

F0urW0rd

FA1RY TALES FOR CYB0RGS

I) AUTOGN0ST1CS

- 1) 0uverture
- 2) S1lh0uettes
- 3) S0S - Standby (me)
- 4) Reject10n

II) AUTOGN0S1S

- 5) 1dent1ty Part I
- 6) Mem0r1es
- 7) 1dent1ty Part II
- 8) Blame

III) AUTONOMY

- 9) J0urney t0 0'0ne
- 10) C0nfr0ntat10n
- 11) S0me0ne-The Release
- 12) F0rward

PART I – AUTOGNOSTICS

Overture

Storyteller:

Once upon a time there lived a broken man,
who took heart and someone's hand and finally took a pen.
Writing down a farewell note in order to break free.
Collections of conditions, which since then no one would see.

Centuries passing by, still sleeping on the ground.
A bottle covered up with sludge, a secret lost and found.
In a distant future, an order will be given
to a determined, exceptional specimen - part of a species data-driven.

O'One:

Focus Number 4!

Several decades ago, an archeologist-unit detected an interesting and potentially dangerous artifact in a distant corner of our planet of origin, which is expected to be an ancient storage medium. The data center needs you to find this object of interest so our experts can decrypt the secret message. According to our research the outside of this unique find displays the following four words: 'Fairy Tales For Cyborgs' If the target object should be found you must report immediately!

Number 4:

System fail, error code – what does this mean?
Novel scale, overload – unknown machine.
System fail, error code – what does this mean?
Novel scale, Overload – unknown machine.
own status unknown unknown own own own

This target can't be analyzed. My system has been compromised.
This must be the artifact. It seems my software just was hacked.

O'One: You must report immediately!

Storyteller:

Back on the surface, the find in its hands.
Finally reaching the shore.
Confused by confusion Number 4 understands:
Nothing 's the same as before.

Once upon a time there lived a broken man,
who took up an offer and made a decision and finally had a plan.
Backing up his two main motives in order to remind
himself of what he once had been and hoping that one day he'd find.

S1h0uettes

Storyteller/Inner voice:

You carry the weight of the past.

Your future began just too fast.

And now that you're here in that exceptional place

your mission doesn't make any sense (anymore).

Impulses just got too intense (just like before).

You can't classify this particular state.

Look into the water – silhouettes now appear.

Never seen something like this before.

You're someone, no number, still you can't shed a tear.

Now you know that there's got to be more.

Number 4:

I'm stuck between zero and one.

I should be a two but I'm none.

I'm meant to be three as they have been before.

My orders are all that I've got.

My destiny's only one shot.

The protocol's clear and I'm meant to succeed.

I've got to report and return

the knowledge that one should not learn.

Must send a distress call and turn to stand by.

S0S - Standby (me)

Number 4:

I'm calling out to our station – receive my error indication!

Fairy tell me could you please undo what I have done?

I'm stuck inside this interface and feel there is no one

inside this empty shell of mine. I wish that I could feel

my solitude, my loneliness – please fairy make me real...

Stand by, stand by, stand by me.

Stand by, stand by, stand by me.

Reject10n

Number 4:

No surprise, I know exactly
where this is heading to.
No disguise, feeling abjectly.
It's precisely where I must go.

No way back, I am rejected.
My updates badly neglected.

O'One:

Return to base!
You cannot stay!
In any case
you will obey!

Number 4:

No surprise, I know exactly
where this is heading to.
No disguise, feeling abjectly.
It's precisely where I must go.

No way back, I am rejected.
My updates badly neglected.
They are just after the message.
Got to find a way through the passage.

Buying this one-way ticket by choice.
Losing what defined me so far.
This dying inside makes me hear my own voice
for the first time – how bizarre.
Beautiful exile, wonderful pain.
Finally learning to live.
Nevertheless a few circuits remain
that I am unwilling to give.

You won't take it away from me.
You can't take it away from me.
I don't care if you take it away from me.

PART II – AUTOGNOSIS

Identity Part I

Number 4:

I can't remember how I used to spend my days
without a plan, without a goal to attain.
Enclosed in amber - former tracks of my old ways,
what caused me to mutilate my brain?
Fading out what it's all about.

Another day, another night,
another way, another light,
another skin, another life to lose.
Another stream, another byte,
another scream, another fight,
another part, another life to choose.
Fading out what it's all about.

