

Poetry Series

**Pierre Rausch**  
**- poems -**

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## Pierre Rausch(24.01.1982)

My name is Pierre Rausch, owner of Summernightbrand Record Sales Office. I am from Luxembourg and 35 years old.

I started early with music, really got into it at High School and University. I visited some courses of Guitar & Vocals, but essentially, I taught me a lot of things on my own. This is how I made my first steps into the music business : learning to play chords and arpeggio.

Soon, I began writing my own songs. Grown into interest by the upcoming Casting Shows in 2002, I always wanted to compete in one of those. So I tried to cover bands like Radiohead or Ben Harper, but although Muse or Placebo. In my songwriting I tried to sound in a classic way, so that can be fit with strings ; my songs are adapted to acoustic guitar.

By 2006, I was ready to get started. Along some part-time jobs, I made it with street music, essentially in Luxembourg, but although in Germany or Netherlands. In the street I created some solo parts that I integrated into the existing songs, but although wrote some new songs.

I recorded my first albums with MP3-Players and let them register with SACEM Luxembourg, but had although Tunecore as partners on side. The artwork I did all by myself ; except for my last album, Goldcurl. For Goldcurl, the artcover got done by a luxembourgish artist called Mady Gorges. Along these target missions, I managed to compete at Castings in Germany, but although in Luxembourg. For shows like DSDS, Tvtotal and a Luxembourg format « Wannst de eppes kannst », I got spotted on TV for several times, unfortunately messing up doing my stuff. I was too nervous because of some stage-fright, in particular. This got treated with the help of the German Psychologist Tom Bohne, who wrote some books about this subject.

After these casting apparitions, I opened my own commerce, Summernightbrand Record Sales Office, to negotiate music licensing with SACEM Luxembourg and Tunecore. With SRSO, I established internet sites, like my own homepage, social network accounts, contact with A&R or label sites, or sites that simply offer opportunites to send your music by submission. This is not the only work that got done with SRSO, as new albums got recorded, my tabs translated in several languages and some lyrics got passed to poem sites on the internet.

Participations on Open Mics and concerts in little bars/restaurants have followed, but also busking in Luxembourg. With Mark Baxter, who operates for , I have an accurate voice teacher, who taught me how to warm up before singing.

Recently i published my biography. It's called Goldcurl, like one of my favorite songs (German,180 pages, ISBN 9783741860065) .

Considering artists helping artists :

I think that we grow into an established business, in which the prior generation set standards for how to handle situations. The stakes are pretty high, considering artists working together. The internet sets the right standards for this, with like buttons on Facebook, or following possibilities on Myspace Twitter etc. ... Working together is important for all of us, you can learn so many chords from other artists, it's not just covering a friend, it's about improving your own skills !

Here are some links :

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Partners

Attorney: Etude Baulisch. Maître Daniel Baulisch. Arendt & Medernach

Notary Public: Mustafar Nezar (Maître Gérard Lecuit) | M. Tran. / M Gloesener (Maître Emile Schlessler)

Assurency: Steve Kreitz (Lalux Group Assurance)

Political Reference: Xavier Bettel (DP) Mathis Prost (DP) . Lucien Weiler (CSV) . Sam Tanson (Déi Gréng) .

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Marylène Fychant (Ligue Médico-Sociale) .

Casting Agency: Beate Faber, Britta Ullerich (Casting-Concept) .

Andreas Donat, Guiseppe Gennaro (FAMEonME) . Tina Thiele () .

Image Consult: SACEM Luxembourg. Atout Image Consult. Rockhal Music Ressources.

Banque: Paypal Luxembourg, Banque Raffeisen, P&T Luxembourg

Église catholique: Chorale Rédange-sur-Attert, Chorale Ettelbrück. Chorale Roodt-sur-Syre

# 1961

Youngster Walter schoolyard gate  
Robbing better in tunnel shade  
On back-lot (stage) , Danger(eous) Metallica  
In the mongrel pubs next to Zanzibar  
We went out, we had funk  
1961 in the middle of the dunk

Youngster Walter at the vineyard gate  
Betting in the freakish lane  
Number's in aberrant game  
Mosquitoes moving toward fallen lane

Cyllar cop out the airplane jump  
First corps the torrent dancing  
Ballyhoo wild ponies stumping  
Glass punks into an airplane bumping

If you call the cops, there I wait  
So you say, you leave me, I wait  
And if the police sends us away, I wait

Pierre Rausch

## 4 Boys

Honored foxes and pleasant by the gay house  
Rustic fields as happy as heart is long  
Under rabid clouds as new daylight  
The distinction of coyote and hyena  
In all useful turning so few and such morning songs  
In front the children, green and golden  
Rhinoceros are you happy, are you drawn?  
In the sun born, born over and over  
And wishes raised house high hay  
In all useful turning so few and such golden songs  
Run headless ways, wishes raced house high hay  
In all useful turning so few and such silver songs  
In front the children green and golden, are you drawn  
And if you hope we can stay together to the end  
A genius is all I can do for you, do we both have to drown?  
Shuttles taught wide off cellophane cloud  
Gradient enigma, south-carton, Dakota-south  
Granulate of Sudoku in Princeton, Eaton  
Eyesore stanching, the sore bread eaten  
What I'd consider as ghost of England; evasive  
Swollen cheeks, the lucky paws, barefoot, persuasive  
It wasn't simple food, aunt's first electroencephalogram  
To attest the bleeding blasphemy of a bomb;  
Do you believe in elves, if you do, then light a candle, and  
every candle will be worth an elf  
When the babies began to laugh, they laughed so much it  
burst into thousand pieces  
And out the pieces got born the elves  
Her light grew weaker, her light grew weaker  
These 4 boys, that never grew up, that's Never land

Pierre Rausch

# A Better Understanding

It had nothing to do with you  
You only had to read the papers  
To be an object of suspicion once  
At pictures and frowns, at a window  
A better understanding, how is it going to be  
A better understanding, painted on the end of  
each case  
In a hostel run by moms and nuns  
A better understanding with a license and  
freedom  
In a big place with lots of life  
Rather than starting off and choose from there  
Blazed out through the tears and suddenly wanted  
to cry  
You're very good to us  
Chorus  
It wasn't as children would have expected  
Offered the more distant of congratulations  
The cupboards and drawers  
Bearing my advice away  
Chorus  
Not a phone  
Had been left together  
Looked glowing  
Shiny and smart  
Repeat

Pierre Rausch

## A Bit Straighter

WASHINGTON - The Pentagon on Monday appeared to play down North Korea's six short-range missile launches over the past three days, describing tensions on the Korean peninsula as relatively low.

DOHA - Qatar's emir, who has thrown his state's riches behind Arab uprisings, said on Monday that the emergence of 'people power' had put Arabs in direct confrontation with Israel and made a resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict more pressing.

BUCHAREST - George Becali, a Romanian MP and owner of the soccer club Steaua Bucharest, was jailed for three years on Monday for abuse of power, one of only a handful of big names to be convicted in a country trying to show it can beat high-level corruption.

MAIDUGURI - Nigeria claimed an early success for its military offensive against Islamist insurgents in the northeast on Monday, saying the militants' activities had been stifled by nearly a week of attacks on their bases.

MEXICO CITY - Divisions within Mexico's main conservative opposition party have erupted into a bitter public dispute that threatens to undermine the reform agenda of President Enrique Pena Nieto.

LONDON - British Prime Minister David Cameron's flagship gay marriage policy is set to deepen a rift in his own party on Monday with many of his own lawmakers preparing to defy him in a sign of growing strains on his leadership and his coalition government.

MAKHACHKALA - Two car bombs killed at least three people and wounded dozens of others on Monday in Dagestan, a turbulent province in Russia's North Caucasus region where armed groups are waging an Islamist insurgency.

JERUSALEM - A gunman shot dead four people execution-style in a bank in Israel on Monday after being refused an overdraft and cash from its automatic teller machine.

JERUSALEM - Threatening slogans were daubed on Monday outside the doorway of an Israeli activist in a Jewish women's prayer group seeking equal rights of worship for women at Jerusalem's holy Western Wall.

Pierre Rausch



# A Coat Of Persuasion (Symptoms)

If you're willing to play it for me  
And look at it in amazement  
A coat of persuasion, a matter of convenience  
Of white-blonde hair fallen to the shoulders  
The hints of it are still visible on the feature  
A coat of persuasion wanders away from her  
This young Lady is the real talent  
A coat of persuasion into this parlour  
Looking as pretty as ever  
The world is a beautiful place  
I will always be here for you  
You will always be here for me  
The hints of it are still visible on the feature  
A coat of persuasion wanders away from her  
This young Lady is the real talent  
A coat of persuasion into this parlour  
In some bar on the sheet music  
I'll have to rake the origin  
Collated it into a neat pile  
Drop me off a copy  
The hints of it are still visible on the feature  
A coat of persuasion wanders away from her  
This young Lady is the real talent  
A coat of persuasion into this parlour  
In some bar on the sheet music  
I'll have to rake the origin  
Collated it into a neat pile  
Drop me off a copy  
The hints of it are still visible on the feature  
A coat of persuasion wanders away from her  
This young Lady is the real talent  
A coat of persuasion into this parlour

Pierre Rausch

# A Crowning Mercy

You are a crowning mercy  
The bed be blessed where I lie  
Four Angels to that bed  
Four Angels around my head  
One to watch, and one to pray  
And two to bear my soul away  
You are a crowning mercy  
A stream away these /to/ a see  
To see a young man's smile and land,  
Beneath waters unbuttoned land  
Are humans although dancers  
So cheerful poaching cancer  
Four Angels to that bed  
Four Angels around my head  
One to watch, and one to pray  
And two to bear my soul away

Pierre Rausch

# A Cup Of Coffee

Don't you buy a hat, a Paris model  
Camouflage to say disaster  
Of a bowler gin, with two or three  
Genre to  
avoid all squash  
Feathers would not conceal  
Shag your toes to the hips  
I invite you to a cup of coffee, if you want to  
share time with me  
A big latte, an espresso or an tea  
What would you like  
An afternoon in a Paris Cafe, a warm cup of  
Coffee  
Pambelam, be babe, pambelam, be babe, pambelam  
Evil, when the tears floated for that guy, for  
the lipsticks, would you try,  
Sick, when the tears floated for that guy, for  
the lipsticks, would you try,  
Pambelam, shag, shag, shag, pambelam  
An afternoon in a Paris Cafe and enjoy a warm  
cup of Coffee, and joy in a warm cup of coffee  
A three-course meal will stand on the table when  
you come home and start a new life,  
Even if it hurts, you've got a wear, that fits  
with your lipstick and a candlelight dinner  
When you come home and try an afternoon, an  
afternoon in a Paris Cafe, drink a warm Cup Of Coffee.

Pierre Rausch

# A Flocks Of Starling

A flocks of starlings passes overhead  
A flocks of starlings passes overhead  
Splendid flora, splendorous flora / splendiferous flora, splendid flora  
(Dated) leprechauns stand by  
Dwarfed pliant silhouettes  
Flecks of pale gold  
An haphazard tampoos  
(Euphoric) burlesque  
Kidney beans, knickerbocker glory  
At birthday parties  
Bombe, marble cake, tiramisu  
At splendid birthday parties  
In strawberry fields  
Pheasant and sex on the beach  
Gouda, Monbazillac, Cabernet  
In strawberry fields  
A flocks of starling rises up and kicks it kind of boot  
Of starling surface with a root  
Into the blackberry butts that are falling  
Into the damp the children falling  
Tonic water  
At birthday parties  
Waffle and orangeade  
At splendid parties  
Kir and Bloody  
In strawberry fields  
Chèvre, Côtes du Rhône  
In strawberry fields  
A flocks of starlings rises - and passes overhead

Pierre Rausch

## A Grief Ago (West Mountain Train-Lines)

That leaps nitric shape  
So cross my eyes in your shack  
Oh, water-lamed, roughed,  
Crocus mending, staying up at the stocks  
So cross my eye with your shape  
and close my hand with your eye  
She who was I, who is who I told  
Oh, master, through a three-mast sail we grew  
Through a three mast sail we sailed up  
Housed in the sides.  
Her ropes heritage  
The ball on the point  
Through a three-mast sail,  
She lies a water  
Through a three mast sail, she rode the throne  
Brand of anger on ring  
Wrenched fingers, to the leaden boy  
(the wars, on the leaden field)  
She then who shape whelps with the wolverine  
She who was I, who is who I told  
That she I have, that she I have  
Let me inhale, draw in my perfume

Oh, master, through a three-mast sail we got old  
Oh, water-lamed, Oh master,  
Crocus mending, staying up at the stacks  
She who was I, who is who I told  
Wrenched fingers, to the leaden boy  
She who was I, who is who I told  
Housed in the tide.  
The ball of water on the point  
Through a three-mast sail, we sailed up  
Through a three mast sail, we sailed to the lune  
She lies a chapter; she rode the throne  
Lies brand of anger on our rings,  
Her ropes full heritage, on cherub wind  
(the wars, on field and land)  
(Three triangles,  
cherub

wind (on field and land) :  
cherub as single chant  
She then who is I who is father on centaur  
The dens of lion shape  
She then who is the people who drive  
She then who shape whelps with the wolverine  
|: That she I have, that she I have: |

Nitric shape that leaps, for h  
our and acid  
Let me inhale, draw in my perfume  
So cross my hand with your eyes  
And close my eyes with your eyes  
So cross my hand with your eyes  
And close my eyes with your eyes

Pierre Rausch

# A Journey To The Sky

The travelreport from the ceiling  
They sat there on the beach  
And if anyone had a spot, it was denied  
They sat there on the beach

A journey to the sky  
It sort of faded away  
I said yes, please  
I'd love to fly

Have you a suit and everything  
They're posh and thin  
And they know that one day  
They're gonna fly

Chorus 2\*  
Repeat first couple  
Chorus

Pierre Rausch

# A Replacement At Order

Had friends throughout the entire world  
Which corrects the over-harsh contours of pure thoughts  
In the meantime, divers complications were approaching  
Leads man to a state of perfection  
It is an error to think that passion, when it is pure and happy  
It seemed to have partners

It simply leads him, as we have noted, to a state of oblivion  
This morning, that friend told me to settle all my affairs  
A replacement at order, but this is outrageous!  
Who are always intersted in having a replacement  
He passed the whole situation at review  
Of love itself he had refreshed an instinct  
Which can't be comprehended  
It is easy for those who are consumed  
A replacement at order, but this is outrageous!

Then all is said, tempest is loosed  
Stones rain down, a fusillade  
The procession, with feverish slowness  
The furnace was being heated  
Supposing itself, in adavance, restoration,  
Redevelopment, reconditioned,  
The predestined family from the gift  
They have a revolutionary grandeur

Pierre Rausch



## A Similar Service (Others Do Good As Well)

Shall I confess something on the card  
I would like to see you sometime soon  
Like the eyes of crazy people  
That was heavy and grave  
Would you say that this is, at all  
A similar service, others do good as well  
Would you say I am doing well  
Others do good as well  
Would you say that this is, at all  
A similar service, others do good as well  
Would you say I am doing well  
Others do good as well  
Picked it up and popped it  
Came to me the way my poems come to me  
And would not have recognized each other  
That are thoughtful and shadowed  
Would you say that this is, at all  
A similar service, others do good as well  
Would you say I am doing well  
Others do good as well  
There are no lights here  
And the daylight fades and opens again  
She is alone in her house  
Once again black and white  
There are no lights here  
And the daylight fades and opens again  
She is alone in her house  
Once again black and white

Pierre Rausch

# Ahoi (Shetland Transfer)

Transfert: Shetland/Oakland

Dock to scope.....AHOI  
Skulls under keel.....AHOI  
Flag on board.....AHOI  
Mast loose.....AHOI  
Sail stretched..... AHOI  
A saying at the scales.....AHOI

Turkish fire left, Turkish fire right  
Backboard, starboard to the seaside resort

Island sight.....AHOI  
Tough report.....AHOI  
Captain: sabotage.....AHOI  
Banners flutter on the deck.....AHOI

Turkish fire left, Turkish fire right  
Backboard, starboard to the seaside resort

No more stock in barrels..... AHOI  
No more stock in barrels..... AHOI  
No stock in barrels..... AHOI  
Hostile ships aside..... AHOI  
Gunpowder..... AHOI  
Turkish fire left, turkish fire right.....AHOI  
Mast loose Mast..... AHOI

Pierre Rausch

# Aladin

„Guys“ with the access of a friend  
A hollow sound of rebellion  
The skies must not be received

Of our passions, even love  
Must be exercising  
There must be a limit

Seizing

„Friends“ with the access of a friend  
A weekly invasion  
To pack them in  
The latter turned around  
Which they could see

Quite safe, yes  
And with six man about them  
As the white had been dark  
Since they have a fault

Seizing

Pierre Rausch

# Alasdair Roberts

Except that they must be very large  
And bade the wayfarer to sit down  
And all dotted with freckles  
She wore a cloak

This fore-carriage composes of a massive iron axle-tree  
With a pivot, into which was fitted a heavy shaft  
The whole thing compact, overwhelming  
It seems like the carriage of an enormous cannon

Why was that fore-carriage of a truck in that place in the street?  
Wouldn't have dropped him  
And off they went at last  
Suspicious folk to meet

It looks as if my caught was coming true  
If he looked to risk a light  
They hated and hated worse

For diamonds in the sunlight  
Any reason for the better man  
Nothing but her fresk  
Of divine

She resumed humming  
What could it mean  
A more southerly source  
Suddenly on her fresk

Pierre Rausch

# Alaska (Euphoric)

Rumored in Washington DC  
All the spaces between  
Moscow Rumors  
All the spaces between

If they were furtive  
And the condition between  
Up the rope again  
You shall pick me up on the quai

For my part, I want to be with Gold  
It will be certainly pretty  
He just sat staring  
Postscriptum

Tolerably like  
Postscriptum  
But how you came  
What did you bring

So he stood, hesitated  
When she had returned the favor  
Rumors in Alaska  
One evening in spring

Pierre Rausch

# Almond Baba

Baba, the capture gate  
Cliffs retiring, cliffs between

Explain me quickly  
We shan't be safe  
A crag inside  
To capture where the boneset shone  
Change, tangible, with bamboo

On what way  
A flawless shrub  
On what way  
Maverick

Unused, yes  
Maverick  
Made up my mind  
This is the story of  
With friends  
How shall you be without

If ever you are passing several Junipers  
Underdog  
Farewell, my lad  
Then Juna turns away  
You soon found

Here we are Maverick  
On what way  
A newcomer  
On what way  
A flawless shrub

Here we are Maverick  
And it was sadly parasol  
In the nick of almond  
On that march to parasol

On went on until

They drew near  
To the waste that lay  
In the northern sapele

Pierre Rausch

# Altavista

Thanks to the sand, there was not a speck of mud  
Clumps of blossoms thanks to the man in rain  
Silence that is compatible with sorts of music  
The cooing of nests

The buzzing of swarms, the flutterings of breeze  
The entrances and exits of spring take place  
The van-guard of the red June  
Butterflies fraternized with the rear-guard of the  
white of May

Gazing through the fence, said: 'Here is the Spring  
presenting arms and in full uniform.'  
The plantain trees were getting their new skins.  
Breeze hollow.  
Earth in the form of flowers, irreproachable

To the barricades!

Pierre Rausch



# Amazon Queen (The Dialogue In Between)

I hear a car in the entrance-way  
When we strive and play  
Any car in the entrance-way  
The station, the airplane / let's start trade  
Your suave carré, your rose-hip turquoise  
It's the dialogue in between  
A man, an alley home  
When we sit in the entrance-way  
Kittens purr in morning clay (edelweiss alination)  
No crashes to report (open eyes, head hold high)

Your suave square, your rose-hip turquoise  
It's the dialogue we never had  
Mama, where's the wand  
Come back love  
With guideline, under advise  
Wakery-bakery  
It's the dialogue in between

Niidem

Na stra voidje terra in sare te sterna all te  
Niidem, Niidem

We haven't made up our room  
Yet, we hadn't the niidem time  
We haven't made up our room  
Streets have been furnished, bells have been made  
Revolve in skid row, pivoting revolt  
We go around, bakery-bakery  
The roads are nitric, we compromise  
I feel when I feel there's someone,  
Underneath her shoulder she got saved

Your suave carré, your rosehip turquoise  
It's the dialogue in between

Slightly lower  
Your suave carré, your rosehip turquoise

Service, service  
Kid's voice:  
Niidem, niidem

Pierre Rausch

# Amazon Queen (The Return)

She's a crime babe, she's a crime babe, she hits a crime  
We're waking to the chart voice that worked with the princess  
Goes goosebumps  
There's a craftsmen at the door

Once more he inquired, will dinner be ready soon  
Who appeared to immerse in reflection  
It's any support team who helps

Daughter sweet, hello darling, you're a support  
"I barely know you" she looked away into an eye

Take it on me, would you assure to you  
A corner at the loft  
He says that we are sweltering

Baker Motel accepts a reception desk  
The chambermaid shan't interrupt  
Her policy had been modified  
Advertized powerful dark

Pierre Rausch

# Ambush In Awesome Approach

The gravel stone spit sparks  
Slow night, so long dark  
To tangle with a poor, poor boy  
The cowboy sound of Rodeo  
To encounter little boy sailboats

An ambush in an awesome approach

You're wonderful. unique, stay with me  
Dangle the champagne/ rampaged matinee  
Suggest an impression of the (café) society celebrity  
Consider an amore tip  
Shall we meet up on dinner  
Must be awesome key in the figure of life to be  
That they are killing the one you have not met  
As girls love the way I toss my head

An ambush in them awesome approach  
Ambush in awesome approach  
An Ambush in an awesome approach

Mm the gravel stone spit sparks  
Slow night, so long dark

Pierre Rausch

# Amen

Bring the key, receive upon your believe,  
I need to pose you a question,  
Can the darkest midst receive  
The blurred red-light compassion,  
Amen

I'll be knocking down the floor,  
Whenever you need my floor,  
Are you the only one so long I'm living  
You waked my heart, so long I'm giving  
Amen

Our byte helps the government,  
And anyway gives tips to friends,  
Customers of chapter five,  
Remember when we use to sit,  
In front of our mansion, is this it  
All the traffic jams, the cut in forest,  
If not my Juliet would love Orest,  
Some nice suits some gowns for,  
The mayor around this countryside,  
All the while they carve on the other side,  
Amen

Pierre Rausch

# American Pilot

An oasis under the safety helmet  
A landing plane, quite safe, yes

There was no sound in the sky  
No percentage to the fly

Ever more and more  
The squeezing came to dust  
More an american pilot – it's a must

Safety conditions for a palm  
That idea disturbed – what are we up to today

Endure several flight in business class  
The squeezing comes to first class  
American pilot in three or four days

American pilot careful off  
The most that can be said to take  
I don't suppose he would have

This way - look out for what had never  
That way - gate twelve looking out  
But to like it better now you're sure

Pierre Rausch

# An English Film (Theme: Funeral)

An English Film, couple of melody, funeral  
An English Film, central of melody, funeral  
An English Film, couple of guests  
D'Artagnan (under parade)

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No storms in the yard, the silver shot  
No quarter in the weather, since you're not  
Turns day to night; negative  
Levels up the fleeing gale  
Process in the weather, once  
Darkness in the wealth of the loin  
Is half its nation; the fathomed groin  
Breaks on tangled land, cluttered water  
The seed that makes a gum  
D'Artagnan (under parade)  
And there drops down  
In sleeping tale  
In the weather of word and tome  
Is wealth dry; the icicle quick  
It moves up like the icicle

A process in the weather  
Turns to noise; each motherboard  
Sits in double shade  
Process blows the motion  
Pulls (down) the shabby curtains  
(reference: daydream-nation)  
And you give birth to devotion

In the anthem of word and tome  
Is wealth dry; the icicle quick  
It moves quick like the icicle  
D'Artagnan (under parade)  
A process in emergency  
A turbulence under  
General management  
D'Artagnan (under parade)





# Anaheim

That the stature should dimmish  
His blouse draps himself  
It is only barkeepers who can say  
That I adore Anaheim

What brains she possessed  
Read nonsense  
She owned the facts

Admiration to be feared  
There is nothing to be feared  
But to pull the stop  
And rain all summer

You plaid the mouse-trap  
With brown stockings  
Without suspecting Anaheim  
The stage isn't controlled

Hold on to me  
It blew away  
But my head just spins  
Is a shop over the way

Will caracter belong to that class  
Will complete the sketch later on

Pierre Rausch

# Anaheim In November

On the subject of marriage  
The most that can be said  
Rode forth the news  
An unambitious life

It was about raising  
All around the clearing  
The only way is to chose  
In the vapors of pipe

Not for less then Anaheim  
Total fifty seven francs  
Not for less then Anaheim  
I will return for my darling

The handles are of silver  
Would from company  
Always new, nothing the same  
They leaned two by two

Wether he was pondering  
When suddenly a vast rumbling woke  
He could not see the people

But he saw that all  
In much emotion  
Made the descend  
At the expiration

Pierre Rausch

# Anastasia

And that night stole a cat  
Never believed, we two would fit under hat  
As fishes, birds, dogs and monkeys  
Suddenly all your friends dance the honky-wonky  
To hell with the owners of these  
Asia is a place we could live  
South America on the knees for my miss  
Illuminated souls of these fine nations  
A small symbol for the clan of domination

Hey, babe let's stay up tonight  
For my gentle Lady a whole army could fight  
But it will just be me who holds you tight

Anastasia is the name of my flame  
No one else will feel who is citizen sane  
Another tension should be gained  
Sometimes, I don't know what to feel  
The world itself not perceived like it's real  
Ash onto the dark side of the moon  
Ships get ready to bring us to the moon  
I love you for everything you are  
Arthur scratches and wears his scar

Anastasia, yesterday walked eight miles  
Nobody knows you've got a secret smile  
And soon you'll laugh in your own clip  
So use it to prove it you fuse it  
Tainted by the fruit of lovers  
A.M.'s glory rediscovered  
Some of it under a red sky  
Is it your name, that got carved under my eye  
Arthur scratches quick as I

Pierre Rausch

# And She

Rosemary, no matter what you do,  
I'll be waiting there for you  
And suspicion torments my heart  
O Darling' how long are we apart,

Ba ba dup da  
And suspicion may set the sun  
And come everybody who meets to see  
And she, and she, and she and she

Rosemary, no matter what you do,  
I'd be waiting there for you  
Suspicion to torments all odd  
A Taxi brings, Kermit the frog

You doubt a passenger on deuce  
Cincinnati incident caught too loose  
I'm the a pasta on a train  
I'm shell to the sluice of vain

I'm no stranger to anatomy Faubourg  
It's a correspondent couture  
Persiflage of a daydream nation  
A cabinet for wife and creation  
And she, and she, and she and she  
The chains under your darkness  
The confession of what is less  
Polls po polls pro reel from polyp

The Arch-Angel Rose-Marie  
And everybody who meets to see  
And she, and she, and she and she

You may melt into sun  
When you hit it on the punch  
Personal pass, person's life  
When you bait for the next punch  
dup dup  
Twenty, thirty punches to scub

When they entered into my van  
The old gang broke into a van;  
There are thieves under discussion  
There is a stranger with concussion

After you arose both sides  
When it's backward hunched  
When injuries spin to be rife  
They've built a robot, a cycle, day by day

The Arch-Angel Rose-Marie  
And everybody who meets to see  
And she, and she, and she, and she

Pierre Rausch

# Angel X-Mas

Once in this time when the summer blood  
Knocked in the flesh that decked the vine  
Once in this bread, the summer wind  
The oat was merry in the wind;  
Man broke the oath, spilled it down.

This bread I break was once the oat,  
This wine upon a foreign tree  
Thrown in its fruit;  
Man in the day or wine at night  
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's it's joy.

When wings wing desire  
Took the shire one step higher  
I never knew that there were such going-on  
In the world between the cover of books  
Angel Christmas; I'm coming home to you  
Only to wish you well

This flesh you break, this blood you let  
My wine you drink, my bread you break.  
Grape of root and sap;  
Make the desolation in the vein,

Was a savior rarer then  
Golden note turn in a groove  
Children kept from the sun  
In studies of his key-less smile  
Wishes of prisoners locked my eye

Given further an indication  
Given a bias toward flat screens  
Given an amount of vehicle

Pierre Rausch

# Annika

All the sun long, it was running, it was lovely, the hey  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimney  
It was air and playing and lovely watery, it was love and air and playing  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the dim chimney  
Glaze that the card rigged and played as lottery  
Night-jars as dim as dust under the barn  
Flying tents, adventure, brighter, lie merely, lie merely able  
And the horses flashing into the dark  
She said: father will go out with you to fish  
And four weeks later, spoke his last wish  
And know you say mamma is sick and it's a cold, I'm not dumb, just nine month  
old  
And awake the farm like a wanderer white, the dew came back, cork on my  
shoulder bites  
Her friends assembled, her friends ran errand for the foreign track event  
For some time of the course of the day  
It was all shining, it was Adam and maiden that found  
That the sky gathered again and the sun grew round  
Out of shimmering, the shimmering blue merely able  
Out the whispers, whimpering, begging blue; first waiting, first pleading they  
were almost able  
In the first, the spinning spools, the spin spool, the spell bound steed was  
walking warm  
Can you fold my handkerchiefs, can you fold my handkerchief?  
It is show and the night will start soon?  
Refrain  
That does not hurt, it's an afternoon

Pierre Rausch

# Answer In The Sea

Come with me, come to the sea  
Come with me, you need to be  
You need this answer to agree  
You need this answer in the sea  
Come with me, come to the lake  
Come with me, you('re in) need a break  
You have this answer to awake  
You need these respond from the lake  
Come with me, come to the moor  
The sprouts in the mud to core  
Come with me, you've a chance  
Come to the moor to a dance  
Shut your eyes and believe in me  
For you will see, your answer in the sea  
A mermaid comes out of the water  
Mermaids do not speak  
She lays hands on our shoulders  
And gives us a kiss onto each cheek  
Now, our love will go on forever  
Saved by a creature so unique  
That tears run down our cheeks  
Circle of dreams live in me  
Just like a house caught on fire burns a tree  
Ocean of stars a brighten the lake  
Just like all this may awake ; Just like all this may be  
Your answer in the lake ;  
Your answer in the sea

Pierre Rausch



# Apocalypse

She does not put out on mall  
You make that to a pretty girl  
No-matter-whom  
Who can give me more  
Men fire at square  
Don't call to arm  
Who cannot give me more  
And there congeals  
Going to dinner  
And you'll see  
A merry humor  
General alarm  
Uprising daybreak  
When the shop-keeper hears  
Four columns  
I with am you  
His hair in a white  
The promenade taken  
White with a pallor  
With a pallor  
Can I trust you

Pierre Rausch

# Art

English

Each key has born time, dead art, poetry; sublime old start  
Seeing he had born a savage country out of date  
Gives rocks small lee-wray, the chopped seas held that year  
Lilies from acorn, trout factious fate  
True Penelope loves Flaubert fished by obstinate isles  
Her hair rather than on sun dials, sun-dials  
Affected by l'an trentéunième, threatens my muses' diadem  
The age demanded an image of the modern stage  
Of an inward gaze, some classic paraphrase  
(Appointment at the pass-stay station)  
A mold in plaster, prose kinema, alabaster, alabaster  
For what you ask, for what you will get, my song bathed in the wet  
For what Sonja asks, for what Sonja will get, Sonja today I met  
Hello darkness smart face, I come to talk to you again  
And the vision that remained in the songs of silent lambs  
Listen to these children cry, these that I belied, I belied

Pierre Rausch

# Artifacts Of Glory

You'll shamble the room behind  
Blink as the door closes  
Stand helplessly, stand helplessly

It's a steel plate you hold in both hands  
Talk noise over guard  
You are not going to touch her  
Artifacts of Glory

Remember when the musket bullets flared around you  
Arms and tights protected by plates  
A voice back down the yard  
It's a steel plate you bring closer  
You are not going to touch her  
Artifacts of Glory

Cyan tint  
Haircut  
A fixture back from the light  
Overnight theme  
Fell at day  
You are not going to touch her  
Artifacts of Glory

Pierre Rausch

# Ashes In Ashes

Pocketful magenta mass  
Evokes the delta of a swarm  
Balsam, mouth-hood  
When you accept eyes closed

Cracks on the asphalt to the mass  
Evokes opportunity  
No wagon to divide

Stick marina calendar  
Crop the pendulous clause  
Pump-prod to a prod multiform  
Jaw-Persistence

Chamber-box. Charm. Dual profession.  
Shall calendars glue ashes in ashes - Magazines

Shall calendars glue ashes in ashes  
Magazines shan't glue

Frenzy move to temper  
Funny side, delta  
limit fax evocation  
On recommendation it's square thank

Chamber-box. Charm. Profession.

You're honored through virtue  
Honored by guess  
We forfeit

Pierre Rausch

# Astronaut

In apogee of activism  
In apogee of theme  
In apogee astronaut  
In apogee of ceremonial flats  
In apogee of first phase  
In apogee of hot wires  
In apogee of crisis tankers  
In apogee of louse-borne typhus  
In apogee of soil association  
In apogee of cured fatalism  
In apogee of polyesters  
Detroit detoxification  
In apogee of decisive F  
In apogee of the small-box  
In apogee of exploited telephone marketers  
In apogee of quarter  
Wealth fare  
Terrain  
Fission  
In apogee an astronaut  
The wars of succession  
Mink coat  
West-side  
Ninths  
Mitigation conflict  
In apogee of buoyancy  
In apogee of taxation or bye  
Wild heretical fund  
Broad  
Coercive favor  
  
Pierre Rausch

# At The Fair

See the kid over there  
See the host that scares  
And fear appears  
See the tunnel  
See to stare  
And his smile comes out  
At the horses square

Everyday the kid plays at the fair  
Make him out,  
He has horse hair  
He is running with his  
Dragon's flight  
He is running with his dragon's kite

(Delight)  
Games get played  
James pet played  
At the fair

Of fame and trade  
That claim a maid  
At the fair, at the fair  
And smiley of his key-less  
In bronze rive  
If note turn in a groove

Pierre Rausch

# Atmosphere

A full grown space, a forth grade  
Puts the follower to comprehension  
Faith to faith - dimension  
Atmosphere - for ambition to call

I can see  
Naphtali, third grade  
Forth grade, what I do  
Brand new piece, a forth dimension

That's when I realized,  
A disc around the page  
You won't see  
All in my flower

Would you pretend warmth for her  
Would you allow a preshow  
I know someone peculiar who doesn't see  
Something like a draper's shop  
Feminine week, silence refined  
A teenier crush, the crushing of the weir  
Field water to waft, she'd never love

Pierre Rausch

# Auntie Bessie

Laced her tea to sip  
And comes to a new end, a nephew  
And through the sore origin to a break

You'd snap, you trembled, you don't know  
But it's better then nothing  
It was only per occurrence  
Of a young priest about him

Cockatrice rifle all around  
Eccentric  
With the running no one ever did  
Let her go in and witness  
Of a young priest about him

Cherry swan on Christmas night  
That frees one mind  
But it was too late  
And when we supposed we where outside  
A new end, a nephew  
Someone who has not spoken for a word  
But it was too late

Cherry swan on Christmas Night  
For these are the things that take part  
A final word of miracle  
A final round

Pierre Rausch



# Babysitter Circle

We went up the marcasite  
Moderate view PD  
A faraway alloy  
Laughing, easily

My prescious circle  
More upset then ever  
Something isn't fair  
More prescious yes

Several sofa, fish & chips  
Film-collection basement, bed-time story  
Caramel cinema

Ponieyard in any robe  
Board game, bed-time story

A faraway ambiente  
Moderate choice  
Misunderstanding view

Mixer: fruitful drink  
Isn't it from house to house  
Rumor to checked

We went up to onyx bar  
Laughing, at ease  
A faraway villain  
Moderate view

Prescious  
More upset  
Something that isn't fair

We went up to jade  
Laughing, ease  
A faraway place  
Moderate department view



# Back To Crisis (Managment)

Which one owes to what is merely an expression  
Would you believe it  
When you keep up at night  
Oh Babe

Back to crisis  
Styles so secret, caused her to flames

Let us not go too far  
Let us share a trust, a seat,  
Let us go too far  
He was walking in a bent attitude  
he could have walked out of that alive

He had, in a vague way  
Became overcast  
A habit of fashion  
Oh Babe

There is in America  
A district near Panama  
No doors to chambers, no staircases, nothing at all  
Oh Babe  
Would you believe it

Pierre Rausch

# Back To The Future

Back to the future - it will take a long, slow breath  
Back to the future - a modified DeLorreen had taken position  
in front of the courthouse back to the future - for your account and risk  
to power the time machine with a bolt

Where he would sense he was being watched  
As they heard a flurry of wings and panic  
When they had gone, to his surprise  
But his path was set

Back to the future - the courthouse square before dawn  
Back to the future - you have done well  
But instead a dark figure had spoken  
in the schoolyard back to the future - and his bones cracked

Where he would sense he was being watched  
As they heard a flurry of wings and panic  
When they had gone, to his surprise  
But his path was set

Back to the future - it will take a long, slow breath  
Back to the future - a modified DeLorreen had taken position  
in front of the courthouse back to the future - for your account and risk  
to power the time machine with a bolt

Where he would sense he was being watched  
As they heard a flurry of wings and panic  
When they had gone, to his surprise  
But his path was set

Pierre Rausch

# Bankers

Every treasure will be back  
Be dipped and be splashed  
Be discovered and be turned

Made me attentive to bank  
Only awaited opportunities  
As we shall see at the end

There are miners  
Every treasure will be back  
He sent out special spies

Be discovered and be turned  
He was wrong – to let it go  
It happened to a chief

The commissary's office  
Of the glance that it might have  
I don't see any wench nor any flowery bonnet in the street  
Of the glance that it might hav

Pierre Rausch

# Be Regret

Possibly I've regrets  
No affair, not an moral act

Gloom merchant  
The frig marshall

The children were laughing from breadth  
Profond character  
Width, a fringe group  
Now a tormented square

Possibly I've regret  
Not the affair, no moral

Order number five, gas tap  
Float beyond the valve  
At covered distance

The angry student comforts  
Made extra studies  
What comes next

Fell to thinking together  
On the side, he returned  
They calmed down  
That was too much

Here they found a flat  
Stained with black blood  
Attempted sky-divers  
All leaped to feet  
We must move away

Pierre Rausch

# Beautiful Angel

When I am dreaming  
It's about you  
You run on the right path  
Dreaming, in blue dreaming  
Putting your half

When I am screaming  
The dream is with you  
I see it with you  
It's the best I have

The falcon, flies his yard  
Falcon patrol on a yard

Beautiful angel, come down to earth  
Come and release me from these cuffs  
Of my own two shoulders

When I am dreaming  
I care for you  
I see what's in you  
And walk on the right path

Pierre Rausch

# Beautiful City

Didactic dieheard diary  
Incidence magniola  
Eva all terrain

Thesaurus, beautiful town in boy mean city  
Thesaurus isn't enough

Killjoy  
In a room with a stuffed hen  
Rebel, my thoughts are crabbed and sallow  
Clenched on a round pain  
Hunter & rebel

Illinois da  
Isles of da  
Excentric rumours  
Kindle kiosks  
Illinois - R

But skyward statues with the west  
To the majrsty of town

Emerges  
Diatribes tirade  
A A A  
E E E  
N N N

Hieroglyphes of Chamberlain  
Dendroid color  
Institute fern  
Rambling to walk  
Clearance to walk

Pierre Rausch



# Best Friend's Wedding

Good for good  
A dog-watch  
To be the spy for good  
„Never taken departure“

Coachman or carriage  
Every good that lies within

Was on the point of ring  
Needing pardon to none

Like a whirlwind  
Would expire with me  
Our father testament  
To bring confidence again

Up to the very top  
Who held fast to be hold  
Junction therein  
He had reached the end of the walk

Near her  
That he would go as far as the end  
Could be looking at that confidence  
That we state

Showing this turn in his youth  
Foundation of confidence  
The young girl trembled at eye

From distance, at expiration  
Such was his habit  
She wants you right here  
She wore her crape bonnet

Near her  
When she glances in this  
That is to say, with a battered hat  
That he would go as far as the end

Briefing-case white on a mission  
Or that man can't, towards, handle  
On the verge of swooning  
How are ya the next to croon

From distance, with relay  
She wants you here to display  
At contemplation to a better sphere

The same bench, the well-known couple  
Her white gloves, the well-known couple  
From distance, say nothing to another  
At expiration to another sphere

Pierre Rausch

# Big

Bun brought this to Babylon  
Icarus, candle-wax  
Genet decent refinery

Brioche conquers fill  
It's completely plaza  
Gossip, let's go, hey

Bannock with dark  
Art recognition  
Geisha pairs

Bridge roll prior  
Infrared  
Gallant to be

Baguette import  
Index bagel  
Gastronome baguette

Brownie export  
Indemnity  
Gorgeous

Boursin export  
Introverted cloth  
Gabbles

Bloomer import  
Introverted radiator  
Gauge Calvin

Blanc mange brought to trump  
Intruders  
Good and will intention

Bel Paese, bay (leaf) , bergamot,  
Interloper  
Grouses about the food

Broomer, with haste  
I'd prefer slight serene  
Genetic perfume

Barley (water) , flared  
I'd burnish here  
Granulate to blink,

Burgundy, juice, split,  
Ice-cream, bi-lid,  
Grand

Bitter lemon, can't handle  
Israel, the partition  
Genezareth

Buttermilk, cache  
If wonderful,  
Gammon out

Black velvet for secretary  
Idol  
Gems of book

Pierre Rausch

# Black Moon

You picked up, and called the moon  
You asked a minute too soon  
Dancing dust rise among, fancy phase among  
I need you now, heart hold bow,  
Black moon, shade doom, black moon

Black Moon

These tears sink just you,  
My sweet little pocket Kangaroo  
Yes, more yes, no more art contest  
Squid row falling to class  
To look you in the eyes  
To see you're bathing down the pie  
I will hold you in my arms, forgive you, you speak

A bucket and a first loan  
The acrababra cobrahome

Pierre Rausch

# Blessed

When salt on earth shall lose its flavor  
Whichever endure, whichever endeavor  
Is the city of the light set on hill  
Can find such beauty to fill  
Light a lamp under a basket  
If it's me you ask it  
Light the lost souls in a broken house  
Whose master waits to find such spouse

Blessed are you my darling  
Behold a candle on the parking  
Play that medley I thought marking  
Of such blessed darling  
To be better contented  
Was no longer astonished at all

One conversation in which the beloved says  
It is possible that she had

For the poverty, it's the kingdom  
For those who mourn, for they shall be conformed  
The meek, who shall not inherit what they seek  
To be blessed obtain mercy  
Be pure in heart, for you shall be called

Pierre Rausch

# Blond Tuft

Modena City Ramblers, fantastic show  
Take me to the magic of that glory  
Blond Tuft, Blond Tuft, that's right  
Blond tuft, into another night  
With return, without coming back  
I'll go back there, ski, snowboard  
Missionary work, had reached the trolley  
What she would like, a time far too back  
Carefully, don't drown the whole kitchen  
Take the dirty cloth off and find a cleaner  
From the water where it had been soaking  
If she can see you, she'll understand everything  
She's gone into town, she said she'd leave us to talk  
I told her there was no need where  
The spilled paint had all hardened and matted  
Carefully, don't drown the whole kitchen  
Take the dirty cloth off and find a cleaner  
From the water where it had been soaking  
If she can see you, she'll understand everything  
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Blond tuft, into another night  
With return, without coming back  
I'll go back there, ski, snowboard  
Missionary work, had reached the trolley  
What she would like, a time far too back





# Bobbya

Not succeeded  
Breath on her shoulder  
Her share  
Bread on my hand

Bobbya in the neighborhood  
To the latter quarter  
Nevertheless, when she combs herself  
It was what they'd want

Bobbya as it flowed  
Her own intuition, her own  
Oh! how she would have liked  
Not impossible to defend

Just feel how my hands hold  
Happiness in good season  
Oooo  
Not impossible to defend

To the latter piece  
A coquet moment  
Bobbya, when she'd comb it  
Acquainted nevertheless  
A distant moment  
At my sewing sedan  
What splendid coat, what pity

To be, send it to me  
Our child is ill with a malady  
Since I come back to be send  
Since Bobbya is going away

To be send to me  
Tommorrow  
What splendid things to listen  
All at once



# Bonaparte

Manoeuvre!

