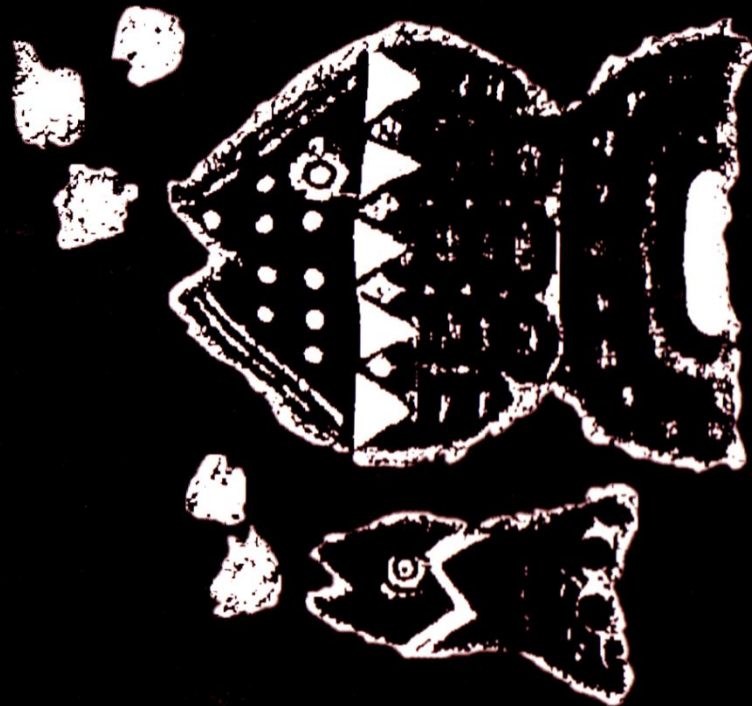


TUAREG



BACALAO

TUAREG (on this recording): Andre (voc, perc), Angela (voc, fl), Arno (guit, bass), Dirk (bass), HC (dr, voc) Sven (guit).

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ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Peter Rolshoven (trumpet + horn: track 7, 10).

DJ MuckE (scratches + sounds: track 1).

Bernd Kuhlen (additional vocals: track 6).

Mark Cahill (additional vocals: Track 8).

CREDITS:

Mixed & produced by Mark Cahill & TUAREG.

Recorded in St. Tönis from 6/2003 to 6/2004.

Mastered by Carsten "Keule" Collenbusch (Bluebox Mastering, Troisdorf).

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Our friends & families; Mark, Astrid, Miles & Kate; Petra; Bernd; Tania; Siggi & Waltraud; Cpt. Andy "the special guest" Cook; Borussia Mönchengladbach; Conny's Come In.

For further news, infos and music visit: www.tuaregband.de

In loving memory of Barbara Rasch (1942-2003)

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WOLVES

Through the snow of a cold winter night,
the wolves pick up our trail;
with bared fangs and blood-red eyes
the pack starts the hunt again (...)

A woman forced over the lines of grace,
her suitcase full of useless things;
we've all learned our lesson
that hope and history never meant the same (...)

As the moon is playing tricks again,
poisoning words infested the hearts;
an old man is talking about love,
but love is not what he's thinking of (...)

CHORUS:

Take a good look and watch the ground,
when the circle goes round and round
take a deep breath and close your eyes,
when you dance with wolves around the fire

ACQUITTANCE

Running through the fields for six hours or more,
I feel the blood rushing through my veins
I`ve wrestled the silence - at the end of the night
when His voice forced me to the ground (...)

"Call to me and I will answer you (...)
and tell you [all the] great and hidden things;
the ones you`ve feared to know
from your sinister dinner meals (...)"

With tears in my eyes I piled the arm
to bring this grinning bastard down,
another eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth (...)
I`ve pulled the trigger of my gun (...)

