

TRAPJAW

TERROR DIVINE



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CRAWLING THROUGH THORNS

REFLECTIONS FROM A GRAVE NEW WORLD



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Contains all Lyrics from the TRAPJAW Full- Length Album TERROR DIVINE, Comments to all Lyrics, an introducing Chapter and further random informations about the Band TRAPJAW and the development of TERROR DIVINE

written by Marek Latos

TRAPJAW

TERROR DIVINE



Engineered and recorded by TRAPJAW in Bielefeld / Boom- Room Studio, sporadically from 01.03- 05.11.2008.

Mix and Mastering by M.Latos 2009.

TERROR DIVINE- Frontcover by CrudeART Design (www.crudeart.de)

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Distributed by:



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CULTURE OF PLASTIC SOULS
TERROR DIVINE
VOICE OF THE ABYSS (FROM A GRAVE NEW WORLD)
RELATIVITY OF THE I
NO SILENCE AGAINST IGNORANCE
SLAVERY INC.
AWAKE
GENERATION BUK
ELYSIUM
NEWBORN EYES NEWBORN HELL
CIA (CLOWNS IN AGGRESSION)
MONOTHONY



All music by Latos except Track 7 by Latos/ Milford, Track 11 by Latos/ Kossmann,
arranged and performed by Trapjaw.

All Lyrics by Latos, except Track 11- subtitle by Peed. "Awake" and "Monothony"
are dedicated to the memory of Karsten Heinal (R.I.P.). "Elysium" is dedicated to
the memory of Charles Thomä (R.I.P.). No Keyboards, Vocal- Harmonizers, Pro-
Tools or any shit were used on this Album!!!

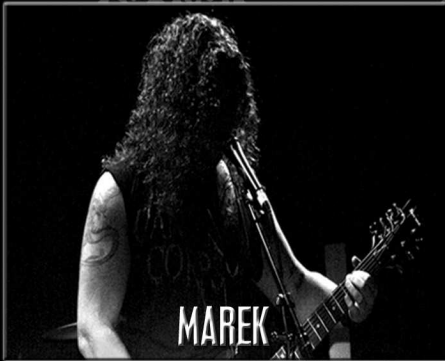
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TERROR DIVINE

LINE- UP:



MAREK LATOS- Rhythm Guitars, 7- String Rhythm Guitars, All Lead Guitars, Acoustic- Guitars,
12- String Acoustic- Guitars, Lead & Backing Vocals

MAX WINDHAGER- Drums & Percussions

KOSSI KOSSMANN- 5 & 6- String Bass Guitars, Fretless Bass Guitars, additional Backing Vocals



PRELUDIUM

Now let it finally be known why and for whom this extended version of the TERROR DIVINE- Booklet was written. From the Band's Point of View TERROR DIVINE is the best Release which was ever performed and recorded under the Name TRAPJAW until now. Allow me to explain why! What you know as the Band TRAPJAW was once the idea of only a few men. A fragile dream. Sometimes a few harsh words outspoken in anger, would have been enough to make it fade away, but somehow it survived. And meanwhile this idea has developed and you are able to experience our Music of TRAPJAW in many different ways. On CD, online, on the radio or through any other media or live, TRAPJAW- interviews and reviews appear worldwide since years, usually in metal- fanzines or printed magazines. This results from the work of many souls, not us- the band only. Souls who believe in what we do, who arrange gigs, distribute the CDs, manufacture shirts and other merchandise, look out for contacts, do the promotion, look out for session- musicians if necessary, spread flyers, short: doing all the promotional work we usually dislike to do. Why so? Because creating a record like TERROR DIVINE is more work than most people can imagine. Hours turn to days, days turn to weeks and weeks become months in which you repeat nearly endless takes of each instrument and develop new ideas. And sometimes you did your best playing but the sound sucks and in those cases the only consequence is: do it all again! The Sound, the take, the mix, a pre- mastering. Usually, when you are done with the record you feel overworked. When you know each single tune you are not in the mood to talk over them. You need distance and you have to remind yourself, there are other obligations in life as well and there is a world beyond the studio's walls waiting for you. You need a pause to reinstate your own mental mobility and, in very bad cases even your mental healthy! But when you read this, the worst times should be over and we feel (hopefully) strong enough to master all challenges.

