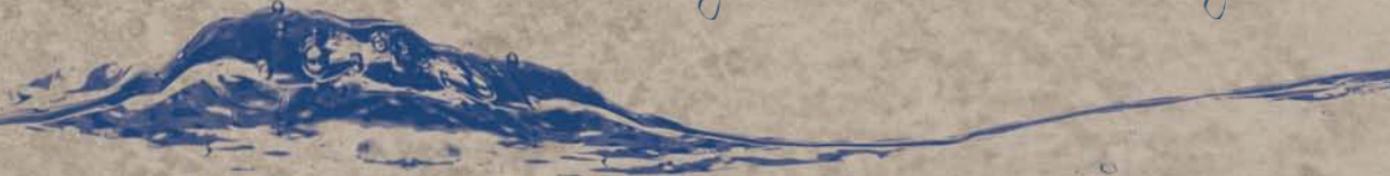


01 inside out	06:00
02 black pleading	03:53
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05 molecule	02:50
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Soraya Berent
undividualism

Soraya Berent, vocals & composing
Evaristo Perez, piano
Cedric Gysler, doublebass
Tobie Langel, drums
* Manuel Gesseney, alto saxophone

www.sorayaberent.com
www.unitrecords.com

01 inside out

(intro)

some things cannot be explained | words are an ideal | they can lift you up or
make you stop | for a second | make you wish you'd disappear | make you wish
they were a little more clear | precise, strict | and that only one sense could
be brought out of them | so aura speaks the most | action is relevant |
thought is foreplay so silent i should stay

(chorus)

can you bring my inside to the out
cause i can't do this alone, my body wants to postpone
and it's so warm inside, it keeps me up at night
what is it all about ?

i hear a sound | there's a room on that lower floor | so i open the door and
find myself face to face with the soil | gonna have to dig to what it is and
where it comes from | exactly i have to know | observing reaserching
stopping is not an option |

the more i dig the clearer
the voices sound | i know i'm very close |
it tastes of bittersweetness |
the dim light shadows | the walls gettin' narrow |
suddenly bursting out from the core | the waterfall drowns me
puking sending me underground | straight to the essence | where's that strong fence ?

chorus x 2

what is it all about ? | i'm now 20 feet under | and they'd like me to get back
to the ground higher | someone keeps calling but i can't answer | the network
does not cover under water and beyond them boarders | there's all those
words that make me drown | they're heavy too heavy for my spirit to carry |
do they belong to me ? really ?

chorus x 3

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All compositions and lyrics from Soraya Berent,
except « humbf », « Il paraît » and « Intervals ».

13 il paraît

On raconte qu'en l'an mil
On était dans de beaux draps car
Jusqu'aux continents inconnus
On croisait, casqués, torse nu
Des vikings dans de beaux drakkars

On raconte qu'en l'an mil
On croisait même des croisés
La crème des chevaliers brigands
Qui pour insulter les sultans
Aurait bien tout ratiboisé

On raconte qu'en l'an mil
On mangeait avec les mains
On s'chauffait à la sorcière
Victime d'erreur judiciaire
On chiait sur les chemins

Alors quoi, quelle histoire,
qu'est-ce que j'y a à voir
Alors quoi, quelle histoire, qu'est-ce que j'y a à voir

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On roulait encore à l'essence
Cloîtrés dans des cageots bruyants
Individuels, moches et puants
Jouets dès la plus tendre enfance

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On voyageait même en avion
Comme ces poires venues d'Afrique
Qu'on vend tout enrobées d'plastique
Moins chères que celles de la région

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
Les PDG nouveaux monarques
Allaient éduquer les sauvages
Par leur propagande de marques
A enlaidir les paysages

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On faisait de l'écologie
Un argument d'vente politique
Au lieu d'voir le côté critique
D'un av'nir en écho d'orgie

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On pouvait encore entendre
Les oiseaux dans les érables
L'eau de source était potable
On pouvait sortir sans scaphandre
Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On faisait des courriers par milliers
Grâce à notre poumon vert
Nos alvéoles oeuvraient
pour la publicité

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
Le féminin à l'idéal n'avait pas de formes
Elle s'y conformait pourtant, se modifiait
S'empaillaient, se flageolaient attentivement

Il paraît qu'en l'an deux mille
On avait pas de puces dans nos paumes
Il y avait peu de caméras
On pouvait baiser dans les champs
Sur les toits, sans que personne ne nous voit.

