

PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

27 JANUARY 2005

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Part III

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Show & Tell

[WAKE UP!]

I get up at five AM and...
We hopped a plane to Tokyo then...
Hit downtown at midnight thinking...
Just three days. Tonight we'll try to make the most of it.

Karaoke bars and sake.
Six of us to split the bill then...
Tone deaf drunks, just one more round and...
Three AM—we'll pay for it tomorrow anyway.

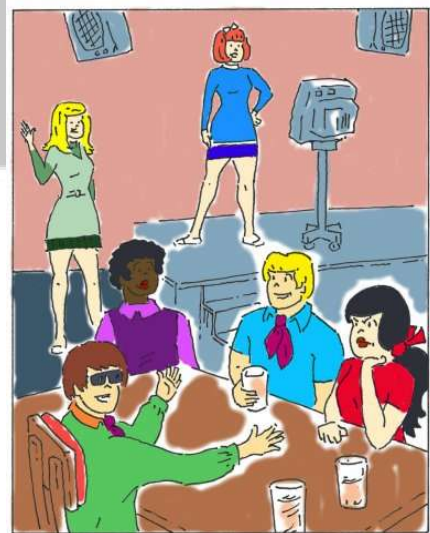
One room for our amps and mixers.
Lock the doors and freak the neighbors.
Play till five then pass out on the...
Monday's done but still my head is buzzing.

The conference starts on Tuesday evening.
See what SETI's * been receiving.
Maybe like a message from some...
Maybe we can write a song about it.

Geeks bum rush the conference floor and...
All the networks fill the room with...
Who's that guy back in the shadows?
Never mind that now: the show's beginning.

(* - Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence)

[THE CONFERENCE SWELLS INTO CHAOS WHEN THE BIG ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE, AS THE ATTENDEES EXIT INTO THE STREETS OF TOKYO OUR HEROES GET LOST ...]



In This Crowd

Thinking—
Today our lives changed
The crowd kept pressing
We were lost.

Maybe—
We're not the only
A hand receding
Into space.

[...AND THEN GET SEPARATED...]

Later—
Back at the hotel
We're on the news now
In the bar.

Slowly—
The signals reach us
Now we're the Martians
In this crowd.

Everything changes in this crowd.
The skies have opened for us now.
I can't remember of a time
When we were just the only...

Everything changes in this crowd.
The feedback blocks us from our fears.
But are we different than the days
When we were young and lonely?

No One Receiving

[AS THE FINAL DRINKS ARE Poured LATE INTO THE EVENING, SOME ARE AFFLICTED BY PARANOID DELUSIONS OF MIND CONTROL DEVICES MORE COMPELLING THAN THEIR MUSIC COULD EVER BE]

As I drop from sleep
Evening drops away
Signals in the sky
Seep into my brain.

A spectrum reflects from the surfaces,
Music spinning but who's receiving our messages?

Signals from the Earth
No one receiving...

No one can understand what we're saying—
No one can understand what we're saying—
No one can understand what we're saying.

Resonance I

Last night we got it, we got it, we got it.
Last night we got it, we got it, we got it.
They saw us on the news and were listening to our music.
So they hopped on a plane on its way to Japan.

That's right we got it, we got it, we got it.
Last night we got it, we got it, we got it.
When the conference let out, we got loud and drunk off our asses.
We all met at the bar, if I remember right.

A table at the front,
The TV tuned to us,
Resonating.

Who listened at the skies?
Who waited destiny?
Who's still waiting?

Last night we got it, we got it, we got it.
Last night we got it, we got it, we got it.
All that noise in our heads was a premonition of SETI.
There's no evil machine, just a message from space.

We heard the voices from the rooftops and highways.
We thought that no one would understand what we're saying.
Do we sign what they have? I forget just why we were waiting.
Maybe we're not the ones, maybe no one is.