So why all this work and for what all this struggle? The only serious reason might surprise you: Love. Love to the music our hearts desire to perform, no matter how hateful or aggressive it sounds, the reason to do something like this, is because you love to do it and if you love it you want to do it as perfect as possible.

To us TERROR DIVINE is an artistic success, no matter how good or bad it may sell or what reviews it might get. It was our intention to create a certain atmosphere on this album with an own musical language to communicate our message. To most people this musical language will sound like brutal Death Metal, but the more frequent you listen to TERROR DIVINE, the more you will experience it is sometimes far more than only this. It was supposed to become an Album a Fan of brutal, aggressive Death/ Thrash/ whatever extreme Metal combined with intelligent, epic arrangements and profound musical and lyrical Ideas shall fall in love with and enjoy it, even during a longer period.

For the most Metal- Bands it is a matter of course to present their records to the metal- community, publish a CD in any way, offer it to the media and going all the "usual" ways. To us it's not always that easy. Especially the media and the labels often seem to operate because of economical urgency. It's questionable if they really like the bands they support or if they like the money they can earn with certain bands more. I know this is usual and they have to operate this way to keep their business alive, but from a certain point their methods can become really disgusting, hypocritical, even contradictorily. Be sure we'll be always very selective in questions with whom we wish to work together. Always remember: In Cases of Communication with Participants in or among the Metal- Community, the most important for us is to be taken seriously as a hard working Band, with the intention to communicate a message to those who might concern. Those are the ones this Booklet was written for: who are interested in Realizing the Relations within the lyrical Contents. Who trust in Cognition as a culminative Process, who think laterally, who care for the Messages, which the Lyrics offer as particular Songs but also as parts of an unique Album.



"NOW LET IT BE FIRST UNDERSTOOD
THAT I AM A GOD OF WAR AND OF VENGEANCE"

Aleister Crowley, Book of the Law

CULTURE OF PLASTIC SOULS

Comment: Imagine the World as one unique system, that concludes many subsystems, which reproduce themselves by the method of Communication, comparable with the way the Sociologists Talcott Parson or Niklas Luhmann used to describe it. Most of the Communication, we are confronted with is extremely hypocritical. It seems the whole modern world speaks of the free will, free love, the desire and triumph of creativity. People mention constantly, how important it is to benefit own ideas, the opportunities for everyone to learn, emancipation for all groups in a society. But if you reduce the criteria who succeeds in this system, who prevails in the struggle for controlling positions, you can't avoid the fact that money, not intelligence is the most relevant instrument to secure the best positions. And so most people spend their lives in a state of fear, fear to lose social and especially material capitals. If their dreams and minds aren't necessary for a world, reigned by economical laws, they reduce or even eliminate them and spend a life of restriction. Restricted dreams, restricted ideas...and all the speech about love and creativity and free will and worldwide peace becomes a fabricated truth. Terms that are used to prevail in society, but in whose worths no one actually believes. This Song is for those who never surrender, never give up, never waste their minds with fear or restrict their dreams. As it was discovered in Crowley's Liber al vel Legis, those souls have the potential to become more than mortal shells. Compare it with Nietzsche's „Übermensch“ in „Thus spake Zarathustra“! The free mind, who knows no fear, limitations or restrictions. Thus it was said in Liber al vel Legis: „There's only one sin and this is called restriction“

CULTURE OF PLASTIC SOULS

Hereby I proclaim to the gods among men
Your will shall be all your law
Restriction your only sin
Come forth and destroy for your starlight
Cannot be erased, so don't fear a thing

(Pre-refrain:)

Come forth and rise!

Don't fear a thing!

On the Wings of the Fallen

We will swift above

Come forth and rise!

Don't fear a thing!

Thru' the eyes of Horus

We see clearly now

(Refrain:)

I kill'em all doubts and fears

Nothing but god shall be left in me

I kill'em all doubts and fears

Nothing but god shall be left of me

(Pre-refrain)

(Refrain)

They castrate their minds and limit their dreams

Docile Flock of Lambs, brainwashed and disgraced

I have experienced ecstasies of mind

What do they know? This culture of plastic Souls...

