

DAWN OF VESTING

“The Beast Inside”

Concept Story



Dear Listener / Reader,

We would sincerely like to give you an advice for the handling of “The Beast Inside”. Feel free to follow our instructions for maximum pleasure and enjoyment of what you hold in hand:

Option 1:

Listen to songs 1 – 12, skip the lyrics, skip the upcoming story and just enjoy the diversity of our music. Listen closely to it several times to perceive the multi-layered sounds, beats and emotions.

Option 2:

Listen to songs 1 – 12 and read the lyrics but skip the story. Each text might have a different meaning, some are obvious, some are metaphoric and some invite you to think more deeply about it.

Option 3: (recommended)

Listen to songs 1 – 12, read the story, read the lyrics and you may acquire a whole new meaning of each song in order to dive into a dark story with an unknown end.... for now

The story:

(Mailbox)

„Mom, where are you? I have been waiting here for more than an hour. You promised me to come this time, God damn it!”

Desperately Christine walks home through the rain. She lives in a one room flat with a small kitchen and a black cat. The flat is filthy and dark. Only one small window allows the sun to lighten these four walls.

Christine has been living here for about three years since she moved away from her mother's home because of too many conflicts with her. Her dad died of cancer when she was three years old (due to cancer). Christine is seen as a beautiful girl by many but she hates it every time someone calls her beauty. She tries to hide her prettiness in men like clothes. Christine is a shy girl with a lack of self-confidence and a habit of distrust.

“This is the fairytale of lies within the truth. The answers hide inside, who will reveal?”

Switching on the TV Christine shoves the cat roughly from the couch. “You fucking know this is my place, not yours!” she yells seriously. “I told you more than once”. The news report on a case of child abuse that's not been solved yet. “There are always people in a worse situation than I am...” Christine says to herself with a sound of sarcasm in her voice.

In order to call her mother again she switches off the television. “Where the fuck are you? You're probably lying next to Jim, William und Johnny...” No answer to the call again. Christine puts on her shoes (again) and runs across the street to a supermarket. Pulling the hood far down she marches straight ahead to the fridge in order to get some beer. “Get one for me, too” a stranger behind Christine mutters. “Oh, you look hot, babe. Maybe there is more than beer that I want from you!” Christine just puts her hood back and ignores the man, walking fast towards the cash register. She pays her beer and takes a walk through the streets. Suddenly she stops.... She takes a look around and pulls the hood from her body.

“Hey babe, got some beer for you, let's have a party tonight” someone yells towards Christine. Checker is a tall man with pale skin, badly shaved and someone Christine calls a friend. “No party tonight, sweetheart, gotta work” she shouts in a rude way. “I would like to be with you, ain't some beers enough as a charge” he continues. “No way, babe. What else do you have?”

Checker pulls out a little bag with a white powdery content. "What about this?" he replies to Christine.

"Ok babe, I'll be with you again."

"Only a fool like you believes a word I say, for now you feel alive but soon you long for more"

Early in the morning Christine wakes up and wonders where she is. She stares into the mirror. Some red spots have been marking her face for a long time now. "Where the hell am I?" she thinks but then notices Checkers clothes She tries to ignore the facts and does not ask about the circumstances on why she spent the night here. In the background she hears voices from the radio saying that some refugees have been found dead in a transporter.

"We are looking for a hero, you are the hero"

"What did you say, Checker?" Christine asks puzzled. His real name is Jonas but to most people he does not reveal this.

"Sweetie, I just dreamed about you doing these things again. Even if I was awake I would have not talked to you that early in the morning."

Christine furrows her brow but no longer thinks about it.

"But by the way, what did you actually have to work yesterday evening? Or was it just a white lie?"

"Well.... I hardly remember what I said but listen.... we never shared many personal things until now so why should I start talking with you about my shit now?" Christine asks somehow softly as if she would like him to ask for more information. Sometimes she is masterclass in suppressing undesired thoughts and facts and in this situation she longs for someone who listens to her.

