

Peter & the Danish Defence

LYRICS

vol. I-II

VOLI

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
don't go out to make me breakfast
I need you to hug me instead

The soldier woke up this morning he was next to my bed
I said don't go out to make me breakfast
I need you to hug me instead

You trained me

You trained me
You know what's best for me
Uhm - 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

*Guardian angel was the name and euphemism given to the operation in Iraq for the Danish soldiers that were training Iraqi politce

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 that's 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 amor - 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

Listen!
Its yours, it's yours
its made from you
the war is seeping through

my skin and my eyes

its 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,

The 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,

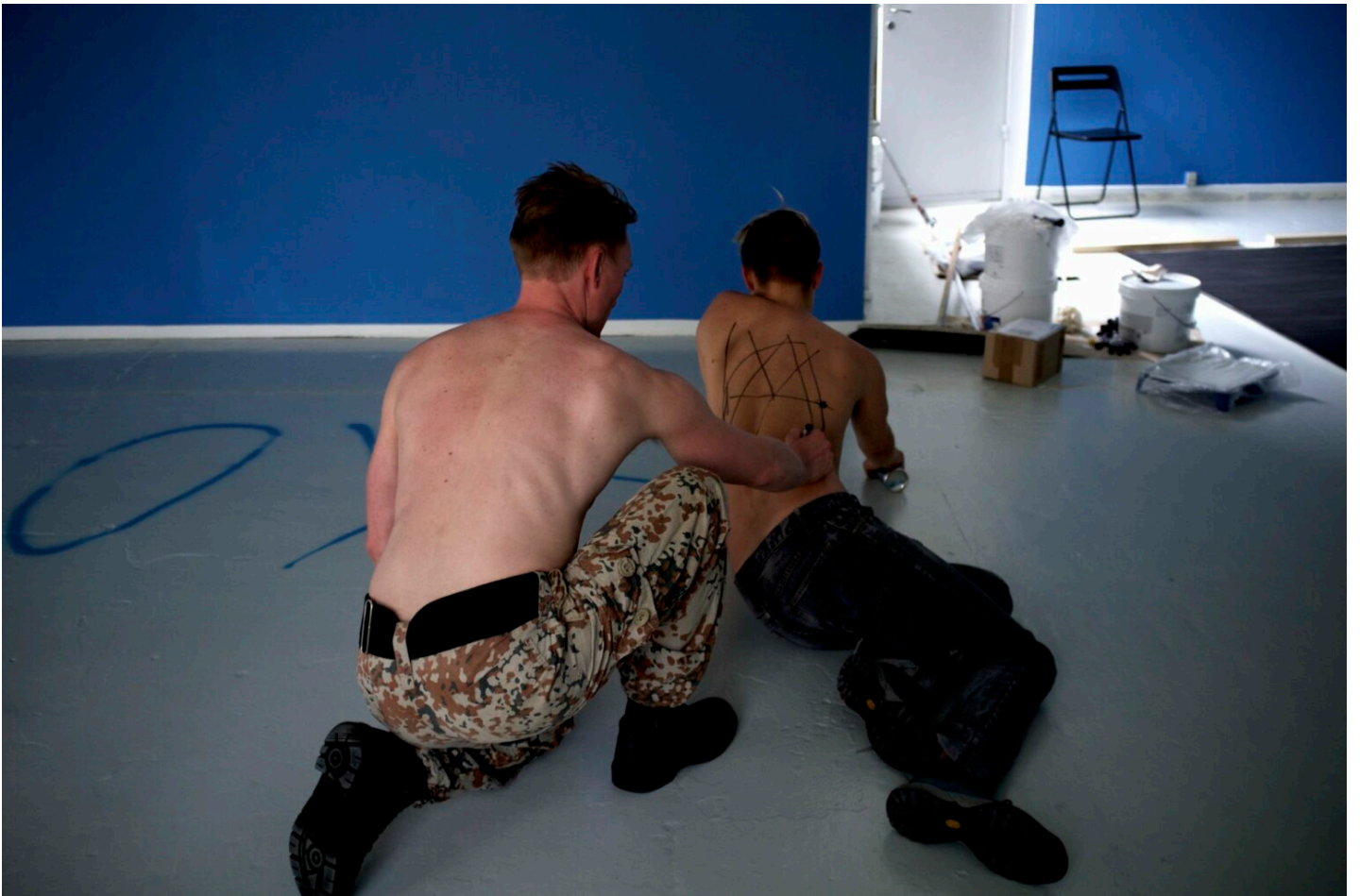
If you're breathing just wait for me

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



Soldier writing "loyalty" on the back of me in the Exhibition Peter & the Danish Defence at O-Overgaden Institute for Contemporary Art [DK]

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
those 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 me the anatomy of the heart)

[Tobias 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 lose 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 will 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 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 im going to parliament today

they are 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 unanswered questions for you,

I won't stop thinking about you

But I will 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



P&tDD live concert at Statens Museum For Kunst
Art Week 2017

All music and song written and composed by Peter Voss-Knude.

Peter & the Danish Defence is the first band to be formed between an artist and an army.