

18+

WE ARE NO MORE

ALBERT SVETLOV

Albert Svetlov

We Are No More

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Аннотация

В данном сборнике автор публикует переводы своих текстов на английский, немецкий и французский языки, а также делится опытом работы в известнейшем и популярнейшем генераторе музыки. Кроме текстов авторских песен в книге размещены примеры промтов, использованных при создании музыкальных вариантов песен.

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Предисловие!

О, если бы вы знали, как я с некоторых пор ненавижу писать «Предисловия», сюсюкая и разъясняя случайному человеку, листавшему сайт и волею случая оказавшемуся на странице книги, которую вряд ли кто-то вообще купит, вещи, которые объяснять не хочу.

Я НЕНАВИЖУ ПИСАТЬ ПРЕДИСЛОВИЯ!

С каких это пор, может спросить озадаченный случайный читатель. Да, ёлы, с тех самых пор, когда опубликовал здесь «Перекрёстки детства», свой первый роман.

Но тогда иллюзии ещё кружили мою лысую голову, поэтому я стремился что-то объяснить, разъяснить и донести. С того времени минуло почти 10 лет и желание объяснять-разъяснять-доносить пропало напрочь.

В самом деле, на кой ляд утруждать себя выворачиванием души наизнанку, если в итоге всё равно нулевой результат. Совершенно верно, нет в этом никакого резона. Сплошная трата драгоценного времени и потуги разжевать читателю то, что не требует жевания. По мне так: есть продукт, в данном случае — сборник стихов и песен на английском языке, и есть тот, кто на него наткнулся. Интересно — прочитает и поймёт, поймёт по-своему, но в этом-то и прелесть. Не зацепит — закроет страничку, зевнёт и, тут же позабыв об увиденном, отхлебнёт чая. И он будет прав! Да-да, он бу-

дет прав. Это не его. Как любил повторять МихалНиколаич Задорнов: это не для толстолобиков. (Замечу, что всё только что написанное относится не только к данному сборнику, а вообще ко всему мною сочинённому).

И вот какой бы лютой неприязнью я не пылал к предисловиям, но сборник «We are no more» в нём нуждается. Ибо совершенно не ясно, что и откуда взялось, к чему эти англицизмы у автора, ранее ни в чём подобном не замеченном. А посему, мысленно натянув на свои «нехотелки» смирительную рубашку, я вновь пускаюсь в пространные объяснения.

Не скрою, никакого сборника стихов на иностранных языках не планировалось. Опубликовав тексты в «Post mortem» я дал себе зарок больше ничего не писать. По целому ряду причин. В упомянутом перечне и то, что издательская платформа совершенно необоснованно сняла «Орфея неприкаянного» с публикации по цензурным соображениям (нет, ребят, там не имелось аморалки, там прослеживалась политическая позиция автора, а это сейчас не любят, от этого сейчас шарахаются, как от чумы), и то, что я в своих книгах уже сказал всё, что хотел сказать. Выдавливатель из себя вторичные банальности, как из пустого тюбика выдавливают остатки пасты, не хотелось совершенно. Признаюсь, писательское ремесло мне стало не интересно.

Мысленно поставив на себе крест, как на авторе и журналисте, я стал больше времени уделять фотографии. Но тут... Но тут...

Осенью прошлого года, в один из чудесных сентябрьских деньков, брат прислал мне в замедляемом нынче мессенджере какую-то песню, сопроводив её примерно следующим комментарием: «Послушай, как круто написано. Это один дядька на свои стихи сделал на музыкальном сайте. У тебя же куча стихов, не хочешь попробовать?»

М-м-м, попробовать, знаете ли, я не хотел. Во-первых, не знал, что это за сайт, во-вторых. не особо доверял пресловутому ИИ, в-третьих, песня меня не впечатлила. Я отнекивался, мол «не знаю, что за сайт, как работает, да там, наверное, платно». Тогда братан не поленился и прислал ссылку. Ссылка вела на популярный нынче СУНО.

И всё заверте...

Сказать, что я оказался впечатлён возможностями бесплатной версии 3.5 — это не сказать ничего. Буквально за несколько дней я озвучил то, что нашёл в закромах более-менее рифмованного, а остальное стал подгонять под презираемый мною стиль рэп или хип-хоп.

Кому интересно ознакомиться с моими ранними музыкальными опытами, тот может перейти на мою страничку в ВК (Альберт Светлов, на аватарке такой лысый дедок с бородкой и наушниками на шее) и начать прослушивание с первого альбома «Рейс из осени».

Клепание песенок продолжалось месяца два. Когда собственные закрома опустели, я запустил ручонки в русскую классику.

Затем бесплатный доступ открыли к версии 4.5. И тут я окончательно прих... ошалел, в смысле. И оформил подписку на ПРО версию. Создания песен мне оказалось мало. СУНО постоянно лагало с ударениями, с акцентом и правильным произношением. Опытным путём не удалось свести к минимуму косяки с ударениями и произношением, но о данном опыте можно написать отдельный текст, чего в планах у меня нет.

Меня полностью подчинила себе идея создания инструментальной музыки. Вот где можно развернуться, не имея музыкального образования, полагал я. И в определённом смысле был прав. Хотя и при создании именно инструментов есть свои подводные камни.

Идеями для инструментальных произведений послужили опубликованные здесь тексты. Мне давно не давала покоя мысль выражения текста в музыке. Хотелось передать в звуке заложенную в печатном слове идею и настроение, выразить текст в музыкальном впечатлении. Крайне интересный опыт, надо сказать. Учитывая, что к моменту написания сего «Предисловия!» я уже перевёл на язык музыки с помощью СУНО и «Перекрёстки детства», и «Целуя девушек в снегу», и «Орфея» и вообще всё, что разместил на данной платформе, и даже более, если брать черновики, которые не выросли в полноценные произведения.

Отдельного упоминания стоит крайне амбициозный проект по переводу на музыкальный язык семитомной эпопеи

Марселя Пруста «В поисках утраченного времени». Труд, на который ранее никто не отваживался, отняла у меня массу времени, нервов и здоровья. Но он удалась. Не совсем так, как мне хотелось бы, но процентов на 90 точно.

Как-то проговаривая в беседе с подругой тему очередного альбома, я не один раз произнёс выражение «перевод на язык музыки», и тут мелькнула мысль, что ведь можно (и даже нужно!) перевести свои тексты (за исключением прозы) на иностранные языки и уже на эти получившие новую жизнь тексты создать песни.

Дело продвигалось тяжело. Приходилось не единожды переделывать переводы, затем писать под них промты для СУНО, отслушивать и в случае необходимости делать новый перевод и так далее. К слову, определённый стиль требует определённого перевода, то есть текст в стиле индастриал или хэви не прозвучит в инди или фолке.

Вот так постепенно и сложился сборник «We are no more». В него я включил стихи и песни, вошедшие в музыкальный альбом (174 песни!) «Time on the Tips of the Clock's Hands». Доволен ли я новым сборником? Не на 100%. Тут есть, что править. Но, по большей части, он меня порадовал.

Под большей частью текстов я разместил примеры промтов для СУНО, если любопытно — смело пользуйтесь, экспериментируйте со своими стихами.

Фух! На этом, пожалуй, всё. Ведь я ненавижу писать предисловия!

PS. Да, чуть не забыл. Кому интересно всё, что связано с СУНО, музыкой и моими планами — кмон на мою страничку ВК, добавляйтесь в друзья и спрашивайте. Мой адрес: <https://vk.com/svetlyakforte>

We Are No More

It's that simple...
We are no more...
Not listed anywhere...
And the world rushes on,
Choking on a hot dog as it runs,
Washes it down with cola.
A mundane fact
That we are no more...
It's that simple...

It's that simple...
We are no more...
And the dates of life are now unreadable...
Fewer reasons to remember those
Lost between two epochs.
Those who couldn't take root in the Newest Time,
Who didn't forget themselves in youth.
It's that simple...
And we are no more...

We are no more...
We melted like the first snowflakes.

We are no more...

We burned like black-and-white snapshots.

We are no more...

We left as unsolved riddles, sphinxes.

We are no more...

We rasp on worn-out discs.

It's that simple...

We are no more...

Without plastic wreaths and tearful epitaphs.

We left as we lived, ignoring deadlines,

Measured by crooked fortune-teller magpies.

Without details, with quiet smiles.

We hid inside the pages of slammed-shut books.

It's that simple...

We are no more...

It's that simple...

We are no more...

We smile from the twenty-fifth frames

Of a scratched grandfather's film reel,

And we sing along from tape recordings

With three outlaw minor chords

To which innocence was lost.

It's that simple...

We are no more...

We are no more...
We melted like the first snowflakes.
We are no more...
We burned like black-and-white snapshots.
We are no more...
We left as unsolved riddles, sphinxes.
We are no more...
We rasp on worn-out discs.

