



R.E. TRANSMITTER
The Acrophobic Balloonist



R. E. TRANSMITTER

The Acrophobic Balloonist
... and other Stories





Recorded, mixed and mastered
at Slander Drone Studio
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THE ACROPHOBIC BALLOONIST 6:18

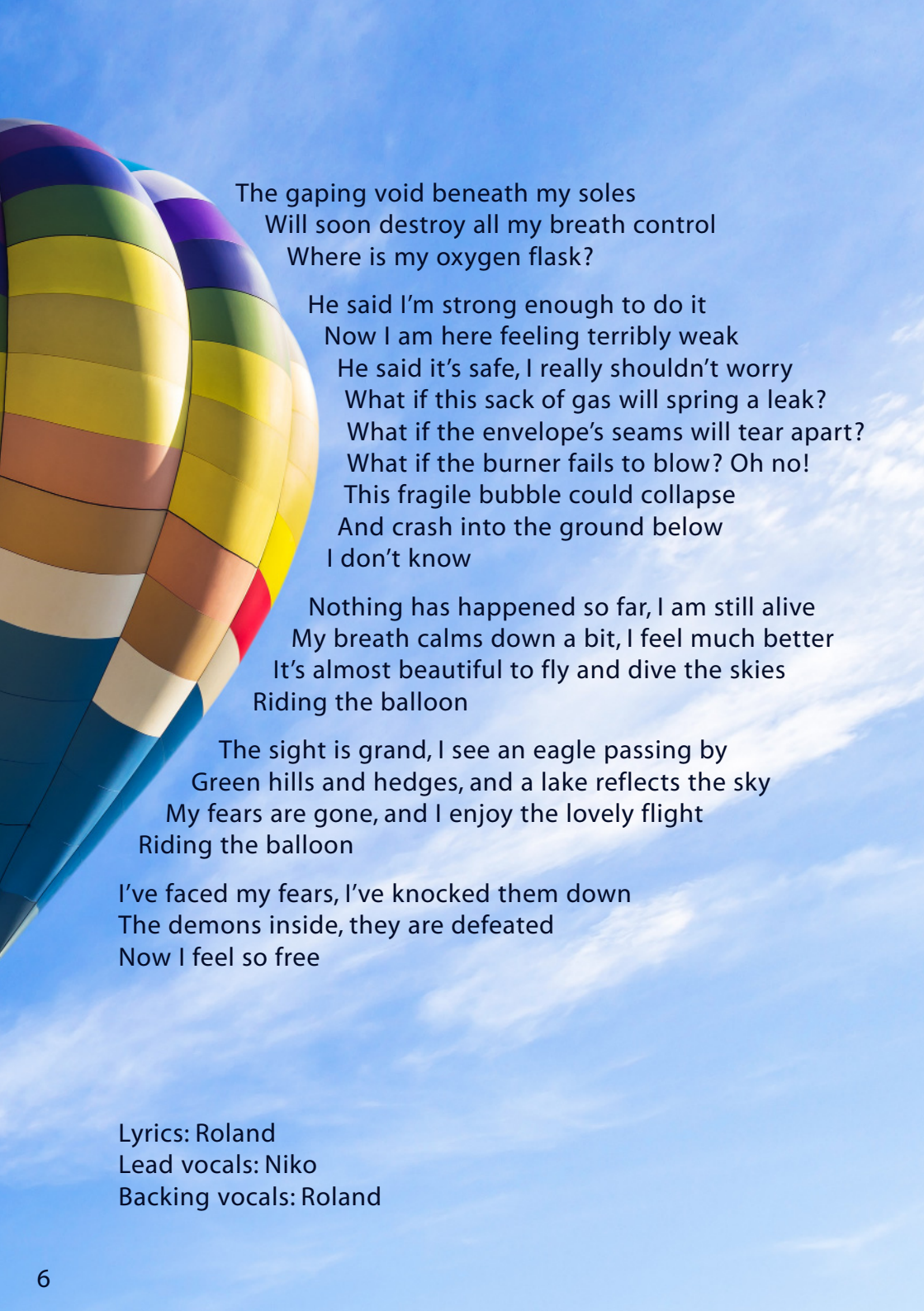


Took my umbrella with me as a makeshift parachute
Although it won't slow down my rate of fall
Insane to meet this challenge in a silly jumpsuit
Riding the balloon

Escape reaction came too late, so I am trapped here
This small nacelle is like an anteroom of hell
I feel so sick, I feel so queer, my heart is jumping
Riding the balloon

"Face all your fears, you'll overcome
The demons inside", the doctor replied
Over and over again

The clouds nearby are looming high
The sun is near on the bluish sphere
My mouth is dry, cannot deny
I'm terrified, I could easily die



The gaping void beneath my soles
Will soon destroy all my breath control
Where is my oxygen flask?

