

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

# KONFRONTACE

SPORTOVNÍ HALA SLAVIE • EDEN 17. ČERVNA 1989 OD 17,30H.

**PŮLNOC / CS /**  
**COPERNICUS / USA /**  
**GARÁŽ / CS /**  
**THE BLECH / NSR /**



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# COPERNICUS

## LIVE! In Prague

Praha Slavia Stadium, June 17, 1989



## 1. 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 watched our 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 cuidar 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!



I walked in Cannes  
In the wintertime,  
And I walked in my mind  
In a thousand worlds.  
Kiss me now.  
Don't let me measure this moment  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money.  
Don't let me ever measure my life  
In terms of money.  
I have enough love.  
I have my soul.  
I have what I am!  
Don't let me measure my life  
In terms of money!  
Don't let me measure my life

He He Hah!  
Kajuraho sings a silent song  
Screaming with its own blue village  
Walked . . . slowly . . .  
Where the rocks hang loose  
Screaming into their own mirror  
Mirror onto Athens' dream  
Athens on a long side  
Uxmal embellishing the dream  
Uxmal . . . Ha! Ha!  
Tuen me song  
Monte Alban whistling with its gold. HA HA!  
Chichen Itza lying into the song of nevermore  
Lying into the song of the song. HA. HA.  
Tula! Huh! Huh! Tula! HA!  
Walking where the pillars could only dream.  
Melody in its own force.  
Walk where the lack of ruins could  
no longer be seen.  
Dakar on the sound of the throne  
Throne where the village beat  
Splashed upon its own boat  
The boat to the end of nevermore  
Nevermore onto its own grip  
The old Dutch and the sound of the Portuguese  
The sound of the Portuguese and the sound  
of the Dutch  
The sound of the English. HA! HA!  
English Dutche! English Dutche!  
English Dutche!  
English Dutche! Song here  
Take me gold mind.  
Talk with Zimbabwe  
Long with my own lord  
Lord in my own prayer  
Where the mirror reflects the visions of  
nevermore  
And the ashtrays of the songs

Toss their ashes into the sea  
 And the sea laughs like a fool  
 And wise men learn their own trick  
 But wise men never hear the song  
 Wise men never sad the note  
 Wise men never see chohen-tza HA HA!  
 No! No! take me song  
 I walked into the song. I walked. HA HA!  
 Ephesus holding all the old dinosaurs  
 Ah! Ha! Pillars of Diana - I sang that dream  
 I walk song dream  
 I walk with my long song dream.  
 My hair widening in the air  
 Song take me  
 Persopolis was grey  
 Grey in the song of not king of kings  
 And the lonely pillars yawned their note songs  
 Ahh does it wonder what song would be?  
 Aaaa what song be - sips here  
 Return the song!  
 Visions where the old song would prayer  
 Aaaaah aaaaah I'm no longer free.  
 I see the song.  
 The song walked upon Machu Picchu  
 Turned me into my dance, man.  
 Sing me the song and dream. Huh.  
 Dream where the valley no longer sees.  
 Heh! Heh!  
 Heh heh huh! La Piramide de la Luna!  
 Heh heh huh! Huh! El Valle de Mexico!  
 Huh! Huh!  
 We are not alone here! Uh Huh huh Huh! No!  
 We sung these songs before! Huh Huh Hah!  
 We are not alone here!  
 We are not alone here!  
 And now it's my turn  
 To curl my tongue into my song!  
 And let the vision of the old tones - walk  
 Huh! Huh huh!  
 I sweat songs.  
 I sweat dreams - the microscopic flames  
 - song atoms  
 electrons. HA HA  
 Read the other book song  
 Read the other book song  
 When the corn seed was green  
 And the old song sounded like the  
 Pillaging choir of the Viking's dream  
 Light my tone!  
 Hung with my heart sung dry!  
 Heart with my heart felt!

With all that I could see!  
And all that I could stand!  
Heart song! Hold on to the living soul!  
Hold on to the soul!  
Hold on to the pulse of life!  
Hold on to the vision!  
Hold on in life!  
Heart where the bones dry!  
Be a lone dry!  
Living here!  
Aaaaah! Aaaaahaah! I don't exist!  
Hey Elvis! Hey Elvis! Hey Elvis! Huh Huh  
Huh! Elvis!  
Elvis!  
Elvis!  
Elvis! Elvis! Elvis!  
elvis!  
elvis! elvis!  
elvis!  
What did you say about rock n' roll?  
I didn't know nothin' til I sang rock n' roll.  
Hold on.  
Elvis! How are we doin'?  
I can't help falling in love with you.  
You ain't nothin' but a hounddog.  
But I can't help falling in love with you.