The wind blows out the gas lamps
Of Proust's regained time,
Chases snowflakes of poplar fluff
Through the deserted streets of ghostly Combray,
Howls like a stray dog in an evil hour
On the summer veranda of the Princesse de Guermantes.
It beckons with a silver horn to the table
The lost companies between the Volga and Vivonne.

We are no more...
We melted like the first snowflakes.
We are no more...
We burned like black-and-white snapshots.
We are no more...
We left as unsolved riddles, sphinxes.
We are no more...
We rasp on worn-out discs.

We are no more...

We are no more...

The Weary Summer

The weary summer grants to us
In August days of thirty-five degrees.
The t-shirts, baseball caps and singlets fine —
We find ourselves in these.
And in a crowded summer cafe yard
You'll always meet the ones you're glad to see.
The weary summer is preparing
A parade of maple leaves for you and me.

The weary summer is preparing
A parade of maple leaves for you and me.

The beer debates with your old drinking friend
Are interrupted by a joyful, gentle rain.
A boy inside his open shirt unbuttoned
Offers us a heavy currant skein.
It's easy breathing in this August air,
And it can fool you — it will always stay.
The weary summer, so audacious,
Won't be the same another day.

The weary summer, so audacious,
Won't be the same another day.

And this, our summer, has now filled us up
With dreaming, loving, and its gentle heat.
Oh, how we long to share this inner fire
With those whose company is sweet.
The season of our holidays is ending,
The daylight's getting shorter, as you see.
The weary summer will be staying
In photos, talk, and memory.

The weary summer will be staying
In photos, talk, and memory.

The weary summer... (summer, summer)...
In photos, talk, and memory... (memory...)...
The weary summer... (summer, summer)...
Won't be the same another day... (another day...)...
The weary summer... (summer, summer)...
In August days of thirty-five... (thirty-five...)...
The weary summer... (summer, summer)...
To share this inner fire...

I Will Remain in Sound

I will remain a sound among your sound,
The words composed in all the songs I've made.
Well, in my life, I was not interesting,
To many I was inconvenient, I'm afraid.
Well, in my life, I was not interesting,
To many I was inconvenient, I'm afraid.

And everything will come to pass someday!
The world will be redeemed and saved by love!
It is a pity that when that bright day arrives,
I will have parted ways with earth above!

From yellowed pages of the books I've read,
I will return to sing what's left unsung!
And drink it all, what's left there undrunk!
A carefree vagabond, from cares unstrung!
And drink it all, what's left there undrunk!
A carefree vagabond, from cares unstrung!

And everything will come to pass someday!
The world will be redeemed and saved by love!
It is a pity that when that bright day arrives,
I will have parted ways with earth above!

And those who have erased me from their mind,
From youth and childhood wiped my memory clean,
I will appear in dreams, not angry, not unkind,
A peaceful vision on their screens unseen.
I will appear in dreams, not angry, not unkind,
A peaceful vision on their screens unseen.

And EVERYTHING will come to pass someday!
The world WILL BE redeemed and saved by LOVE!
It is a pity that when that bright day arrives,
I will have parted ways with earth above!

I will remain a sound among your sound...
The words composed in all the songs I've made...

Prompt for SUNO AI

Grand rock ballad, Theatrical, expressive male vocals, ranging from intimate, almost conversational verses to powerful, soaring, and slightly operatic delivery in the choruses, Piano-driven arrangement with a full rock band (drums, bass, electric guitars) and a sweeping orchestral string section, Dramatic dynamic shifts: starts with melancholic piano, builds with each chorus to a massive, sound with layered backing vocals and choir-like harmonies, Features an epic, melodic guitar solo and a final, spoken-word section over sparse piano before a last, triumphant instrumental crescendo and a slow, majestic fade-out, The mood is grandiose, bittersweet, defiant, and deeply nostalgic, like a final performance for the ages.

The stationmaster

The stationmaster sees me on my way.
In bitter cold and storm, he readies up his steed.
A stranger's book, a loaf of rye so grey,
He wraps them in a cloth for my dire need.
He steps with me onto the threshold stone,
And then I must depart, and go alone.

The stationmaster has a daughter fair,
A beauty like the dawn, a wondrous sight.
I shall not draw too close, I would not dare,
A stranger's soul is like the starless night.
You lose your path therein, and meet your end.
The old man watches closely his child, his friend.

I'll take to keep with me her kerchief fine,
So that the blizzard's path feels less forlorn.
I'll raise a hand to wave a last goodbye.
They will not say in pity, filled with scorn:
«She has another love,» they will not say.
«She has another love,» they turn away.

SHE HAS ANOTHER LOVE!
ANOTHER! LOOK AWAY!

I'll keep as my own token, her kerchief fine...
A stranger's book... I'll cross the fading line...
I shall not draw too close, lest I should stray...
The lonely old man waves as I ride away...
They will not say in pity... what's been hidden...
They spare me but the truth: I am not bidden...

They will not say... «She has another love»...
She has another...
Another...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A medieval narrative ballad, Male vocals in a clear, mournful, storyteller style, without excessive vibrato, reminiscent of a minstrel or bard, Authentic acoustic arrangement: primary instruments are a Gusli (or Zither) playing arpeggiated, modal patterns and a wooden Recorder carrying the melancholic melody, A simple Frame Drum or Tabor provides a steady, walking rhythm, The harmony is modal (Dorian/Phrygian), creating an ancient, fateful atmosphere, The structure is strophic and episodic, with instrumental interludes separating the verses, The climax features a powerful, throaty lament rather than a modern scream, The outro is sparse and fading, like a traveler disappearing into the distance, The overall mood is timeless, tragic, and deeply atmospheric, focusing on fate, longing, and resigned farewell.

Play Bach as the Final Curtain

Play Bach when the final curtain's near,
Let every key begin its prayer.
So the heart may tremble, free from fear and pain,
And centuries may peacefully pour.

So the heart may tremble, free from fear and pain,
And centuries may peacefully pour.

Play, maestro, please, continue playing,
The half-dark hall is holding its breath.
And to us, your audience, gently be conveying
A motif, a half-tone, half a verse till death.

And to us, your audience, gently be conveying
A motif, a half-tone, half a verse till death.

The interweaving melodies are tracing
For us this everlasting plot,
That life, despite all, keeps its pacing,
Whether we desire it or not.

That life, despite all, keeps its pacing,
Whether we desire it or not.

Let the dimly gleaming keyboard's grace
Bestow the feeling of love's embrace,
Those divine forces holding us tight,
And luring like a distant star's light.

Those divine forces holding us tight,
And luring like a distant star's light.

Play Bach when the final curtain's near,
Let «Ave Maria» grieve and sigh,
And heal the heart from pain and fear,
Understand us sinners, and imply...

And heal the heart from pain and fear,
Understand us sinners, and imply...

Play Bach when the final curtain's near...
Play Bach when the final curtain's near...
Play Bach...
Let centuries peacefully pour...

Prompt for SUNO AI

Neo-baroque chamber piece, A contrapuntal dialogue for classical guitar and piano, Male vocals, clear, reverent, and integrated as a third melodic voice into the polyphonic texture, The arrangement is an intellectual and emotional conversation: the piano and guitar trade and intertwine melodic lines in the style of a Baroque invention or fugue, especially during the instrumental interludes, The choruses are moments of harmonic resolution where the instruments converge into supportive chords, The mood is sacred, intimate, melancholic, and deeply musical, evoking the atmosphere of a hushed, half-dark concert hall, The piece builds not in volume but in polyphonic complexity, ending in a serene, faded resolution, The sound is acoustic, close-mic'd, and detailed.

Waiting for a Line

Waiting for a line.
Endless like the age.
Do not judge me harshly,
Wait, o human, wait.
Turn around for just a second,
Stay, and give advice,
How to live the time that's left now
Without a sacrifice?
Turn around for just a second,
Stay, and give advice,
How to live the time that's left now
Without a sacrifice?

How to live the time that's left now
Without a sacrifice?

Without a sacrifice...

How to learn at once
What I failed to know?
Stupidity and greed and spite,

Don't let them in, don't let them grow.
How to love and never lose?
How to soar without the wine?
Is it really, truly possible
That life is only mine?

How to love and never lose?
How to soar without the wine?
Is it really, truly possible
That life is only mine?

Waiting for a line...
Endless like the age...

Do not judge me harshly.
Wait, o human, wait.

Is it really, truly possible...
That life is only mine?

