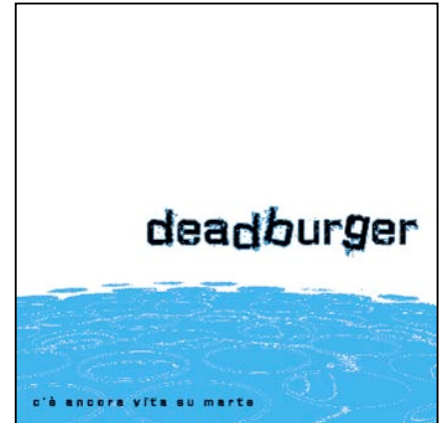


DEADBURGER: "C'è Ancora Vita Su Marte" ("There Is Still Life On Mars")

English translations (lyrics, credits, notes)

- track 1 **PERMAFROST**
- track 2 **COME HO FATTO A FINIRE IN QUESTO DESERTO**
- track 3 **PERSONAL TITANIC**
- track 4 **UTILE IDIOTA**
- track 5 **MAGNESIO**
- track 6 **UN LUOGO DOVE NON SONO MAI STATO**
- track 7 **AMBER**
- track 8 **ISTRUZIONI PER L'USO DELLA SIGNORINA RICHMOND**
- track 9 **I VERI UOMINI STANNO A CHIETI**
- track 10 **SEDNA**
- track 11 **S.B.S. (Sandro Bondi Syndrome)**
- track 12 **NIBOR DOOH**
- track 13 **VIRUS INC.**
- track 14 **COSE CHE SI ROMPONO**
- track 15 **COME TAGLIARE LE MANI A UN FANTASMA**
- track 16 **DEPOSITO 423**
- track 17 **ANCHE I BOCCONIANI HANNO COMINCIATO DA PICCOLI**
- track 18 **WORMHOLE**
- track 19 **C'E' ANCORA VITA SU MARTE**
- track 20 **IL CICLO R.E.M. DI UNA CITTA' STANCA (1)**
- track 21 **IL CICLO R.E.M. DI UNA CITTA' STANCA (2)**
- track 22 **STILL LIFE**



Due to graphic designer in acid, the tracklist on CD's back cover inverts titles of tracks 11 and 12.

Track 1 PERMAFROST (1.18)

music: Vittorio Nistri

Vittorio Nistri: sampler, synth, soundscapes

Track 2 HOW DID I END UP IN THIS DESERT? (2.52)

Music: Simone Tilli- Vittorio Nistri

Lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

voglio ricontrollare i miei strumenti

I want to check my instruments

devo ricostruire i miei spostamenti

I have to reconstruct my movements

afferrare il senso degli ultimi eventi

I have to make sense of the last events

la ragione mi dice che non sono perso, ma:

My reason tells me I'm not lost, but:

se tutto è sotto controllo,
cos'è questo deserto?

**If everything is under control,
what is this desert?**

come ho fatto a finire
in questo deserto?

**How did I end up
in this desert?**

IO SO CHI SONO
SO DOVE SONO

**I KNOW WHO I AM
I KNOW WHERE I AM**

come ho fatto a finire
in questo deserto?

**How did I end up
in this desert?**

Simone Tilli: filtered guitar, vocals

Vittorio Nistri: filters, vocoder, synthesizer, loops, samples, electronic percussions

Alessandro Casini: fuzz guitar

Carlo Sciannameo: bass

Lorenzo Moretto: drums

The final vocal sample that repeats "I don't know" in various languages has been sampled from a performance by Ben Vautier.

Track 3 PERSONAL TITANIC (2.08)

music: Vittorio Nistri-Simone Tilli

lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

SCREENPLAY FOR THE VIDEO WE'LL NEVER REALIZE. A band of monkeys is trying to climb onto a pier, while the forest is burning behind them. The ropes tying the ship to the moor don't allow all of them to climb onto the ship together. Each screaming monkey tries to beat the others to the ship and in the process scratches and bits friends, parents, relatives. Bitten ears, scratched-out eyes, lacerated testicles. The animals finally make it on board, bruised and mutilated, and let out of scream of triumph. To their backs, the spectator can see on the lifeboats the ship's name: The Titanic.

che non ci sia
nessuno al mondo
che morirebbe per me

That there may not be
anyone in the world who
would die for me

è una cosa
che non mi sorprende
è lo stesso per me

Is something that
does not surprise me,
it is the same for me

farei qualunque cosa
per non scendere giù
darei il tuo cuore ai cani
per restare quassù