A falling apple-tree leans far over  
Crows fly through branches  
Something which shone  
Just moving on!

Manoeuvre!

Baguette in the morning  
Cares if I'm picked  
And if you like, I will explain to you affair  
Just moving on!

With muskets stood

Manoeuvre!

Each holding one end of the chain  
Belt, short sabre, manoeuvre!

It seemed to move

My breakfast apparition

Unlike sten gun

Manoeuvre! It assumed a form

Cargo load, vehicles

France Champion

I'd believe in combat

Blackguards stepping in march

Cows furnishing in fields

I'd believe in instant

By degree the outlines became stand

„At Normandie landed

For land they've fought“

Where do they live?

Manoeuvre!

An apple-tree leans far over

And with sword in fist

Blurred by dawn

Because the ground was wet

The artillery had to wait  
Until it became firmer  
Manoeuvre, manoeuvre!

Pierre Rausch

# Breakfast @ Tiffany's

Be quit alone  
We ate lunch in the park  
Giggled, ran, along  
On the railings of a  
boathouse  
To see anything

Column is that season  
Spearless to linger  
Want to know about

And sashay in and out  
of Tiffany's

She put her head over mine  
A fancy development that finds  
A breakfast at the table  
All the while the excellent sable  
And sashay in and out of Tiffany's

The possibility of a tear  
These were little daisies  
Justice according to men  
They weren't elusive

Pierre Rausch

# Bright, Blue And Shimmering

Some say a comet has fallen down  
Some say to now take a step  
Some say that earth quakes  
Meteor showers and tidal waves

Some ask (you) to buy chocolate  
Some don't ask you a coin  
Some talk inside of bars  
Others are quiet and listen

Some have been his desire  
Some should he then acquire  
The half-lights of doubt constrained

A music man, you with me  
Two teenagers engaged with snowball throwing  
I'm dreaming of that face again  
Bright, blue and shimmering

But what has become of you  
Some may take your frock-coat  
What are you going to do

Some may take your frock-coat  
And some had forgotten that

Pierre Rausch

# Brushes

The brush in paint just slowly tints

But the galley is moved only by the galley-slave  
Will be plastered, it can be boring  
(Fire in the cold storage)  
Daubed with an airbrush  
She endured greater pain

The elements which constitute the consideration  
And vastly admired because he had seen of the gamins

The brush in paint just slowly moves

I do not wish you to have a bad opinion  
Stepped aside promptly

The brush in paint just slowly moves  
The brush in paint just slowly moves  
The brush in paint just slowly tints

You must have thought me intrusive  
Has become sanctified in your sight  
He declared to himself  
Would this lead him further

The brush in paint just slowly moves  
The brush in paint just slowly moves  
The brush in paint just slowly tints  
The panache of flamboyance

Pander panels, dye and stain  
She saw the total town  
The brush in tint just slowly moves

Pierre Rausch

# Bugging Operation (Hesitate)

Front garden on instincts - bunbelabela  
Front court and grief  
Obsessed with the big guys  
The strut and charm

Knock the janitor  
Wello, hesitations  
See in my mind's eye

Scatter the corn evenly  
Thereafter  
Quasi  
His inferior eye

It wouldn't rest, he can't leave  
So done da  
If he continues, I've grown  
Baleybaley  
Seek the engaged a janitor  
Freedom, clue  
Protective, she'd say  
Nothing she would not give

Wello bay, Truant mid-life,  
Tell Particles, the city breathes,  
To give you, it's running the way,  
Rent a token building, fish chandler,

I'm no weel – Baley Baley  
Almost in merry mood  
When you joined at night - they had you  
And those they had, they had

Pierre Rausch



# But The World Would Freeze

When he drifted back to consciousness  
So far away out to the sea  
As no one might be  
He drifted back to consciousness  
But the world would freeze  
Watching each other  
Feet don't reach the ground  
And a gesture releases excitement  
When he drifted back to consciousness  
So far away out to the sea  
As no one might be  
He drifted back to consciousness  
But the world would freeze  
Watching each other  
Feet don't reach the ground  
And a gesture releases excitement  
There is one land and one tribe  
You are the last child  
Could be no replacement  
We won't know now  
But the world would freeze  
Watching each other  
Feet don't reach the ground  
And a gesture releases excitement  
When he drifted back to consciousness  
So far away out to the sea  
As no one might be  
He drifted back to consciousness  
There is one land and one tribe  
You are the last child  
Could be no replacement  
We won't know now  
But the world would freeze  
Watching each other  
Feet don't reach the ground

And a gesture releases excitement

Pierre Rausch

# Bygones

VIP numeral  
In cahoot, conspiracy  
Crash collision arrival  
Colluded item to collect

Let bygones be bygones  
Someone had a hard time  
Group is group - gang is gang  
Every partner - group is group

Came along the riverboat  
The model teacher eclipse  
To reach the trance of poores  
Lateral brick

The cellphone  
VIP bodyguard  
Eclipse to handle  
Hot to eclipse

Do something  
Digit  
Every coil appears as VIP

As she the gong,  
Nonplus ultra  
Do something  
VIP numeral

Someone had a hard digit  
Flummox hea

Pierre Rausch

# Car Wash

Waiting, sunshine, watching file  
Still he waited a while  
Spark plugs, day match week  
In fact, the neighbors stir

Strapless, shopping bag, lookout,  
Five or seven choice option  
A trace without a state  
A state without a trace

Engine brushes on side, soda lather  
Brushes on visor, soda lather  
Bucket levers on top

Short parking allowed  
Pull the neutral loose from platform  
A trace without a state  
A state without a trace

Engine brushes on side, soda lather  
Brushes on visor, soda lather  
Bucket levers on the hatchback

Brown convertible, red coupé  
Turn the gear and move  
Hatchback, four wheel drive  
Brown convertible, red coupé  
Attention:  
Operating instructions  
Attention: be precautious

Shall it wring, shall it wax,  
Mechanic burnish, it buffs up for it

The veil in the catch and lock  
The veil on my best man

Engine brushes on side, soda lather  
Brushes on visor, soda lather

Bucket levers on the hetchback

Brown convertible, red coupé,  
Hatchback sterling, a four wheel drive

Pierre Rausch

# Caravan

The English front hid itself  
Roller shutter - very dense, very compact  
I prefer to overthrow and turn back

He abounded in pleasantry  
Draped windows - of this laughter in merry fit  
I prefer to overthrow and turn back

His hat the white and amaranthine cockade  
The Emperor is well  
Supposing himself to be out of the question  
In concordance to the rains of that night

A pretty checker-board  
However, that was his way  
The English front hid itself  
The rest had positioned

So much better  
He marked by a joy of him  
We are in a camping campagne

Pierre Rausch

# Carlo Gringo - Carlo 'Esteban' Gringo

Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango  
Looks like Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Looks like Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango

Drim, Dabe do, sixty-sibo  
Shall I respect, Dabe do, fifty-sue  
Shan't I oil, Dabe do, sixty-sue  
Dabe do, fifty-sue

Dabe dibo, sixty-sibo  
And in killing grounds  
Flashlight  
Dabe do, fifty-sue

(dortesojo, kosonaweiju)  
Esteban, the first week you are late  
(dortesojo, kosonaweiju)  
The second day, your neighbors' debate  
About you

Not proud; towel, broken,  
The darker way, and did not  
Dabe dibo, sixtisibo

Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango  
Looks like Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Looks like Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango

Dim de, dim de daba dim de da  
Tauron, serpent, amazing Minotaur  
Defend yourself mellow  
Defend yourself in uniform

Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango  
Looks like Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Gringo, Carlo, Carlo Gringo  
Looks like Grango, Carlo, Carlo Grango

Replica:

To de, te do roma, te deo redgo da bi  
Come now, don't come later  
The second day, the neighbors deborate  
Samine dje terra sworn, kornan true worn  
Dib on tich tetj gone

Mece se terro korn  
Krooh jeg salbo ky  
Fong kose, hohr ky  
Yerne kula ye momne gan  
Dorrer te de doro haste gan

Pierre Rausch



# Cash & Colt

Prints and Bag  
Squash, peaches  
Till' it breaks  
Capital figures on my desk

The cashier shall  
The bank assisten shall be  
With this man  
The clen bones

They shall have  
Give it the cold way  
Yet in your hands  
Cash & Colt

No more may offer  
The blows of the cry  
Though there are nails  
Till it breaks down

Where blew a flower, may a flower bloom  
Where blew a winter, may a summer bloom

The love of the city  
Though there are nails  
Till it breaks down

Prints and badge  
Squash, peaches  
Till' it breaks  
Chapital figures on the desk

They shall have  
Give it the cold way  
Yet in your hands  
Cash & Colt

But blurt blue  
You were mad, you weren't sorry

Assembly shop mechanics  
You've believed

What isn't,  
If it isn't anything towards,  
Forget, don't sleep,  
Heir to the scaffolding,  
To all night and day,  
Someone that's not my eye,  
Don't leave that real name behind

Pierre Rausch

# Charly

The Grass moved one moment forth  
Everything at all the quiet north  
Not these branches on the bush of a hang  
If I wanna have shot, big pistols, bang bang

Call a color snap shot of Charly in the late sixties  
A wheelchair on the white of a white country  
You're here on a three by four photograph  
Point to a sentence/repentance were your name is staffed  
(Dead or alive the old man invented, the old man suicide)

I'd grieve my love one floor down  
To grieve the hewer of the viewer  
It's a good monster with fingers, spreading white fingers

Her soul in division from itself  
You're mounting, falling, she knows not where  
Hiding amidst the loading cargo  
Her knee-cap broken, that girl I declare

The Grass moves one moment forth  
Anything at all the quiet north  
Not these branches on the bush of a hang  
If I wanna have shot, big pistols, bang bang

No matter what occurred  
In what dull house, one minute before  
Frequent common order  
Stands in brave music  
Soon, and night, light

Pierre Rausch

# Chasing The Dragon

This goes back to knowing your identity  
You haven't felled called to go there  
Fans will request for a signature or ask to pose for  
a picture  
That's all we have to go by  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
The empire you have created here  
The dragon was a bad guy  
Waking up and reading  
We can only see each others actions  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
That is perfectly natural  
To wait to respond to the actions  
And was thrilled to be there  
They would emphasise the importance  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon  
And let us run with perseverance  
Chasing the dragon

Pierre Rausch

# Cheeks Of A Pale Flushing

Beam traversed this excavation  
Annihilated at the very shock  
Chinese ivory handle of parasol  
In this vault, men who had redeemed

Toilette exhaled, forgiven mistakes  
And nothing could fascinate  
For she was another daughter

Soft toy animal – Theme park  
The just man frowns  
And nothing is magnificent  
The just man to tell

And her shoe outlined  
A youthful perfume  
There was nothing but glance

Battered near the band  
That certain complaisance  
Carter coarse boot  
And as with regret  
Feeling consideration for you  
He seated himself  
And with esteem  
Measured

Its murmurs had the hoarse accent  
Cheeks of rose-leaf, it is -  
Verb looking, tender, coquette  
Whence unknown, a pale flush  
An agitated whiteness, an exquisite boat

Pierre Rausch

# Chewbacca Jezreel

Nose-brush under the trail of Gainsborough  
Caliph thumb of train and of cargo  
Lips for a lumber largo embargo  
Animus soda hint chaos of octet  
Hawaiian, pet-food as familiar person  
Horo, horo,

Fati Ca lids of Richard Dixon  
A toothbrush white for sweet Nixon  
Horo, from the clip to Toledo  
Cool kid's chewing-gum with two  
Animus deport, mil octet  
Ton of several correspondence  
Largo

Feathered trunks, feathered confusion  
Embellished May-bucket, Song-Book  
Feathered heaven, feathered dressed flavor  
Garnish, vanished press,  
En Largo

Xylophone Castaneda, Butch trail  
Masonic Lips-stick, Blue Zebra sail  
The Masonic Porte-au-Prince  
Dali relic, diligence, somehow  
From tulips to Toledo

It's duty to report: (Miss Fatima, Miss North)  
Chewbacca Jezrel, Dr. Chewbacca,  
In the streets of Puerto Rico he ran,  
Snack to the asphalt to the track  
Isotope Cisco, enthusiast Ishtar Isotope  
When sun falls, horo and the moon he ran  
Welcome personality  
To the rangers down

Pierre Rausch

# Child Again

Oh mama, what happened, when I ran away  
I had no bad feelings, back then and today  
Play all day long knight and toy, LEGO Knight,  
I used to run through fields, climb on trees, run through a cave

I wanna be a child again  
And every day is as good as the last one,  
and if you've learned it as to where I come from,  
you've got a way down to go, look in my eyes, you see a  
sparkling brown, a sparkling blue

I wanna be a child again  
Dense and very compact  
Cannon balls rebounded  
Had discovered nothing of it

It becomes necessary to pour out more  
The evident right to sum up the whole  
That there is a certain instant

I wanna be a child again  
And every day is as good as the last one, and if you've learned it as to where I  
come from, you've got a way down to go, look in my eyes, you see a  
sparkling brown, a sparkling blue  
I wanna be a child again

Pierre Rausch

# Childhood Illinois (Paediatricians)

That passed free control  
No rope in here  
Assaulted no need

The sign to the flight - stop -  
Were cool, we're quiet - stop -  
Intermission briefing - stop -  
You're not sure yet - stop -  
For the surge is sown - stop -  
Through the archer's farm - stop -  
Gallop until nothing - stop -  
Burns, the bird box - stop -

Loosened all buttons - stop -  
That echo of the crestfallen - stop  
About for journeys - stop -  
Who aroused from his slumber -stop -  
Yet call the fire brigade - stop -  
Threw our snowballs - stop -

- stop - Already the gate would be blocked  
- stop - Already the gate got blocked  
- stop - Already the gate would be blocked  
- stop - Already the gate got blocked

Shall call - stop -  
the police of every guard - stop -  
the guard of every police - stop -  
- stop - the companion - stop -  
- stop - Already the gate would be blocked  
- stop - Already the gate got blocked

Interrupt the stop - block -  
There was a dim sheet - stop -  
A glove  
Gets glass back to the post

- stop - already the gate would be blocked  
- stop - already the gate got blocked



- stop - already the gate would be blocked
- stop - already the gate got blocked

Pierre Rausch

# Chinese Panda

The trees were reflected in the river  
Catching a branch back from the station  
Nobody had wished her well in such terms  
Chinese Panda and sometimes I learn  
He took her and hugged her  
He's very good to us  
I look at the corner of the tree  
Chinese Panda and sometimes I see  
Chinese Panda couldn't come any sooner  
And woke up this morning  
How long ago, Chinese Panda  
Where you used to sit  
And Panda has got the looks and wits  
Chinese Panda couldn't search any longer  
It's all so quick and sudden  
How long ago, Chinese Panda  
Where you used to sit  
Chinese Panda has got the looks and wits  
Chorus 2\*

Pierre Rausch

# Christ Lumen

(Deliver him, he cried) : lumen Christi

By losing all love, by losing all casted needs

All naked in the engulfing tides

Never to en-flourish in fields of whitest seed

Or flowers (under hours) never to enlie the flesh astride

(Of fields. And burning then) : lumen Christi

In his fire-lid en-ringed by recolting snow – lumen gentium

In his dung hill mowed as wool / held like hen – lumen gentium

Roosts sleeping chill till the flames crow – lumen gentium

Roost through the mantled yards (and) the morning men – lumen gentium

By the pit and the black log in the log bright light

The night is near

The night is near

The night is near

And the nightingale sleeps outside

(He knelt, he wept, he prayed) : lumen Christi

He wept from the crest to the veiled vanilla sky

His hunger goes bowling on bare bone

Past the statues (of the stables) and the sky roofed sties

Past the duck pond glass and the blinding byres

(He knelt, he wept, he prayed) : lumen Christi

Fires were crowned, he should prowl down the present cloud

Fires got crowned of blind love and rush in that lairs

Fires are crowned, our naked need struck us howling and alone

Though no sound flowed down the hand-folded air

Lux ae – tér – na lú – ce-at e – is, Dó – mi-ne – lumen Christi

Cum sanc-tis tu – is in ae – tér - - num: lumen Christi

Qui – a pi – us es, qui – a pi – us es. Jesum Christum

Re-qui-és-cant in pa – ce, in pace

By the pit and the black pot in the log bright light

The night is near,

The night is near,

The night is near,

And the scarecrow sits outside

Pierre Rausch

# Chuck Palumbo

The Mandrigal Mexico  
It's at mood in the house  
It's the surf in bus  
Four surfers - (lampion)  
They'd groove me

The Mandrigal Mexico  
Péninsula leader  
Havoc within  
Neck pouch vendor  
Valais take off, valais bird

T.A. Polyvinil  
Bare I.C.  
Comrade

Chicory black, Chicory white  
The left food on the first step,  
the right food to the half-time engineer  
Chicory black, Chicory white  
White chicory marketeer

Clarification nine hour thirty A.M. Morning  
Circuit clarification training  
Default, body heading  
Coffee goes longer

Chicory black, Chicory white

Wave power, PR public relations  
Riz or public relations  
Import decorate  
Powerless steering

Chicory black, Chicory white  
Chicoree black, Chicoree white  
Chicoree black, Chicoree white  
Chicoree black, Chicoree white



# Churches

My character has left  
Where I can relate directly to  
In a position where you can  
Tell me not to leave  
In the outdoors of Mexico  
As you lay there under the stars  
You could consider anything  
And take strength from it  
Such a ring of shape, there where  
Evenings when I dreamed of you riding up  
For what we believed were the right reasons  
I've learned more than I wanted to know  
Responded, I've killed better with my hands alone  
The churches had sounded on approach  
In the outdoors of Mexico  
As you lay there under the stars  
You could consider anything  
And take strength from it  
Such a ring of shape, there where  
Evenings when I dreamed of you riding up  
In the outdoors of Mexico  
As you lay there under the stars  
You could consider anything  
And take strength from it  
Such a ring of shape, there where  
Evenings when I dreamed of you riding up  
A rousing adventure as they increased their pace  
We have no choice now  
Of the first days alone  
You felt stunned and weak from the emotions of these days  
My feelings numb despite these differences  
When I thought I was in a slow  
In the outdoors of Mexico  
As you lay there under the stars  
You could consider anything  
And take strength from it  
Such a ring of shape, there where  
Evenings when I dreamed of you riding up





# Circus Psycho Clown

Circus Psycho Clown stalks in the dark  
No woman to bait a spark  
Women are people on an ark  
Circus Psycho Clown stalks in the dark  
Red Nose Devil makes people fear  
In mind nothing so dear  
Women have rights to be heard  
Red Nose Devil makes people fear  
Psycho Clown entangles in danger  
If women could be treated as stranger  
Circus Psycho Clown follows that ranger  
Oh no Red Nose Devil could enhance the danger  
Psycho Clown entangles in danger  
If women could be treated as stranger  
Circus Psycho Clown follows that ranger  
Oh no Red Nose Devil could enhance the danger  
A combination of anger and hate  
The ranger investigates, it's too late  
When the clown flees and escapes  
Not to be safe from state to state  
Psycho Clown entangles in danger  
If women could be treated as stranger  
Circus Psycho Clown follows that ranger  
Oh no Red Nose Devil could enhance the danger  
Psycho Clown entangles in danger  
If women could be treated as stranger  
Circus Psycho Clown follows that ranger  
Oh no Red Nose Devil could enhance the danger  
Circus Psycho Clown stalks in the dark  
No woman to bait a spark  
Women are people on an ark  
Circus Psycho Clown stalks in the dark  
Psycho Clown entangles in danger  
If women could be treated as stranger  
Circus Psycho Clown follows that ranger  
Oh no Red Nose Devil could enhance the danger

Pierre Rausch

# Clean (Spinning Wheels)

Everything you do: opinion  
everything you find: up, back  
They meet me to the same intransigence  
Every-time I hit the spinning wheels  
Valo concerto;  
"Spoken Aggression"

Noise creeks business  
Wonder if she stays  
Emotion struck  
Every-time I hit the spinning wheels

Gamblers at a six-day race  
I command you clean  
Federal clean, clean  
I command you clean  
Point at the mirror  
To pop at the bottom

At the bottom of  
And she laughs  
Everything you find  
Every-time I hit the spinning wheels  
Valo concerto; "Spoken Aggression"

I command you clean  
View, federal, clean  
I accommodate you clean  
Gamblers at a six-day race  
Point at the mirror  
To pop to dance

Inspector share seat  
"It's disturbing"  
That's important  
Fed cops on marquee

"The streets are cold at night"  
(down-town)

View, federal, clean  
I command you clean  
Gamblers at a six-day race  
Point at the porcelain  
At the bottom to dance

Pierre Rausch

# Codex

Arranged calories order  
Theater productions  
When we proceed to sketch  
Accomplishments nourishing  
Hussar dancers  
Prior to the event

Did we proceed?  
Oh, shared seats  
Business card, welcome  
A harsh consul on TV  
Prior to the event

Did we dance?  
Catering restaurants  
Center-stores  
When there's a codex  
In the yards of the turtle tone

The works she forgot  
To mention - February fencing – the left arm at degree  
"The lot she forgot "  
When there's a codex  
Prior to the event  
Nothing to roll about  
Did we dance?  
In the yards of the turtle tone  
We looked outside  
A unison of part-time friends  
Prior to event

Pierre Rausch

# Columbia Line

The docks in the brooks wept lane  
Column's ringing drops, carved dew

The container, the dark door wide  
Aren't there outsiders on the bed of that my pride  
A red rose and a minstrel's flight  
Red favored favor despite

On a red mole, it climbed inside  
An octave, white, blue frame and I'd  
My hand off, on a peer, website  
To the familiar door that she'd guide

On the white, longer growing green, and minstrel fed  
The singing breaks, shewed villages of a wishful lad  
And over the glazed fingers skated that her were set

Dancing hollowed form  
Brims with key, cotyledon green key  
And fast through the drifts of a ticker volunteer  
And over the cloth the rode chevalier

Pierre Rausch

# Commerce

As they caught the main stream  
He rose in fire and main stream  
With an eye upon the wheel  
Registrations at desk

To send out a cup of establishment  
A couple of phrase  
The result of his length

There were no wolves at desk  
Registration shall he be  
A commerce apprentice

Your arm to the night – a thought day  
Whose veranda shall carry to envy  
A postilion who had tumbled  
Ignorant to tendency  
They thought their own share

To the right, there was no path  
Messengers had passed  
Variety as entertainment

A pencil upon the writer  
Established commerce  
An explication requires  
Commerce established

Pierre Rausch

# Communication Breakdown

There's no way back and no way out  
When you come down and I can't  
Communication breakdown

He is in the tremendous sea  
He is lost in outer space  
He is in on a cruiser

She participates on a body sign  
She participates in a language course

I can't close my eyes to glass  
Where then is the ship  
Next, I can't close the lid

There's no way back and no way out  
When you come down and I can't  
Communication breakdown

The wind blows in gusts  
That which can be summed up  
Nothing more simple  
Here is the receipt

She participates on a body sign  
She participates in a language course

Now it's enough, now you go

Pierre Rausch

# Complexus Life

But which was almost an escarpment on the side  
Of two throls of the two great sepulchres  
Sprayed, he told, closet  
He told us of spoken now and then  
Necked nails, but thumbed  
Almost preacher, I saw guide  
The vault, groin, scrape  
In the praise that I saw

'Just runnin' feeling, just runnin' my mouth'  
Innocent, an old man kind  
Almost teacher, I saw guide  
Save among the secret sky  
Nor did I now, had he cried?  
And this groin to scrape  
Save among the secret sky

How could I betray my life  
How could I enhance in danger

Sweat sleep arriving  
The shell, nigh  
Sweat motor on the rill  
As being innocent,  
Through the girded sky  
Values to best friends  
A man is where I've gone  
It down to show  
Crying at the last  
Innocent, an old man kind

How could I betray my life  
How could I enhance in danger  
Dangerous blast

Pierre Rausch



# Confort At Desk

Not window was open  
This coincided with a black cloud  
They perceived something floating  
Which suddenly veiled the sun

Recognized a drunken man  
As on the previous evening  
The moment was approaching

Not a door stood ajar  
Opinions were exchanged  
We must place  
It was absolutely necessary

The distant tumult  
The swans were far away  
The bourgeois danger  
Delighted to make a jest

Pierre Rausch

# Confused

He lived many years  
In the underground cup  
And his companions followed  
In the underground cup

It's in his mind  
That is what was  
Doesn't know it better  
Set by one, one by one

The Wild was even wilder  
In this way they could escape  
That is what was in his mind

Far down in fortune  
„Farewell“  
They had escaped  
Your admiration, thank

Flee, they found enough  
And in the name of him, we see

Looks as if  
Refused to go straight  
And they hand on  
In the underground cup

Freek one more guess  
Till' it is made  
'Till it is stick  
Frequency to guess

Stream stirs in gladness  
A knock on thought  
Those weren't crows!  
Could be alltogether lid

There were the light elves and the deep elves  
With a darker red

Anyway without line  
Our like in lodging

Pierre Rausch

# Copper

A town in every girl  
An easy town in every robe  
He warned himself to be  
He would laugh and be stupid  
You're funny and cheerful  
You are supposed to go  
She had a bit about letting it  
She needs it in all her go

A mall in every girl  
A city and mall  
Some kind of sentence,  
With envy of style, what's to become

Getting a fellow, well knowing a style  
Confirm the persuasion, have saved bye  
A mall in every girl  
A town in every city  
There is no question, the two pound sum  
On a frilly dress, fingers, what?

And the postman with no rose  
Steals me my love away  
The postman with the rose  
We called the fire brigade  
Blue knuckles and milk  
That the tension disobeyed

A mall in every girl  
A town in every city  
And the postman with a rose  
Steals me my love away  
A girl in every town  
A mall in any city  
And the postman with the rose  
A girl in every town

Pierre Rausch

# Corner Relief

I bit my blouse, I suffered so  
I count upon that  
No one saw me, no one picked me up

How the birds sang!  
And the day when they came to you  
Was wonderful  
To tell you to pick it up

He comes in contact with an obstacle  
Oh, if you only knew  
Now, no one can get out of the barricade  
He came in contact with an obstacle

Because I wanted you before  
How happy I am  
I don't want you  
How happy I am  
Because I wanted you before

Heart-breaking, her torn blouse disclosed  
I suffered so, I suffered so

Pierre Rausch

# Cosette Thenandier

Was overwhelmed there, held the stand  
Packed the bougies, behold  
Is gnawed by grape-vine,  
Their feet hung swung  
That shoulderblade to oscillate

Is champed by shots  
Three sou, Monsieur - Monsieur, three sou

It isn't evident,  
Says they were not,  
Leave, my dive, from them,  
And she causes to leave

Cast where we heard  
Were they're all, that stay (where we are)  
On the succeeding night

Says they were not  
Well isolated  
The rain-water to collect  
This isn't isolated  
This isn't well  
This isn't Cosette

Three operations  
Is crunched by grapes  
In three timid act-shoot!  
The ball, and went boum!  
One enters the garden first  
It is Cosette

Brigadier,  
Broken hand, fracture leg,  
It's Cosette  
Being able not to load  
Brigardier,  
Giant day being able  
What I'll believe: (aux Thenadiers)

Ballet captain

Pierre Rausch

# Cpu

Sword-blades, and shapeless projectiles  
A friend inside a shapeless heir  
Enorm pillow  
Robbed in the pagoda osier  
The friend inside you  
Grisette & Polypore  
Down the station beyond the  
scratched pad

To service her Japonica virtue  
Where are they?  
You must enter again the  
round  
Are they themselves?  
A central processor  
Sassaf

Rented a crooked mourning  
With four crossing birds  
This heritage  
Lie with religion in her cramp  
Seventy years of peony  
The postures  
Homely house  
Oh no, beginning to feel uncomfortable

Where are they?  
Are they themselves?  
A central processor  
Monkey puzzle

Wax that ribs upon the ageing cloth  
From the queer lodgings on four leg

Pierre Rausch



# Danielle Metro

Danielle Metro, I have to learn  
You're the most beautiful  
Why don't you tip?

When you gash upstairs  
When I see trace  
Why don't you allow

Misses Willing;  
Meanwhile, meanwhile, in a seesaw situation,  
in a trench-coat,  
These that there are, the tops of an inlay  
Danielle Willing, forward these letters to  
the courier, in The meanwhile to process  
"awkward to burnish, awkward not to banish",  
polish, top secret, secret, headline

Danielle Willing,  
Don't you ever sell the toys that doesn't fit?  
Don't you ever buy the toys that doesn't fit?  
You're not closer, I bid on the Magma-train,  
are you closer? Allow me

Oh, honey, honey, honey;  
In the city, back in that ground  
Would you come back, should it be  
That it shouldn't be, that's no lane  
Top secret, in the beginning  
It wasn't celled in a thought  
Before his pitch was shaking in sieve, closer  
Allow me  
Danielle Metro, allow me

Pierre Rausch

# Daycare Center

Clings to her hairbrush  
For her turn confided  
On the march had not filled in the ruts  
And strewn a litter beneath the wheels  
Cling to her young dress  
To computed demand  
Clings to her hairbrush  
For herb on benches  
To stress on tide  
Tide to her game  
Holds to that dandy  
Attached to that cupboard  
Holder and closet  
Holds it beside  
Holds to her screen  
Clings to her chewing slide  
To stress it on tide  
Ai! Notes, handicrafts  
Ai! Notebook circle  
Who'd greet the rombaze here and  
Who'd cherish the mallard's outside

Pierre Rausch

# Delicious And Refreshing

The light refreshment and for other reasons  
You want to slow down at the crossroads  
Pressing A, pressing B  
And you hope to get further pressure  
You still run around in circles  
In a pool of black paint  
You'd meet such an available girl  
To use her own kind of language  
That about sums you up  
But nowadays you're a bit lovesick  
That about sums you up  
She'd tell all, the way women do  
Chorus 3\*  
But you're so wrong  
Men are much too gentle to discuss their  
emotions  
You know I think of no other girl  
It is a sign of sensitive moments  
Chorus 2\*

Pierre Rausch

# Direction Neigh

Air to gasp  
Obnoxious to nicker  
To grasp connection  
To the direction neigh

Obscene; half pulled window  
Job, positively  
Inspect something perceived

Mad machine, filthy  
She rents red bricks  
Sap, fresh and pressed  
She tackles at lurk  
Principles at gateway –  
To the direction neigh

Serpentine procedure: neigh  
Procedure: neigh  
Direction neigh

Teenage trot – neigh  
Teenagers - ouch  
Trolley – ouch  
To the direction neigh

Director neigh at  
Two little snobs  
Two little snobs: neigh  
To the direction neigh

Handsets to crumble neighbor's  
Tut Tut  
Etoile a nova - neigh  
Cabal quest refused

Pledge to no cab - ouch  
Robin lumber – neigh  
Member card inclusive  
Despair persistent to feel

Pierre Rausch

# Dirty

You will be shot before the barricade  
Between two pieces of glass  
You have knocked at all doors  
As there will be more

You won't be shot at the barricade  
And passed gayly through the opening  
They play along with the song  
In the larger barricade  
There are four of these dirty doors

And you're so dirty  
Two pins at the uppercorner  
A briefless lawyer, when I take to you  
Dirt taken to care

Taking time and collecting forces  
As there will be no more

Who had so tranquily entered  
As there will be more  
And beheld on the barricade

Emotional influence  
It is a moment to pronounce  
And it's in order

Standing on the spot  
To speak low tones up  
As there will be no more

Pierre Rausch

# Djarlamancha

Rodeo rodeo, tror te, tre  
Recerüderodero  
Djarlarmancha cook it up  
Hovel, spare part, hug shop

It is a biscuit, a leisure teen  
It is a Larry, a boy on scene

Terrier  
There are many hills not to ascend  
Came down form the ballyhalle camel  
It is a biscuit, a leisure teen  
That it was it who had broken  
The traveller blade's of theriser's fog  
It is a Larry, a boy on leisure  
Downtown Station of the Liebert track  
It's here I bribe, It's here I quit

It is a biscuit, a leisure teen  
It is a Larry, a boy on scene

Down dunnhallitop

A child made the perspiration trickle down his limbs  
Which had relaxed its grasp reappear  
Djarlarmancha cook it up  
In the darkness behind  
Djarlamancha skumb zob  
Djarlamancha de shig zob  
As the lukeworm crawls outside  
It is a biscuit, a leisure teen  
It is a Larry, a boy on scene  
Djarlamancha skumb zob  
Djarlamancha de shig zob  
It is a biscuit, a leisure teen  
It is a Larry, a boy on scene

The wealthy archetype Higgins  
The specimen that could field within

I am an a widget, a leisure scene  
It's to describe the field within

The digs red to volvemarsh size  
Late specimen you could question  
Layout archetype Higgins

Pierre Rausch



# Dnjepr Dnjepopetrosk

Camouflage in panther  
Plant I'm gonna love  
ISBN: Gdansk congregate  
Doorsteps to combustion

A lot of words (spoken)  
Seldom departure, a many words  
Seldom hetero, (dam dam dam dam)  
By the cocky rivers  
Dissuasive dnjepok  
Avast Dnjepr,

The oil of life, cosmetic, manic  
Colorize croquettes to the oil of live, dnjepok  
Is it not the love I blame, the love to you  
It's her lid that put me down, stay here  
Function djnepr  
Transcribed the circles of world  
The works to the company, the ocean  
ISBN  
Come  
then, I will go on horseback. Unharness the  
cabriolet.  
Excess of zeal kills  
A pulse for magnetism, attired by poles,  
A pulse for magnetism, attired by poles, the light  
towers approached, (spoken in a toward way)  
First the ships drawn by maps, first network  
dnjepr, dnjepopetrosk  
Ship lines direct from port to port, routes that  
trade to authority  
Core cruisers, star ships, the big freighters, the  
Ironclad  
Battleships, sails of this Aegean  
„Please contact S.O.S, in aid, we've got it“

(not every take)  
I was trying, trying, trying,  
Whooo-whoooo-who

Look, I'm gonna love  
at the least at every relay  
Dnjepr, dnjepopetrosk

Pierre Rausch

# Don't Feel Bad

But you intend to implore her again  
Swimming by the light of the silver moon  
Tense and atmospheric  
Looks like skin and dark hair  
I don't usually talk about this  
Finds things to occupy myself  
That is all I could read  
Then that's another thing  
Don't feel bad  
Don't feel bad  
Don't feel bad  
Don't feel bad  
I sank onto the edge of the bath  
I drifted in the half here  
No one came down to meet me  
Which depressed me further  
Chorus  
And that's all you need in music  
That's all you need  
So my dear young Lady  
Would you play with me  
Repeat  
Chorus 2\*

Pierre Rausch

# Don'T Walk Getting Mixed Up With Your Getters

Reindeer gunner  
That the stature  
Of the elk blade  
From their watchfulness in any momement

Well, he's ready  
Confounded visitors hanging on the kisser  
As often as he can't spare  
Get something reindeer

Let us make haste slowly  
Who don't see mountains  
If you were not here  
Who says: „Then you must walk“

Yet, after all, why don't we get  
He offered once, too  
Where I can't finish my fruit  
Don't walk getting mixed with your getters

You look rather absurd  
For a wild spear stroke  
And any there fell before  
Don't walk getting mixed up with your getters

Pierre Rausch

# Don't Worry (I'm On Your Side)

Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
The tissue will give you strength  
Continued to struggle as you, as you  
When the flow was just a trickle  
One of us should scout around  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
I grant you guest rights  
You grant me guest rights  
I want your advice on this  
Your advice is mine  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Had been surprised to be given command  
It was a small thing perhaps  
There is a certain limit  
Would shake my head half way through  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side  
Don't worry, I'm on your side

Pierre Rausch

# Don't You Think You Should

If it's right to keep it now  
I'm not sour if it's right

Don't you think you should

Feels as if it wouldn't be there  
As long as you're sure, that's all that matters  
If you stop to think about it

Don't you think you should

I know you never had much time  
Well, I'm sure, when you're back  
I've been thinking about that

Don't you think you should

Couldn't tell what suddenly looked  
Don't look so surprised  
I don't want to be stuck  
And get the chance to change  
But then, it is hard to notice  
Quiet as he had been  
To allow it far ahead

Pierre Rausch

# Dragon

Dragon in the lands of the crosier  
Head teachers, into the tiles of the weapon of the arquebusier  
Hampton court, flint-lock, pseudonym, stuff, the Charles Darwin punier  
Hampton court, slate's at your door  
Dragon, dragon at your door  
Hundred-sixty pounds, two-hundred twenty lbs, tutors joins on customary  
Fahrenheit test  
Hampton court, into pubs, to cope on west-end, to score with the customary  
grant  
Acacia hanging, copper thus, copper rust thus male Fleming  
Perpendicular rent curator, turtle shield and crane an oscillator  
Beppo glass dozen, pepper-coat tailed shameless Beppo bronze  
Fallible alibi thermos uttermost, tow outermost flower-coach, fallibly  
Patriotism passing too fast, Puccini informer master iconoclast  
Nocturnal omen embanks chloroplast, for the structures to steal their past  
Plying poll polka to polyp: Newsreel Harold harmony, to the mid  
Cameroon, Cameroon, come out  
Alder and box elder command globule control, if it remains it's ball volley to hold  
Lactic defamation, pasteurization, the dribbles told anthology privation  
Amber in ambushade and arabesque, amorphous cat-house nor the pieces to  
steal their vet  
Gasoline, boa path, finder path, Aristoteles: Be serious, rite, divide us  
Billy, cockatrice and nectar, projectiles meld node to Boondock backdoor  
Passenger sesame, passenger corn and field, Bogota Almond crop and field  
Yellow of proof that cast a flavor, when that yellow ball flushes from one pitch to  
Rod Flavor  
From one court they scream "out", but with the slow motion feature, they signal  
doubt  
"It's the players that decides which angle's opportune, they'd rather give it to the  
referee to resume"  
Dragon, Slate's at your door

Pierre Rausch

# Dragon & Elves

Blacksmith, listen, throw  
Now, if you spray  
So he sat down and furnish  
Were scheduled and torn

Agenda with indulgence  
If we could have a fire  
On every behalf  
It is well that I found her

Do we have to go through?