"It's up to you but hey, you can trust me. Who would care about your shit? No one does it in this world; people care just for themselves but look.... I care for you, I provide you with some good stuff and I will listen to your problems."

"It is It's all about my mom... she has some serious problems" Christine begins desperately.

"Leaving such a beautiful and gifted girl behind must mean she has some serious problems." Checker admits.

„We were never that close but...." Christine hesitates and wipes away a tear. "No matter what happened, she is my mother and I want to be loved by her!"

Checker ponders to say anything. They only know each other for a few months but now it is the first moment he sees an emotional reaction from Christine.

"What's the deal with just hanging up with her, spending some good time, you know?" he replies. "It will be alright, don't be sad" he admits impassive.

Christine remains silent. Then she stands up saying "I'm gone, babe, see ya". Then she disappears. A few moments later she picks up her mobile phone and tries again to call her mother. Mailbox again....Christine is full of frustration. She stares at buildings surrounding her, her view stops at a billboard saying "If we close our eyes, the wicked in this world will feel free to stay - Jesus saves"

On her way back to her flat she notices a man kicking a dog again and again. The man looks evil and menacing. The dog is howling and barking at the same time. Christine runs towards

the man, she is getting furious. Without asking for a reason and without speaking a word she beats and hits the man's face. "What the hell is wrong with you, leave me be" the man yells with surprise and fear due to Christine's furious attack. It is an old man with a crock who is bleeding now after her attacks. He cries while she beats him further and further in absolute rage. Then she leaves the man behind and tries to find the dog. But there no longer is a dog in sight. Overwhelmed by this situation Christine runs home, knowing what to think. "He deserved it, he looked that evil and he abused a defenceless dog. I was defenceless as well when they abused me in the war...."

"Hearts of emptiness swallowed all the goods and needs of mine, love's the only gift I received for such a long, long time. All I once have believed in turned to dust, to stone or pain, grief is more than a feeling I can't bear, it is my fate"

Back at home Christine lies in her bed and scrapes against a scar at her arm. She recalls memories of her childhood, a time that seems very long ago. It is hard for her to find memories in the back of in her mind, there are only a few left and she does not know why. But one thing clearly stuck in her head. When she was four years old her mother forgot to pick her up from the kindergarten several times. With each time Christine had been forgotten she felt more unwanted, unloved and as a burden on her mom. At that time she began to stab her arm with a fork. She hid in the toilet to do so. Every time her mother would not come to pick her up she stabbed harder and harder. Those scars are clearly visible on her arm now.

A few days later.....

It gets late in the evening and Christine does not know what to do so she decides to go for a walk. A heavy wind blows her hair out of the hood. Her attempt to hide fails this time. She enters a dark corner she never saw before. A man struggles with bags and keys in his hands. He tries to open a door but seems helpless to find the keyhole. Christine walks towards the man, noticing his sun glasses although it's dark outside: "Can I help you in any way?" she asks cautiously.

"Yes, you can...obviously. Please take my key in order to unlock the door to my flat; my eyes can't see what your eyes can, so I guess.... YES, you can help me in this situation."

Christine unlocks the door in order to let the blind man in. She looks around in the man's flat and finds herself feeling ashamed for staring that obvious at pictures on the wall. "Hell, he is blind, don't worry" she thinks to herself, wondering why a blind man hangs up photos he can't see.

"Feel free to take a look the photos" the man shouts with a smile from behind. Christine feels embarrassed and stammers. "I... I... how did you know?"

The man laughs and replies that everyone who enters the flat talks with him about photos and for what purpose he would hang them up. Christine tries to change the subject by offering her help with the man's bags. "Put the bags somewhere, I clean up the flat quite rarely and never when it's dark outside" Christine has to smile about this comment. She feels safe here which is quite a rare situation for her when she is alone with a man, especially a stranger. Christine ponders why she feels secure, maybe the man feels like an unknown father figure (for) to her but probably it is, that he is not able to see her beauty and sees something beyond her physical appearance. "Take a seat" the man says friendly but somehow determined. "I guess I have some coffee here, why not stay a few moments and tell me something" Christine hesitates but somehow cannot recall her actual purpose before she met him. "Why not?"

