

FRANCIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT "IN THE WOODS"

All lyrics by Markus Zahradicek

ALL YOUR LINES END IN ME

you set the pace, we're running on ice
and I'm close behind to clean your dusty eyes
blame it on my wooden legs and every fiber else
if I can't keep the pace
if I can't keep the pace

the rusty bones remember I said
and there's a place where all lines find their end
you build a wall of subtle lies and every fiber frays
I beg you oh please slow down
I beg you oh please slow down

you set the pace and I
I lay here and all your lines find their end in me

all your lines end in me

MONSTERS

that's how they teach me to expect the worst
all thoughts and words I've cursed I know
I'm moving but too slow

and all the shadows hiding in the woods the scary monsters of my youth
and all the sparkling eyes that welcome me illuminate the night for me

we raise the glasses and drop our minds
in damn cold dark blue nights we sleep
dreamless but I sleep

and all the shadows hiding in the woods the scary monsters of my youth
and all the sparkling eyes that welcome me illuminate the night for me
and as very brittle as this life may is the past is past where present is

and as very brittle as this life may is the past is past where present is

I take care not to make much noise when I leave - when I leave
but half the way towards the city lights we will meet - we will meet
I take care to let the monsters sleep when I leave - when I leave
but half the way towards the city lights we will meet

CELLULOID

are we on the run?
the dust of a night in the eyes
I capture it on celluloid to see and to believe
that this was all real

we are all just trying to arrive somewhere

we are all just trying to arrive at home
we are all just turning on our own axis
we are all just turning on our own axis
and tons of swallowed words and lullabies

we drown with the sun
in a shower of sparks we rise
I capture it on celluloid to see and to believe
that this was all real

we are all just trying to arrive somewhere
we are all just trying to arrive at home
we are all just turning on our own axis
we are all just turning on our own axis
and tons of swallowed words and lullabies
and tons of unlived dreams and alibis
and tons of unseen days and bitter nights

FEET OF CLAY

these feet of clay
they won't move if you call in the middle of the night
these eyelids of plumb
they won't open as long as you are in sight
you knock on my head
but I can't open my ears to invite your voice in
the silence will last
I'm tired of all I'm tired of

lay down sweetness
rest now my love

these feet of clay
they would burst when I try to follow your trace
these fingers of sand
they would decay as soon as they reach your face
you knock on my head
"don't you hear the voice that is ringing in your ears?"
The silence will last
I'm tired of all I'm tired of

lay down sweetness
rest now my love

BUG

somehow things get lost
you don't know how
what does remain?
what is still true?
when I'm losing you

the trace is covered well
I miss your smile
sundays are long

will you return?
from your odyssey

you cover your tracks
where the hell do you hide?
I'm always surprised
as if it was the first time
when will you come back

all that remains
the watery skin
and the withered inside
all my apologies

the trace is covered well
I miss my life
x-ray the past
will you return?
from your odyssey

you cover your tracks
where the hell do you hide?
I'm always surprised
as if it was the first time
when will you come back?

PIPELAND

I lay pipes from your veins to mine
across the country silvery lines
craving turns to good common pain
and pipes in every of our veins

the patience is wearing thin
put a fake smile on and move again
spin me to coma but spin me
away, away, away, away

eternal spin we're infinite late
the soil is covered with steel and plate
the gaping void leaves an ache in the chest
and pipeland drowns in a silvery mess

the patience is wearing thin
put a fake smile on and move again
spin me to coma but spin me
the sirens are calling us
put a fake smile on and move again
spin me to coma but spin me

from coast to coast and all back
from pole to pole to you

SOLARIS

and the sun wrapped in grey

the world monochrome
and they say they'd rather turn to dust

and the cold concrete soft
angst-ridden eyes
and I leave this place for a while

pull out the knives
part the circles
give out the edges
if everything goes well

the up goes down
the inside out
we're parting the circles
if everything goes well

and the soil inhales towns
the sea seeps away
and I know they wanna be like flies

and dreams without sleep
the blood boiling hot
and I chase a shadow through the night

pull out the knives
we're parting the circles
we give out the edges
if everything goes well

the up goes down
the inside goes outside
we're parting the circles
if everything goes well

AMNESIACS

so we've seen it all
circling like some flies
around some memories
and every had its price

now you said it all
lay your hands in mine
as your stormy words
echo in my mind

it's gonna be a great great deal for all of us
the worst is over

so we've seen it all
behaving like the wind
we've crossed this little world
and every breath was spent

it's gonna be a great great deal for all of us
the worst is over

like amnesiacs
now as we are craving
for some memories
the bad signs will be changing

ETHER

I cheer and I clap without sound
you etherize me
your echo that's all what I'm now
you want me to speak

but I speak reverse
distorted words
is it worth one more try?

this chamber soaks up every thought
I try to explain
I've squeezed into memories for you
barefoot and quiet

CITY OF FOG

cold pale city fog
makes the real unreal
and everyone is afraid of it

let's do a moonlight flit
make the unreal real
and nobody is aware of it

and we will find a way to leave this town
and everyone we like we send a postcard for farewell

THE ART OF UNLEARNING

lift your heavy heart from the leather couch
put the raincoat on
we can go
wipe the dark circles off your tired eyes
'cause the morning is near
and we are late

we're no shadows of ourselves
no reflections of ourselves
I draw a thousand feathers on our skin

and we will see things that no one ever saw
and we will find lost worlds in every alley
and we've seen them all
and they're so much different from all we've ever seen

we're discoverers of a sleepy world
share a cigarette

in the dawn

and don't think too hard about the way you walk
the art of unlearning
suits us well

and we will see things that noone ever saw
and we will find lost worlds in every alley
and we've seen them all
I'll draw a thousand feathers on our skin

and we will see things that noone ever saw
and we will see things that noone ever