



Versus X

Primordial Ocean



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Please visit the VERSUS X and APOGEE websites at
<http://www.versus-x.com> (Versus X)
<http://members.aol.com/ngc1234> (Apogee, Arne's solo project)

Versus X are:



Uwe Völlmar
Drums and
Percussion

Ekkehard Nahm
Piano, Organ,
Synthesizers and
Bass Pedals

Arne Schäfer
Vocals, electric and
acoustic Guitars

Thomas Keller
Bass Guitar

With

Andreas Tofahrn: Recording, Mixing and Equipment Services.

The Pulse of Earth

Information arrives in time
compressed to send the pulse of earth though every line

Overloaded in heart and mind – something essential
lost within redundancy – inside - a sea of noise
how to select – how to make a choice
of presents brought by multimedia toys

And who did assess what is right
made pre-selection by importance
can we trust our news channel five ?
or have we been manipulated
all the way by

permanent spreading of
fragments out of incomplete
information that now moves our emotions
directing our focus towards
anything intended by
some obscure strange power
a driving force behind the lines

Confined perception – distorted view
in a blurred reality
we're urged to believe what we feel is true

Subconscious instinct deceived
Engraved in ancient code
we follow, always prone to make-believe



ESSENTIALLY HUMAN

Some hundred thousand years have
passed since ancient sapient
brain began to shed its tight
corset just ruled by instinct and reflex
to poach inside its inborn paradise - the playground of creation

Digging tunnels and cutting lanes into the thicket of our brains
to trace causality - the seed once grown as fast as weed
securing human kind advantage to survive - the fight of evolution

And by rage - of natural selection - driven by fate - challenging the world
came about what made the human mind believe in
the chosen ones – equipped to kill and to create

But thin - the line between the vague subconscious currents
in the ocean of our mind and the reality we feel

Whenever we're so sure to follow a clear marked and secure path
cheated by force – the tide of moving emotion - a game of thought
irrational congestion of our soul

But then it seems – that slight imperfection attracts us fine
as if we shall return inside and close in the cycle ahead of time
into the primordial ocean of our dreams

Essentially human - in all we feel and love
that rhyme and timing echo in our hearts
a feeling for regular steps off he path – reflected in our culture and arts

From microspace of unclear coherence - evolving fast
once just a spark now gaining complexity and spreading past
far beyond perceptive memory

Essentially human - in all we feel and love
that rhyme and timing echo in our hearts
a feeling for regular steps off he path – reflected in our culture and arts

And now along our street of dreams
we're tracing - following subconscious schemes
see moving searchlight beams

Along the narrow line between
all reason and emotion we shall see
all human wit and feel



FINGERPRINTS

Inside the spheres of my sole memory
there seems to be a need for employment of
capacities which have hardly been used
for so long while no one would trigger an alternate view

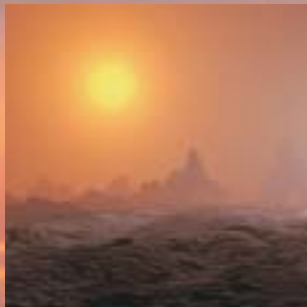
I was wandering around, unable
to create a beginning within
it seems I got to break through
by a pressure of external nature
to change my state of aggregation

And in time my mind is creating an urge - an intensive desire to
just compensate the void inside by a toy to fill in the emptiness - now

But soon again I am drawn back to the surface of this reality

And suddenly there is you, re-arranging, re-adjusting my polarised view
changing my state of aggregation

And suddenly there is you and what was missing
came suddenly out of the blue
changing my state of aggregation



From the sphere of unfulfilled materialist daydreams I fall
into a zone where a multitude of spectral colours prevail
Immediately I realise that all what appears to be true
is only achievable in close interaction with you - with you

But such interaction turns out to be more difficult than first assumed
suddenly contradictions appear and vanish again - out of view
And the following consensus is still kind of a fragile flower within our wild
garden of weeds surrounding an innocent child

Like two periodically vibrating triangles
our interests are superimposing each other
generating patterns of strange interference
Sweet and dissonant emotional harmonics
are forming a complex structure of waves
original and specific for our combination of souls

A multitude of minds in interaction for a vast
universe of cognition into which our souls are cast
spreading in eternity - pulsating and at last reflecting our fingerprints

And we begin to realise this coincidence of fortune
is leading us to the spheres of the unknown
never be approachable by each individual alone

A multitude of minds in interaction form a vast
universe of cognition into which our souls are cast
spreading in eternity - pulsating and a last reflecting our fingerprints

And suddenly there is you, re-arranging, re-adjusting my polarised view
and suddenly there is you and what was missing came suddenly out of the blue

INTO THE VAST UNKNOWN

Into an endless sea of lights discharge
enormous tensions of primordial energy
accumulated in sad privation times
firing the fantasy imprisoned for so long
reveal a sense to all – so I can let me fall
into the vast unknown

In graceful garlands waves of light still keep refracting
constantly changing and reviving coloured lines
A fleeting moment of intensified perception
is slowing down subjective memory of time

I caught a glimpse that seems unleashing all the powers of my brain
creating worlds outlasting physical existence and again
providing faith that I'll somehow arrive – the spirit survives

Yet how fugitive the nature of this inspiration
which may fizzle out if not immediately preserved
utilised efficiently by dynamics of creation
to unveil in time the hidden secrets of new life

I caught a glimpse that seems unleashing all the powers of my brain
creating worlds outlasting physical existence and again
providing faith that I'll somehow arrive – the spirit survives

In timeless nights I've been floating on the sea
within the calms – no breath to fill my sail
my driving hope already fading – to approach my goal in time
all memory obscured in a veil

As suddenly a soft curling of the waves is to be seen
enough to wake me gently from my dream
rising up in imagination – allowing me to see

over the strait – beyond the horizon
an island in sea surrounded by brightness
providing new hope
within this vast desert of sorrow

Then I can see – fragments combining
in virtual space
and everything changes – rearranges

clearing my sight and suddenly all that I find
matches just perfectly
all becomes one
feeling so strong
guides me along

A bursting spirit released by mind and soul
a sudden focus of emotional energy
Eternal longing and an unconditional will
are concentrating all my craving to one point
reveal a sense to all – so I can let me fall
into the vast unknown

