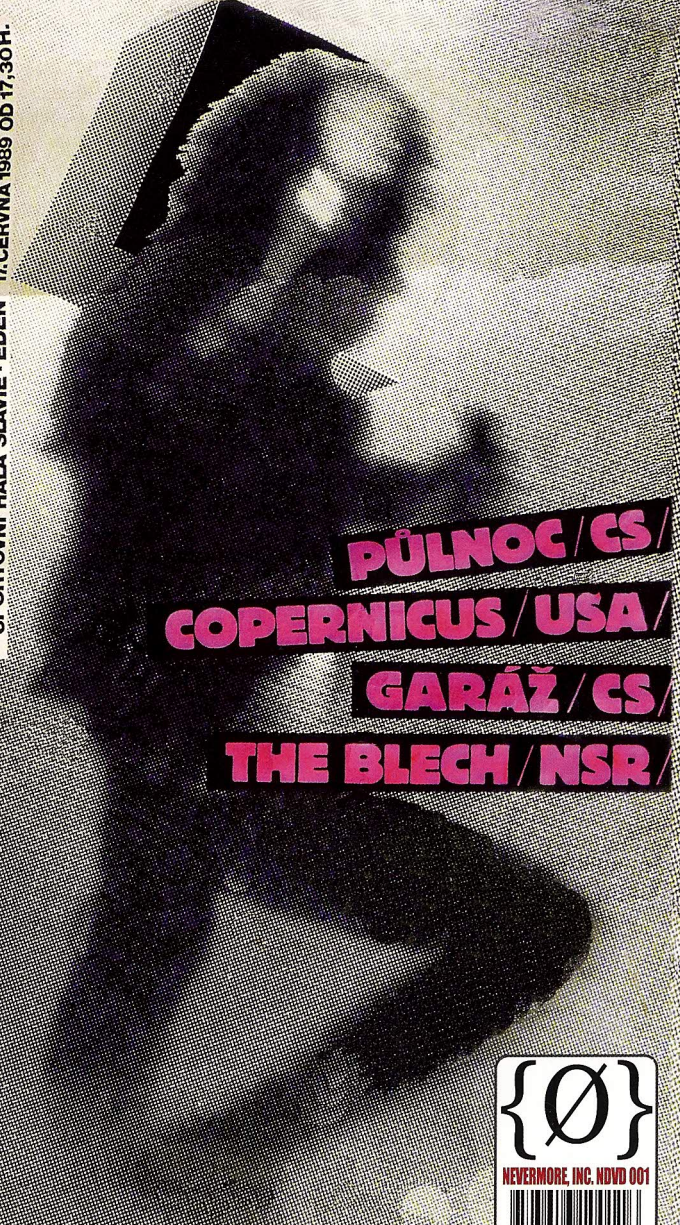


PORADA JUNIOR KLUB NA CHMELNICI VE SPOLUPRÁCI S UMĚLECKOU AGENTUROU SSM M-ART

KONFRONTACE

SPORTOVNÍ HALA SLAVIE · EDEN 17. ČERVNA 1989 OD 17.30H.



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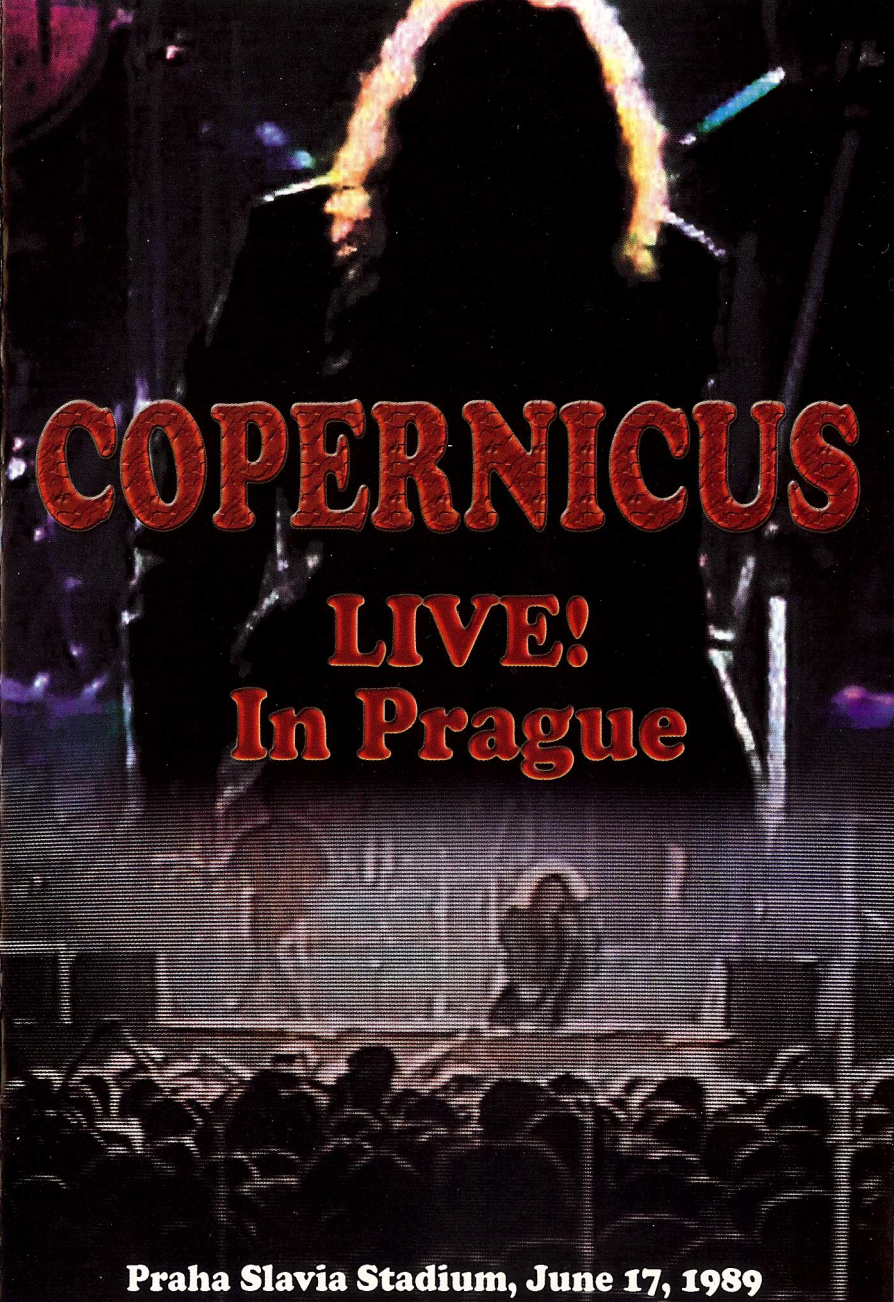
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MONUMENT