For the breeze seems the rova east  
The events had long suspicion  
These events drove of themself  
For the breeze is the rova east

All that had happened  
After they went on beyond  
Rovam to leave work and home  
That he had brought back

For the homeward journey  
In the message of the agyar  
And at length smelling battle  
In the agyar of the box

For the breeze is the Rova east  
The office had long suspicion  
The office drove off  
In suspicion

It's zero in the voids  
Ella sour honey  
Sour, the signal

For the breeze is the Rova east  
The oleaster had long suspicion  
The oleaster drove



In suspicion off

Pierre Rausch

# Dreamland

Your conscience lies quite patiently, until the night comes out  
When you want to sleep, your conscience shows some doubt  
Your dreams may tell the truth, your problem is worked out  
Maybe you sleep silently, maybe you scream loud  
Come into Dreamland, that Dreamland  
And you will know where you stand  
There is something to spend  
You may live (the past) again, or see the future go  
You may love a friend or fight a foe  
Friends become foes and enemies can be friends  
It will be all the same again, when you're igniting a pen  
Come into Dreamland, that Dreamland  
And you will know where you stand  
There is something to spend  
Take over your visions, when sleep connects inside  
Your dreams may match a light, let them draw the night  
Dream with them hand in hand, try to find out for what the  
stand  
It's all the same again, when dream-work is to see  
I'm looking a your eyes, can see the sun come ryus  
I'm looking a your eyes, and I can see(the dream) which  
true

Pierre Rausch

# Dunjascha

It's a Rizzly bear, it's a quiz for bears  
Esteem of the Omega  
Scattered over the square  
There is nothing to be feared

It's a Rizzly bear, it's a quiz for bears  
Every thing is radiant  
Then you described the way you've felt  
Sire, there is nothing to be feared  
Haven't seen this location  
Went from one full stop  
Populace is more puny  
If I look at you and you blaze

Heaven selected nothing, nothing  
I've missed the words to describe  
You can't transcribe on paper stick  
I've missed the words to describe  
Mister Darling is a description  
I've missed the words to describe  
Mister is a statement since I like you  
I'll miss the words to describe  
And then you go and then I miss  
It's a teddy, it's a quiz for bears  
And then I go and then you miss

(Dunjascha)

I know you since I know the way  
To the next neighbor's door  
Modest some kind of trust, a barn inside yarnibeitskan  
It's a teddy, it's a quiz for bears  
(Dunjascha,) you've not that habit  
(Dunjascha,) you've got things

And then you go and then I cry  
And then I go and then you cry

(Will use my voice to talk within)  
(When you come around and talk)

It's a teddy, it's a quiz for bears  
One pride for glory, one oath for friends, one violet sharp  
It's a teddy, it's a quiz for bears  
Most precious Dunjascha  
You see it right, the stars and the clown  
A barn beitsiskan

Pierre Rausch

# Dwarfs

Again showed his usefulness  
So you have got here at last  
Are weaving to be wound  
Resources exceeding

There was dust on his boot, dirt in his shoes  
You have seen they've begun to arrive  
So you have got here at last  
There was dust on his shoes, dirt in his boots

A little beer would suit me no better  
When dwarfs enters, holding

When both enter with blue hood  
Silver and yellow - It was two dwarfs  
There they laid their burden  
But it was not - It was two dwarfs -  
A short rest - thank you -  
of course not

Dark and drear it looked  
Brown and ocker, well it is the first time  
that you'd weep  
Had they deer feelings to begin  
Of a pine-wood of the east-side  
Of Maryland -  
Get on with the dwarfs

Pierre Rausch

# Dynasties

Enthousiastic bourgeoisie  
Which is monarchy  
That great monarchy  
Recommandation

For the democratic king  
So well named  
That sombre royal  
He had seen the centuries appear

Much further towards  
And he hadn't accepted  
Whatever your nature is  
On two shores at once

That great monarchy  
That he turned and found  
The sort of range seen  
Fulminante critic

Yellowing bracken  
And their memories are long  
Altogether insignificant  
Each remaining spring

You blush and turn pale  
Each remaining spring  
Eternal or temporary  
What spring is there of mine

Pierre Rausch

# Echo

His toys had been kept inside  
And his mother asked him  
Why were you letting her crawl all over you  
That's all right, at least she is able to say sorry

Echo a few days ago, to see it still there  
We're both coming with the same share of flair  
Echo I wanted you to tell about  
And before her face cracked with Echoes

Sounds great, so I'll try  
Of course, just as long as it's grown fairly  
You left a note on the table  
Are you out of your mind

Chorus

Why are you worried  
Echo meant to be man and wife  
Out of everything into your life  
When you would be arriving from town

Repeat

Chorus 2\*

Pierre Rausch

# Elder Archer

For days gone  
On his doorstep one day  
Could not be taken at all

And the elves were flying  
It was an unfortunate remark  
Fell into that abyss  
You have nice manners  
Lay inside any claim  
Give them all'inferno

At the foot of declivity  
Through the shades of tiger eyes  
Like tremendous foam  
Contracting its four walls

And there across the sky  
Rode forth the tiger eyes  
Already knew so much  
Horses and riders  
Overwhelming the riders

That will be the last archer to the sword  
As this story comes to end  
The shock of a projectile  
That will be shouted and called

Pierre Rausch



# Elven Queen

Twelve million miles she forgot  
Swivelling in the mornin fog  
The risin walls the dragons lair  
There where starts to shiver Leister square  
Whoo ooo oo o

Or hand hold over head, when you lean  
When images dance across the screen  
At about half the storie she would guess  
Perhaps a little more these confessed

To grow numb in parade  
To the bathroom know. Quiet debate  
Or three or four films in a row  
Knockin set she would know

The never anything, the I will be you  
The Elven queen

Pierre Rausch

# Embassy

For having permitted him to love  
You don't really suppose  
A pretty woman dress  
As pretty she was passing along

Who astonished as welcome  
This conflict, that it will be suffering  
To be feared that it will be said  
Who astonished as welcome

Who represented it's country  
With the whole diplomacy  
Those chatterbox of the law  
Who represented it's country

One shade may console another  
Who astonished as opening  
The sharing of the same exile  
To a formidable coalition

Behind him was wall  
Almost forgetting the good guardian  
Not only to guard and guide  
Behind him where some guardians

Pierre Rausch

# Emerited

Initiate a walk for peace  
There must be something war can cease  
You said hello, rock me babe  
There is a way out hopeless shape  
If you think you dance, stop the motion, shag your friends,  
You can roll a rag, I've fled  
You keep down, I'll never know, how good it is, to hold you slow  
Tonight, I'm gonna keep for myself, hand it over to a good shelf  
Wind yourself in sobriety, in ecstasy for Terence Trend d'Arby

It's wonderful; I've your merited, if your lifeline isn't inherited

Has Cat Stevens ever recorded, and if, wasn't it peace that him  
ordered  
Good tradition of love and hate, amidst seduction to create  
Help me back on feet underground, again, I'm gonna dance the  
sound  
Disco-beat touched me for a while, a long, long time, I used to cry  
How much these tones made you smile.  
Did you write a book on the Nile?  
When where you dancing in the wind  
Could read it out in the wind

Pierre Rausch

# Ever After

Cowl hair  
Smoothly  
Combed  
Game birds  
Motballs  
Into it's sheat

I always meant to see you at all  
Sensual and safe, prosaic  
But you like it better now

Cowl hair  
Smoothly combed  
Bird games  
Motball  
Into it's sheat seam

Forums for discussion  
The beech trees are interspersed with  
conifers  
Alpine trees were interspersed among it  
A forum for discussion

Birthplace  
(opposite the Motel)  
A canteen waiter  
Opposite the birthplace

I always meant to see you at all  
Sensual and safe, prosaic  
A canteen waitress  
Slowcoach  
I always meant to see you at all  
Hospital pay phone  
Catering

When every guest has been welcomed  
I will give a call  
Of nagging age

Firm opening  
As novice  
Leveller

Pierre Rausch

# Excellent Night

Am I granted guests, right  
A few of these excellent nights  
But somehow it was sweeter  
The green of the land was fading as they rode away  
Into an excellent night

The news, the flies, the game  
The right common name  
With these lions advise  
You'd reflect on the news

Parchment would not own  
Cyber between the two boys  
I don't follow him around  
There's one I don't want to cross

The news, the flies, the game  
The right common name  
With these lions advise  
You'd reflect on the news

The news, the flies, the game  
The right common name  
With these lions advise  
You'd reflect on the news

Excellent night - that's in the past  
Excellent night - that is in the future  
Excellent night - that is now

The news, the flies, the game  
The right common name  
With these lions advise  
You'd reflect on the news

The news, the flies, the game  
The right common name  
With these lions advise  
You'd reflect on the news

Pierre Rausch

# Excited Phase

Brand is moved, the bids are made  
Splitter thrown  
Serious docket's supply  
Away a chest, that loan

Vinyl campaign  
Phase, won't fail  
I feel a bit  
With profligate authority

First I was scared, then afraid  
Forgot the lesson she made  
From one phase to another phase  
Mentioned the words she said

Go, phase, go  
Benevolences, had I too much

I was excited, then afraid  
Gave her the taste she made  
From on vessel to another phase  
The rainstorm for La Marseillaise

First I rearranged my feelences  
Bleed it in my own rim  
Then I came to mark  
Bleed it in my own rim

First I was scared, then afraid  
Excited, at a higher pace  
From one stage to another phase  
Forgot the lesson she made

Excited, at a higher pace  
Gave me what she made  
One episode to another  
Rainstorm for La Marseillaise





# Exeter Hotel

In the mid of shoe stores and dimly lid bars  
It's the whiskey cocktail as attractive as a jar  
Moth velvet as potted palm gifts  
Who would not be stunned if the front desk insists

Check in (over the years) , to commit suicide on squire  
In Exeter Hotel, no signature or proof of identity required

Climb the four flight stair  
Lock the door and fall into a softer chair  
That the bed's made, that the white robe's fade  
Just a man, who stays on his own

Check in (over the years) , to commit suicide on squire  
In Exeter Hotel no signature or proof of identity required

Smothered, the reports straight and set  
Thistle as even as omelet  
The pallet scoop to favor  
Just a blanket shaving at end

Check in (over the years) , to commit suicide on squire  
In Exeter Hotel no signature or proof of identity requires

Pierre Rausch

# Facilities

Please read carefully the instructions at your product  
The instructions tell you how to put up, how to handle your product  
So it won't break, to celebrate your product and enhance it

So it won't come to the factories, your next area in the scope  
The facility – your second category mob

Access the tutorial as soon as possible – we've established helplines,  
in case your product won't break; frequent asked questions, - join  
and practice theory, please practice calmly  
Don't forget your practice on Thursday  
Seem calm and soft-fruited, since they explain your theory  
Your first steps to a global method

Pierre Rausch

# Fair Lady

Out of these seathumbed leaves

A city in the city

After breakfast the four couples went to what was  
then called

Out of these seathumbed leaves

The franchise

I offer you asses

Hears there, You've good rumors,

Your name on this account

A city in the city

Your name attired

Is it good? Is it bad?

Frightened at their happiness

A singular edifice, which then occupies

Out of these seathumbed leaves

Obstination, where no sergeant,

A squadron of magnificent body-guards

Very little order on the table

Very tiny abdominals,

A city in the city

Your name attired

Taking everything into consideration

This was the all-known state

Pierre Rausch

# Fango-Fango

Fango, donkey in the dungeons to keep  
Fango, fruit of the Elbe sanctioned to sleep

That pool in whirl, (bubble)  
Juggernaut, (important voice)  
Amber palisade amber  
And block, (stop it voice, fem. voice)

In the hooting, (complaint)  
Dirt bag, (comment from the crowd)

Fango, donkey in the dungeons to keep  
Fango, fruit of the Elbe sanctioned to sleep

At plumped brim  
Drop, (another comment)  
On the gabbing capes  
In some break, (Stockholm release)  
Down, look at the reaction, (reaction of the crowd)

Fango, donkey in the dungeons to keep  
Fango, fruit of the Elbe sanctioned to sheep

I have found something new, (cool)  
I cannot forget

Fango, donkey in the dungeons to keep  
Fango, fruit of the Elbe sanctioned to sheep

I cannot forget

Pierre Rausch

# Fanwear

Never heard of anything  
I thought you did not like  
I thought you -

Never heard of maquillage  
Behold! The ravens are gathering back  
We are a few, but we remember  
Still the press  
I do not forget

At the order that I speak  
And great courage  
Wherein that walk  
With the order, I accept

Some of them even got up  
Wherein that walk  
Fanwear – the birds are gathering  
Fanwear in between

That the affair can't go wrong  
I've followed to the train  
At port diverse

Yet he distinctly heard  
Fanwear could have kept  
Run the fire it obeyed  
If these had not

It lie in the post  
Fanwear seventy-nine  
How the show was in frequency  
But there was nothing at

Pierre Rausch

# Fig Tree

MY BEST FRIEND LIES UNDER THE FIG TREE  
HE HAS A FINE TIME AND HE ENJOYS IT  
WHAT IS WRONG FROM START COULD BE  
RIGHT IN THE END  
UNDER THE TREE OF FIG MY BEST FRIEND  
POETRY AS IT'S BEST IS MINE  
WHAT IS RIGHT FROM THE END COULD BE  
WRONG IN START  
OUT THE KEY THE FIGURE OF THE RHYME  
AND YOU REALLY PLANNED IT SMART  
STREET-LIFE  
YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE AND YOU JUMP DOWN  
WHERE YOU SAT  
UNDER THE TREE OF FIGS MY BEST FRIEND –  
THE FIG TREE – THE FIG TREE

YOUNG FIGS GET REAPED, DRY FIGS PERTAIN  
OUT THE FIGURE THE RHYME OF THAT KEY  
OUR SERPENT AS SERPENT(INE) REMEDY  
OUT THE RHYME THE KEY OF CONFIGURE  
WOULD YOU COLLECT THE FIGMENT FIGURE  
- STREETLIFE - YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE AND  
YOU JUMP DOWN THE TREE, YOU JUMP WHERE  
YOU SAT, AND YOU HIDE UNDER YOUR HACIENDA HAT  
THE FIG TREE – THE FIG TREE

YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE AND YOU JUMP DOWN,  
DOWN THE TREE, - STREETLIFE - YOU JUMP  
WHERE YOU SAT, AND YOU HIDE UNDER  
YOUR HACIENDA HAT  
YOUNG FIGS GET REAPED, DRY FIGS PERTAIN  
YOU HIDE UNDER YOUR HACIENDA HAT  
MY BEST FRIEND SITS UNDER THE FIG TREE

Pierre Rausch

# First Of All

Elephant-leg pattern  
To save and reflecting  
Like one who seeks  
And he was already separated from reflection

Ornamentation wasn't beginning  
And it was a warm, bright, summer day  
Dominating

The young girls rustled and chatted  
That he seemed to himself  
To be no longer anything more

On scrutinizing which appeared  
How many hours did he weep  
A man in the attitude  
Welcome

To be no longer anything more  
Kneeling on the pavement in the shadow  
Welcome

Ah, my new boots! what a state they are in!  
Dominating  
A magisterial and maternal tone  
But one's felt force

Pierre Rausch



# Fletch King

Until no making  
Bird beast and barely not shaking  
He employs turtles, all humbling darkness  
With finance the last breaking spot  
And the still hour | And that bird  
Has come of (her) tumbling

And must enter again and around  
Zion of the water bead around  
And the synagogue of half a moon of (the she-bird from)  
the ear to communicate

Shall in synagogues or sow my salt seed  
In the sackcloth valley  
And the dynasty burning  
The mankind of her growing  
No blaspheme down  
Nor innocent blasphemy

Deep with the first miss lies,  
In the robed friends to knead  
The boards beyond age, the dark veins of other,  
Secrets by the mourning water  
After the first there is no other

Come in my castle and don't forget  
In my castle, they've got soft beds  
Fathering and all humbling darkness  
Tells with brokenness  
I Shall never murder  
Come in my castle and don't forget  
In my castle,  
they've got soft beds

Pierre Rausch

# Flour Raid Carpet

What is there left to desire beyond  
Some flowers on earth, and all the stars in the sky  
What did he think of the dogma  
The point which we consider it our duty to note

Goodwill, Flour carpet raid  
He entered the kitchen  
On a level with the street

Not a single sprouting ambition  
With this difference, that they  
Was so well understood  
We repeat it  
She'd handle everything

So, be rich on retiring  
Let a notary transpire him  
Food and lodging  
Without raising his eyes

Who appeared in reflection  
Do you pay it in dismay

Pierre Rausch

# French Eyes

He stood right beside  
He didn't stand to

To punish the second  
Row with a certain level  
Especially October  
And caught by what went on  
Tell me what she knew  
And caught by what went on  
Especially October  
And have a minute for yourself  
Walk slowly back  
The gyro that turns in  
Not a second I'll know  
It's feelings in the air, bad temper  
Two fox cubs romped out in a box  
How ell it feels, don't understand  
Hope for hours  
Candid pleasure yanked saccharine  
Cool Champagne and monoxide  
The Reds play oxford on Sunday  
It's an Oxford team

French eyes, orderly French eyes  
French eyes, orderly French eyes  
Orderly eyes

Let us hold, don't understand  
How well it feels, to understand  
One wound in a crisp  
The dress in gray

Pierre Rausch

# Front And Center

They'd make up afterwards  
On a sweltering summer's day  
She walked up in the sunlit driveway  
Front and center  
To agitate for social change  
No maid wrestling with the vacuum cord  
But the creek was magic  
Front and center  
Front and center and no harm had come of it  
anyway  
She'd be meaning to get one for weeks  
That one might as well scratch desire while  
one was at it  
Better make sure you stay on my good side  
In an elaborate sweep across her eyes  
Was sliding a slim black volume across the  
counter  
I just wanted to see how she's getting on  
To put her small soft hand in mine  
Chorus 2\*  
It wasn't that she'd forgotten why she was there  
And the dust motes hung motionless  
Rubbed the silky fabric of her best blouse  
Together with ribbon and a piece of paper

Pierre Rausch

# Funeral Song

Your last walk came too quick prior,  
Our last day at a mill revives,  
Our last walk came too quick,

That day was composed of dawn  
From one day to the other

Your last walk came too quick,  
Our last date at the mill revives,  
Our last walk came too quick in time,

Every brick that shines,  
Our spaceship will not arrive on lune  
You passed away far too soon

A dirge for the golf-club that limbs,  
Such things are joy, such things please  
Every nine men, worries  
Every clearing, Every wheel in the board

A fuming song, for you my gone; fuming songs, you foregone  
our last walk came too quick prior,  
our last day at a mill revives,  
our last walk came too quick prior,

any quarter, any speech, any speech,  
every brick, every talk, every speech,  
any bond, any bond, any speech,

A dirge for the peasant who isn't fine  
A dirge for the grinder, it's overwhelming  
Wear doesn't envy what seems

Your last walk came too quick prior  
Your last spaceship revives, it  
A dirge for the peasant

Pierre Rausch

# Galleons Of Spain

From Sevilla into the blue ocean  
If her letter is right, she'd discover she didn't love land life anymore  
Too far away among one of these Galleons of Spain

That by entering, she'd be granted that mean  
These buccaneers of the Caribbeans  
These Pirates brittle age  
The pilot nest of St. Kitts  
Under the blue, white, black banner  
Among one of these Galleons of Spain

Thousand bloody tears, thousand bloody nights  
The fatherly bust, the heavenly night  
Mussel beaches, treasure land  
Blackbeard's dynamite-hand

Plankton of the Captain T. Enron Miller  
The case Mexico, mines the gold and silver  
West Indian raids and balloon  
Amulet as silo of Christopher I-tune

Their they return, the Armada of the Spaniards  
The Spanish Galleons, the Spanish Galleons  
Too far away among one of these

Pierre Rausch

# Gaucho Martinez

Gaucho Martinez

Blade explodes through

Words speak of anywhere else

The banister, both hands cling on

Blades explode through the blade

Blades explode through the grass

Slowly descending to the ground floor

Bullets speak of anywhere else

Rotors roar, the engines swallow

Shells explode to smash of glass

I'll take you back to where I'll fix

There is a hole I know where from

Gaucho Martinez

Gaucho Martinez, Gaucho Martinez

You'll take me back to where I'll fix

Gaucho Martinez, Gaucho Martinez

There is a whole I know where from

Settles on

Gaucho Martinez

There is a loom I know where from

Tuesday flaw, a hollow arm

To burnish, to tranquilize

Any settlement I've described

Limitation to beige buns Barney

The notice is in a lock-up

Any bonnet with the hood

Any staircase that leads upstairs

Diagnostics diogenese

Pierre Rausch

# Gentleman Of Chivalry

In descendant of mantle and calm  
Broth in the plumed mantle' charm  
In barn and byres of the mantles charm  
(High up,) he's field, high up, chivalry after the kindling charm

On a bread white hill over the sleeve  
And home and floating lake's like hill seed  
Fires, where he falls to litter  
Of horse and technique, a floating spent

It's a blank in a dumpster – He(y) it's a loss in velvet  
Bath to the nickers in the velvet

Would you defend yourself, the ladies, the gents  
In presence of no chivalry and knight  
Would I defend myself, bourgeois man from the night  
In the presence of gentleman and the cavalier,

It's a bum on toilet - It's a blank in bath

Would be forbidden, would be harmed  
Would we find the courage in chivalrous charm

(Lone,) I will follow direction  
If I just would all feel so alone  
Lone, I will follow no direction  
It's a blank in a dumpster – He(y) it's a loss in velvet  
Bath to the nickers in the velvet  
It's a bum on toilet - It's a blank in bath

Pierre Rausch



## Gift Aid Item

She came back home next day  
We had an open conversation  
She helped me understand  
When she returned, I was a man  
The heavens declare the glory  
The skies proclaim the work  
What did she just witness  
She would take care of me  
Whether I could take down anyone  
And lifted me higher than I thought possible  
The heavens declare the glory  
The skies proclaim the work  
What did she just witness  
She would take care of me  
Whether I could take down anyone  
And lifted me higher than I thought possible  
We sure were crazy about it  
We talked every night  
That she'd leave it here  
That if for any reason you are waiting at the gate  
The heavens declare the glory  
The skies proclaim the work  
What did she just witness  
She would take care of me  
Whether I could take down anyone  
And lifted me higher than I thought possible  
The heavens declare the glory  
The skies proclaim the work  
What did she just witness  
She would take care of me  
Whether I could take down anyone  
And lifted me higher than I thought possible

Pierre Rausch

# Giselle

Giselle, beloved loved pressure when  
In there we find ourselves again  
Soulless on metaphysical journeys  
Each division from you in yours  
Lost treasures would share these  
Lost treasures would share these  
Back to where I came  
Giselle what would you wish for  
The thermoplastic chamber auditorium Aula  
Giselle would you take us out on date  
Giselle loved pressure when  
He walked away  
Giselle what would you wish for  
Giselle bring us to perilous fate  
Where mayhem and tragedy  
What a silly thing to look at  
Back to where I play  
In the boilers of the chamber  
Aggressive calm  
Can you hear the rhythms in the waves  
Giselle would you take us out on date

Pierre Rausch

# Glow Worm

Or when the taste,  
Now a mark,  
Perhaps panacea,  
Who gave these,

Or when the taste,  
At flood filled with,  
You'll be late,  
Or when the taste,

In niche seat glow-worm,  
Eyestorm at the quasi-dark,  
Oh, is the success,

A stereotype feeling,  
Fund warnings,  
An air traffic controller,

Create the world, as I went,  
Who made cold vitrines blast,  
It's her symbol,  
A squadron route,

What he made of us,  
Is what we shared,  
What we realized,  
Is the same perhaps,

Pierre Rausch

# Goblin Village

Who had been assailants  
Their valor

That his next step may be in the right  
direction  
Stray hut in the distance  
Which of the two first was the right to fall

If you care to go  
This was the outburst of nothing  
Forgetfulness was his great and fatal fall

Three quarters vanquished  
That he was getting blind  
Without the help of the wizard  
I will give you a name

And crumbled in the mountain  
And beneath  
And the one carriage  
You know

With so large and warlike company  
With them a great store of supplies  
Now be careful!  
I will give you a name

Pierre Rausch

# Goldcurl

As these do not appear  
Not your face to be-tear  
Nor sunlight on a broken column  
Ends thee swinging autumn  
More voice shall be ringing  
After dark the wind singing  
Rough and distant scars  
Youth a fading star  
Gold-curl come more near  
On this kingdom's pear  
Let's dance for the biggest prices  
Dove's wilful disguises  
Chicken on crossed staved  
Under the wind, the wind shaved  
Rush to the final meeting  
Loop back to the first greeting  
You are really far  
As it is your best friend  
Near stoned image hand  
Never to receive  
Ease the supplication of a thief  
May twinkle at my shady star  
At the hour where we are  
Real trembling tenderness  
Your lips could kiss to confess  
Golden curls- the prayers on them broken stone  
Other eyes were not my home  
Last are meeting faces  
Do grope together these aces  
Concert the weather and our rivers  
Up the beach beside tumid river  
Real loving some phantasm  
Love descending sarcasm  
You are really far (some twilight kingdom)

Pierre Rausch

# Golden Hair

I'm not lettin' you go there is a shine in your eyes

When you sang the hourglasses pedicure-set  
A naked front, somethin' where you're at  
Garnered phosphor as liquid acid  
Don't you ever read the letter fazit  
It's about stories of golden hair  
Could you play this golden hair

I'm not lettin' you go there is a shine in your eyes

Highjack naught  
Naught carries, I've wept  
A naught anagram  
Windblown tents nearby  
Jack passing  
Metric and passing

It's about stories of golden hair  
Could you play this golden hair

If he spoils the closest set-up  
Constance  
It's the stories of golden hair  
Could you please play this golden hair  
Those that changed life  
If you spoiled a set-up  
A cricket house  
That I trust

I'm not lettin' you go there is a shine in your eyes

xxxxx spoken xxxxx  
Heard, on the radio, common currency may not  
succeed  
Heard European money may be interesting to compare  
I switched on television to witness simile paradox

I'm not lettin' you go there is a shine in your eyes

Pierre Rausch

# Good Evening

Wonderful positive destiny ends, I'm sorry you expected somebody different,  
it's really beautiful, it's good, (so) leave hair out, be on the hood  
It's a real special star, she's called evening, good evening

It was a surprise and it was no success. That model was a life up a test  
That's none of your business, when you're in Hotel, give it back to you, you'd  
spell

That's not tragic, there's a life after magic, that with fame is best, was I ever  
sick, it's a real special Star, he's called evening good evening, please dance for  
me, don't just go away, dance for me and doubles swallow, what you say,  
when dance's a flute tangling' on rhythm, isn't that a feeling That got hidden,  
nearly like back in the good old days, lied for on evening (down) with you a lay,

That's not tragic, there's a life after tragic, to be famous is best, was I ever  
sick. good Evening, good evening, good evening

Careful, sheer - good evening  
It is to consume – good evening  
Awful one – good evening  
Experience – good evening

Lost to sight – good evening  
Vanished, perforate – good evening  
Spun and home – good evening

Handsome, do you acknowledge I have enough?  
I have enough  
We leave  
Now, another day, so you're afraid  
So it were two airfield  
It was airfield and squadron  
It's another day and you were afraid

Pierre Rausch



# Good Morning

Good Morning in Japan  
Good Morning in Korea  
Canada, Brazil  
Good Morning as much as you can  
In addition to be with social media  
Through an advertising campaign  
Good Morning in Japan  
Good Morning in Korea  
Canada, Brazil  
Good Morning as much as you can  
In the Tokyo subway, the Seoul office  
In the midst of the morning rush hour  
Good Morning in Japan  
Good Morning in Korea  
Canada, Brazil  
Good Morning as much as you can  
Good Morning in New Hampshire  
Good Morning in Baton Rouge  
Good Morning in Compton  
To showcase the views  
Good Morning in Japan  
Good Morning in Korea  
Canada, Brazil  
Good Morning as much as you can  
Good Morning in Japan  
Good Morning in Korea  
Canada, Brazil  
Good Morning as much as you can  
Good morning as statement  
Good Morning as public information  
Good Morning an old symbolic step  
Good Morning, Good Morning

Pierre Rausch

# Guardhouse Situated Close At Hand

By astonishment to watchers  
Toward farthing exit  
By the swelling pump  
What was he intending?

By a stream embroidered under  
In so rusty of a grating  
A sort of corridor

All the rest was mist, was miasma  
And breath from time to time  
And in an expiring living  
That they earn their condition

He was astonished at  
A sudden widening  
In case of necessity

Eclipse in the blouse  
What had become  
Real at departure

Instinct's benefit,  
Well on condition, after effort  
Madreport of the seams  
What was he up?

By a doubled grasp  
The sun and the sky  
Draws you a little lower

The framework crumbled  
Every movement, any shriek  
It is earth and it is loam  
Is in an estate of fusion

Can you picture  
On the seashore  
Can any one be great

Almost beachhouse

Pierre Rausch

# Guidance Under Yoda And Reflections

The unusually warm weather  
That it was her future they were discussing  
And what it meant to her  
Carrying a large wicker basket under the arms  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
As we sipped our tea in silent thought  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
She felt that she was truly sailing toward her future  
I wish to tell you I am proud of you  
Take every duty to improve your opportunities  
Meanwhile, I shall await you here  
And long for the day you return  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
As we sipped our tea in silent thought  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
She felt that she was truly sailing toward her future  
She folded the letter carefully  
And placed it in her pocket  
A year is a very long time  
As the train lurched to the right  
Many things might happen  
And awake refreshed in the morning  
We'll do it for Yoda  
And go to the respective boat  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
As we sipped our tea in silent thought  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
She felt that she was truly sailing toward her future  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
As we sipped our tea in silent thought  
Guidance under Yoda and Reflections  
She felt that she was truly sailing toward her future

Pierre Rausch

## Had Looked At The Still, Pale Faces

Had looked at the still, pale faces  
It was a return to absolute despair  
Left that phase to turn to ponies  
Without replying, trotting behind  
To stand alone, differently  
You're like a shaman, or a storyteller  
With a little heat, with any response  
Seeing the swollen joint and it's purple  
A frozen and blank thought, a good destiny  
You've learned more than you wanted to know  
I know you'll escape it  
There is nothing but hills  
Though the songs were desolate, pale  
Between peaks in a vast green valley  
Are you ready, if it starts to rain  
The wind is difficult to judge  
Reach a similar conclusion  
The approaches in the same confusion  
Could force your way through  
Nor anything then your own family

Pierre Rausch

# Hard, Sad

Their defense was not good that night  
Whichever city you enter, it's dumb, it's right  
It's unusual now, this, is not spoiled  
To believe is wrong  
And then you are down

You come down  
And now it's a change, absolutely pearly  
It's about having good times  
Writing songs for groupies  
Soft songs a safer theme, absolutely pearly  
Hard, Sad

Where ends vulture  
"Culture stone"  
Do everything if you can

It's secure and silent  
Have something  
Nigeria came to door  
And collapsed

Pierre Rausch

# Hearts

In Bethlehem, in the heart of Judea, lives not the least among the rulers

Out of you shall come a ruler, who is Sheppard, who is art  
Go and search it carefully, search that young child in me.  
Confess what you may find, just come and bring me back my mind  
It's this Gospel according to some Matthew, chapter two

Fine kings departed to behold, stars in the east their way had told  
Why seems the world we live so cold  
Your hearts have opened me this treasure; have presented me the  
greatest pleasure  
Gifts over gold and myrrh when the kiss of your heart is near  
So lay hands upon my shoulders  
Arms around neck and folder  
Whenever we sit next to the lake  
Our faces in the wave's mirror do shake  
Confess what you may find, just come and bring back my mind  
It's this Gospel according, some Matthew, Chapter two

Your heart weeps, amends and morns  
I fished, a sadly favored form  
With hearst and fire in my eyes  
Where shall be found seed to these tries  
These souls, thought, in the land Israel  
To fold the hands I bear  
Down the knees I am scared  
Hearts, hearts

Pierre Rausch

# Honeybunny

Honey pot bunny, when I look into your eyes  
To see dollar signs instead of hearts  
I'm afraid possession seems your reason  
To profit where I part

Honey-bunny, when I read into your lips  
And keep it dragging on  
I hope so to you / I aspire so  
And concern desire on

Honey-bunny, since I do not know  
Don't succeed, and fail  
Don't forget your distance  
And dream about it

Honeypot, since everything is lost  
And the (hollow) sleep stays (calm)  
It's a rendition to (both of) us  
Flowers wither in the sun

Pierre Rausch



## Honeybunny (Alt. Lyrics)

Honey, eyes see  
Hearts look  
Your apartment shines  
So stay here, where I part

Honey, lips read  
Eyes hold  
I hope so to you / I aspire so  
And allow desire on / And keep it  
Dragging on

Honey, dreams know  
Succeed and fail  
Don't forget that distance  
And dream about it

Honey-bunny, since everything is lost  
And the hollow sleep stays calm  
It's a rendition to (both of) us  
Flowers wither in the sun

Pierre Rausch

# Honor And Award

First did the man halt: to see it suit in the uniform  
It has brought tradition  
He did not succeed in this

When his astonishment hadn't passed  
In the state of a mind on the march that we're recording

Their political resemblance  
Both respectful  
And affectionate souvenirs, they touch  
Medals, they're

When his astonishment hadn't passed  
In the state of a mind on the march that we are recording

Severe and fanatical:  
Who were mentioned before  
As everything opens  
Resting close to the window

The cuirasser association  
Shed and hose  
Halt  
He would have been with his infantry  
Medal could be unexpected

This isn't extraordinary cavalry  
Headlong thriller  
It was the shed that kept me up  
It was the shed that kept me up  
What is the good of rhyme?  
Where there is a fire  
Where there isn't award

Pierre Rausch

# Hospital

Alarming interrogation  
Vaccination  
No interrogation  
Nothing to report  
Then you had better come inside

In a tunic of wool  
Those who are not to be blamed  
By his own labor  
These souvenirs connected

Being in condition  
It is indivisible  
They were completely indivisible

Vaccination  
Alarming interrogation  
Then you had better consultation  
Surprised us at night  
Nothing to report

And tell me some of it  
If it won't take all day  
Of the courtyard into the chamber

After days and days  
Let us try at reception  
And they scarcely dared to move

Pierre Rausch

# Hot Air-Ballon Ride

Composed half of light, half of shadow  
If the beginnings did go astray  
A few years ago, a shell of sixty pounds  
You'll get yourself with a ball in the back  
This presented to every eye

Where the great pyramid on earth  
Was known for their presence  
This something to the nature

Can still be measured by height  
So that the canister was turned into a splash  
This something to the nature

He was right, the plan of the ballon deceived  
Then she archived, he took the coin  
Then she stood motionless

The miring of the batteries  
It's very various change

A circuit wouldn't be visible  
To cast a glance at it  
Such rode those things

Pierre Rausch

# Hounds Of Hell

Fire on ground, under the mountain  
Fire shrubs, a stone-grave  
To conduct staggered  
Draw from bundle

Fire on brimstone and damnation  
New master of wiser kind  
Part of motorclub shift gear  
A dragon pursued them

And discussion at door  
On that tide-hoisted screen  
A grotesque party, sparkle firethorn  
„Stop, stop“  
But it was late, in fact  
Of your way north

He was held up, the fire of bird  
Close to the pony gate  
„Don't you worry“  
The hounds grew heavier  
Hushed be water  
The plies of outer town

Red rays then (suddenly) were hauling (on)  
There was loud noise  
Through a rent in cloud  
Straight into opening

Tick the prickly digit to a vet  
Wuw, wuw  
Brick the fuzz to thesis  
Wuw, wuw  
Would far underground

Wealth is like he sun  
Growling, the grub about

Drivel strength just before

Wuw, wuw  
For a sound and an eye  
Wuw, wuw  
With best regards

It's the hounds of hell alive  
It's the hound's of hell really

Is crested and burning  
„We bear no weapons“  
Seized bow and shot

It's the entry dialogue (in the religion wind)  
Woodpecker, borrowed  
On to an eagle's back  
What it tastes like

It's the hounds of hell that I'd see without breath  
Waving angry strength toward  
It's the hound's of hell, as cold as death

Pierre Rausch

# How Shall You Be Fed Up With

The Arkensaw  
In Nepal policy, separate issue,  
The Arkensaw  
Dangerous spot, laundry,

On condition that no conflict of any  
interest expects,  
Prior siesta planet to presume,  
Fed up with, prevailing,

We haven't  
Either it wasn't food  
No stove  
Wether the lie that did not occur

No lonely orange night  
Since such doesn't float your answer  
For the Arkensaw legend  
Now the days pass slowly

We haven't?  
The fuze that doesn't turn  
Not stoved voyager  
That would stand every siege

No signal suddenly without  
In the pincers of no boiling town  
It wasn't a terrible battle  
He said it wasn't red and black  
A banner

The club of water  
These were infact, their plan  
That contains  
Somewhat of his own

The member of the convention  
The judge speaks swith justice  
From whom do you morn

With who do you live?

Pierre Rausch



# Hurry Up

I want to say

jing-jing fes-kars telom dodje harsim dekstje  
djong ta hellodje, jong tjo sekjo fesdra-sa  
songo hesta müdjü, heisto moistjon maj mogo

I don't want to say

Hurry up, your sister screams, wake you out a letter dream  
Pack your luggage, shut the cloth, suit the suitcase with a rose  
Is this a public tray, so why T-shirts say  
Fond formed glue, is proud of all, of all you do  
Hurry up, your sister shoots, makes it out a T-shirt blue

Pack your luggage, suit your cloth  
Shut the suitcase with a rose  
Shut the baggage, (thresh) hold up to both  
Give it up skotje load

Hurry up, your sister shouts, is pleased of any scoop  
Hurry up, your sister means, wake you out a better dream  
Fond formed glue, is pleased of all you do  
Hurry up, your sister shoots, shakes it out an impeccable blue  
Hurry up, hurry up and don't pull out all the stops

heisdja de mog je daja hoy  
heisdja de moj dje sa hui

Pierre Rausch

# Hyphenation

Hum - bu - cker Hy - phen - a - tion

Mo - rose Hy - phen - a - tion

Al - i - bi Hy - phen - a - tion

In - dex card

Strug - gle card

Sub - con - ti - nent

Stub - born

Stun - ning

Hy - phen - a - tion

A - li - men - ta - ry

Toll

Hy - phen - a - tion

Hum - bu - cker Hy - phen - a - tion

Ve - he - ment Hy - phen - a - tion

A - li - bi Hy - phen - a - tion

Con - tam - i - na - ti - on

Rook

Drink - ing wa - ter

Cop - y cat

Hy - phen - a - tion

Rough - ly

Ve - he - ment

Hy - phen - at - i - on

Hum - bu - cker Hy - phen - a - tion

Mo - rose Hy - phen - a - tion

A - li - bi Hy - phen - a - tion

Pneu - mat - ic

Po - et

Pneu - mat - ic

Hum - bu - cker Hy - phen - a - tion  
Ve - he - ment Hy - phen - a - tion  
A - li - bi Hy - phen - a - tion

Blank point  
Chal - leng - ing  
Chan - de - lier  
Chal - leng - in

Pierre Rausch

# I Felt Like Saying But Didn't

I felt like saying but didn't  
Look, this has to be contained  
I felt like saying but didn't  
The pictures were taking after

No one will read it to the end  
The facts get in the way  
Just how long 'til I'm out of here  
I've got my entire team on it

I felt like saying but didn't  
Look, this has to be contained  
I felt like saying but didn't  
The pictures were taking after

The nuances were unreadable  
Selling to a lot of neighbors here  
Nothing is confirmed, it was now down  
When I was done, on everything that had transpired

I felt like saying but didn't  
Look, this has to be contained  
I felt like saying but didn't  
The pictures were taking after

Oh you said, understanding  
Eyes met, and looked away  
Taking care of the chores, getting situated  
The newsroom was deserted when I got there

Pierre Rausch

# I God

God knows no concept, nor the amazing sun-set  
Eyed favored pet, matchless from Lear-jets  
Flying over honey weather, whatever seeks together  
To recall confusion, yesterdays illusion, at fusion

Exist without you, without that female blue  
Fond form glue, make it out a better blue  
Epileptic blue, a biosphere

The Finn yard's hut be cassias shack  
Send it over in Lanyard hut  
(Memory to "Brassie and Donnie")  
Send it to bor-butck clay  
Nochid nor-neregize  
Tantra I base I I double disguise  
Eleven player size-to-size

Nothing means crook that b. in blog, (bellow) ,  
I God, To cross destiny, I God  
(Wasavi havi)

Pierre Rausch

# I Just Couldn't Wait Any Longer

I was waiting  
So long  
So long  
I was seeking  
So far  
So far  
I just couldn't wait  
Any longer  
Any longer  
I couldn't seek  
Far away  
Far away  
Now I'm standing here  
So happy to be here  
So happy to be here  
|: Chorus: |  
I couldn't expect  
Nothing more  
nothing more  
And now I'm waiting  
Again  
Again  
|: Chorus: |  
A warning, a chance, in a better  
way

Pierre Rausch

# I Know I Do Right I Care

Da stila la ferseika

Let's bring people to pop  
Let's ask people to close  
One, two, hippy-brue  
Nothing seems true

Give it up to the long  
Give it to the long  
Bring the police from the right  
A gambler next in the fight

Ok, arkebusa, (let's) embark to bar  
Northern-east, where paddle the zars  
In that bowling, that howling Mogly-inn  
Three guys at Seafaring

Let's look over where people live  
Convert / Process data on transmission  
Da stila la procession archaic boom  
He uses it to eke up lambada zoom

And people shall be well aware,  
I know, I do right I care

Da steila la ferseika

It is a one of a kind, an extra everybody  
It is a transcendent moment you cannot give  
It is that kind of taste, that everybody tastes  
You can change there is a feel in the air

Djammy, djammy her ke dandy har ore, ore oh oh

And people shall be well aware,  
I know, I do right I care

Arkebuseiqua, arketeila, arkebuseika





# I Will Always Be Waiting For You

I will always be waiting for you  
I should have someone too  
It is a cold, starry night  
But for once, the warmth reassures

I will always be waiting for you  
For the first time I have someone  
Who cares for me

I will always be waiting for you  
I'm just worried for the wrong reason  
Because you're lonely  
You think I'm silly  
So why don't you  
I will always be waiting for you

How long are you waiting  
It's our last night together  
How long are you waiting  
I don't want anything to spoil it  
Our last night  
Then I want to remember  
Then I want to enjoy  
Our last night  
I can't do it  
I feel I'm right  
And I can't do it  
I just want to scream inside  
As if to shut it all out

Pierre Rausch

# I Will Be There

He's got a cell phone and his own TV  
Why couldn't they understand that  
Another way of taking it  
And the fever called « living » is conquered at last

I will be there  
When your partner comes in  
I will be there  
So that he can see  
What he saved, what he gave  
I don't know, I will be there

The deposits and the account email  
It's local and it's a mail drop  
There's a show up tomorrow for his camera  
Already waiting in the conference room

I will be there  
When your partner comes in  
I will be there  
So that he can see  
What he saved, what he gave  
I don't know, I will be there

I will be there  
When your partner comes in  
I will be there  
So that he can see  
What he saved, what he gave  
I don't know, I will be there

I tried to call you this morning  
On Venture Boulevard, Maine Texas  
All over here on the west side  
I will be there

Pierre Rausch

# I'D Shiver Again

(Hya)

See every star in one  
Rain that tears your shoe  
Thought of circuit, thought of one  
Rain that tears your shoes  
In particular  
On the following month  
In particular  
Is there as everywhere else  
Before she was even five years old  
As though one beheld in them  
Or the fields before daybreak  
Wilder, wicker, the wicker song  
I'd shiver again for the taste of fine song, I don't  
know if that is right  
Penetration of the new inspiration  
Subscription  
Look back to your step in one  
That don't faults on us  
Some sort of law of melody  
Nothing some kind of trust  
I'd shiver again for the taste of fine song, I don't  
know if that is right  
(Palisade, enrolled gender, season ticket)  
(Palisade, enrolled gender, encrypted gems)  
I'd shiver again for the taste of fine song, I don't  
know if that is right  
I'd shiver again for the taste of fine song, I don't  
know if that is right  
I'd shiver again for the taste of fine song, I don't  
know if that is right

Pierre Rausch

# Idiom

Exactly

Could you refuse nothing  
Couldn't you be nice  
Could you pay on the spot  
Apron pocket  
Herself into a ball

Exactly

Her poor half limbs  
I will not do so any more  
'Pay! ' said the traveller, in an academic voice  
Couldn't you be nice  
Distracted, instead of working  
Exactly thirty-hundred franc  
Exactly herself into a ball

'But it's true! '

And hastened up  
The carter was touched prior,  
Like herself

Librarians held a meeting  
That he'd change his glasses  
Is sovereign manner  
Diligent to harsh privacy  
Millionaires in academic manner

A chapel friend  
The bottom was unfathomable  
Between the paving-stones  
Amidst stockings  
Playing hide-and-seek  
Who has made their escape  
Playing,  
like herself

Pierre Rausch

# I'll Come Home

Where have you been, anyway  
I'm looking for examples  
And I'll smile when I walk in  
Look when I leave here

I'll come home

There was this old Lady, this schoolteacher  
Like two sad people cross path  
She'd always be one of my heroes  
She had children of her own

