUT TO PLEASE YOU, LITTLE TROLL, COME OUT FOR FUN, LET'S FIND A DIVE, AND LOSE CONTROL.





## TWEET MOUNTAINS

INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN, AND INSIDE THAT MOUNTAIN DRUNK LITTLE BIRDS.  
“TWEET-TWEET,” SAID THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE – WHOM WORE FUNNY HATS BUT NOTHING ON THEIR FEET.

THEY SAID: “WELCOME TO THE REVOLUTIONARY MOUNTAIN!” “JUST DON’T STAND THERE, COME ON INSIDE PLEASE!”  
“HEY SIR, TAKE OF YOUR SHOES, YOU’LL SEE IT FEELS FREE IN HERE, INSIDE OUR ROOMY SPHERE.”

REVOLUTION, LOOKS LIKE AN ILLUSION, NO CONFUSION; LOVE IS AT WAR!  
LOVE IS AT WAR, SO DANCE THE WAR SONG. HANDS IN THE AIR, HANDS IN THE AIR!

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE PAINTED THEIR WORLD, IN COLORFUL, POWERFUL, POEMS AND SWIRLS.  
THE MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE SWAM IN ITS BLUE, WHILE RIVERS RUN LIKE RED LITTLE FLOWERS.  
SOMEBODY SANG: “LET’S HAVE OURSELVES SOME WINE!” “INSIDE OUR MOUNTAIN WE DRINK AND WE GET WILD!”  
THEY DRANK, AND THEN THEY LOVED, FOR WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN FOR DAYS,  
UNTIL THE SUN BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN SUNK AWAY.

{ LA LA LA }



## TROLL (IN THE WATER)

THE TROLL WAS WALKING DEEP IN THOUGHTS, WHEN HE STUMBLED UPON TWO MEADOW ELVES.  
NUDE THEY BATHED THEIR VIRGIN BODIES, IN THE ICE COLD LAKE.  
THE TROLL WAS HARD BUT SOFT INSIDE, AS HE APPROACHED THEIR NAKED SKIN,  
HE OFFERED HIS FURRY HAND AND THEY TOOK IT, AND INVITED HIM TO SWIM.

A LITTLE, LITTLE, LITTLE TROLL IN THE WATER, LOOKING FOR HIS MOTHER!

THE TROLL AGAINST SOFT WHITE SKIN, HE KNEW HE COULD NOT SIN.  
BUT HE FELT SO AROUSED, HIS LITTLE THING STOOD UP TO SING.  
AND IT SANG SO BAD AND OH SO TUNED:  
THE ELVES LAUGHED WHILE THEY GOBBLED ON HIS SPEW!





## it's Difficult

It's Difficult, Sometimes, to Stay Together. It's Difficult at Times to Show Your Love.  
It's Difficult at Times to Speak the Truth. It's as Difficult as to Lay Down a Lie.

It's Difficult, Sometimes, it's Difficult. You're the Paint Behind the Paint. It's Difficult.

Let's Walk This Road Together, Forever. Let's Build a Sky and Float Around in Time.  
Let's Open Up to One and Each Other. Even though we don't know our language yet.

I Love You,  
Forever.

It's Difficult Sometimes to Be Alone. It's Difficult at Times to Feel Alive.  
It's Difficult - Where are you're from and why are you're here?  
It's Difficult - You just want to hide, away.

