

Peter & the Danish Defence

# LYRICS

vol. I-II

**VOL I**

## **March**

You and me

will find it hard to sum things up.

Why?

I woke up on days morning

a soldiers was in my head

I said to him

get out and make me breakfast

I need you to hug me instead

The soldier woke up this morning

he was next to my bed

I said go out make breakfast

I need you to hug me instead

## **You trained me**

You trained me

You know what's best for me

Uh! the immaculate rules,

the harmony!

'cus I shouldn't sleep long hours anymore,

make me efficient: prepare me for war!

You treat me like a mass

but I'm a boys boy

who couldn't even steal a compass

I blame nobody but myself

for the torment I've seen,

that I've seen,

that only I have seen

So woman, don't steer me home

I need to do this much harder

No frown! 'cus You trained me,

you knew that this was good for me

and now I am efficient like this harmony

## **Guardian angel**

What is my time?

Now it's time for devotion.

You can't keep up with me

'cus I am fast I'm running around

Around, around, this track

The thing is that I,

I was given the name of an angel

who guard men,

who run with them who's flirting, falling

with Satan

Uh Ah Oh

What is my time?

Now it's time for devotion,

you can't keep up with me

'cus I'm fast I am running around,

around, around, around this track

Tomorrow I,

I will fight anything cruel

Like those who drop men from walls and say it's because of religion.

They sing

Uh Ah Oh

## **Pink & Orange Flames**

I am looking through a desert

In my tower I'm scouting for flames

The Pink & Orange Flames

but the sky is grey.

“Carry on!”

I'm trying to convey what you want me to find

I am stuck in this tower,

pleasing the will of my age

The Pink & Orange Flames

I'm bored up here,

Angelpussy come nearer bless my head

relieve my fear

Was that a spark?

The MDF burns

and my lust returns

with six repeated hands angels,

playing in the sand

smiling waists in the tanned expanse

I cramp alone

my little death has hit the hole

It's my tower my turn,

the little death I felt in return

inventing games to be played

pleasing the will of my age

The Pink & Orange Flames

**You blew me away**

You told me That I Was a Bomb

Who Blew You Away

You told me I was a Bomb Who Blew you Away

In the Soldiers Mind But is it Mine

## **A morbid Joke**

I have changed  
into something very different  
my mirror is not showing anything at all my reflection is gone  
and thats why I'm a changed man

There was a joke once on the radio about limbs flying through the air. And he was saying ... "touch down!"

Like limbs in the air falling to the ground -  
like a ball in playing in a game.

Surely the hands would land into foreign sands  
That's why I've changed into something very different  
my mirror is not showing anything at all  
my reflections are gone  
that's why I see a changed man

The grin on my face, from this morbid joke.

It frightens me, it frightens me, I was not like this before. And that's why I rarely walk past any mirrors any more.

For each explosion there is one less for me  
so this dark humour, this dark humor saves saves me. Please don't be judging me,  
you would do the same - just laugh and see.

I have changed  
into something very different  
my mirror is not showing anything at all my reflection is gone  
and that's why I'm a changed man

Perhaps flying in the air,  
I'm seeing the waving hands and limbs  
that eventually would land  
I'm not there but in a game in this foreign land And I'm telling you,  
it was grey the sand.

## **I am not a monkey**

I am not a monkey I am not a penguin I am not a victim I am not a man

I am not a man

I have had no loss These are my scams:

I am not a monkey, a lieutenant

or a seal

I'm a bear in a zoo!

(at least this is how I feel)

whatever you see in my eyes it's not there

this is how I look this is my stare

I am not a picture

a legend

or a male

I'm a bear in a zoo! becoming this fairytale

The romance you see in my eyes that's your wish - not mine

I'd prefer if you instead noticed my fatty insides

Throw me ammo

and I will take it to my arms

like a soldier expecting an animal child

So, how are you all doing with your shells lately? I think you have so much more than plenty why don't you throw some of them to me?

Ah, come on

are you not

my brother?

Don't you think a boy like me could handle some more ammo- nition?