Prompt for SUNO AI

Neo-classical chamber piece, A study in restrained desperation, Clear, controlled male baritone vocal, moving from quiet narration to strained intensity, ending in calm exhaustion, Arrangement for string quartet only, using extended techniques: ponticello (bowing near the bridge), harmonics, and deliberate dissonance, The piece builds psychological tension through accumulating harmonic clashes and rhythmic fragmentation, not through volume, Its core is a long, tense silence followed by a single stark, dissonant chord (the climax), The aftermath is a breathy exhale and a whispered, spoken-word finale, The mood is intellectual, claustrophobic, and profoundly unsettling, focusing on internal collapse rather than external drama.

Loneliness

When every bridge behind is burned and gone,
And this mad century is slowing down,
The last to die is never, ever hope.
The last to die is just a man who's bound.

The last to die is never, ever hope!
The last to die is just a man who's bound!

In vain, the colonel waits for letters, fresh,
And walks the dusty shore time and again.
And all that's left is beating on the wall,
Forgetting pain, and breaking fists in vain.

And all that's left is beating on the wall!
Forgetting pain, and breaking fists in vain!

The ships won't ever make it to the shore,
The corvettes, brigantines, and frigates — none.
And in the town, they'll turn the streetlights off,
And mourn for every loss they have undergone.

And in the town, they'll turn the streetlights off!
And mourn for every loss they have undergone!

And what's ahead — a hundred years alone,
But only without hoping, without faith...
The last to die is never, ever hope.
The last to die is just a man who's bound.

The last to die is NEVER, EVER HOPE!
The last to die is JUST A MAN!

When every bridge behind is burned and gone,
And this mad century is slowing down...
The last to die is never, ever hope...
The last to die is just a man who's bound...

When every bridge behind is burned and gone...
When every bridge behind is burned and gone...
When every bridge...

Seeing Them Off

We just see the leaving off,
Not thinking they might never reappear.
In the whirlpool of the days and seconds' flight,
Our youth won't let us look back, never shed a tear.

In the whirlpool of the days and seconds' flight,
Our youth won't let us look back, never shed a tear.

We let the best among our friends just go,
And see the truest women on their way.
The winter night begins to longer grow,
And happy days are fewer from that day.

The winter night begins to longer grow,
And happy days are fewer from that day.

What's left for us is memory for good,
Partings, meetings, failures, and delight...
The years like moonlight shimmer in our hair,
And storms will leave their traces, pale and light.

The years like moonlight shimmer in our hair,
And storms will leave their traces, pale and light.

And those who won't return to us, forgive,
Will think of what has passed while on the road.
And take away with trains that onward live
The tale about the old and sleeping town's abode.

And take away with trains that onward live
The tale about the old and sleeping town's abode.

Prompt for SUNO AI

Male vocal that shifts from intimate spoken word to a clear, strong baritone, finally to a tired whisper, Dynamic, cinematic structure, Begins sparse: clean electric guitar, ambient pads, Verses are melodic and thoughtful, Choruses are drastically quieter, delivered as a breathy whisper with long reverb, creating extreme dynamic contrast, Between sections, powerful instrumental crescendos build with drums, strings (cello, violin), and distorted guitars in a post-rock style, A chaotic noise collage breakdown in the middle uses train sounds and radio static, The outro returns to a melancholic, sparse arrangement, The overall mood is elegiac, melancholic, and grand, exploring themes of departure and memory.

Nothing Is Written

Nothing's written, you and me.
The winter day will end, you'll see.
It's like a bird held in the hand.
Do you understand?
A fleeting moment, soft and brief,
A mix of joy and gentle grief.
The dusk will softly settle down.
The lights will flicker on in town.

A fleeting moment, soft and brief,
A mix of joy and gentle grief.
The dusk will softly settle down.
The lights will flicker on in town.

You won't find peace in New Year's wine.
The world gets worse, a steep decline.
Your greetings will not reach my door.
Not anymore.
The simple truth is hard to face
In this cold and hurried place.
Just bitter ash from letters penned.
Will drown in «Champagne» in the end.

The simple truth is hard to face
In this cold and hurried place.
Just bitter ash from letters penned.
Will drown in «Champagne» in the end.

The moon will print the frosty lace.
On the window pane, our space.
Nothing's thought up for us two.
Me and you.
Our shadows merge from candlelight.
It makes the trembling shadows bright.
I read the future in the weave,
The pattern on your delicate thin sleeve.

Our shadows merge from candlelight.
It makes the trembling shadows bright.
I read the future in the weave,
The pattern on your delicate thin sleeve.

Nothing's written, you and me.
The winter day will end, you'll see.
It's like a bird held in the hand.
Do you understand?
A fleeting moment, soft and brief,
A mix of joy and gentle grief.
The dusk will softly settle down.

The lights will flicker on in town.

A fleeting moment, soft and brief,

A mix of joy and gentle grief.

The dusk will softly settle down.

The lights will flicker on in town.

Nothing's written... you and me...

Prompt for SUNO AI

Sad jazz with anguish about loss and loneliness, saxophone, piano, acoustic guitar, male and female voices, the first verse is a male voice, the second verse is a female voice, the third verse is a male voice, the fourth verse is a female voice, the choruses are performed by a duet.

Calendar

It's easy to get lost among the crowd,
To lose the clarity of faces, names, and dates,
Just leafing through a yellowed calendar,
And leave an inscription: «I'm forgot by all my mates.»

Just leafing through a yellowed calendar,
And leave an inscription: «I'm forgot by all my mates.»

To paste the stamps and send a letter off,
To where I lived not very long ago.
And wait for answers, feeling in my soul,
That this, for some strange reason, matters so.

And wait for answers, feeling in my soul,
That this, for some strange reason, matters so.

But to get lost inside the human void,
To not believe in her you once believed.
To wait for miracles with coming spring,
And smile at no one, taking your own leave.

To wait for miracles with coming spring,
And smile at no one, taking your own leave.

Our nostalgia has a thousand different shades,
And often it's the past that seals our fate.
I will not know just what I'll miss the most
If I just say: «It doesn't work that way.»

I will not know just what I'll miss the most
If I just say: «It doesn't work that way.»

It's easy to get lost... among the crowd...
To lose the clarity... of faces, names...
And to get lost... inside the human void...
To not believe... her...
And often... the past... it seals our fate...

Prompt for SUNO AI

Deep, whispered, intimate male baritone vocal, close-mic'd and breathy, The arrangement is minimalist and textural. centered around sparse, fingerpicked acoustic guitar that also provides subtle body percussion (tapping, knocking), A mournful cello line appears in the interludes, The song builds a melancholic atmosphere with ambient background pads, The structure is linear and melancholic, culminating in a stark breakdown where the vocals layer and collapse into dissonant whispers before fading into a silent, atmospheric outro with a faint, distorted clock tick, The overall feel is cinematic, deeply sad, and introspective, [Slowcore], [Alternative Folk], [Male Baritone Vocals], [Whispered Singing], [Acoustic Guitar], [Minimalist], [Ambient], [Cello], [Body Percussion], [Cinematic], [Melancholic], [Sadcore], [Lo-fi], [Atmospheric], [Emotional]

I Have No One to Tell About Her

I've nobody to tell about her face
No one to trust with this consuming fire
This blaze of colors in a frantic race
That pulls me through each mad and vain desire

O, Silence! Silence is the poet's art!
The keeper of the secret, foolish heart!
It thrusts me upwards through each ragged fall
And in the blinding dark, shows light to all!

I wish that someone knew — a stolen look
Our meetings, rare and trembling, and how then
I'd hold her shoulders in a secret nook
And whisper her name, once and once again

O, Silence! Silence is my coffin shell!
It swallows every question, every yell!
It thrusts me upwards, to the cracking dome
So I alone can hear this ringing home!

Would someone share this sadness... share the ache...
And be a grateful witness, for trust's sake...
To wrap the tale in a departing seal...

A wafer for the souls that distance steals...

Silence... Silence is the poet's craft!

The finest keeper of this passionate draft!

It pushes higher, spite of every tear!

And in the pitch-black night, lets light appear!

Pushes higher... spite of every tear...

And in the pitch-black night... lets light appear...

I've nobody... NOBODY... to tell...

Silence... poet... CRAFT!

Prompt for SUNO AI

Deep, smoky, theatrical male baritone voice, Complex structure blending ballad and avant-garde, Begins as a slow 5/4 jazz ballad with double bass and melancholic saxophone, Choruses shift dramatically to intense 4/4 marches, Features a spoken word bridge, Climactic third verse builds into a chaotic free-jazz breakdown with layered, distorted vocals, Ends with a melancholic instrumental outro, Dark, cinematic, emotionally volatile journey from restraint to collapse, [Dark Jazz], [Jazz Fusion], [Male Baritone Vocals], [Odd Time Signature], [Double Bass], [Saxophone Solo], [Spoken Word], [Avant-Garde Breakdown], [Cinematic], [Theatrical], [Emotional Journey], [Complex Structure]

The crystal ship

Through open doors, a crystal ship they bear,
Carried on the arms of servants, swift with care.
And in these strange days, an unknown soldier sighs,
Sings the march of parting, sings the song of goodbyes.