COPERNICUS

LIVE! In Prague



Praha Slavia Stadium, June 17, 1989

I. THE AUTHORITIES!

I have always been in trouble with the authorities.
The authorities who by whatever means would want to see for me,
And have me see as they see.
But in the volcanic loneliness of the mind's adventure
To tear the hypnosis away from your eyes and dare to see for yourself what you see and dare to speak what you see and then to surely be in trouble with the authorities.
The authorities!
Die behorde! Die behorde!
The authorities-who would deny my power to put together the absolute puzzle.
Come lunch with the monster!
Let's eat the authorities who would burn you for telling them the sun was the center of the solar system who would burn you for telling them they did not exist.
The robot eyed authorities who would dogmatise freedom.
They would harness the atom
And place a chastity belt around every erring imagination.
When in the ring of the moment,
Every atom is its own authority no matter what moronic democratic vote Takes place.
The Authorities.

I have always been in trouble with them.
Whether they held the Bible in the air
And condemned me in the name
of their bullshit god of love,
I was in trouble with them.
Whether six stripes
on their khaki uniforms
or a star
on their shoulder,
I was in trouble with them.
Even when they were the
King of Heaven
or

The King of Hell

I was in trouble with them.
Always with my fist in the air
Challenging, Questioning, Analyzing.
Challenging! Challenging!
Challenging! Challenging!
Challenging! Challenging!
Challenging! Challenging!
Challenging! Challenging!
Challenging! Challenging!
in the volcanic atomic - explosion
of every fucking moment.
One and one is not two!
There is no such thing as death!
The senses are liars!
There is no past, present, or future!
Nothing exists. No one exists!
OH take me into this anarchic dance
of freedom at every sparking moment.
Take me into this heaven of free expression
where I even challenge my own non existent self.
There is no authority.
There are no authorities!
There is no authority!!
There is no authority!!!
There are no authorities!!!!
There are no authorities!!!!
There are no authorities!!!
There are no authorities!!!
There are no authorities!!!!
There are no authorities!!!!
There is no authority!!!!
There are no authorities!!!!

2. WHITE FROM BLACK

There was once a time
When all humans were black.
It was a time
Before humans knew the cold North.
Being on the belly of the Earth,
Where the shouting rivers
Brought word of cooler places.
And after arriving in the North,
It was the snow
That turned the black man white,
And the cold tinged him pink,
But his blood stayed blue
Binding him to the past.
I have been with a black woman,

And I stepped onto my skins touch.
Like the Sun
Melting the snow.
Like the snow
Cooling the Sun
But more,
Like the Sun boiling, boiling the snow!
There was once a time when all humans were black!
There was once a time when all humans were black!
There was once a time when all humans were black!
There was once a time when all humans were black!

3. SON OF A BITCH FROM THE NORTH

With a bag of sticks on her back.
Up the Guatemalan mountains
In her blue faded dress.
The old man was in front of her
With his bag of sticks.
And the vegetation changed
From bananas to christmas trees.
Que no nos caen
Las bombas de los *gringos.
Ojala, que no nos caen
Las bombas de los gringos.
Me puedo ouidar Bien..
Cuida los hijos
Porque los gringos
Van a mandar
Las Contras contra nosotros
Y nos van a matar!
Que no nos caen las bombas de los gringos!
Que no nos caen las bombas de los gringos!
Bomb their ports!
Send those fucken' guerillas in
And blow that fucken'
Sandinista motherfucker away!
Blow that motherfucker away!
Blow that motherfucker away!
Blow that motherfucker away!
All children shall run into
The ditches and hide,
When the gringo's planes come.
When the gringo's planes come,
Hide!
The gringo - The man from the North.

The man, the man, the man from the North!
Gringo! Hijo de la chingada! (Son of a bitch!)
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Son of a bitch from the North!
Cuida de la chingada del gringo.
(Be careful of the gringo's evil.)
Be careful of the gringo from the North.
He comes to kill.
He comes to kill us.
He comes to kill us!
He comes!
He gives money to kill us!
He gives money to kill us!
Hijo de la chingada del Norte!
(Son of a bitch from the North!)
Hijo de la chingada del Norte!
Hijo de la chingada del Norte!
Hijo de la chingada del Norte!
He comes to kill us!
Vienen los gringos!
The gringos are coming!
Kill them!
Kill them!
Burn the earth. Make a shining path. Kirwan
Kill them when they come.
Kill them.
Kill them.
When they come,
Shoot them dead.
Let them send them back in caskets.
Gringos!
Vienen los gringos!
Los gringos!
Los gringos!
Vienen los gringos!
Vienen los gringos!