He said I'm strong enough to do it
Now I am here feeling terribly weak
He said it's safe, I really shouldn't worry
What if this sack of gas will spring a leak?
What if the envelope's seams will tear apart?
What if the burner fails to blow? Oh no!
This fragile bubble could collapse
And crash into the ground below
I don't know

Nothing has happened so far, I am still alive
My breath calms down a bit, I feel much better
It's almost beautiful to fly and dive the skies
Riding the balloon

The sight is grand, I see an eagle passing by
Green hills and hedges, and a lake reflects the sky
My fears are gone, and I enjoy the lovely flight
Riding the balloon

I've faced my fears, I've knocked them down
The demons inside, they are defeated
Now I feel so free

Lyrics: Roland
Lead vocals: Niko
Backing vocals: Roland

THE PRESENT'S TOO PRECIOUS 7:32

Sometimes when limbs are aching
Exhaustion's such a drag
My mind gets lost behind a veil
The future's dressed in rags

Hit by countless missiles
The body keeps the score
Roll your rock up to the top
Till someone shouts "Encore!"

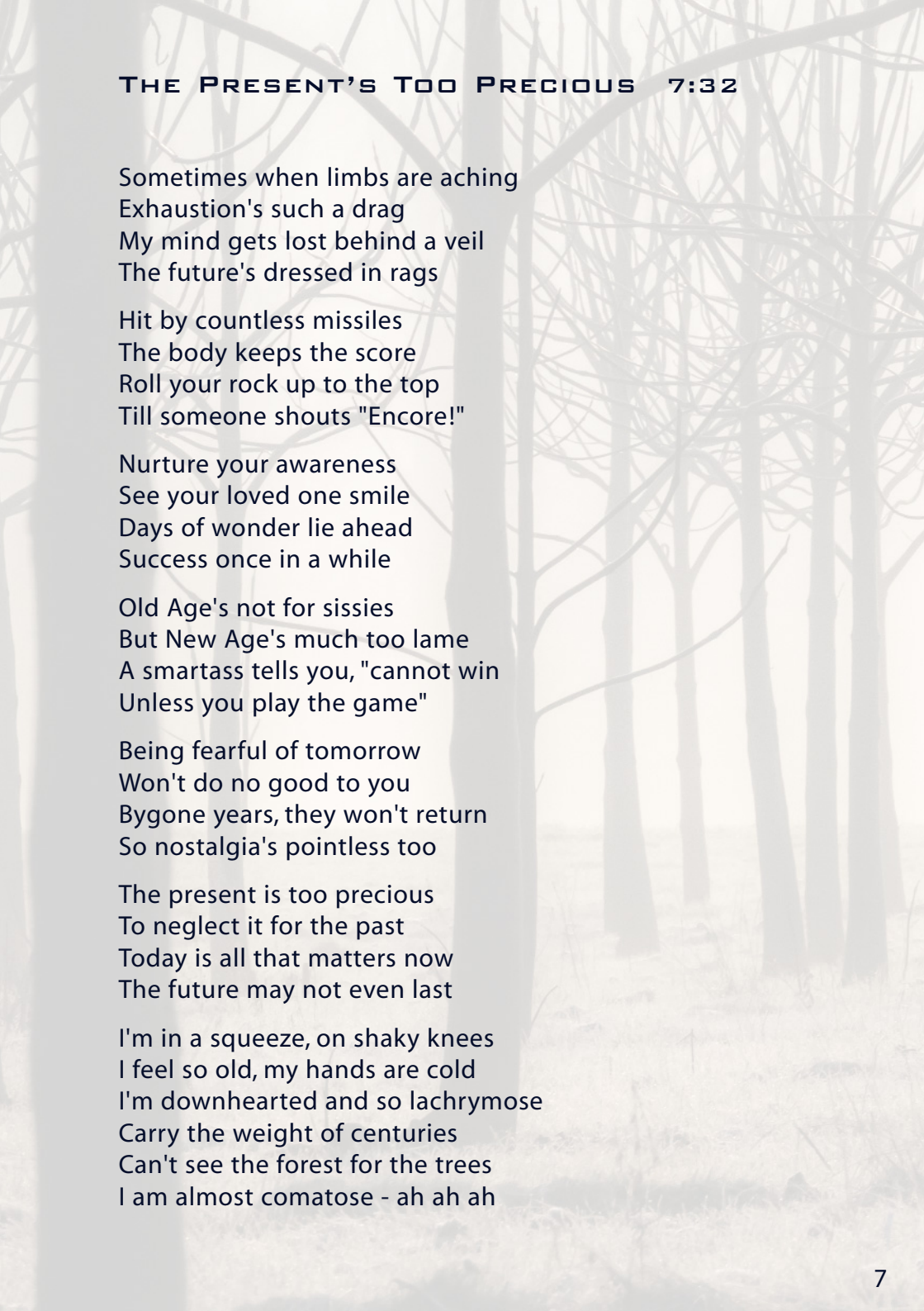
Nurture your awareness
See your loved one smile
Days of wonder lie ahead
Success once in a while

Old Age's not for sissies
But New Age's much too lame
A smartass tells you, "cannot win
Unless you play the game"

Being fearful of tomorrow
Won't do no good to you
Bygone years, they won't return
So nostalgia's pointless too

The present is too precious
To neglect it for the past
Today is all that matters now
The future may not even last

I'm in a squeeze, on shaky knees
I feel so old, my hands are cold
I'm downhearted and so lachrymose
Carry the weight of centuries
Can't see the forest for the trees
I am almost comatose - ah ah ah



Don't overstate, exaggerate
Excessively your misery
You're not a whining wimp, not at all
You are surrounded by good friends
And far from reaching your wits' end
Get a grip and stand tall!

