

Hinter Gitter would like to thank all those who offered a helping hand, some advice, and some support in this one-of-a-kind creation. Without the help of N. Stuart, who jams the organ and always finds the right note up there with the Vienna Boys Choir, this wouldn't have had the same enchantment als sonst. The mastermind of the computer, who worked this own "keyboard", and snapped some key photos, has a great part in the achievement of 129 STEPS. Steadman is his name, and Word Perfect ala Jonathon is his game. The equipment used was pretty much what we could scrape together, hoping that Trotter's Netzgerät wouldn't go kaputt on us, and that the tape recorder wouldn't run it's own race. So it may sound abit rustic or more but it's the best we could do considering the time element (hauptsächlich 1 P-Day) and high tech audio sound equipment and studio available.

SIDE 1 WORDS ARE WORDS

There are mirrors, in those eyes
Those reflections, tranquilize
Then that image, I despise
Fear and trembling, can't disguise
Words are words, they come to nought
Touch me not
Watery crystals, image blue
Could be my way inside of you
Double mirrors, rent in twain
Heart of darkness, keeps me sane
For any price it can't be bought
Touch me not
And this distance equals two
Puritan voices, echo true
And I see how we are blessed
Human nature, is repressed
And a friend I have sought
Touch me not
And this pulling, if they knew
Tripping and falling, inside of you
I may be weak, am I to blame?
Death and dividing, may be the same
Sleepless nights you have brought
Touch me not
Watching waves, I must subdue
I hope this bottle, reaches you
And the ripples, they subside
In the heart cave, I have died
Music by B. Hill, Words by D. Trotter
Guitars: Hill/Trotter
Organ: N. Stuart
Vocals: D. Trotter, B. Hill, N. Stuart

MANY PEOPLE

Many people want to know what
they can't see
Many people want to see beyond
Many people dream of what
Many they can't be
They only conceive what they believe
They think that they're so
close to the end
They don't even know where to begin
If they'd only perceive the
wisdom of the children
They may find the way,
the way within
They're to blind from all
their scream in
They sleep to deep to see
If they'd slow down and look
around them
They'd see it's just themselves,
themselves they are deceiv' in
Music by B. Hill
Words by B. Hill/D. Trotter
Guitars: Hill/Trotter
Drums: R.J. Azimi
Vocals: B. Hill
Background Screaming: D. Trotter

NEVER

Rhythms flowing into my soul
Catching all my visions just
to let them go
They make me, they shape me, Forever

Understanding endlessly the How and Why
The movements in the water and
in the sky
For sake me, Oh forsake me, no Never
So I say there's a reason
and an answer here
But it seems all things
were done out of fear
Many Years of struggling, with nothing
real
Robbing my life by the things I can't
feel
You told me, you told me your own Way
Many sacrifices they must be made
Before we can reach the Golden Age
You told me, you told me the other Day
And now the day has come and the Sun
has risen in my mind
And the fears of childhood are changed
with the soothing hands of time
Picture me a person of older years
Wearing the same expressions wrought
by older fears
Hold me, Hold me Forever
The innocence of childhood
It made me safe
It's held me in it's hand
until my older age
Chest me, Away, Oh Never
A flame was once within me burning
for things I could not be
Coals are now remaining, the dying
fire of that I could not see
Music and Words by B. Hill
Guitars: Hill/Trotter
Drums: R.J. Azimi
Vocals: B. Hill
Back-ups: N. Stuart, D. Trotter