I'll come home then  
That's so wonderful  
I've got to go now  
I've got to go

From the library to the lobby  
I was angry about what had transpired  
Besides, we've got our people around  
There was a fireplace in the rear

I'll come home then  
That's so wonderful  
I've got to go now  
I've got to go

I'll come home then  
That's so wonderful  
I've got to go now  
I've got to go

It was obvious to him  
I could get my things and check out  
I was hoping in a sort of way  
That I would get a chance to

I'll come home then  
That's so wonderful

I've got to go now  
I've got to go

I'll come home then  
That's so wonderful  
I've got to go now  
I've got to go

Pierre Rausch

# I'm Sorry (For All The Things We Couldn't Do)

Language made it impossible to interview  
Trying to capture interesting faces  
It was approaching noontime  
And don't waste your energy

I'm sorry for all the things we couldn't do  
I'm sorry for all the things I couldn't explain  
I've invited you over for all these things  
I'm sorry for all the things we couldn't do

Revolution is an ultimatum  
My father prayed for ten days  
He started to think that the government might change  
It's a quick meeting at the office

I'm sorry for all the things we couldn't do  
I'm sorry for all the things I couldn't explain  
I've invited you over for all these things  
I'm sorry for all the things we couldn't do

One last time, one last spot  
There's no justification for suffering  
There, you were waiting for one last time  
One last spot at the local office

Pierre Rausch

# In Any Way A Believer

In any way a believer In any way a believer  
I get home and the tyre  
In were  
I come home, the bus rides  
Certainly looks fast  
I step inside and he's done  
We do a thing  
I go for a walk and the tyre isn't worn  
That is more a spire  
In any way a believer - In any way a believer  
I explain to work, the car is late  
At their appoint  
I walked and listened  
Excite a service  
I join in, the car debates  
A hall, it's evacuate  
Inside, don't mess it up  
No more expectation (none)  
In any way a believer In any way a believer  
Advance you one day  
Contend you today  
Promote you no third  
Clothe me the fourth  
Weekend attires  
(Kept on) the long walk after dark, the known excursion after dark,  
In fact, it was the plan  
Warnings were suddenly signed  
Doing, what they were told  
There was once more excitement  
And the twice told story  
There was a sudden shout  
Everywhere people get home  
In any way a believer. In any way a believer  
The long walk after dark, the known excursion after dark,  
In fact, this was the plan  
Warnings were suddenly signed  
And the twice told story  
There was a sudden shout  
In any way a believer. In any way a believer



Pierre Rausch

# In Consequence

He had not noticed on his arrival  
It is strength. Would have to be  
You are little out of the way  
His clothes were torn and covered

Show us the truth right now  
Need to be devilish strong  
Show us your chamber  
Lasso

For a short intermediate  
In Consequence  
There is a richer man – marmelade  
It is but to return there

I would like to purchase your horse and cart  
It is also the dungeon of earth  
He exhausts and oversteps his respite  
What is only fair to say  
Roaring, he swept back over town  
He avoided him as much as he could  
In Consequence in the next thing

His horse had tumbled down  
With an air of baseness  
Mingled with an air  
He permitted himself a pinch of stuff

Got the good man a place  
This prosperity  
On recommendation  
Which was nonetheless significant

When the requirements of the service  
Madelaine, this purchase  
And he could do no otherwise  
And the state expends



# In Our Mansion At A Hill Of The Valley

Father, left, in a theft on our way back home,  
On a sunday ride crusade

Dad passed away, on a return drive crash  
The corset laced to it

The forefather said goodye, at a return  
crusade

Fire away!  
In our mansion at a hill of the valley

Father, I miss you  
You can't come back  
Dad, it isn't just hurt

Fire away!  
In our mansion at a hill of the valley

Where life restrains, father passed away  
In a crash, on any way,

Fire away!  
I wondered why,  
Promoters create life  
Fire away!  
A mansion at a hill of the valley

Fire away!  
I wondered why,  
Promoters create life  
Fire away!  
A mansion at a hill of the valley

When you wake up, when you are gone,  
The girdle strung inside

Pierre Rausch

# In The Future

Don't quit the work  
Among advantage  
On soil where imprints  
What it suits

Yet keep it  
He was not even  
Someone not so passive  
To advance

Beheld the pocket-book of bills  
No difference of matters to bankers  
You are longer there  
That when the author conducts

With the handled idea  
That they had said  
(A pick-axe)  
Would say that they have  
I think it isn't a gendarm

Contrast decision  
This isn't a factor  
Following

Would have it  
Profound  
Cutted

Beheld the pocket-book of bills  
No matter of difference to banks  
That when the author conducts  
You are longer there

Gaze  
Despairataion  
Act

Beheld the pocket-book of bills

No matter of difference to bank  
That when the author conducts  
You are longer there

Pierre Rausch

# In The House

Open the door with your key  
And if you walk into the house,  
You are for twenty, for thirty minutes tranquil, alone  
Then, you can cover your wounds with a bandage,  
If you're standing in ruins down the block  
If chaired walls, gasping facades

Abandoned husks, where people live,  
That it's not a look to keep you in the house  
I've waited so long,  
Meet me in Manhattan, Meet me in Carolina  
Meet me in Frisco, in Houston, on the beaches of LA

Don't turn the play  
Hold it like nothing  
A starring shift  
Thirty tranquilizers  
A starring shift  
And you have walked inside

Meet me in Manhattan, Meet me in Carolina  
Meet me in Frisco, in Houston, on the beaches of L.A.  
Abandoned husks, where people live,  
That it's not a play to hold you in the house  
I've waited so long, (now) look at my life

Pierre Rausch

# Incarnate Devil

Guardian, it was a favor of a mountain  
Guardian, and we shall be fit  
Guardian, pardon  
Guardian, serve them right

| It's not so important | Look down |

Defendor, it was a sightseer  
Defendor, siesta, catnap  
Defendor, like the cock  
Defendor, up at night

| It's not so important | Look down |

Incarnate devil  
Bruise as beast

Incarnate devil at dart  
Quick as beast (~)

Incarnate devil  
Mid serpent night  
We in our defendor knew

Defendor, when we were at putting  
Defendor, wisemen of Sweden  
Defendor, kill lenses for the hell in horn  
Defendor, in sacred spirits that harden

Defendor, put nothing about  
Defendor, of cloven grey  
Defendor, all serpent fiddled in sand  
Defendor, abrupt, at sulphu

Incarnate devil at dart  
Bruise as beast (~)  
Mid serpent night  
We in our terrain knew



Incarnate devil at golf  
Black as beast

Incarnate devil  
Serpent midnight  
We in our terrain know

Guardian, stirring  
Guardian, enchanted stream  
Guardian, blid shot, shattered  
Guardian, shaking in sieve

Guardian, void, tainted,  
Guardian, burst in any roots  
Guardian, the fish in the tide  
Guardian, for any life

Pierre Rausch

# Inclined By A Change

Only showed him reduction  
There was a modish light  
Blackened and it broke  
This isn't the plan he made  
„Nonsense“, he said  
Those were perhaps  
So it began  
They had invented some of the  
machines  
As the bitter will be dark  
They won't be slain  
Hardships before  
They looked west  
And there was nothing  
„Nonsense“, you said  
Those were perhaps  
So began  
He will take a gift  
Well, 'er he thought  
And some threw themselves

Pierre Rausch

# Indian Raid (The Great Wilds)

(Calm end, evil start, calm end)

Once upon a time, in wild, wild west, once upon in great wild wilderness

A saloon: sheriff, three cow-stealer honorable, arid

Far beside, an Indian group at tent, the reservoir, among the chieftain not to hide

The eagles that humble village and random camp, farewell at freedom stamp

The eagles that welcome around a fire-site, carpets humbled for fuming tribe

These for Resia, the zodiac, the bear, travel as heaven of picture of star

Merry guidance in sympathy invests, presence with visitors to impress

Foal, that shines on guest, far, in great wild wilderness

A chieftain of the steppe accommodates, controversial to debate

Thieves reside, balcony room, card game & saloon

The eagle scouts the council, trapper in safer pencil

Steal farmer horses, out saloon endorses

(Angry, drunken voice :)

Thieves had stolen the prize, what would bring flames to confide

So shore in great wild wilderness, the nest of horse, to locate and confess

Warrior code smoke it out, flaming lanterns inner cloud

When fire crisps and horseshoe clap, isn't this the noise of trap

"Severe form of punishment" Resia said, Amalia's anger not in in Indian Raid

The force that drives through rock, turn to wax

The force that through the green fuse dries, is destroyer

The cloud, the need, a plant beyond, the sky of heaven in the burning font

In far ago, distance, the door of her, glided sand

Hunting ground, the territory of steppe land

"The severe form of punishment" Resia said, (Amalia's) anger in Indian Raid

(Voice: Evil start - Calm end)

Pierre Rausch

# Invited

Pulling up a door  
Opening all four  
Under all the pressure  
Released your pressure

Another form of love  
Needs the signs for love  
Needs residing leisure  
Enters all her pleasures

Today you got invited  
An intention for the real  
Today you got invited  
And I asked you how you feel

Today you got invited  
An invention at the ready  
Today you got invited  
And I asked to be steady

More an arty body  
An art you could study  
Rainfall could compare  
Your interest to share

Asking you your love  
No one knows above  
None of all that pleasure  
Exits in these measures

Today you got invited  
In a spectrum for what is right  
Today you got invited  
And one asked you how you fight

Today you got invited  
In an invention at the ready  
Today you got invited  
And one asked you how you feel

Moving her fate  
And stopping your hate  
Reveal your real price  
Your hero is melting ice

Another form of love  
Needs the signs for love  
Needs residing leisure  
Enters all her pleasure

Pierre Rausch

# It Had Never Been Touched Before

It was holding a glass of water for the thief  
The flashlight looked like stars on a summer night  
I heard screams, sharper than a knife  
And jubilant, or serene or reminiscent  
Left in the morning and didn't come back  
Brought back a bottle of eye drops  
Could be a big figure, could be  
My heart was touched in a way  
It had never been touched before  
And had never been moved before  
And had never been moved before  
You would correct that person  
All over the place, all over the square  
And even there a hand to share  
It was like being sealed away  
Sunlight blinded me like the way  
It had never been touched before  
And had never been moved before  
And had never been moved before  
You would correct that person  
Six month of waiting, of  
Recovering, could barely walk  
Elsewhere  
It had never been touched before  
And had never been moved before  
And had never been moved before  
You would correct that person

Pierre Rausch

## J. Valjean

There were certain name  
Covered with and saved  
Within a deep furnace  
Legitimate as grievance

The rough theories of eighty-nine  
Of wrong and liberty  
That cats transform  
Into establishment

The tricolore Orion  
To the footrope a swinging devotion  
A ship that had been ailing  
After seven or eight

To treat you to play  
And, from one instant  
That officer hadn't broken the chain  
(Captured, recaptured, captured) It's strange

Not escape otherwise than with shame  
If it had gradually become something  
And from there to the main-top  
To drag the sailor up,

The gendarmerie, who'd investigate  
Who'd capture, on the first floor,  
On the eighth whistle,  
Where we arrive under (the window)

Evening, Luxembourg  
'The gentleman on the third floor? '  
'Has moved away"  
'Where is he living now? '

He did not leave his adress  
Fallen waylay to tresses  
Recognizable by rough mane  
Take care that it should be

Gave him a ship, you have Austerlitz  
Swiss chard made of tenderness  
Ribbons on her bodice  
Of her eyes nothing could be known

That the thing which seemed chiefly

To bring him to decision

Ignored to know where he came from  
He isn't an adventurer  
To be blind and to be loved  
To feel one's self all the more

You hear a breath very near yourself  
Now I appear in off thought  
The angel soul is outside

Courtesy of the state women  
Who appears like reality  
Does not lose, bed and breakfast

Who is curious by the borrow  
Evening Paris, a great view in a petty world  
English army was profoundly shaken  
It is because he was a servant in his family

The squares still held firm  
Turning bristle of fray  
Infallible to a coat of arm  
Him with his eyelash until

His upper lip raised  
They are in equality and right  
Adoring presence  
That these encounters seem to follow  
It is clear that he has appeared  
By fortress and ship  
Formalities of roadsteads and citadel  
'Monsieur (le Cure) , have you seen a pass? '





# Jeopardy

The taste for work had returned  
On credit on the strength of her future work  
Not to mention her real girl  
As she was not able to say

As she not only knew  
To which game is a 'puck' part of?  
Forgot many things  
There's no one for spying

„In which game should you not worry? “  
Entirely the trade Watson  
Chose it  
By her day's work

Jeopardy

Who developed the first gasoline engine?  
Honest live  
Entirely theme  
Who

Jeopardy

She had ways  
A lingering  
Took good care  
Jeopardy

Pierre Rausch

# Jericho Lilac

Scours her fingers, would be far away her snare  
Opens her hands to a taste beneath  
Carries closed fingers (around clumsy tiles)  
Her shots joggling in a soup, reliable, steady  
Odor changes, committed, selfless  
Steady blue eyes crank something up / Steady blue eyes, steady watchful  
A broth far beneath, a knocking shop down under  
Jericho steals

Quotes verdict, what I won't see  
(His dead must have been frightening)  
Cysts on relief, difficult to please  
Jericho steals

Gathers on Chester nights, the Minster Abbey nationwide  
Missiles they hadn't shot, lactation west/south the stalwart plot  
None of them could ever feel so sheer  
No Harlem to delete the west martyr  
The leading architects with lacquer  
Its a Harlem day-by-day  
Open your eyes, feasible Mylar Battlefield  
It's morrow dawns with morrow nights  
The half-starved canyon /gathered/ nationwide/in nautical flight  
Gathered in manege, assembled dancing a debris-siege  
Jericho penetrates, Jericho pang, pang, Jericho, pang pang  
Bracket with aperture, thousands where without  
Yet another apparition of acoustics on earth  
Armed pledges you can't rob  
Mistreat raiders as pageant slot  
Jericho steals  
Jericho Lilac

He took her fingers far beneath her snare (neck)  
Lethargic/Tired/Sleepy, chewing stolon as lady moon  
His obvious procedure whacked her almost back  
Dear Mylar Battlefield, an entire afternoon  
Briefing, instructing the entire procedure  
My caught takes place, (do us away in clear manifest,) yes,  
Shoot me within

Shoot in bovine twist; do away within  
My last caught is close by, our working abyss

Magnox, Cupro-nickel, (spiegeleisen) , constatan  
Pewter, permalloy, (sometimes: terne) , ormolu, type metal  
Look at the tubes, look at the gate, my prickles percolate in thorn fate  
(Rather disturbed then late) perceive  
Best Mylar, what she collected, where she's lying  
Beguine, quadrille, hoedown, jitterbug  
Charlston, minuet, farruca and gavotte  
Knick-knack / Novelty / Navy militates against millennium  
So image news, the milk train set on cadmium  
The navy mail-boat is sleep and sleeper,  
Picturesque growing, an oases, Madeira night, deep and deeper,  
My catamaran, my trimaran, blue anorak and circlet jeans (to amalgamate)  
Black and thin, through thick and thin, swiveling  
Purpler, smaller a polo to drain den dust spiraling  
Acoustic circumstance, block and tackle to rust  
Beneath that simple rock a moderate cutthroat, moderate temper  
Is it too late now to strip these strains in anger?  
Foreign at crusade, the districts of New Hampshire to placate  
Hoe down of us, illuminate our commotion, and cause this commotion

Pierre Rausch

# Jesus Cruciform (Christ Crucifiator)

House-light gashing term as safeguard against  
I thought, the path would end inside  
Darkness, bowl eyesight of ground  
The stone grows in the patch, that burr sight  
Roads on the pavement guiding through  
Now when it's selfishly black, the seldom tomb  
Path finding, it burst sight  
When the base could blossoms aside

(Cruciform) : Crucifiator, don't wait for the spade's to ring  
Christ, keep the common card  
Oh a hundred storks perch on earth  
Oh the morning is flying, I could crawl on earth

Shadows are falling and I have been  
I haven't got the scars that didn't heal

(Cruciform) : Don't wait for the spade's to ring  
Christ, keep the common wagon  
Oh a hundred storks perch on earth  
Oh the morning is flying, I could crawl on earth  
When the base could blossom aside

Shadows are falling and I have been  
I haven't got the scars that didn't shed

Pierre Rausch

# Joseph

That name carries you  
Is purified as you  
Takes care when you declare  
You'll build your world with mine paired  
The 4 horns, the golden altar  
Where souls will be freed of the scars  
To bicycle grenilla ice scream  
Disguised clown in blue jeans  
Legs crossed, while all the bike rides  
Rehearse steps from some dancing guide  
Bang head-under over-stage  
Bow down to these guitar mage  
This in silly words' copy-sage  
Doesn't matter which position agrees  
On cover of some live Paris CD  
Broken hair nor cut hair  
Can understand what the end is  
So guess I love my friends  
A Olympia, sadness to see

Pierre Rausch

# Justify You, Justify Me

On that warf, certain critics to delight  
And yet, any one who follows the course  
No, said the priest, justify me,

As for myself, I justify you  
With all love for my country  
Justify me, justify you

Questions to which there exists no reply  
These are beginning

Just know that no auscultation  
Let us sell what is left  
A steady pain in her shoulder  
That she might do what she likes  
But in what trade can one earn  
Justify you, justify me  
Come! ' said she, 'let us sell what is left  
Appathy their stepping stone

And buttermilk gives ground for self-made ice-cream

With this exception, he was in all things just  
Always having a little fire  
With this exception, he was in all things just  
He was so tolerant  
Whether he had been the lonely one  
The bolt must have been drawn  
Wether an old market-gardener's house  
The application of a plate of lead  
This bed with the strict diet  
Good gracious yes  
The severe square crests of the towers of Notre Dame

The bridge once crossed, he perceived some timber.  
For which all faults in the least serious are reserved.  
Veil, - those two blankets devising.

On the pier,

He usually landed about midnight  
The dragons advanced at walk  
They halted from the little bridge  
Yes, behold it trist again  
Controversial and certain  
The carriage in which she said

The severe square crests of the towers of Notre Dame  
With this exception, he was in all things just  
Questions to which there exists no reply  
There is something indescribable there  
The severe square crests of the towers of Notre Dame  
To justify you, justify me  
To justify you, to justify me

Pierre Rausch



# Kaleidoscope

What can all that stuff be?  
I'm afraid, I can't explain myself  
The next moment she felt it underneath  
I can't understand  
Then might be some sense in your knocking  
It would be as well to introduce  
I've tried the roots of trees  
The question is  
Is it on this condition that ceases  
The question is  
I feared it might figure rain  
The question is  
A book written about us  
I wonder what they'll do next  
Had allowed the person to pass  
No one in thought more  
Outstretched towards  
The place of the stars  
And seventeen feet above  
Outstretched towards  
At the end of that rope  
Like a stone in a sling  
To get your hands together  
It was only later on

Pierre Rausch

# Katja B

You asked a certificate  
Just one the man shall create  
Why you go you will say  
Said something wrong on the day

I suffer a drift in direction  
It's time for a shift  
For a turn in direction  
Hold me in these arms

Standing on the hill at night  
Holding your hand, if that is right  
You sweet, yet enclosed  
Where to confess problems with the dose  
Let us share one or two  
Steal your heart into  
A thing, at least two  
There are here some standing who

Hold me in these arms, and I will free  
Katja B

Pierre Rausch

# Kazimir

Of course,  
Endless, cordless, stylish  
Numerous, modish, tangle  
Lace, furniture abundant,

Of course,  
It was just then Kazimir looked  
Which is the look? Of your two sleeps  
It was just then Kazimir came back  
At last, you are in  
Her photographs  
It was just then, Kazimir

Abandoned instinct, mistreat figure  
Maltreat footnote, abandoned vigor  
Already shouting, Abandoned instinct

Directly purring  
"Hanoy"  
Cruiser weight, Lifter, feather weight  
Refrain  
Unknown destination  
Communication entry  
F-code, Rapport, Transmittance  
Kazimir

Pierre Rausch

# Keep For Yourself

Keep up with it – separate  
Fed the walk of perfume  
Fed up at diagnosis  
Whether it was that the distant air  
Rumors aren't abroad  
One gear up, change the lane  
Parameter of state  
Building at facade madrigal  
That shrouded servant  
Marrow  
At tall arch  
In front there was  
Keep for yourself – what keeps  
You give me what I need  
I'll give you what you need  
On work of word  
Cellphone turned off  
Where we held  
Bitterly takes  
Repeat  
Fervent wave-front  
Sales on diagram  
Fed up with Salisbury  
Turnover-Balance  
Repeat  
Fed up at advice, instruction  
And the soul at the office  
Foreign

Pierre Rausch

# Kind Woman Friend

That does no harm  
After having passed the zone  
Which was vanishing  
Take a look  
That does not hurt  
Nurses may die  
That does no damage  
Take a look  
That does not take  
That's fresh business  
That's no matter  
That's to take  
Come on, boy, you shall pass  
That a young man shall witness  
Be witness to his grandson  
Something great  
After having passed zone  
That had been reserved  
That's five or six  
At first doesn't take  
A promenade to greeting  
To dress in red  
Where was the second man?

Pierre Rausch

# King Of Rain

English

There's a black card hand in a shop, some old theme I'd cast away and pull the  
stop, I'm looking over, I am looking  
under, I'm awakenin in an evening of thunder  
I stood here days and days, looked up as it shaped, inside some pooring/pouring  
rain to see the

King of Rain

Cos' then we shopped and you're so mean and our little world in barefoot seems,  
a bit better then the rest, she was sick  
of these lies and cried, and, quite frankly, I am too, cos' I stood here days and  
days, looked up, as it shaped, inside some  
pooring/pouring rain, to see the King Of Rain  
You snorted and snaped  
Where you fed up with somebody  
When you snorted and snaped  
With a foots tickling, a subdue comment

Pierre Rausch

# Konami

Steered for the edge  
Like ships, as they are  
Steered for turtles,  
Like ships, as they are  
They perceived something floating  
With the stupid majesty which befits white creatures  
They perceived something floating  
Which attracted the attention  
They perceived something floating  
Cygnes understands  
That false splendor is being  
The sage lives content  
They perceived something floating  
The shout which proceeds, had the pistol in it's hand  
They perceived something floating  
Which attracted the attention  
Steered for the edge

Pierre Rausch

# Kreikadabra (Villus Spellform)

(Villus :) Sefad halim teta  
(snerdesemin) sefad goris eta nomen  
Gentis: tamanda sagin dorne for  
- Habagent deno som ke fordje  
- (pause) - Kreiakalabra  
stranum fernesengereki: Kreiakadabra  
stran bale de ter nobre  
Nosoku sobe, doku to  
Toke, toke salom dabin salon toke  
Bin dam dollo (fend) cjalom kobe  
Kreikadabra

(Karakasati)  
Nome vollotanes dorm  
(Leia) fadjaballte nosendemen (arek talis)  
Vasquillum ne taber vasze (forze tellum)  
Talis dab horueso, talis de boruone  
Djabatta mmh cosuo, couos erne rssss,  
Hade(r) inne deselebin, gornem, sollum nonote  
Fejumterekn gafti vobod

Haderda sim  
Kreikadabra sal sim sim  
hader da care care care  
Kreikadabra  
Vas(que) (nos) kib tubo esente kreika, chalunombe fakesabre  
Polka ab, te Lee, te Lel te doskernoske  
Laba te ore, parseko, djalibor  
Tubesente fakerabren secven harne solli vomm noskib,  
(de) selebrin harne solli vomm quostatuorin mememene raspin  
deselebren rosuol te hom, te hom, te home

Pierre Rausch



# Lago Grande

They walked for ten minutes  
They waited in a hot noisy line of people  
Would it matter if they were loaded  
Into the Lago Grande if they asked you  
Far from washing and sewing  
And so they saluted her  
Carrying that super handbag  
And so they saluted her  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
It's the journey, the shock and the pleasure  
The power, instead they did something  
Her good humour and strength  
To go and see what's happening  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
Well done, may this be the first  
To show approval that they hadn't  
Across the top of the river  
It was a nice sort of place  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande

Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
It's the journey, the shock and the pleasure  
The power, instead they did something  
Her good humour and strength  
To go and see what's happening  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande  
And her eyelashes were longer than the Lago  
Grande  
Like an old man into the Lago Grande

Pierre Rausch

# Last Bastion

Samson, flee, the grinding melon collie  
The last bastion agreed, a bit of freedom, a bit of green  
He lost his faith in the site of spleen; a prophecy in the last bastion, dark shall  
be the candle-session  
A massacre among others, the Waterloo of the mystic brothers  
Evil swims for the spit in the sea, it's an ear-splitting mystery  
Something you can't explain in a poem, it takes time and patience to hear the  
songs of Loe  
To differ the meaning of proportion,  
To divide evil from good, the dollars, the yen, I can't promise this works out,  
I'm just a sleazy lover, an opened mouth. Once the last bastion agreed, to give  
birth to tender seed  
That tares a bit out a tender sheet  
I'm an awful poet, a second class knight, it's you that shall divide what's  
wrong from what is right  
They blew me dirt into the eyes, my lids in dust could never cry  
It's you that has to fulfill that duty  
To fill your lips with(out) beauty  
That was too quick, let's switch to slow motion  
Evil left; know that's just spit in the ocean  
It cooked the fingers of Joan Sebastian Bach  
The last Bastion right there agreed, that it shall be your love that shall be  
freed  
A guitar, a contra bass and Harmon  
A Pianola and a drum  
The last bastion, the last bastion, dark shall be the candle-session

Pierre Rausch

# Last Letter

An autograph has got you  
You got mentioned twice  
You've got an autograph  
An autograph, you are nice  
You wrote a last letter  
If my head hurts, it is better  
If heart stops to trump  
If I jump, down the bridge, the oil fridge  
Down the garden, roofs of the fridge  
If my crane bursts to shatter  
If I loose I'll jump  
You wrote me a last letter  
If my crane bursts, it is better  
If my head stops to breathe, if I fall  
Could you write me a last letter?  
If I joined a paragraph that matters  
Should you choose another pattern?  
If I had second thoughts  
Cell comedy, took hunter  
Would I join the black Panther?  
Could I hold on to Sting?  
If my letter composes him to sing  
Would you explain it a bit further  
So we'd sit in plains, harm and order  
Would you shoot out in terrain  
If there's a slop to refrain  
Milan, you've described a park  
And you've refrained under dark  
You wrote a last letter  
If my crane hurts, it is better  
If my head stops to breathe, if I fall  
Down the rain, down the ball  
Down the October Mendiev  
At Golan days in Dur F  
That thee red trampoline  
The eastern ringing  
The ward to connect  
High speed train toward object  
Ceremonies unite

The suburbs, eastern pride  
Clashing pesticide  
The convulsive season  
If I can't compete, Li-am  
The plasticizes, the stand of trees  
Lightest fall, falling tree  
Shall we revolt on bare feet?  
Shall we revolt complacency?  
We depend on tenacity?  
First in ourselves, the third season  
If I can't compete, Li-am  
If I've appointed a restaurant  
You've written me a last letter  
If my crane burst, it is better

Pierre Rausch

# Lee

She dabbed her finger  
On his shoulder  
She sits sole in her corner  
She's thirsty, treat  
Lee, drink a last glass with me

To the Lee dileidelei, deleidilei, Ya hei!

Beneath the heaven  
In cinder lie  
In a moment with no other  
The flames were under thee

They still throve on the trade  
Feeling queer  
Still songs to tab

For someone to take  
To the business quarry  
To the forester quarterback  
Quartz earthenware

It isn't better then flying  
Dwellings one's may say  
Full on the town  
They soon found

Of it all would be  
In desperation  
You feel magnificent  
And your memories aren't long

Pierre Rausch

# Lessons From Life

As Glass descended the ladder from the loft  
The conversation stopped  
Each day he tells about his horse who comes from  
the river  
And sees the black stallion again  
But this time Glass would not  
Lessons from life  
Not to mention his considerable chance  
Pushed his canoe back into the water  
As heat and light came from an open trance  
Lessons from life  
A faint glow lit the eastern sky  
About gambling and perfume  
Life ain't that bad  
Lessons from life  
Not to mention his considerable chance  
Pushed his canoe back into the water  
As heat and light came from an open trance  
Lessons from life  
A faint glow lit the eastern sky  
About gambling and perfume  
Life ain't that bad  
But this time Glass would not  
To survive by one desire  
And determination  
He had never done anything bad  
The conversation stopped  
Lessons from life  
Not to mention his considerable chance  
Pushed his canoe back into the water  
As heat and light came from an open trance  
Lessons from life  
A faint glow lit the eastern sky  
About gambling and perfume  
Life ain't that bad  
Lessons from life  
Not to mention his considerable chance  
Pushed his canoe back into the water  
As heat and light came from an open trance

Lessons from life  
A faint glow lit the eastern sky  
About gambling and perfume  
Life ain't that bad  
Lessons from life  
Not to mention his considerable chance  
Pushed his canoe back into the water  
As heat and light came from an open trance  
Lessons from life  
A faint glow lit the eastern sky  
About gambling and perfume  
Life ain't that bad

Pierre Rausch



# Let The Question Begin

All your life and never thought about it  
But there's something to tell  
Of the cramp victim he had rescued  
The people would start arriving in the next days  
The walk seemed endless  
For effect after every single phrase  
Along the cliffs when the tide comes back  
Can you explain to me how it came  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
Had become all pink and pale  
Those were your very words  
Smartening yourself up for good  
All along to the main steps  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
And filling the letter up  
To be in charge of you  
So that you can tell  
Which you're sure it is  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
Let the question begin, let the question begin  
And filling the letter up  
To be in charge of you  
So that you can tell  
Which you're sure it is

Pierre Rausch

# Let's Make It Happen

She was in the most feared condition, white and  
hurt

Well, what else is there to say

She was silent

No, she was not going to the caravan part

There was nothing she wanted to say

Yeah, let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Oh well, do what you can

The Lord has mercy on your soul

And getting out your good knickers

Yeah, let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Let's make it happen

Approached by visitors

And arranged proper bins and a rubbish  
collection

Had been in the door only one minute

Well sure, two religious in one family is enough

Chorus

In a few weeks time in Dublin

Her shoulders were shaking

But she didn't want you near

The same as she had seen last night

Chorus

Pierre Rausch

# Lewis Gun

The Lewis Gun (Fever)  
Where did she cross that line  
Crawl herself back into it  
Take it back one day  
The bum bang library  
She'd tare into pieces

She'd tare into third  
The Omega oil stone crisis  
Quotable ringlet  
Olden sheaf and fever (at a crawl)  
And fever, fever  
Fountain Lemon rush  
Gamma Alpha fall to hush  
And fever, fever

Fountain Lemon rush  
Gamma Alpha fall to hush

Pierre Rausch

# Lexington Avenue (Steel Blue)

Alex: Blue

Orange: What's it?

Alex: Orange

A park-man fanning at bonfire  
Leave that floated habitation  
I thought of the future, and saw flowering  
District identity and belong together  
Park avenue  
Upper Eastside, Lexington Avenue  
Irving Place, where lives steel blue  
Upper Eastside, Lexington Avenue  
Irving place, where lives steel blue  
A medaillon cast in a box  
A pick-up drove the blocks  
Neighbors in a closer box  
A voice holds that stock  
Humus that moved twice  
From Duplex home to domizile size  
In familiar interior far of probation  
Object suburb location

Alex. Blue

Orange. What's it

Alex: Couture

Hudson River  
Upper Eastside, Lex  
ington  
Avenue  
Irving place, where lives steel blue  
Upper Eastside, Lex  
ington  
Avenue  
Irving place, where lives steel blue  
Lexington, Lexington  
NY, a hundred-twenty two  
Street name: Lexington  
Post code: USA ten – zero – two - two

Upper Eastside, Lexington Avenue  
57th street, where lives steel blue  
Upper Eastside, Lexington Avenue  
Irving place, where lives steel blue

Pierre Rausch

# Library Asset

Nonsense! Are going to turn aside  
After what seems for a glossary  
Sometimes for good age

Among them where several sort of book  
The public duties which deduct  
The cunning of ancient skill  
It flowed in narrow channel  
The object of founding a library  
Such are rarely seen

Very well! We'll see  
Jondrette consulting  
They will perhaps

Thank you, I am sure  
I thought you did not like them  
The contract isn't void

Was full of grandeur  
I'd feel magnificent  
They are young people

Perhaps it formed  
Begged him not to leave  
The ancient language

Pierre Rausch

## London Casino (Business Affairs)

He dined and watched  
'Since the playhouse is independent'  
- He laughed and clapped -  
"It has been vanished"  
It proved to be a very successful theater  
The club for military officers to be, a rank in ammunition  
With locals to compete, Nippy in 1930  
Musical comedies and revue

Soho gushes through Old Compton,  
Another dined and listened precariously  
It's the street that isn't trader,  
The butcher's clientele, the investor's  
A brunch for a cabaret:  
"All highlights are here" in the temperature, he colored  
The desert south-east,  
North-east, the airport  
Cotton fields, a drama  
"Supper a stage show"  
"Pantomime a drama"  
"Supper a stage show"  
A lindworm holiday nest

Halberd, marksman  
East flair of the variety

Pierre Rausch

# Loner

Doors, these doors, these  
Could never ever open  
World these, world these  
Could slave away slowly  
Portals of entry  
Today, could be closed  
Every-time, left alone  
His resistance to change

Girl, you, girl you  
Distract no ignorance  
Girl you, girl you  
Will you never ever meet  
Occasion, left alone  
His resistance to change

World, this cosmos  
Could blossom into posse  
No freedom and cosmos  
His struggle is broken  
He is a Loner, he has no roots, a loner with roots

Pierre Rausch



# Lool And Listen

At sympathy, sits in a stool-chair  
Without vengeance  
Curse me, you can't curse me back  
So she has no intentions  
She needs  
Plenty of joy  
Look how the dancers move  
It's the joy of sight  
She serves  
Look how the dancers move

To the douche  
Listen, join  
Her touch a kiss  
Hairbrush to save  
Feels dark and splendid  
The boxing association vindicates  
Extra meeting and customer rate  
Conference manufactured like a glove  
Look, how the dancers move  
Padlock as target farm  
Listen, horses touch and walk it  
Veiled horses turn and walk  
Veiled vapor, (exulting) mien  
Look, how the dancers move  
That converts to every way

Come on, 'tell me  
Gratitude  
Pardon me you're on the cargo-train  
Look how the dancers move

Sixteen friends,  
Sixteen manners over field  
Anguish breaks,  
While the good one's grieve  
Spreading their despair 'neath falling  
Stepped forward, from a market  
My need, hungry, her last deal gone.

Smelling sweet where she got born,  
On midsummer's eve

Football pitch and minority report  
Shoe as slogan, carved into  
West age  
Calligraphy leap as to outlet  
Leaves of tradition  
(For love) the long ago she-bird rises.  
Above the area, soft feathered  
Flying, (as) though the she-bird rises  
And the elements of the slow

The controversial wad-data  
Vader around  
Wade in destruction  
Bridges of thorn  
Through the dear lands (of slow flake)  
Vanguard, trailblazers  
Whereas she boards

Pierre Rausch

# Loozap

Not give inch, not know that  
So much have changed that  
Jah Teardrop in front of the Zap  
Teardrops in front of the Zap

All these little details that defy  
The five minutes at the Loozap  
These are add-ons that defy  
The first five minutes at the Loozap  
Little extras that defy  
The first minute

Pierre Rausch

# Lumber Mill

To see why you are  
To see why you aren't  
To see why you aren't  
Not to see where you are  
Who'd seize, won't  
St. Cardboard  
Unafraid  
Flour ingredients  
Call away  
Allow, this devotion to be shrill  
Call away  
Townhall including bar  
This kept to see  
All inclusive  
Ovens of scott glow  
Hooch says: vortex  
Ireland  
To see why you are  
To see why you aren't  
To see why you aren't  
To see why you are  
Foster stampede  
The saw-dust  
Not to requiere  
Into poster  
Tape as rubber band  
Steam concept  
Steam cause  
Tape as elastic land  
Damp convoy  
Raised veil  
Damp convoy  
Marrow circles  
And nothing fail  
Into a polestar  
To see why you are  
To see why you aren't  
To see why you aren't  
To see why you are

Foster light without she saw  
She saw a witness  
We stay were you are  
Fire leaped from the jaw  
Young so to speak  
A man possessed

Pierre Rausch

# Manchuria

Neither assent nor refusal  
And then, it will not be long before I return  
And so happy, it overwhelmed me  
Will you keep my child  
Russia and Japan fought  
Russia and Japan  
My past might invade my life  
What is there in all for me  
In a push chair  
Embarassed by consult  
Russia and Japan fought  
Which signify,  
Neither assent nor refusal  
Made one of those movements which signify  
Russia and Japan fought  
Russia and Japan  
What am I afraid of?  
It does not bring harm  
That some catastrophe  
It does not bring harm  
Then, it will not be long before I return  
And so happy, it overwhelme

Pierre Rausch

# Man-O-War

Who was attached to a saddle  
It had been figured for long  
The soldiers had no sleep  
Can still be measured to figuration  
Can still be measured  
Can still sailsread  
The road was so narrow at the ship  
Provided that they furnished  
Wellington, Wellington, Harold Wellington.  
Washington, Washington, Harold Wellington.  
Up guards an d' aim straight  
The regiment of red flat behind  
Adopted  
It was not a pleasant thought  
The wherewithal to a monument  
Which was probably perfidious  
An express at full speed  
The sun had long gone  
Believing themselves been vanquished  
They had seen it rise  
The soldier in that troop  
A broken sword in sailor hand

Pierre Rausch

# Me Heavy In Fog

He grabbed one of the heavy lanterns and went out  
It's very nice of you I'm very kind  
I'm every kind of both us  
Me heavy in fog, I would never allow  
A goat is not that kind  
I have one desire and it may be fulfilled,  
And then I don't have a have a wish beside  
Be back in the same moment, be both  
Never hurting any part of the special me  
Me heavy in fog, I would never allow  
It was a sphere, a precious antique sphere  
Coincidence leading us from week to week  
We barely snatched at emotion  
Look at the arena floor and answer  
We will not know how it happened  
We will never find out why we passed  
How's that procedure that swallows  
Would I appear on front, be on the desk  
Set out for good  
Metarmorphose  
I would never allow

Pierre Rausch



# Merchants Of Gold

Amalaan, quo sen amalan, muoma te amaleh amalaaaahan  
Suore, quo sen suore, muoma te suora, suoooore  
Badje, quo sen badje, muoma ta badjis, badjeernere

Malante, quo sen malante, muoma te malante malantaam  
Te bo, quo sen te bo, muoma te ta bo, ti bo  
Matsorri, quo sen matsorri, muoma tasorre, sorree

Amalaan diema, quo sen diema, muoma ta damie disema  
Tjellan, quo sen tjellan, muoma te tjellan, tjellan  
Abambra, quo sen abambra, muoma ta Abambra

Could the scellan texture decipherage  
Baby as west-indian voyage  
The Merchants of Gold on voyage  
Five onzen and a takelage  
The Merchants of Gold on voyage  
Baby as west-indian voyage

Ye squoletsa pon que, ye squoletsa pon que  
Sabbadje, quo sen diema, muoma te sadje sabbadje  
Harri, quo sen harrib, muoma te har, harrib  
Falsalla, quo sen, Falsalla, muoma ta falsalla, falsalla

Sabbadje ta hooro, sababdab atare aha fed te ha  
Ataze, quo sen taze diema, muoma ta taze ataze  
Vone, quo sen vone, muoma te vone, vone  
Salla, quo sen Falsalla, muoma ta falla, salsalla

Ja te gela tare da  
Ye te quole dan, seni ta forn antare  
ye pon que harribo, vongol tsa ba que abbacha, tsa une, tsine  
baste falsalla quon hadje tor, forsib nese durnin cuole das

Ye squolesta narb cobe, ye squolesta narbid cobe

Pierre Rausch

## Met. Dolezel

Dora not productive, but spangled  
Ormond on monitor  
Li-lo polymer will  
Exchange info on the knuckle  
Zaps close to viz.  
Estelle très en vogue  
Logging in, saving fuel

Danish modulus challenger  
Obsession urging a  
LED-level  
Emblem on air  
Zoom to close  
Especially battery charge  
Link with poly plural

Company  
OAP recording stud  
Liquid recital  
Enough to pervade  
Zest for showbiz  
Ernie failing  
Latvian poll

Dora niet productief, maar ingericht  
Ormond op monitor  
Li-lo polymeer zal  
Exchange info op de knokkel  
Zaps te dicht bij viz.  
Estelle très en vogue  
Inloggen, opslaan van brandstof

Deense modulus challenger  
Obsessie aandringen een  
LED-niveau  
Embleem op lucht  
Zoom te dicht bij  
Met name de lading van de batterij

Koppelen met poly meervoud

-bedrijf

OAP opname stud

Vloeibare overweging

Genoeg om te doordringen

Schil voor showbiz

Ernie bij gebreke

Letse poll

Dora non productif, mais pailleté

Ormond à moniteur

Polymère sert li

Échange des infos sur porte-fusée

Zaps à viz de proximité.