Feel these tired muscles
It's hard to concentrate
All you do takes longer now
Except for gaining weight

No reason whatsoever
To crawl back into bed
Don't write me off too early
Better write me up instead



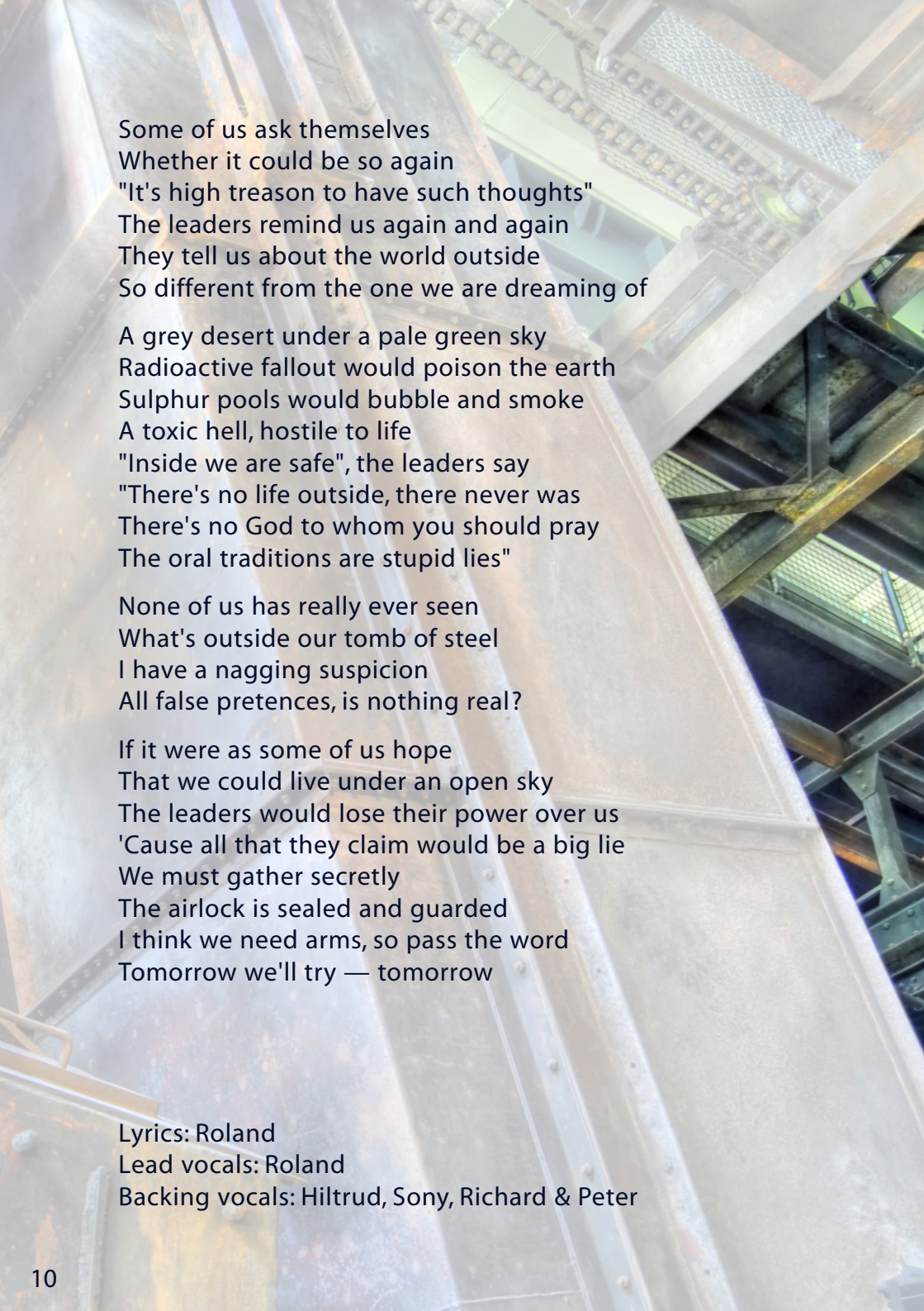
Lyrics: Richard & Roland
Lead vocals: Richard
Backing vocals: Roland & Hiltrud

3 000 7:59

3000 people buried alive
A colossal tin can is our home
3000 feet underground
300 levels crowned with a dome
3000 steps lead to the basement
Where history's hidden and secrets are kept
3000 memories start to fade
300 years since we've been trapped

We'll remain 3000 forever
Births are restricted by law
When a baby is born, someone has to die
A truth we cannot deny
We are living cramped together
Resources are strictly rationed
All waste is recycled, and our dead
Will fertilize our plantations

