



POSTCARD#4
California
SONGS FOR A
SOFT HEART

The desert. The vast lands.

In fact I am already back home in the city, and yet the silence of those Californian wastelands doesn't cease to resonate in me. I walk through Germany's dull winter days, still dragging a faint notion of those vivid, flawless skies along, and still pretend to feel the dusty heat as I am wrapped up and my scarf is sparkling with the frozen drips of condensed breath.

And there is more I can't let go of yet. And days get heavy as the new year rolls in, dark and dull and full of disappointment. I am weak and aching, turn into a ghost of retrospection, tired of dragging on the yearning for a far place and lost love like a dead limb. Fail to drown my woes in black ink and in chlorine water. Curl up into a ball, awaiting to implode.

Then suddenly I find myself in someone's kitchen, playing a weird instrument he brought from South America, and as I leave I hear: hey, by the way, I brought this one for you. - This might have been the greatest gift ever received; a scissor to cut loose my inner knot, evoke the memories of my journey and to cast that winter's demons into sound and song, just when I needed to.

Those demons have been hidden well and sleeping now for almost two years, but it's high time to release them; They're not scary anymore.

Cologne/California, January 2011



FOOLS

pieces of leather
pieces of lead
stitch them together
fill them with regret

fool as I am
fool as you were
some things will vanish
as others occur
fool as you are
fool as I was
I blame the effect
forget the cause

is the beginning
or is this the end
and why are you grinning?
I don't understand

blind as I am
blind as you were
certain disasters
are bound to occur
blind as you are,
blind as I was
I'll deny the effect
forget the cause

ONE MOMENT

and there comes another morning,
and there comes another day. the last
one went without a warning, leaving
me exposed to a rising sun's rays. one
moment ago I was molded from clay,
now I'm only dirt. and anywhere I go I am
going astray. with every word.

you wear a smile on your face, one that never fades, while I just wait to fall back in place. but no one else waits, no one else waits. one moment ago I was painted light grey, now I'm turning black. and anywhere I go I am going astray and not turning back, not turning back..

and I hear the ticking, and I spot the bomb. I've been screaming, kicking, I've been losing my aplomb. one moment ago I was safe and at peace, quiet, warm and well, I don't even know how to tame this beast that inhabits my shell.

one moment ago I was knowing my way and keeping well on track. now anywhere I go I am going astray with no turning back, no turning back.

SISTER

you're a strange boy, without doubt, but you are like a brother, one that always hears me out when others wouldn't bother.. what would I be if you'd leave? I don't know, I don't know.. left in anger, hope or grief - I don't know, I don't know....

and there's that strange girl, far away, I lover her like a sister. she had been only gone one day and already I missed her. what would be if you weren't there? I don't know, I don't know. who would mind me, who would care? I don't know, I don't know, I don't know...

sometimes I think I'm better off with nobody around me, without closeness, without love, no-one I'd need profoundly

then someone find me
(when I'm this low)
and remind me of
where to go

SAND

as silence wraps us in and I forget where
you end and where I begin it gets difficult
to tell the difference between heaven
and hell.

once you have it all, think you've found it.
it will slip through your fingers like sand.

before I go to bed I must shake off the
visions that still cloud my head... they
linger, they come and go, deceiving me,
whispering: i told you so'. but it gets
easier to tell the difference between
heaven and hell

undo the things we've done. using the
songs we've sung, all sympathy is gone.
I've known it all along:

you can have it all, you can find it. but
it will slip through your fingers like sand.

you can have it all you can find it. but it
will slip through your fingers like sand

HEAVEN AND HELL

you say you believe there is heaven and
hell, claim there's nothing but truth in
the ancient stories they tell. so I carefully
listen, but cannot agree; there sure is a
beauty, but they don't make sense to me

you pray, you pray, for what you believe
to be love. you say, you say, there is

mercy that comes from above. and I quietly swallow my words of dissent, but pull further away as you're trying reach for my hand.

I believe in genetics and physical laws, trust in my voice of reason and in the conclusions it draws. and though I try really hard to see what you see, and accept what you think, it still doesn't make sense to me

and so, and so if that is what you have to do then go, just go, I won't be withholding you. I'm glad I'm glad, I'm happy if this sets you free as long as long as you don't push your views onto me.

we are too far apart, we are too far apart

you say you believe there's no room for me here; first you weren't quite sure but right now it's become very clear. I had hoped there are bridges that still can connect the land of the faithless with those who believe but in fact:

we are too far apart

TWO BIRDS

two birds on the rooftop: one is black the other's brown. one shot - one bird startles while the other's falling down.

two minds stitched together, with their bodies far apart. one dream, one illusion doomed to fail right from the start

distance lies not in space but in time, and letting it grow is not a crime

but I must have been so blind not to
notice I had been long, long left behind

tonight it is showing that to think we could
survive was one sad, naive conclusion of
wishing for a better life. but what are the
consequences? what about all our plans?
was it all false pretences? couldn't you tell
me in advance? what are the odds that
we can make it alright someday? with a
little more time on our hands, a little less
in our way...

distance lies not in fate but in will, it can
save lives, it can kill.. I thought it could
be kept at bay but it always sneaks into
uncertain hearts someday. distance lies
not in space but in time, and letting it
grow is not a crime

but I must have been so blind not to
notice I had been long, long left behind

two birds on a dead tree: one is brown,
the other grey. one glance - one bird
watches as the other flies away

WOLF WITHIN

I'm done with you. even believing in your
lies won't make them true, so maybe
I should draw a line here and maybe
you should go to where you think you
belong and stop pretending not to have
pretended all along. I see you through. see
the distance in your glance, it's breaking
through, shining through the cracks in
your smile. so maybe you should think of
buying a new sheepskin, cause this one's
pretty worn off, it starts revealing the

wolf within. the wolf within now digs his
teeth into my flesh, my bones, my skin,
leaving nothing, nothing, nothing behind.

oh, I'm done with you.
I'm done with you.

BLANK

stretch your tired bones, dear, reach out
high, catch the silver streaks up in the sky
put them in a jar to keep them, keep their
spirits bright. save them for the bitter
times when you might need a light.

stay close to the fire, it keeps you warm
as I'll be seeking shelter in your arms. I
watch the flames reflected in your eye;
they might turn to ashes but I'll keep that
spark alive

polaroids will slowly gather dust, all
wounds heal if you don't scrape the crust
but I will scratch them open, I don't want
my scars to fade, as long as they remind
me of the good mistakes i made

01 INTRO

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04 SISTER

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these tunes were seen in fall 2010 in the South Californian desert and harvested in January 2011 in Cologne. Performed and recorded, mixed and arranged by Julia Kotowski aka. *entertainment for the braindead*, then released a long time later as the first in a series of audio Postcards in December 2012.
more on [***entertainmentforthebraindead.com***](http://entertainmentforthebraindead.com)

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