

PILE OF SKULLS

Chamber Of Lies

Music: Rolf Kasperek

[Instrumental]

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Whirlwind

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

Thundering foam that hits the keel
Like powder blazed by flints
The figure-head is riding high
With his face right to the wind
The hull that creaks in every joint
Is hammering the sea
Determined it will ride the main
It will last eternally

It rips the wild and stormy sea
Like a heavy charge of pride
Hook and eye are moved by storm
The ropes are holding tight
The rudder's beating left and right
The ship's in seasaw motion
The proudness of a majesty
Is banning all devotion

Like a whirlwind
Rushing over the sea
Like a whirlwind
Blowing fast, blowing free
Like a whirlwind
A raving storm in the night
Like a whirlwind
Going mad, going wild

Thundering foam that hits the keel
Like powder blazed by flints
The figure-head is riding high
With his face right to the wind
The hull that creaks in every joint
Is hammering the sea
Determined it will ride the main
It will last eternally

Like a whirlwind
Rushing over the sea
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Blowing fast, blowing free
Like a whirlwind
A raving storm in the night
Like a whirlwind
Going mad, going wild
Like a whirlwind
Like a whirlwind
Like a whirlwind
Like a whirlwind

Sinister Eyes

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

A blue and blinding light
Is devouring the dark
Someone must be there
It's no fancy and no lark
Footsteps trail my moves
I turn around and no one's there
Phantom hands that touch my back
A pungent smell is in the air

Black-eyed visitors talk to me at night
Revealing the truth

Sinister eyes
Deciphering the prophecy
Sinister eyes
Warning of catastrophe

Muddled hours are still lost
A weird module at my neck
Curious voice that talks to me
Piercing eyes that hit my back
A dream crawls through my sleep
A small and grayskinned seer
He talks about the universe
I feel I've known him for a hundred years

Black-eyed visitors talk to me at night
Revealing the truth

Sinister eyes
Deciphering the prophecy
Sinister eyes
Warning of catastrophe

You wonder why there's no contact
The man of science twists the truth
Politicians telling lies
These criminals have to lose
2000 years of blood and death
No money will ever change the fate
Army, church and government
Can't you feel their scornful hate?

Black-eyed visitors talk to me at night
Revealing the truth

Sinister eyes
Deciphering the prophecy
Sinister eyes
Warning of catastrophe

Black Wings Of Death

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

The churchbell of doom is tolling
The angel of death is near
The ghost with the cowl and the sickle
Spreading terror and fear

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul
And he poisons your mind

Grim reaper will gather in his seed
Blood will splatter his path
A phantom that's sealing your doom
The damned's foreboding of death

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul
And he poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that's choking your breath
Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

The dices of life are falling
The weak and the poor will lose
The rich in their ivory towers
Can't feel that their head's in the noose
No chance to talk him round
The black death is spreading its wings
He's the Jonah of unbridled fear
The pain to beggars and kings

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul
And he poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that's choking your breath
Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

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Fistful Of Dynamite

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

Heedless they make their pile
Freeloading monkeys on our back
Bad to the bone and spineless
A dirty, lying, riotous pack

Ostrich policy, wrong way
Don't fall asleep or you'll have to pay
Draconian penalty, right way
Ready to explode

Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is burning fast
Like a fistful of dynamite
A bomb heading for your ass
Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is running short
Like a fistful of dynamite
Don't push too far
Or we will be your court

They drain us of our lifeblood
But we are a dredging up the truth
Staunch as a steely dreadnought
So they'll never stir up our ruth

Ostrich policy, wrong way
Don't fall asleep or you'll have to pay
Draconian penalty, right way
Ready to explode

Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is burning fast
Like a fistful of dynamite
A bomb heading for your ass
Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is running short
Like a fistful of dynamite
Don't push too far
Or we will be your court

Don't push too far
We're fed up with your tricks
Yes, fear our law
You will get your deserved kicks

Ostrich policy, wrong way
Don't fall asleep or you'll have to pay
Draconian penalty, right way
Ready to explode

Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is burning fast
Like a fistful of dynamite
A bomb heading for your ass
Like a fistful of dynamite
My fuse is running short
Like a fistful of dynamite
Don't push too far
Or we will be your court

Roaring Thunder

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

You rule the world, but we don't care
You don't impress, whatever you dare
We hate your vileness, enough of your lies
Flame to our anger, you'll pay the price