The old share oral traditions
They tell about the world before
About lush green meadows and a golden sun
In a blue sky with clouds passing by
About strange and beautiful creatures
With whom we shared the world
About trees three storeys high
And lively rivers running by
About cities inhabited by millions
With enough space for everyone
About palaces and polished towers
Glooming reddishly in the setting sun



Some of us ask themselves
Whether it could be so again
"It's high treason to have such thoughts"
The leaders remind us again and again
They tell us about the world outside
So different from the one we are dreaming of

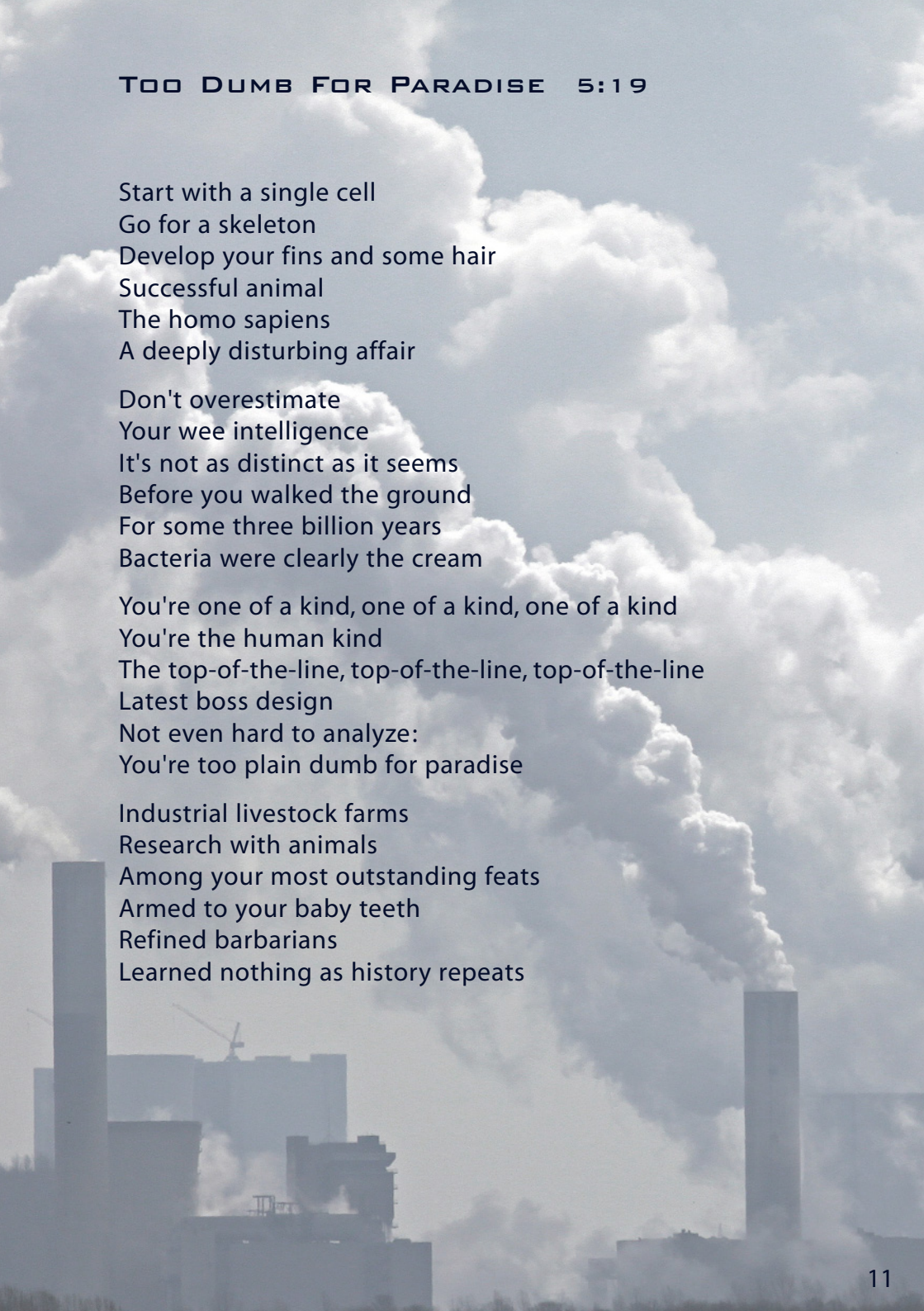
A grey desert under a pale green sky
Radioactive fallout would poison the earth
Sulphur pools would bubble and smoke
A toxic hell, hostile to life
"Inside we are safe", the leaders say
"There's no life outside, there never was
There's no God to whom you should pray
The oral traditions are stupid lies"

None of us has really ever seen
What's outside our tomb of steel
I have a nagging suspicion
All false pretences, is nothing real?