I would do anything
do not go down
I would give your heart to the dogs
to stay up here

pianto le unghie
dentro il metallo
e stringo forte
come chi non ha un domani

I will dig my nails
into the metal
and grip tight
like someone without a tomorrow

quello che chiedo
al mio Titanic
è liquefarmi
tra veline scimmie e nani

I ask
my Titanic
to liquefy me
among monkeys, showgirls and dwarfs*

nel mio Personal Titanic
sul mio Personal Titanic
per il mio Personal Titanic

in my personal Titanic
on my personal Titanic
for my personal Titanic

ora mi avvolgo
nella mia placenta
e mi dispiace per chi

Now I'll wrap myself
in my placenta
and I am sorry for who

rimarrà a terra
ma posso farne senza
io faccio squadra con me

will stay ashore
but I can stay without them
I am a team with myself.

rivenderò i miei anni
per non scendere giù
li darò in pasto ai cani
per restare quassù

I will sell my years
to not go down
I'll feed them to the dogs
to stay up here

abbraccio il cromo
del mio Titanic
morire mentre dormo
è il mio programma per domani

I'll hug the chrome
on my Titanic
my programme
for tomorrow
is to die while I sleep

* **"Showgirls and dwarfs"** is an expression used here in Italy to point out the peculiarly bad taste of both TV programs and political conventions, during the Berlusconi Age

- Simone Tilli: vocals and trumpet
- Vittorio Nistri: loops, synthesizer, sampled noisy guitars
- Alessandro Casini: guitar
- Carlo Sciannameo: bass
- Lorenzo Moretto: drums



Track 4 USEFUL IDIOT (2.08)

music: Vittorio Nistri-Simone Tilli

lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

lieve il veleno
ti ricompenserà**The poison gently
will reward you**labbra di cane
ulcera
di fedeltà**Doggie lips
Ulcer
of fidelity**ringrazierai
l'assenza di
sincerità**You will thank
the lack
of sincerity**si usa e si getta
l'utile idiota
esprimendogli
solidarietà**People use and throw away
the useful idiot
expressing
solidarity to him**verrà il momento
di dirsi
la verità**The moment comes
to tell
the truth**di tirare le somme
e contare
chi resterà**Taking everything into account
and counting
who's going to stand by you**la convenienza
è una ferita
che non guarirà**Convenience
is a wound
that won't heal***Simone Tilli: vocals**Vittorio Nistri: loops, synthesizer, electronic percussions**Alessandro Casini: e-bow guitar**Carlo Sciannameo: bass**Lorenzo Moretto: drums*ma l'utile idiota
non sente male
perché gli occhi
ha chiuso già**But the useful idiot
doesn't feel pain
because his eyes
are already closed****Track 5 MAGNESIUM (3.35)**

music: Vittorio Nistri - Simone Tilli

The lyrics are from a poem by Giuliano Mesa, one of the greatest Italian contemporary poets

si riaccende il magnesio
un'insetto sfrigola
sulla fiamma ossidricathe magnesium relights
an insect sizzles on
the oxyhydrogen flamepolvere di cheratina intorno
dove si protende
l'ombra di mani che
cercano e chiamanoa keratin powder around
where the shadow of the hand
stretches out
and searches and callssullo schermo turbina
un pulviscolo grigio sangue
in loopon the screen
a gray-blood dust is whirling
in a loopadesso dentro e fuori
tutto diventa fermo
una scossa dopo l'altra
fermonow in, now out
everything becomes still
one tremor after another
stilla scatti il muscolo
l'osso risuonano
nella voltain the vault, the muscle
and the bone jerkcome dei passi che vengono
prima distanti e poi
nello schermo
in looplike steps,
at first distant first, and then
a loop in the screenl'immagine esplode e ricomincia
ripercorre all'indietro la sequenzaan image explodes, then starts again
it plays backwards the whole sequencee si guarda l'immagine che si ripete
poi si guarda lo sguardo che si ripete
fino a che non c'è più inizio o fineand we look at the repeating image
and then we look at the repeating stare
until there is no end and no beginning

finchè non c'è più inizio o fine

until there is no end and no beginning

*Simone Tilli: vocals**Vittorio Nistri: loops, Hammond,
sampler**Alessandro Casini: guitar**Carlo Sciannameo: bass**Lorenzo Moretto: drums**Jacopo Andreini: alto sax**(Jacopo's improvisation has been
blended with samples from Sun Ra
Arkestra)*