Your fate is sealed without a doubt
Verdict guilty, no way out
Trick or treat is what they play
The hand of doom will have its way

Roaring thunder, the hearts of man, your five-star meal
Roaring thunder, you wrecked the car, so hands off the wheel

You pollute the world with your snake-talk tongue
We'll never give up until you're gone
You squeeze us out, you rape the earth
Pour recklessness, there's nothing worse

Your fate is sealed without a doubt
Verdict guilty, no way out
Trick or treat is what they play
The hand of doom will have its way

Roaring thunder, the hearts of man, your five-star meal
Roaring thunder, you wrecked the car, so hands off the wheel

Predaciousness, to fill up your lair
We know the truth, tho' you're not aware
A darkened power grabs your throat
No time for mercy, 'cause you've sunk the boat

Your fate is sealed without a doubt
Verdict guilty, no way out
Trick or treat is what they play
The hand of doom will have its way

Roaring thunder, the hearts of man, your five-star meal
Roaring thunder, you wrecked the car, so hands off the wheel
Roaring thunder, lightning strikes when the youth stands tight
Roaring thunder, fist up high show no respite

Pile Of Skulls

Music: Axel Morgan

Lyrics: Axel Morgan, Rolf Kasperek

Hey, Mr. Pope, Mr. Military Man
Kings and Queens, more evil than it seems
You lie, you cheat, you betray, you kill all the way
You wade through blood in your boots of steel
You hide the truth from its reveal
The world's bleeding wounds will never heal

So look in the mirror and see who you are
You made our lives an abbatoir
A man-eating machine that's what you are

Pile of skulls, conspiracy
Beware of the revealing key
No dance of joy, no harmless spree
No chance for you to hide or flee

Liar's tongue, tricks of deepest dye
Snake-skinned pack, you're evil and you're sly
Injust, you hunt, you hate, you take all the way
You're cutting throats with poisoned blades
Your recklessness overflows the graves
You try to make us all your slaves

So look in the mirror and see who you are
You made our lives an abbatoir
A man-eating machine that's what you are

Pile of skulls, conspiracy
Beware of the revealing key
No dance of joy, no harmless spree
No chance for you to hide or flee

Tears and pain, never ending shame
Bloodsucking lice, play their evil game
Your doom is sealed, the truth revealed all the way
Headless you still run around
You can't believe you're losing ground
On your knees to take the count

So look in the mirror and see who you are
You made our lives an abbatoir
A man-eating machine that's what you are

Pile of skulls, conspiracy
Beware of the revealing key
No dance of joy, no harmless spree
No chance for you to hide or flee

Lead Or Gold

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

Riding the tempests of glory
The vessel is gliding along
Pounding the waves
Majestically, proudly and strong
A flag flutters on the horizon
The plunder ready-to-hand
The gunners are ready to fire
Awaiting command

Pounding the sea, like a storm
Wild and free
Obeying our call, fast and raw

The air sparks thunder and lightning
Their bellies are shivered with fear
We showered their cold hearted souls
With sarcastic sneers
Our cohorts are ready for seizing
The skull and the crossbones fly high
We're taking over your vessel
Whatever you try

Pounding the sea, like a storm
Wild and free
Obeying our call, fast and raw

Lead or gold, we're daring our fate
On the wings of the sea
Lead or gold, cursing all the conformists
Who'll never be free

Guns spitting iron and fire
Acid smoke clouding the air
Ripping the planks
Feeding the flame of despair
Hoisting the flag of surrender
Delivering their silver and gold
A generous gift to the poor
For the brothers they sold

Pounding the sea, like a storm
Wild and free
Obeying our call, fast and raw

Lead or gold, we're daring our fate
On the wings of the sea
Lead or gold, cursing all the conformists
Who'll never be free

White Buffalo

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

[Dedicated to this planet - the earth! R.I.P.]

Acid rain and poison cauterize its skin
A boiling hell we're living in
Bloodstained animals, chainsaws rip the trees
The gasping earth is on its knees

Choking breath, causing death
Exploitation is your law
Overkill, break its will
You loot it hard and raw

Like you killed the white buffalo
You kill ozone, you break its bones
Like you killed the white buffalo
You tan its hide, sell its meat on the side

Once a source of glory, now a reborn hell
Your ivory tower is where you dwell
Gulping its vital lifeblood, pollution's rising high
You squeeze it out, you leave it dry

Choking breath, causing death
Exploitation is your law
Overkill, break its will
You loot it hard and raw

Like you killed the white buffalo
You kill ozone, you break its bones
Like you killed the white buffalo
You tan its hide, sell its meat on the side

Heedless, spraying poison
Contaminating air and ground
A misplaced sense of progress
Will destroy it pound for pound

Allergies and cancer, the pay for evil greed
Madness and corruption have sown their evil seed

Jenning's Revenge

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

[Based on a true story which happened in the year 1714.]