A Silent Spectrum

[THEIR THREE DAYS ARE OVER AND OUR HEROES PREPARE TO RETURN HOME TO THEIR NEW LIVES AND A NEW WORLD, YET OLD CONCERNS CAN STILL SURFACE]

I hear a voice like there's a century behind us.
And if we try we'll still be standing here tomorrow.
We'll find our music
And make them listen.

Where would we be if we had never met each other?
We'd drift away like signals in the heavens.
I'm not a leader
Unless you trust yourselves.

If I could fight crime like in
Movies or a TV show
In outer space...

My friends and I would battle
Zombies with electric brains,
An evil genius,
And we'd triumph in the end.

I park the car and we stand still against the blue sky.
When we were young, we had a distant dream
together.

The words we don't say:
A silent spectrum.

Get in the car. We all can ride away together.
I hear a voice, but it was hard to leave the first time.
We'll work it out so
Forget about it.

If I could fight crime ...
We'll be together anyway
And make it as a band.
If you can trust me and
Forgive my failures.

A silent spectrum complicates
The lives we'd hoped we'd lead.
We'll work it out so
Forget about it.
Forget about it.

White Noise

[THE TRIP HOME IS DELAYED AS OUR FRIENDS MAKE AN UNSETTLING DISCOVERY...]

Up on the rooftops:
Antennae farms listening,
Messages quickening,
White noise deafening.

Maybe what we heard was not what it seemed,
Just a distant dream.

Over the highways:
Cargo traveling,
Dark machinery,
All those mysteries.

Messages above came from the Earth.
Who was tampering?

They fooled the world with aliens,
But something doesn't fit.
Why show their purpose, yet
Prolong the broadcast?

A silent spectrum radiates
Commands we never see.
But who'll survive
To tell about it
To tell about it?

[AS EVER MORE ROOFTOP TRANSCEIVERS ARE REVEALED, THE POSSIBILITY OF A SINISTER PLOT IS CONSIDERED]

Up on the rooftops:
Heroes gathering,
Signals strengthening,
White noise deafening.

We'll trace it to the source, and do what we can.
Now the show begins...



Oscillations

[OUR FRIENDS ATTEMPT TO TRIANGULATE THE SPREAD SPECTRUM TRANSCEIVERS IN ORDER TO LOCATE...]

The Source

[Part I]

Get out in the street.
In this crowd
Where no one is following.

We'll meet together at the shop that sold us our first mixers
and amps.

You know the place.

Everyone should take
Separate routes.

Go carefully. Two and three.

She said she found the source and that some agents would
be waiting for us.
But she was safe.

Dropped down—
On the pavement on your mark,
Off and running down the day.

Lost now—
Who was racing through the light?
Did we lose them on the way?



Several streets away
 Dressed as chefs
 They play the part artfully.
 Slipping out the back,
 Lose the clothes,
 And disappear. Don't look back.
 We'll joke our way through this and leave the agents
 standing far behind.
 Just wait and see.

[THUGS ARE AFTER US — VIPES]

Just there—
 As we climb the dusty stairs
 I check the alley for our friends.
 I see a man with a photograph **
 He looks like he's home free—
 I hope that I'm as lucky.

(** - see our previous issue titled The Journalist - ed.)



[Part II]

1249: gathered in the central jungles,
 Tethered to a hope, prosperity,
 Where can we go?

1312: lightning parts the startled watchers.
 Visitors before the Aztec lands,
 Bright chariots of the gods.

1325: aliens had taught the people
 Zombie mind control. They ruled the land.
 Where did they go?

1927: a baron found the super-science.
 He carried it away and passed it down
 To his grandson.

And today: an evil genius sends the signals.
 He's known as Kronenfeld. He
 must be stopped.
 He is the source.

[Part III]

Waiting, who will stop him?
 Waiting, we're the only.
 Waiting, we can work together through the danger.
 Later, signals reach us but no one receiving.
 Sunrise at the airport.
 Clothing, maps, and money.
 We know if we find him maybe we'll get lucky.
 Waiting, for the moment when we know the moment's here.