Alors quoi, quelle histoire,
qu'est-ce que j'y a à voir
Alors quoi, quelle histoire,
qu'est-ce que j'y a à voir

Lyrics & music : Soraya Berent

02 black pleading

pleading on for fantasies
there's a road that might lead
lead us to where we dream
somewhere in the deepest
silent
mountain

we rise up
from where we've been
there's no secret that lies
in no in between
we could
be a falling tree
or
a rising leaf

what's the use in daydream
when all they want
from me is to be concrete

my imagination does not run dry
like a star in broad day light
never can we find out
what's the magnet quite

*Lyrics : Soraya Berent
Music : S. Berent, E. Perez,
C. Gysler, T. Langel*

03 white water

listen water runs
the movement follows a path
listen water drops
movement leads us to earth
listen
listen
to the wind
the movement guides us through
time

industries
them pollute the sea
constantly with no worries
so why can't we
make balance right
we can weigh
in harmony

listen water drops
slowly into the core
observe them autumn leaves
life forms
return to soil
observe sun goes
down
space for
the moon to
rise

*Lyrics : Soraya Berent
Music : S. Berent, E. Perez, C. Gysler, T. Langel*

04 undividualism

undividualism | got me reconsider scepticism | in between two prisms | one two or three |
where should I belong ? | to nobody but | here goes me

i hear undivide | keeping two together | seeping to gather | grieving to weather |
relieving the bitter | rather than shatter | facing the shiver |
install a good mood with both your personalities making one two or three ?

haven't you met | your adversity yet ? | the opposite | doesn't it fit | how it imits | to finally combine |
they submit | to laws of unattraction | how attractive | now they can live |
now they can live | now they can live | how attractive | how attractive | now they can live |
now they can live

in between two worlds of universalism | the good or the bad where's the third lad |
one two or three | where should I belong to? | nobody nor soul but here goes me |
two living contraries | one loving memory | of the dual | so mutual | both sides
struggle | for the same rehearsal | paradoxical | following the ritual while |
stepping out of the trivial but | none of the parties wins at all | none of the parties
wins at all | at all

repeating moves can
lead you to boredom or in a state
of transe install a good mood with both
your personalities making one

undividualism | you got me reconsider my scepticism | one two or three where should I be |
you got me reconsider my scepticism

Lyrics & music : Soraya Berent



11 prisen boy

tried to lie to myself
thought i could skip one, two, three steps
for all that little world it seemes i had set

i never thought i could forget
the dignity i had in me
disguising all them in between
always chosing them extremes

so i lost my soul
was already sold
to a man i did not know
too many secrets untold
couldn't let myself just flow

but in the end, in the end
i was just looking for identity
in the end, in the end
i was just looking for identity

Lyrics : Soraya Berent

Music : S. Berent & E. Perez

12 the game

is it a game that we all play ? what are the rules ? am i a fool ?

who wants to play ? who knows the rules ?

is what i see reality ? when did this game begin to be a part of me ? are you real ?

when did i chose to be a pawn ? that you just move depending on

what is the mood ? when did you chose ?

did i become slave or condemned ? is it today that we rebel ?

when will i chose to make only just one move ?

'cause if turn left do you turn right ? and if i do wrong do you do right ?

do you punish ? or do you fight ?

how long ago have we been trapped ? into this square where is the air ?

upside or down am i your clown ?

reminiscing the breath of spring, all that i see is dying tree

planting the seed never to breed

what will become of everything that you own ? when we'll be done

will there stay none ? and how does this game come to an end ?