1714 that was the year
The Spanish fleet ran out of luck
The weather was stormy, the sea was lashing
Furious lightning and thunderstruck

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

The 'Flotilla' was driven down to the reefs
The wooden hulls of the vessels were cracked
300 000 'pieces of eight'
The fleet of that year was totally wrecked

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

The viceroy commanded to furnish a squad
60 soldiers to dreg up the plate
Took all their salvage to a small camp ashore
Lack of suspicion, no thought of a raid
Jennings came up with a hazardous plan
The Spanish garrison was taken by guise
Three sailing vessels, three hundred men
300 000 their glittering prize

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
The Spanish plate hauled off by raid
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jennings' trick a painful kick

During their escape they happened to spy
A gorgeous spanish merchant ship
'In for a penny, in for a pound'
They got them in their steely grip
And several thousand 'pieces of eight'
To fill their ships up to the deck
Jennings' fleet sailed out to sea
No one ever found his track

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
The Spanish plate hauled off by raid
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jennings' trick a painful kick
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Impudent tries will win the prize
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
No soldier pack will find his track

Treasure Island

*Music: Rolf Kasperek
Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek*

[Based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson]

Squire Trelawny and Dr. Livesay having asked me, Jim Hawkins,
to tell everybody the whole tale about the 'Island',
Flint's treasure and Mr. Silver.
Keeping nothing back but its position and that only,
because the major part of the treasure has not been lifted yet.
I personally think we would never have begun this adventure
and set course with the 'Hispaniola', if we had known
what would happen and that some of us would never return,
having lost their lives. Sometimes the whole story haunts to my dreams
and brings me the worst nightmares I ever had.
That's when I hear the cries of the fallen,
the waves pounding the rocks on the coast
and Captain Flint's raw voice screaming:
'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Hahahah!'.
And I tell you,
no oxen and wain ropes will ever take me back to 'Treasure Island'!!!

Mr. Bones is fighting 'Black Dog'
He wants to split him to the chine
'Blind Pew' the bringer of the spot
Horse-hooves trampling his spine
We have the map to start our trip
The 'Squire' has the ship and the sailors
'Long John' is the man with the grip

No one knows he will raid us

The yell of the slain
The waves on the rocks
Captain Flint's raising hell
He's calling my name
To drive me insane

Treasure Island
Where the brave fell
A one-legged devil
From the pit of hell
A greedy demon on his treasury
Cursed the island, oh, eternally

'Long John' is spreading his law
Hatching a death bringing plot
I show up in a council of war
What I heard in the barrel from this toad

The yell of the slain
The waves on the rocks
Captain Flint's raising hell
He's calling my name
To drive me insane
But I'll never return to

Treasure Island
Where the brave fell
A one-legged devil
From the pit of hell
A greedy demon on his treasury
Cursed the island, oh, eternally

We see the land, shining sand
But it can be our grave
I jump the boat, overload
Trying to be too brave
Burning sun, find 'Ben Gunn'
Assassins claim the ship
I cut the rope, I try to cope
To free it from 'Hand's' grip

Pulling row, cannon law
The jolly-boats last trip
Killing tried, stockade fight
'Silver's' villains quit
Abandonment, to 'Silver's' hand
A cunning pact is made
Trick or treat, make scoundrels
Bleed, their dullness will be paid

I stumble to the stockade
The sweat drips from my brow
No one keeps a lookout, oh no!
The rabble owns it now
'Silver' tries to shield me
The 'Black spot' comes again
He throws the map onto the ground
He plays a tricky game

Pickaxe, rope and shovel
The dead-man marks the way
No chest, no gold, no silver
2 guineas is their pay
Musket cracks like thunder
The blood is running red
'Ben Gunn' kept the treasure
From the beginning to the end

When we put back to the sea
'Silver's' chains are doubly tight
'Long John' and his counterfeit key
Side away into the night

The yell of the slain
The waves on the rocks
Captain Flint's raising hell
He's calling my name
To drive me insane
But I'll never return to

