

Clopperpung
A Study In Beauty



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Must Have

Look at all the colors of that flat screen television. What about this smart phone, will that be your decision?

No need to think about who it will abuse. Just, fill up your life with nothing of real use There's always some new things that you need to choose, but

no guilt, no guilt.

It's a must have, must have.

A tracker on your wife to support your supervision. Under the skin, just a small incision with precision.

No need to think about who it will abuse. Just, fill up your life with nothing of real use There's always some new things that you need to choose, but

no guilt, no guilt , don't even think about it.

It's a must have, must have

So you bring your attitude along, and without a sense of right and wrong, your consume applies to people too. Buy them, buy them, no matter who.

Look at all the girls with all of their panties missing. You can fuck them but they don't allow no kissing. You come for love but that they are dismissing. But you can change that when you are reminiscing.

It's a must have, must have.

Damn If I Do

She only comes out in the evening.
She lifts up her skirt, lets me see.
If I'm looking for love, she will put up a show
to please me.

She's making love in the evening,
but she hates everybody she meets.
It's the labour of love, and the false beauty
of walking the streets.

She used to smile in the morning.
Where did you go to my love
Now she puts up a stiff upper lip.
Where are you going my love

She's only hoping
that the life that is left does not slip.
Where are you going my love

She only prays in the morning.
Where did you go to my love
She's hoping that God has the key.
Where are you going my love
But then she remembers that only the
angels are free.
Where are you going to
My Beauty

They will beat her in the evening.
Where are you going to
They will take her all apart.
Where are you going to
They've deprived her of her childhood.
Where are you going to
No more youth comes into play.

As her soul leaves her heart.
Here comes another day

Brittle

She was licking up her own sweat from my chest. Of all the women I've known she was the best.

She could move for hours and give heartily head, and she screamed every time that I took her to bed.

We did it indoors and in the street, and also in the alleys where the hobos meet.

But I swear to Your Honor, even though it means a little, I didn't know her head was so brittle.

(Angel sings)

She took me to meet this little wimp, who I later recognized as her dedicated pimp.

He frisked me like I was packin' heat. I said, "I'm only trying to survive the street".

(Angel sings)

He told me he liked to be called King Jerry, and that he was the one who had popped her cherry.

Now, I never liked to be caught in the middle, but I swear I didn't know her head was so brittle.

(Angel sings)

So I gave him some rounds of my 44, and King Jerry didn't breathe no more.

Then I turned to her and she begged me to believe her, that I was the only one to ever comb her beaver.

But I found that very hard to believe, and I had a punch or two up my sleeve.

So you see Your Honor I never play no second fiddle, but I swear I didn't know her head was so brittle.

(Angel sings)

Coming home

Travelling at the speed of light into the darkness. Recognizing fractions of scenes that make up my life.

Acknowledging that most of my moments appear to be reruns. Mortified by how little time I've been in love.

I'm coming home.

Polishing my legacy for future investigation. Need to make the most of it before I'm completely gone.

Work against the time to complete the show on the big screen. History is written by those who win the war.

I'm coming home.

And when the madness seems to leap up from behind, and penetrate my unspoiled brain, I'm fixing on my way back home now.

What is the value, the pros and cons of going home. But what's it to you, my pros and cons of going home.

Too late to get off and too early to set destinations. The stars are all aligned and the sun's in the right house.

If only someone could sway me against this decision. I'm contemplating options on how to reach back home.

I'm coming home.

And when the madness seems to leap up from behind, and penetrate my unspoiled brain, I'm fixing on my way back home now.

What is the value, the pros and cons of going home, home. But what's it to you, my pros and cons of going home.

(Accapella Ref)

Pavane For The Lost

I would like to complain about the scenery. I think it is the golden purse that goes best with your black dress. As long as you get what you want for your birthday.

The pen is mightier than the sword. Dare to believe. Dare to change. Or turn your television set on and get tranquillity.

Buying sex
supports slavery



All songs and performance by Clopperpung except:
Lyrics on "Liquid Silver" by Stine Sandberg
Vox on "Brittle" and "Explaining Lipstick"
by Bodil Arnesen
Backing vox on "Coming Home" by Anita Kanstad
Vocoder and backing vox on "Explaining Lipstick"
by Robert Morley

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Noose Island Studios
Mastered by Robert Morley at
RAM Recordings

Step Back

You creep inside me with your sweetened words. My head is spinning round in major thirds. You move towards me with your ironed shirt. Your hands look clean but they will soon feel dirt.

Step back!

Your head's inflated like a big balloon.

Let the air out

You view yourself as a seduction tycoon. You nod to me as if you understand. Your eyes are empty, like a no man's land.