[THE TRIP HOME IS POSTPONED ONCE MORE AS THESE SIX MUSICIANS HEAD TO EUROPE TO CONFRONT KRONENFELD, BE SURE TO LISTEN TO PART III FOR THE EXCITING CONCLUSION!]



In This Video

[WAKE UP]

It came in the mail
No return address
From a quiet friend
Or loud enemy.

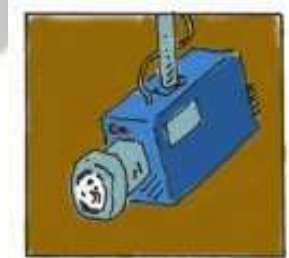
So we open it
So we've got a plan
Can't be much to see
Why'd we open it?

That was yesterday
See, my shirt's the same
Pack your clothes right now
We must get away.

Wait I know that face
He was in Japan
Back in Tokyo
We must get away.

Then the image blurs
But we know the scene
She's an open book
With one frightened page.

It was in this video
It was in this video
God, I'm freaking out
This can't be happening
It was in this video
It was in this video...
Clothes, keys, car, road...



Elsewhere

The road refracts the light like a prism,
And our faces reflect the night.
As she drops out of her sleep,
The rest of the evening drops away.



The six of us drive on, cross the border,
Crossing off possibilities.
What were we thinking before?
There's nowhere for us to turn today.

Two hands are on the wheel with a purpose,
As we work out a strategy.
Maybe it will work out, but I doubt it, maybe...

As Europe greets the dawn like a goddess,
Unaware there's a beast within,
I can't remember a time.
As long as our spirits hold, we're safe.

The lines reflect the light like a prison,
And our minds dwell on everything.
Maybe if we wanted, what we wanted, maybe...

Elsewhere, these songs of ours would be on the street
Not in cards and letters.

Elsewhere, you and I would go hand in hand
And we'd stay together.

So we're running out, and only a miracle can save the world.
Don't falter with doubt. As long as our spirits hold, we'll not get caught.
Or else where would we be? We've no sign of Kronenfeld or his machines.
But we're running out, and only a miracle will save the world.

Resonance II

I don't want a TV show,
I don't want a spin off,
I don't want movie rights,
I don't want a love affair,
I don't want sidekicks,
I just want the band.

Last night they caught us, they caught us, they caught us.
Last night they caught us, they caught us, they caught us.
We got taken away and they didn't give any warning,
We were caught by surprise, and they took us to...

Our minds were weary, from the driving, and the highway.
I hit the pedal, shot the corner, we got it.
They ran us off the road, and the gravel scattered like ashes.
Maybe we can't escape. Maybe no one can.

Don't say those last goodbyes.
Don't think we've met our end.
We'll go down fighting.

Last night they caught us, they caught us, they caught us.
Last night they caught us, they caught us, they caught us.
We got knocked off the page but at least we landed together.
Maybe we never knew what we wanted at all.

The Wire

[KRONENFELD'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND IN CENTRAL EUROPE, A CELL]

The guards are by every hour,
We know we've got that time to plan.
We'll find the main broadcast tower,
Then signal help from FM friends.

High above in the silence of the skies
There's a signal for everyone.
For the lives that we'd hoped that we'd lead...

With footsteps finally fading
We're through the air shaft one by one.
Through tunnels to the courtyard
To scramble past the sleeping guard.

A siren sounds behind us
But we know that the moment's here.

[FLIGHT]



It almost worked out, but as we approach the tower the guards arrive.
I point to the wall, and five of us make it through an opening.
It's down to the wire—he's trapped all alone in there with Kronenfeld.

"I ran down the hallway
Where cables crossed the concrete floor,
Then tripped on the wire
And feedback shot like semaphore."

"I tripped on the wire.
I tripped on the wire."

It's been a week since we were
Rescued from the evil lair.
What will we do now?

Maybe we'll write a song
About a band of meddling kids
Who face a madman,
And they'll triumph in the end.

[END]