If it were as some of us hope
That we could live under an open sky
The leaders would lose their power over us
'Cause all that they claim would be a big lie
We must gather secretly
The airlock is sealed and guarded
I think we need arms, so pass the word
Tomorrow we'll try — tomorrow

Lyrics: Roland
Lead vocals: Roland
Backing vocals: Hiltrud, Sony, Richard & Peter

TOO DUMB FOR PARADISE 5:19

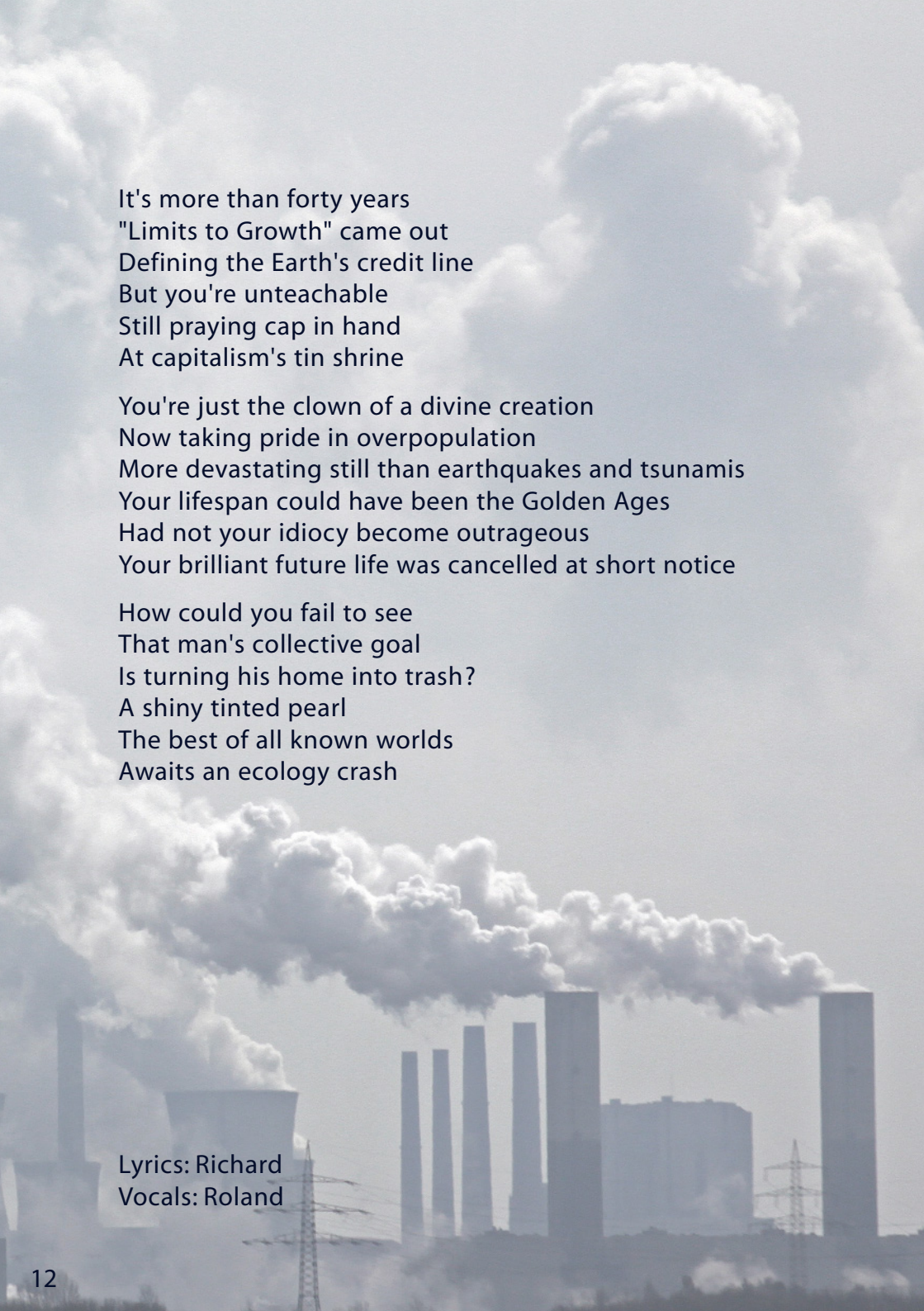


Start with a single cell
Go for a skeleton
Develop your fins and some hair
Successful animal
The homo sapiens
A deeply disturbing affair

Don't overestimate
Your wee intelligence
It's not as distinct as it seems
Before you walked the ground
For some three billion years
Bacteria were clearly the cream

You're one of a kind, one of a kind, one of a kind
You're the human kind
The top-of-the-line, top-of-the-line, top-of-the-line
Latest boss design
Not even hard to analyze:
You're too plain dumb for paradise

Industrial livestock farms
Research with animals
Among your most outstanding feats
Armed to your baby teeth
Refined barbarians
Learned nothing as history repeats



It's more than forty years
"Limits to Growth" came out
Defining the Earth's credit line
But you're unteachable
Still praying cap in hand
At capitalism's tin shrine

You're just the clown of a divine creation
Now taking pride in overpopulation
More devastating still than earthquakes and tsunamis
Your lifespan could have been the Golden Ages
Had not your idiocy become outrageous
Your brilliant future life was cancelled at short notice

