

re:actor

Glass Bead Nation

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All songs written, performed and produced by Paul Johnson Rogers

Alien Landing Party (Instrumental)

The future is grim.

Many of us believed the Internet would bring us knowledge, peace, and liberty. Instead, like a mirror, it reflects us and shows us ourselves.

Do you like what you see?

Against a backdrop of political dysfunction, environmental disaster, economic inequity and the inevitable societal collapse come rumors that aliens have landed. No one knows what they want, but apparently they're not refugees, they're not immigrants and they've not simply dropped in for coffee.

Could they save us from ourselves?

Would we be worth the effort?

Our destiny is uncertain; survival is beyond our control.

How do you react?

No hope for the human race

I know a man whose name is Spite
He likes to drink, he likes to fight
No humanity here
I know a man whose name is Spite
No hope for the human race
No hope for the human race

I know a woman whose name is Hate
She hung a sign on her garden gate,
'No turning here'.
I know a woman whose name is Hate.
No hope for the human race
No hope for the human race

I know a girl whose name is Sket
She doesn't have any self-respect
You can get it here
I know a girl whose name is Sket
No hope for the human race
No hope for the human race

I know a boy whose name is Fool
He doesn't want to go to school
No learning here
I know a boy whose name is Fool.
No hope for the human race
No hope for the human race

Trouble With Words

I can see your face in outline
I'm lonely, so lonely
Reaching out to touch you but you're miles away

I'm on my own, but I'm talking anyway
I'm on my own and I'm tired of living this way

Looking round but the scene is shifting
I try to contact you
Everything looks different from this point of view

I'm on my own, but I'm talking anyway
I'm on my own and I'm tired of living this way

Trouble with words - I need to talk to you today
Trouble with words - You don't know what I mean
Trouble with words - Hard to find and hard to say

Turning silence to laughs to amuse you
I want to impress you
I'm fixed to that smile but I know that you just
don't care

I'm on my own, but I'm talking anyway
I'm on my own and I'm tired of living this way

Trouble with words - I need to talk to you today
Trouble with words - You don't know what I mean
Trouble with words - Hard to find and hard to say

If I Could

If I could
I'd travel back in time
And rewrite all the lines
You know I would

If I could
I'd paint away the grays
With colors everyday
You know I would

For I should have opened my eyes
And I should always have realized...

If I could
I'd live my life again
To take away your pain
You know I would

If I could
I'd reach beyond the veil
That separates us now
You know I would

And I would offer comfort if I could
Yes I would offer comfort if I could
If I could

Nowhere to Hide

It's quiet in the park
The days are too long and the nights too dark
I light a cigarette
I want to go home but I'm not ready yet

And I see people all around
Treading carefully, an ear to the ground
We live in a silent film, but I've seen it before
We're caught in a landslide and there's nowhere
to hide anymore

There's something in the air
The windows have eyes but nobody's there
And who will take the blame?
A different face, but the end stays the same

And I see people all around
Treading carefully, an ear to the ground
We're living on borrowed time and led by the
blind
We're caught in a landslide and there's nowhere
to hide this time

There's nowhere to hide
There's nowhere to hide
There's nowhere to hide

Storm Chasers

We were like storm chasers
Heading for the tempest
Seeking out the lightning strike
To spark another fight

We would choose to wound instead of comfort
Leaving only scars behind

What a waste of time
What a waste of life
If I knew then what I know now
I would have walked away and
Never looked back
Never turned around
Never lost another day inside that battleground

We were like storm chasers
Searching for the thunder
Heedless of the pouring rain
Ignoring all our pain

We were slow to soothe and quick to anger
All apologies denied

What a waste of time
What a waste of life
If I knew then what I know now
I would have walked away and
Never looked back
Never turned around
Never lost another day inside that battleground

Spinning World

I'm like a statue in a spinning world

I can't stand, I can't walk
I can't hear, I can't talk
High pressure, deep heat
Hot gossip, cold feet

I don't dare to move, I'm scared to fall
I'm like a statue in a spinning world
I can't bear to lose, to lose it all

Bright future, dark past
Time flowing too fast
Still water runs deep
I keep trying, I can't sleep

I don't dare to move, I'm scared to fall
I'm like a statue in a spinning world
I can't bear to lose, to lose it all

Even robots dance!

I can't stand, I can't walk
I can't hear, I can't talk
Bright future, dark past
Time flowing, too fast

I don't dare to move, I'm scared to fall
I'm like a statue in a spinning world
I can't bear to lose, to lose it all

I'm like a statue in a spinning world

The Speaker Said

Picking our way down, down the dusty lane
Over rusting cars and fallen angels
All the hooded guards at the factory gates
Kept their heads down low to hide their faces

And the speaker said there was nothing left
And the speaker said we were out of time
And the speaker said we were going to die

These are the bloated men who squandered and
devoured
And now they live like Gods in a fortress dome
We are the hollow men who abdicated power
And now we have no chance to save our home

And the speaker said there was nothing left
And the speaker said we were out of time
And the speaker said we were going to die

Today no church has been left standing
There's no desire or taste for worship here
As the world and all that we relied on
Died with prayers sent on plumes of fire

And the speaker said there was nothing left
And the speaker said we were out of time
And the speaker said we were going to die

Deep In My Heart

Deep in my heart there's a letter
That I can't find the words to write
But if I could
I'd say something like
'I loved you and I'm sorry that
I never had the nerve to follow through'

Deep in my heart there's a letter
That I want to send to you
I need to say
'I didn't mean to cause you pain
I'm not the sort to play those games'
And I'd probably say 'I loved you' once again

Now I'll acknowledge loss of opportunity
And say 'so long' to the romance
I'll bid farewell to the things that might have been
But I don't want to say goodbye to you

I Can See From My House

I can see from my house
Beyond the hanging tree
The hunting grounds and burial mounds
My neighbor's ancestry
Swaddled in the blankets
That were riddled with disease
They walked the trail
That brought them to their knees.

I can see from my house
Beyond the razor wire
The dispossessed and stateless
Seeking comfort from the fire
Abandoned by the 'faithful'
In judgement born of fear
Their 'huddled masses' found no welcome here.

The night hangs heavy
On this desecrated land
And the darkness fits me like a glove
But I am ready
To take a stranger's hand
And trust in love
You know you have to trust in love.

I can see from my house
The gantries on the plain
I can hear the payloads shriek in agony and
shame
I can feel the rocket flames of red and blue and
white
That penetrate the unsuspecting night.

Glass Bead Nation is a project-focused music and arts collective co-ordinated by composer/producer Paul Johnson Rogers.



Paul Johnson Rogers is a community musician and composer who writes for broadcast, stage and the concert platform. A versatile multi-instrumentalist and experienced studio producer, his music is regularly heard worldwide on dozens of tv programs and films. In 2014, Paul relocated from England to the USA and he now works mainly from his private studio in small-town, rural America.

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