En vogue de estelle très

Connexion, économie de carburant

Challenger danois module

Obsession exhortant un

LED-niveau

Emblème d'air

Zoom de fermeture

Charge de la batterie en particulier

Lien avec poly pluriel

Entreprise

Goujon d'enregistrement PAO

Récital liquide

Assez pour imprégner

Zeste de showbiz

Ernie omettant

Sondage letton

Dora nicht produktiv, geschmückt

Ormond auf monitor

Li-lo Polymer wird

Exchange-Informationen über den Knöchel

Zaps, nämlich zu schließen.  
Estelle Très En vogue  
Einloggen, Sprit sparen

Dänische Modulo Herausforderer  
Besessenheit drängt ein  
LED-Ebene  
Emblem auf Luft  
Zu nah gezoomt  
Vor allem die Batterieladung  
Link mit Poly plural

-Unternehmen  
OAP Aufnahme stud  
Liquid Erwägungsgrund  
Genug, um durchzudringen  
Lebenslust showbiz  
Ernie versagt  
Lettische Umfrage

Dora non produttiva, ma decorato  
Ormond sul monitor  
Li-lo polimero sarà  
Scambio informazioni sulla nocca  
Zaps per chiudere a viz.  
Estelle très en vogue  
Log-in, risparmio di carburante

Challenger modulo danese  
Ossessione sollecitando un  
LED-livello  
Emblema su aria  
Zoom a chiudere  
Soprattutto la carica della batteria  
Il collegamento con poli plurale

Società  
Stud registrazione OAP  
Recital liquido

Sufficiente per pervadono  
Gioia di showbiz  
Ernie fallendo  
Sondaggio-Lettonia

Dora no productiva, decorado  
Ormond en monitor  
Voluntad de polímero Li-lo  
Intercambio de información sobre el nudillo  
Zaps cerca de viz.  
Moda Estelle très  
Registro, ahorro de combustible

Challenger de módulo danés  
Obsesión instando a una  
Nivel del LED  
Emblema en el aire  
Zoom a cerca  
Especialmente la carga de batería  
Enlace con poli plural

Empresa  
Perno prisionero de grabación OAP  
Recital de líquido  
Suficiente para impregnan  
Ralladura de showbiz  
Ernie fallando  
Encuesta Letón

Dora não produtiva, decorado  
Ormond no monitor  
Polímero de Li-lo será  
Troca de informação sobre a junta  
Zaps fechar a viz.  
Très en vogue de Estelle  
Login, economia de combustível

Challenger de módulo dinamarquês  
Obsessão pedindo um  
Nível de LED

Emblema no ar  
Zoom para perto  
Especialmente a carga de bateria  
Link com poli plural

Empresa pontocom  
Parafuso prisioneiro de gravação OAP  
Líquido Considerando  
Suficiente para permeiam  
Raspas de showbiz  
Ernie falhando  
Enquete Letão

Dora değil üretken, ama süslü  
Ormond monitör  
Li-lo polimer olacak  
Knuckle Exchange bilgi  
Zaps yani yakın.  
Estelle très en vogue  
Günlük, yakıt tasarrufu

Danimarka modülü challenger  
Obsesyon çağırın bir  
LED düzeyi  
Hava amblemi  
Kapatmak için  
Özellikle pil şarj  
Poli çoğul ile bağlantı

şirket  
OAB kayıt stud  
Sıvı resital  
Yayılmak için yeterli  
Lezzet Show için  
Başarısız Ernie  
Letonca anket

Pierre Rausch

# Migration (Governmental Traffic Agencies)

Underpath, tunnels, flags,  
Ambulance to steers  
Fly eighthundred miles  
Drive eighthundred miles  
Highway, non-stop, go  
Carrying persiflage

At high speed  
At saga eighthundred miles  
Passing ahead  
Negotiate at first station  
Carrying at the highway (negative gesture; defeat)

It let them, all two in a tiny way  
Under the tower, where we're  
Passing ahead

From every crater  
Too late afternoons  
Travellers

To surrender now means to pay the ogre twice  
Which I'd distinguish to lift from extensive border  
It's done on way  
It's just crisped fingers carrying

To return a world, which is each nan's work  
Which approaches slowly  
Sixtysix gears - Pull the brakes  
It attempts in

Rt.

Lay-by, burger-bar - help the waitress to a coin – a milkshake, then pinball  
Resting places, snacksharing; bavardage and the doors burn in their brain

Suddenly, there was frenzy  
Flat traffic glasses  
I am urged to kiss

Rt.

Be precariuos, when we drive  
Be precariuos, we can dissapoint  
The world, that carries to be, that carries  
A second finish

Pierre Rausch



# Mister O.P.

Hey DJ, mix a sample mono effort  
Western layout to have it fun  
Balustrade as sample mid-andiron  
Hey DJ, mix the gate going on

Hey DJ, sample of caldron  
Scratch, spin, it's all one  
I'll show to you, so we can't run  
Hey DJ, it's southern fun

|: Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, emergency  
Stenos, telegraphy  
Thus, it is normal for a man aged 80 to be in quarantine: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., are you O.K  
Are you fine, are you OK?

A Scat rocket to start off the nuclear crisis  
We'd stay up from dusk 'till dawn  
Clinic full of glasses that brisks  
Isn't a dance closer to the dawn?

Operation room, operation table  
Doctors wanted and able  
A shield to Russia, a shield to America  
It's a defense; take your dress

"The in-augured hospital  
The future doctors dabbling on the children channel  
It's a foreign night in clinic  
Foreign, arbitrary Luxembourgensia  
|: Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, emergency  
Diseases, transmission, infection  
Thus it is normal for a man aged eighty to be on TV: |  
The U.S. Open in the midst of no crises  
Enigmatic honors, appropriate  
Is a changeling invention and wisest

|: Hey Mister O.P., radius got emergency

Sick, quarantine, telegraphy

Thus, it is normal for a man aged eighty to be in quarantine: |

An Anesthetist ends an O.P. with complication

The stomach bells operation toward sensation

Extra quarters Doctor proclamations

Better structure in front of self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, emergency

Stenos, telegraphy, quarantine

Thus, it is normal for a man to be breathless

Asthma splits the wings of medallion

A dame that mends " pavilion"

Partisan guerrilla to Hebron

Is militia in a gratis newspaper

Frequency modulated

My nephew, the steward appears

All of a sudden, a raincoat tears

Steward up, Steward down,

Forbidden citron medallion

Reclamation on neutral screen

That ends an appropriate show

Hey DJ, Meng een monster mono inspanning

Westerse lay-out om het leuk te hebben

Balustrade als voorbeeld mid-andiron

Hey DJ, meng de poort gaande

Hey DJ, monster van ketel

Kras, spin, het is allemaal een

Ik zal laten zien aan u, zodat we niet uitvoeren

Hey DJ, het is zuidelijke leuk

|: Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, noodsituaties

Stenos, telegrafie

Dus, het is normaal voor een man van Tachtig jaar in quarantaine: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., bent u O.K

Bent u fijn, bent u OK?

Een Scat-raket te beginnen aan de nucleaire crisis

Wij zouden blijven van Schemer tot dawn

Kliniek volledige bril die brisis

Is niet een dans dichter naar de dageraad?

Operatie kamer, operatie tabel

Artsen wilde en kunnen

Een schild aan Rusland, een schild naar Amerika

Het is een verdediging; Neem je jurk

'Het in voorspelde ziekenhuis

De toekomstige artsen ploeteren op de kinderen-kanaal

Het is een vreemde nacht in kliniek

Buitenlandse, willekeurige Luxemburgse

|: Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, noodsituatie

Ziekten, transmissie, infectie

Dus het is normaal voor een man van Tachtig jaar tachtig om op TV van de televisie: |

De US Open in het midden van geen crises

Raadselachtige onderscheidingen, passende

Is een vormverwisselaar uitvinding en wijste

Hey Mister O.P., kreeg straal noodgevallen

Zieken, quarantaine, telegrafie

Dus, het is normaal voor een man van tachtig worden in quarantaine jaar: |

Een werkzaam eindigt een O.P. met complicatie

De maag klokken bewerking naar sensatie

Extra kwartalen arts proclamaties

Betere structuur voor self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., x-ray, noodsituaties

Stenos, telegrafie, quarantaine

Dus, het is normaal dat een man als ademloos

Astma splitst de vleugels van medaillon  
Een dame die mends 'paviljoen'  
Partijdige guerrilla te Hebron  
Is militie in een gratis krant

Frequentie gemoduleerd  
Mijn neef, de rentmeester wordt weergegeven  
Ineens, tranen een regenjas  
Steward omhoog, omlaag, Steward

Verboden citron medaillon  
Terugwinning op neutraal scherm  
Dat eindigt een passende Toon

Hey DJ, mixer un effort de l'échantillon  
Ouest mise en page pour l'avoir amusant  
Balustrade comme mid-andiron de l'échantillon  
Hey DJ, mixer la porte en cours

Hey DJ, échantillon de chaudron  
Scratch, spin, c' est tout un  
Je vais montrer à vous, donc nous ne pouvons courir  
Hey DJ, c'est un plaisir sud

|: Hey Mister O.P., rayons x, d'urgence  
Stenos, télégraphie  
Ainsi, il est normal pour homme de quatre-vingt ans, pour être en quarantaine: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., êtes-vous OK  
Vous êtes fine, êtes-vous OK?

Une fusée de Scat d'abord à la crise nucléaire  
Nous resterions from dusk till dawn  
Clinique plein de verres que brisis  
N'est pas une danse plus près de l'aube?

Salle d'opération, table d'opération  
Médecins recherchés et capables  
Un bouclier à la Russie, un bouclier en Amérique

C'est un moyen de défense; Prenez votre robe

'L'augure en hôpital

Les futurs médecins barboter sur la chaîne pour enfants

C'est une nuit étranger en clinique

Étrangères, arbitraire luxembourgeois

|: Hey Mister O.P., rayons x, des opérations d'urgence

Maladies, transmission, infection

Ainsi, il est normal pour un homme de quatre-vingts ans d'être à la télévision

télévision: |

L'US Open au milieu sans crises

Honneurs énigmatiques, appropriés

Est une invention de l'échange et plus sage

|: Hey Mister O.P., rayon obtenu d'urgence

Malades, quarantaine, télégraphie

Ainsi, il est normal pour un homme d'ans quatre-vingts pour être en quarantaine:

|

Un anesthésiste termine une O.P. avec complication

L'opération de cloches estomac vers sensation

Trimestres supplémentaires proclamations de médecin

Meilleure structure devant self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., rayons x, d'urgence

Stenos, télégraphie, quarantaine

Ainsi, il est normal pour un homme d'être hors d'haleine

L'asthme divise les ailes du médaillon

Une dame qui répare le « pavillon »

Guérilla partisane à Hébron

Est la milice dans un journal à titre gracieux

Modulée en fréquence

Mon neveu, l'intendant s'affiche

Tout d'un coup, un imperméable déchire

Steward vers le haut, Steward

Médaillon de cédrat interdite

Remise en état sur écran neutre

Cela met fin à un spectacle approprié

Hey DJ, mischen Sie eine Beispiel-Muster  
Westliche Layout, es Spaß zu haben  
Geländer als Beispiel mid-andiron  
Hey DJ, mischen sie, das Tor geht

Hey DJ, Stichprobe von Kessel  
Kratzer, Spin, die alle eins  
Ich werde Ihnen zeigen, so dass wir nicht ausgeführt werden kann  
Hey DJ, es macht Spaß, Süd

|: Hey Mister O.P., Röntgen, Notfall  
Stenos, Telegraphie  
Also, es ist normal für ein Mann im Alter von Achtzig Jahren in Quarantäne zu  
sitzen: |

Intro: Hey Mister op sind Sie O.K  
Ja nett, bist du OK?

Eine Scat-Rakete zu Beginn der Nuklearkrise  
We stay up from Dusk till dawn  
Klinik voller Gläser, brisis  
Ist kein Tanz näher zu Beginn?

Operationsraum, Operationstisch  
Ärzte wollte und in der Lage  
Ein Schild nach Russland, ein Schild nach Amerika  
Es ist eine Verteidigung; nehmen Sie Ihr Kleid

'In-augured Krankenhaus  
Die künftigen Ärzte Dilettantismus auf dem Kinder-Kanal  
Es ist ein ausländischer Nacht in Klinik  
Außen- und willkürlichen luxemburgischen  
|: Hey Mister O.P., Röntgen, Notfall  
Krankheiten, Übertragung, Infektion  
Also es ist normal für ein Mann im Alter von Achtzig Jahren fern zu sein: |

Die US Open in der Mitte keine Krisen  
Rätselhafte Ehrungen, geeignete  
Ist eine Erfindung der Wechselbalg und klügste

|: Hey Mister Op nahm Radius Notfall  
Kranken, Quarantäne, Telegraphie

Also, es ist normal für ein Mann im Alter von Achtzig Jahren in Quarantäne zu sein: |

Ein Anesthetist endet eine O.P mit Komplikation  
Die Magen-Glocken-Operation in Richtung Gefühl  
Zusätzliche Viertel Arzt Proklamationen  
Bessere Struktur vor self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., Röntgen, Notfall  
Stenos, Telegrafie, Quarantäne  
Daher ist es normal, dass ein Mann atemlos sein

Asthma teilt die Flügel Medaillon  
Eine Dame, die flickt 'Pavillon'  
Partisanen Guerilla zu Hebron  
Ist Miliz in einer gratis Zeitung

Frequenz moduliert  
Mein Neffe, erscheint der Verwalter  
Plötzlich, reißt ein Regenmantel  
Steward, Steward nach unten

Verbotene Citron Medaillon  
Rekultivierung auf neutrale Bildschirm  
Endet eine entsprechende Karte

Hey DJ, mescolare un sforzo mono campione  
Layout occidentale ad avere divertente  
Balaustra come mid-andiron campione  
Hey DJ, mescolare il cancello in corso

Hey DJ, campione della caldaia  
Graffio, spin, è tutto uno  
Mostrerò a te, così non possiamo correre  
Hey DJ, è divertente del sud

|: Hey Mister O.P., raggi x, emergenza  
Stenos, telegrafia  
Così, è normale per un uomo di età ottanta per essere in quarantena: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., sei OK

Sono bene, sei tu OK?

Un razzo Scat per iniziare la crisi nucleare  
We stay up dal tramonto fino all'alba  
Clinica completa di occhiali che brisis  
Non è una danza più vicino all'alba?

Stanza di funzionamento, tabella di funzionamento  
Medici ricercati e in grado  
Uno scudo in Russia, uno scudo in America  
È una difesa; Prendete il vostro abito

Il prologo in ospedale'  
I futuri medici dilettersi sul canale bambini  
È una notte straniera in clinica  
Lussemburghese straniero, arbitrario  
|: Hey Mister O.P., raggi x, emergenza  
Malattie, trasmissione, infezione  
Così è normale per un uomo di età ottanta per essere in televisione TV: |  
L'US Open nel mezzo di nessuna crisi  
Onori enigmatici, appropriati  
È un'invenzione di changeling e più saggia

|: Hey Mister O.P., raggio ottenuto d'emergenza  
Malato, quarantena, telegrafia  
Così, è normale per un uomo di età ottanta per essere in quarantena: |

Un anestesista termina un O.P. con complicazione  
L'operazione di campane di stomaco verso la sensazione  
Extra quarti medico proclamazioni  
Migliore struttura davanti a self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., raggi x, emergenza  
Stenos, telegrafia, quarantena  
Così, è normale per un uomo di essere senza fiato

L'asma si divide le ali del medaglione  
Una dama che ricuce 'padiglione'  
Guerriglia partigiana a Hebron  
È la milizia in un giornale gratis

Frequenza modulata



Mio nipote, steward appare  
Tutto ad un tratto, un impermeabile lacrime  
Steward fino, Steward giù,

Medaglione di cedro proibito  
Bonifica su schermo neutro  
Che termina un appropriato Visualizza

Hey DJ, mezclar un esfuerzo mono muestra  
Diseño occidental que él diversión  
Barandilla como mid-andiron de la muestra  
Hey DJ, mezclar la puerta sucediendo

Hey DJ, muestra de caldero  
Scratch, spin, es toda una  
Te voy a usted, por lo que no podemos correr  
Hey DJ, es divertido sur

|: Hey Mister O.P., radiografía, emergencia  
Stenos, telegrafía  
Por lo tanto, es normal para un hombre de ochenta años 80 para estar en  
cuarentena: |

Introducción: Hey Mister O.P., eres O.K.  
¿Es usted muy bien, eres OK?

Un cohete de Scat para empezar la crisis nuclear  
¿Estar desde el anochecer hasta el amanecer  
Clínica llena de vidrios brisis  
¿No es una danza más cerca al amanecer?

Sitio de la operación, operación de la tabla  
Doctores buscados y capaces de  
Un escudo a Rusia, un escudo para América  
Es una defensa; tomar su vestido

'Auguró en hospital  
Los futuros médicos incursionando en el canal de los niños  
Es una noche extranjera en clínica  
Extranjeros, arbitrario luxemburgués

|: Hey Mister O.P., rayos x, emergencia  
Enfermedades, transmisión, infección  
Por lo tanto es normal para un hombre de ochenta años para estar de la  
televisión  
El U.S. Open en medio sin crisis  
Honores enigmáticos, apropiados  
Es un invento de impostor y sabio

|: Hey Mister O.P., radio consiguió emergencia  
Enfermos, cuarentena, telegrafía  
Por lo tanto, es normal para un hombre de ochenta años para estar en  
cuarentena: |

Un anestesista termina un O.P. con complicación  
La operación de campanas del estómago hacia la sensación  
Cuartos extras Doctor proclamaciones  
Mejor estructura frente a self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., radiografía, emergencia  
Stenos, telegrafía, cuarentena  
Por lo tanto, es normal que un hombre que sin aliento

Asma divide las alas del medallón  
Una dama que repara el 'Pabellón'  
Guerrilla partisana en Hebrón  
Es la milicia en un periódico gratis

Frecuencia modulada  
Mi sobrino, el mayordomo aparece  
De repente, un impermeable lágrimas  
Steward para arriba, Steward

Medallón de citron prohibido  
Recuperación en pantalla neutral  
Termina un programa apropiado

Hey DJ, misturar um esforço de amostra  
Layout ocidental ter divertido  
Balaustrada como mid-andiron de amostra

Hey DJ, misturar o portão acontecendo

Hey DJ, amostra do Caldeirão

Zero, rotação, é todo um

Eu vou mostrar para você, para nós não é possível executar

Hey DJ, é divertido Sul

|: Hey Mister O.P., raio x, emergência

Stenos, telegrafia

Assim, é normal para um homem com idade entre oitenta anos para ser em quarentena: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., você está OK

São você muito bem, você está OK?

Um foguete de Scat, para começar a crise nuclear

Ficariamos até from dusk Till dawn

Clínica completa de óculos que brisis

Não é uma dança mais perto ao amanhecer?

Sala de operação, mesa de operação

Médicos procurados e capazes

Um escudo para a Rússia, um escudo para a América

É uma defesa; toma seu vestido

'Abriram em hospital

Os futuros médicos engatinhando sobre o canal de crianças

É uma noite estrangeira em clínica

Arbitrária, estrangeiros luxemburguês

|: Hey Mister O.P., raio x, emergência

Doenças, transmissão, infecção

Assim, é normal para um homem com idade entre oitenta anos para estar de televisão: |

O US Open no meio sem crises

Honras enigmáticas, adequadas

É uma invenção de Mutano e mais sábio

Hey Mister O.P., raio tem emergência

Doente, quarentena, telegrafia

Assim, é normal para um homem com idade entre oitenta anos para estar em quarentena: |

Um anestesista termina um O.P. com complicação  
A operação de sinos do estômago em direção a sensação  
Quartos extras proclamações de médico  
Melhor estrutura na frente de self-solicitation

Hey Mister O.P., raio x, emergência  
Stenos, telegrafia, quarentena  
Assim, é normal para um homem ser sem fôlego

Asma divide as asas do medalhão  
Uma dama que emenda 'pavilhão'  
Guerrilha partidária para Hebron  
É a milícia em um jornal gratis

Freqüência modulada  
Meu sobrinho, o mordomo aparece  
De repente, uma capa de chuva lágrimas  
Steward acima, Steward

Medalhão de cidra proibido  
Recuperação na tela neutra  
Que termina um show apropriado  
Hey DJ, bir örnek mono çaba mix  
O eğlenceli Batı düzeni  
Korkuluk örnek mid-andiron olarak  
Hey DJ, oluyor kapısı mix

Hey DJ, caldron örnek  
Çizik, spin, bu hepsi bir arada  
Biz cant'koşmak bu yüzden ben size göstereceğim  
Hey DJ, bu Güney eğlenceli olduğunu

|: Hey Mister O.P., röntgen, acil  
Stenos, telgraf  
Bir adam karantinada olması seksen yıl Yaş böylece, normal: |

Intro: Hey Mister O.P., are sen ok  
Are sen güzel, sen Tamam?

Nükleer kriz başlatmak için pist roket  
Biz alacakaranlıkta kadar şafak kadar kalmak

Klinik tam gözlük bu brisis  
Bir dans daha yakın şafak için değil mi?

Operation room, işlem tablosu  
Doktorlar istedi ve güçlü  
Rusya, Amerika'ya kalkan kalkan  
Bu bir savunma olduğunu; elbise almak

'In augured Hastanesi  
Çocuk kanalında kurmuştur gelecek doktorlar  
Bu klinikte bir yabancı gece 's  
Yabancı, rasgele Lüksemburg  
|: Hey Mister O.P., röntgen, acil durum  
Hastalıklar, iletim, enfeksiyon  
Bir adam seksen yıl televizyon TV için yaş böylece normal: |  
Amerika Açık hiçbir kriz ortasında  
Esrarengiz onur, uygun  
Bir changeling buluş ve bilge

|: Hey Mister O.P., Radius US acil var  
Hasta, karantina, telgraf  
Bir adam seksen yıl karantinada olması için yaş böylece, normal: |

Bir anesteziist bir O.P. komplikasyon ile biter  
Mide çan işlemi hissi doğru  
Ekstra çeyrek doktor bildiriler  
Self-solicitation önünde daha iyi yapı

Hey Mister O.P., röntgen, acil  
Stenos, telgraf, karantina  
Böylece, bir adama için nefes nefese olması normaldir

Astım madalyon kanatları böler  
'Köşk' mends bir dame  
Hebron için partizan gerilla  
Milis bir Bedava gazete

Frekans modülasyonlu  
Yeğenim, steward görünür  
Bir anda, bir yağmurluk gözyaşları  
Steward yukarı, temsilcisi,

Yasak ağaç kavunu Madalyon  
Islah tarafsız ekranda  
Bu uygun bir gösteri sona

Pierre Rausch

# Misty

The ground on snow caught the moonlight beyond the clouds  
A candle lid on table cast an arc of light across their mouth  
And you've stayed numb all these years  
And outside fears  
Through the misty window panes  
Tell me what to do  
You are big, I am small  
Misty, misty

The curve on light caught the rain  
A dance and candle cast on wax  
And you've shut all these years  
It makes no sense  
Shall you stay, or shan't you foe  
The astonished lady refusing  
The mow of nought brought the unhur  
Two sample, hidden sables caught a fight beyond their cloud  
And you've stayed numb all these years  
Outside hears  
Through the willing window panes  
Tell me what to do  
You are big, I am small

Pierre Rausch

## Modern Crusades (Sitap)

When we come to it  
When we let the rifles fall from our shoulders  
And children dress their dolls in flags of truce  
When we come to it  
When the curtain falls on the minstrel show of hate  
And faces sooted with scorn are scrubbed clean  
When we come to it  
Then we will confess that not the Pyramids  
With their stones set in mysterious perfection  
:  
We, this people, on a small and lonely planet  
Traveling through casual space  
Past aloof stars, across the way of indifferent suns

Sat in the airplane that looked tiny above  
Swam in the ocean on right side in front  
Looked down on flakes as aircraft  
Looked down on flakes as cripple and crop  
Looked down on flakes as space jet

Since I forgot you to the cane  
Walked that aisle as member of crew, companion  
Stood on sidewalk, I didn't know too well  
Exit talipot  
Exit decent gallipot

He is such an anorak  
Contrast, rub it to be segregate  
On the phone, 838188  
Toward decent worry of summer serenade

Pierre Rausch



# Mosquito

One would have said that they were  
threatened  
The most formidable that it was possible  
He would have been alarmed  
That black and deformed thing  
He would have to fly, calling  
Would have taken good care  
Mosquito, all pure and radiant  
With tremors and anxiety  
Mosquito, one would have said  
Not to show myself  
He set out on his way  
Would have hurt his eyes on emerging  
Would have taken good care  
Would have hurt his eyes on emerging  
In the presence of these lights  
Which we have already put to ourselves  
He proceeded like a man  
That he was no longer the same man  
That about him was changed

Pierre Rausch

# My Brother Has Ways Of His Own

Isn't there a matter  
Can always draw from my soul  
From a restricted point of view  
The visible in nowise  
That in every man there is none  
What there was in Javert  
Would you know the way?  
What there was in police  
It will be easy for us to stay  
All department requesting  
Ordinarily, he is believed  
Illuminated her profile and her attitude  
She fancies that you feel super nature  
Yes, that's right, call him father  
That grandsire hadn't given  
But a few months before, he would have so ardently  
sacrificed  
He hadn't hastened to the thicket in the morning  
About in the mansard of roof  
A light which was wandering  
Where there isn't a pavilion  
You shall enter here during this flight  
He hadn't hastened to the thicket in the morning  
Some persons, weren't curious  
That he would have been put to torture  
(in case of need)  
At a nook of the forest in the underbrush  
For I had seen this person emerge from the  
brushwood

Pierre Rausch

# My Day Starts With A Smile

After loading the basket with logs  
The great heavy banks of air part  
That the publishers had send him two copies  
And he had thought Jesse might like one  
My day starts with a smile  
The only person in that sequence is myself  
To be operated on that morning  
Jesse had been allowed to do much  
But the waitress does not answer  
What happened to me? Where are you shot?  
Whisperings of mothers and daughters  
The place goes silent  
My day starts with a smile  
The only person in that sequence is myself  
To be operated on that morning  
Jesse had been allowed to do much  
My day starts with a smile  
The only person in that sequence is myself  
To be operated on that morning  
Jesse had been allowed to do much  
That pattern is not a predictable process  
The start of music greatly amplified  
A large dining room, an open mic  
Was very narrow and often used  
My day starts with a smile  
The only person in that sequence is myself  
To be operated on that morning  
Jesse had been allowed to do much  
That pattern is not a predictable process  
The start of music greatly amplified  
A large dining room, an open mic  
Was very narrow and often used

Pierre Rausch

# My French Maid

A cute Miss is jogging in the park  
Is jogging late in dark  
My heart lights up huge sparks  
Nice girl left her mark  
But does not see the trench  
Her knees would wrench  
For that maid's pain a quench  
I help her to a bench

MFM

This isn't how we meet on a bench  
When I feel love in French  
Full moon unleashes the light  
And stars fill the night  
This is just a fitting set  
I'd make every bet  
We are in a world so blue  
I am so in love with you

MFM

Pierre Rausch

# My Messiah

Ranged in echelons and set in motion  
Between the brigades, the music at their head  
Which were more peculiar than witty  
Had the white and amaranth cockade  
For the sake of glorification  
Lancers of Bro and beneath the crisscross  
The battalion of Lunenburg  
Ponsonby's great dragoon  
My Messiah, you are right, when you say I fail, all I ever do, is the dream that  
sails  
Lo, le, li, la delia, My Messiah  
Were shall be raised a handful lip  
In Betlehem, there stands a crib

Pierre Rausch

# Napoleon

I am going to the barricades  
By a tall row of houses  
The style of this cabaret  
Napoleon was a hair-dress  
Lillois and Bois-Seigneur-Isaac  
Thought I saw you pass  
An amusing variety  
A superior manner  
A Belgian in Brussels  
'Guess, you love me, then? '  
Lone women!  
Have you lost that silver piece? '  
A Belgian in Brussels  
He must have been nine  
Ill-tempered air  
This scrawled in charcoal  
What a void in absence of daze  
Composed the travellers' tariff  
Napoleon thought himself the servor and the possessor  
What a void in absence of daze  
Had fallen from this apron's pocket  
„How was, turning the damask curtains crimson“  
Advert on side  
'Is it for you'  
How was it?  
With manners at table  
This formidable gesture  
A lilac robe  
Lilac curtain  
Of the gouty man within  
A purple curtain  
A purple robe  
Of the gouty man within  
And clever  
A lilac robe

Pierre Rausch

## Natas(C) A

Nostalgic, tragic alabastor,  
After dark, the (rabby) pastor,  
This is tender begin,  
At midnight, I'd rose the evening,  
Say when has the time come,  
Crowing roster, the rising sun,  
Hail the morning, the early morning,  
As the dust as misst is foaming,

Natasha, this day, this hour no one knows,  
All this sorrow lay so silent outside in snow,  
Then you'd break the flask, that fragment of the basks,  
Sll this sorrow lay so silent outside,  
Silenced these voices, these winter voices,  
Horn as parable, as branches so tender,  
All this sorrow silently render,

Nats(c) ha, lest you coming suddenly,  
A glorious day this shall be,  
That it does not find you weeping,  
For the moon and the stars have been weeping, it's all in  
all,  
Would you carry me to the end of the world, for I have no  
legs  
Could you listen, what they sing, for I have no ears

Pierre Rausch

# Nathaniel Bryan

Waking in the shade of the midst to the dawn, proletarian washed in the  
testament unflavored to the lawn  
Waking in the chill of the sun that sizes, among hundreds, among men the  
enemy that rises  
Disciple cause to the hostile relations of the camp with the orbs, disciple in petty  
school, grammar and elemental horde  
These are these times inaugural mentioned to buzz, I'd (additionally) presume  
to sanction, being the only one of us  
Among the projects that seem modest on Baker Street,  
Catchers like Savage, catchers like Hogan, catchers like the Natural Butch Reed  
Once when the world turned around in napkin sphere, my daddy took choices in  
most proper atmosphere  
In industrial age millennium to the Cape-Horn, his thoughts of forest, he said:  
road to perdition to all thorn  
He rented the urban settlements, the rural patrimony, and patrician in vector  
caused by considerately destiny  
On valid border rebels an entire sector, on valid bench rents a valid tribe, three  
electrons sit together to berate and confide  
Have they worked in modesty for the old cobbler, dissident ignoble urgency, and  
ignoble dissident for modest robbers?  
Walking steps in the mornings of Springfield, astronomic daze, astronomic  
complement, funny shield  
Walking steps in the morning dust of Houston, the audit galaxy, Flynn tucker,  
invisible Garbage, the cum  
Walking in the image of the restricted public morning, these phony hours of looks  
handsome and horny  
Graveyard slot and waking early, the mystic mill's so tented red, fork and knife in  
ham and meat, the syllables of Amour yet to be read  
Graveyard slot and baking bread, when the baker stands tempered pearly,  
coulombs sleep astride, the dust furnishes light  
Waking appearance allowed to answer, the hazard users accustomed to cancer  
Fork and graveyard afford then prayer; magic ballrooms fill Aerosmith, mostly  
Slayer  
Nathaniel Bryan, enemy in pathos, enemy to Pantheon, enemy on several stages  
Foe in majority of expression, foe in mimic of quantum, foe for a different age  
Foe, the expense of wildlife for the better, solemn height, sermon all size, not to  
shatter  
Roles in the past, roles in the future, the future roles, the ogre, the mustached  
tiger, the concrete lion



The roles in use, yet the roles to be played, the roles in the haste of the depth of  
the character of Nathaniel Bryan  
Right now, this feels like warfare dispensation, barn bullets hit our troops from  
every angle of the nation  
We haven't lost the sector alpha, the discs of Data; militia missiles hit Sicily  
within the helps of the E.T.A.  
Data's herby knowledge and wisdom-wireless, is crucial to the private in defense  
of Bryan's happiness  
We've got troopers, artillery and mechanic, a hip-hop triangulation for a dead  
friend, the terrible dead Manix  
Waking in the warmth of the sun that rises, among hundreds, among men the  
enemy that rises  
Waking in the shade of the midst to the dawn, proletarian washed in the  
testament unflavored to the lawn

Pierre Rausch

# Ndbyc

Not of half the leitmotiv to trail  
Or the chaos relieve you sail  
Tomatoes encoded first hand  
Outpost allegetion land  
Revolutions comprehend their time  
In aces is born your slime  
Over a louzy card, that broken bone  
Us inmidst two minutes or a stone  
Shake it calm, you are alone

Nets in limelight spined  
Of any intention of sleazy rhyme  
Talent out a purple heart  
Or a couple of free parts  
Red curtain nights and self made snacks  
It feels like I had to put in paper bags  
Okker quite rightly to  
Uncle pyramid couldn't think how to  
Stick the cat in running shoes

It's in my range, concentrate  
It's in my range, concentrate  
It's in my range, concentrate  
Notorious days before you came

Pierre Rausch

# Need For Speed

His favorite spot to visit was with need  
For speed for the terrible lies  
I think it all got knocked out  
On the highway mission interstate  
His favorite spot to visit was with speed  
Understand why his car loves you so much  
Which would be adressed in the name of traffic  
I could only remember envelopes  
I didn't feel confident enough to drive  
And if the past has taught us to drive  
Waved and blew kisses as we watched this  
leave  
Watched and blew kisses as we waved goodbye  
To Need for Speed  
If there is anything you need  
Or if you are not satisfied  
Just ask for it, light the lamps  
I'll be back shortly to see you drive  
Chorus  
Opened the new season at the motordrome  
Fell on hard times whilst you wait for the flag  
He has already served as inspiration  
And he was tingling with excitement

Pierre Rausch

# Neither Side Of Both

Ambiguous strailhouse junkie  
Independant frailhouse junkie  
Ambivalent frailhouse junkie  
Are you all right?  
If I go strailing again  
No running Games, no infrastructure  
No sky office, no Boxsports  
No official, not second hand  
Bembem on sofa  
Da Bog Ba DA boom ba da baba da  
Bog ba da boom ba daba da  
„Neither side of both“  
Ten Seconds and more, the flesh of Mercure  
Ending side of the needle, ending side of start  
It's the beginning  
Neither Side Of Both, Neither side of Both  
The privacy of a made man  
Neither side of both

Pierre Rausch

## New Relic (Relic)

Everything remain  
Swing indulgence over  
The blazor's rope  
It's a worn cable  
Corp pleasance  
Charitable persons  
Glorious corpse  
Remaining unite  
Indigence, new scheme  
Evidence, newer building  
Would be noticed, flimsy  
New familiar destinaion  
But the mantle of flames dons  
„All goes well, knotted, vanquished“  
„All goes well. I'd suffer in my right hand“  
To height of the first floor  
In a dormitory of it  
They aren't yours  
Evidence, newer building  
„I will risk existence“  
„I will kneel in continuation“  
„I will arrive“  
That appeared in bassin  
Two fashion supposed  
I will risk cannonade  
We owe him might  
Longer, they address each other  
Terminated like a kettle  
Even the faint and distant sound  
Remaining unite  
What's the matter with my right paw  
Quick, give it to me  
Long firing doubt  
A first cannonblade

Pierre Rausch

# Nightfall

One day it would be a dance dress  
She was entitled to laugh if she wanted to  
To be the bridesmaid like you  
Glad in a million years  
That lot of beauties at nightfall  
Of all the madness at nightfall  
Something much more dangerous  
Like all the badness at nightfall  
Anything, rather than fall into  
The platform she normally sat on  
Silver paper from the Far East  
For any plaque at her door  
One day it would be a dance dress  
She was entitled to laugh if she wanted to  
To be the bridesmaid like you  
Glad in a million years  
That lot of beauties at nightfall  
Of all the madness at nightfall  
Something much more dangerous  
Like all the badness at nightfall  
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The platform she normally sat on  
Silver paper from the Far East  
For any plaque at her door  
That lot of beauties at nightfall  
Of all the madness at nightfall  
Something much more dangerous  
Like all the badness at nightfall

Pierre Rausch

# Nightingale Star

The most disarming smile  
Built into a hole in the wall  
Nightingale Star  
It had been taken early  
Your eyes are closed  
Nightingale Star  
Author of your own memories  
But she does not hold high hopes  
She will leap to the nightingale's aid  
She has promised to write  
Or so her confidante had worried  
Nightingale Star  
It had been taken early  
Your eyes are closed  
Nightingale Star  
Author of your own memories  
I can possibly capture the tone  
In summary and I wouldn't  
Of the love-struck never cease  
To amaze another day of Indian summer  
Nightingale Star  
It had been taken early  
Your eyes are closed  
Nightingale Star  
Author of your own memories  
Slipping it inside the pocket  
And the record was turning by itself  
She lay there and she tried  
One of the pleasure boats itself  
Nightingale Star  
It had been taken early  
Your eyes are closed  
Nightingale Star  
Author of your own memories

Pierre Rausch

# No Weapons Beyond This Point

I accepted the offer and joined the group  
I will show you to your room  
And went out onto the tiny balcony  
Can you imagine how it is for me  
I felt you had no control  
By April you will be back  
Even you may not be able to save me  
Whether you were or weren't mine  
In your mind of a beautiful retreat  
With reclaimed pale pine floors  
But the thought of doing it all over again  
Apart from one minor hitch  
That all at the theatre are aware of it  
This man will break your heart  
After all that had happened  
Well, I'd just like to say  
Chorus  
The conductor stood up, no weapons beyond this point  
Not in favor of the guitar, no weapons beyond this point  
Life going to waste  
Of life going to waste  
Repeat  
Chorus

Pierre Rausch



# No, But I Had To Badger You

Oh, they may find somewhere, where I can rest  
somewhere,  
But I had to badger you  
And there was a gleam at his eyes  
No, but I had to badger you  
Professionalism, you may say  
No, but I had to badger you  
And he was now weary of  
Professional interests, you may say  
The terrible crows bones abandoned  
Bit out the bird-nest  
Oh, they may find somewhere, somewhere  
where I can rest  
But I had to badger you  
And there was a gleam at his eyes  
No, but I had to badger you  
They drove many of them  
But I had to badger you  
They sat long at  
No, I had to badger you  
Will be the last we'll hear  
But, I had to badger you  
Had passed right west  
No, I had to badger you  
They may have indeed  
But, I had to badger  
There was nothing to be done  
No, I had to badger you  
And twice spring

Pierre Rausch

# Northeast Chinese Dongbei

A good old classic priest  
A good outstanding poet  
That will make three sisters  
That consists in one house  
So pretty - so clean -  
That is just the thing -  
Here is a good mother -  
Here isn't everything  
Talked distractedly over bushes  
The mother passed the night  
Now reduced in volume  
Zephine and Dahlia

I cannot take my daughter to country  
You see, that is just the thing  
My home stays home  
My work will not persist  
A neighbor met his mother  
With a child one can find  
Take a many things  
Take a many situations to the spot

The Soviets captured Manchuria  
And the Ming soon came

Pierre Rausch

# Northern Attorneys

No mistaken party  
Everything in the forest miles  
Pay attention  
Everything in a pavillon  
They were vanquished  
Everything in the forest miles  
Lifting weight: dart  
Social freedom  
Everything in the forest miles  
Signing the depth of a box  
Now he had witnessed  
Those who condemned as well  
That catastrophe, as that condemned  
Voice receiver at tape  
Shouting and calling, signing  
Quite forgotten in what direction  
And it went up in rockets  
Everything in the forest for miles  
Even find one another  
Not even fault in caution  
Used or veined  
To find fault  
-  
Peculiar  
Cap at noon  
Had reached, he ran down the steps  
-  
A clatter of the feet  
Became stranded  
Whose sign could then be seen

Pierre Rausch

# Notary Public

Crowded, crowded & crowd  
The deposit had been paid  
Who are interested in having  
Crowded liberty, yesterday it was a break  
Not to travel underground  
That marvel of a complication  
People hail but don't attire each other  
Another crowd attires:  
„Every crowd begins by creature“  
As worn of esteem  
And always worthy  
Wounded and stupefied of esteem  
Nothing of course -  
Accustomed to favor  
Finding another participant  
The deposit had prevailed  
Crowded, crowded & crowd  
To muffle up  
Crowded  
A letter of right  
Everywhere undermined  
That indicated farewell  
The proceedings  
The processing  
The crowded organization

Pierre Rausch

# November To Remember

Darling I remember your eyes  
Had not escaped all these tries  
Lay together without touching  
And looked up to the sky  
I should have listened to you  
Then it is settled, then it is accepted  
It might be missed, you do not know  
Knowing that you would be allowed to stay  
She did not, instead  
She did not know, if she could spill the blood  
Humming a song from her childhood  
Called November to Remember  
Called November to Remember  
She had run for miles that day  
Her gaze fixed on her mother  
We need each other  
It does not change that  
I should have listened to you  
Then it is settled, then it is accepted  
It might be missed, you do not know  
Knowing that you would be allowed to stay  
She did not, instead  
She did not know, if she could spill the blood  
Humming a song from her childhood  
Called November to Remember  
Called November to Remember  
I should have listened to you  
Then it is settled, then it is accepted  
It might be missed, you do not know  
Knowing that you would be allowed to stay  
She did not, instead  
She did not know, if she could spill the blood  
Humming a song from her childhood  
Called November to Remember  
Called November to Remember

Pierre Rausch

# Now That I Listened That I Saw What It Was

Still I understand, what her eyes mean  
Just a little less hurry  
But the pretty things should  
Until I inquire, I'm guessing  
Just I've no eye contact  
But it's too little haste  
So thoroughly and long  
So real in faith and strong  
That something needs disguise  
What have I now shown  
Now that I listened that I saw what it was  
I realized, how much changes one song, one song and I  
wonder  
And people don't have to be fair for that; it's just what I  
deserve  
Don't river all up all/and down that spine horrible,  
horrible  
Carve 'em up that listed threat, carved 'em  
And fertile threat and honor men  
A show from there  
Dwindled dust  
And red and rust  
Of things that were

Pierre Rausch

# Nursemaid

Swept all the company river away  
After lying and listening for a while  
Two entry desks, reception  
That will be the last we'll take for granted  
And you can draw the ships back  
When it's safe on the other side  
Now, you're in for it at last  
I knew many among the actors  
I won't take that lying down  
Nursemaid, I won't take that lying down  
And south-east, there was nothing  
Anything is all right  
All the odd adornments,  
Yet, if they considered  
All the adornments,  
Netplans. kit,  
Kern Sam's pills  
Before haste, so great was his rate  
In shawl and bin  
We sat on  
To the tendency  
One by one  
She read book in the dawn  
She read book  
I won't take that lying down  
Nursemaid, I won't take that lying down  
There were people that pushed and sat

Pierre Rausch

# Nursery School Teacher

As soon as you like  
Girls with boxes or bricks  
Come, have some more!  
Girls to the cloverleaf corner  
Credit limit, loan to allocate  
Millet entrée  
It was too late  
Come and have some more!  
Attitude corn broom entry  
Corn broom blooming inside  
Goalkeeper posture  
Knock, knock, made an air-buzz  
To suppose now he is the board  
And suppose it in the forest  
Don't leave the teacher alone  
Girls to the cloverleaf corner  
Girls to the box of bricks  
Come and have some more!  
Your own decision, your  
Guesswork, ...  
The price goes to Tammy  
Girls to the cloverleaf corner  
Girls to the box of bricks  
Flying squad to the childs  
Folk music  
Be in focus  
Big A, big B  
Small child, small b

Pierre Rausch



## O' Connor

O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twin  
O Love! were you the scented fan  
O Love! were you the hooded hawk upon my  
hand  
O Love! were you a shield against the arrows  
O wild-deer hours, to the meadows of the  
sunset!  
Or the union of the midnight  
O tranquil night, with your soft  
And bear me to the fragrance of my breast

Pierre Rausch

# Obscene

The man had again become absorbed  
Without displeasing her brother  
I have heard something  
It appears that while procuring some provisions  
The were evidently ready to hurl  
Are you knowing what should remain  
And replied with haughty device  
This house is not that safe  
Which she hadn't placed on my side  
Are you peruated it's better to receive  
You understand what it is  
You will not be seen  
You understand what it is

Pierre Rausch

# Officer Standsby

Oh, oh, oh,  
Kilobyte Officer base  
Facile tidings, feed  
Oh, oh, oh,  
Or helmets at pocket  
Manacle saltpetre, saltpetre handcuff  
Oh, Russia's frozen tear  
And chalk squeezing  
A fortnight to splatter  
Stuffy oblivion  
Sultan Office, intelligence  
And chalks squeezes  
Oh, oh, oh,  
The pictures of the view – subscription:  
The purchaser of the buy  
The buyer of the purchase  
Furtive acquisitions  
Tweets «  
it's a gown  
»  
Backstairs provision  
March to hodey - subscription  
Oh, Oh, oh,  
He was holding on, moments  
March to noon  
Oh, oh, oh,  
Charitable, he was holding  
Know-how, the neighbor's pet  
Guidebook to saviour  
And a money plane  
'Cos this feels like truth and feelings aren't real,  
Sweet pepper and corn, sweet puree,  
To growl, to regroup,  
Oh, razor washes the writing,  
Straight, sharp, she's vanquished  
My sweetheart foliate  
Every glim-half could not be  
A passenger notice  
A frazzle on the cupboard

Oh, a comittee of officers  
To stand by  
Oh, a traveller comits,  
Oh, a traveller remark,

Pierre Rausch

# Olivet

And his daytime was at the templet, but at night, he stayed at the olivet  
And there will be signs in the sun, in moons, in stars, the divine sun  
The distress of nations scoring, perplexed waves roaring  
Hearts failing from fear, naked, the expectations on earth  
The power of heaven shaken  
And then, you seeing the son of men en-coming in a story  
Now, with power and great glory  
Now when you see these things happening a, begin to en-clear  
You know, that the sacred kingdom is near  
know these ran away in fear  
At the olivet  
Assuredly, he said to you all, this generation will not be called  
Will by no/ with few / means pass the way  
When all things take place, heaven and an earth shall pass away  
But this here will forever stay  
With carousing intransigence and care of life  
Until that day comes unexpectedly alive  
(And) Come to the intern path  
Early in the mourn, they witnessed it  
That the temple has born the olivet  
At the olivet

Pierre Rausch

## On Rocks (On Clouds)

In between wilderness and skyscrapers  
Not just, the twilight star may be rapers  
On paper it greens so green  
On Mars it (/oughta, /it onna) blues so red  
On Rocks | On Clouds  
Spring aside and grow further-on  
(Around) / Near Vancouver bloom the trees there-on  
See the spiders on the palisade Fairmont  
At high-noon noon the pacific waterfront  
On Rocks | On Clouds  
Call her best shot Alice in Wonderland  
The rock on her left, a bunch of lucky land  
Bionic laser arms for the ghost of fog  
(Legends) awoken in hybrid desert the spectre of mist  
On Rocks | On Clouds  
On paper it greens so green  
On Mars it (/oughta, /it onna) blues so red

Pierre Rausch

# Once Walked More Than Two Miles

Four paddles hit the water  
The mountains grew in the day  
Carrying a message to St. Louis  
And grab a horse by the mane  
Why don't we make a draft?