You used to be among us. You used to be a man. But who could really tell it would get so out of hand. Little by little you developed all your skills and traded your integrity just to have some fun.

Step back!

Your mouth is open, but you make no sense
You talk for hours, trying to make amends.
Your speeches they are getting hotter and hotter. What you really need is some holy water.

Domino.

Step back!

Liquid Silver

Depressed, but not suicidal. Sad, but not crying. Angry, but not screaming. Lonely, but not alone.

When depression takes over, I write down the words. They stick to the paper. And not to my heart.

Liquid silver on my cheek.

I'm hungry, but not eating. I'm smiling, but not laughing. I'm hugging, but wanna to hit. I'm polite, but need to shout.

That is the way I feel when darkness pushes light away. At the evening sky.

Liquid silver on my cheek.

Depressed, suicidal, sad and crying. Angry, screaming, lonely, dreaming.

Turn it upside-down. One day.

Explaining Lipstick

Where did you go last night. You gave me quite a fright. You could have called to let me know. Yes, if you were alright.

There's lipstick on your cheek. Of other girls you reek. You must have had another one. Our prospects seem so bleak.

Got no reason to stay. I could leave right away. 'Could be reaching Sodoma tonight. (But...)

Can't afford to break up. I must still be her pup. So I squeeze out a tactical lie.

She will believe me. To an acceptable degree I've done this a numerous times. I just take her in my arms and put up regretful eyes.

Don't you worry, it's just a phase I'm going through. I just need to have some fun.

It don't matter much, as you're the one I love.

I'm always coming back

To you

I'm always coming back

To you

You always take me (back)

She's financing my love. Her I can't get rid of
So I'm carefully watching my moves.

I'm a bum, I'm a pig, but the gold that I dig
I get only from nursing their grooves.

She will believe me to an acceptable degree.
I've done this a numerous times. I just take them in my arms and put up my hungry eyes.

You see

I just need to have every girl I see. That is who I need to be.

I can't help it if my personality yields

Lipstick on my/his cheek

Yes it yields

Moonwalk

Do the moonwalk with me.

Do the moonwalk. Do the moonwalk.

Hey there baby, take a look at my car. Step inside and I'll take you far away from this boring life of yours.

Leather interior, how's that make you feel? And fur lining on my steering wheel. And smooth music and a mini bar of course.

Do the moonwalk with me.

Do the moonwalk. Do the moonwalk.

Is it ok if I cuff you up. It will prevent you from going stop, cause I feel like going the extra mile.

Don't worry if it hurts a bit. You can't obtain pleasure without a hit. It will easily heal up after a while.

Do the Moonwalk with me.

Do the moonwalk. Do the moonwalk.

Police Work

Didn't wanna do it.

The Towel

He swung the towel through the air. He used it as a whip. And the towel once so soft to her, felt harder when it hit.

He wrapped a book inside the towel and shaped it like a ball. It landed on her naked breast. The towel crushed it all.

He knew the towel would cover up, so the bruises wouldn't show. If she should meet someone she knew, she looked just good to go.

Where did that man she married go, ever since he gave his pledge? He presented her to the towel that drove her to the edge.

And here it comes again.

Oh, mother you tucked me in your towel.
Oh, mother I felt safe inside your towel.
Oh, mother this may be my final growl.
Let me once again inside your towel.

She felt the towel's violent wrath so many times before. So this time she was prepared, had her own behind the door. The towel that concealed the knife would soon be in a heap. The knife she trusted into him. It sank in very deep

And here it comes again.

Oh, mother you tucked me in your towel.
Oh, mother I felt safe inside your towel.
Oh, mother this may be my final growl.
Let me once again inside your towel.

He fell and died this violent man, with no more than a thud. The towel will do its final task; to soak up all the blood.

It will never come again.

Relive

Wanna live my life again. Relive my life again. My life again. On my own.

If I could live my life again, would it be with you? Or would you move to someone else? Torment him too? But here we are, our choices made. Erase it all. Make memory fade.

Fade

From love to war and emptiness, were we volunteers? The audit of all wasted years. Bring in the tears!

My friend or foe,
Live my life
what will it be,
Live my life
if we should meet,
Live my life
in time?
Live my life
Please close your eyes,
Live my life
and pass me by.
Live my life
And slide once more, back to start.

Live my li(f)e

*I dont wanna be alone again.
I dont wanna be alone.*

In The Eyes Of Love

(Instrumental)

1. Must Have
2. Damn If I Do
3. Brittle
4. Coming Home
5. Pavane For The Lost
6. Step Back
7. Liquid Silver
8. Explaining Lipstick
9. Moonwalk
10. Police Work
11. The Towel
12. Relive
13. Bonus Track - In The Eyes Of Love

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