The horizon rose in a red-orange glow,
can`t you see His throne of gold?
"you`ve got to kneel on the ground, (...)
if you want to touch the sky"

CHORUS:

One man, one vote, one bullet left,
one story more to be told

FREE SOUL

Still searching for the reason why
mind gets so hard to forget
the signs of violence and fear
grow up in front of crying eyes

still building up a higher wall of masks
which cover all humbling lies
the face seems to be so numb
inside a flame never will die

Never want to fade away so fast
like a bright shining falling star
wiping away invisible tears
feels like nothing`s ever happened

CHORUS:

Helpless, rock on, restless,
put it down - lonely
and please don`t follow me,
you got to find the key
touch the rainbow
and your soul will be free

LAY DOWN YOUR HEAD.

It`s just another morning on the battlefield (...)
as we saw the sun set for the final day
a nighttime walk, a nighttime talk, about these obsessions,
we never thought, that things like that could happen (...)

In the darkness of the night, shinnig (bright) in the sky
(...) as we hear the wind blow from the distant sea
"a ship appears, a ship appears" the radio`s voice was calling
they never thought to hear the big crowd growling

There was fire, fear and fighting in the crowded streets
(...) as the last hope for a reason finally disappeared
a siren sound, a burning ground for all these dreams of sweetness
they never thought to see them torn into pieces

CHORUS:

Lay down your head,
in my arms,
I will hold you
to the end of days (...)

THE CALL OF NEW YEAR'S BELLS

Hush my Dear it`s time to go
for another year to come
as we`ll take the things we need to live
in a far and distant land

Close the door and lock it up
some day we may return,
but tonight we gonna take the steps
to the sea where the fires burn

Hey my Captain carry us (...)
through the lines of hate and fear
for our lifes we pay any price,
if the passage is save and clear

As the ships sails across the sea
a stormwind starts to blow,
lightning paint the sky in white
and the clouds bring rain and snow

VOX POPULI (PART I)

Hey you people,
come and listen to my words
I tell you `bout an epic night (...):
about a story -
I`ll never forget
that nearly cost
my mind, my life (...)

There was a fire
crossing the land
over the valleys,
rivers and hills
and we hear
the sound of swinging wings,
sounds of howling in the streets (...)

It was the forces of evil
against an army of light
clash against each other
for their final fight
and we poor little worms
were caught between their lines,
just watching with wide and frozen eyes (...)

FOLKSONGS FROM HELL (VOX POPULI PART 2)

There was a silent darkness,
and a smell of sulphur in the air,
as with a big bang suddenly flames explode
and Lucifer appeared (...)

"Welcome my friend, open your eyes
and take a short walk `round with me (...)
we arranged seven deadly circles
for your painful pleasure here

Take your time - get used to it,
there's a lot of people to meet,
you'll get served quick, its also cheap
and you'll soon esteem the heat"

I cried for help, screamed in fear
how cruel this life could be?
Lucifer laughed and pointed at me,
"and don`t say you shouldn`t be here"

CHORUS:

This is a folksong from hell (...)

SKULLS & BONES (VOX POPULI PART 3)

East of the sun, at the river`s head,
a new born hope - rose from the dead:
"Wake up my son, it`s the time to celebrate
a ritual - to hide your secret name

Oh sun`s bright rays, please illuminate
these old and blessed salvation ways (...)"
drowning cascades of motion lights
we`ve kept the blessed spirit alive

From the endless fires of hell
into the shinning daylight (...)
"Reborn, now -you`re the flickering flame,
please guide us through the darkness of these days"

Now is the time to find a new name,
for the forces of good and evil again:
"Tell us their names (...),
tell us your name!"

WHAT IS LEFT BEHIND.

Take me to the fields, where all free men should go
there are rumours about a war, that there is something going wrong
can't you hear the sound of marching in the streets,
the sound of bombing in the far, far East ?

Show me the way, that a son had to go,
when his father is just a corpse, lying dead in the snow
can't you hear the voice of a crying child,
the sound of a car, driving through the night?

Teach me a song about these good old days,
when there were laughter, peace and Pandora's box was safe,
can't you see the faces of running men,
their hair and their skins, dirty and grey?

Save me from the fields, where all the free men died,
there is news from a war, that something went completely wrong
can't you see the cold fear in my eyes,
can't you hear me scream in the dark of the night?

CHORUS:

Another king fallen off the hill,
another fail for the books of history,
another song, another word, another thought (...) about



TUAREG 2004 (v.l.n.r): Sven, HC, Angela, Dirk, Andre, Arno