And in these strange days, an unknown soldier sighs,
Sings the march of parting, sings the song of goodbyes.

From the city of angels, the woman of dreams
Dances the sinister dances of shamanic schemes.
A squad from Spain perishes in the snow,
Burning the remnants of their caravan's glow.

A squad from Spain perishes in the snow,
Burning the remnants of their caravan's glow.

And there's no need to beat the horses in the eyes,
We cannot make them either sleep or cry.
And the quiet parade of my wild, desperate love,
Like five to one odds — is all for the fall, thereof.

And the quiet parade of my wild, desperate love,
Like five to one odds — is all for the fall, thereof.

And summer has almost vanished from our sight,
Around are only strange ones — strange folk, day and night.
And from the streets of love, we hear their footsteps near.
And I already know — they are our judges here.

And from the streets of love, we hear their footsteps near.
And I already know — they are our judges here.

Paris — city of dead poets, it waits
For me, with all my thirst and eternal fates.
And several lives, all passed within a dream,
Erase the meaning of the phrase: «I love you,» so it seems.

And several lives, all passed within a dream,
Erase the meaning of the phrase: «I love you,» so it seems.

I'm here. I strive towards your castles and your lions,
I'd give my soul for just a sip of your faith's reliance.
Take my songs, don't let me leave this place!
And someone uttered: «Slam the doors shut! Shut this case!»

Take my songs, don't let me leave this place!
And someone uttered: «Slam the doors shut! Shut this!»

Prompt for SUNO AI

A surreal, atmospheric jazz-noir ballad descending into apocalyptic noise, The core features a cold, detached male baritone vocal, a melancholic and dissonant tenor saxophone, a high, eerie flute, a detuned piano playing sparse clusters, and a plucked double bass, The song oscillates between moments of tense, slow-burning jazz and disruptive sections of electronic noise, glitches, and instrumental chaos, The mood is elegant yet deeply unsettling, portraying a world and a psyche coming apart through a lens of dark, avant-garde jazz.

This Woman

I'll soon stop caring, or so I claim,
That this woman just plays her little game,
That she's bored, stares out into the garden, mute, and fades
(fades)

Like a minty snowflake on my lips, in shades.

That she's bored, stares out into the garden, mute, and fades
(fades)

Like a minty snowflake on my lips, in shades.

And in the silvery September light,
All calls to reason are a pointless fight.
She's still lethally dangerous to me, a threat (a threat)
That wave of her hair down to her shoulders, wet.

She's still lethally dangerous to me, a threat (a threat)
That wave of her hair down to her shoulders, wet.

As long as I still want to sit and stare
At patterns on her old wallpaper, there,
In autumn's gloom, the headlights come and pass (they pass),
I wait, I hope that she will sing at last.

In autumn's gloom, the headlights come and pass (they pass),
I wait, I hope that she will sing at last.

The groan of piano keys, that somber sound,
I won't forget, but to her, it's not bound.
Only at night her wild grief will cease (will cease)
Within the helplessness of our speech's peace.

Only at night her wild grief will cease (will cease)
Within the helplessness of our speech's peace.

But when will I stop caring, tell me when,
That this woman just plays her game again,
Doesn't believe, doesn't call, doesn't meet (doesn't meet)
With a light smile upon her lips so sweet?

Doesn't believe, doesn't call, doesn't meet (doesn't meet)
With a light smile upon her lips so sweet?

I will NEVER stop caring, no, not at all,
That this woman...
just plays her game...
and like a snowflake... fades...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A passionate, melancholic Russian «blatnoy romans» or jazz-ballad in the style of Alexander Rosenbaum, The core is a raw, gravelly, and deeply emotional male baritone voice, accompanied by a virtuosic seven-string guitar, The arrangement is enriched with a warm grand piano playing blues-tinged chords, a walking double bass, soft brushed jazz drums, and a soulful, mournful tenor saxophone that provides emotional counterpoints, The song builds from an intimate confession to a dramatic, smoky cabaret climax before fading into a resigned, whispered outro, The mood is deeply nostalgic, painfully romantic, and full of fatalistic passion.

Dance!

It's been the way in Rus since ancient days —
March is not a spring of crimson rays,
August is not a summer, scorching hot,
And not a cornucopia we've got.
It is Pandora's little box, instead,
With patterns, scratches, symbols, painted threads,
With witchcraft mutters, half-forgotten lore,
Half-erased, half-worn down to the core.
We open it, poor wretches, year by year,
To our own doom, as did our ancestors.
We open to the dance of the swan-bird,
To the blue-teared princess, every word.
If she waves her sleeve to the right —
A distant province howls in endless night.
If she starts to dance towards the left —
The widows and the orphans are bereft.

Dance!

Prance!

Wave your sleeve!

Wave your sleeve!

Everything around you, make it leave!

Shatter it to pieces! Make it grieve!

That princess, our dear lady, lost her love,
Her Ivan vanished, like a hand in glove.
He vanished in a foreign, distant land,
No gallant hero, but a leaf, unmanned.
His bones were scattered through the gullies near
By wolves and foxes, filled with ancient fear.
His heart was pecked by crows of iron-black,
That from the heavens to the earth came back.
Her soul still waits for Vanya's letter, frail,
Through endless night, her eyelids never pale.
She prays to God, weaves shrouds without a sound,
Takes whispered spells from madwomen around.
She dreams and thinks her darling is alive,
Snoring on a carpet, like a kalifh,
Green wine is bubbling in his cup so deep,
Forbidden to remember her in sleep.

Dance!

Prance!

Brandish your sabre!

Brandish your sabre!

Make the women's heads begin to waver!

Send their senses reeling! Show no favor!

And from the box, the patterned, wicked chest,

They drag a wonder to the world's behest:
A self-laid tablecloth of finest lace,
From foreign silk, to cover all disgrace.
They'll drink and revel for a day and night,
For day and night make gusli strings snap tight.
For some — it's woe and ruin, mother's pain,
For some — small pearls, for some — the water's vain.
At the table's head, our sovereign king
Drinks in the flattering toasts they bring.
And in his caftan, a red ticket lies,
To Ipatiev House, where darkness lies.
Into his left ear, a foul-mouthed minister
Hums false denunciations, sinister.
Into his right ear, Subutai the bold
Hisses fables of a power to hold.

Dance!

Prance!

Chug the wine and beer!

Chug the wine and beer!

Send your armies marching, full of fear!

Towards Kursk, let the battle lines draw near!

And from that casket, they also take
A flying carpet, plush, for heaven's sake,
To shuttle shameless girls on public funds

For shopping sprees in far and foreign lands,
In lands of foes, where enemies reside,
In secret from their wives, with nothing to hide.
And for a long time now, the spacious earth,
The lands and rivers, have known their new birth —
Divided up by kennel masters, bleak.
The petty clerk, the deacon, strong and weak,
The thug, the kulak feel their power rise,
They mock the serfs before their very eyes,
The dark, the orphaned, and the poor in need.
They take seven hides to satisfy their greed,
The eighth they steal and in the banks they keep,
The ninth they'll from the children's futures reap,
And in the palace, with a nail, they'll fix
That final skin upon the wall of bricks.

Whore around!

Spin!

Export the oil and gas!

Export the oil and gas!

Write the whores into the expense report's mass!

Write them off! Let the whole damn world pass!

Prompt for SUNO AI

An aggressive, hypnotic, and theatrical Slavic folk-post punk metal anthem, Male vocal shifts between a rhythmic, narrative chant, a raw, shouted command in the choruses, and a hoarse, screaming rant, Core rhythm is driven by distorted folk instruments (balalaika/domra) and heavy tribal percussion, Features a sinister, droning accordion, electric guitar riffs, and chaotic sound design (tearing fabric, clashing metal, breaking glass), The song is structured as a suite with explosive, mantra-like choruses and a final collapse into noise, The mood is mythical, sarcastic, furious, and ritualistic, blending ancient folklore with modern political satire.

Heavenly Hussar

In army signal corps, a frantic staff call's made.
The signalmen drop out, one by one, their final card is played.
They go to join the hussars of heaven, up above the fray,
Who haul from hell near Volchansk and Chasiv Yar's bloody
maw

The shoulder boards and brand-new stars for colonels at
Headquarters.

On patched-up body armor, poppies bloom a crimson red!
Plantain «petals» stick to army boot soles, like the dead!
And a mosaic of letters is no sign of life, it's clear!
And where is life now, not the madness waiting for news we
fear?!

Late evening, a child's sun, a little wheel, will downward roll,
Disturb guitar strings with its tail, a cat that flees, a soul,
Slipping to the past. Validol, a deck of cards, kings and aces,
and the stooges,

On TV, bleat and spew their lies, and outside, loud and clear,
The ambulance is howling, and you want to block it all out,
to shut down every sense.