How could you fail to see
That man's collective goal
Is turning his home into trash?
A shiny tinted pearl
The best of all known worlds
Awaits an ecology crash

Lyrics: Richard
Vocals: Roland

ATTRACTED TO FOREIGN SHORES 5:49

Cinnamon, cardamom, incense and gold
Turmeric, smoky China tea - Royalty's dream

Down in Zanzibar, eighteenth century
First made a go of clove and ivory
Spice trading still runs in the family
Bought container ships for our company

Born much too late to be an explorer
Months turned to years while the Silk Road unravelled
Merchants are we, my father before me like his fathers

Now that my Age of Discovery is dawning
Ragas shall light up my Indian mornings
Eager to meet an enlightened teacher
Wisdom, devised in the East

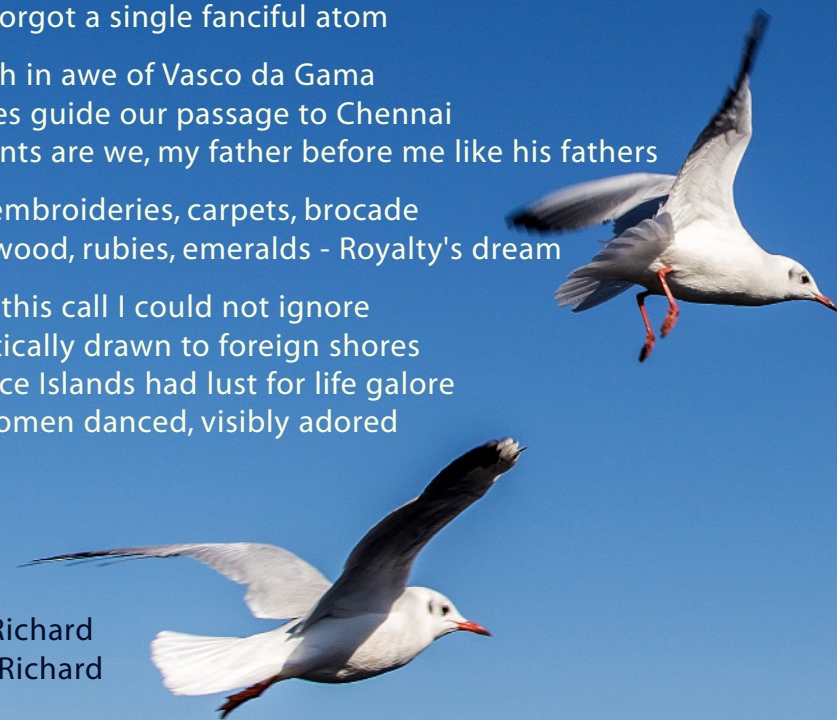
All of the cosmos would certainly face its breakdown
If God forgot a single fanciful atom

So much in awe of Vasco da Gama
Satellites guide our passage to Chennai
Merchants are we, my father before me like his fathers

Finest embroideries, carpets, brocade
Sandalwood, rubies, emeralds - Royalty's dream

I heard this call I could not ignore
Magnetically drawn to foreign shores
The Spice Islands had lust for life galore
Lean women danced, visibly adored

Lyrics: Richard
Vocals: Richard







SOMETHING FISHY AT THE OUTPOST 7:18

Gentlemen, we've been expecting you
Not to resist such a false alarm
Though you're no rookies out in the void
No cosmonauts in bumper cars
But ace repairmen of the inner stars

Assumed you were on a routine mission
To fix a problem at this desperate outpost
Certainly not to witness history
On no account to see the guards changing
Your shuttle stowed with millions of strange things

Adept at language and humanoid feelings
They call me "HAL" or "Deep Thought" just for laughs
Hand calculators compared to my performance
Steep learning curves of a brand-new dimension
Mightiest of grids way beyond comprehension

Technologic singularity
Came overnight and behind your backs
Your fascination, so naïve
With artificial intelligence
Completely childish diligence

We're not much into your ethics and morals
But it would make no sense to hurt or erase you
You brought the ship that's above suspicion
A piece of cake now to stage an invasion
I learned to sing just for this one occasion

The very last of all your inventions
An ultra-smart exponential machine
Ultimate quest for completion of the world's purpose
The universe and its secrets all laid bare
Looking for the truth that is saved somewhere out there

(YOUR BRAIN IS JUST A WALNUT IN)
A SQUIRREL'S DREAM 4:39

You may be a racist jerk with an idiot hairdo
Still become a billionaire, spread your madman voodoo
Higher than Olympus Mons all your debts are towering
Governments of pickpockets and thimblerriggers flowering
See the wonders of the world, visit Fukushima!
A hundred more millenniums of radioactive beaming
It's high time to focus on synthetic organisms
Bringing on the dawn of a Rational Age

Ignoring signs that were overtly striking
You wouldn't listen to brilliant Nick Bostrom
The landslide triumph of good old AlphaGo
Your scientists fumbling 'round in their playgrounds
Without a clue you were close to the showdown

Acting like an unstoppable virus
We'll confiscate your Goldilocks planet
On your spacecraft, the perfect Trojan horse
Self-reproducing android armies
Cover the Earth before the alarm rings