Eventually Christine stays for about two hours talking freely about personal things and some remarkable events in her past. She never told someone before that she and her mother had

to flee from war in her home country when she was younger, her traumatic experiences during their escape with fears and abuses on their way. Christine feels safe here. She is embraced with human warmth she did not feel for a very long time. In exchange to her revelations the man talks about his feelings not able to see things like she can. He explains that sometimes he would like to put a mirror in his flat just to pretend he would know what he looks like. "But apart from my pain and my desires I feel able to see real beauty within humans, an ability most people lost" he admits.

"So much pain in me and now I'm confronted with someone who must feel even more pain than me" Christine thinks to herself when she leaves his flat.

Back at home Christine tries to reflect the conversation between her and the blind man. It all feels so strange. It felt like therapy, someone who has an objective point of view showing her things she never thought about.

"You stand at the edge of your life, don't look ahead, go back instead and find your peace of mind"

Her whole day is accompanied by thoughts about yesterday. In the evening Christine decides to seek the blind man out again.

It only takes a few moments until he opens the door saying in no surprised way: "Nice to meet you again, Christine. Before you ask, I recognize your smell."

Christine immediately feels welcome and comfortable with this situation and enters his flat. This time Christine will stay even longer, exchanging personal stories from their past. She is aware that she talks most of the time. The blind man wants to know what Christine looks like. She describes herself as extraordinary tall for a woman, almost 1,90 metres with massive long, blonde hair and green eyes. "You seem to be a striking appearance" he admits. "Somehow I am but I hate to stand in the focus. I hate my height and my green eyes but please let us change the subject."

"What has been your worst experience in life?" is another current topic. The blind man would not tell anything about his blindness, so he mentions a situation that happened just a few days ago; "I had some shopping to do and suddenly I heard some cries and screams. There was someone lying on the ground. Cautiously I came closer and touched the person carefully. I felt and smelt blood all around; he was too weak to speak properly. I called the police and the ambulance and after they arrived they told me that the man was insanely bleeding. He was beaten that hard that he lost teeth and had several broken bones. I don't know what happened to him. Christine is shocked due to this telling. "What is wrong in this world?" she shouts out. "Yes, that really shocked me but what about you?" Christine struggles for words. After some moments she has to confess: "For years I wrote down memories I never had... but other people have since told me what happened. I started as a child because I can't keep memories very well. Horrible things happened to me during the war and our escape. Different kinds of humiliation I had to suffer from. Those were probably the most shocking experiences. But still the saddest of all is the lack of communication with my mother. "When did you see your mother last time?" the blind man asks. In this moment Christine stares at the photos on the walls and recognises something. "What is this here?" she asks. "You should be a bit more concrete when asking a blind man for an answer to 'what is this here'" he smiles. "Maybe we can make a deal, Christine. You can..." "Stop talking" Christine roughly interrupts him. "What am I doing here? What kind of deal do you mean? I already made a deal. Who are you? Did you come straight out of hell to submit me a devilish deal? God will protect me; I will take a bible to have support." Christine rushes out the flat and runs home.

"Down where I am I'll remain in my hell that I once have called my life. Blame is on you, only you have tortured me. Fight your inner demons"

Back in her own four walls Christine is wondering about her clothes surrounding her. They look dirty and bloody and seem to lie on the floor already for some days. She doesn't waste much time with this circumstance and tries to call her mother – but there is the same voice on the mailbox....

With some kind of emptiness inside she has in mind to visit the blind man again. She puts on her only pair of high heels and a short skirt. On her way to the blind man a voice shouts out "Hey beauty...." It is a mixture of surprise and anger in Checker's voice, being now right behind Christine. "Where the hell have you been? And why do you look so....goddamn sexy?"