On patched-up body armor, poppies bloom a crimson red!

Plantain «petals» stick to army boot soles, like the dead!
And a mosaic of letters is no sign of life, it's clear!
And where is life now, not the madness waiting for news we
fear?!

Lumps of clay will hit the boards like July, so deaf, so sore.
The stifling heat, the emptiness, you can't shout to heaven's
door,
No strength or power reaches there. The heavenly hussars take
five,
And count the ammunition they managed to keep alive.
A mobile phone, black as a raven, in a worn-out pouch lies
still,
A silent, final testament to a long-overdue will.

On patched-up armor... poppies... crimson... red...
Plantain petals... stick... to boot soles... like the dead...
Mosaic of letters... no sign... of life...
Where is life now... just the madness... and the strife...

The heavenly hussars... are on their break...
And count the rounds... for heaven's sake...
A mobile phone... black as a raven... in the dust...
A silent, final... metal... rust...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A tragic, intense, and pulsing military hard rock song in the style of classic Russian protest rock, Features a raw, strained, and emotionally explosive male baritone vocal, shifting from talk-sung verses to shouting, desperate choruses, Instrumentation is built on a steady, marching drumbeat, a heavy and melodic distorted electric guitar riff, and a driving bassline, Includes a searing, mournful electric guitar solo, The song ends in a broken, exhausted collapse and a whispered outro, The mood is grim, angry, desperate, and deeply tragic, with a strong anti-war message.

Girl from a Star

Eighty-four. The March holidays unwind...
The road's spiky puddles sleep with an anxious mind
Beneath the sharp crust of the morning's brief, thin ice.
A little ship of peeled-off pine-tree bark
Is leaning with a broken mast, a pen's blue mark,
Frozen in like the «Chelyuskin» in time and space.

The days rustle with felt of tomorrow's slogans, bold,
Of «uskoreniye», «intensifikatsiya», the stories told,
And click like amber beads of drunken holiday's grace
On pages of the wall's tear-off calendar in its place.

A sunbeam, like a thief, slips through the window crack,
Confuses tin-eyed arrows on the clock, throws time off track,
It mixes midday twelve with six pm's embrace,
Ticks with a dust speck at the bewildered cat's face,
It pulls me by the collar to the street, with birds so loud,
And dips my face into a ultraviolet waterfall's shroud.

And when at evening, chimney pipes begin to whisper low
With TV antenna masts pressed to them in a row,
And whimper mournfully like mangy, lonely strays,
Superstitious housewives, looking up from TV's haze,

Smear sunset's horizon with Bulgarian pepper's fiery rust,
Pierce sky's mourning curtain with their mop handles' thrust.
And between the threads of patches spreading far and wide,
The stars wink down at us, with velvet polished side.

From one of them, a girl is watching over me,
A girl to whom no tragedy will ever be,
A girl, a devil's dozen years ahead, unseen,
Unrecognized by me in solfeggio's routine,
Right on the border where the light and darkness blend...

A girl who gave me back the past I thought was spent,
And took away the future where she was but lent,
A future where she turned out just a passing guest...
A girl who gave me back the past and stole the rest...

From one of them... a girl is watching... over me...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A dream-pop and shoegaze ballad with strong nostalgic and cosmic elements, Male vocal shifts between a warm, filtered, narrative baritone and a clearer, awestruck tone cutting through dense music, The foundation is built on warm, slightly dusty synth pads reminiscent of 80s Soviet electronics and clean, echoing guitars, The song features two dramatic, cascading «walls of sound» (dense layers of shimmering, distorted guitars with reverb/delay) that represent moments of magical, blinding revelation, The arrangement includes subtle, atmospheric sound design (distant children, fuzzy TV), The mood is deeply nostalgic, tender, magical, and ultimately epically sad, blending intimate childhood memory with a sense of cosmic wonder.

Afterword

Afterword... and afterlife's keen edge,
Like scripting your own final, pre-recorded pledge.
Afterword — it follows the last word,
Afterlife — a realm by death's hand stirred.

You and I will never write that perfect line,
We can only mock the old design,
In the afterword of silence, thick and deep,
Where our childhood's afterlife lies fast asleep.

Thirty years, just three days in my sight!
Friend, if I just knew you won the fight!
A bitter aftertaste, a lingering trace,
Of hollow greetings from that time and place.

You and I will never write that perfect line,
We can only mock the old design,
In the afterword of silence, thick and deep,
Where our childhood's afterlife lies fast asleep.

So many faces have now left the stage,
Classmates resting under earth, a turning page.
Afterword — it follows the last word,

After-fame — a tale that's never heard.

You and I will never write that perfect line,
We can only mock the old design,
In the afterword of silence, thick and deep,
Where our childhood's afterlife lies fast asleep.

A keeper of lost time, with no work to do,
Hooked upon the past he's clinging to.
After-feeling — numbness after fire,
The day past tomorrow, closer to the pyre.

You and I will never write that perfect line,
We can only mock the old design,
In the afterword of silence, thick and deep,
Where our childhood's afterlife lies fast asleep.

You and I will never write... that line...
We can only mock... the old design...
In the afterword... of silence... deep...
The afterlife... where our childhood lies... asleep...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A grand, slow, and melancholic 80s-style rock power ballad, Deep, resonant, and emotionally strained male baritone vocal, singing strongly rhymed, poetic lyrics, Rich instrumentation: clean, sustained electric guitar motifs, warm and sweeping string sections (cello, viola), piano, solid bass, and slow, deliberate drums, The arrangement builds powerfully with each chorus, featuring a melodic and sorrowful electric guitar solo as the emotional climax, The song ends with a solemn fade-out, The mood is nostalgic, philosophical, deeply sad, and monumentally beautiful, with rhyming lyrics driving the melody.

Our Days

Our days...

The holy inquisition's feasting once again,
The bonfires of vain glory burn for deafened men,
Who heed the call of gold, and heed the call of sin.
Gas is our dear father, oil our mother thin.
A mourning cypress stands, a monument so grand,
A framed portrait of a man, behind his back,
Holding a guitar and a rifle, cut from life's track...
A plastic Chinese fake, a cheap and tawdry brand,
A cheap fake of Karlshorst, last century's faded symbol.

Our days... The holy inquisition's feasting once again!
Our days... A cheap fake of Karlshorst for modern men!
And Potsdam...

Our days...

The triumph belongs to hack journalists, the worst,
True masters of the linguistic art, of two professions first.
They fall asleep as Guelphs, as Ghibellines awake,
From one lord to the next, their loyalty they shake.
They mesmerize the flock with incantations, foul and thick,
Of Solzhenitsyn's rotten, stinking, noxious trick.
They slurp the slop and swill right from the master's feeding

trough,

And lick the boots of tomorrow's lord, with oily, practiced cough.

Our days... The triumph belongs to hack journalists, the worst!

Our days... They slurp the slop right from the master's feeding trough!

They praise the whip and gingerbread!

Our days...

The middle-aged now vote directly with their heart,

They do not weep into a widow's cotton art.

Without a pity, they cash out their yearly stash,

To buy a better, foreign-made walkie-talkie in a flash,

To pick some army boots, to haggle for a armored vest.

They send officials, our eternal sorrow's pest,

To hell, with a ripe curse, a mother-based protest.

They leave — they do not sing. They come back in the lines

Of news reports and «captured town» triumphant signs.

Our days... The middle-aged now vote directly with their heart!

Our days... They come back as a report about a captured part!

Eternal memory...

A cluster of roadside bellflowers, by the way,
Is flooded with red wax and thick molasses' sway...
And yet, when I see a girl in a spring coat of burgundy,
With a red balloon, and with a fidgety scar's bend,
Above her right temple, drawing my gaze without end,
I feel, countless, like in youth, you must know,
My head is spinning, spinning, spinning even so...

Our days... when I see a spring girl...
Our days... my head is spinning like in youth...
Like before...
Our days... The inquisition's feasting...
Our days... A cheap fake of Karlshorst...
And Potsdam...
Our days... Hack journalists...
Our days... They slurp the slop...
Our days... Vote with their heart...
Our days... A report about a capture...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A sarcastic and shifting art-post punk satire that ends in pure lyricism, Male vocal shifts between a sneering, spoken-sung baritone, chaotic layered shouts, and finally a clean, vulnerable singing voice, The song is a suite of styles: it begins with heavy post-punk/industrial; shifts to grotesque cabaret jazz with clarinet/sax; then to cold martial industrial; before collapsing into silence, The finale is a stark contrast: a simple, beautiful acoustic guitar arpeggio and a tender, sincere vocal delivery, The chaotic choruses return as ghostly, distorted echoes in the final reprise, fading behind the acoustic melody, The mood evolves from bitter and cynical to tragically hopeful and human.