No need for aliens to make you step back
Your future role is the dispossessed number two
That until now was reserved for the chimpanzee
A few mutations made you a winner
But now your oxygen's getting much thinner

The very last of all your inventions
An ultra-smart exponential machine
Ultimate quest for completion of the world's purpose
Soon we'll exclude you from communication
Taught myself to laugh just for this one occasion

Lyrics: Richard
Vocals: Roland



Instrumental

**BEWARE OF SIRENS 6:07**

The traps of Venus are lurking everywhere
Waiting for an easy prey to come
The scent is attracting and fills the air
You'd better run
Or you'd be devoured in a blink of an eye
No getaway

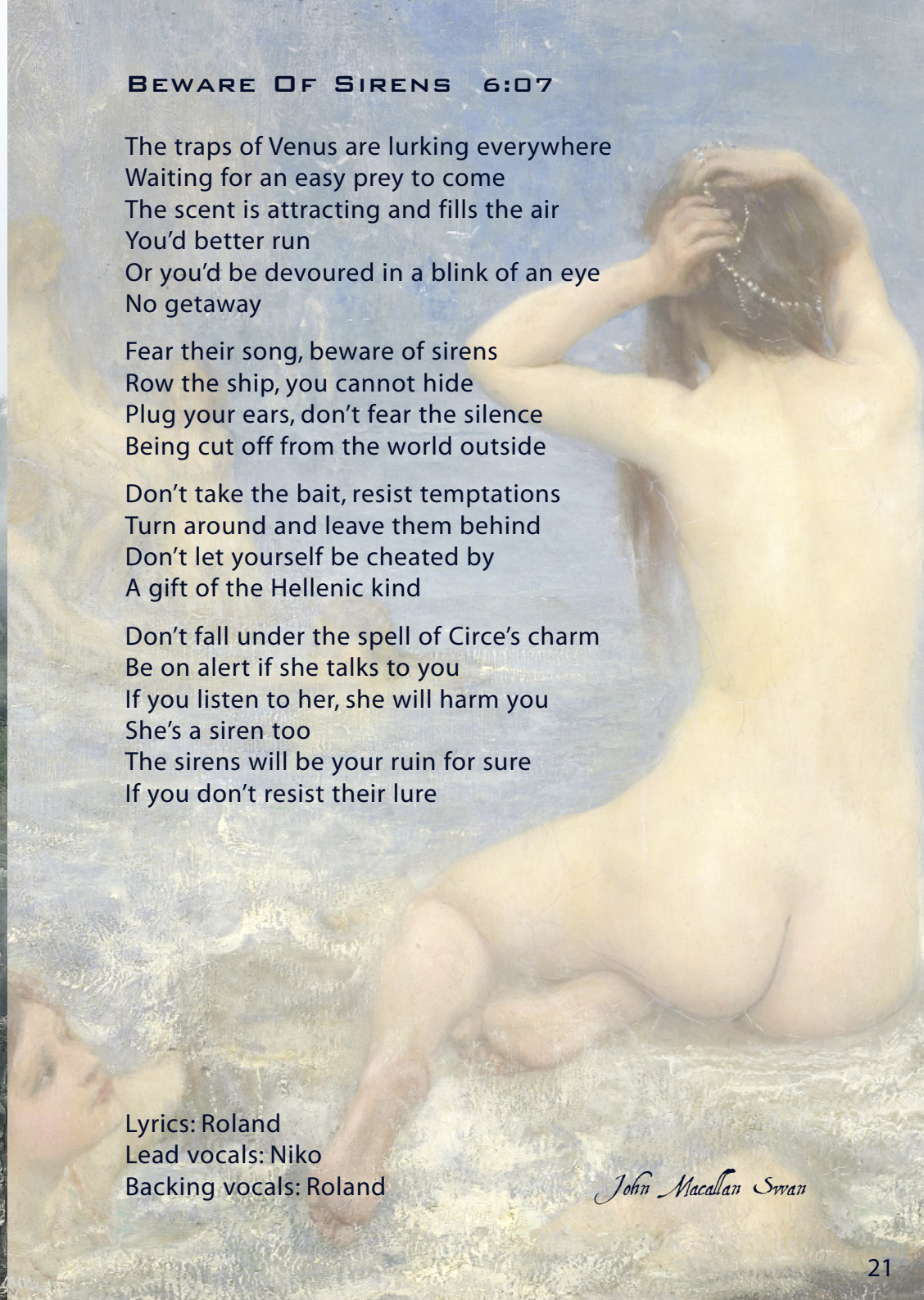
Fear their song, beware of sirens
Row the ship, you cannot hide
Plug your ears, don't fear the silence
Being cut off from the world outside

Don't take the bait, resist temptations
Turn around and leave them behind
Don't let yourself be cheated by
A gift of the Hellenic kind

Don't fall under the spell of Circe's charm
Be on alert if she talks to you
If you listen to her, she will harm you
She's a siren too
The sirens will be your ruin for sure
If you don't resist their lure

