



ADA VEEN

HELLELUJAH

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Ada Veen

Hallelujah

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Аннотация

Hallelujah is an anthem of Love and Death, that don't exist without each other. If you translate this text into the music language, it will be like dark jazz and post-punk. If you don't feel music and take personally everything concerned with religion – this book is not for you. It is for those who can sacrifice and love and who thinks that these are the same things.

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Ada Veen

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In A Middle Of Somewhere

In a middle of somewhere, in a middle of nowhere. What is nowhere? My bed is sinking in dark water. I close my eyes. I feel sick. I'm obviously sick. Your charges, my changes. Apologize, another vice. Sinking, sinking. Thinking, thinking. Dying, dying. Darling, darling.

Let there be shadow. Let there be light. Grief, come to me. Take me, save me. Sing the forgotten song. Nowhere is a place where you'll never feel the pain anymore.

Not hallelujah, but hellelujah. I'm not looking for redemption. Sinking, sinning. You taught me that, and what you've done? You taught me that, and took my hand, and pull me deeply down. You freak me out, you turn me in I never could imagine; religion in this region never be a heartfelt action.

Timebomb. Crush. Burst. Everything you love will be buried under the fabric of the time. Don't get attached to your home and things you keep so aflutter. It all will be deprived, will be never revived, and ruined with glitter and clutter. Don't touch our souls, we already know that Love is a friend of Death; sweet spasm is divine – red wine and I whine, I hear just your breath – and mine. Don't think I'm afraid; you know I was made of strongest shatterproof glass. You live for a jazz, for kicking against and sleeping with prettiest lass.

The freedom is holding and squeezing my chest, can't say

I know what to do. I've been so light-minded, I've lost the last chance for living and dying too. My wishes are sinking in dangerous stream and never will rise again, and even the most terrifying dream is better than anguished span.

Dark, dark water. The happiest people are those who got nothing. Your home is a place where you're waited. At night you can hear how your life passes by. How you pass by your life. How you get lost. How kids are moaning and screaming in embrace of holy dark, how they will find home under ceiling of blackest accursed heart; how devils are breathing and grinding their nails in the tender skin, how smile on the face your mind in turns into the creepy grin; how you can lie here forever, and how you can lie in face – alive! I'm alive! – you're raving, and here comes your disgrace.

So get up and take your Bible and your artificial gun, and shoot'em all – once, and double – now devils are fully gone.

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen! Thank you a lot for your attention, now our troupe have to say goodbye, but we love you, we love everybody in this hall, yes, we do – and do you know that in a one language the word “troupe” means “corpse”, do you find it funny? Now we're going away with the sounds of Kalman, our ballerina's dead, our clown turned into a maniac, following the classical script – do you find it funny? Sure, we have a blind musician, and the cleaner pushes him into the lions' cage, but he's alright, ladies and gentlemen, he's alright.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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