Hereby I witness not I but mankind has fallen

They amputate their minds

So leave'em behind

They rot and crawl and truly smell of fear

And hide their dying dreams behind Idols of flesh

(Pre-refrain)

TERROR DIVINE

Comment: Winnenden/ Germany in 2009 was just one of many sad and tragic approvals of ignorance and a lack of empathy, especially in the German society. If so many pupils are so easily to integrate in the school-system, why should anyone care about the few who doesn't? No one cares as long as they are silent or can be suppressed, but if anyone or more of them breaks out of this circle of attrition, ignorance and suppression with violent methods, even if it means to kill others or even to die, then and not earlier people and so called experts suddenly find out they own a thing called brain. And what do they use it for? Instead to look for the source of those deeds they search for scapegoats, as mankind always did, comparable with the witchhunts during the medieval age or the anti-jewish nazi-propaganda in the third reich. It's sad enough that we cannot look in the heads of those tragic characters to find out what forced them to commit, as some psychologists call it the "extended suicide" but it's another thing, not to care and then to make such ignorant conclusions and to offer these disinformations as the knowledge of experts.

TERROR DIVINE

Beast unchained, rage unleashed, Terror Divine

It lurks, it breeds, it hates everything
It rests, slumbers, calm before the storm
Ignorance, attrition and daily mockery
Are only fueling the fire

Left alone in a cruel false world
Life is kept small-sized, a living hell
The cradle is smashed, the trigger pulled
Terror Divine!

Today school ends early, but children won't play
There's nothing left now but terror divine...

Pupil's blood has been spilled, who's guilty now?

It lurks, it breeds, it hates everything
It rests, slumbers deep inside of everyone
Ignorance, attrition and daily mockery
Are only fueling the fire

Scapegoats are found, one by one
But all of you've left them alone
Their fury became their only shelter
All of you have pulled the trigger

All of you have left them alone
Their fury became their only shelter

All of you have pulled the trigger, terror divine



"REASONING IS NOTHING BUT THE SLAVE OF PASSION"

David Hume

RELATIVITY OF THE I

Comment: Looking back it can be said that two basic things caused this lyric. First one was a pattern of dreams which irregularly returned to my mind, and in which I've been nearly decomposed in different ways. Sometimes I lost nails, teeth or hair, sometimes I saw myself in a mirror and I could watch the skin tearing apart from my face. The second one was the Book "A Treatise of human Nature" by the Scottish philosopher David Hume. One of Hume's points was to prove, that all our knowledge derives from experience. So a human organism, born without any instruments of perception will never realize the own existence, so there seems to be a sort of dependence to the world beyond us, even to define ourselves and create an own identity. The fact that the dreams became less when I wrote down the lyric and even finally disappeared when I started to live in a relation again offers the possible conclusion, that some of us sometimes need certain key- impressions to fight the demons inside our heads...

RELATIVITY OF THE I

The dream always returns	Our knowledge is sourced in Experience
My skin, flesh, my face	The way we communicate
Fall apart to shreds	If we are addicted to the world
To present the true being	Then where starts the core of the "I"?
It makes me question my being	Our definition of time, space and causality,
How we create ourselves	The empty shell, the grown manhood,
The way the individual	The thin line between them?
Develops in Life through strife	Relativity of the I

Relativity of the I

(1st verse)

Imagine a newborn soul	How could I ever realize
Connecting to the world	The own existence?
Then take away each sense	Without the world surrounding me
To see, feel, taste or hear	I am an empty shell

How could she ever realize
The own Existence?
Without the world surrounding us
We are empty shells

