

TALCO "Silent Town"
(VÖ 06.11.2015, Destiny Records)

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Lyrics (engl. Übersetzung)

Time

Sit down once again / who has the time and pleasure of hearing / about a history without breaking points / which brings us back / talking about shipwrecked / now in front of a city / and clocks hibernating / singing about time that doesn't go forward / and an old lady smoldering within / omens of a company / kneeling before a ride on a train / warned about it's madness by her awakening / it's not the time / to understand what is going to be told / there remains nothing but dismay / and a sign carved in the city that tells us it's time to begin

During the way you choose / time will judge you everywhere
Like a cold appearance / every doubt will fall over time

Between tailors who disappeared / while they were showing the way to some dwarves / Swarms around a burden / which is covered for the company / and the old lady and the prone businessman / who feed on lives to buy / go into the city / just to give sense to obscurity / that you will understand over time

During the way you choose time is an appearance which will disappear

Neverdad

In the "Maritan" vigil which turned off / on the way back to Neverdad
Orphans of a Divo now / we surrender not to find Neverdad by ourselves

An incessant rain from the top of a false blunder / barefoot lyricists in the vanity fair / while mythomaniac in diapers with homemade leashed guys / shamelessly wait for "Divos" and holiness

In the "Maritan" vigil / the tower which was looking for the way back to Neverdad slowly collapsed
From fragile foundations another piece / falls to pieces and disappear in the obviousness
Of not knowing how to come back alone to Neverdad

Sad epilogue of a desperate jump / to watch over the sleep of other without fearing / the illusion of looking forward and upward / but not knowing how to find Neverdad

Hearsay's son, no escape / on the way back to Neverdad
We walk as wanderers but suddenly / on another shadow we embroider new Neverdad

El sombra

Jackals of a disappearing shadow / disciples imbued with a need to appear /
here we meet on our last happening / Rapacious in idling and apparently sweet
/ I sweep other people's sentences like "gibberish" / in the vocation of riding
roads not mine

That destiny stole myself / and now without shining with others' light
anymore / silence mocks my nostalgia

Sombra

In the vanity of giving misery to a knowledge that's cluttering me

Sombra

I live my life like a parasite following the shadow's marketing

I'm a ventriloquist who enjoys himself with other people's ideas

Devoted to the fanatic happening of nothing

Scientist of aperitif, as they did it on purpose / Collect selfies of a silence like a
matriosca / Convinced to attend a new trend

Orphan of a notoriety / Worn out and lost in streets not mine / Silently I hold
on for new stunts

Sombra

In the vanity of escaping from a knowledge which is cluttering me

Sombra

Came to the inevitable lighten of the shadow

Sombra

Here in dusk, I leave, resigned to end credits

Sombra

Before disappearing where silence has baptized another fashion

Because now it would be embarrassing and sad

To accuse someone of stealing an identity that doesn't exist

In the Variety show

Hordes of faithful meet / replying to a calling of a vague gasp / generated from
a news at TV /

In the name of a god that transforms / moral in worship of mockery / in the
market of a variety show that intones worldwide broadcasting

We give you truth in the variety show

We predicate and produce in the variety show

Moral, marketing, and worldwide broadcasting / Trinity of new merchants / in
the age of organic material and profits of recycling / new coprophageous King
Midas proud / feed on swindlers / who would have ever thought that you can
earn money from everything?!?

Silent town

Surprised by dreams and memories which sentence in the presence of my choice / between flies thrown away because of habit / and a living which is telling me / to come here / between shreds of photographs / pieces to mend / which go everywhere / while I'm sleeping or think I'm asleep / and someone takes me away / from a time which is waiting for me in Silent Town

Last call to Silent Town

Jumping to a journey, like when I was young, I've been waiting in Silent Town

Last call to Silent Town

Covered by the frenzy of not coming back anymore, stopping in Silent Town

I leave usual constant filthy baths / die in the vicious banality of calling brother only children / who take me away from a time that have nostalgia for Silent Town