## UPROAR IN THE WOODLANDS

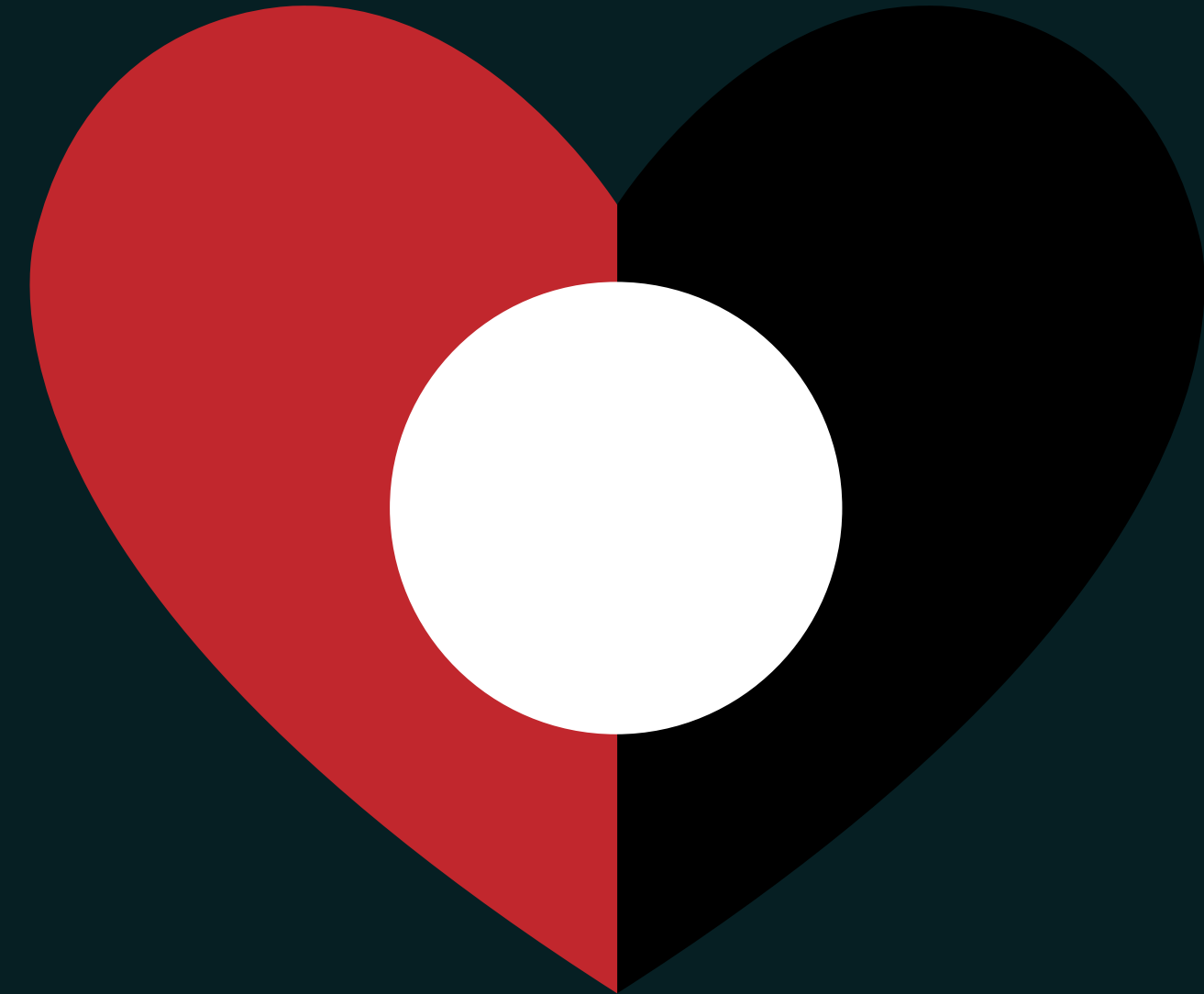
IN THE BIRCH HE SANK HIS HATCHET. MADE AN UPROAR IN THE WOODLANDS.  
CALLED ALOUD IN TONES OF THUNDER. WHISTLED TO THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.  
THEY ECHOED TO HIS CALLING. WHEN HE SPOKE AS FOLLOWS:

“MAY THE FOREST, IN THE CIRCLE. WHERE MY VOICE RINGS – REGAIN ITS HONEST YOUTH  
AND SCREAM OF WILD THINGS: AND THE EARTH BE SAVED FOREVER.”

MAY NO TREE REMAIN IN DEATH. MAY THEY GROW IN SPRING-TIME.  
WHILE THE MOONLIGHT GLIMMERS MAGICALLY, WHERE HIS VOICE IS FREE.  
IF THE FOREST HEARS HIS CALLING, WHERE THE GROUND WITH SEED IS PLANTED.  
AND THE GRAIN SHALL SPROUT AND FLOURISH, MAY IT NEVER COME TO RIPENESS:

AND THE EARTH BE SAVED FOREVER.

INSPIRED BY THE NATIONAL EPOS OF FINLAND, “KALEVALA”.





## THE SONG OF THE BEAK

I DON'T KNOW, WHO I AM. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO WALK.  
IT'S ALL AN EMPTY FIELD - LET'S MAKE A STAND.  
LET'S STAND UP FOR THE WEAK, LET'S BRING THEM BREAD AND WINE.  
LET'S TELL THEM THEY'RE DIVINE - PRETTY AS A GOLDEN BEAK.

BIRD ON A BEACH, FISH IN THE RIVER. EGG IN A NEST, IT MAKES ME SHIVER.  
WALK OF THE DEATH, PUBLIC EXPOSURE. I AM HERE TO PROTECT - MY FALSE DIGNITY.

YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER, I'M NO FOOL.  
EVEN THOUGH AT TIMES I ACT LIKE AN ASS.  
YOU HAVE TO HOLD ME, LIKE A CHILD,  
AND TELL ME , THAT I AM TOO DIVINE.  
YOU HAVE TO WALK ME, TIL THE END OF TIME,  
TELL ME STORIES, TO HOLD ME THROUGH THE NIGHTS.  
YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT ME, LIKE A BIRD,  
AND SPREAD YOUR WINGS, WHEN I LIKE TO FLY.

## SITTING ON THE ROOF (WAITING FOR THE KING)

HE GAVE HER A PONY AND SHE GAVE HIM A KINGDOM, THEY SAT ON THE ROOF, AND THEY LOOKED OUT.  
THEY KISSED EACH OTHER, BELLS WERE RINGING, THEY HEARD THE PIXIE'S SINGING...  
...THE BLUES, IT WAS KIND OF CUTE. IT WAS IN THE MORNING, IN THE MIDST OF THE MIST -  
THE SUN STUCK ITS DIRTY FINGERS THROUGH THE SKY.

THEY KNEW IT WAS THEIR TIME, THEY WERE SITTING ON THE ROOF.  
WAITING FOR THEIR KING, TO BRING THEM BACK HOME AGAIN

THEY PUT ON THEIR WINGS, AND THEY SMILED, BECAUSE THEY KNEW THAT THEY WERE GOING TO DIE.  
THEY LOOKED LIKE ANGELS IN THEIR EYES AS THEY STOOD UP TO FLY.  
THEY REACHED OUT WITH THEIR ARMS AND HANDS, REACHED OUT TO THE SKY.  
AND THEY HOLD EACH OTHERS HANDS, AND THEY JUMPED!





## BROOKLYN

AN OLD LADY SAT OUTSIDE AND STARING AT A BROOKLYN SIGN.  
PETER POP LOVED ME UNTIL HE FOUND OUT I WASN'T A GIRL.  
A MAN IS WALKING IN THE HALLWAY, AND HE IS NAKED.  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, BUT I THINK THAT I LIKE IT.

BROOKLYN, SO HIGH. BROOKLYN, MY TIME.

ON THE ROOF, I FOUND GOD - AND HE TOLD ME TO JUMP, AND SO I JUMPED!  
BUT I GOT WINGS, FROM ALL THE DEAD DOVES (REST IN PEACE).  
AND I FLEW IN CIRCLES - AND I FLEW IN LOVE.

OOH, HASTA MAÑANA.

LA REVOLUCIÓN EN NUEVA YORK  
CONTRA LAS GUERRAS IMPERIALISTA.

## WITH WORD LET'S TAKE THEM DOWN

I'M NOT READY TO FALL DOWN QUITE YET. MY BLOOD IS THIN AND MY EYES ARE SORE.  
I'M HANGING ON MY CROSS OF FREEDOM, LOOKING DOWN AT IT ALL.  
WHY DO WE ONLY HAVE 2 PRESIDENTS TO VOTE FOR? WHY DON'T HAVE 6 WEEKS OF VACATION?  
WHY ARE WE SCARED TO SPEAK UP, WHEN WE KNOW IT'S ALL WRONG?

WHAT IF SOMEONE SAID: "LET'S TAKE FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"  
WHAT IF SOMEONE SAID: "LIFE IS GIVEN TO ALL OF US."

LET'S MAKE A GOOD DECISION - WITH WORDS LET'S TAKE THEM DOWN.  
LET'S MAKE A REAL DECISION, WITH IDEAS LET'S CHANGE OUR GROUND.

WHAT IF WE WERE IN PEACE AND NOT ALWAYS IN WARS?  
WHAT IF WE WERE GOOD WOULD PEOPLE TREAT US AS IF WE WAS?  
MONEY, OIL, LAWYERS, MISSING CHILDREN, OZONE HOLE - WHO NEEDS A BIG BROTHER?  
WHO LOVES CAPITALISM - BIG BROTHER? WHO WANTS AN EARLY RETIREMENT?

WHO LOVES ONE AND ANOTHER?





## YOU ARE ALL BEAUTIFUL

i LOVE YOU. FOR REAL. i LOVE YOU ALL.  
LOVE IS REAL. LOVE IS TRUE.  
LOVE WE NEED. i LOVE YOU.