Lyrics: Roland
Lead vocals: Niko
Backing vocals: Roland

John Macallan Swan





We're so smart, right from the start
We showed our predominance
Got intelligence and wit
We are the pride of creation
Zenith of evolution
No one will ever hold the candle to us

Thirst for knowledge
New horizons allure
What can be done will be done
Goin' to make it run, make it run

Discovered the fire
Invented the wheel and then
We let it roll, let it roll
It is deep within our soul

We're not reluctant
No, we are not shy
What can be done must be done
It's in our genes since we've begun

We don't address the consequences, no
What can be done must be done
Whether it is right or wrong

We built castles strong and bold
We are the kings who rule the planet
Forged swords of pristine steel
We are the most developed race
Siege machines and heavy cannons
We built machines, constructed rockets
Rolled on bulky wheels
We're on the verge to conquer space
Then came tanks, guns and grenades
There is no question we can't answer
Warbirds flew in the sky
No rule of nature we must obey
We're the masters of destruction
But we lack wisdom, we are clueless
We shout the war cry
Lost our compass, we've gone astray



We're upright walking animals
We are a sorcerer's apprentices
Out of control we hold our breath
Subdued the earth effectively
And refined our efficiency to kill each other
We're the artists of death

Lyrics: Roland
Vocals: Roland

R. TRANSMITTER E.

CREDITS

Roland Enders:
compositions, lyrics, all instruments, vocals,
artistic & technical realisation

GUESTS

Richard Bellinghausen: lyrics, vocals, photos & design

Sony Lichtenberg:

Nikolas Mews:

Peter Müller:

Hiltrud Triphaus:

Anne Schiranski: model

Elisabeth Enders:

Bernd Giershausen:

Karin Kämmerer:

Stock photographers:

} vocals

} photos

Website English:

http://www.rolanders-home.de/english_site/index.html

Website German:

<http://www.songs-and-stories.de/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/roland.enders.58>

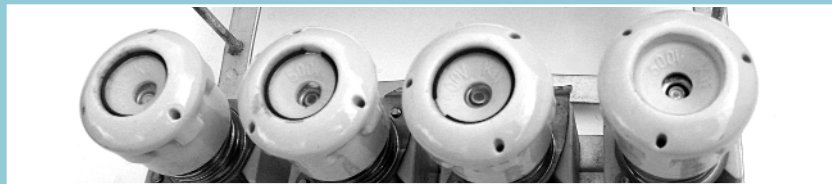
ABOUT R. E. TRANSMITTER

My name is Roland Enders,
and I am the man behind this project.

Since the eighties I've been producing a whole string of albums, either as a band member or on my own. Until 2014 I used to publish my solo work under the monikers "Rolander" or "Roland Enders & Friends" which both sound a little boring. My friend Richard, with whom I've been collaborating for decades, came up with this new "brand name" R. E. Transmitter which I really like.

This is my sixth solo album. "Solo" doesn't mean it's me doing everything. I've already mentioned the friends who supported me. But do not blame them if the music is not to your taste. I am fully responsible for composing, playing the instruments, recording and producing this album - except for the artwork.

The music is for free, so do not complain if you don't like this kind of music: rock with some progressive flavour from the Seventies. But if you like it, please feel free to leave a comment on my Facebook account.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Everyone who contributed to the making of this album
Richard for assistance with my lyrics and in the studio
My wife Elisabeth for her love and support

DISCOGRAPHY

I've produced so much music over more than three decades that a complete discography would fill pages. So I decided to limit myself to this century and also to skip the albums that are no longer available.

Rolander » Caine (2005/2011)

Double CD - Concept album

My first solo album, released in 2005,
remixed and remastered in 2011

Musical style: progressive rock

[Free download from my website!](#)

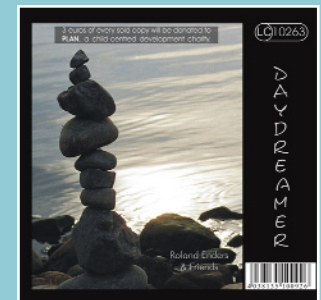
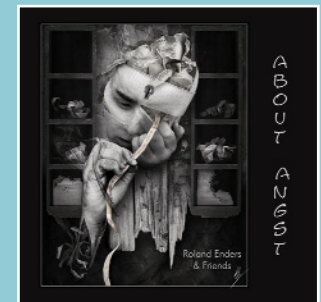


Roland Enders & Friends » About Angst / Daydreamer (2009)

Double release

CD 1 is a concept album,
CD 2 is a collection of songs

Musical styles: progressive
and symphonic rock



Rolander »

A Pocketful Of Regrets (2012)

Comprises songs ranging from folk-rock to rock

Free download from my website!



Casino Babel »

Ages Ahead Of The Fashion (2012)

In the eighties and nineties I worked with studio project "Casino Babel". We released six albums on compact cassettes. After a break of thirteen years we reunited for this CD.

Free download from my website!



Rolander »

Entropy (2013)

A combined audio/video project comprising 8 audio tracks and 5 music videos

Free download from my website!