Away from here

Here you are, close to me / empty and affable agony traffickers / Between appearances that inverse days never knew what they are / Noble hints now wake up along the buzz / Of a land which gets awoken just on last moment of farewell / from the mud that now you'd like to clean away / I leave you alone and go away from here

Here you are, on procession to a clown / slandered but now surrounded by those who come here to clean again the last rite / of raising you too armless to understand / about a long winter on the everyday / a calendar marginalized because of the idea of healing truth / satisfy smiling / and seeing you naked / so I go away from here

A last smile comes in the long night, that kneeling on the ground now is going to disappear in the last prank , I beg your pardon if now it's time to go away from here

And dangling from my nomad smile / widower of dark false splendors that you shall never lighten / this time you must not disturb when I go away from here without your push.

Intermondo

What happens to my memories? Are they vision or pure madness? / Heavy and formless burdens / rests of my company / vanished like a swarm / who leaves me alone with my doubts / and nothing but an empty bag / while I'm eating the ground / feared that it disappears together with me

And now into the front of a mirror / I'm surprised by intuition / of a train coming here on a new clear emotion / between clocks that calculate the thrill of wandering back without frenzy / scarred by the reflection of an old youth / I go into it but don't know if I'm escaping from here

From pale Mirò

Incredible history is calling us / from the pain of my bedside / of a loss and a mother who now is feeding the steps of a stray storm / to denounce vile paths / and a crawl without living / of human waste who don't distinguish houses from pigsties / and sons murdered without any reason

From pale Mirò

The storm throws more and more nature close weakness / son of a denied youth

From pale Mirò

The storm gets intense to send back undernourished joys still at the beginning / praying that everything will disappear

Mirò , which knows to have evidence / confined for their superior reason / to a beaten pleasure then eliminates / sons disappeared without any reason / relic of herself mocked / to hide the dark and nothing more / Mirò dreams of lightening without faces or uniforms / beaten flies of youth

On the road

I walk in the street along precariousness / which follows me everywhere I go / devoted to warm with humanity / the shadow of a road's smile

Come to the end of an inevitable withering / son of times which brought you away / barefoot between downed temptation of leaving / and turn away from a city in agony / school of worshiper of a false dignity / voted to winners just of personal fulfillment / in the swamp dresses with a taste of farewell / I fish new generations between the last.

Weak events intended to dumb down the day / in abstinence from distant humanity / now here you find them again in the way glad of welcoming your wastes / published off to new possibilities

In the parade of hardship and intrigues / breath surrendered in immobility cages / seeking refreshment along the road that I'm walking between smiles / of new reborn possibilities

Everywhere

An early and already announced landing / of a shy jump into the occult vacuum you ruined everywhere for losing excerpts of tired memories / which still find you here / while you're tuning fragments of histories to leave again

From a sore which is sitting already from dusk in the nostalgia / of a morbid vigil which don't go ahead and throws you away / slowed by a blind sleep / between miseries and an absurd agony / In the cynic way that you follow everywhere

While I melt grudges which you are already biting / like a tailor of memories
that sit close to me / and I wonder / if it served to draw again a glory / to a
shame which now poses not to leave

Malandia

Always back to the beginning / the end of my history / nomad and invisible to
an epidemic which goes between masses of dead juke-boxes / old failed
facelift / to dry out the field of a tired sanity

I leave you all and your melancholy / walking here / far away from Malandìa
I'm still following a glad fate without any nostalgia / walking here / far away
from Malandìa

Parasites that put Malandìa on a billfold / between music tributes and
vulgarity / godfathers of a dead land / now improvise sorrow / for a love to
buy and not to deserve

Overwhelmed by him, who orders me what to do / rampant in the presumption
of ranting / too much fronts but few minds to save / maybe it's not a great
poem but it's simple what I'm able to do

Cards flee from a deck / of snooty guys that confuse the never knowing how to
grow up from living ageless / of those who don't understand a shit about three
verses that compose an easy innate way of living but not a sophisticated
philosophical perspective.