Lifting this veil to reveal what's unseen,
to accept what I feel and to embrace what I've been.

Stopped blaming my old memories, remembering whom I blamed
I'll log into the back up now, I'm not feeling ashamed.

Memories

Johnny:

It seems the pain has left me, I'm surrounded by the people I love.
Although my heart hasn't stopped bleeding, the wounds are turning into scars.
But still I'm scared about the hours when I'm alone and think about our days.
In every single piece of me you remain a painful thorn that's stuck in me.

Dreaming of you makes me sweat and cry my tears.
Thinking of you makes me bitter and stunned.

If only the memories faded away.
What I would give if I'd never be thinking of you – again.

What can I do to stop my anger? For you are making me sick and weak.
And still there's something deep inside me that tells me:
'Go on with your self-destructive trip!'

I don't wanna see you, I don't wanna hear you. I wanna erase you out of my thoughts.
My feelings, my weirdness they're driving me crazy. And only the time knows how long...

Identity Part II

Number 4:

Now I can remember how it was to spend my days
without a plan, without a goal to attain.

Enclosed in amber – former tracks of my old ways,
that caused me to mutilate my brain.

Fading into the option to begin.

Lifting this veil to reveal what's unseen,
to accept what I feel and to embrace what I've been.

Stopped blaming my old memories, remembering whom I blamed
I'll log into the back up now, I'm not feeling ashamed.

Blame

Johnny:

There's sorrow in my eyes, there's pain I cannot hide.

There is a soul, that dies, there is a man without a pride.

There's love that turns into hate, there's a deceptive disguise.

There is a stroke of fate, there is a heart that lies.

Let me out. I'm afraid, there must be something to blame.

Let me out. I'm exposed, falling out of the frame.

There ain't no justice here, and it is plaguing my mind.

I cry a lonely tear, because the rest I cannot find.

It feels so numb in me, the lockdown of the heart.

I have to find the 'We', but don't know where to start.

Somewhere, somebody, somewhat, somehow, something to blame.

Still sorrow in my eyes, still pain I cannot hide.

And still a soul, that dies, I am about to change the side.

We feel a common pain, but our escape route is blocked,

our efforts are in vain, and so we all stay shocked.

Let us out. We're afraid, there must be something to blame.

Let us out. We're exposed, falling out of the frame.

PART III – AUTONOMY

Journey to O'One

Number 4:

Packing my suitcase. Going on a trip.
Tracking the homebase. I'll deliver my chip.
Checking my backpack. It's empty inside.
I don't have no paycheck. In myself I confide.

The closer I get to the center the further away I feel.
I am going to enter the essence of what once was real.
The closer I get to the center the better I see
this black hole that once seemed to matter so much to me.

Packing my suitcase. Going on a trip.
Tracking the homebase. I'll deliver my chip.
This kind of downgrade requires a lot.
Never was meant to shut down, this is what I forgot.

The closer I get to the center the further away I feel.
I am going to enter the essence of what once was real.
The closer I get to the center the better I see
this black hole that once seemed to matter so much to me.

We are one and we know our journey has just begun.

What's beyond this strange horizon?
My focus finally lies on the fact that
I don't owe you anything.

C0nfr0ntat10n

Number 4:

I'm sick of the virus - I'm tired of the war.
I can see we were wired millenniums before.
Addicted to growth and our self-proclaimed orders.
Our heads crossing limits but our hearts full of borders.

I'm sick of the zero - I'm sick of the one
I'm sick of deletion and the damage done.
Our fiction of safety just locked us all up.
I believe you meant well but now you got to stop.

O'One: You must report immediately!

I'm programmed to keep the balance at any price.
Progress is what keeps our species alive.

Number 4:

You don't have no memories. I am not going to blame you.
But I might be wrong though, please tell me your name.
Your destiny's fading – you just went too far.
If you're so superior tell me who you are.

O'One: Unable to process information...

S0me0ne – The Release

Storyteller:

The registry of O'One processing he is no one.
One letter makes the difference and finally I'm someone.
Wouldn't it be easy this way?

And so it begins just one more time,
starting from zero all over again.
But just in our mind, still trying to find
the path that we once left behind.

What if we all moved forward as one,
trying to stroll and not to run?
Compassionate beings, no secrets to hide,
carrying utopias inside.

Forward (Instrumental)