Track 6 A PLACE WHERE I HAVE NEVER BEEN (1.34)

music: Alessandro Casini-Vittorio Nistri

Alessandro Casini: five-chord bass, guitar

Vittorio Nistri: sampler

Alessandro Bosco: saxophones

Track 7 AMBER (3.21)

music: Carlo Scianameo-Vittorio Nistri-Simone Tilli

lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

The first phrase in this song, "Papa Legba ouvri barriè pou nous passer," is the opening chant in Voodoo rituals that stir up the spirits (the Loa). Voodoo is generally associated with Haiti, but it is widespread even in Nigeria.

The Amber of our story (a Nigerian name which means "jewel") is an illegal African immigrant, living in one of our big cities. By day, she endures every sort of harsh treatments and humiliations (like Audrey Tatou in "Dirty Pretty Things" by Stephen Frears), but... she has a secret that helps her go on. At night, in her basement apartment, she evens up count; she conjures up the most evil Loa, e she asks them to cause stroke, cancer, Alzheimer etc, to those who have wronged her.

(Quote from "Dirty Pretty Things"). **The doctor:** How come I've never seen you people before?

Okwe: Because we are the people you do not see. We are the ones who drive your cabs. We clean your rooms. And suck your cocks.

« Papa Legba, ouvri barriè
pou nous passer »

questo Amber dice
questo Amber sa

ed intanto traccia, lenta,
segni
di farina d'osso
e prega

che su questa città
la luna sorga
rossa

ripensa a chi
le ha fatto male oggi
per tutti ha un dono Amber
per tutti una giustizia

voglia il Loa
portare loro via
un fegato prezioso
un occhio, una trachea

arrechi loro
senilità e follia
occluda qualche vena
fiorisca malattie

questo Amber chiede, ma non sa
se funzionerà

perchè è troppo piccola
la luna
in questa città

è troppo piccola
la luna
in questa città

e nessuno ascolta

« **Papa legba, ouvri barriè
Pou nous passer** »

**Amber says this
Amber knows this**

**and in the meantime, she traces slowly
signs
in the flour
and prays**

**so that, in this city,
a red moon could rise**

**She thinks about
who hurted her today
Amber has a gift for everybody
justice for everybody**

**She asks the Loa
to take away from them
a precious liver
an eye, a trachea**

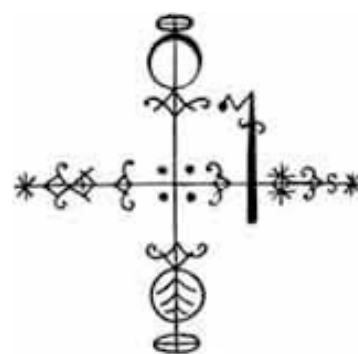
**May the Loa bring them senility
drive them to insanity
close up a vein
make the diseases bloom**

**Amber asks for this, but
she doesn't know if it is going to work**

**because, in this city,
the moon is too small**

**in this city, the moon
is too small**

and no one listens



Carlo Scianameo: bass
Simone Tilli and Paola Maria: vocals
Vittorio Nistri: loop, filterings of bass
Vincenzo Vasi: theremin

This song is constructed on a loop of double bass, on which we added just one other instrument: the electric bass (with and without fuzzbox). This was then cut/sewn/overlapped/filtered/effected/orchestrated on the computer.

This song is practically a study on the electric bass' possible electronic manipulations.

We also added to the bass (besides the vocals) just one other instrument: the theremin. We chose it not only to balance the sound (with its opposing frequencies from those of the bass) but also because it has a cinematic echo stamped on its DNA (particularly of the old B-movies like "I walked with a Zombie").