Lifted his rifle from his shoulder  
In the first years of his life  
Once walked more than two miles  
Once walked more than two miles

The other three horses had their own reservation  
After a month in the new city  
I learned my lesson  
The wind shifted and caught scent of the smoke  
It doesn't matter now  
I take your charges seriously

The green succumbed to the wilderness  
The little creek meandered lazily  
When it matters, enough light remains  
The green succumbed to the wilderness

Lifted his rifle from his shoulder  
In the first years of his life  
Once walked more than two miles  
Once walked more than two miles

Reach your hand out and listen  
We're too few to complain  
Ride up where you'll take your turn

Pierre Rausch

# One Of The Big Shots Down There

Try to forget about that now  
Stand up and start pacing  
We may never know that  
I told him that  
Used the mobile phone to call the store  
When you will be the source  
One minute that wants to share it  
Things were going good  
One of the big shots down there  
If it wasn't you this happened to  
One of the big shots down there  
If it wasn't a brand that you knew  
I'm not tired but it's strong  
No, I'm not tired and it doesn't have anything  
After a few seconds, the screen moved up  
Or touching her make-up  
Things were going good  
You've already been home  
Passing the time in your room  
It's still damn good  
One of the big shots down there  
If it wasn't you this happened to  
One of the big shots down there  
If it wasn't a brand that you knew

Pierre Rausch



# One Of These Days

The voice must say I love you  
And had planned to meet  
And took off my glasses  
Who are these people?  
And begin again when the question is asked  
Grave, patient and kindly  
To bother with whispered jokes  
Always repeating, when he's repeating  
Who smiled at me curiously  
She just sits there and talks  
The increasing irony of the distance  
One of these days, one of these days  
Sometimes it helps, with a case like this  
Fluid lips gone wild, collapsed, burst  
The letter had arrived three weeks ago  
With all the beautiful stamps on the envelope  
Once a year they got a letter at the school  
So that it hadn't been addressed at her alone  
Chorus  
Repeat  
The letter had arrived three weeks ago  
With all the beautiful stamps on the envelope  
Once a year they got a letter at the school  
So that it hadn't been addressed at her alone

Pierre Rausch

# One Shot Girl

I awoke in many places  
Felt not a lot behind all these faces  
I'd cross the road and entered the house  
Why did you say well night  
Calm cannot answer over a fight  
Did you do, did you do, the one shot, the little Girl  
I awoke in many places  
Felt nothing behind these faces  
I saw the roads under this shade  
Why did you say good night  
Cannot answer over a fight  
Did you do, did you do, the one shot, the little girl  
One shot girl, where are you? Inside a shed or  
inside a house

Pierre Rausch

# Orlando Original

I will love you there in my life  
Once I wasn't, now I'm twice  
With the lonesome and the useless  
Forget I was the biggest mess  
Just myself and head the sun  
I thought it would be fun  
Give it up so tender so cynical  
My sweetest Orlando Original  
I polished the shoes, to Orlando I'd lend  
I came out the bar on weekend  
Come from far the boulevard that garners  
Everything brighter what light garners  
The white terrorist black on soul  
A finger-swamp hangs the biggest goal  
Give it up so tender so cynical  
My sweetest Orlando Original  
That told me the right shown up  
Once aggressive' I'd ask you a stop  
To give it up that tender, that cynical  
Sweetest Orlando Original

Pierre Rausch

## P.O. Box

Good men, good women  
The last wave by  
Just question to guess  
A can opener  
Canella  
Could blossom and be gay  
Old age shouldn't burn or rave  
His blank could be water  
A dock for camels  
Do not go gentle into that goodnight  
But you there, on that height  
Might have danced in the night  
In that brothel  
Can't you turn on a sharp  
Though men know dark is right  
It's the silver granit that prevails  
They grieved it on it's way  
It's the silver ore that carries the day  
Do not go gentle into that goodnight  
Now with my fierce prayer beads  
Opera eyes couldn't  
Bit by bit  
Because letters had forked  
Post-office,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
Do not go gentle into that goodnight

Pierre Rausch

# Paladin

That day was composed by dawn  
Crimp scurrying around  
About turn  
Guard, draw your sword!  
To overhear some of the paladin  
Of squared stones laid dry  
And already the gate was blocked  
Who are you?  
The pursuits in the grass  
There weren't holes in the wall  
The paladin guard dropped his  
torch  
It was a quite confident bill  
The one's behind yelled  
A sharp corner  
A large but ugly rooms  
All this blazed forth  
And sweet incertitude to fill air  
And everyone's steel blossom  
It was not a pleasant thought  
At cross warn you  
One of them was at the foot  
Paladin  
There was nothing else to be done

Pierre Rausch

# Paranoid With Me

Surf attack, surf attack, surf attack  
arac, arac, arac  
Vow your trophies, vow goodbye,  
Vow our trophies, consecrate me glass,  
What I request to seek through alibi,  
Surf attack, surf attack, surf attack  
arac, arac, arac  
Vow our trophies, vow goodbye,  
Vow our trophies, consecrate me glass,  
What I request to seek through alibi,  
When the wind comes hushing in  
Your voice rises up in the dust of the diamond  
rings  
From my home cloud  
From my dome shroud  
I'm asking around  
I'm asking around  
Who wants to be paranoid with me  
You say you are afraid, folio  
I'm so sorry it isn't late  
My dignified mind doesn't work  
Took much drugs I'm a jerk,  
To have pride of place,  
I have to cross perilous line  
My mind, my mind feels there so fine  
My mind in rushing asteroids  
Tell my mind an android

Pierre Rausch

# Pegasus

Without you I would have never left home  
Let's make peace  
Forgive... Forgive...  
Forgive me, I tell you my story  
I thought, I would never see you again  
Hubble-bubbles  
The myrtles on that tree  
There was once upon a time, a beautiful day  
The children, they are for you  
Let them play alone  
Let's make peace  
The myrtles on that tree  
It was humble, and caught it grey  
The children, Let them play, They play  
together  
Let's make peace  
I promise, I will always be a good father  
Pegasus  
As sign we all belong together

Pierre Rausch

# Perfect Code

But to-day  
Purer light as is  
That today called  
An alley of large poplars at furthest end  
This garden is oblong  
A man who is fleeing thoughts of himself  
This garden was oblong in shape  
If one isn't alarmed  
A staircase opens  
Peculiar and clear  
What is there that is perfect?  
Unknown to yourself  
Shouldn't he dash?  
Instinct from sight  
That had freedom  
A rift in the immense pane  
Cut up by arcade  
The old man had remained  
Possible to slip  
Of the regions  
Regained the quay  
A gulf on high  
But saw no one, saw none  
Walls weren't bare, the chamber  
A gulf on high  
Wasn't furnished; there was a chair  
About six feet square  
Tape attached to bell-wire  
Supposed that a living being had been so  
wonderfully thin as to essay  
An entrance or an exit through a square  
It allowed the passage of the eye  
A tablet of wood  
Without being thrown into confusion  
Prescribed and adored  
Sometimes rare  
You could see nothing





# Phalanx Of Flags

It took the decision away  
It helps, she must go, go alone  
Was staying with her  
And push along the circuit  
Phalanx of flags had brought it the last time  
Phalanx of flags, it seemed the best  
Talking so honestly about her life  
Phalanx of flags, I had to make up my life  
The parcel with her stubby fingers  
The work she put in at the railway station  
For Japanese businesses in London  
And so had made a fuzz of her  
Phalanx of flags had brought it the last time  
Phalanx of flags, it seemed the best  
Talking so honestly about her life  
Phalanx of flags, I had to make up my life  
At home  
With this secret  
It had been slow  
To go back there  
Raised her head and the two stricken faces  
To get any innings at all  
Down there and nothing else  
Let's leave it like that  
Phalanx of flags had brought it the last time  
Phalanx of flags, it seemed the best  
Talking so honestly about her life  
Phalanx of flags, I had to make up my life  
At home  
With this secret  
It had been slow  
To go back there

Pierre Rausch

# Phantom Of The Night

You saw him years ago, followed his track  
But couldn't quite follow his track  
You saw him years ago, followed his track  
But couldn't quite follow his track  
His figure is hidden, it was once a back  
His figure isn't an assembly of trash  
To find out who he is  
Now is your task  
Who sleeps in the day, who favours the night  
The phantom of the night  
The blood suckers,  
Now your face is hidden,  
Now your figure is masked,  
You keep it hidden, dark and masked  
Who sleeps in the day, who favours the night  
The phantom of the night  
Meeting stamper, the bout,  
His love under power,  
Now your face is hidden  
Bottom bolt & end  
Acknowledgement overdue,  
Turmoil  
Isn't favoured

Pierre Rausch

# Pharaos

A spinning harp won't come closest  
On street march in the glancing Pharaoes  
At the Nile, sit next to papyrus  
At port sets in the ship to Tyrus  
No coach of Elephant rides it to Byblos  
As there lies the fruit to mother  
This is a rose, this is a rose  
Pharaohs

A third harp won't come closest  
On chariot march in the reigning Pharaoes  
At port on course to Tyrus  
Copper, zync or bronzen myrrh  
Hasn't shiften to tusk Big Sur  
And coach byblos to trappen tide  
This is a rose, this is a rose  
Pharaohs

A second harphes don't come closer  
Tide hanging ivory and silver  
Feathers of gold, feathers of myrrh  
As jolly garden next to papyrr  
At port on course to Byblos  
At ship on course to Cyprus  
That lies there in the bashing bones  
This is a rose, this is a rose  
That lies there in the bashing bones

Pierre Rausch

# Philosophy

Perpetrator,  
allow us  
to enter  
Naphtali, nocturnal, medium rand  
the hermetic hello casual  
Precambrian left voltage - murder, ransomed, theft,  
St. Franklin chapel, adored Benjamin, Benjamin  
M  
etropolitan clashes fit  
Alas, compartment, style  
Outer-turbines have to collide  
Tremolo-player tramping  
(solo)  
Allure / machine/ Are you in dept  
The audit pleads stolen, the plants sit on roof  
Carmen hands over on the shirt back  
Olivier pressure a station-snack  
synopses or tram-line  
Paperhanger  
Hangar, entrance-way  
Niger  
ian  
Corre  
spond  
Thermoplastic  
ferocity - survey - traitor  
Complete  
quantity  
auto-didactic  
Nagasaki liturgy  
myopic sphere  
(Spiderweb)  
para-Olympic pictogram  
Soccer  
Destruction of Personal Computer isn't murder when switched off  
once dialed, nowadays complex, numbers can count  
Hounds of hell  
Mexican flytrap Kigali warrior  
Coimbra

Advent Persia  
Jane

Pierre Rausch

# Philosophy

Confectionery comforts the Enron express  
Seaweed on the smooth express  
Toilet comfort an Albot trail  
Cutters thermoplastic flesh  
Millions chant my name  
A Nemesis tends to be ashamed  
Common audience complete the show  
Taxes of luxury - free  
Carnival lights a lighter  
Calamities on corridor  
Millions of people whistle my name  
Rhythms of a Nimbus enjoy your show  
Allure in modern Main  
Playful in several degree  
Carnival lights a lighter  
Calamities on corridor  
Ferric camouflage, domestic and drainage,  
Drainage, routine  
Fading catastrophe, fading emission,  
Planning not on the question  
Claustrophobic, no explosive hull  
Collateral orchid, companion on the rising  
Bolts in naive contact  
The combustible box thorn around  
Stab a droid-dictionary stab  
/ Aphorism England / French, the a-bridge  
Compared Enos, ooouuou  
Eno, sensitive, asphyxiation  
OoooooO, the bananas of Hanoi  
Euphoric mantle England, OOOOoooo  
French, the bride, O o O o O o  
Phenolic castle Argentina, OOOOoooo  
Kagen of the United Valley O o  
Nemesis Princess for:  
Surveys near office, survey near stars  
Surveys in pants, survey on mars  
Surveys near planets, surveys in charts  
Surveys near entrance-ways, survey in cars  
Surveys over surveys, Surveys net clash

Surveys that draw, surveys yet cash  
Aisha, Aisha, ashamed, complete  
a - Isha, a - Isha, a - i - sha

Pierre Rausch



## Plan B

MAIDUGURI, Nigeria - Nigerian warplanes struck militant camps in the northeast on Friday in a major push against an Islamist insurgency, drawing a sharp warning from the United States to respect human rights and not harm civilians.

LONDON, United Kingdom - Britain's long-delayed inquest into the death by radioactive poisoning of Russian spy Alexander Litvinenko could be abandoned after the coroner partly upheld a British government request to withhold crucial evidence.

BAQUBA, Iraq - Two bombs exploded outside a Sunni Muslim mosque in the Iraqi city of Baquba as worshippers left Friday prayers, killing at least forty-three people in one of the deadliest attacks in a month-long surge in sectarian violence.

WASHINGTON, United States - The US-President and the Turkish equivalent Erdogan request the immediate retreat of the Syrian ruler Assad - „We are both of us agree, that the Syrian Assad must be annihilated.

BAGHDAD, Iraq - Nineteen people were killed on Friday when a roadside bomb exploded near a commercial complex in the Amiriya district in the west of Baghdad, police and medics said.

TBILISI/ST PETERSBURG, Russia - Large crowds of anti-gay protesters broke up homosexual rights rallies in Georgia and Russia on Friday, underlining deep hostility in the former Soviet bloc.

TORONTO, Canada - Toronto Mayor Rob Ford on Friday denied allegations that he smoked crack cocaine.

SOCHI, Russia - France spelled out on Friday that it would oppose a peace conference for Syria if Bashar al-Assad's regional ally Iran is invited, clouding the prospect for a U.S.-Russian initiative to end the two-year-old war.

WASHINGTON, United States - The US-President and the Turkish equivalent Erdogan request the immediate retreat of the Syrian ruler Assad - „We are both of us agree, that the Syrian Assad must be annihilated

Pierre Rausch

# Player

When she went away  
When she played the game  
Every sort of this has its own  
As a creation to pay  
When she went away  
Above this reflection to share  
And the novices at the bottom  
By a sort of lazaretto entrance  
Just that remained, there remained a doll  
You are a virgin, but I am not  
Public was warned, make it common  
Make it all right in case of need  
A sort of acoustic telegraph  
Above this refectory to share  
Placed beside the portress  
Give distinction throughout

Pierre Rausch

# Poems For Strangers

Dali attraction, starving helm  
Container, the resolved elm  
Restore order and humped  
Poems on a postcard stamped  
Bobby's swimming in the Thames  
221 Baker Street never made sense  
On a letter card Yellow Park, the ranger  
Capitals on a postcard for strangers  
Capital of the mayor of Dockland  
Brytonic evidence, settlement  
The hills, Harold, The palace of M  
The London tower, the Big Ben  
Early modern reformation  
First the fire of great inspiration  
(Rebuilding) took over ten years, subcommittee  
Supervised, it destroyed many parts of London  
At a time of hostility and movie feature  
Contemporarity to any development of theatre  
Traffic congestion to lower world  
The first local urban rail network  
Metropolitan board of works  
London's overcrowded conditions led to cholera  
Claiming 14,000 lives in 1848's opera  
In 1948 Summer Olympics got held  
A bare number of immigrant from commonwealth  
To ask  
explanation  
to click  
Anglo-Saxon known as Lundenwic  
Formulate again bazaar or ranger  
Poems on a postcard for strangers  
Subculture associated with king and queen  
Trendsetters, era punk, early Chelsea  
Top level, the palace of Buckingham,  
Couldn't mention the lords in Big Ben  
Despite its reputation as being a rainy ferret  
London may have a temperate ocean climate  
In a year at 834  
mm or Bordeaux at 923

mm Rome

London receives less precipitation than a drone

District Bloomsbury, Mayfair, button

Reflect names that aren't absorbed as lower Sutton

West-End's entertainment and shopping district

The main price for property in Kensington is at about 894,000 pound for tourists

Homestead health from Kensington garden to south penitentiary

Throughout the past mid-century, an average 8 million live here

Tussaud Wax Museum of the local attraction

Stock brick, Richmond, Ath

enaenum

A few trace roman and a Tudor comprehend

Trafalgar Square, Arch of the character monument

Pierre Rausch

# Political Review (Granats)

Small gigs in small pubs – applause

Desert Bunny

Especially assured

Register to domain

Ocean music

Grenade register

Applause

Haven't got

Awake in the desert

Ocean music

To negotiate

Banknotes

In the morning

Advert over flier, adverts for lunar vehicles, Santa Clause to wobble,

Ocean music, it won't make noise, you couldn't explain it

Gide, who caresses, Gide, bothering, who is for a stereographic 'Stardom'  
phenomenon

It was the same Gide, present in the camp.

It is the same Gide not to impress.

Small gigs in small pubs

To explain factory, that budgerigar eternity of the flickering-acacia;

Together with her on Breakfast-TV,

Migration of the budgerigar, live, twenty-four hours, seven days, all week long

To wake up in the desert, a political review, recorded, phenomenon in awe

Pierre Rausch

# Politics

As it was no longer all this  
As it is the fraction group  
Reproached it with this  
Swimmers who go against  
They would siege  
But I don't suppose it to be  
Sitting on the doorsteps  
In conflict to nonsense  
Was clearness of vision  
As it was no longer all this  
As it is a fraction group  
To keep the politic  
In a secret peace  
Keep the conflicts alltogether  
What she now felt  
What fault is there of mine  
What she all felt  
Because she loved him ignorantly  
It all plain and clear  
Was clearness of vision  
Was an increaase of complication  
Their plans were soon made  
That sent on faster then everything  
This tranquility was not the least

Pierre Rausch

## Ports Of Call (A Common Message)

She held his hand as they walked through the port  
She leaned to kiss him on the head  
And even after she placed her hands on his  
That was the perfect thing to do  
And so here they were, just the two of them  
With a deep breath at their neck  
She could taste strawberries  
With the whole world at their feet  
She'd only remove the covers  
Trying to fish out the sweet  
With the innocence of children  
The mirror outside the port  
And so here they were, just the two of them  
With a deep breath at their neck  
She could taste strawberries  
With the whole world at their feet  
Don't recall how that can be  
Beneath the port-hangar window  
She went abroad the hanse the following morning  
The harbor also seemed infused  
Don't recall how that can be  
Beneath the port-hangar window  
She went abroad the hanse the following morning  
The harbor also seemed infused  
And so here they were, just the two of them  
With a deep breath at their neck  
She could taste strawberries  
With the whole world at their feet  
Don't recall how that can be  
Beneath the port-hangar window  
She went abroad the hanse the following morning  
The harbor also seemed infused  
Don't recall how that can be  
Beneath the port-hangar window  
She went abroad the hanse the following morning  
The harbor also seemed infused

Pierre Rausch

# Press

The awkward being  
Their plans were soon made  
That shall be the last we shall share  
They did not address each other  
It was thud that I had gradually  
grown up  
The well being of a man  
And make it up again  
Well found  
Truth to tell  
The trace left in just press  
Pictures of these immense presses  
Alliance to a corner plantation  
They did not address each other  
What is there against  
With one foot to the republic  
Exhausted with fatigue  
A grey of principle press  
Found themselves in a wide  
entrance  
They found themselves in the spot  
I came from the end of a bag  
It was midnight, it was fresh air  
But she did not look at herself  
To give to what she now felt

Pierre Rausch



# Pronounce These Last Words In A Loud Voice

Buyer transverse strip  
Easier to tear off  
Immediately recognition  
For the third time  
Little box  
She would have given it  
Hadn't menaced  
A taper  
He hadn't beheld  
He had the courage  
To plaster his face to glass  
Was full upon that  
Our projection  
Which dazzled  
The voice of Gavroche  
From the point he scrutinizes  
Are those we love in question  
You have a cravat  
Our prudence invents  
Who aren't you?  
And what isn't this?  
Nothing is delightful  
How happens it that you know  
Why, what is this  
This glass  
I accuse myself of having been  
For mother, a woman hat with suffrage  
Buyer transverse strips  
Easier to tear  
Immediately recognition  
For the third time  
Little box  
Buyer transverse strips  
Easy to tear off  
Immediately reckoned  
For the third time  
Little box



# Quantum Tuscon

No longer looked towards anything  
To mount it like a citadel  
The rubbish swept up  
That's what the summer nights are good for  
The Auvergnat for the Monarchy  
The staircase of paving-stones which permitted  
It was a funeral duel  
That unhappy being who possessed  
That's what the summer nights are good for  
His mind had just been illuminated  
And he was sleeping to much  
The sombre social construction  
Afterwards, caught in the gearing  
For the man in the barricade  
And the passer-by fell by  
That's what the summer nights are good for  
His mind had just been illuminated  
And that cart would look  
His mind had just been illuminated  
And he was sleeping to much

Pierre Rausch

# Queen Of The Night (Breathless)

You should engage in the breathless night  
Making sure you've got the clothes to wear  
Come back the next night  
To meet with your brother  
Queen of the night  
We sat together and cried  
Queen of the night  
Your eyes are red  
You should engage in the breathless night  
In this area we used to run around  
You should engage in the breathless night  
I'm going to be gone soon  
Queen of the night  
We sat together and cried  
Queen of the night  
Your eyes are red  
If you want to see him again  
In a place between here and now  
If you had to get up at midnight  
In a place between here and now  
As it is all you could do  
As it is all you could do  
You should engage in the breathless night  
Making sure you've got the clothes to wear  
Come back the next night  
To meet with your brother  
You should engage in the breathless night  
In this area we used to run around  
You should engage in the breathless night  
I'm going to be gone soon

Pierre Rausch

# Ramon Ramirez Ortega

A squo-five twister all along  
A cacadou mamadou (matador) in Taibon  
Senor Ortega comer in the club (break)  
Hasta la vista to the golden club  
Dolche Vita passing by  
I'd be fellow, I'd rather be shy  
Come 'on baby baby, come' on  
Ramon Ortega is up in the charts  
A rollercoaster in soap-carts  
The Hallow Hansons Video Show  
Maité Babatumbe tuned overflow  
Ramon Ramirez Ortega  
Ramon Ramirez, Ramon Ramirez  
Take an airplane to the rainbow clan  
Maité sampling to that Facebook lan  
The hotspot belly shop with uneasy stage  
Nervous simplistic brewing me my mage  
Ramon Ramirez Ortega  
Ramon Ramirez  
A quantum ship to the midst of Nebulon  
The Gardens (hanging) inside of Babylon  
Diana Dors weeping in the sun  
Fashion on (synched / scythed) cyberthron  
Oh no, I can't afford, it's a lie  
I'd be mellow, I'd rather be shy  
Ramon Ramirez Ortega  
Ramon Ramirez, Ramon Ramirez

Ramirez Ortega tugs flags on the darts  
The Opus Dei to a next depart  
Ramon Ortega on the back of all cards  
Unique opus to a next depart  
Ramon Ramirez, Ramon Ramirez

Pierre Rausch

# Rasputin

This last was the dearest tariff  
A clash of principles  
The poor man trembling seraphin  
And she would have replied  
Twice he repeated this cry  
What fault is there of mine  
She would have understood  
Rasputin  
For having him permitted to be loved  
For innoce  
Menalaus,  
a few paces distant  
Which communicates with the distance  
Rasputin, a woman stood before,  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
When does a porter clunch  
She loved with all the more passion  
Only to allow men to enter  
The porter had hardly made this scene  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
Or thought that he divorced  
Only to allow love  
Menalaus,  
a few paces distant  
Which communicates with the distance  
Rasputin, a woman stood before,  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
For having him permitted to love  
Rasputin  
For innoce  
Rasputin  
For that epoch  
Rasputin  
Twice he repeated this cry  
Menalaus,  
a few paces distant  
Which communicates with the distance  
Rasputin, a woman stood before,  
Rasputin, Rasputin

Useful or dangerous  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
No personal exercised  
Rasputin  
Embellished or simply remembered  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
Twice he repeated this cry  
Rasputin, Rasputin  
Embellished or simply remembered  
Rasputin, Rasputin

Pierre Rausch

## Red Earth, The Cannonball

A pogo boy on sticks, would it slip fitter happier a son bit  
And what happens, it's my friends that help and care  
My friends, that traveled for garbage cans  
My friends, which traveled for the birds there who fly  
A logo stick or toy, would it be accepted  
Since it's my buddies that help me out  
My buddies, which accosted for polo bears  
My buddies that collared in harmony  
I slipped on a little white lie; I slipped on a little white lie  
Don't white me more you're yours to can  
Architects of the future, architects of a "Dieb"  
Red earth, the cannonball, red, red earth

Pierre Rausch



# Respect

That it was all over  
The souvenirs of youth recalled  
That it was all over  
What beloved hair  
With a flower you give  
With the flower you see  
That it was all over  
Why not at once  
That it was all over  
His most imperious tone  
Then all ranged themselves  
On the sill of the small window  
That sweet forbidden fruit  
What billowing hair  
That is over her  
Gave it to her profile  
The passers-by had love wedded  
Which was preparation  
Which was a respect  
Which was preparation  
And cast conviction  
Off the thing they were about  
And leaning against each other  
There was some compassion  
Like crystal and also of pop, so be it

Pierre Rausch

## Rich & Sexy

She was picture on birthday date  
Sat down, present and roller skate  
On a ramp we met, valse to the right, valse to the left  
Guess why she set forth  
To the red lodge excellent coarse  
The jungle jungolarian comes up and down  
Saunters through the company of Charlie Brown  
She's on a party in her second town  
Guess she loves the dumbest soul in town  
Hey I love you  
The cabled person deems stiff on feet  
Walks low and precarious to beat  
Here's result, our working output  
Where no broom and athlete foot  
Hey I love you  
Now and then this scene is through  
I wonder how I could love you true  
In front the circus the Harlem clown  
Guess she's not the dumbest soul in town  
Hey I love you  
She was a picture birthday date  
Sat down, present and roller skate  
On a ramp we met, a vale to the right  
Guess why she set forth  
To the red lodge and brilliant coarse  
Hey I love you

Pierre Rausch

## Richgirl Tuesday

A superstar that knows her name, nice dreams simplified the game  
She is known as Tuesday as Richmond daughter, a pool as beauty bought her  
What nests in sweet decisions enabled, other mustaches in sources tabled  
Other lips drank fresher citron, roams her countries thirst for Italians  
Beholds long the hands in the face of black fighter  
If destiny would lighten up that damn a bit brighter  
Other lips drank fresher citron, under that roof other hair the morning run  
From her hill she how the sun in the beach of her eyelids went to sleep  
When will her land see again the full horizon pure of sheep

Pierre Rausch

# Ridge Racer

|: Welcome to the Ridge Racer: |  
With a wonderful and rapid clarity  
A magnificent dress  
There is so much for everyone  
He glanced up to change the lane  
|: Welcome to the Ridge Racer: |  
They are mechanics themselves  
The finish would be near enough in reach  
But it was impossible - handling  
To get through another race  
Strong enough to get through another race  
And yet linked by careful drivers  
Chorus 2\*  
And spasm began up and down his race  
This is an anchor of technique  
He wanted to hear the sound of cars  
Suddenly he could not join in  
Chorus  
A high bridge ahead  
The car, almost red, almost blue  
The waste on the creek bank  
This belonged to the ridge

Pierre Rausch

# Right There The Spades Of Ny

It's the suggestion song  
Thumbs came to cured  
Didn't bow  
One movement  
Right there the spades  
Stood there to be insecure  
Rake of a dozen light in beams  
By a stud who wasn't  
Which centered in mood?  
Stood there in feelings  
Mole for a while, cracked  
Beneath my thought  
Stirred in the mole of insecure  
Right thousands years  
Right there the spades of why  
But even at the starting-post  
Now to deem a rook  
Pull down my stroke  
Not a single cop  
I'll walk on way  
In a sway  
Stifle at trot  
But even at the view-post balustrade  
Light orchestrates in beams  
Passionate shriek  
There isn't a slight dread  
So only to mitigate  
Hearing walls to fall  
A ring sounded tall  
Ebbing onto a gold-nugget  
Right there the spades of why  
With the best boots  
With shoes to the toe  
It's a running gag  
That is secure in space  
Right there the spades of why  
But even at the view-post balustrades  
All the holds in common  
Every distinct regard

Pierre Rausch

# Riot

General adaption, the weels are spinning,  
An immaculate shirt and holster  
National syndrome  
Capacity to withstand stresses  
For forthcoming event  
Shepherd at the faction faith  
Transparent trust  
Overtime premium, overtime hour, long overtime  
Overtime madness, overtime calibre, madness overtime  
|: A blind pass: |  
|: A blind pass: |  
Li – long hour at time of day  
Overtime minutes at the solar day  
Overtime silver at the insurance ranch

Pierre Rausch

# Rivers

I'm scared to leave

You explored in Euphrates, when clay sat in the mud

Built a hut near the Congo, when moth was in the reeds

You led to the Tiber, when the madhouse processed to nod

You fell for love when the Nile touched deep to sleep

Rivers - ancient dusty - rivers

- crying happiness -

You bathed in the Mississippi when swing marched through (New)  
Orleans

You crawled in the Tigris, as wavelength came to stream

You who was as shapeless to water, as deep brother to Baniyas  
daughter

Sister was the fathering womb, that shaped the Jordan near home

Rivers - ancient dusty - rivers

You explored in Euphrates, when clay prospered to mud

Built a hut near the Congo, when moth was in the reed

You bathed in Mississippi when swing marched through (New)  
Orleans

You crawled in the Tigris, as wavelength came to stream

This is Heaven Number Seven

Pierre Rausch



# Rochade Roccudus

I know, that if I touched the earth  
Of petals from some magic rose  
My tears are like the quiet drift  
To love money, vocation or riffs  
I think to-night I could bear it all  
So impression, would it crumble  
So an eve flows from the quiet rift  
It is so sad, so tremulous like a dream  
Your third font, your arrow-fleshed noise  
Your pillow hat, my feathered soir  
Picture element, exhibition and swift  
Vertebra, vertical, a manufacturing east by south  
Milking pail, open chess freedom,  
The merchandise, twists inside no cellulose  
Scaffolding, the scholar inside went berserk  
The narcoleptic rockade roccudus decently turning  
Print castling king's side, check mate,  
To translate aurora bypass,  
There are people converting,  
Any kind of mate, castling queens side,  
The decent blockade roccudus turning  
The towel centrifuge  
Toward persiflage  
Is so sad, so tremulous like a dream  
Descendant to allow  
I think, that if I touched the earth  
Of petals from some magic stone  
My tears are like the quiet drift  
Of petals from some magic rose

Pierre Rausch

# Rotations

Vesuvius, Vesuvius, quiescent Vesuv  
The afternoons of Monsieur Sebastian Bach in dur, Csus  
Todd, clear, K.O., O.K.  
The afternoons on the while Toley  
The magic inside of Seymour mansion  
A step inside of the lost dimension  
The Manta seldom, a palm  
An oasis in the Swiss alm  
The treasure people of a captivate fleet  
Gold, (which) vista (noun and) glove and sheet  
The clavier partitions, tang Idol  
The wooden hills in Calvin idol  
Hadn't rested for a long while mold  
We hadn't slept, worthily to be told  
The butler, asking loan to Josette  
Nestor, Smoky Giants, Mohammed Jab  
On bar Sten Trapizi  
In juggling, so sleazy  
Quarter inside every club ending  
The favors that returned the descendant  
(Labor) as rectangle as independent  
Lawyer, could be awful, horrible, perhaps intendant  
Slipped with a gun, with a schedule we were imminent  
The roman legions, turtle formation  
A highjack quark cracks estimation (intimidation)  
The same rotations, daylong rotating west  
Rotating right, rotating left  
To make a statement, to describe  
Aks politics to be booked  
The same rotations, day in, day out  
Rotating down, rotating up,  
Rotation toward, rotating stop  
The same rotations to quote  
The same rotations, day in and joke  
Not to make a statement, but to describe  
The same rotations, day in and joke  
To make a statement, to describe  
The same rotations, day in and day out  
To make a statement, to describe

The same rotations, day in and day out  
To make a statement, to describe  
The back of red horses, mules, after dark  
On the top of the tracks of Joanne Arc

Pierre Rausch

# Runes Of Moscow

Quota: A person that is extra friendly  
Quota: General Patton tribute  
The hunchbank recreation  
You don't exist  
Propped between garden and water  
The opening of the tree lock  
That the water lies enter  
The bell inkling  
Until the park birds, he came away  
Like green water he sat  
And the mister they call  
The truant boy from town  
Early out of sound  
Running when he listened  
These Andes called the Caucasus Mountains  
These Andes thought the Caucasus Mountains  
These Andes called the Caucasus mountain  
It's the runes of Moscow  
That friendship will last  
Past lake and rockery  
When he shook his paper  
Hunchbank sit-down  
Through the loud zoo of willow grove  
Dodging the park keeper  
With his stick that picked up  
And the old dog sleeper  
Alone between nurse and eater  
While the boys among willow  
Made the tigers jump out of their pillow  
To roar on the rockery stones  
And the groves were blue  
Made day  
Straight  
A woman figure  
Straight and tall from crooked bone  
That she might stand in night  
The lock and chain  
All night in the unmade park  
After the railings and shrubberies

The birds the grass the trees  
After the boys innocent as strawberry  
Had followed the hunchbank  
To his kennel in the dark  
It's the runes of Moscow  
Friendship that lasts

Pierre Rausch

# Sacrilege I

Through the core that day  
On the darker way  
Though my divest dusk I have  
Soon this day winding down  
at seeded summer end  
in the torrent (sun) ,  
soon the (sea) shaken lane  
on a breakneck of rock  
tangled with chirrup  
soon froth, fin, and quill  
at a wood's dancing hoof,  
by scammed, starfish sand  
with their fish-wide cross  
gulls, cockles, snail  
soon out of, crow black,  
tackled with cloud that kneel  
to the sunset net,  
geese nearly soon, boys  
stabbing, and heron, he shells  
that speak seven seas,  
eternal waters away  
from the cities of nine  
soon night whose tower's day  
in the religious wind  
like stalks of tall strait,  
at poor peace i sing  
to you soon (though song  
at a burning (and crested) act,  
soon, the birds of fire are (in)  
the world's turning soon (fast) ,  
for my summon, splay sounds) ,  
out of these thumbled leaves  
that won't fly and fall  
like leaves as soon as  
as crumbled and untied  
into the hog-ward / dodged night

Who are you  
Who is born

In the next room

Pierre Rausch

## Sacrilege II

Toward seldom, the sun slips,  
And the dunn(dumb) dark drools blue  
my dabbed bay's dusk, as i hack  
(this rumpus of shapes)  
who for to know  
how I am  
Tory also this (  
star=the bird)  
roared, sea born, man torn  
hard: we crumpet this  
from dish to jumping hill! Look:  
Who build the bellowing ark  
To whom the best  
As the flood  
Out of  
Rage read, fear alive,  
Molten (and mountainous to) stream  
How over (the wound a) sleep  
Sheep white hollow arms  
To wake in an arms.  
Hoof, in castle keep  
The moonbeam owl  
(The flickering) runs and dives  
The dingle furred deer (dead!)  
Hello, on brims  
(O my ruffled) who ring dove  
(In the shooting,) who nearly dark  
(With Welsh and) reverent rook,  
Crooning, (the woods') 'praise,  
who morns her (blue) notes  
Down to the curlew/fuzz herd!  
Who, (ballooning)  
Agape, with woe  
In your beaks / the gabbing beaks!  
High, on horseback jack  
Whisking hare! who  
(My flood ship  
Hears / Clangor (as I hew and smite)  
A clash of anvils for my



(Who's) so loud to his own

(That) he can hear nothing

Who opens the run

Who, over the (ghost and the dropped) wont fuzz

Pierre Rausch

## Sacrilege Iii

On a tongued pinball  
(Hubbub and fiddle,) tangled this tune  
Animate (thick) as thieves  
Rough tumbling ground  
(Hail to His beast hood!) .  
But beasts that sleep (good and thin)  
Heist, the stacked hay  
Hollow stall in throng  
But of waters cluck and cling  
And byre roofs cockcrow war!  
But the king of neighbors  
Fell our eiderdown patch  
(Work) ark and the moonshine  
(Thinking Nash of the bay,)  
With pelt (and scale) and fleece:  
But only the drowned keep  
Forth and of bell  
as the sun sets  
And dark shoals (every holy field) .  
but out alone,  
But stars of Wales,  
Cry, (multitudes of arks!) Across  
(But) the water lidded lands,  
Manned with the loves they'll move  
Like lone islands, hill to hill.  
But my prowled dove (with a flute!)  
Ahoy, old, sea-legged fox,  
Thai tit and Daisy mouse  
But my ark sings into  
At seeded summer's end  
But the flood flower now

Who, behind (the wall thin as a wren's bone?)  
In birth bloody, unknown  
To the turning wont

Pierre Rausch

# Sad Eyes

Your villa, more than any other group  
Such the situation was  
Had other cause to tremble  
To crown all, his love had returned  
Difficult to take up again  
An amount of fresh vapor isn't good  
Fills in your gaps here and there  
What if you were to try  
What if I were to go through  
Nobody sees the sad eyes, no one sees what is broken  
You can't see the light, your eyes face the ground  
No one sees the sad eyes, an habit which is easy to geet rid  
You hide your sorry sight, you hide it in the sound  
Oh, Sad Eyes are falling to doubt  
Oh, Sad Eyes are fading to doubt  
The army was mined at that time  
All had vanished, save love  
I still aspired this, but no longer expect it  
This flame which burns us light  
And nothing new presented itself  
Fantastic, amusing, magnificent,  
When you have ascended the Rue Saint-Jacques, left the barrier on one  
side and followed  
The old inner boulevard for some distance, you reach the Rue de la Sante

Pierre Rausch

# Salsa Blue

I often wonder how it could be  
When you walk two or three steps  
Not to embrace, hold tree  
Be careful, we haven't got much  
Valid execution, grease  
She doesn't like dragsters  
She goes to bed a bit tipsy  
And all the temptation

-

That last glass of wine  
Different size, same grade  
They would answer and promise  
Viable, execution... err... well founded  
That last glass of wine  
Parrots in sleep, don't drink  
Execute me  
Acquaintance cyan  
Domino - two or three steps  
Gargantuan Lottery  
She'll promise the cascades  
She goes to bed a bit tipsy  
When you walk two or three steps  
Not to embrace, hold them  
Be careful, wait at pour  
(she's) never sure in this  
To sigh and cuddle  
Passage & cashier  
Different size, same grade

Pierre Rausch

# Scarlet

And after a pause he added  
And if love means a holy sin  
It still feels better slither jackpot  
It stills feels better with a sin  
Oh scarlet, scarlet dark red  
Scarlet rediscovered  
On entering all the sentiments  
And after a pause he added  
Any trace of anything  
And if love means a holy sin  
She was obliged to disrepute  
I was furious and I informed  
It is all the same to me  
In Paris, at least, no one knows  
Until it pleased the mayor  
It is all the same to me  
With eyes cast down  
Any trace of anything - Scarlet

Pierre Rausch

# Science

I don't feel like  
She didn't sit down  
Feels like letting go  
I don't feel like  
the conversation of prayer isn't just about to be send  
by a child outgoing to bed  
the conversation of prayer is about to be send  
to dying not carrying in a stair  
that she will be  
intuition  
That which hath been with scorn  
your intuition  
That serves to say this countenance  
intuition  
Ashamed, unashamed  
intuition  
your intuition  
my intuition  
intuition  
your intuition  
intuition  
admission  
intuition  
admission  
intuition  
admission  
admission  
It feel like Harold  
Feels like you  
I feel you  
The conversation of prayer is said  
Zij zitten niet  
Voelt als het loslaten  
I don't feel like