Treasure Island
Where the brave fell
A one-legged devil
From the pit of hell
A greedy demon on his treasury
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Where the brave fell
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Beggar's Night

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

Blood, blood, bloody night
The poor stand up and fight
Marquises, kings and all this vermin
Hunted up in burning streets

Fight, fight, fight with rage
Their menials are locked up in a cage
The spirit of the rebel lives
Determined to break free

We stand up to break our chains
Rulers beware
We'll take your scepter and reign
On beggar's night

Riot terminates our pain
We'll catch you in your lair
You have to pay for your blame
On beggar's night

Sin, sin, whip and chain
That's the way they live and reign
Too many people died in their dungeon
Now pain's too hard if it's for their profit

Beast, beast, go away
No reason why you have to stay
The wealth you squeezed out of our lives
Will become your tomb

We stand up to break our chains
Rulers beware
We'll take your scepter and reign
On beggar's night

Riot terminates our pain
We'll catch you in your lair
You have to pay for your blame
On beggar's night

Hanged, Drawn, And Quartered

Music: Axel Morgan

Lyrics: Axel Morgan

Always looking for shelters, try to hide in the mist of the night,
Exist beyond reasons, give up the authorities of time,
Convoke in the name of god, born under the curse of inbreeding,
They govern us subordinates, with fire, iron, gaol, chains.

Its a strange institution, they've left you no will to survive,
No truth and no mercy, with the sinner and the saints,
Its the thirst for freedom, that burns within everyone, so...
Raise your fist, be observant, rid us from the curses of the bad.

Gates of resentment, can you feel your blood run colder.
Gates of resentment, but you see its still the same.

They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
Its time to end the lies and false excuses.
They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
And they still have a smile on their face,
Stop these men.

Hear them speaking with tongues, not from this world,
Have no confidence
Prepare to run for your life, everyone must be saved.
All these guys are unexpected, no one wants to live in fear,
So make the law and wipe them out, we have to break the line.

Gates of resentment, can you feel your blood run colder.
Gates of resentment, but you see its still the same.

They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
Its time to end the lies and false excuses.
They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
And they still have a smile on their face,
Yeah.

Its going down really well, its all the work of the devil,
Escaping once more from these guys, leave it all behind.
The feeling that your feeling now is the feeling of pride,
We've made them shed their mask, so we can turn another page.

Your the tamer of the rabid lamb, you can be full of haughtiness.
But be aware all the time, a restless spirit is running wild.

Gates of resentment, can you feel your blood run colder.
Gates of resentment, but you see its still the same.

They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
Its time to end the lies and false excuses.
They've hanged, they've drawn, they've quartered
And they still have a smile on their face.

Win Or Be Drowned

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Thomas Smuszynski, Rolf Kasperek

Like soldiers of fortune, we're cruising the sea
Against all odds, with the urge to be free
We're longing for freedom, like an animal that's chained
We're thirsty for justice, like a flower that's drained

Win or be drowned, so fight hard
Win or be drowned, like a wild shark
Win or be drowned, so stand tight
Win or be drowned, freedoms fight

Slave - drivers hunted, our cannons will speak
A frightening terror for the profit they seek
Like sea - cruising phantoms, on the breath of the sea
We are foiling their plans, hooked, they can't flee

Win or be drowned, so fight hard
Win or be drowned, like a wild shark
Win or be drowned, so stand tight
Win or be drowned, freedoms fight

We're still full of pride, we are fighting for life
For independence we're struggling, we've got to survive
We're longing for freedom, like an animal that's chained
We're thirsty for justice, like a flower that's drained

[Repeat 2x]

Win or be drowned, so fight hard
Win or be drowned, like a wild shark
Win or be drowned, so stand tight
Win or be drowned, freedoms fight.

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Uaschitschun '92

Music: Rolf Kasperek

Lyrics: Rolf Kasperek

No more eagles gonna ride the wind
Turning circles in the sky
Badland's growing and the bison's gone
Uaschitschun tell me why

Why do you kill my creed
Claiming earth and wind
You never kept your vow
But you can't lock me in

I'm riding free
Riding free with the wind
Free as an eagle
Proud as a king

My mother's the earth and my father's the wind

You can't possess them, they are free
It's time for you to see what you have done
Can't hold my soul 'cause I will flee

Why do you kill yourself
Ravage what you need to live
You can't eat your gold
Nature's calling you