Track 8 MISS RICHMOND'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE (5.19)

music: Vittorio Nistri-Simone Tilli - Lyrics: based on a poem of the same name by Nanni Balestrini, used with permission from the author

Nettatela squamatela infilatele nel ventre
le erbe odorose fissatela allo spiedo
con un sottile filo metallico o con uno spago
umido grigliatela alla carbonella accesa

cospargetela con rosmarino e alloro
lasciatela riposare per un'ora così che
tutti gli aromi la penetrino poi scuoiatela
e pulitela tagliatela in grossi pezzi

infilzatela ben unta d'olio sullo spiedo
e praticatele qualche taglio sulla pelle
perchè non abbia a screpolarsi fatela cuocere
a fuoco moderato spruzzandola di sale

tagliatela a dadini portatela a bollire
mescolando senza interruzione cuocetela
a fuoco scoperto molto dolce per 20 minuti
colatela attraverso un setaccio sottile

ponetela in una casseruola che la contenga
appena copritela con acqua fredda e portatela
lentamente a bollire toglietela dal fuoco
e lasciatela immersa nel liquido per 10 minuti

pulitela conditela con sale e pepe
immergetela nel latte passatela nell
fatela saltare nel burro e in olio
finchè sia ben dorata da ambo le pa

ammollatela nel latte per 24 ore
immergetela infarinata nella padella
con l'olio che fuma friggetela
e sgocciolatela dorata e croccante

fondete il burro in una padella pesai
e fatevela saltare finchè sia tenera f
dorare senza che prenda troppo col
se diventa troppo asciutta
aggiungete un pò di vino

cuocetela a fuoco dolce da 45 a 60 m
è pronta quando la carne si sfalda f

illustrations
by
Makoto
Aida



Clean her, take off her scales,
Slip in some perfumed herbs in her stomach,
Tie her up with a thin metal thread or
with damp twine. Grill her on lit charcoal

Cover her with rosemary and bay leaves
Let her rest with at least an hour
So that all the flavours penetrate her,
Then skin her and coarsely cut her into pieces

Run through her a well-oiled skewer
And cut her on her skin,
So she doesn't lose her skin. Cook her
On moderate heat, sprinkling her with salt.

Cut her into cubes, bring her to a boil
Stir uninterrupted, cook her on a low
Open fire for 20 minutes
Drain her with a small colander

Lay her in a casserole that barely holds her
Cover her with cold water and bring her to a
Slow boil, remove her from the flame and let
Her rest in the liquid for 10 minutes

Clean her and dress her in salt and pepper
Immerse her in milk, shake her in flour
Fry her in butter and in oil
Until golden on both sides

Soak her in milk for 24 hours
Immerse her in the frying pan, already floured
With smoking oil, fry her
And drain her golden and crispy

Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan
Sautee her until tender
Brown her with burning
And if she dries out,
Add a little wine

Cook her on low heat for 45-60 minutes.
She's ready when the meat falls off the bone

Simone Tilli: vocals
Vittorio Nistri: loop, filters
Alessandro Casini: guitar
Nicola Vernuccio: double bass
Carlo Sciannameo: electric bass
Lorenzo Moretto: drums
Enrico Gabrielli: clarinets and flute

This song's lyrics are from a poem (used with permission from the author) by Nanni Balestrini: a true symbol of the Italian counter-culture of the 1970's. Balestrini, was, in fact, the most influential literary figure during the student protests of 1970's in Italy.

His political commitments and his involvement in the counterculture gained him many enemies. In 1979 Balestrini was accused in aiding and abetting a terrorist group (unjustly, because he has always been a supporter of non-violence); and in order to avoid going to prison he escaped to France (...by skiing across the Alps!).

In 1984 he was proved innocent from every accusation and now he lives between Rome and Paris. He is still active as a writer, publishing poetry, novels and modern music opera libretti.

The poem that we transformed into music is Balestrini's most famous. It is a hallucinated treatise about cannibalism: or better, about self-anthropophagy. Richmond has the same French pronunciation of "Riche Monde" - a rich world that devours itself.

The orchestration of the clarinets in the last part of the song tries to suggest innocence; that type of innocence that occurs right before everything falls apart - the calm before the storm. (...Glen Miller wrote "Moonlight Serenade", one of the most shining melodies ever, in 1939: right before the beginning of WWII).



Track 9 REAL MEN LIVE IN CHIETI (3.04)

music: Alessandro Casini- Vittorio Nistri

lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

i veri uomini stanno a Chieti
vegliano la città

i veri uomini stanno a Chieti
Sodoma non passerà

un bastone tra le gambe:
l'ultima
virilità

(LA GIUNTA COMUNALE INFORMA
CHE I VERI UOMINI
NON USANO VASELINA)