Throw me all your shells

throw me everything you've got

I am not a brave hero, a carrier of things I'm a bear in a cage and this is why I sing  
Don't think you know  
of my fur, my thoughts  
just because you keep me in this ordinary box  
Throw me ammo  
and I will take it to my arms  
like a soldier expecting an animal child then throw me a fag  
and I will eat it raw  
like that uniformed man  
who's barebacking me once more

## **Private wars**

You used me  
in your private wars  
I tell you this now  
so I can live again.  
To live more  
my skin and my eyes

Listen!

Its yours, it's yours  
its made from you  
the war is seeping through  
it's everywhere  
it's not interior  
it's fought by you,  
financed by you  
Now I told you everything  
what is there to do

This is the corner in which  
I killed my first man  
Don't run away  
this is who I am  
have a closer look  
this is who I am

This is the fully grown me  
I'm proud of my loyalty,

shining integrity

along with

shame

## **I don't read**

I don't read what civilians read

That stuff just doesn't do it for me I see letters flying around me

like bullets

like boys

convoluted as me

Give me the most stunning library and still I won't find fragments of this, of me

I'll see shelves, collections, archives

Cus' I've build a school

I bombed a school

I even showed kids who's gun that rule. And I taught them a lesson,

A naïve lesson

That freedom comes with forced elections

I don't read

I don't have the time to read

I don't read what civilians read

Now there's a boy who's become quite dear to me

He's been to war, twice

seen what there is to see

and now he's helping me write he helped me write this, beautiful melody

We don't read what civilians read

That stuff just doesn't do it for him or for me We'd see letters around me

Like bullets

Like boys

Convoluted as me

## **Double chest**

w. Introduction by a member of Breaking the Silence

*You just don't remember stuff of the army Just don't remember what was going on there  
what I did or where I was I don't remember periods of time, like I don't remember most  
of my missions*

you and your double chest you improvised in

it will never rest

you and your double chest

now

where will that go on unnoticed?

I don't know

the blood stains might show it

from your hearts desires you'll find it

the bloody double chest

## **In War**

The record is over. I'm done for now I'm gonna be brrrrr playing in a more logistical environment now I'm gonna touch myself I'm gonna touch myself Rest my case and touch myself pick a flower and dry it in a tank that is not ours I will pick it, pick it, touch it be with it,

gonna swim I'm gonna hold my breath

[inhale]

Now,

If you're breathing just wait for me

in War

The game is over The pain should be gone now I've done what I can been beaten off still not a man. Look! A portrait of us I will be the logistics, the furious birds, the maybe-man, the way of a Paradigm I'm gonna touch myself I'm gonna touch myself In the streets of these industrial sounds and maybe, maybe, maybe, we will have found what it is so hard for them to define

Now,

If you're fighting just wait for me

in War

vol II

## **Let's talk about the moon**

I am a gun  
in your hands  
with the appearance of a man  
I came with care  
so much care  
I came with love  
but you told this is not about love

You talk about the moon  
okey, let's talk about the moon  
you talk about the moon  
okey, let's talk about the moon

Did I arrive fair?  
Did I already know what would be here?  
Was I looking all the wrong places,  
when I never trust  
the beautiful faces

Now I am a gun in your hand

*[Bang Bang Bang*

*A gun in your hand]*

I am a gun in your hand

*[Bang Bang Bang*

*A gun in your hand]*

I am a gun in your hand

*[Bang Bang Bang*

*A gun in your hand]*

I might appear as a man

Now,

Let's talk about the moon

Okey, let's talk about the moon

You talked about the moon

Five times, you talked about the moon

You talk about the moon

Okey, let's talk about the moon

How beautiful she is how far away she is

The Moon

## **A Bird or a Whore**

A bigger bomb than ever before  
born by necessity  
raised in fear  
in awe  
now I am a bird, now I am a whore

Flying towards  
someone else's goal  
the unknown enemy  
is amongst my own men  
they command me. Command my soul  
Now I am  
a Typhoon ( **Eurofighter Typhoon** )  
Or a broken hole

The politics of my shape  
it's a lingo,  
a lingo  
only a retard will speak of hate  
I know we do have friends,  
we can make friends!  
Now I am  
an L. Martin ( Lockheed Martins F-35 Lightning II )  
with a dark ascend

Am I a bird

or a whore?