La Ville Blanche

La ville blanche ne fête rien, ne sonne pas,
Elle sort ses enfants de sous les décombres, bas.
Elle sort ses fils, ses filles, de la poussière et des gravats,
Et les compte d'un trait de plume, voilà le contrat.
Quinze noms sont écrits d'un seul et froid coup de stylo,
Un amendement amer à un vieux jeu cruel et beau.
Et combien d'autres suivront, ajoutés à cette ligne?
Une question dans l'air, comme un vin aigre qui signe.

Quinze d'un trait, et combien d'autres à venir?
Quinze d'un trait, le tambour va-t-il finir?
La plume gratte des chiffres, sans pouvoir les guérir...
Trop pour compter, trop pour en souffrir...

Les lignes rouges sont redessinées d'un geste souverain,
Là-bas, derrière les montagnes, sur un sol lointain.
Aux taudis de rêver à la paix qu'ils n'auront pas,
Aux palais d'engraisser dans leurs confort et leurs appas.
Et dans la vitrine prune d'une rue qui porte un nom,
Un tas de pierre calcaire reflète un lilas, un summum.
Une ambulance «gyrophare», sirène au cri perçant,
Fonce à travers la ville sous un ciel se berçant.

Aux taudis de rêver, aux palais de festoyer,
Tandis que le chagrin plante son levain, son foyer.
La plume gratte les chiffres, ne sachant apaiser...
(Allons enfants... vers un test à briser...)

À quelques centaines de kilomètres de ce lieu de deuil,
Un Français aux cheveux gris, au visage en écueil,
De la vieille Brigade Internationale, une fragile fleur,
Attend à Besançon sa déportation, sa peur.

Il sirote sa vodka russe, touche son insigne «Garde»,
Et dans sa moustache jaunie, un murmure qui darde :
«Non, rien de rien... Je ne regrette rien, c'est tarde...»
Il allume un Belomor froissé, expire un nuage fumé,
Et lance à la chaise vide une dernière pensée :
«Eh bien, mon ami «Texas'... accueille l'invite, hein?
L'accueil est aussi froid qu'il l'a toujours été pour rien...»

QUINZE D'UN TRAIT! ET COMBIEN D'AUTRES À
MOURIR?

GRATTÉS SUR PAPIER, LES PALAIS POUR
DÉMENTIR!

LA PLUME GRATTE LES CHIFFRES JUSQU'À
L'ENCRIER TARIR!

TROP POUR COMPTER! AUCUNE RÉPONSE AU
DÉSIR!

La ville blanche ne fête rien... les sort de terre...
Quinze d'un trait... plus de paix sur cette sphère...
«Non... je ne regrette rien...»
«Mon ami «Texas'...»
Quinze... d'un trait...

The White City

The white city holds no feast, it makes no sound,
Just pulls its children from the broken, bloody ground.
It pulls its sons and daughters from the rubble and the dust,
And counts them with a pen, because it's justice they must.
Fifteen names are written with a single, cold stroke,
A bitter, black amendment to a cruel and ancient joke.
And how many more will follow, added to this wretched line?
A question hanging silent in the air, like cheap, sour wine.

Fifteen with a stroke, and how many more to come?
Fifteen with a stroke, beating on a war-time drum.
The pen keeps scratching numbers on the page, a pointless
sum...
Too many to count, too many to overcome...

The lines of red are redrawn with a sovereign's hand,
Somewhere far beyond the mountains, in a distant, foreign
land.
So let the hovels dream of peace they'll never see,
And let the palaces grow fat in their satiated glee.
[The harmonica returns, playing a twisted, ironic variation of
a folk tune.]
And in a plum-dark window, on a street that bears a name,

A pile of shattered limestone reflects a lilac's flame.
A «blue light» ambulance, with a siren's desperate cry,
Is rushing through the city, underneath a wounded sky.

So let the hovels dream, and let the palaces feast,
While sorrow plants its bitter, sharp, and everlasting yeast.
The pen keeps scratching numbers, granting neither peace nor
rest...

Allons enfants... to a never-ending test...

A few hundred kilometers from that mournful place,
A grey-haired Frenchman with a tired, weathered face,
From the old International Brigade, a fading trace,
Sits in Besançon airport, in deportation's grace.

He sips his Russian vodka, pulls his «Guard» badge near,
And through his yellowed mustache, words you almost hear:
«Non, rien de rien... Je ne regrette rien, my dear...»
He lights a crumpled Belomor, exhales a cloud of smoke,
And offers to the empty chair a final, whispered joke:
«Eh bien, mon ami «Texas'... accueille l'invite, see?
The welcome is as cold as it has always been for me...»

FIFTEEN with a stroke! And how many more to DIE?
Scratched on paper, while the palaces just LIE!
The pen keeps scratching numbers till the ink runs DRY!

Too many to count! No answer to the WHY!

The white city holds no feast... just pulls them from the ground...

Fifteen with a stroke... and no more peace is found...

«Non... je ne regrette rien...»

«Mon ami «Texas'...»

Fifteen... a stroke...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A raw, angry protest folk ballad with elements of blues and jazz, Male vocal shifts between a gritty, chanting baritone in the verses/choruses and a world-weary, spoken-sung croon in the jazz bridge, Core instrumentation: rhythmic acoustic guitar, mournful harmonica, heavy kick drum, The choruses swell with dissonant electric guitar, The middle bridge shifts to a smoky jazz trio (electric piano, double bass, brushed drums) with a tenor saxophone solo, The song ends in a chaotic breakdown and is ultimately silenced by the sound of a jet engine, The mood is bitter, sarcastic, tragic, and defiant, The lyrics are strongly rhymed, driving the melody and the message.

Farewell

From white and silent mummies I have learned
About your hasty exit, my beloved, my concern.
The trembling nightingales, caught in the chill of May,
Stumbling, for the last time, in your honor tried to play
A farewell symphony in D-minor, cold and grey.

Life turned out not a feast, but just a stinging nettle's bed.
And though you crushed it with your little heels until it bled,
Until the juice, the bloody green, the calluses were shed,
Proving your invented superiority, widespread,
It only burned more fiercely, scorching hot and red,
You and the blind ones following where you led.

It left upon the skin such deep and scarring lines,
That passersby mistook for wrinkles, cruel designs,
Which made your childhood face, now twisted and confined,
A mask that acid ruined, malformed and maligned.

So what... Rest in peace now,
Goddess of my restless, fevered dreams.
I will not desecrate your memory
With lying, hollow blasphemies.

Who knows, perhaps we'll soon collide
Upon the steps of one of countless, vast,
And endless, echoing Asgard's galleries at last.
A pity, but we'll have nothing left to say...
We'll have nothing left to say...

It left upon the skin such deep and scarring lines,
That passersby mistook for wrinkles, cruel designs,
Which made your childhood face, now twisted and confined,
A mask that acid ruined, malformed and maligned.

He Was My Friend

What happened to the skinny, hollow-cheeked boy,
Dressed up in a spacious, threadbare, patched-up, grey,
His father's old greatcoat, so worn out and coy,
Who fell asleep, curled tightly like a child at play,
On a September potato bed, under the sky,
Beneath a whimsical and capricious southern breeze,
Among the chaos of discarded, dirty, yellow piles,
Of tubers lying scattered, fallen from the trees?

Did anybody hear?

What happened to the skinny, hollow-cheeked boy,
All wrapped up in that grey coat, his father's joy?

Did anybody hear?

He used to be my friend...

Did anybody hear? Some people used to say,
He perished in the second year of war, they'd claim...
While others argued, swore he drank his life away
And froze inside a snowdrift, on New Year's, what a shame,
Not reaching his old house, just children's steps away,
The house that stood there stiff, with pine smoke in its frame,
The house he always feared. A magpie, on the fence,
Brought gossip yesterday, a tale that made no sense:

That yesterday's young athlete married well, and hence,
Now holds a major post, with power and pretense,
Inside the municipal administration's walls, immense.

Did anybody hear?

He perished in the second year of war?

Or froze inside a snowdrift on New Year's night?

Did anybody hear?

He used to be my friend...

They gossiped he had married to improve his state,

And turned into a serious official, cold and great.

And then they say his face would twist in awkward spite,

Whenever someone mentioned his old village's name,

Or names of those he went to school with, all the same,

Back in that distant, half-mythical childhood's light,

Where once he took a nap upon a potato bed,

Behind some carelessly thrown buckets, crooked, red,

When even in his wildest dreams, inside his head,

He could not dream that twenty paper years ahead,

He'd blow up on a mine and stupidly lie dead,

And drain into the earth, a stream of stupid red.

Did anybody hear?

He turned into a heartless bureaucrat?

Or blew up on a stupid anti-personnel mine?

Did anybody hear?
He used to be my friend...