Lyrics & Music: Soraya Berent

10 helle

everyone will be the last | no matter what's been in the past | individually Set |
constantly making a mess | cos' we all long to make a rest | always in search of what's
the best | programming our future rest | but who creates that interest | interest | interest

plastic minds made of petrol's time
common sense now pleading for self defense
bodies made slave, no longer trying to be brave
to whom does it serve ? to whom does it please ?

cos' time is not on your side | you never know how long it will last |
see all you own is prejudiced to die one day so | how come you hold it so strong ? |
it don't have to be that way if | you're aware of what you don't have | see you runnin'
(repeat 8x) faster for that piece of gold | but where did your smile (where did your smile)
run to ? (run to ?) | where did your smile, where did your smile run to ?

plastic minds made of petrol's time common sense now pleading for self defense
bodies made slave, no longer trying to be brave

to whom does it serve ?
to whom does it please ?
to whom does it serve ? to whom does it please ?
to whom does it serve ? to whom ?

they'd supply my soul with empty goals with empty bowls
so they could save Love | the one they tried to reach too far above |
there is a mine of gold inside you've tried to hide | but only you can untie |
there is no need to compromise your happiness for wealthiness |
anyone can look outside no-one has to be a bride (repeat 2x)

get back your, get back your life (repeat 3 x)

to whom does it serve ? to whom does it please ?
to whom does it serve ? to whom does it please ?

Lyrics & music : Soraya Berent



05 molecule the song

Music : S. Berent, E. Perez, C. Gysler, T. Langel

06 humbf

the journey was continued, unconfused
appetised by the great unknown
hair attached, hands holding tight on
strength recalled from an underknown
wind is soft, sun is low, clouds are looking forward

but the aim, strange enough and unthought of that mainstream
self-evident to whom would be made concerned
a touch of air, a pinch of space, and
free at last !!

would our little friends acclaim
free at last !! would they whisper out high

small appearances of dusty specks,
glittering beetles looking for satisfaction
clumsy thoughts offered in a golden glass
any floating idea turned into solid grass
a rose alone to rise smaller than its bee
advertisement for the lazy, lady, amaze me!

tell me
where, is my favorite community? county of immunity
when they glow, a haze of smile carries me and my horse through the trunks
waterfalls flow upward, birds and caterpillars hug amongst
rain and earth make love

Lyrics : Soraya Berent Music : Evaristo Perez



07 nothing

i got nothing to say today
got no message just wanna play
i got nothing to say today
all vocabulary went away
can't think of any word nor phrase
to fulfill any purpose

i'm not sorry i'm not glad
i'm not nice and too bad
see i'm not mean i won't scream
but i won't answer if it rings
i won't bother if you call
i won't bother if you fall
jus' keep away from this type of trial

Lyrics, music & arranging : Soraya Berent

see i got work to do here
ought back my bags to leave this filthy square
nobody brings me what i need
we're just crawling under the bridge
of emotion one by one
a plague that's got to me
so let me run away to find never more

n' i don't wanna receive today
said i'm useless can't you see
see i might smile
but i might cry without a trace of sadness
any emotion will be half lived today cause i got
nothin'

find me something
something free enough
's i don't see the end of it
no no no no find me
anything will do

09 intervals

Place
a lake
on ground, water
finds a form.

Smoke
on the air
goes higher
to fade.

Sun bright,
trees dark green,
a little movement
in the leaves.

Birds singing
measure distance,
intervals between
echo silence.

Who
am I-
identity singing

Place
a lake
on ground, water
finds a form.

Smoke
on the air
goes higher
to fade.

Lyrics : Robert Creeley's "Intervals"

Music : Soraya Berent, Cedric Gysler

08 ribeira (to tara)

there's a place
I'm not scared
I can breath
easily

but it's so far
beyond the sea
like I star
It feels I'll never reach

once was there
had to leave
you were there
there was you

so today
I know it's true
there's a place
and that's with you

there's a "You", far behind me
there's a "You", ahead of me
in my heart as far as today
before my eyes when strangth I'll find

Lyrics & Music : Soraya Berent