NO SILENCE AGAINST IGNORANCE

Comment: This Lyric offers many options about the meaning of some of the used terms and among the context they are used. Such a method contains advantages and disadvantages, especially in case of the danger of misinterpretations. In Societies that some might generalize as fascistic Regimes, Propaganda was a popular instrument to mobilize the civil population for certain goals, which usually benefits one leading group only. Ignorance was the key. Propaganda always was used to restrict the civil knowledge, make people unable to criticise the own government. Today, in our "modern" society, we are taught not to be victims of such methods anymore and live in open-minded times. But this is only the surface. It's always possible to get attention and use it one way or the other, for the human mind always tends to think symbolically, to upload certain terms with certain images/ symbols, which can always be abused by politics or the media. Look at the way some music-zines hype (especially the more popular) bands, when they release a new record. This is no journalism, it's an example for the so called Win-Win-System: Two Parties benefit each other. Here's the case of zine supporting label by hyping a label's band, therefore label supports zine with advertisements for example. Ignorance seems to be born, not on a higher level, it's a trap we can always fall in, because of the way our mind is working. To avoid it, you have to be smarter than your mind; control yourself. "Sow Propaganda among the poor" means those who are poor at mind, who blindly believe what they are taught. In western societies, especially in Germany you are taught, ignorance and fascism are "white" problems or politically right-winged problems, be sure this is only the half truth. The total truth is: it's a common problem of us all, we can always be used and abused by the media and other institutions and sometimes we don't even realize it.

NO SILENCE AGAINST IGNORANCE

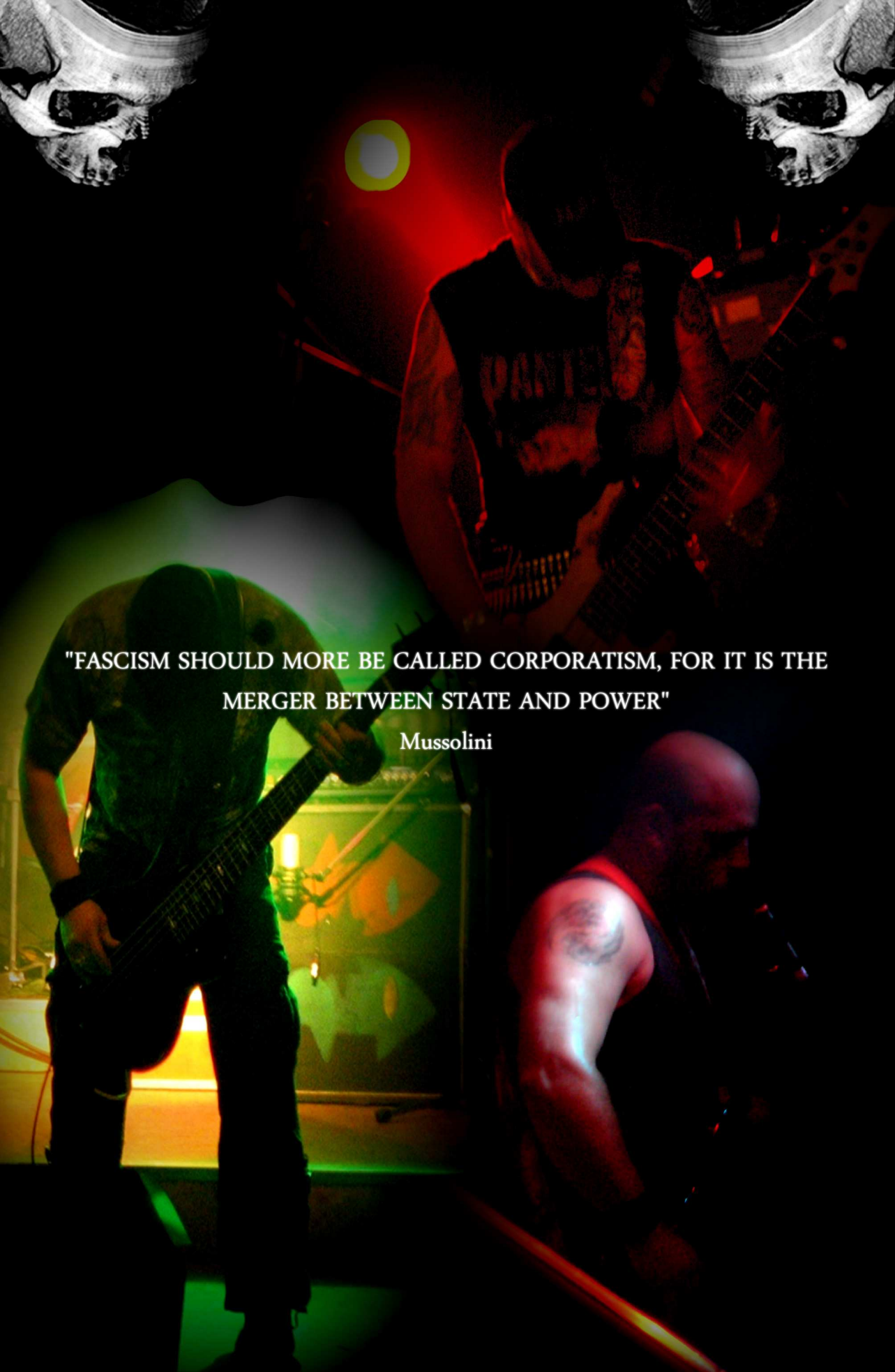
Close your eyes and open wide your heart
For my message is addressed to your inner eye
A Warning of the roots of Tyranny
The true nature of fascism