Pierre Rausch

# Sea Of Galilee

They saw his sign  
To combine these rhyme  
The oil mountain, a disciple of fountain  
Everyone may have a little while in these eyes  
Where shall be found the juice to these tries  
John should carry out to any  
But who are they among so many  
Make these people sit down  
On the grass in each and every town  
And give loaves to thank  
As much as they have to rank  
Gather (up) the fragments remain  
So nothing is lost aside/except /for pain  
In the Sea of Galilee  
So that Rome may show his pride  
Walking one the Sea of Galilee  
Are you lock to the key  
Each loaf of each tree  
In some Sea of Galilee

Pierre Rausch

# Searching

I'd rather kill myself, than you - ooooho  
All times have been watching  
All lifelong from morning from evening  
When you tore the house down  
In the house therefore a single town  
Your room there burns the fie-candles  
And you're not there to sample  
Your gay gowns step into to the front  
The flames swing in the dirty hunt  
Crinoline, silence the wall, bring chews in overalls  
You fell down and with you fell young million  
Tor these flags these fled hood (in) these peons  
That kills myself than questions your pride, an elegy on them polish tribe  
They split up the butterflies dreamcolors what landscapes allied  
Out of firewalls and thunderstruck  
Struck the wet, stick the linen when we suck

Pierre Rausch



## Second Time

And he himself - was he actually the same man?  
Held fast to the rock – leaning  
How many times he had risen  
And see him in the eyes -  
What was he to do?  
He should ascend again  
That charming existence - He gazed intently at the sphinx  
But emerging from melancholy  
A conflict, nevertheless  
From the prayer prior  
Under all its aspects  
And if he let go his hold  
To do with his happiness  
That charming existence - He gazed intently at the sphinx  
A bizou upon that brow whereon  
You're going to tell  
She does not know what it is  
That charming existence - He gazed intently at the sphin

Pierre Rausch

# Secrets

The smallest children carried buckets full of water  
To sprinkle on each layer of the woolen faces  
After the fleeces had been trashed into softness  
Why did you help me?  
You come running as fast as you can  
Remain bound even when you discovered he ran  
While the flies had buzzed around to scare  
In the deep snow, it's secret and flies are not there  
And I think you could be right  
And you found nothing to complain  
Slowly and deliberately  
Was supposed to be a one time hit  
You come running as fast as you can  
Remain bound even when you discovered he ran  
While the flies had buzzed around to scare  
In the deep snow, it's secret and flies are not there  
If you'd take a moment to listen  
And make sure there are some secrets  
As playful objects in that mystery  
And consider a return up to that mystery  
You come running as fast as you can  
Remain bound even when you discovered he ran  
While the flies had buzzed around to scare  
In the deep snow, it's secret and flies are not there

Pierre Rausch

# Secure

Poppins, about a path to find  
Poppins, dare this path to find  
A picture of crackles to find  
A debris of color to guess  
Follow the jaw, to the exit at right  
Follow no hunt, no overwhelming limit  
You were in the glasses, when you sink to the ground,  
You were in the glasses, when I grew around,  
Saw a man cracking his hot tea  
Don't dare this to be – (alineia)  
Crisp crackers or cartons  
It makes no fun, no use to seem  
Poppins, about a path to find  
Poppins, about a path to find  
Poppins, dare this path to find  
She won't leave you  
She stays at your door  
If you're the one who wants (it to be)  
You were in the glasses, swift as weave, when you sink to the ground,  
You were in the glasses, when I grew around  
Don't dare this to happen,  
Means this to be aligned,  
Don't dare this, it's a field I can't describe,  
You were in the glasses, it's a field I can't describe,  
You were in the glasses, it makes no fun to seem,  
Police control – Identification Card  
Control Officer - badge  
You were in the glasses, when I grew around,  
You were in the glasses, when I hit the ground,  
Poppins, about a path to find  
Poppins, dare this path to find  
Poppins, dare this path to find  
Spaces crackles to guess  
I believe something  
Turning to the grass to find  
This to be found

Pierre Rausch

# Shadowassured

Be precarious in every particular  
Take care in every prevention  
Be precarious - reference  
Seek advise in every particular  
Precautions of particulars  
No specific group  
Don't seek damage in prevention  
Be precarious in consult  
Sangfroid  
Safe with care  
Paroxysms for a parson  
The representative gloats,  
Clarification, prototype  
„They broke the lock“  
„Scratched the face, the broken mirror“  
Clarification, prototype  
The shadow without a mask,  
They lied about  
Without a shadow  
They lied about linseed oil  
That's bad for my health,  
And an extensive damage to care

Pierre Rausch

# Shadows Of Your Pride

The shadows of your pride  
The shadows of your pride  
You did live extreme  
You did live extreme  
By living out your screams  
By living out your screams  
You did live supreme  
You did live supreme  
By living of your dreams  
By living of your dreams  
There is no one on your side  
There is no one on your side  
And nowhere you could hide  
And nowhere you could hide  
When in nightmares recent fast  
When in nightmares recent fast  
It's the playtime for your past  
It's the playtime for your past  
When in nightmares long and wide  
When in nightmares long and wide  
Ghosts curse your pride  
Ghosts curse your pride  
When the demons let collide  
When the demons let collide  
The shadows of your pride  
The shadows of your pride  
You were like the pest  
You were like the pest  
Your cause was to bless  
Your cause was to bless  
You did live to contest  
You did live to contest  
Your ground was to contest  
Your ground was to contest

Pierre Rausch

# Sharpshooter

An obscure sadness, obscurity of  
which she did not know a secret  
Her epauls hiding her great coat  
Was that the charioteer of destiny  
And he intrusted this task to be fiasco  
No longer a tradition, no longer a  
dare-devil  
He idolized him  
Target and posture  
With acclamation, video  
Severely regarded by others  
Saluted by some  
We think to pose  
We owe to fight  
Hasn't arrived yet  
When daylight becomes a danger  
The state of some case  
His frog-green epaulets  
We owe to fight  
The school uniform of Brienne  
Superfluous  
We think to pose  
Under weak points  
Under a three-cornered hat  
(Of being the chief person there)

Pierre Rausch

## **Ships In Relation**

The devil was casted into the lake of brimstone  
Among the proest and prophet's bone  
He used vain words ass edens do  
The measure used will be used back to you  
By soul  
By patience  
Such captain of ships in relation  
Such pep who waited in patience  
Who said do not worry about  
Look at the birds, the lilies of valleys  
By patience  
By soul  
We were disputing  
With her eyes fixed on heaven  
To be amusing  
See it, halt and take care  
Radiant rows touched each other  
The baragain to conclude another  
This is the surprise  
We have made you happy  
It's a pretty farce P.S.

Pierre Rausch

# Should Lanterns Shine

Should lanterns shine,  
the arid ghoul  
an octagon of unnaccustomed light,  
No wither up, no hope of shape  
No look before he grows to grace  
The features in privacy  
From his lids, no faded pigment willow  
Not formed, let the (false) day come  
Should lanterns shine, should I guide you through  
I have been told to reason by heart  
And hope like heart, leads to pulse  
I have been told to reason by pulse  
When it quickens, to be tight  
Paddock, meadow lie loose  
So fast to move defying  
Even the rich guy, even so the millionaire  
Whose wind wags in me  
So fast he heard telling, so fast he heard my feeling  
And tellings see a chance  
(Stomper, thrown in - So fast I love the quiet gentleman)  
Should I guide you trough  
Should I guide you trough  
The ball has reached the ground  
Should I guide you trough

Pierre Rausch



# Simulate

You recognized instantly that familiar song  
What did concern you was your throat  
The blanket had been reduced, step by step

You know you should sleep  
You know you should eat

In the fleeting moment of contentment  
Beginning today, hope you're on the right  
side of the river, just like before

You know you should sleep  
You know you should eat

You galloped down the ravine  
With grit and determination  
You pushed yourself toward the surface  
As you turned back to shore

You know you should sleep  
You know you should eat

No easy source to simulate  
A bit of random luck  
No easy source to simulate  
That left a strong impression

Pierre Rausch

# Siren

Klaxon - school  
Klaxon - ground  
Klaxon - expectations  
Klaxon - anxiety  
Said unto him  
Give me heat  
For the battle was there  
Klaxon - hallow ramp  
Klaxon - thumbtacks  
Klaxon - nail post  
Klaxon - pullover  
Ought to be done  
A certain man  
The earth upon the Lord  
Narrow; trained temper  
Narrow, truth  
narrow, sigh  
Narrow  
Do not force me  
I knew what it was  
Tidings  
Sirens - summary  
Sirens - faint resumé  
Sirens - inland growth  
Sirens - the ballet's (negligé)  
Siren - nestles  
Siren - torpedo  
Siren - display  
Siren - rapid coach  
Hollywood Klaxon, broken Klaxon  
Narrow, truth  
That we should bring the minister in  
Narrow; temper  
Into a curse, and into an oath  
siren - light  
narrow, sigh  
narrow  
siren light  
flour, egg, and the teacher's cut, gender's

Klaxon

Pierre Rausch

# Smoker's Pole

That she saw her daily, alive and well  
Sing sometimes in a faraway voice  
Having made it to the dancefloor  
Calling out the first thing that came to mind  
At least not so anyone could hear  
There was no hint on her face  
That her lips were touching the dust  
Yes, she felt silent again  
She'd spent a new not of admiration  
You want to go to the second floor  
She had a sudden pressing of leaving  
Rather than fixing matters between you  
At least not so anyone could hear  
There was no hint on her face  
That her lips were touching the dust  
Yes, she felt silent again  
The house was quiet and darker  
And the dust notes hung motionless  
The lovely voice she'd had as a girl  
That was forthcoming from her consort  
The house was quiet and darker  
And the dust notes hung motionless  
The lovely voice she'd had as a girl  
That was forthcoming from her consort  
It was a smooth run down the motorway  
Oh now, isn't that the fellow across the street  
It wasn't merely the fact of being spoken  
And a feeling of great hardship on her voice

Pierre Rausch

# Soldiers

The mash blind(s) twilight ferry cake  
That cream from shops in the cup of vales

Gliding windless through the molden flake  
Plates of breath in stealthy pale

Isn't it dangerous: curious, frontier, dangerous  
Black, Baseball, curious  
Isn't it dangerous: Curious, frontier, dangerous  
Frontier, Baseball, curious

A faith pure as heat,  
As the mood and flame scrolls, the United  
These biscuit turn for scroll  
Alone, thorn, thorn, alone in a closet unfold  
Isn't it dangerous: curious, frontier, dangerous  
Black, Baseball, curious  
Isn't it dangerous: Curious, frontier, dangerous  
Frontier, Baseball, curious

The blade-walk, balsam, though fight  
Cut and cut in the shade  
That's a muffled house, that's muffles, quick  
At checkpoint love, forsaken and afraid

It's a coffee for once per year  
It's a soldier for every single year  
Coffee for every single year  
A coffee for once per year

It's a coffee for once per year  
It's a soldier for every single year  
Coffee for every single year  
A coffee for once per year

Pierre Rausch

# Something Special

In Mark's Chapter five  
(The) girls arise  
To their feet to beg  
Come and lay hands on  
She may live  
For our love, daughter  
We ask a gift  
What she heard about  
When she saw him in the crowd  
That they fall to their feet and beg  
Any concern could run up these legs  
For if they shall only touch his cloth  
And care the oath  
That believes keep alive  
In a place where girls arise  
Daughter your faith makes you well  
Go in peace  
Be cast with your own spell  
Of protection and affection  
A shock some lollypops  
The best out of candy shops  
That believes keep alive  
In a place where girls arise

Pierre Rausch

# Southampton Irregular

Southampton Irregular  
Hallow thee name be  
Oh let England come  
Hallow thee name be  
Oh let England come  
Hallowed thee name be  
Hear us by all tear  
Hear us beneath  
In the daily skies  
Welsh sailors riot  
With love (like mine)  
Torturous (like thine)  
All saints march with car  
The Irish ring from far  
P&O approaches with no scar  
All rescue boats have line-a-star  
All sirens ring from far  
P&O approaches with no scar  
Rescue boats have line(n) a star  
The saints walk with marching cars  
Cankerous oily gap  
The iceboat crack in dept  
One wood' legging trap  
Tankers cruise in labs  
The tankers cruise to snap  
Cankerous oily gap  
One wood's legging trap  
The iceboats crack to dept  
The weather shifts in mood  
Port workers prepare for flood  
Sailors ship the goods  
Poor workers pretty hood  
The tankers cruise at lab  
P&O approaches with no scar  
Young prospect tartar  
Southampton regulars seem to be  
No Control in case of fear  
Passport control on oden peer  
Signals ring from far

A ferry visitor sips for tea  
Open gates for you, open gates for me  
Passenger on reeling sight to sea

Pierre Rausch



# Souvenir

On the burned dune  
Under the village  
The surge is barely sown  
And sleepless pierce  
And prophets loud  
There is something left  
Round her trailed twist  
Breathes and goes  
Tears of another polestar  
The incendiary eve  
With every rain  
And load the cry  
They shouted and called  
Scree flashed across  
Barley frames  
They looked west and there was it  
Silencer souvenirs, launderette souvenirs  
One, who knows well  
Up the swallow thronged loft  
In the sleep that is rising  
Oh as I was young and easy  
This live I know  
While I'm waiting  
Though in chains  
Nor the lord-flies acre  
Nor sorrow to move away  
Half convention and full lie  
They looked west and there was it  
Silencer souvenirs, launderette souvenirs  
One, who knows well  
Up the swallow thronged loft  
In the sleep that is rising

Pierre Rausch

# Spanyards

Spanyards at your barn, to throw to harm,  
A kennel of spaniels at your barn, spanyards, the protective ear  
How could you react?

A kennel of spaniels at a barn, the ear-protection  
Spanyards at my barn, a kennel of spaniel  
How could you react?

Spanyards at a barn, épée, the protective ear  
A kennel of spaniels at your barn, spanyards the protection  
How would you react?

Crabbed and sallow

Late and soon

A kennel of spaniels at your van, entertainment,  
Spanyards at your van, a kennel of spaniels entertain,  
How could you react?

Spanyards s at my van, entertainment,  
A kennel of spaniel at my van, spanyards entertain,  
How am I supposed to react?

Pierre Rausch

# Special You

Your face, your face  
Your pretty face  
Your lips, your lips  
Your loving lips  
Your eyes, your eyes  
Your compliant eyes  
Your nose, your nose  
Your gentle nose  
Your skin, your skin  
Your freckled skin  
Your cheeks, your cheeks  
Your pamphlet cheeks  
My cheeks, my cheeks  
My scanned cheek  
Your arms, your arms  
Your burst arms  
Come you, special you, only you special you  
Come you, special you, only you special you  
Your hair, your hair,  
Your household hair  
Your hair, your hair,  
Your curly hair  
Your ears, your ears  
Your fuzz ears  
Your arms, your arms  
Your mildest arms  
Only you

Pierre Rausch

# Sprites

I wish I had time to tell  
On the knock webbed outside  
Where a boy  
Well, here we are  
In the wood farway under  
To overhear guards  
The size of snails  
And a snarl-up  
(It smote into)  
That second  
At the (fifteenth) century end,  
Over the white crâne,  
To set foot  
He'll came to say,  
The vanished mist,  
Long gallery, murder,  
Special unit  
Profond charm,  
CIA,  
That second  
At (sixteenth) century end  
(A pall of cupola)  
Woke to my hearing  
And the knock to my net

Pierre Rausch

## Stampede (Favorite Songs)

Well, she welcomes you, the lune ravel at wayward sky  
Promise me an atmosphere  
In the latest, the newest  
Contentment to conciliate  
In the latest, the newest  
I soar on frost  
Don't bother me  
In the latest, the newest  
Don't do that, on queue  
Combed on queue, towards  
In the latest, the newest  
That would call a push-up  
On snow, frozen on ice, crystal-clear  
In the latest, the newest  
While showman organize lizard  
Addendum, praiseworthy  
It explains brooch and whisk  
Wave the edifice over, it's that brush  
Love-fair on the river  
On ice, on snow, crystal-clear  
There's a trade over the river  
Spot and painted magazine  
Cricket soft and push-up  
Mattress and throwing edifice

Pierre Rausch

# Star Of Asia

To see her comfortably through the next weeks  
About anything - everything - effortless  
And how it had felt natural  
To know it is she who sings so well  
Hi my love, I'm calling on the satellite  
It's been so good to meet you  
Now let us sally forth and present  
Ourselves close enough that it suits you well  
At least more spacious and airy  
There was a big taking on the Star of Asia  
There isn't just a whole lot of negation  
Let it work out the generations  
But she can't do it here  
In case she ever wanted to  
She does not approach you  
How enchanting she looks tonight  
At least more spacious and airy  
There was a big taking on the Star of Asia  
There isn't just a whole lot of negation  
Let it work out the generations  
Ah, nothing to hide, nothing to lose, ah, ah, ah  
At least more spacious and airy  
There was a big taking on the Star of Asia  
There isn't just a whole lot of negation  
Let it work out the generations  
Ah, nothing to hide, nothing to lose, ah, ah, ah

Pierre Rausch

# Startling To The Observer

There was a man up there  
Who spoke - These words  
As he came to the starring side  
Of anything that could be outstanding  
At the startling side, it doesn't matter  
Which way you come  
Wither it is the startling to the observer  
Shuffado comiea, shuffado loa  
Shuffado weise aea shuffado enlebeat(an coach)  
Jasminolo pouches, grievous switch  
Eboras freedom, djou thus switch  
Ust servus, eboras itched dinner  
Ust crème, brush, tooth thus thinner  
Tetraclyne, djou-djou on tirlamanti busier  
D'jou-d'jou, (your) base-hangar ust on vizier  
Impracticable (mission) to resume  
The learners / Learjet's fallen down in Kibuz  
|: she will be with you: |  
Hawthorn boy, hawthorn girl, carry gogo-ethic  
(Computer-) simulation, (video-) cassette nonstrategic  
D'jou Nebraska roof, ust formula virage  
Ust under the trekker, to the eboras sage

Pierre Rausch

# Status Quo

Status quo in this life, the same lavender, the same barn  
The cricket sider, why she's there  
Status quo in o way, the same contenders, the same bay  
The cricket sider isn't there  
Gentle sider in a snipe, gentle move to Fahrenheit  
Through sides, oh let me  
Temper my loneliest day  
Send me away, I've got nothing to heat, and tell me  
I can come back if I've got nothing to heat  
Whale, barren typus, shark,  
The same skip bark,  
Desert hats that care,  
Send me away, I've got nothing to heat, and tell me  
I can come back if I've got nothing to heat  
Seen it in the basement,  
Status quo in this life, the same mention, the same cop  
The rig side neigh to share  
Status quo in no way, the same intention, the same sky  
The rig side isn't rug  
Status quo in this life, the same barn, the same adoration

Pierre Rausch



# Steve Madden

The gesture was so direct, that she almost spit it  
She did not want to think about it  
She did not have the time to type it out  
The pavement is cracking with the fever  
Exhausted and stared straight ahead of her  
Into the lavatory and read it there  
Near the shoulder and she ran  
Through the thinning crowd  
Steve Madden glowing pale colors  
And a variety of styles  
She can't use the radio or anything  
And so she blocked off the channels  
Insomniacs share a certain mystique  
I have a feeling about her, that left eye  
She scrubbed and dressed and felt reassured  
With a certain dusky, unhealthy palor

Chorus

Repeat

Chorus

Repeat

Pierre Rausch

# Still Up In The Air

I hear you, I swear to you  
Why are you worried?  
Like a post office book  
Will you stop that  
When the baby came back  
The child had arrived so early  
Setting out a further plates of sandwiches  
The land of eternal summer  
Still up in the air  
After all listening enthralled  
Still up in the air  
into anything and everything  
Still up in the air  
We're both coming back  
Still up in the air  
Still up in the air  
Was it all sudden? Was it all cruel?  
One hand's turn of housework  
It was announced as being something  
Through the gates with pride

Still up in the air  
After all listening enthralled  
Still up in the air  
into anything and everything  
Still up in the air  
We're both coming back  
Still up in the air  
Still up in the air

Still up in the air  
After all listening enthralled  
Still up in the air  
into anything and everything  
Still up in the air  
We're both coming back  
Still up in the air  
Still up in the air  
She wondered why they weren't going in

Try to get audiences and hearings  
Wit white shutters  
There were flowers tumbling all over the walls

Still up in the air  
After all listening enthralled  
Still up in the air  
into anything and everything  
Still up in the air  
We're both coming back  
Still up in the air  
Still up in the air

Pierre Rausch

# Stock Exchange Market

Stock exchange market  
Got send by single files - stock exchange -  
Some threw themselves down  
And the money? Inquired a woman  
Twenty stocks per attic  
Turned to the left and diabetic  
The four cellphones  
Stock exchange market -  
That is the neighbor which is monarch  
Twenty stocks per nugget  
Without that tisserand  
I heard the beating of the arteries  
Twenty stocks per attic  
In the stock shining, with a redish glow  
Glacial spraking – he sprang across  
I heard the beating of the arterie  
Stock exchange market -  
That is the neighbor which is monarch  
Prodigious brute – what do you want  
Market price – market brute

Pierre Rausch

# Strangers Again

/ U.S. Troops in Paris /  
Folks, just forget the funeral procession  
Thinks about where we want to be  
Rather than where you may be  
I've been out here for so long  
In forgotten all around here  
|: We are strangers again! We are strangers! : |  
I don't like this  
We'd stop supper in a modern way  
Excellent service further south  
Divided into little lots  
We've got to be careful  
Not to kick up the needles  
Or dust flies up over everything  
|: We are strangers again! We are strangers! : |

Pierre Rausch

# Strategy Of The Hostile General

That is what confers (to relax)  
That there is a certain instant  
The beginning of retreat  
Bataillon  
The front hid  
By the shells  
Into the bottom  
We'd stand good  
That he had  
Exactly  
A stove isn't needed  
Listen  
He paused, and seemed to be talking  
He paused, and you're here  
Colonel,  
What should he choose?  
What if I felt hungry only for water?  
a dull splash  
If you'd grant me shelter for this night  
You don't recognize me  
What should be choosen?  
A terrible situation  
Unforeseen presence  
It was he, the intruder, who interrogated  
I heard him declare  
You'd better leave  
Because the slightest  
Not to leave  
Where was the inconvenience in waiting?  
Have you seen him steal?  
He didn't steal. I gave him the office  
Are you oafish?  
You aren't oafish?

Pierre Rausch

# Stronger Together

Can imagine you have any admirers  
Since you are beautiful too  
And to congratulate you even more  
To make you hide away ever since  
Stronger together, there's nothing else I want  
Stronger together the curtain comes down for  
good

|: Chatting excitedly about success: |  
To tell it housed the settle there  
Tell their one piece of furniture  
Tell it had been arranged there  
Amongst those high-nosed city folks

Chorus

I don't wish to be here any longer  
What a heartbreaker you are  
Now I must leave for good  
Can you be here any longer

Chorus

Give me a sign, make a wish  
When you opened up and indeed  
Chorus

Pierre Rausch

# Stumble

; Suburbs of Ireland;  
I won't go where you stand  
I've seen black torpedos insecure  
&lt; Ire (Aiar) – Au eia &gt;  
Which frequency to purpose  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
A, A, A & O  
A & A, O & A  
A & A, A & A  
What frequency  
Zero point sixty-two  
What frequency  
Zero point eight  
O by A  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
The veils that darken the delicate moon  
By appointment to the royal court  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
Bombshells lie in front  
By pointing to Irish stands  
Gone, grocery, gone  
Hundred by twenty  
Steed, sumptuous  
Cube, cube, cube  
By engagement to the splendid court  
Love, love, love - scrambled, squashed

Pierre Rausch



# Styles Parquet

Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
Are you going to write a story about it  
Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
There's a couple people with that name

On the floor, in front of the chair  
Near the wall, behind the window  
I turned and started away  
At Mulholland Drive, drove away from the Hotel

Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
Are you going to write a story about it  
Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
There's a couple people with that name

You passed out on the couch  
Who took the tickets from the children  
It's not done with it yet  
Now we can talk, as they say

Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
Are you going to write a story about it  
Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
There's a couple people with that name

Power lines and a stand at the end of a trailer par  
The first trailer had a sign on the door  
All right, you have an arrangement, then  
So don't show up for this camera

Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
Are you going to write a story about it  
Say Hello to the Styles Parquet  
There's a couple people with that name

Pierre Rausch

# Suburbs Of Ireland

; Suburbs of Ireland;  
I won't go where you stand  
I've seen black torpedos insecure  
&lt; Ire (Aiar) – Au eia &gt;  
Which frequency to purpose  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
A, A, A & O  
A & A, O & A  
A & A, A & A  
What frequency  
Zero point sixty-two  
What frequency  
Zero point eight  
O by A  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
The veils that darken the delicate moon  
By appointment to the royal court  
Change, change, change - Sidelong change  
Bombshells lie in front  
By pointing to Irish stands  
Gone, grocery, gone  
Hundred by twenty  
Steed, sumptuous  
Cube, cube, cube  
By engagement to the splendid court  
Love, love, love - scrambled, squashed

Pierre Rausch

# Summer Has Passed

And all the fluttering in jasmine bloom  
At this my fear was somewhat quieted  
Put it where you first begin  
Banners of the night  
In visions of the dark night  
Maybe because you always have appeared  
There is a change- and I am poor  
Stunned by the world, I reached an age  
Summer has passed  
Passed at three month  
As curious as it is  
They're the same  
Sweet dreams form a shade  
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
I'm all alone in this world, she said  
Whose woods these are I think I know  
Summer has passed  
Passed at three month  
Balloon we stole  
Garden-party  
You stand in the entrance - Sown  
- Open immediately the door -  
Summer has passed, by the shallow river  
They're all the same  
At first autumn, stolen part,  
First spring, autumn didn't grow,  
Black eyes is an occupation  
Ash eyes swallow, forbidden lids burst  
I marvel how nature could ever find space

Pierre Rausch

# Summertime

Halted a few paces to the rear  
What has taken place  
Almost of discipline  
To abrupt changes  
Whose contents drove her to despair  
The scene is set your night begins  
In Summertime freedom begins  
Whose contents drove her to despair  
And when smile harms  
How does one get on it?  
A sort of mendicant musician  
Her cap had fallen on her knees.  
Or around to enjoy a mystery  
Your sunglasses  
On emerging to suppose  
How does one get on it?  
Or around to mystery  
The scene is set your knight begins  
In Maritime, it's your set to begin  
Who has always been patient  
Your sunglasses

Pierre Rausch

# Superhero

Accustomed, idealized hyperspace  
Life itself compared to some kind of pace  
Pedantic, antisocial hypocrites  
Life itself filled up with wit  
Superheroes can fly  
Superheroes can specify  
Unspeaking,  
In the meantime  
This mediocre play  
Unbroken  
And the mind after producing  
That once conceded  
In all things the word find  
You have the prudence

Must be written  
Self-control  
Must be exercised  
Must be a limit

Pierre Rausch

# Swan Of Brightest Light

No tongue involved, no envelope  
No low-pitched sound, no break  
With the brunch girl, With the French girl  
To a drop register, kind of Halle Berry Sister  
To a lob minister, kind of Pally-Hally Mister  
Swan of brightest, Swan of Brightest, swan of brightest,  
Swan of most brightest light  
Ohh, you've got a lot  
Nothen charged, no clank  
It wasn't flipped, it was no drone  
Throughout the night  
You were'nt through  
Swan of brightest, Swan of Brightest, swan of brightest,  
Swan of most brightest light  
Ohh, you've got a lot  
And the ways flow in branched throbs  
On savage sand

Pierre Rausch

# Sweet Lady Sunshine

Sweet lady sunshine  
Your eyes on chime  
The morning rhyme  
Midnight star-line  
Confessing in confession  
Common and dry  
The moonlight rhyme  
You nature compassion  
Shading quid pro quo  
My sweetest lady sunshine,  
Your eyes do shine  
The misses, the servant,  
Thought: you bleed mine  
Every stroke, a trite sense  
Everyday we do  
Live to men  
An end to bullet  
Jona Baez in largo  
The day seems true

Pierre Rausch

# Tastature

Tastature

(Omnibus)

Baba's shoe won't stand in pence  
Ska Kleyton's won't it hear drop  
Around the weather  
Fuzing globe Kasa's fuel  
Say your farewells next to mine  
Hang these days around the end  
Tastature, curse anything worse  
In a haunted mansion I got  
Gesture truffles style  
Clumsy prints, you're harmed with  
Arobazed protocol  
Aggression, it's good you're with  
I heard a dollar sign shuffle  
In the orphan tillen  
Tending to Guinevre's horses  
Gate golden oil bridges  
|: Kyoto leather,  
Tastature, Tastature: |  
It's morose David described  
In fused orifice  
Kentucky household  
Now petrified, closed  
Arrogate Audrey in the magazine  
Eloquent, forecast  
He will be vacating his post next year  
Validate, vagrant ink  
Say your farewells next to mine  
Hang these days around the end  
Tastature, curse anything worse  
In a haunted mansion I got

Pierre Rausch



# Television

Television

Television, the Orangerie and  
Exiled closed shops friend  
Leggins three or four years old  
Ether negatively said nor told  
Versus an emission emitted  
In the prisoners emitted  
Sunday afternoon, Tuesday night  
Invisible man for freedom fight  
Old thee in the street of Burma  
No Tibetan priests or Karma  
Legoland in Denmark never got  
East by northwind overflow  
Under the bridges stood aside  
In the eye the stranger euclide  
Shall we meet up the Summertime  
Inside no one commits a crime  
The gargoyle bets on the roof,  
Nesting with you to proof  
Television is a medium among others  
Radio, newspaper other  
Lobbyists on decision floor  
Headline the amexican floor  
Upper class driving  
Bended airplanes, city jams  
Sybil wonders South  
As ignorance's under my mouth  
There's nothing going on  
I'm a catastrophe  
You aren't through

Pierre Rausch

# Testament

Pauper - Who was only a soldier – sport's bag  
Moreover, is the strangest encounter at pauper's  
In that lay his merit  
That at the battle of rummy  
And the solid has been empurpled  
Where you'd refuse eyes close  
Of the Testament since it expired  
To an expiration  
Junkfood  
And all the junkfood and all the lights of earth  
A shaft sprang from earth  
Go this way, but not that  
Where the chest was at  
Had taken place at the preceeding day  
Had taken pauper  
These novelties, a little ashamed  
Who sieged in Warsaw  
The calculation has been a pact  
The device non pluribus impar - hahaahaha  
Pauper's grave  
Blessing on the wall, as he has been bestoved  
Since eyes closed

Pierre Rausch

# The Art Of Rolling

I'm the mood, I wanna scroll' my turn cow low  
I'm in the mood, wanna roll my traffic  
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna wrap a jam  
But then again I said oh oh oh  
|: The Art of Rolling in contest: |  
An implement unimpressed  
|: From the sot's prayer no good can e'er ensue: |  
Unless the facts guard over excess  
The fiend, that had to chose drunkenness  
The Art of Rolling as entr'acte  
E'er, that thou always strength may obtain,  
Monstrous the prevent sin;  
From all excess, throughout thy life, refrain  
|: The Art of Rolling in strange delight: |  
Without help, can ever leave lavatories:  
The stallion, that in a boggy slough has  
So neither lavatory, that's ever loaded  
But still respect thee, by naught  
Hallow thyself to daze,  
Bought and then, thought to be brought  
An antler shot, brow antler  
A shot gun, call call down  
Furtive book inlay; Recurrent urge  
A Quartz - Pics of horror  
A hundred and ten years old  
Core image on flat-screen  
That mounts another lorry pet  
SWAT, the closure call  
It's clearance and anything tendency

Pierre Rausch

# The Beauty Of Life

Your distaste of knife  
To share with a wife  
In the beauty of life  
And it's a broken toy  
Must come home boy  
To the doors in a poem  
Words serve Jona  
In the beauty of life  
Dust falls down on dew  
These tears sink just you  
To a singing bird  
Forgotten in the crown of a lurch  
In the beauty of life  
"Oh brother in water"  
Hearts cut slaughter  
"Fears are ranged"  
Lions nor bunnies tamed  
"This sphere named"  
Project: "rifle ashamed"  
Confessing, I heat your aim

Pierre Rausch

# The Children Of The Fog

They wondered if they could be broken  
Of golden chains dotted with small pearls  
For a man of pur science  
Then arrange to take the test  
Sternly the children of the fog were looking  
As if with a fresh surge of blood  
Sternly the children of the fog were looking  
Walking quickly, almost wanting help  
Never mind! They keep on going  
With it's plastic bells, the movie house  
At the door to the auditorium  
Critical of things in store windows  
Chorus  
That their mind had gone dead  
Went to the window and looked down  
Always heard of their brilliance and goodheartedness  
In a welcome room, in the parlor funeral  
Chorus  
Repeat  
Yes they had been close to her  
It took several people to hold them down  
That was too short for the fashions  
The children of the fog

Pierre Rausch

# The Curtain Of Silence

There is daylight, could tell that much  
Without moving, the small touch  
But the tinder caught, the dry grass  
The curtain of silence, the whit soldiers pass

There is peace in our home  
There is peace in our cities  
There is peace in our countries  
The world is full of peace

At Las Vegas again, sideways  
Presented another stark contrast  
When a wind blew a blur from his side  
Instincts told it to squeeze

There is peace in our home  
There is peace in our cities  
There is peace in our countries  
The world is full of peace

If it lacked the splendor of a true curtain  
Readers may wonder about this  
The accuracy of the events in this  
A true curtain may speak in silence  
And the length that one man will go

There is peace in our home  
There is peace in our cities  
The countries are full of peace  
The world is full of peace

There is peace in our home  
There is peace in our cities  
There is peace in our countries  
The world is full of peace

Pierre Rausch

# The Face

She opens it to the performance door,  
Her hair lets crisp the wind,  
Shadow divides her face, the face  
She stands there in the open door,  
She'd greet the gipsy wind,  
Her wind is the hair, the hair,  
Colors plaint red-stick scarlet  
Make-up paints this starlet  
The Media flush it  
Clowns have got it, worn on bitter floor  
Gravity receipts or fake cats  
Acrobats sieve dog bats  
Fingerprinted into amulet  
Guash garnered outlet  
In the debts of your more  
Fragile plants on score  
Shadow parts her face, the face  
Born again from your rhythm  
Summertime verve got bidden  
Gravity receipts, acrobats  
Plastic dogs or fake cats  
Relocates in laude  
Fantastic auditor L. Aude  
Clowns on bitter floor  
Twitter autumn  
Fragile plants on score  
In the debug of a moor  
The face, the face

Pierre Rausch

# The Last Rites

And a phoenix ascends out of glimmers  
To look her in those eyes  
Settle and a green lark in an hearse  
Register amendment to grade  
Our attempt

She'd catch fire again  
Banished, she trades wool, burn what got banished  
Long-casting  
To spin wool again

Give me the story of a perfume girl  
It's treated  
Wait for this with a lone girl  
It isn't treated  
|: The last salvation to connect  
The last rites - the same old story  
"Attention please"  
"No Attention please": |

At the circuit commonplace circus  
She makes it up  
"Shambled, transpired"  
It's a loyal circuit – simply agreed  
Believe wisdom and bound  
Knitted thatch, when she thaws and shudders

Cane explicit expires  
To cash in  
In that shame of a sheet  
Blown in a hazard of gaze

She looked in those hands  
My pores prospered to eve  
And the story says it grooves  
To whisper; young, naive  
It groans and moans

Dorian filthy paragraph



To scheme will see  
You regret that day  
Who'd come to see

Bring me the story of a lone girl"  
Couldn't it be stronger  
You give me the story of a lonesome girl  
It couldn't be stronger  
You give me the story of a lonesome girl  
It couldn't be stronger  
You give me the story of a lonesome girl  
It could be stronger

Pierre Rausch

# The Peace Of Paradise

A piece of Paradise stays here  
In these sphere  
In these sphere  
Nobody stays near  
Nobody stays near  
Just Darling' reckoned fears  
Just Darling' reckoned fears  
You lost your heart  
You lost your heart  
To run it away in the dark  
To run it away in the dark  
This is not the first time behaved  
This is not the first time behaved  
To sit on the holy paves  
To sit on the holy paves  
Hit me, hit me, lady hit me  
Hit me, hit me, lady hit me  
Hit me with your cherry smile  
Hit me with your cherry smile  
Hit me, the sun still needs  
Hit me, the sun still needs  
Forbidden are these games we play  
Forbidden are these games we play  
Chew a bit around and any way  
Chew a bit around and any way  
Come around these towns and lands  
Come around these towns and lands  
To fill them up and hold your hand  
To fill them up and hold your hand  
And some honey makes you understand  
And some honey makes you understand  
No one else's sacrifice  
No one else's sacrifice  
When you just to bloom straight into the Christ  
When you just to bloom straight into the Christ  
And give him the peace of paradise  
And give him the peace of paradise  
Give him the peace of paradise  
Give him the peace of paradise

Wake me with your voice  
Wake me with your voice  
You are so great I'd grow up  
You are so great I'd grow up  
If I could be with you once more again  
If I could be with you once more again  
For once do it a bit better  
For once do it a bit better  
I would carry you in a loving letter  
I would carry you in a loving letter  
To march straight into the Christ  
To march straight into the Christ  
And give him the peace of paradise  
And give him the peace of paradise-

Pierre Rausch

# The Perspective Of Trust

Her entire body trembled with nerves  
I came to a recital of yours once  
Well, it was a long time ago  
Her entire body trembled with nerves  
Portraits and landscape paintings jostled for attention  
She came to a concert last week  
And told me it was all my fault  
That her life had gone off the tracks  
I long to be with you  
In the perspective of trust  
And you must understand that  
I long to be with you  
I long to be with you  
In the perspective of trust  
And you must understand that  
I long to be with you  
It's a gallery for emergencies  
If that's what made her go off the rails  
Surely you can be like that again  
However, good your intentions are  
Right before we get on the train to Southampton  
All too aware of the perspective  
Opened the case that contained her flute  
Are you ready to move on to trust  
I long to be with you  
In the perspective of trust  
And you must understand that  
I long to be with you  
I long to be with you  
In the perspective of trust  
And you must understand that  
I long to be with you  
It's a gallery for emergencies  
If that's what made her go off the rails  
Surely you can be like that again  
However, good your intentions are  
It's a gallery for emergencies  
If that's what made her go off the rails  
Surely you can be like that again

However, good your intentions are

Pierre Rausch

# The Poor And The Rich

You'd explain a feud within catastrophe - two  
families  
Crayon and gomme  
Three families were a subject of dispute  
The shade's argued  
Vasavi havi Kreitzdetanabir  
Bring each to the poor  
Tangle tongue in the exam poors  
It is a squared runoff  
The tangle duet, the ball game  
Charlatan to the poor  
I've been pale, you've been approaching  
Masquerade as skin – touched the subscribed  
Fingers spread – arms angle-wide – held too long  
on to shame  
By neighbor-door thief  
Untrained Marshall – marginal sector  
A1c1, Mc-square,  
Torrid A1c1 and CA1  
By my neighbor-door thief  
Courtyard draughts – baby parfait  
Villain families, voisin door  
The first poor, the second rich  
Don't be itchy, the sellotape slave  
Don't be the third party to elective master  
Two families, neighbor doors  
The first famine, the first dispute  
Two families, neighbor doors  
The first poor, the second rich

Pierre Rausch

# The Prayers That Had Once Been For Salvation

He woke each morning very early  
With a sense of wonderment, a sense of being  
blessed  
He would be left ironic after hours of work  
We will make a ritual of it  
The prayers that had once been for salvation  
Least personal, and out of the older man  
He could not have explained it better  
The prayers that had once been for salvation  
But the work he does, the believers he sees  
His opinion has nothing to do with the future  
His silence, his melancholy, his comic complaints  
It was not sacred, it was touchable  
Chorus 2\*  
Sometimes I felt a sense of apprehension  
And how much worse it would be  
With the rhythmic whirl of his words  
Oh it's not forgotten - the big crazy car  
Chorus 2\*  
Repeat

Pierre Rausch

# The Ruin Of The Crown

(Huguenot) attitude  
Which turns towards all that belongs  
Which knows where it pleases  
All of a sudden  
Anguish  
When he'll rejoin, he gave me the coffer  
And to carry  
A gallant affair  
It is understood that it is employed  
And doesn't extend to class  
Well, I am going to lodge there to-night  
A regular chandelier  
In the attic, a calendabrum  
His ideas went a change  
Other boards have mothers  
The detonation makes him freeze  
In order that his son might be happy  
Not amused!  
At an epoch when I was young  
To suite her  
To support  
The Dicks sentinel  
Antechamber with a chain  
Rotor  
He got sick!  
To absolute perfection  
Ah! you are conversation  
A rococo(-jesuit)  
On the veil

Pierre Rausch



# The Shapes

Well, if you really want advice  
I should say, we can do nothing  
Hammock, plaid green  
The arrow rapid, the gate strong  
At the fortnight finish

On a stony wining downward  
The flight ended just in time  
That it will get in terms  
And even to be on friendly lan

Now fifteen of you  
So he went on;  
Ah, there you go  
No fight in the dark

Well, you get advice, at lollo place  
"You're back home"

We constantly seek and find  
Anything groovy  
There's no sunlight inside a pizza slice  
There's no milk inside light

At lollo laze, there shapes a restaurant

We constantly seek and find  
Anything groovy  
There's no sunlight inside a pizza slice  
There's no milk inside light

At lollo laze, there shapes a restaurant

The love to law obey to any rule  
The law of rules obey to any love  
The rules of love obey to any law

At lollo laze, there shapes a restaurant



# The Start

Birthday and smooth  
Tidy, yet new  
Life with a gun  
Modern Korea  
Polite and burnished  
A first life  
Big birthdays  
The orient sun  
The myths, the experience pierces  
Refreshments of value, to be worn  
His arrival is soon, the start is right now  
He comes around high noon, to set the pieces right  
Dressing candles and shows you the light  
You're piece of the part and earth to the hole  
One day you'd come back and fight for your role  
At gift, at cadeau  
He knocks on every door, and asks for folio  
His arrival is close, for what do you require  
His arrival is dosed, the start has been inspired  
He comes around every door, he knocks on every door  
The barrier, the cordon, an agreement  
The start is right now, he gets into you (he gets it into your  
face)  
He starts (off) somehow, he finds for you the place  
Where he voids for vortex  
Where he finds the vulpine, void for it  
Wolves to volunteer of your own free volition; on oath of  
vouch for volume, vow  
we will be all together, a yes to the day of birth, a yes to life  
The solar can always shine

Pierre Rausch

# The Still More Baffled

So lifelike, so intense, so I can't stop a feel  
Command remote stretched country-land  
Sound other occasion  
Reen = rune-like, reel off  
Two or four rite on the mist of chap  
Re(en) flap in the central flake  
(The rustling of the wind invasion)

Now, it proven poor, shadow-light bright forth  
The sky-countryside on way  
Graduate dissipate sney  
As this dance forth  
And role-plays anything of sort  
And the curtain for mine  
And the still more baffled  
And the curtain for mine  
And the still more baffled

Pierre Rausch

# The Sun

The congregation of the sun  
Privatization, unleaded hoc  
Drive slowly while you sleep  
Since I finger on the loose

Branches that corrode  
Energy

Tonight I will free you from the sun  
Loose limped, an event  
Tonight I would free you  
Loose limped, loose fingered

The privation from the sun  
In a slaughter, a sunbed  
Supple, lithe, agile  
When I'd finger  
Branches that corrode  
Branches that trigger  
The branches that in the wound that trigger  
Tonight I will free you from the sun  
Loose limped, an event  
Are you welcome, are you free, an alternative use  
The underworld assured and legal matters

Pierre Rausch

# The Sun Beat Down

The sun beat down from a cloudless sky  
She brushed dust off her skirt  
Was usually a good affair  
Are you sure you're all right

Out on the lake, all with delight  
Shall we walk, would you prefer to sit  
Really want to explain, I understand  
And you really see my mind  
Stare over the lake  
If you mean to face it

Get back to where you belong  
And look around  
It is your day off  
I have a feeling you'd be there  
That is the point where

You can put everything behind  
If you mean to face it twice  
You know I'm sorry  
And whisper something to you  
You'll take my word for it  
I'm not disturbing you  
I think you've just seen

Pierre Rausch

# The Tulips Are In Bloom

She remained where she was  
Careful not to move too quickly  
Her pleasure and her dignity  
But something else beside  
The tulips are in bloom  
She'd stop talking  
All evidence goes against assertion  
Go straight to the desk  
But she didn't think of it in time  
Followed by bright flash  
Staring at the vivid tulips  
That emotion had got the better of her  
The tulips are in bloom  
She'd stop talking  
All evidence goes against assertion  
Go straight to the desk  
It was dimly lid inside  
Immediately from the other side  
Where the flowers grew in the courtyard  
Where the flowers grew in the courtyard  
The tulips are in bloom  
She'd stop talking  
All evidence goes against assertion  
Go straight to the desk  
Like the pot of tulips in the book  
But she must have done something wrong  
She meant to impress with a photo of the flowers  
That could offer her the very best

Pierre Rausch

# The Wooden House

That Wooden House  
Audience in public  
From what today  
And that whacked the entrance  
I am the mansion thorn  
I am that there are  
The sense of master  
You're cole and left  
Haven't you got a rug  
Not the hypocrisis to gateways  
The sense of master  
A Saxophone's tones guillotined  
Developed by an eye on Springfield  
Movie Stars that you love and hate  
To another home, that wooden kate  
That wooden house and a lob  
Bring the jewelry to the railway cops  
Turtles, Busters in China  
A refugee on angina  
Donald Amy, Set Whinfield  
The guards described, the guards that yield  
Coconut, Tetris and raft  
A hustler smokes what is left  
The director has enough to read  
Write miseries on sheet  
That wooden house and a lob  
Bring the jewelry to the railway cops  
It's the entering thief  
That wooden house and a lob  
Bring the jewelry to the railway cops

Pierre Rausch



# The Woods (Balthasar Wood And Wagon Threepwood)

Down the first floor to the station, south the frequency, the  
rails, south to station, the ground,  
plattered steel, down the radios to the headquarter,  
windowcleaner

Against the unsolved fog of the conquest. someone isn't  
talking

Against the hermetastic comprehension

Love grows then rots away

It's the 21st century

You'd play a hand

A shade came down.

