

BEAST [BESTIA – CD “Mam kly, mam pazury”]

Yesterday I thought I was a monster
Disgusting beast with a stinking breath
I was created without my consciousness
In the basement of a secret Coca-Cola Factory
As a result of tests on the senselessness of existence
They made a creature unable to think
They taught me to eat at McDonald's
I consume people waiting at the counter

ch.

Workers in factories, policemen in the streets
Thieves in jails, artists in underground
There's a law and order, we want to have our stomachs full
The TV doesn't lie, believe in advertisement!

I never bathe, I don't use water
I prefer cosmetics from a minced cow
I spray my body with deodorants
I pour the whitest washing powder on my clothes
I only drink from cans of sodic benzine
Extracts, preservatives, phosphoric acid
Using Hi-tech computers
I change paper into hamburgers

Yesterday I thought I was a monster
Disgusting beast with a stinking breath
I was created without my consciousness
In the basement of a secret Coca-Cola Factory
I go out downtown, in a self-confident pace
Terrified people pass me by
Everything I do is completely sick
I thought I was monster yesterday

FACTORY [FABRYKA – CD “Kolaboracja II”]

Huge chimneys reach the sky
Workers are going to the factory
 all they need is work
 to get best results is their goal
Smiling girls
Bid their boys goodbye
Their bicycles await
 motorbikes they do not own
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Factory
Beautiful sunshine charms their way
Everyone is in a haste
They have passed a peasant
Who hiked on his legs
 the peasant raised his hand in a friendly way
In a beautiful greeting sign
Workers greeted the peasant before
When he did machine shopping in town
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Factory
 factory like a big anthill
the workers are hard at work
In sweat, bent low
Yet any rest is uncalled for
They know that when they get tired
The nation will come with aid
And in a brotherly march
 They shall work even at night
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Great great Factory
Factory

SWINDLE [SZWINDEL – CD “Kolaboracja”]

They will raise for themselves a hero's monument
They will pick a new prime minister
They will create a new system of politics
They will be proud that it is democratic
Once again they get a new swindle set
Once again they want to get in your head
You can't always have your ass mowed down
Don't let them kill you – stay alive!
They pester you and make phony smiles
They have the authority, they take lives
They are strong because they have the guns
They want to kill, those motherfuckers
We know all about war by now
False order has to be modified
We don't want your wisdom
We don't want a phony freedom

ALL FOR YOU [WSZYSTKO DLA WAS – CD “Wszyscy przeciwko wszystkim”]

We've got for you drugs
We will let you taste
We've got frustration too
So you will be easier to sway
You will only get as much
To make you always crave it
Then we will set rules and bans
And you are done
We've got for you vodka
For worries and joys
We will teach you how to drink
So that you will buy it no matter the cost
We've got cushy jobs
So that you would work for us
We will give you money
And then you are with us
We've got for you politics
So you can debate
Later we will make you quarrel
So that you would be easier to control
We've got for you television
We've got radio and hit songs
So that you would be easy to divide
So that you would be easy to shit on
We've got for you immunity
And all the comforts
Just come to us
And humbly bow your heads

FIRST TIME[PIERWSZY RAZ – CD “Blasfemia”]

First time
wasn't so simple
I had a headache
My heart was troubled
First time
wasn't so easy
My hand shook
I wanted to puke
First time
Eyes were hurting
Yet the ears and nose
Had also a lot to bear
First time
When the blade fell
I could not look
And I did not feel well

ch.
Slaughterhouse is a slaughterhouse
Time for doubts goes to nil
There is no place to think
Here one does not think, just kill

JESUS

[JEZUS – CD “Ziemia jest plaska”]

How would Jesus look
If he lived today
Would he walk in sandals
Or in brand-name sneakers
Would he drink Coke
And use a computer
Would his hair be long
and his passport from Israel

ch.

For every question you expect a retort
You want ready recipes, you expect hope
But what will you do, if an order threatens
Would you protest or would you pass the nails

How would Jesus teach
If he lived today
Would he conduct readings
In the city squares
Would he have a radio program
Or a show on TV
Would he want to join the army
Would he trust the police

What type of death
Would Jesus meet
Would he die in a chair
Or would he be shot dead
What martyrdom symbol
Of their savior
On gold chains
Would the faithful wear

FALSE PROPHET [FAŁSZYWY PROROK – CD “Ziemia jest płaska”]

If I open my mouth
It is to lie
To get you with my bite
My eyes sparkle
When I see you
Do not trust me
I am a false prophet

I promise you fulfillment
A wonder drug
I can convince you
To buy my lie
I am your fear
Lurking around the corner
I am hope too
A false prophet
I am a new brand
On display
A sparkling merchandise
That is desired
An idol, who in encouragement
Winks His eye
Do not trust me
For I am the false prophet

COWARDS

[TCHÓRZE – CD “Kolaboracja”]