Do I have wings?

Or do I just want more

Am I a bird

or a whore?

Do I have wings?

Or do I just want more

## **Oh, the Fight!**

*[Um bab bu e a]*

I love a man when he's next to me

Uh, Uh

I love him

in the fight

Oh, the fight!

he was stronger than me

much faster than me

with more scars than me

and when I looked into his eyes I could see him

You know how

I was strong

Taking all these men in

This army in which i don't belong

Now my privacy

is mixed with foreign policies

uh , that will never sustain my hunger for love

It would never sustain my hunger for love

*[Um bab bu e a]*

## **Interlude (A veteran soldier explains the anatomy of the heart)**

*[running]*

Alright,

the heart:

So the thing about the heart

it is more or less the size of two fists clinging together

the heart is one of the strongest constructions in our body

probably because of the enormous stress that's required from it

and it never gets tired

you hear the first heartbeat

the first dong is the

sort of flaps in the heart that closes

to work against the lower pressure

filling the second cavities of your heart with blood

a heart cell

unfortunately will not regenerate

whereas muscle cells might

if you ever get your heart damaged

you will not get the same cell

but instead you will gain scar tissue

compensating for the loss of function

but then adding to the strength

so,

don't loose your heart

## Goodbye

Goodbye my friend I'll miss you

Goodbye

to the times that we'd share I thank you

There were times where I needed you so

You didn't seem to care one bit!

I promise myself to hold on

even when you're not around

No,

just to say that

Oh, what a horrible sound!

I hate you for taking for granted everything we used to be

I'll love you again

and again and again again

please tell me so my friend

I kept myself waiting all too long

Now finally, I can share with this song

I hate you for taking for granted everything we used to be

I'll love you again

and again and again again

please tell me so my friend

How strange

putting emotions to a song it fits right to me

I hate you for taking for granted everything we used to be

I'll love you again

and again and again again

please tell me so my friend

**Love between men**

We're all the same

We're all the same

We're all the same

We're all the same

We all need it now and again

The love,

the love between men

But should it start all these wars?

The love,

the love between men

We're all the same

We're all the same

My all, we are the same

**Community of Risk**

My boot have caught fire

help me

put it out!

I don't know how to deal with this alone

Help me put it out!

I depend

On a community of risk

Where we will take care of each other

should something bad happen

Let's just deal with it

My knee pads have caught fire

help me put it out!

I don't know how to deal with this alone

Help me put it out!

I depend

On a community of risk

Where we will take care of each other

should something bad happen

Let's just deal with it

**I will not stop thinking about you**

I woke up this morning  
wanting to write you a letter  
I woke up this morning  
Questions for a letter

You don't reply any more  
You don't reply any more  
You don't reply any more  
With the excuse of war

But I have some questions  
for you,  
you.  
For you.

I woke up this morning  
going to parliament today  
deciding which fate  
your arms should take  
Would you reply now  
Would you reply now  
Or or would you be thinking to avoid somehow?

There are plenty, so many questions  
for you,  
For you  
So many questions for you,  
You

I won't stop thinking about you  
But I should stop singing about you

**For democracy, for you**

Did we lose  
Have I won  
who have we been fighting,  
a women,  
her son,  
was I mistaken?

Could we have won,  
Can you beat what we fought  
Have our problems  
Been at home all along  
Was mistaken?

devoting my body to you, for you  
devoting my senses to you,  
devoting my body to you,  
for democracy for you

*[scream]*

Everything  
Done in the nations name  
was written for an army with clear aims  
But those days are over  
And i have seen the damage done  
I'm returning in my search  
For a much brighter sun

I'm looking now to repair  
the damage done  
By fathering a daughter,  
a son