**Real men live in Chieti
They rule over the city**

**Real men live in Chieti
Sodom doesn't ever pass**

**A cane between the legs
The last
virility**

**(the town council announces
that real men
don't use Vaseline)**

Alessandro Casini: guitar, e-bow
Simone Tilli: vocals

Carlo Sciannameo: bass

Lorenzo Moretto: drums

The Devo, in the early 1980's, hypothesized that there would be a human regression (de-evolution). Well, their prophecy has come true. Here in Italy we have a living proof of it: a troglodytic politician named Nicola Cucullo. Cucullo has been elected mayor for three times (... people loved him!) in a small Italian city, called Chieti. Here are just a few of Chieti's mayors antics:

- He used to carry a jemmy with him at all times, using it as a weapon, and declared his satisfaction in using it against "those breaking the law".
- As an ex-fascist, he Cucullo published an autobiography in which he proclaims to be completely faithful to the fascist cause.
- He declared that Hitler has been a great politician, but it would have been better if he burned all the jewish people.
- He allowed himself to be photographed wearing a "Maschio 100%" (= "100% Male") t-shirt while dangling a zucchini from between his legs as the great vegetal penis
- During a gay-rights march in Rome in 2000 he send to Francesco Rutelli (the mayor of Rome at that time, and actually a leader of a moderately left party) an official letter on official town council letterhead stating: "Dear Rutelli, I sincerely hope that you will never set foot in Chieti again. But, in the unfortunate case you do, believe me, you will find a huge assembly of horny men, including those of color, ready (without sponsorships or money) to march in the city peacefully hunting homosexuals to make them happy, even without Vaseline".



Cucullo is the magnificent macho in the middle



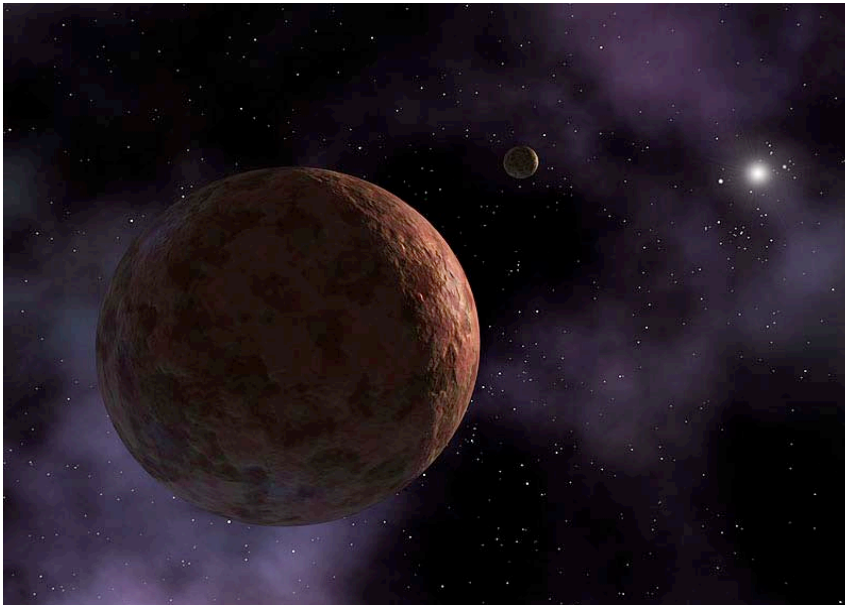
" they tell us that we lost our tails - evolving up from little snails- i say it's all just wind in sails - we're pinheads now - all jocko homo - Are we not men? - we are DEVO!" (Devo, 1978)

Track 10 SEDNA (1.34)

music: Alessandro Casini - Vittorio Nistri

An actual obsession: to classify everything under categories. Like it happens about music (**file under** etc, etc)
Deadburger likes everything that tries to flee from these easy classifications.

This is how we decided to dedicate a song to Sedna. Discovered in 2003, named as the arctic Goddess of the Glacial Deep, for some it is an asteroid, for others it's the 10th planet in the solar system. In reality, it is too small to be a planet and too big to an asteroid.



Alessandro Casini: electric rotor driven guitar Vittorio Nistri: percussions, soundscapes, radar Simone Tilli: voices from the Outer Space
The guitar in this piece is played without touching the chords, recording the pick up with an electric rotor for Chupa Pops lollipops.

Track 11 S.B.S (SANDO BONDI SYNDROME) (0.07)

Please note: due to graphic designer in acid, the tracklist on the cd (both on back cover and on booklet's last page) is not correct. In fact, titles of tracks 11 and 12 have been inverted.