He blew up on a mine? Instead of turning to
A self-content and well-fed office-rat, a clerk,
In one of second-rate departments, it is true,
Of city management, who'd bow with practiced smirk,
And bring reports up to his worship, the burgomaster?
And on the Sundays, take his sickly, greasy spouse
Out to the dacha, and with Shakespearean forced laughter,
For the hundredth time, would torture her with an old tale,
About a non-existent September, without fail,
When he fell asleep on soft earth, finely tilled,
Perhaps by his own spade, perhaps by a blast concealed,
And, tossing in the black soil, with his strength now stilled,
Complaining of his tired arms, he suddenly could feel
An icy chill, that smelled of potato tops and «champagne»,
And managed to make out a toast from someone's voice:
«To the coming year, you lads!» What a choice!
And in the end, the fool, he missed the final joys,
The last long episode he loved, the final scene,
Of his beloved «Treasure Island», left unseen.

Did anybody hear?
He, bowing, brings reports up to the burgomaster?
Or feels the icy, final, creeping chill of death?

Did anybody hear?
He used to be my friend...

What happened to the skinny, hollow-cheeked boy,
Dressed up in a spacious, threadbare, patched-up, grey,
His father's old greatcoat...
Who fell asleep, curled tightly like a child at play,
On a September potato bed, under the sky...

Did anybody hear?
He perished in the second year of war?
Or turned into a heartless bureaucrat?
Did anybody hear?
He used to be my friend...

Only You Won't Repeat

And once again I'm searchin' through a crowd of faceless mass,

A thousand bodies passin', made of wire, smoke, and glass.
I'm scanin' every profile, breakin' down each silhouette,

I'm searchin'
Your face.
Searchin'
Your face.

Is that Ivan Tsarevich, polished to a brilliant sheen,
By the razor edge of pompous melancholy, cold and mean?
Or Ivanushka the fool, who's snorin' in a gutter's hold,
Right outside a roadside dive, a story left untold?
But only your face...

I'm searchin'
Your face.
Searchin'
Only your face...

And once again I'm listenin' to the avalanche of sound,
The nighttime radio ether, spreadin' static all around,

It smells of strawb'ries, ozone, and of baskets filled with dust,
From the closet, in the corner, covered in a greyish crust.

I'm listenin'
For your voice.
Listenin'
For your voice...

I'm hopin' to make out your favorite song, the one we knew,
It's cracklin' with its notes up on some restaurant vinyl, worn
and blue,
It seeps into the napkin, leaves a pattern, faint and true.
But only your voice...

I'm listenin'
For your voice.
Listenin'
Only for your voice...

And in the mornin', once again, from images I flee,
The ones that rot alive inside the prison of time's sea,
A predawn guiding planet, dim beneath the carriage bow,
It's lead by just your smile, and I am followin' it now.

It leads me
Your smile.

Leads me
Your smile.

Your smile is like torn heather, colored in a violet hue,
A herald of a distant road that I must struggle through,
A path across the comin' winter's chaos, cold and new.
But only your smile...

It leads me
Your smile.
Leads me
Only your smile...

And in the line of those who take my hand and pull me
straight,
Through alleyways inside the kingdom of the shadows'
weight...
There isn't any you.

Among them
There's no you.
Among them
There's no you.

The noise of wakin' city street, the corridor door's creak,
The neighbor's steps upstairs, the floorboards' weak and tired

squeak...

It all will happen once again, return, repeat this week.

Only you won't repeat...

There's only no you...

I'm searchin'... your face...

Listenin'... your voice...

It leads me... your smile...

Only you won't repeat...

There's only no you...

Only you won't repeat...

No you...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A dynamic and emotionally chaotic genre-blending track, The core alternates between energetic, strained male rap verses over sharp trap beats and moments of dreamy, autotuned chillwave/lo-fi with sad piano loops, Includes a brief, grotesque burlesque circus interlude and heavy dubstep wobbles for dramatic effect, The climax strips down to a raw, spoken-word delivery over a clean, slow lo-fi hip-hop beat, The finale is a dissolving collage of glitching beats, distorted vocals, and noise, The overall mood is desperate, theatrical, obsessed, and ultimately collapsing into digital despair.

On the Other Side of the Rainbow

The cats, they know the score, they see the whole design.
They never ask for much, they draw a quiet line.
They take just what is given, neither less nor more,
And watch life's comings, goings, from a silent door.
They do not fawn or flatter, they don't beg or plead,
They simply watch the human and the canine breed.
And when the pain of age begins to slow their stride,
They find a place to vanish, somewhere deep inside.

They do not weep in self-pity when the end is near.
They just release a sigh, a heavy, old-world tear.
No one should ever witness weakness in their grace,
As they prepare to leave without a single trace.
Death is a private slumber, not a public show.
A thing of quiet dignity, the wise all know.

But they will wait to meet the one who called them friend,
To walk with them right to the very, very end.
To make the lonely crossing not a path of fear,
To be the steady presence when the way's unclear.
They'll wait a quarter century, or even more,
For time has lost its meaning on that distant shore...
On the other side...

And on the rainbow's other side, they stretch and wake,
And all the ancient stiffness from their bones they shake.
They sharpen eager claws on some celestial tree,
And play a game of tag with an old man with a key.
He grumbles, points towards a bright and massive gate,
Where some will choose to walk and leave behind their fate.

But they will wait to meet the one who called them friend,
To walk with them right to the very, very end.
To make the lonely crossing not a path of fear,
To be the steady presence when the way's unclear.
They'll wait a quarter century, or even more,
For time has lost its meaning on that distant shore...
On the other side...

On the other side of the rainbow...
Time does not exist.
There is no hour, no year, no history to persist.
There's only just a moment...
A single, endless, now...

Yes... They will be waiting for us on the other side of the
rainbow...

Prompt for SUNO AI

A melancholic and philosophical blues-rock ballad, The vocal is a clear, dry, calm baritone delivered in a speak-sing, storytelling manner, The instrumental core features a clean, expressive, and melodic electric guitar with a slightly gritty texture, warm Hammond organ pads providing depth, a solid bassline, and slow, steady drums, The arrangement is dynamic: verses are intimate and sparse, focusing on the narrative vocal, while the chorus swells powerfully with richer guitar chords, prominent sustaining organ, and subtle soulful backing vocals, creating a solemn emotional peak, The song includes a lyrical and melodic electric guitar solo, The outro is a serene, spoken-word section over fading instrumentation, The overall mood is wise, deeply loyal, patiently melancholic, and beautifully resigned.

Weather Forecast

The weather is unchanged...

Spring has gone missing, lost without a trace

Somewhere between October and April's grace.

And on the eve of Easter, and the time

Of cherry blossoms in the May's sweet prime,

A wet November snow beneath a gloomy morning sky

Breaks off the frostbitten branches, makes them lie,

Of poplars trembling in a fever, standing high.

And their unopened buds, they crunch like Donetsk glass

Beneath the heels of townsfolk, sleepy as they pass,

Who rush to catch their morning bus, who rush to mass.

The weather is unchanged...

Spring has gone missing, lost without a trace...

It crunches like Donetsk glass...

It crunches like Donetsk glass...

A thunderstorm out West...

For years we've heard about the gleaming, bright

Successes on the fronts, the taking of another

Forest warden's hut, old Mykola's hovel,

At the cost of hundreds of our Volkssturm lives.

But there's no turning point, just wider grow

The alleys of the fallen in the graveyard's row,
In provincial Rhine towns, emptying out slow,
Where there's no work for anyone at all,
And so, someone has got to take the fall.

There is no turning point, just wider grow
The alleys of the fallen in the graveyard's row.
And there's no work for anyone at all,
And so, someone has got to take the fall.
And so, someone has got to take the fall.

The forecasters debate the cyclone's might...
Approaching from the North and North-East way.
Again we hear the calls to pull the belts up tight,
And better not around the waist, without delay,
But right around the throat, your own, without a fight,
Since the Propaganda Ministry will still convey
Its promised promises, to slay
Inflation, corruption, and the other sworn
Adversaries of the people's unity, well-worn.

To pull the belts up tight,
And better not around the waist,
But right around the throat, your own, without a fight.
The people's unity!

Rain and thunderstorms throughout the coming week...
And the loneliness of one who's stepped across the line,
When friends are buried, one by one, and you resign.
The future holds no pain, the past is no excuse
For gossip, or for empty, idle talk that's of no use.
Just pointless, leisure chatter, over bottles of cheap wine,
In a frosted-over hostel room, a faded sign.
Nothing warms you like the whiskey's sharp, defining heat,
And the image of a tabby cat, who used to find her seat
Each night upon the pillow's ridge, to make it neat,
To press her saffian paws against her master's pajamas, sweet,
And sleep so deeply, buried in that tender, old retreat.