Greedy Man's Philosophy:
Sow Propaganda among the poor
No Revolution of Sanity
For Ignorance becomes the key

No matter if you're neither white nor right
Corruption doesn't ask for colours or opinions
Look at yourself and ask every day
Do I care about my next or am I ignorant?

Greedy Man's Philosophy:
Sow Propaganda among the poor
No Revolution of Sanity
For Ignorance becomes the key

No Silence (x3) against Ignorance (Repeat)



"FASCISM SHOULD MORE BE CALLED CORPORATISM, FOR IT IS THE
MERGER BETWEEN STATE AND POWER"

Mussolini



SLAVERY INC.

Comment: Many of the musical and lyrical ideas were created at the same time as "Generation Buk". The Material was so large, that I made two songs of it. Here in "Slavery Inc." the perspective is different to "Generation Buk". It's the view of the world of an ultra-conservative Extremist, described in a very drastical way, nearly comparable with an almost fascistic position; of someone who perceps a citizen as a usable cattle, which shall get enough to survive and not question the System. An Instrument, which is not determined to think, but to earn money and to consume. Consumption and Materialism are the keys to create illusions of success. Mussolini found the ideal words: "Fascism should more be called corporatism, for it is the merger between state and power"...



SLAVERY INC.

Citizen, that's how they call you, Mister X do you work?

Citizen, that's how they call you, Number X do you pay?

Don't ask! Do your duty, no surrender, no regret

Consume! Lay off workers, pay your taxes, do not think!

Slavery Inc.

Citizen, be obedient, for having nothing but a lie!

Feed it! Feed this lie with illusions of tradition

"Citizen"- just a term for a replaceable prostitute

That's all you're worth of: acting, paying, suffering

Let us do the thinking!

Don't question your place

Swallow our illusions!

Work, pay, die!

Slavery Inc.

They're slaves, slaves of a world

A world so corrupt (Slaves of a world) I cannot love

They're slaves, Slaves of a world

A world so corrupt (Slaves of a world) not worth to be loved

(Rep.)

AWAKE

Comment: A frequent phenomenon, which one might observe among Students, Experts or Intellectuals and all those who one might generalize as "Bourgeoisie" as Marx called it, is the matter of fact most of them know many social problems by books and statistics only. They never acknowledged Drug- or Alcohol- Abuse, social Exclusion caused by lack of resources, Depression, drifting into Criminality or anything by themselves. So they can offer theoretical solutions only, which practically sometimes don't work because of many inexperienced or unregistered random circumstances. This differs much from our own experience and what some of us and some of our friends have been through. This lyric is the first one which is dedicated to a common friend who unfortunately died, after he succeeded in struggling out of a swamp of criminality and drug abuse, which generally formed his life for a long time. You can say it came the day, when he decided to "Awake". But the Title goes also to the whole society. If not, at least a huge part of it will finally "awake" and stops to ignore social problems, it will be impossible to avoid brazification: separation into a two- classed society.

AWAKE

Close the book, come back now in clarity
'Wake from your dreams, realize the tragedy
Honour and Love, idols drowned in blasphemy
Open your eyes, welcome to reality

Life love the loveless only
A lesson I learned well enough
It never comes to bring back hope
It sows it's brood, I harvest pain

Awake!