Sandro Bondi is an Italian politician whose name means nothing to non-Italians. But maybe he represents a shared mentality among many politicians worldwide: the behaviour of "men of all seasons". Those unsinkable chameleons, always ready to side with the right or with the left, with the catholics or with the laymen, progressives or conservatives - depending solely on who-has-the-power.

Sandro Bondi, for many years, was a fervid supporter of the left-wing. Then, when Berlusconi brought the right-wing to power in Italy, Bondi converted to the right and became Berlusconi's personal spokesman and hagiographer. He also became a sort of an italianized Senator McCarthy, ready to accuse anyone suspected of being a left-wing sympathizer, to be a bloody communist, when not even a Stalin's reincarnation.



Track 12 NIBOR DOOH (3.20)

music: Carlo Sciannameo -Alessandro Casini- Vittorio Nistri

lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

è nella natura
delle cavallette
divorare

**It's in the
grasshopper's nature
to devour**

"Nibor DooH" is
"Robin Hood"
backwards.

la novità è nel chiedere
ai divorati
di ringraziare

**The novelty lies in asking
the devoured
to be thankful**

che tu possa dissolvarti
nel tuo *blue screen*,
Nibor DooH

**In hopes that you can dissolve yourself
in your *blue screen*
Nibor DooH**

Carlo Sciannameo: fuzz bass
Alessandro Casini: guitar
Lorenzo Moretto: drums
Simone Tilli: vocals
Vittorio Nistri: loop, vocoder, air synth
Jacopo Andreini: alto saxophone

che tu possa provare
l'altra faccia
della tua libertà

**In hopes you can experience
the other side
of your "freedom"**

...NIBOR DOOH!

....NIBOR DOOH!

Track 13 VIRUS INC (2.49)

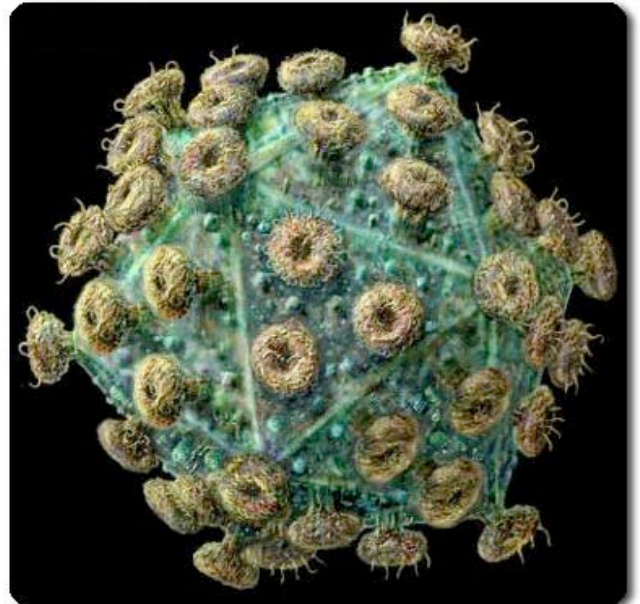
music: Alessandro Casini - Vittorio Nistri

- Alessandro Casini: guitar
- Vittorio Nistri: filtering of guitar, minimoog, drums

GUITARIST IN A COMA. Last year Deadburger took a break due to a real "force majeure". Alex, our guitarist, took a round trip to the Otherworld. He fell asleep as per usual in his bed, and suddenly went into a coma. He woke up in an iron lung, exactly one month later, even after all the doctors seemed to have already thrown in the towel and told his friends and family "to expect the inevitable".

Months later, we can laugh about the whole thing, because now, Alex is doing just fine. But the most worrisome thing is that these things happen, and... nobody knows exactly why.

The cause of Alex's coma is still unknown: a brand new virus (... maybe one among lots of them?) that no blood test was able to identify, and in some way overcame itself.