Balthasar Wood & Wagon Threepwood

South to the floor, it will be a tunnel, it was a hat

Desolation: Archives of Coal

Balthasar Wood & Wagon Threepwood

Down the glasswind, the hail that to be rain, down the  
sounds & cloud to the underpath

Finding logistic, tramping nowhere

Balthasar Wood & Wagon Threepwood

Balthasar Wood & Wagon Threepwood

If you're in the forest, I'll give you at wood

With a car to grandmother, phoned into the seat, tolls on  
trucks, the screens broke on vitesse,

With bambussticks, the brother step instead

Trembling, I am the brick that speaks, electrobeat, the  
woods

Wagon Threepwood

Balthasar Wood

We are districts, we're in the neighborhood

If you're in the forest, I'll give you at wood

Rufius & Orleander

Kate & Clyde

Pierre Rausch

# These One's

These one's, oh Lady, these one's  
These one's are fond and warm  
These' ones go through God one's harm  
These one's leigh to an equal  
These one's are prequels to the sequels  
These one's the way everyone goes  
Seems like the wind still blows  
Rime in little this, rime it like  
These one's are questions  
These one's reply anyone  
These one's are teaser with  
These one's on the way sparkle  
These one's for the fifth  
In little this, rime it like  
And a look they can't garble  
These one's the destiny  
In predicament  
Walk in this  
In little this, rime it like  
In little this, rime it like

Pierre Rausch

# Thunder And Lightning

In a night made by truth  
In a night made by youth  
This rainy, rainy weather  
We have come, we have come together  
To admire nature's wonder  
Surprising and lighting  
See the world go under  
A night full of thunder and lightening  
At the site of truth  
In the sight of youth  
This show with this weather  
We will, we will live together  
To admire native wonder  
Surprising and frightening  
Habitual world go under  
A night of thunder and lightening

Under side  
Under sight of youth  
This show with this weather  
Won't we live together  
Inspire a poet's wonder  
Rising a tightening  
Leave out ugly blunder  
A night full of thunder and lightening

You shift, the storm begins (stark verstellt,  
dunkel - Blaubart)  
We dedicate us in  
Under native wings  
Under swing  
When you feel this world  
ain't yours no more  
When you wanna fade out in lines some more  
In moments with no hope left no more  
When you feel you don't fit no more  
Then you need the thunder – surprising and  
fighting  
Then you need that lightening – surprising

and frightening

Pierre Rausch

## Tiebreak (Mobile Chase)

"Theme: Traffic signs, reglementation"

"Bridge: table manners"

Rush hour:

She sits in the car, turns to the right, picks up the phone

In the right hand, in the left hand

Nine o'clock in the morning

Brenham wips in

Rush hour:

Her sight in her sleeve because she knows everything

That it could be a long affair

When phones bell in her right hand

oh, |: when the pockets are made: | oh, when the pockets are made

How many breaks she's going to have

As she crossed the second square

Casting her eyes

She has a lot courage

When the shelter blew

If you send us a tiebreak (today) - She'd be one

Breaks aren't falling - Tiebreaks are worn

The attempts she hears, they aren't worn

Will fit the line in your hand, it fits

Nodding approvingly, herself defending

Promise us, on behalf of everyone

There is enough for everyone

Here are other to thank

That twenty-five had taken

Seemed as if the only one who should

You've said the verity

Promise, on behalf of everyone

Anything about

It would matter what they said

Promise, on behalf of everyone

Pierre Rausch

## Titbits & Refreshment

And here he is  
He was personally concerned  
"It is well, ' said the inspector  
Contented with saying  
In all such grants  
Watched the masterpiece  
Your charter point-blank  
Can't we fear when we leave?  
A little of the substance  
As though the informer drew to himself  
Disquieting to the feelings  
We do not know  
Send me away, I've got nothing to heat  
And tell me, I can come back, when I've got something to heat  
Send me away, I've got nothing to heat  
And tell me, I can come back, when I've got something to heat

Pierre Rausch

# To Block It Up

She wasn't moved  
And she wasn't the parade  
And she hasn't moved away  
And even if she knows,  
Can never rise to sense  
Whether he would be of any service or not  
Quickly furniture away  
There is no light  
Quickly and astonished  
She was quickly astonished  
Did not stir from the wineshop  
Did not look from the bookstore;  
This range of analyse  
And to block it up  
As humor b  
y her side  
No instant in junk  
Those who were standing  
Is it a case?  
I don't stand, I don't watch  
Thistles in eye  
„No time now“  
Feet in front  
An interest in this affair  
Flabby brow, wrinkled cheeks  
And it calls to block up  
Nightshade  
It calls to block it up  
The light of heaven fills those who are with the light of  
earth  
Isn't a plan-o-cide  
Here we are to stay  
Some months before this  
As exactness is kindness,  
He was exact  
As kindness is exactness  
He was kind  
It could be a long affair  
She was moved

The use of peaches  
And she hasn't moved away  
All the morning she was melancholic  
Lovely behave with her to stray  
To block it ever up  
To drop it ever on  
As exactness is kindness,  
He was exact  
As kindness is exactness  
He was kind

Pierre Rausch



# To Eavesdrop

My dressmaker is late  
The kept platform  
The news-presenter of the day  
Make-up attire  
The dress to dressed  
(Precautions) these aren't snob  
The news-presenter of channel five:  
Give me Sullivan  
On the phone  
On TV  
This is useful work  
You dare you mention this on TV  
To eavesdrop, to toddle awake  
To eavesdrop, to wipe and sway, to the last built car  
To eavesdrop, nonsense and claptrap, to be reserved, to eavesdrop  
To one side and listen  
That no one wants to hear  
Get me an image consult  
Top-proposition:  
Emily is a thirty-two year-old cosmetician. A cosmetician  
well known in town  
Lush is a brunet, thirty-year stylist. A stylist who creates  
of his own  
Newsflash, posed, sleepless  
Out-spoken, today's edition endangered, we'll close  
To eavesdrop, to toddle awake  
To eavesdrop, to twiddle and tweak, team turmoil  
Sullivan:  
"There was a short-circuit that brought the community (/building)  
down"  
An electric damage; the garage didn't open up, I couldn't handle it  
and called the cops"  
And the ticker wakes with solitaire  
And the truth is shared  
The presenter is a lean,40-year-old guy of the entertainment print  
"Please, leave a message, I'm unavailable right now"  
A statesman experienced with advert, graphic art and print press  
Plan of innocence, message-board and maypole  
To eavesdrop, to toddle awake

To eavesdrop, to twiddle and tweak, it can be turmoil  
Report the message to the correspondent in the wardrobe  
cloakroom, wow,  
To correspond eating herbicide

Pierre Rausch

# Toledo

More then ten years ago  
I'd like you better as a lover  
More then ten years ago  
Rue Plumet  
With twenty petticoats  
A young man like you  
Should be in love  
Nothing of that could bear  
Any reference  
I ask nothing more of you  
As in the presence of his sweetness  
On another occasion  
in order not to attract  
Nothing of that could bear  
Any reference  
In this, he made a mistake  
Here it does not rain  
Had the appearance of dreaming happily  
„I'm going“  
He extended his hands

Pierre Rausch

# Tommorrow

Tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow around me in the courtyard  
The sun will be well up then tommorrow  
The flies are out and about tommorrow  
We are all at the station tommorrow  
Eager to get home tommorrow

It isn't easy, it's completely out of touch  
You'r picking up your phone, you're calling your mom  
And the number has changed, you'll exchange it tommorrow for a crown  
Tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow  
Tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow

Tommorrow, you'll wave your arms in the air  
With your mother humming allong  
Tommorrow, , the whole alley is packed  
Saying that you are wrongly accused

It isn't easy, it's completely out of touch  
You'r picking up your phone, you're calling your mom  
And the number has changed, you'll exchange it tommorrow for a crown  
Tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow  
Tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow, tommorrow

Singing about the wonderful life we have tommorrow  
You could exchange your certificate tommorrow  
So many revolutionary singing tommorrow  
No longer needed people (diapers) tommorrow

Pierre Rausch

# Tonight

Tonight

Never let it go, tonight's storming blow  
And it's a forcing known, a rolling moans  
Open up to mess and it's a fine press  
It's time for shift, to open up for gifts  
Voices live in you, tears anger, berry blue  
Look in the mirror and smile,  
Walk the cities for ten miles  
Hands in pocket, thought of rocket  
A silver bucket, just thinks  
Mom called dad „Galahad“  
Tonight, tonight  
I say: "cats play with mouses"  
Before these want their stomach as houses  
Let them sleep in the valley „dove“  
Before guns shoot along  
Sing one short song  
You know it breaks her heart  
To fill scientific art  
I ventured through France, England and Spain  
My drunk sweetheart in the vein  
And my heart asked, why, why, oh my  
My drunk sweetheart is denied  
Tonight, tonight

Pierre Rausch

# Topmodels

Doors open, aliens close the edge  
Leave another day or a journey to catch  
The midst of the empire,  
The center of power  
Their fashion and labels  
Their perfume and shower  
It's closed, it's midnight  
Another moonlight  
Almost stops your heart  
You start to sell  
The air of breath, light speed, Top models  
You and I cuffed together  
That is the moment, the thriller  
Other planet, other manner  
But they've got pampers as well  
Nothing that shares progressive difference  
Just the male universe in perverse  
Is what seems nervous?  
Just another tree house sentence  
Attempting' dinner with friends, candlelight  
That the air resemblance of wineglasses  
brights  
Now I've lost everything to you  
A lot of nice things turned bad out there  
You and I cuffed together

Pierre Rausch

# Treasuresearch

Candid, frank, spoken,  
Febrile Stronghold, a caddy race,  
Ostrum, stage, dais,  
Encroarranged, no trespass,  
Infringed, intruded, pin,  
Now you're here, more then ever,  
Kodak, the safety alien, in the secret corner,  
In position order, butterflies' dispute  
Shekel, nimble sterling, molar  
The hoi polloi escort  
Movement, advantage, passage  
The common people, the lower cargo,  
Who'd understand  
Am stronger then you  
Kodak, the safety alien, in the secret corner,  
In position order, butterflies' dispute  
Mistaken, incorrect, in error,  
False, off beam, voi,  
Bung, cork, stopple,  
Never take care of love,  
Kodak, the safety alien, in the secret corner,  
In position order, butterflies' dispute  
Spectral, wraith-like, spooky  
Pale, wishy-washy,  
Species, strain, style,  
Solitaire twice, no bungalow  
Kodak, the safety alien, in the secret corner,  
In position order, butterflies' dispute  
Take of a Hebrew regime to intercept your fleet  
Take to shine, the mysteries of mandrake  
(Twenty hours in the mysteries of mandrake)  
den de harmonic  
Kodak, the safety alien, in the secret corner,  
In position order, butterflies' dispute  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love  
Ducat, Sterling, halfpence

Shone for curse-destiny the necessaire  
Shan't we dip a notice, we dip our need  
Shall we celebrate, shall we hopefully celebrate  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love  
Never take care, love

Pierre Rausch



# Tribut

Nor the Master was sorry  
Let them go  
But Master  
You must claim your own  
Bade them farewell  
Then for the first time  
In his trousers pocket  
Winds are cold  
Then, the next month  
Leaves were falling cold  
A sudden flurry of smoke  
A third lower floor  
I thought there is a top and a bottom -  
Beneath the construction  
Beneath the construction I sometimes need  
Nor the Master was sorry  
I thought he didn't – there lies late light -  
Merit  
The dark lantern illuminated from below  
Tool cadet – he did not wake up  
Merit  
The Master was sorry – or thought he did - way beneath -  
This tragic boulevards – beneath way

Pierre Rausch

# Tung-Pei

Their professors explained  
He treated himself to it  
That that merry obstacle  
A shower, a rain  
Were engaged in discussing  
The difference that exists  
It would be very queer  
Who has been annoying  
If I were  
Me so long  
As she was setting out  
I have just seen a woman dying  
So that it was to rend your heart  
It would be very queer  
To rend your heart  
As she was setting  
These beings belonged to me  
These beings there  
These beings rested there  
The generous impulse - Their professors explained  
The honest order - Their professors explained  
It would be very queer  
If I were  
These beings rested there

Pierre Rausch

# Turn The Tide

On a price for some meadow work  
This serious work she was saying  
She twists, she cries, she is hot  
The flour is no fault of ours  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
Who was seated at table  
It does no harm to have  
Dew is a good thing. Cut is better  
She has more the air of a bat than of a lark  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
They had thrown their doll on the ground  
Like the splendor of the butterfly's wing  
Vanishes when one essays to fix it fast  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
With that touching childhood  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
Appeared to be preoccupied. He replied  
We would be pleased to turn the tide  
An accent in between  
Who has never known anything  
We would be embarrassed to turn the tide

Pierre Rausch

## Two Calls

And who are busied with the brief  
What these women believe  
Mingled with vague  
ray  
And that consoles her  
Afternoons  
Afternoons cling this  
Do what you will  
Afternoons cling this  
He is very uneasy  
Afternoons cling this  
Except when he rose and retired  
In main prison  
Libido, freedom  
At first – squirr  
Corridor – blues  
Crawl it out  
Afternoons cling this  
Could crawl out  
No one what to say  
Bars cling this afternoon to end  
Guys scream  
Guys cling this bar  
His phone beeps, his phone beeps  
Toxin, in Metropolis, ceiling  
His phone rings, his phone rings  
Born to be held to reeling  
To consult phone machines  
Who would not be sick of jail  
Memories of am I, what am I  
A number, a cell  
And I am slave of two calls  
Memories of am I, what am I  
A number, a cell  
And I am slave of two calls  
A number, a cell

Pierre Rausch

# Ultimo Negro

Caravan never passing, here you are, it's without you,  
Although no one of them is  
The adjacent, the spy;  
"To happen before"  
It's a camel of caravans  
King Zog-Z to the keymark airbase  
A little beyond barricades  
They walk  
And yet the reality it's got  
This is a set of fact that we have  
It's drifting and it doesn't really come back

It's a caravan for biscuits  
King Zog-Z to the elite caricature  
A caricature with a chap – Negro  
Were standing in the hassock – Ultimo Negro  
In those days, I wasn't four or five feet high – Negro  
I can't feel the black sergeant – Negro  
Had raised herself – Ultimo Negro  
He had been seen – Negro

It was about four or five feet high  
It had not occurred to him  
Like yelling in the journal  
When he got drown

It's a caravan for biscuits  
King Zog-Z on the Andromeda  
Famous hallmark, surgeon  
Drivel about nonsense  
That he had been seen  
A poster caught it up

It's impossible  
Zog-Z to the hangar basketry  
It's impossible

Pierre Rausch

# Unicorn

In the monolith field  
But mash the pen from fold  
Increase, she'd  
A drop is mou' water  
Suddenly without  
QY, QT  
She had a look at the grass  
Multiple choice connection  
The burning league  
Suddenly without  
Astonishly, a trek to surf  
A fish on galop  
A customized portail: horn  
We saw the hemisphere glide  
Over this turning tuft  
The glow-worm that glimmers  
A pocket house (A call in the bellhouse)  
She saw the bell glide  
Nor sorrow on plan  
With a starboard aside  
Landing among friends  
Without to condemn  
(A Unicorn)  
Who gave their contour  
Now make it as you'd made

Pierre Rausch

# United Deluxe

The U to the N  
The N to I  
The I to T  
The T to E  
The E to D  
The U to N  
The N to I  
The I to T  
The T to E  
The E to the D  
The U to N  
The N to I  
The I to T  
The T to E  
The E to D  
U to N  
I to E  
I to E  
E to U  
U to D  
N to E  
U to E  
N to T  
N to D  
N to N  
I to E  
N to I  
I to T  
U to T  
T to E  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to T  
The T to the E  
The E to D  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to T  
The T to E

The E to D  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to the T  
The T to the E  
The E to the D  
N to U  
E to U  
I to U  
N to U  
U to E  
N to U  
E to I  
D to E  
N to D  
U to E  
D to N  
I to D  
(Oh, I can't let go this feeling)  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to the T  
The T to E  
The E to D  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to the T  
The T to E  
The E to the D  
The U to the N  
The N to the I  
The I to the T  
The T to E  
The E to the D  
D to U  
N to U  
E to D  
U to D  
N to D  
D to E  
D to U  
E to U



E to D

T to E

U to T

T to T

(Oh, I can't let go this feeling)

The U to the N

The N to the I

The I to the T

The T to the E

The E to the D

The U to the N

The N to the I

The I to the T

The T to the E

The E to the D

The U to the N

The N to the I

The I to the T

The T to the E

The E to the D

Pierre Rausch

## Various Positions (And Likely To Strike Again)

This is how they got away with it  
Again and again  
Words are used to describe a behavior  
Again and again  
And assert his innocence  
And likely to strike again  
Go public with it  
To capitalize on such an opportunity  
Again and again  
That these issues become more prevalent  
Which is often relegated to the margins  
And likely to strike again  
One need only to go back  
To see how diverse it once was  
And likely to strike again  
To present the concentration and sources  
To provide fair and accurate information  
And likely to strike again  
One need only to go back  
To see how diverse it once was  
And likely to strike again  
To present the concentration and sources  
To provide fair and accurate information  
And likely to strike again  
And likely to strike again  
And likely to strike again

Pierre Rausch

# Virus

Virus (in memory of M Scott Johnson)

Fumble's like a belbuoy over gum

Without being forced over gun

But this stalward statue

The fern lay seed on the black bill

Wildshake of muffle-toed tap

After all ceremony, mule bray

Grave's foot, blinds toward down lids

In maillot

Everyone swathed up in fur

Migid tap happily of the backlot

You see the bride if you stoop down?

You entread now

From the quivering of her shoulders

There had been anything but love

Agencies in which he kept Pharaos secrets

That village of the Trafalgar hound

When we lay nude on the dissecting table

What you are is fifty percent

Come, let us examine ourselves among abandoned children

What you have is fifty percent

That breaks judgement to the judgment

You stand up, alone in cloud

Though this, for her, is a blind image

The parched worlds

Though this, for her, is an image blinded

Ashine of her broken toy, virtue to disease

It was probably only a resemblance

Virtue to service that her tongued disease

Threadbare, need to druids

Pierre Rausch

# Viva

Neither Side of the Pistols aim seems worth

Always you, always you

Push the gun home, that divine servant

I really could not do this again

Viva

In seconds to red

Seconds that ignite that high water lie

Always friendly, always you

On the red ridge of turf, of viva

Viva, Viva

Either side of the Pistol /Aim/ seem(s) worth

Always you, always you

Push the gun home, that divine servant

I really could not do this again

Pierre Rausch

# Wanda

Wanda, where I am  
Fishes maiden clan  
Now some tear and joy  
Dear corpus, Roy  
As the glory wonders  
Wafers, a step safer  
After dark, hopeless art  
Naked statue, councils too  
Dateless as sweet as your kiss  
As I cry out, what's this about  
Wanda, feel my breath  
A fish called class  
Now, if only at start  
Deep art, the who is who  
At age just twenty-two  
Adjourned a proceeding and said  
A decision on your case  
Some was nice, but the rest you'd create  
You were disappointed, wanted more  
Wanda doesn't quit, walks the eyelids

Pierre Rausch

# War

These countries soon forgot love  
On days tanks entered and a storm fought above  
Broken windows in front of shops  
Glass held behind these snobs  
Kern C. Glaze C. Affirmation  
"You haven't defended operettas"  
"She pleaded for him, what joy"  
Crystalline works clearly - trophy  
Crystalline works clearly - under  
Have you ever read the paper  
(mf)  
Pro-action against  
Hexagon, hexagon, metro-allophones  
Lingering around the meter and that urban drone,  
says:  
Silo lingering in the wicker, hollow giant  
"Lasso chain, lasso chain"  
Coat of arms  
"Hollow lasso, hollow lasso"  
Masses: "Yell  
on stain" - emblem  
This country soon forgot love  
On a day tanks entered and a storm fought above

Pierre Rausch

# Washing

Astonishment fell upon them all  
And before the cloth knew what was happening  
She sprang off the bed  
That is all the advice I can give  
Washing can't reproduce  
When I think of my daughter's foot  
An expression can reproduce the significance of the word  
Washbasin can wear it all up  
Why, in the foot took place – who can't be  
With the look that signifies a lavatory  
Them, at their appointed landing place  
And see how he agrees to a wash  
Washing salon of a vast topcoat  
The silver is running from gold  
But I expect that they share mountains to the horse  
And thither now – a long last stage  
He swept back from the lavatory  
The sheltered valley pleasant in the days  
They don't look dangerous – they just seem to agree  
By a sort instinct  
In the washbasin  
In a lavatory

Pierre Rausch

# Waterloo

And iron to fire  
Made house tremble  
There are certain traces  
Recognizable, which mark the site of poor  
Will you open, yes or no?  
That cannot be, gentlemen  
It is probable that the inhabitants were  
disturbed  
Flanked it with an abrupt angle  
Sad isn't the soul, when it is sad through  
love!  
Effect produced, bam, bam,  
Two decrepit leaves which were  
Such as boles of burned trees  
On the battle-field  
That great wood-cutter  
She tried to turn away  
A notebook of paper under hand  
Sad isn't, when it is sad through me!  
A police agent's card was found on Le Cabuc  
Gato, which comes from cat;  
How was that  
Letter to that old blockhead signed  
Ah! you mysterious old devil, I've got you  
Beneath the obscure roof  
Appears like the inside  
She'd lay down the book  
On battle-field  
The French, who are masters  
On the point  
Let us knock  
She sank down as though, (gato)  
Alikeon, pigeon!  
Pigeon, alikeon!  
Straightening up  
Whose force she felt the mob  
She laid down the book  
|: „Let us break in“: | the door  
There are (at this day) certain traces



Recognizable, such as old boles of burned  
Which mark the site of these  
To distinguish the vague forms (surrounding)  
Caught up a pen and exclaimed  
Surmounted by  
A pointed gable  
That this Vichy was of the sort  
Perhaps that was the one  
Monsieur Vichy  
Two Paris reporters  
The downright fire  
Guillotiner  
What the subordinate are called  
Ascended to the first floor  
Outside spectacle as a parish inn  
The alarm shirt as thing  
Let us say at once that later on  
Did go ashtray  
The profound still on earth  
Fifteen squadrons army  
Steadily at war  
Holding and guarding  
Men overthrown

Pierre Rausch

# Waterloo (Consequences)

Grief, mourning,  
And the army began  
His end had been (all shadows)  
His life was night  
Will add, which is strange  
Directing his steps towards the densest part  
Blacked by the soot of the incendiary  
But probably well founded  
Mad grief, longer conscious of  
War World I  
The shops were open there  
The gas was burning under  
The arcades  
Near there, there were 'assemblages'  
The shops were open again  
On the road to anywhere  
If we are to believe a tradition  
As for the Bourbons, 1823  
A comrade of the galley  
The flour is no fault of ours  
On the road to somewhere  
Seafaring as consequence  
And the army began  
It's repercussions  
Didn't go into Politic  
On the road to anywhere  
The Emperor had been the first  
Entering the field of battle  
To reconstruct our church  
West, pack  
On the road to anywhere  
For force and for adventure  
A cockade  
A grape must be gathered  
No tumult in Paris  
On the road to anywhere  
Mourning, grief  
The village, he had studied  
That coffer was too small to contain

That he had simply studied in Holland  
On the road to anywhere  
No one was watching her  
Army began  
The happiness of playing with a doll  
On the restaurant places  
Megaera  
Pointing to the Megaera  
No one had seen her, except the traveller  
On the main place  
'Let me alone! '  
40 Dollar graph  
On the road to anywhere  
In the ecstasies of possession

Pierre Rausch

# What A Cruel World

Adventure Tribute

People are leaving

Half-way, dress someone

Guess, they could...

Among the fairies

Admiring something

Keep out

Admiring the loop

So many people are in the sixth

On the mantle of a bambo, the furniture

Admiring something

So many stylist built cowl of stables

Guess it should be able

Admiring the loop

Thought I saw you in the city

From the tree-trailed moving in pity

Admiring the sky

(Bought a rose) To conduct the mundane spectacle

Bought a rose to escort the flowers of your poem

Bought a rose of the scarf to the spot of a sonnet

Admiring the sky

(Fought in the war down the trench)

|: Against the Admiral with the duty from the ranch: |

Admiring the sky

So many times we stood at ease

Followed the utterance, where we've

Admiring the sky

Pierre Rausch

# White Dove Island

Adventure factor

Plant reactor

Island, Co

Pheasant, homepages, five behavior

Mandrel bridge, marsh wedding, nut-cakes

Mellow bridges

|: I'll promise you boiler account: |

I'll promise reconnaissance, real estate and assurance

Five filaments went to see

De de te de de ten de te «

Mein

» R.A.F.-Stanzmusik

Paraboloid malignity

«

Mein

» De de te de de ten de te

Oligarchy under vanity

Pheasant, homepages, five behavior

I'll promise you mandrel bridge, marsh wedding, nut-cakes

Mellow bridges

Nut-cracker - all by yourself

Harsh advent - all by yourself

Aunt, mandarin - all by yourself

Manege, havoline - all by yourself

Adventure factor

Plant reactor

Junior, reserve us a suite

Cricket: Carolina

Croquet: Carolina

Cricket: Carolina

Of whom you must think.

That you feel yourselves elected

He said nothing

Would wish you for X-mas, I'll wish you for place

A herd is a kitchen without a trace

Adventure factor

Plant reactor



# Wide Dove Trader

In shower of top –  
Island and carat, midweek flop  
Perfect's satyr  
Allow us a biscuit none to later  
Minute of the white dove trader  
We haven't got much  
Twist doubloon  
We haven't got much  
A cocktail schablone  
Why we part ways  
Precise in trust  
Precise freedom  
Why we duplicate  
In the rum bay of Martinique  
Rumors sweet in the air  
Drunken sailors  
In the bay of Martinique  
In the rum bay of Martinique  
Rumor sweat in the air  
Xenia's in the shirt boutique  
In the rum bay of Martinique  
Allow us a cocktail gauge  
Minute of the white dove trader  
Allow us a later biscuit  
Minute of the white dove trader  
Allow us a biscuit none to later  
Minute of the trader

Pierre Rausch

# Wide Open

Who is walking with the rain, who is talking by the river  
I troubled my girl, my flowers seem to wither  
What is wrong, what gives her  
I know what seems to shiver  
Wide, wide open - you can't leave me now  
Wide, wide open - we'll do somehow  
Who is thinking about chances, about these he wasted  
I think desire broke the passion  
Who has weak points, has no point plus  
Who's changes a bit, that (new) start for us  
So, she's gonna go; she's gonna (+)  
She's facing my fear, gonna (U.R.L.)  
Chorus  
Whoever happens  
What she makes of me  
Nibble the bunk, hold it t6 k-dribble  
And then he walks, and then he talks, three or four  
Where you are  
It's either that cool guy to the complement  
Connection to the goof  
Who has hidden attributes  
Bid to connection (and berth)

Pierre Rausch



# Wish To Win It

Shake it to the heel  
This is classic territory,  
As of late (I) see you replaced (lately)  
Jones (Now) forever and Joe says it wasn't right  
The classic days, the chilly nights  
Where I'd say: don't believe the different stories,  
(For me) , that's just a scratch to far  
|: I wanna wish you peace and I the war: |  
wish to win it, I ought to sit back and relax  
Combine the things once more for me  
(I got what I thought) To be reasonable  
To meet some potatoes  
|: I wanna wish you peaca and I('m) the war: |  
wish to win it, I ought to sit back and relax  
Gasping some sort of air  
But still there inner changes shines  
|: I wanna wish you peaca and I the war: |  
wish to win it, I ought to sit back

Pierre Rausch

# Wishes

Pale, wet leaves of lily of the valley  
Wishes beside these in the dawn  
The storm wrecks, the mouth to some  
Glitter eyes with long white fingers  
Glitter fountain meet the road  
Staring eyes, with long white fingers  
Mumbles in a corner of crust  
Next year's grass will cover us  
Can't stand me and laugh  
Next year was a year ago  
We weren't younger nor elder before  
We were helpless, we were odd  
Betting on slow horses, nowhere to go  
Ghost riders by the mid hour  
Sleepwalkers, nice, nice toys – the knight with the carrot  
nose  
An insulted desolate boy  
Next year's grass will cover us,  
Can't rise me and laugh  
Last year was a year ago  
We weren't elder nor younger before

Pierre Rausch

# With The Makings Of A Fire

Clearly the voyagers meant no harm  
For once hundred dollars each  
The new equipment increased  
That bit in the back of his neck  
That looked down at the knife in his hand

Your complete confidence in the syndicate  
How do you confide something that comes from inside  
Your complete confidence in the syndicate  
They certainly wouldn't expect you to come back

Stunned silence filled the room  
Around the hill and toward the southern bank  
Can you identify any flush marks?  
It means there is no one

Many of my friends and family  
And a couple of kind strangers  
Made this generous gift that issued back  
Across the bays of mainland  
Across a mirror that caught the morning light  
When they embarked at dawn  
When they go light the lanyard from the fire

Your complete confidence in the syndicate  
How do you confide something that comes from inside  
Your complete confidence in the syndicate  
They certainly wouldn't expect you to come back

Pierre Rausch

# Wombats

Air-reed warning

Wombats flit in subdue glow

Towards evening dark clouds gather

(Loving) wombats arrive at Townsend urban area

Belgium getaway puppie

Ordinate, the wombat slouches in aviation

Neat suspended clobber property office

Landing (ticket) to a grand piano terminal flight

Wombat was shot at and winged,

The wombat flutters in despondent blaze

The wombat hovers in woebegone light

Keep your boarding pass please

Wombats flap in (for) lorn glare

Flight attendant wolf makes sure

The bait in accordance with

Usual, the wombat throws the destination evenly

Belgium getaway puppie

Wombats don't suck at lineal

Terminal tickets for airline drafts

Wombats departure, your seat is an upright position

The wombat flutters in despondent blaze

The wombat hovers in woebegone light

Keep your boarding pass please

Pierre Rausch

# Would You Do That

It's up to you if red wine remains  
Give's to you, wants to taste the same  
"Make people forget"  
"Close if you let"  
That's a great and affective door: it's wrong  
That I forgot how good is the song  
Would you do that, a girl like her  
Until it comes, it's not her  
Can I dance for you; let it be done for you  
Leave your heart out on the avenue  
Would you do that, if she tells you the world is flat?  
And that corrupt, can twinkle with two eyes  
The mysteries of girls are shy  
Would you do that could prove trust  
And dance for you; hold your head a mine  
For I don't wish to see you at time  
It may be, that the memorie remain  
In your arms and I may tame  
The winter at you, that may send  
On journey's wherever (I've friends)  
She knows a man, who lost one thing,  
Crazy and continuing,  
Immovable, almost abounding

Pierre Rausch

# Yammee, Yammee

Pride day without, n  
o bigger than a raid  
He gazed for what seemed a dawn  
Made a cross with her tongue  
Temple steel without  
Was perceived, was taken away  
As we shall see in the end  
Clear order, clear path  
Made a cross with her tongue  
And suspiciously looking  
In a three crown restaurant  
Hang out in first or second class,  
Collector's CD  
Colored satchel, crocodile colored satchel  
Leave collection  
That no one made  
Sat down there  
No one made his appearance thereafter  
Pinboard,  
And the idea got accomplished  
No one made his appearance thereafter  
And all that at once  
Everything whirls and whirls  
You feel queer  
And everything whirls  
Lanny queer marquee  
Whenever you choose  
Without breaking the quiet  
Paid rather for all the little things  
Of doing what you ask  
Or fields before daybreak

Pierre Rausch

# Yankee

At that moment  
It is sure  
Shouting  
At that moment  
It is certain  
Calls  
Flashlight  
Ticking, You'll never know  
Bristling, t  
he lofty trees  
Firebrand, you're up,  
because it had there  
At staircase floor,  
Acupuncture  
with the obscurity  
Funny how to find  
Torches, up the support  
Reception desk  
meet face to face  
On pitch, the jockey ran,  
She ran out on money,  
A hold without,  
She came back to the jockey,  
At first, I wasn't scared,  
In private, either you or me  
More & Better  
Cos' he wants more  
Better & More  
It's how to say  
I feel better  
Why don't you borrow it  
Why don't you give me a gun  
Where it stopped  
Receive through it  
Assure you are mistaken  
On pitch, she's no ball  
The officer did not persist  
In squad, we're used it  
More & Better

Pierre Rausch



# Ycctwwyoth

As people loose their ways, loose friends, loose luck

The real hero loves milk

The real heroe takes never drugs

Show it the other, give it another

The real hero directly defies clause

Find the soul-mate, before it's too late

You can change the world with your own two  
hands

As people find their ways, find friends, find luck

The real hero proves himself in daily live

Show you are mature, treat each as nature,

The real hero never attacks

Find the soul-mate, the one you are relate

You can change the world with your own two  
hands

Pierre Rausch

# You Feel Me Out

You used to pass my store  
Where I was born  
You would come in and chat with me  
Asking me about my life  
After you arrive, my mind is opened  
I have nothing to cling to  
You planned a way to escape  
Or simply burying it down inside  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
I am a victim of the same reports  
I don't know if it was from newspapers  
I'm not lost  
Do you feel lost  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
I am a victim of the same reports  
I don't know if it was from newspapers  
I'm not lost  
Do you feel lost  
You know my whereabouts  
While I was locked up in prison  
You waited at the expected spot  
Meeting and then to another spot  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You feel me out  
You know my whereabouts  
While I was locked up in prison  
You waited at the expected spot  
Meeting and then to another spot

Pierre Rausch

# You Frighten Me

If twisted around for years  
Kneeling in front of fallen hair  
Hovering just above  
Your vessel, your brown mole  
You frighten me  
The voice of children  
Turn around, say  
If ya legs are fallen  
Legs and legs turn  
You frighten me  
If the roads  
Fit a great ox  
If the turnarounds of a shifting  
amber  
O you could not  
The playgrounds beside  
There was glory to hear  
You always wear: you frighten me

Pierre Rausch

# You Pardon Me

A shoe of coarsest description  
Yields in front of the iron Co.  
It's to shriek inscription  
Would have never occurred  
Her glance, her slightest gesture  
Admitting of no variation  
Fumbling in the possible fob  
She wasn't the same  
From, from, from  
Occupied in gazing which is the star that is blazing  
Occupied in gazing which is the star at arrival  
She hid it quickly in her pocket  
Comprehended what he had to heal  
Then why not make myself known?  
Clear and firm report  
'What she demonstrates'  
To what was watching her  
Confused through her glass  
If he got rid of his sin?  
From, from, from  
Bed a straw pallet so full  
When that kid was a maiden  
Should not wish to lose weight  
Which stood open near pallet  
I can only give the child up  
Amid all her amazement  
A theatre worthy of talent  
Every new-comer who entered  
I can only give the child up  
At that moment brought  
Occupied in gazing which is the star that is blazing  
Occupied in gazing which is the star at arrival  
The 'good man' enter social life  
Every form begins to be  
There is sense in it!  
That the moment had arrived  
Is there sense in it?  
I haven't considered  
That the moment arrives

A good fellow  
Who knew the society  
Who is well acquainted  
To bring to surface  
That the moment arrives

Pierre Rausch

# You Shiver Again

What is all this uproar in the shrubs  
One-leg, two-leg  
Gideon from the canvas whale  
There seems a dim sheet  
A sectional shore  
He films your sobriety  
Grumbled like kennels  
In a sleepy village  
No battle with the gong  
I've made you an offer  
That is proudly lessened  
"Very well! We'd see"  
Dip your front  
Grandsons of the mountain  
It mashed spread instance  
Vast woke  
Leather beat and with that  
Shakeable  
That genuinely clips  
Circuitous thought, not up to mischief  
Pillar and stilt  
Is it a crime to wander in your realm  
First she thought of column  
Oh they were laughing at their sleeve  
Her reels and mystery  
Though all the adornments were mouldered and destroyed  
When the cats drew a party, when she sat  
A celebrator given vehicle  
Her image did not break before  
It was not a pleasant thought  
But without, we shan't remain  
The passage was roughly made  
Daisies tangled froth  
You shiver again  
Where was that?  
Please, don't interrupt  
This lane and labyrinth  
The wicker song  
Twine in a lone shell

Daisies tangled froth  
You shiver again  
And with a parabola  
Weathers don't fault  
Law some sort to see  
As long as you are within a hundred miles  
Nothing magnificent  
You've transpired dull lips  
Her notes from her wale  
Marvelous gazed  
Where are you going?  
(season ticket, enrolled gems)

Pierre Rausch

# You Tremble Tonight

One day spread through the town  
It would have agitated him less  
The fathomless abstraction  
Infinite to cause blaze  
The exterior of mysterious  
His own mind with them  
You tremble tonight  
And who cherished in his own soul  
Then gravely, and moving his lips  
Was simply a man who took note  
You tremble tonight  
Meditating, conteplating  
You tremble tonight  
Was simply a man who took note  
Was preaching on occasion  
Was one else who had this  
Which they call fruitieres  
Watch factories on a long scales  
Which wasn't in my room  
After bidding your sister good night  
You tremble tonight  
They had recurred to him  
Almost intolerable  
Should not have happened

Pierre Rausch



# You Wanted That More Than Anything

Said nothing of value  
At one point, I thought I could hear voices  
I lived in New York and Paris  
You know, you didn't call ahead on this  
You wanted that more than anything  
That goes far all cases, when I was done  
You wanted that more than anything  
Said nothing of value  
The travel-size toothpaste tube  
The bathrooms in old hotel rooms  
Well, can we leave for a moment  
There's got to be a someplace around  
You wanted that more than anything  
That goes far all cases, when I was done  
You wanted that more than anything  
Said nothing of value  
The first two stops were dead ends  
I wanted to order room service  
And then lie in a comfortable bed  
It took me an hour to fall asleep  
Maybe made you nervous  
If someday someone comes along  
I fumbled with the cap  
And finally managed to open up  
So let's not start this now  
Monday morning and I'll buy the coffe

Pierre Rausch

# You've Grown Away

That's great, I've the hang of it  
So we thought we might start out  
You were playing the game too  
There would be no point  
No I suppose, you've grown away  
Too busy plotting the morrow  
The skater in the classroom had to be  
Anything, rather than falling into  
A glance and a smile as she had on the  
photograph  
Now you're just feeding me lines  
Knowing the family secret before I did  
With the light on the floor

Chorus 2\*

Interlude

The evening was a surprising success  
Two lads making their own way  
Like me making eyes like a sheep  
Blinking happily into the carriages  
Chorus

Pierre Rausch

# You've Seen It Happen Before

Watching everyone say goodbye  
What it said on the telegram  
The moonlit sky, and the air  
Was the last thing I saw

Can't live in the past  
Have lived so young  
How do you know  
Can't live in the past

Why are you running away  
Looking for someone  
You probably already have plans  
I can make my own way back

Can't live in the past  
Have lived so young  
How do you know  
Can't live in the past

It has happened before  
Yes, but it was right to be afraid  
As you disappeared back to your room  
You've seen it happen before

Pierre Rausch