You fear to scream
You fear to keep silent
You fear to dream
You fear to hope
You fear to think
You fear to breathe
You fear to act
You fear to live
You fear to die
You fear not to fear
Big problem of small people
What will someone think of you escape to your
cage
so that nothing will get known
breathe quietly, live quietly
reveal nothing, keep privacy
paranoia, constant fear
someone is spying, they will turn you in
big problem of small people
to get a good career
to get a peace of mind, to get a cushy deal
to have it all – means everything
to keep money and well placed friends
that’s what makes you restless day and night
Paranoia, constant fear
Someone is spying, they will turn you in
Now and then you turn away
now and then you shut your mouth

Better not to stand out
Keep the record clean
breathe quietly, live quietly
reveal nothing, keep privacy
Fear at home, fear at work
Get the fuck out – cowards
You fear to listen
You fear to speak
You fear to scream
You fear to keep silent
You fear to believe
You fear not to trust
You fear to admire
You fear to complain
You fear to think
You fear to dream
You fear to destroy
You fear to create
You fear to dissent
You fear to submit
You fear to live
You fear to die
You fear not to fear
When it’s needed

NIGHTMARE [KOSZMAR – CD “Decydujące starcie”]

Here is a nightmare, coming in your dream
Here is a light, minds enlightening beam
Here is a flame, illuminating the shadows
Don't pick knowledge tree fruits

I am the judge, judging my own trial
I make the laws which then I don't follow
Peace symbol and holy book in hand
An army ready to conquer waits around the bend

All is safe, because it is not real
Happy are those who believe in a phony deal
The rest of you get out, they won't get a bite to eat
Angels don't devour human meat

I bring you chaos and destruction
I bring you illness and affliction
I take away your order and soundness
I take away your reason and happiness

FOR PROFIT [DLA ZYSKU – CD “Underground Out Of Poland”]

For profit, it's all for profit
People die and the wars are being fought
For profit, it's all for profit
Politicians rule and the armies get armed

And you're needed
Only to work
To help them
Stay in power
This whole order
Comes down to the fact
That the power gives money
And the money is the power

For profit, it's all for profit
The smiles and promises from the leaders
For profit, it's all for profit
This whole order is designed for profit

21st CENTURY [XXI WIEK – CD “Underground Out Of Poland”]

21st Century

Covert occupation

21st Century

Degeneration

21st Century

Lawlessness and hunger

21st Century

Extermination of nations

21st Century

Concentration camps

21st Century

Crematory chimneys

21st Century

Politicians and scoffers

21st Century

Lawful murderers

TO THE FUTURE

[KU PRZYSZŁOŚCI – CD “Underground Out Of Poland”]

Our beloved brothers
Enjoy your life
Learn together with us
How to build the capital

Let's combine our efforts
Let's unite all the forces
The homeland is waiting for you
Our beloved capitalist

Beautiful future
Lays ahead of us
We'll erect the new banks
Out of concrete and steel

To the future, compatriots
We'll build a new world
We'll peg out at work
There are only few years left

ch.

Let's combine our efforts
Let's unite all the forces
The homeland, homeland is waiting for you
Our beloved capitalist - our beloved comrade

WE'RE NOT THERE [NIE MA NAS – CD “Wszyscy przeciwko wszystkim”]

I'm a soldier of this world's army
I'm a crumb in dragon's jaws
Relying on the grace of destiny
I want to be a piece that will poison this organism

I want to break away from the hands of hopelessness
And shake off the shell of enslavement
I want to stand on the other bank of the river
I want to be a deserter who has a chance of succeeding

Our reality is our delusion
We're the ones who create this damned world
Our imagination doesn't give us freedom
And freedom doesn't exist because we're not there

THE LAST MOMENT [OSTATNIA CHWILA – CD “Ile % duszy?”]

In an empty forest an awareness is being born
That this is the last moment to awaken
And though the trees are long since gone
Most of people don't give a damn
The concrete is jealous of everything that's
alive
It devours the landscape like cancer
We're watching this all completely helplessly
Instead of doing something for ourselves

ch.

There is some gloomy symbolism
In that a thinking man
Produces his coffins
From wood and not from plastic

Dead trees don't breath for us anymore
They just fall aside without a cry
And everybody thinks it's all right
'cause they die calmly, without complaints
One can go on like this for long
It's only a pity that such banalities
Do not reach this political gang
Though they concern us all
What Percent of the Soul?

The human body is so soft
More than 70 % is water
Have you ever thought about it?
Have you ever thought about it?
70 % is water...

What you've got left is only one third
For your humanity
And yet you have the bones
Which take up a lot of space
70 % is water...

After discarding the water and bones
One arrives at the conclusion
These facts are sad, but I have to say
There's really very little soul in man
There's really very little soul in man...

IF YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD [JEŚLI CHCESZ ZMIENIAĆ ŚWIAT – CD “Ile % duszy?”]

I'm not you and you're not me
Life is passing fast, so don't waste your time
Until you lose heart and your hopes die out
Instead of fighting the reality, try to create one of your own

ch.