Track 14 THINGS THAT BREAK (2.40)

music: Alessandro Casini- Vittorio Nistri lyrics: Vittorio Nistri
The lyrics include a sample from "Whatever", the first novel by Michel Houellebecq

poco a poco
tutto si assomiglierà
e già senti
dentro te
cose che si rompono

Little by little
Everything looks the same
And already, you feel
Inside yourself
Things that break

Vittorio Nistri: rhythms, percussions, bass-synth
Alessandro Casini: guitar
Simone Tilli: vocals
Vincenzo Vasi: bass-orchestra (trio of electric basses)

lastre che si schiantano

Steel plates that crack

cose che si rompono

Things that break

many thanks to Chris Cutler for tone inspiration

Track 15 HOW TO CUT THE HANDS OFF A GHOST (1.44) music: Simone Tilli

Simone Tilli: vocals Vittorio Nistri: filtering of voices

Track 16 DEPOSIT 423 (5.31) music: Moretto - Sciannameo - Casini - Nistri lyrics: Nistri

deposito quattro due tre
deposito quattro due tre
deposito quattro due tre

deposit four two three
deposit four two three
deposit four two three

Lorenzo Moretto: drums
Carlo Sciannameo: bass
Vittorio Nistri: electronic percussions,
noises, filters

sono il deposito quattro due tre
questo io sono e sarò

I am the deposit four two three
This I am and this I will be

Alessandro Casini: guitar
Simone Tilli and Paolo Benvegnù: vocals

sono il deposito quattro due tre
questo io sono e sarò

I am the deposit four two three
This I am and this I will be

Vincenzo Vasi: vibraphone

fino a che
riuscirò
a controllarmi
dopo, non so

Until I can
Control
Myself
Later, I don't know

dopo, non so

Later, I don't know

Deadburger's financial budget is cronically in the red. To make it to the end of the month, we all have another job - and, another life. For example, Simone, is a singer and a musician, but he also works as salesman for a pharmaceutical company. Until just last year, he worked at company where a new manager, fresh from his MBA at the Bocconi University in Milan (the most renowned management school in Italy), also worked. He referred to all of his pharmaceutical reps, not by name, but by the code their sale products were assigned. Simone was Mr "Deposit 423". Simone decided to quit the job and tell his boss to go hell because of the following episode: Simone had just completed and transmitted the order of a lifetime, so big and so great, that he reached and even exceeded his budget goal. The fresh MBA, instead of congratulating his employee, sent him a memo scolding him for having used email in

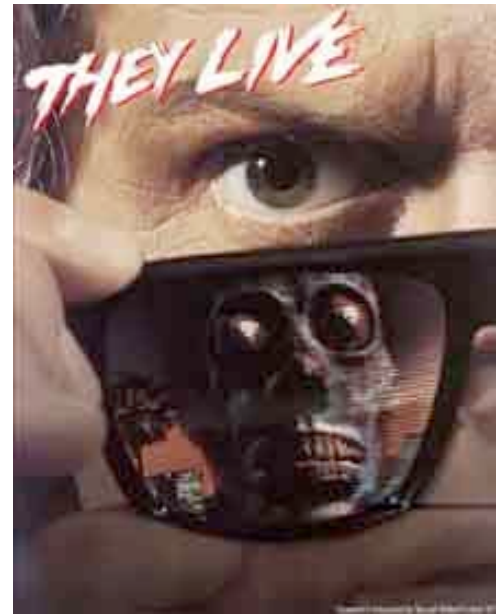
the morning. According to him, emails and orders were only to be sent after 7pm as "daytime is time for working, not for losing time in your office".
 The metaphysical efficiency of the little manager was completely removed from the common logic of human beings.
 Evidently, the Bocconi University is a teleporter from which weird beings come from another solar system.
 They might seem human, but all you need is a pair of really good glasses (like the ones used in John Carpenter's "They're Alive") to see that they belong to a different species.

Track 17: EVEN THE BOCCONIANS STARTED YOUNG (0.51)

music: Vittorio Nistri

- Vittorio Nistri: synthesizer
- Enrico Gabrielli: bass clarinet and flute

Bocconians = managers which studied at the Bocconi University in Milan



Track 18: WORMHOLE (3.25)

music and lyrics: Vittorio Nistri
 (with thanks to "Donnie Darko" for the inspiration)



si lacera piano
 il tessuto del cielo
 ascolto il mio sangue
 che scorre all'indietro
 per ritrovarti
 in questo silenzio
 per riprenderci il tempo
 che ci hanno rubato
 e perchè abbia un senso
 anche l'averlo sbagliato
 per ritrovarti
 in questo silenzio

**the cloth of the sky
 tears slowly
 I listen to my blood,
 that's running backwards
 to find yourself again
 in this silence
 to take back the time
 they stole from us...
 and because having been wrong
 might have some sense...
 to find yourself again
 in this silence**

Vittorio Nistri: loop, backwards piano, synth, filters
 Nicola Vernuccio: double bass
 Simone Tilli: vocals

The piano loop is sampled from "Les trois valse du précieux degoute" by Erik Satie.