Life loves the loveless only
Those who are blessed since birth
Who never treasure the gift of luck
Restrict themselves to plastic souls

Honour and Love, idols drowned in blasphemy
Open your eyes, welcome to reality

Switch on the screen: Drugs, wars and pornography
'Wake from your dreams, realize our destiny!

Enter and see all things to be seen
Bigotry, Slavery, Persecution and Sodomy
Democracy? Hypocrisy! The reigning force is tyranny...(x2)

Each day I must realize
There's no reward for a knight's heart
Corruption dressed smartly in suit
Seems to proceed all time

And we, who are just dust in space
Watch love die in vain each day
Like rats, grown too fat to move we
Apathicly accept this hell called life..

Awake!

(Repeat 3rd verse)



GENERATION BUK

Comment: This one is strongly inspired by the Life of Charles Bukowski and his authorial Works, which often deal with social Problems, Depravity, inhuman Circumstances at Work or Unemployment and being at the bottom of life in general, but which are also written with a sense of humour, no matter how bad the situations sometimes seem to be. He reflects a Society, which abuses the Potential of a whole generation to benefit the own economical power, without offering any alternatives. A materialistic Society which produces egocentric characters, who are basically interested in satisfying the own ego and in excessive Consumption. The Irony is, Buk was only able to escape from this circle of Depravity, at least for a few periods by merchandising his own misery in form of short- stories and his books.

GENERATION BUK

Shall this be the world wherein I'm forced to dwell? A world of the free? A world made for me? Holding me down, depraved, poor and sick Holding us down, Generation Buk	Though I am down and stripped of all but pride Depraved and bruised, and trapped in existence Yet they can't tempt me What they all own don't impresses me My life don't depends On pcp or plasma- TVs
At least my misery is worth enough To entertain you So drink up, shoot in and masturbate When I fall again	You and I know a life, they only read about Only in a world fallen down, I feel like home (Rep.)

Come down from your throne! Remember Life again!
Prepare to get scarred, for here Live really hurts
Come witness a life, they only red about
Les miserables, Generation Buk

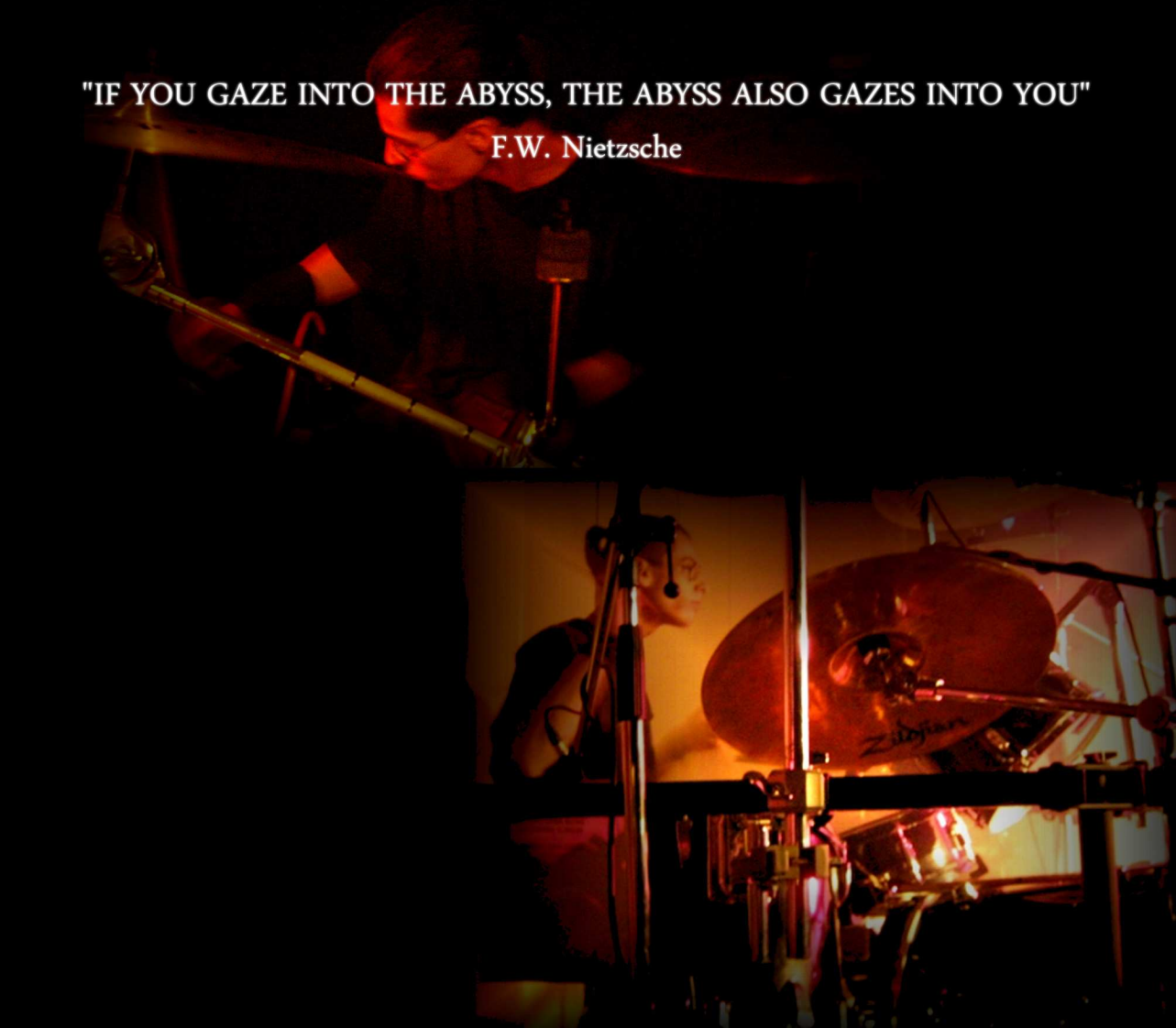
(2nd verse)