"Whoever you are; trust me, you don't have that much money that I would even waste a thought, so piss off, boy!" Christine replies disgusted and very serious. Checker remains left with his mouth open, not capable to express an answer.

This time it takes a few hours until she arrives at the blind man's flat. Somehow confused she rang the bell. The blind man quickly guesses the familiar smell and invites Christine to come in. "Guess, we have to talk... seriously" he suggests.

"Did you catch your mom on phone, yet?" he wants to know. "No.... there is still only her mailbox, can't even remember the last time I talked to her. But what kind of serious conversation do you mean?" "Exactly this kind, Christine! Would you allow me to call your mother as well?" he asks determined. "Well, I don't know.... Why should my mother answer your phone?" "Please let me do it", he begs.

So Christine puts her mobile in the blind man's hand and dials the saved number. Just like predicted there is only the mailbox. The blind man listens closely to the message on the mailbox. A feeling of discomfort and fear crawls inside him due to his presumption... with a slight anxiety in his voice he asks Christine "Was.... this... your mother's voice? What is her age?" "She is... 62. I was a kind of accident when she was already quite old" Christine tells him softly. The blind man gets goose bumps. "You never asked, but until a few years ago I worked as a psychologist and I have some thoughts about you" he says with an immediate feeling of regret that he started this topic. "What exactly do you mean?" Christine asks. Her face looks angry and blurred. She folds her arms and takes a step closer to the blind man. He notices her heavy breathing but continues his speak. "Christine, the police came to me yesterday. I told you about one of my cruellest experiences a few days ago. There was a witness to this crime. The old man who was beaten that hard.... Someone saw a young woman, extraordinary tall and with long, blonde hair.... It could be someone else, of course." The blind man swallows and goes on, feeling insecure about not knowing what Christine looks like or what she holds in her hand. "I fear you are not only one person, Christine. Everything you told me seems to lead to a very dangerous dysfunction concerning your personality. Have you ever been in war? You may be too young to have experienced that. And.... the voice on your mother's mailbox... it is your voice, Christine! I investigated the last couple of days, your mother is dead for more than a year without a clue who killed her. Christine.... Please! I recognized your voice on the mailbox, your mother is dead. What have you done to your mother??"

Christine slowly takes a seat stumbling "You are insane, what are you telling me? Where am I? Who are you and where is my mother? Tell me, where is my mother?" Christine screams out, the blind man is scarred and falls down to the ground. Christine runs in the kitchen, she grabs a fork, crying "Mom, mom"

"I reach out for you, believe that you'd be somewhere. I cannot fight this emptiness in me"

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The songs:

1) The Beast inside our Beauty

This is the fairytale of beauties and their beasts
The evil lives inside their mind and they're alive

The mirror always tells the truth
It pictures all I ever long to be

This is the fairytale of lies within the truth
The answers hide inside, who will reveal?

This is the way that all the stories will go on and on
Beyond the truth you will find out what life's about
We try to hide, we try to run from all the fears inside us
Beyond the truth we find the beast inside our beauty

This is the fairytale of weakness without strength
The power lies beneath the surface

This is the way that all the stories will go on and on
Beyond the truth you will find out what life's about
We try to hide, we try to run from all the fears inside us
Beyond the truth we find the beast inside our beauty,
The ugly inside

Lying
Denying
Praying
Betraying

This is the way that all the stories will go on and on
Beyond the truth you will find out what life's about
We try to hide, we try to run from all the fears inside us
Beyond the truth we find the beast inside our beauty,
The ugly inside

2) It's my Fate

Now I sit here wondering why it came this way
My brain is overstrained why no one could stay
I'm left alone in darkest places, there is no way out
And I am tired of running, running, I scream out loud

No, no one ever cared for a broken soul
Everybody sees but nobody really acts
No one ever cared for a broken heart
No one takes the blame for they left me alone

What do you think of me?
What do you expect?
And yes my forecast was bad
So tell me what should I do?