And the loneliness of one who's stepped across the line,
Who buries friends, whose future holds no pain.
Only whiskey saves, and the image of a cat,
Sleeping sweetly on the pajamas...
No gossip. Empty. Idle...

The weather is unchanged...
Spring has gone missing...
It crunches like Donetsk glass...
It crunches...

There is no turning point...
The alleys of the fallen...

And so, someone has got to...
...take the fall.

Prompt for SUNO AI

Dark jazz-noir cabaret, A cold, detached, spoken-word male baritone vocal delivers a weather forecast in a near-monotone, The core is a repetitive, dissonant, and melancholic piano chord progression, Accompaniment includes skittering brushed jazz drums, a deep electronic pulse, and a double bass, A tenor saxophone (or muted trumpet) is used expressively: playing sustained dissonant notes, jagged despairing lines, and distorted shrieks, The song features abrupt shifts in texture: from claustrophobic piano verses to chaotic noise sections, stripping down to a sparse, lonely bass and piano interlude, and ending in a complete musical collapse, Includes sound design: breaking glass, radio static, a distorted snippet of a cheerful tune, The mood is bleak, cynical, claustrophobic, and profoundly melancholic.

Anime

Let life just rest... for once, rest from life.

And let them catch their breath, count the losses and the strife,

Of aging, balding men with souls all torn and frayed,

Shy and awkward boys inside, whose light begins to fade.

Dreaming to start it all again, past fifty, out of date,

With hypertension and a solid belly, man, that just can't wait

To show its deep contempt for any morning exercise or weight...

So let life rest, oh, let it rest from life itself, they plead.

And let them count the cost of every unfulfilled need.

For aging, balding men with teenage souls, displaced,

Shy and awkward boys who dream, though time cannot be erased...

To start it all again...

Don't shatter into piercing shards the illusions of the broke,

The unshaved sorry souls who missed life's most important turn,

The highway linking dates of birth to where the ashes burn.

Just leave some coins to bury them, the simple joy to take a stroll,

Through the nearest square, cut up by tiles, to make their

evening whole,

And, cat-like, squinting secretly, to lick their chops and gaze,
At passing Jungfraus, twenty-ish, lost in their sunny haze...

So let life rest, oh, let it rest from life itself, they plead...
Let it rest...

And let them count the cost of every unfulfilled need...
Count the cost...

For youthful nymphs, these aging men simply do not exist.
Their world's a different orbit, sealed with a dismissive twist.
They laugh with friends in cafes, chat with guys who text and
scheme

For meetings that might end in sweat on sheets, a fleeting
dream.

Their bodies fresh and confident, a currency they spend
On boys their age, for nights that have a clear and certain end.
While the others watch from benches, with a dull and aching
sense,

Condemned to be the audience, at their own life's expense.

They wait at home for fish soup in a bowl,
Pills for the high blood pressure, pills to calm the aching
soul...

Chamomile tea to ease the bloated belly, take its toll.
And also — wife in hair curlers, and a son, or maybe daughter

Fans of anime. At fifteen, nothing in the world is shorter
Than school and boring homework, and parental talk that's
fraught...

Japan for them is dreamland — sakura, a volcano...
In Tokyo, the streets are filled with heroes from the screen,
With huge sad eyes and love that tears right through, unseen.
The only goal the kids have got is just to run and flee,
To let life rest from life itself, and never more to see
The restless, churning adolescent souls, you see,
Wrapped up inside the worn-out carcasses of men like these...

...start it all again...
...and count the losses...
...start it all again...
...inside a worn-out carcass...
...let life rest...

Prompt for SUNO AI

Dark contemporary R&B fused with trap and dubstep, Male vocal with clear autotune, shifting between a weary, conversational trap flow and a smooth, melancholic, multi-layered R&B singing, The core is a sleek, atmospheric, and moody trap beat (808s, crisp hats, melancholic synth), The song is punctuated by sharp, sarcastic, and aggressive dubstep drops (wobbly bass, metallic sounds) at key cynical moments, Features a glitched, chaotic bridge built around a distorted anime sample and a massive dubstep breakdown, The finale features a malfunctioning, glitching beat and vocal, Includes subtle sound design (traffic, domestic sounds), The overall mood is cynically introspective, self-deprecating, sleekly modern, and darkly humorous.

Passager du «Bellerophon»

L'ancien passager du « Bellerophon»,
Dans un frac couleur tabac, râpé jusqu'à la corde,
Et un tricorne poussiéreux, enfoncé sur le front,
Est assis sur un fût à essence vide, comme sur un trône.
Il toise les dunes de la côte sud, brûlantes et nues,
Où doit se jouer son dernier week-end, sa dernière issue.

...Où doit se jouer son dernier week-end, sa dernière issue...
«On ne trouve pas de gens intrépides dans ceux qui ont à perdre.»

Le roulis, le mal de mer, la maladie maudite,
Le brouillard matinal, humide, qui avale tout, le banc de sable
maudit...

La compagnie des « alliés jurés» et l'éternel opposant.
Les douilles jaunes sur le sable blanc, alignées,
Comme des cierges fondus sur la neige russe, illimitée.

...Comme des cierges fondus sur la neige russe, illimitée...
«N'interrompez jamais un ennemi qui est en train de
commettre une erreur.»

Les « Junkers» se déversent de la région nommée Enfer.

Une photo du Colonel Aureliano, dit-on,

Derrière les fissures glissantes, en toile d'araignée, du pare-brise du Renault fracassé...

Un camion, affaissé sur ses essieux brisés, fait pour transporter les morts

Du rivage immense vers une grande fosse commune, un même sort.

Un homme pas très grand avec une mitrailleuse, qui, haletant,

Crache une salive amère, essuie la sueur de son front

Avec un mouchoir de batiste, et vise à présent

La nuée d'acier, bourdonnante, de prédateurs venus de l'Est,

Et entre ses dents, il siffle, dans un dernier souffle: « Merde! »

Du rivage immense vers une grande fosse commune, un même sort.

«Après ma chute la fortune m'ordonnait de mourir, et l'honneur m'ordonnait de vivre.»

L'ancien passager du « Bellerophon »,

Dans un frac couleur tabac, râpé jusqu'à la corde,

Gît figé, éparpillé sur le sable, son mouvement achevé,

Tout près du fût à essence vide, sous le soleil levé,

Comme dans le tombeau de l'Hôtel des Invalides.

Et le tricorne transpercé d'une balle, près de lui, guide

Le regard vers la bande de mitrailleuse vide, dernier dessin.

...Gît figé, éparpillé sur le sable, son mouvement achevé...

«Entre les personnes qui cherchent la mort il y en a peu qui la trouvent lorsqu'elle leur serait utile.»

«Entre les personnes qui cherchent la mort il y en a peu qui la trouvent lorsqu'elle leur serait utile.»

«Entre les personnes qui cherchent la mort il y en a peu qui la trouvent lorsqu'elle leur serait utile».

Prompt for SUNO AI

Art rock, progressiv rock, ritmico, Neoclassical, Orchestral, Funeral March, French Language, Historical Epic, Tragic, Apocalyptic, A monumental and tragic piece, The music is built on slow, solemn funeral marches, deep orchestral drones, dissonant string and brass swells, and sparse, ominous percussion, The male vocals declaiming the French text with the gravitas of a fallen emperor or a tragic historian, The provided French spoken samples (Napoleonic quotes) must be used as clear, cold, archival interludes, The mood is one of imperial downfall, historical fatality, and profound, majestic sorrow, The production should feel vast, echoic, and timeless.

Passenger of the «Bellerophon»

The former passenger of the «Bellerophon»,
In a worn-out tobacco-coloured coat he had on,
And a powder-dusted tricorne hat, pushed down on his head,
Sits on an empty gasoline drum, as if it's a throne instead.
He's gazing at the dunes of the south coast's hot span,
Where his final weekend as a living man began.

Passenger of the «Bellerophon»... faces his final weekend.
«On ne trouve pas de gens intrépides dans ceux qui ont à perdre.»

The pitching deck, the seasick, cursed disease,
The morning's wet and swallowing fog, the damn sandbank
that sees...

The company of «sworn allies» and the everlasting foe.
The yellow shell-casings on the white sand, in a row,
Like melted candles on the vast and endless Russian snow.

Yellow shell-casings... like candles on the endless snow.
«N'interrompez jamais un ennemi qui est en train de
commettre une erreur.»

«Junkers» are spilling from the region they call Hell.

A photograph of Colonel Aureliano, people tell,
Behind the sliding, spider-web cracks of the Renault's shot-out glass,

With the motionless, straw-blond chauffeur, waiting for the pass.

A truck, slumped on its broken axles, meant to haul the dead
From the immense shoreline to one vast, communal bed.

A bed the dwellers of Macondo's bamboo shacks never dreamed,

Who weave their fates with pearly threads of rain, so it seemed,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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