Imagine the Potential of a whole generation
Wasted to satisfy the war- regulators
Left alone with nothing
Each Spark of hope killed
Masturbation and Consumption
Are all you can ask for



"IF YOU GAZE INTO THE ABYSS, THE ABYSS ALSO GAZES INTO YOU"

F.W. Nietzsche





NEWBORN EYES, NEWBORN HELL

Comment: Be sure it's no coincidence, that this song is the darkest and grimmest of this album. Inspired by certain chapters of the graphic-novel "Watchmen" from Alan Moore, which contain the development of the very nihilistic characters "Rorschach" and "Comedian" but also by the Joker-Character from Alan Moore's "The Killing Joke", which differs from the two others, but also has a few things in common with them. The ones from "Watchmen" are more vigilants, who believe in a certain order and use nazi-like methods to restore order if necessary, while Joker is describable as the total anarchist. Nietzsche, who is quoted in "Watchmen" once wrote who fights monsters, risks to become a monster himself and if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss also gazes into you. Nihilistic Characters like Rorschach or Joker seem like examples for men who have watched into such an abyss, the abyss of humanity and the worst and most disgusting things humans are able to do. In the Jail-scene Rorschach tells a psychiatrist, that he was one day born again, when he faced a paedophile murderer and decided to "fight fire with fire" from this day on. Joker's Fate is more tragic. On the one side he is comparable with the character performed by Robin Williams in "The Fisher King"- both lose their minds after very tragic happenings. But the Consequences are totally different. Joker, who defines life as a joke from this day on, takes nothing seriously, especially not human life, in a way he becomes not only an anarchist, but a misanthrope as well, a very dangerous combination. But whatever he does, always remember: He decides to be the Joker because he is unable to bear who he really is.