## 7 BACTERIA

From the atoms came the bacteria.  
And humans are the descendants of the bacteria.  
And humans are the descendants of the bacteria.  
The forefathers of humanity were bacterial.  
Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!  
When bacteria dominated the Earth and  
there were no humans!  
The Pope is descended from bacteria!  
Ronald Reagan is descended from bacteria!  
Bruce Springsteen is descended from bacteria!  
Mikhail Gorbachev is descended from bacteria!  
Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!  
Buddha was descended from bacteria!  
Moses was descended from bacteria!  
Jesus Christ was descended from bacteria!  
Mohammed was descended from bacteria!  
Copernicus does not exist,  
therefore he could never descend!  
Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!  
When bacteria dominated the Earth  
and there were no humans.



## 8. NAGASAKI

I'm a Neanderthal man.  
You're a Neanderthal girl.  
Let's make Neanderthal love  
in this post human world.  
Nagasaki! Hiroshima!  
The atomic bomb  
is  
this size.  
Nagasaki! Hiroshima!  
No rock song can  
tell this story.  
Walk out!  
Walk out with your fucken two cents.  
I say walk away with your fucken two cents.  
Power walks on to its own dream.  
Power is  
power! Power is  
power!  
Power walks in the law!  
Power walks in the  
law!  
Moogy moog.  
I'm not here!  
No one is here!  
The sound of existence has disappeared  
in its own reality.  
Death does not exist!  
Birth does not  
exist!  
Life does not exist!  
Copernicus does not  
exist!  
The Earth does not exist!  
Max's Kansas City  
does not  
exist.  
Do you think that your poor applause  
is going to change  
things?  
Do you think that the claps  
of your poor lips  
upon your poor chest  
is going to change  
the structure of the  
atom?  
The fall of the electron  
in its own proton.  
Protons kissing neutrons.  
Watching the electron.

walk upon its own  
ring  
turning into its own heart.  
Feeling the ultimate sense  
of reality.  
Turned into its own smoke.  
Kissing and rolling  
in harmony  
to the old dance of life.  
The dance of the song  
that drove the dream.  
That drove the harmony  
of peace  
And the peace walked in  
peace.  
For within the power of the  
proton  
and  
in the power of the neutron  
and  
in the electricity of the  
electron,  
there is peace.  
There is peace.  
There is harmony.  
Sway with that harmony.  
Let your body loose.  
Feel that harmony.

## 9. BLOOD

The sea,  
the mother of the dream.  
The kiss that could never be.  
And all those twisted dreams,  
when Copernicus could move,  
walked into the sweat  
like God song.  
Like turn.  
Like a melody.  
Walk me now.  
You know.  
It's not that emotional when you understand.  
When you understand, it's peace.  
Peace.  
It's peace. It's peace.  
It's just the ignorance that  
makes all the static.  
It's just the ignorance that  
makes all the static.

## Take me now.

It's just the ignorance that  
makes all the static.  
It's just the ignorance that  
creates all the blood.  
It's just the ignorance that  
creates all the blood!  
It's just the ignorance that  
creates all the blood!!  
It's just the ignorance that  
creates all the blood!!!  
All the blood!!! All the blood!!!  
All the blood!!! All the blood!!!  
All the blood! Blood! Blood!  
Blood!! Blood!! Blood!!! Blood!!!  
Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!  
Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!  
Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!! Blood!!!

## 10. THEY OWN EVERYTHING.

Yes. They control  
You.  
They control  
You  
And  
You're  
Their  
Slaves.  
You run your  
Ass  
Off into the  
Subway, man,  
to get to your  
job.  
'Cause you  
Want to  
Buy a  
Coat  
Or a  
House.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
Brother.

Black brother,  
Pink brother,  
Yellow, blue and  
You.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything.  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
You.  
They own everything!  
Everything!  
In Russia!  
In America!  
In France!  
In South Africa!  
They own everything!  
They own everything!  
They own the  
property.  
They own the  
TV stations.  
They own the  
Radio stations.  
They own the  
Musicians.  
They own the  
Artists.  
They own everything!  
They own everything.  
They own everything.

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created by Copernicus.

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**COPERNICUS lead vocals, lyrics**  
**LARRY KIRWAN** keyboards, guitar, vocals  
**MIKE FAZIO** guitar  
**THOMAS HAMLIN** drums  
**DAVE CONRAD** bass