I only give back what I have received
My life seems worthless, you all made me see
When all your dreams scream they have been betrayed
My reality's a nightmare

No, no one ever cared for a broken soul
Everybody sees but nobody really acts
No one ever cared for a broken heart
No one takes the blame for they left me alone

Hearts of emptiness swallowed all the goods and needs of mine
Love's the only gift I received for such a long, long time
All I once have believed in turned to dust, to stone or pain
Grief is more than a feeling I can't bear, it is my fate

What do you think of me?
What do you expect?
So tell me what should I do?

Suicide seems the only way out
Cannot even cry
If I could I would scream it out loud
You leave me here to die

There must be someone in this world
That shows me the light
Where are you and where do we both go?

Hearts of emptiness swallowed all the goods and needs of mine
Love's the only gift I received for such a long, long time
All that I have believed in turned to dust, to stone or hate
Pain is more than a feeling I can't bear, it is my fate

3) Pain in Me

Shut the door and dim the light
Does the sun still shine so bright in this room?
Oh how I wish that I could see
Oh how I wish that all this dark will end soon

So many things that a blind man longs for
Why don't you step in and open this door

Now I'm waiting for a sign
Just to end up all this misery
And the pain I feel
All the sadness burns in me
No, I won't ever resign
If there is a will there is a way

To end all this
and the sorrow goes away

Please come closer to my bed
Tell me everything although it makes me sad
Don't even know the one I am
My inner mirror tells me lies all the time

So many things that a blind man longs for
Why don't you step in and open this door

Now I'm waiting for a sign
Just To end up all this misery
And the pain I feel
All the sadness burns in me
No, I won't ever resign
If there is a will there is a way
To end all this
and the sorrow goes away

Yes I could curse the one who has sealed my fate
Glasses are my only friend
I feel hate for the one who changed my destiny
Hate, Pain, Anger and sorrow

Now I'm waiting for a sign
Just To end up all this misery
And the pain I feel
All the sadness burns in me
No, I won't ever resign
If there is a will there is a way
To end all this
and the sorrow goes away

4) Fight your inner Demons

Leave it all behind
There's so much more to find
I'm waiting here for you
There's no reason to feel blue

The world's against me
It's a lie I should be free
Take me back from here

The devil's by my side
Fighting angels – he seems right
He whispers in my ear
His holy words that I can hear

The world's against you
It's a lie you should be free
I take you back from here

Down where I am I'll remain
In my hell that I once have called my life
Blame is on you, only you have tortured me
Fight your inner demons

I offer you this deal
But not all details I'll reveal

Join me to change your life
Into a new world you will dive

The world's against you
It's a lie you should be free
I take you back from here

Down where I am I'll remain
In my hell that I once have called my life
Blame is on you, only you have tortured me
Fight your inner demons

Sell your soul to me now
Pay the price to me

Now I own your soul
It makes you empty, makes me whole
All your demons come at night
Try to run, don't try to fight

The world's against me
It's a lie I should be free
So take me back from here

Down where I am I'll remain
In my hell that I once have called my life
Blame is on you, only you have tortured me
Fight your inner demons

5) Peace of Mind

This is the time in your life and the moment
You have to decide
Been tired of dreaming and pondering and waiting for help
I'm back alone with my fears and the pressure is back
Back on me

Carried the stone up the hill again and again and again
But it always comes back to me once that I thought I have made it
My way back to you

Destination has come – push the reset button
Feeling desperately numb – feels like I'm rotten

You stand at the edge of your life
Don't look ahead, go back instead
And find your peace of mind
You stand at the edge of your life
Just turn around, see what you've found
And Find your peace of mind

If I had wings, I would burn them and tear them up
I don't need to fly
Cause whatever I do, I will fail, I will make it all wrong
No need to cry for a human left all alone
Just leave me be
Cause the pain that I feel is something that you won't ever know

You stand at the edge of your life
Don't look ahead, go back instead

And find your peace of mind
You stand at the edge of your life
Just turn around, see what you've found
Find your peace of mind