NEWBORN EYES, NEWBORN HELL

Deep into the abyss I starred
And the abyss starred into me
Frightend by the demons yet I knew
I would face them alone
Cold are the depths of my soul
But compared with the coldness of your world
They can bring back warmth to my heart
And offer me shelter in pain

(Refrain)

Sometimes you have to die
To see clearly through newborn eyes

Your ignorance becomes bliss
Forever I'll be deterr'd
By the ugliness of your soul
In selfishness rotting alone
Smaller and smaller your mind
Straightjacket your point of view
As it will end all in lies
Forever I will hate you

(Refrain)

CIA - CLOWNS IN AGGRESSION

Comment: After being found to (officially) fight the nazi- regime during the second world war, the CIA rose to one of the most powerful and manipulative Secret Agencies in the world, including an own private Army (SOG) and Internet- hacker- software (Carnivore) for example. During the cold War his Utility was to infiltrate pro- communistic Regimes, especially in South- America and to cause their fall if possible, while Dictators who claimed to follow capitalistic, pro- US or pro- western ideals (as Saddam Hussein once did) were supported. Non- Conform Regimes were, if possible replaced by Shapes of Governments, which were supposed to create the illusion of Democracy (as we can see now in Afghanistan and Iraq) but indeed their priorities are to benefit the western world, especially the US- Economy. Observe methods and nowadays possibilities for the CIA and you might share the conclusion: It's questionable and paradox how such an undemocratic Agency can be tolerated by any society who claims to be humanistic.

CIA - CLOWNS IN AGGRESSION

Absolute Power, absolute control,
It seems you cannot get enough
Hungry and horny you've found a goal to gain for:
Total world domination

Like a plague you spread in the world
To kill, maim or infiltrate
No matter if your suspects aren't correct
All non- conform will be destroyed

Worldwide web for worldwide terror

Central Intelligence agency
Control Information and Armory
Corrupt Inhuman Administery
Creators of Intrigance and Agony

CIA (x2)

Worldwide web for worldwide terror (x2)

Absolute Power, absolute control,
It seems you can't get wet enough
Armys for profit, intruments of terror:
Carnivore and SOG

Hypocritical you claim with false pride
To serve stars'n stripes and peace
But no oath can cover the blood
Of innocents on your hands

Worldwide web for worldwide terror

CIA (2x)

Fascism roots in Ignorance
Behold....

MONOTHONY

Comment: The Title was supposed as a word- combination of the terms "Monotony" and "Thorns", for I couldn't decide between the title- alternatives "Monotony" or "Crawling through Thorns"- a metaphor which is used in the lyric and finally became the title of this extended online- booklet. So I made a fictive Word, which was supposed to combine both terms, but now I'm not sure anymore if it really works this way, which makes this extended online- booklet even more important to clear such questions. This is the second Lyric which is dedicated to a friend who died years ago and which is already mentioned in "Awake". But this time it's about a phenomenon most of us know: the Monotony in Life, which you realize when you feel how things seem to repeat, you move in Society, meet different faces, different situations but certain patterns seem to repeat. You meet people who seem like copies of other people. Many People feel certain when they are reminded in previous situations, but some of us just feel bored. Bored of Life and Society and all their false little rituals, that sometimes seem so unnatural to us. We don't feel comfort because it doesn't feed our hunger for new impressions. So many accept it, accept their shitty jobs and their shitty lives, and those who have the courage to dream on, one day realize they are alone with their dreams. After a few years of naive childhood (if you are lucky), in which the world looks simple and fascinating you are thrown into a life, chained to economical laws, and the alternatives to prevail, to succeed without risking mental injuries are only a few. If Mind or Body suffer of anything, they can be cured but your soul is alone, alone at birth and death.

MONOTHONY

May deeds define the man of the world	The dreams of the humans fade
While the theatre of his soul	Like roses starving to dust
Plays for an audience which consists only of one	Self- satisfying the ego leads only to apathy
My years, they pass like centuries	They blindly accept the monotony
I feel reborn again and again	Of their lives they thought they chose
My only constant companies are love, passion and pain	Sacrificing a lifetime for a world which fades to black
Lack of life in my heart	Lack of life in my heart
Emptiness	Emptiness
Release me!	Release me!
Lack of life, in my veins	Lack of life, in my veins
Release me from this monotony	Release me from this monotony
Ain't there someone out there?	Ain't there someone else like me
Whose cries of solitude	Who rages in solitude?
Echo unheard through the worlds?	It is my fate to die alone....
Is it my fate to die alone?	
Why? Nails are driven through my dreams....	
I must crawl through thorns.....constant agony.....	



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TERROR DIVINE

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Thanks for Attention!

Trapjaw 2009