Track 19: THERE IS STILL LIFE ON MARS (3.26)

music: Vittorio Nistri-Simone Tilli

Lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

quando ci volteremo indietro
e mi chiederai
se ne valeva la pena

mi mentirai
ti mentirò

ma c'è ancora vita
su Marte
e amore
nelle sorgenti di metano
sul fondo dei mari

e io so
che ci saranno

segnali radio
dalla faccia scura della Luna
e nuove piogge di rane
per farci sentire

meno persi

THERE IS STILL LIFE
THERE IS STILL LIFE
ON MARS
TONIGHT

**When we'll look back
and you will ask me if
it was worth it**

**you will lie to me
I will lie to you**

**But there is still life
on Mars
and love
in the methane pools
on the bottom of the seas**

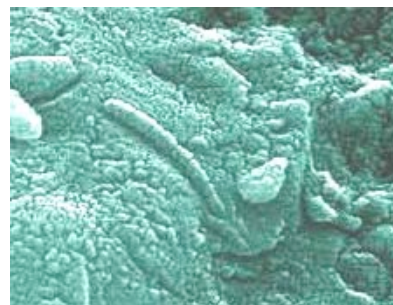
**and I know
that there will be**

**radio signals
from the dark face of the Moon
and new rains of frogs
to help us feel**

less lost

**THERE IS STILL LIFE ON MARS
THERE IS STILL LIFE
ON MARS
TONIGHT**

Vittorio Nistri: loop, rhythms, piano, noise,
arrangements on strings and wind horns
Paola Maria and Simone Tilli: vocals
Alessandro Casini: guitar
Nicola Vernuccio: double bass
Viola Mattioni: cello
Enrico Gabrielli: clarinet, flute



We like the idea that there still may be sparks of life where there shouldn't be. Like life on Mars is what helps us believe that there is more to human nature than skin and bones and wallets - maybe what a deeply spiritual atheist like Kurt Vonnegut Jr (love you forever, Kurt!) used to call "an unfailing ray of light". Life on Mars of whom, in these last few refractory years of utopia, still wishes to cultivate the hope of changing something. (Not with coincidence, the last phrase of the song refers to the rain of frogs seen in "Magnolia" - a film about hope, if there was any in this past decade).

Life on Mars is about love between two people, when it survives time and itself.

And, why not.... Life on Mars is about all the musicians that persist in playing non conventional music, even if they know that it is almost impossible, in Italy, to make a living of this.

Track 20: THE R.E.M. CYCLE OF A TIRED CITY (1) (0.40)

Music: Vittorio Nistri

Camilla Malcontenti: bassoon Irene Orrigo: flute

TRACK 21: THE R.E.M. CYCLE OF A TIRED CITY (2) (4.52)

Music and lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

viene giù
lo skyline di cristallo

è di acciaio e di schegge la nube
nella quale mi avvolgo

sognerà la città
di staccarsi dal suolo

otto miglia più in alto
dove il giorno scolora

**The crystal skyline
is coming down**

**The cloud that cloaks me
is made of shards and of steel**

**The city dreams
of detaching itself**

**Eight miles off the ground
where the day discolours**

Vittorio Nistri: noises, samples, rhodes, hammond
Carlo Sciammaneo: bass
Alessandro Casini: guitar
Lorenzo Moretto: double drums
Simone Tilli and Paolo Benvegnù: vocals

An exhausted city (like NYC after Sept 11, or Baghdad after the smart missiles) detaches itself from the ground, cutting off the wires, uprooting foundations and letting buildings fall; flies away and vanishes in the night.

"The city is a living thing. Every city has its personality, after all. Los Angeles is not Vienna. London is not Moscow. Chicago is not Paris. Every city is a collection of lives and buildings, and has its very own personality. Maybe it even has a soul. Maybe it dreams. And this is where we fit in - we are in the city's dreams". (from Sandman - "The Two Cities" by Neil Gaiman).

It wouldn't surprise anyone if cities wanted to get the hell out of the world.

The psychedelic trip of a city that detaches and floats up in the starry sky is at the origin of this song. But it is also equally the urban legend of the John Doe, who one day, leaves the house saying "I am going out to buy some cigarettes" and vanishes into nothing.

Track 22 STILL LIFE (0.37)

Music and lyrics: Vittorio Nistri

Simone Tilli: all vocals