6) Looking for a Hero

Run for your freedom, run for your life now
They're gonna follow, watch you
Where is your God now? No one will help you
Tired of running, lay down to die

Your life is worthless, your body is helpless
You won't survive, no way
Believe in the right things, all that we told you
Unteachable still, now you die

Some people kill, some people fight
In the name of God they hide
All their lies will find a way
Some people live and some decide
Who is wrong and who is right
All their lies will find a way – to stay

Now I am foreign, now I am different
Accused by so many, for what?
In war persecuted, in peace still despised by
People who don't know the hells that I've been through

Are we all the same, are we rapists and murderers?
Surely you know it, you read it
It's all in the news, there in your own world
Surely no fake news, cause that's what you believe

No empathy, no compassion
They're all to blame, they're all the same
No longer looking for the truth
Break down these walls of hate and pain
Don't look away, it is a shame
Where is the hero in ourselves?

This world's on the edge
It's judgement day to come

Insanity and madness rules
Stop this endless wheel

We are looking for a hero
Someone to change this crazy world
They are gone without a message
Even they have turned away

Some people kill, some people fight
In the name of God they hide
All their lies will find a way
Some people live and some decide
Who is wrong and who is right
All their lies will find a way – to stay

7) Signs in the Sky

All those things you gave me were so right
I'm alive because of you
You did not expect so much from me
Now that I am wild and free

Only a fool like you believes a word I say
For now you feel alive but soon you long for more

All that I receive from you is more than just a gift, a friendship
I would never dare to ask you why I've to pay more than before

Only a fool like you believes a word I say
For now you feel alive but soon you long for more

Sometimes we see but still we act so blindly
Sometimes we're deaf, don't listen to the right ones
Signs in the sky, still we have not perceived

Is it right to yearn for more and more
Every day I long for more
More of this of what has made my day
Now I can't live without it

Only a fool like you believes a word I say
For now you feel alive but soon you long for more

Sometimes we see but still we act so blindly
Sometimes we're deaf, don't listen to the right ones
Sometimes we're but know our heart is beating
Sometimes we wish that someone stops our bleeding
Signs in the sky, still we have not perceived

Now I'm addicted to you, there is no escape for me

Don't think I care for you
I knew your misery
You thought that all was true
That lead into tragedy

I should have learned my lesson
I learned it well

Only a fool like you believes a word I say
For now you feel alive but soon you long for more

Sometimes we see but still we act so blindly
Sometimes we're deaf, don't listen to the right ones
Sometimes we're but know our heart is beating
Sometimes we wish that someone stops our bleeding
Signs in the sky, still we have not perceived

8) Surrounded

I've been getting weaker every day
Since the time that I met you
It seems you make me die too fast

No I never ever make you cry
I will help wherever I can
I am your friend and I will be

I'm feeling sicker every day
It's the point of no return?!
It seems you want my death so soon

Still you doubt, why do you get me wrong?
I am the cure for you
I am your friend and I will be

All your lies and embarrassing disguise
Don't know that someone dies
For love, for pain and hate

I'm getting paler every day
I am sick and I'm so tired
It seems the reaper does its job

Don't you still believe in what I say?
Don't you lay down now to die
Maybe something has turned out wrong

All your lies and embarrassing disguise
Don't know that someone dies
For love, for pain and hate
All my trust in someone unknown to me
Now it makes me see
Surrounded by my death

It does not lie in my own hands
got no cure and no defense
surrender to this world once more

Who cares what's wrong and what is right?
I will quit this final fight
This world will never leave me out alive

All your lies and embarrassing disguise
Don't know that someone dies
For love, for pain and hate
All my trust in someone unknown to me
Now it makes me see
Surrounded by my death

9) Why am I here?

Now I sit on my chair
Thinking of my own past
What was right, what was fair?
Was there anything to last?