You look at the world as it is
You'd like to find some sense to it
But it's hard to ascribe a sense to the order
That goes on against any reasoning

Among darkness and manipulation
Under the stress of constant indoctrination
There is a rule that some do not know
Freedom begins where apprehension ends

In case you want to listen to me
I've got this tiny piece of advice for you
If you want to change the world so badly
Don't forget to start with yourself

You are a by-product of social processes
Occurring everyday and really threatening
You are a sin and a qualm of conscience
A necessary change which changes nothing
You're a cry of despair among the mute crowds
And a scrutinizing look among the blind
A fear for the strong, a courage for cowards
A dog on a leash that serves nobody

You need so much to find in this chaos
Some sense and order for the sake of saving something
You draw energy from being different
You become proud and arrogant
Out of ambitiousness you create another ambition
And you kill tolerance with your vision of the world
So in case you want to listen
I've got this piece of advice for you
If you want to change world, start with yourself

DESERTER [DEZERTER – “Ile % duszy?”]

Mr President! I'm writing you a letter
Perhaps you're going to read at your leisure
I just got a draft card
To go to war Wednesday afternoon
Mr President! I don't feel like it
I'm not here to slay some innocent folks
Please, don't be angry, I've got to be sincere
I've already decided – I'll be a deserter

Tomorrow, early in the morning I'm gonna slam my door
Before your agents come
I'll go beg for my living on the streets
And I'll tell people: „Don't go to war!”
if you need blood so badly, give some of your own
Mr President, you goody-goody scoundrel
And if you're gonna chase me, say a word to your gendarmes
I will be unarmed, let them hesitate to shoot me

Mr President! I don't feel like it
I'm not here to slay some innocent folks
Please, don't be angry, I've got to be sincere
I've already decided -I'll be a deserter

SOCIAL ROLES

[SPOŁECZNE ROLE – CD “Nielegalny zabójca czasu”]

Do you know such people
who are not bothered by anything,
war or peace,
whatever authority?

Do you know such people
who don't care,
who pull the strings,
a puppet is what they want to be?

Do you know people
who have nothing,
who want to lead a normal life,
but cannot?

Do you know such people
who have it all,
power, money,
high ranking job?

Do you know which spot
you fill in line are you
the chosen one or just anyone?
Did you have an influence
over who you are now,
or are you like a floating leaf
carried by a wind.

ch.

There are divisions of social roles.
Some are on top, the others are floored.
I deliberately ask the question:
Who is responsible for such division?

DEPRESSION [DEPRESJA – CD “Nielegalny zabójca czasu”]

The day is grey, the raindrops
like fists hit your body.
You drag your feet, fall into puddles.
You think of what has happened.

Another year's day, another life's year
and you become despondent.
Your kind, fighters
for the righteous cause, get forgotten.

The mob seized by insanity virus,
stampedes psychotic and mad.
You want to stop the mindless flow
yet the mob keeps running ahead.

ch.

The changes did not come.
Babylon is not fallen,
yet the voices of dissent
no one wants to hear.
The system is made
of rubber, that is soft
it just yields
and never breaks off.

YOU'RE STEALING MY TIME

[KRADNIESZ MÓJ CZAS – CD “Blasfemia”]

My body is my shelter
I withdraw into it when I like
Here I can peacefully sleep
Nobody can disturb me here

You hide in my shadow
You're always very close
And when I'm not careful
You steal everything from me

You're stealing my time - piece by piece
You're stealing my energy

My body is home
In which I live with whom I want
I only allow people
there who won't rob me

ASK THE POLICEMAN [SPYTAJ MILICJANTA – CD “Underground Out Of Poland”]

Which way of life
according to law and order
will lead me to happiness
and honourable duties?

ch.

ASK THE POLICEMAN
HE’LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH!
ASK THE POLICEMAN
HE’LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

I want to discover the world
But I don’t know how
Who’s going to tell me
How should I do it?

How to become perfect
brave, beautiful, strong
How to reach the aim
always being innocent

TIME KILLER [ZABÓJCA CZASU – CD “Zabójca czasu”]

Sometimes I feel like I've been let out of a forest,
A maniac killer of lost time.
The thicket around me used to look menacing
Now the last trees just rustle sadly
Over huge parking lots baking in the sun.
Metallic bugs do their dance,
But the iron thicket looks different now,
Like an act of despair that you should regret.

ch.

I am not your standard-issue consumer,
I am not a species destined for extinction,
I am not an object of media clatter,
I am an illegal killer of time.

The city suffers with every wheeze,
Waits for evening in the bustle and noise.
Like the leader of a secret faction
I'm more than ready for hopeless actions.
There are so many places I keep running away from,
It hurts my eyes just to look at another person.
My wounded soul follows in my tracks
And saves my mind from total collapse.

ch.

The clocks measure the used-up moments,
They're already old, though they've just been lived,
But now they're unneeded, and barely digested,
They've been excreted on history's waste dump.
I can't look at it entirely without sadness.
A lot of things happen without me.
And then I feel like I've been let out of a forest,
A maniac killer of lost time.