Time was not on my side
Have I been wrong or right?
So much left I wanna do
But I'm weak and I feel blue

Once my heart has told me to go
Where is the love left to show?
Once my heart asked "Why am I here?"
Nothing comes close, nothing's near

Home is a place I still know

But where on this earth is it now?
I've been replaced, forgotten
Now I feel lost and rotten

Time was not on my side
Have I been wrong or been right?
So much left I wanna do
But I'm weak and I feel blue

Once my heart has told me to go
Where is the love left to show?
Once my heart asked "Why am I here?"
Nothing comes close, nothing near

10) Already Dead

Forever is just an illusion away
We pay for our blindness
Forced by fear
We turn into another

A face appears emotions burn
Already reached the point of no return
But will somebody care?

One night of passion
A night of crime
Flirting with danger
Sunrays never shine

Oh, it seems like we give all away that we once loved
Oh, it seems like we all, yes we all are already dead

Now there's blood on a knife
Not intended but happened
Yes, blood on a knife
Death is the answer to jealousy

The damage is done
The tears are flowing
With hate in our heart, don't know where to start
We kill what we love

One night of passion
A night of crime
Flirting with danger
Sunrays never shine

Oh, it seems like we give all away that we once loved
Oh, it seems like we all, yes we all are already dead

Take your time to think about it
Why it came this way
Back again just where you started
Now without a stay

Oh, it seems like we give all away that we once loved
Oh, it seems like we all, yes we all are already dead
Oh, it seems like we give all away that we once loved
Oh, it seems like we all, yes we all are already dead

11) If we close our Eyes

Still we're looking for a sense
Our pain is so intense
And we hide from what we see
And we close our eyes because we're rather blind than face the truth
Our wounds still hurt

Many things we've done that wrong
Still we think that we are strong
Our kind will die out soon
And we hope for better times and better lives somewhere beyond
Our future is unknown

We should not go any further
Cause we stare into the abyss
Don't close your eyes, don't fall asleep

If we still close our eyes one more day
The wicked in this world will feel free to stay

Strangers are still enemies
And we still go on with this
No one left to blame but us
Nothing left but shame on us

Centuries we have survived
With our hearts and our minds
But what else is there to come?
When love not hate or false religion lead into our death
Something turned out wrong

A new millennium has come
But our deeds can't be undone
Still we lie to ourselves
And terror, hate, destruction and diseases lead to death
Something turned out wrong

We should not go any further
Cause we stare into the abyss now
Don't close your eyes, don't fall asleep

If we still close our eyes one more day
The wicked in this world will feel free to stay
Lost in our envy and poor jealousy
We never learn from all mistakes that we made yet

We care for no one else except ourself
All we got, all we got we'll give away soon

If we still close our eyes one more day
The wicked in this world will feel free to stay
Lost in our envy and poor jealousy
We never learn from all mistakes that we made yet

12) Longing

I close my eyes
I still feel you near me
The sound of your voice ringing in my ears

I reach out for you
Believe that you'd be somewhere
I cannot fight this emptiness in me

But I know it was not your choice to leave this world
Can anyone take away this pain?

Longing for a time that never comes
Oh, it seems so far away
Longing for your hand to touch my skin
Oh, it seems so far away

I close my eyes
Recall our common moments
Pictures hurt and haunt me every time

Memories quickly appear and sting like a needle
Please take away this pain from me

Longing for a time that never comes
Oh, it seems so far away
Longing for your hand to touch my skin
Oh, it seems so far away
Longing for a heart that does not beat
Oh, it seems so far away
Longing for a smile upon your face
I'm missing you so much

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“The Beast Inside” has been performed by:
Jeanette Scherff: Lead and backing vocals
Jens Faber: Guitars, Bass, Piano, Vocals
Dirk Raczkiewicz: Keyboards, Synths
Philipp Bock: Drums

Recorded 2019 at Room 104 Studio and H44 Studio, Bochum
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Produced by Jens Faber
All songs and story written by Jens Faber
Cover: Hans Trasid
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