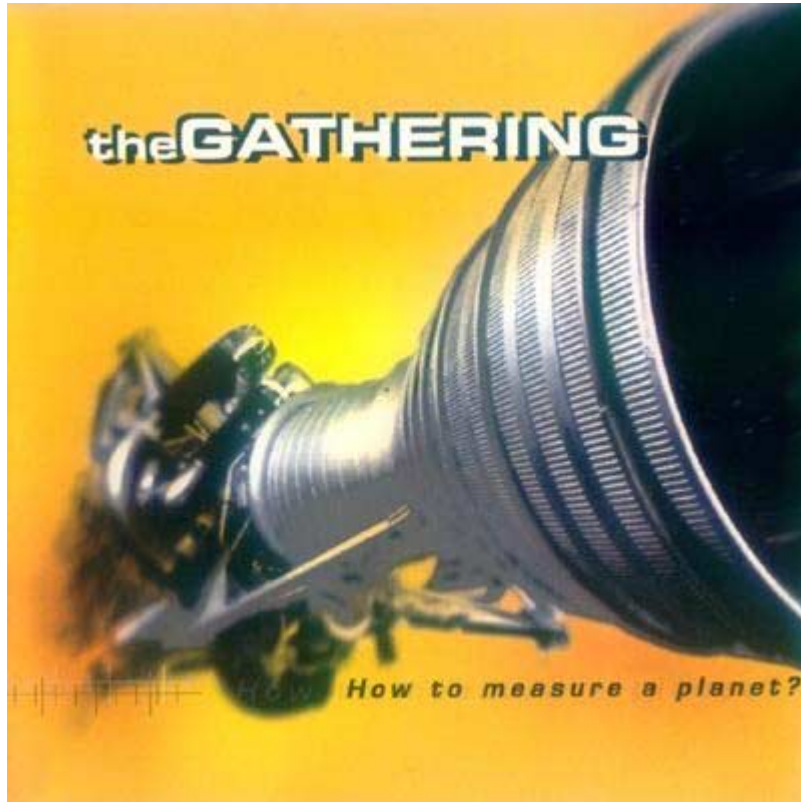


How to Measure a Planet? - 1998 Century Media - 77268-2



CD1:

Frail (you might as well be me)
Great Ocean Road
Rescue Me
My Electricity
Liberty Bell
Red is a Slow Colour
The Big Sleep
Marooned
Travel

CD2:

South American Ghost Ride
Illuminating
Locked Away
Probably Built in the Fifties
How to Measure a Planet?

Frank Boeijen - keyboards
Hugo Prinsen Geerligs - bass
Anneke van Giersbergen - vocals
Hans Rutten - drums
René Rutten - guitars

René Rutten also plays theremin on "Illuminating" & "Rescue Me"
And didgeridoo on "South American Ghost Ride"
Anneke v. Giersbergen plays guitars on "My Electricity" & "Locked Away"
Attie Bauw: programming & some percussion

all lyrics by Anneke van Giersbergen
all songs arranged by The Gathering & Attie Bauw

Produced, engineered & mixed by Attie Bauw
Recorded at Bauwhaus, Amsterdam & Wisseloord, Hilversum between July & october 1998
Mixed on ProTools at Bauwhaus, Amsterdam
Mastered at Abbey Road, London, by Chris Blair

Layout & design by Carsten Drescher (Media Logistics) mail@medialogistics.com

Gathering uses: Gibson, Gibson Epiphone, Mapex, Koch

Frail [you might as well be me]

You lead me
I do need redemption
Whenever I don't know

I feed you balance
We will not rest
Until the search ends

I bleed for you
I voluntarily give myself

I need my frailty
Oh so soon
I will unfold

I bleed for you
I voluntarily give myself

Great Ocean Road

It is all there
The earth and the ocean
They contain the power
of our lives

This beautiful city
that surrenders
to the nightfall
Carving the grounds
we walk upon

And the air
We all dare
to ride it somehow

Blue and black is the sky
While tumbling down
Trapped into the freedom
of an aeroplane

Deprived of sleep
we jump into the deep

With no knowledge whatsoever

There is no place
on the face
of this earth
Only silence
is the sound
of an angel

Rescue Me

All I want
is to be where you are
Wisdom
will nurse you

Pass your sense
on to me
Weigh my hands
And help me

I gasp
for air
what is the wear
That shows on my face

Pass your sense
on to me
Weigh my hands
Rescue me

I rinse my face
in water
My breath runs out
in the waves

My Electricity

I send your name
up into the sky
And the wind blows it back into my face

You see, even nature
reacts on me
And all my electricity
will make it across your sea

With every wave the sea makes
My body gets weaker
and weaker.... and weaker..

You see, even nature
reacts on me
And all my electricity
will make it across your sea

And provides you
with my love

Liberty Bell

No brainwaves or activity
while the craft is in the air
It's getting dark, it's getting light
we are sitting in a chair

We have fastened every belt
we cannot float out of our seats
It's so enormously frightening
When our tail reaches superheat

Another time zone
a change of season
it is turning dark again
We're getting ready for yet
another orbit around our planet

It is time for the galactic cruise
To come to an end
One last view on the world
and the time we have spend

Red is a Slow Colour

The black house in my street

looks too dark just to go inside
But when I do
I cannot move because of
the mess in the hallway

The picture on the wall is chaotic
I don't want to look at it
But when I do
I cannot speak because of
the confusion in my head

I am unfit and I want to leap away
But when I do
The red colour comes after me
It is fierce and it moves slow

The picture on the wall is chaotic
I don't want to look at it
But when I do
I cannot speak because of
the confusion in my head

I am unfit and I want to leap away
But when I do
The red colour comes after me
It is fierce and it moves slow

The Big Sleep

Deprivation of my sleep
is so bad
I need to weep
myself into a coma

And drift far, far away
from reality

sing me a lullaby
"Summertime"

I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming

Temporary failure to close my eyes
leads to a final

loss of sanity
I need to slip
into a deep sunken sleep

And drift far, far away
from reality

I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming.....

Marooned

I know from a lesser tribe
I suppose the range of my intelligence
is way too wide

And you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to say

My emotional outlet
is consuming the better part of me
And apart from the wrong words
a tortured cry is making me see

That you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to say

hours and hours fo jealousy
are passing me by
Although hollow silence
is the only wave
going through your brain

And you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to say

Travel

Melodic stanzas
are symphonizing their way
through your weary head

To feed your distrust

And fill its mouth with the desire
to soulfully be one with your creation

Not a subject to control
you call upon a higher power
for help and inspiration

The crowd waits
and turns their faces
towards you expectantly
you give them what they need
But their useless criticism
makes you die
a bit more inside

Not a subject to control
you call upon a higher power
for help and inspiration

Oh, I swoon
while loudspeakers play soft music

Leaning
over your fortieth masterpiece
You must have loved
the colour of these violins

I wish I knew you
Your fit of insanity makes me sad

I wish you knew
your music was to stay forever
And I hope....

I have no clue
if you know how much it matters
And I hope....

South American Ghost Ride

instrumental

illuminating

Illuminating is what we are
When we will be on the stars

I will feel great
Without my weight
that I would feel
while on the ground

Who would have thought
that we could overcome
such a thing as
protruding the ozone layer
To find new species
on the stars

I will feel great
Without my weight
pulling me down
Would I still feel myself
when I hit the ground

Locked Away

No sense at all
do what you want
for I will hunt you
Until you will be

Locked away

just so what you'll
be scared of me
Behind my power
I will hide all my fears

Right now you are punished
for absolutely nothing
And I feel so good
Because once more
I don't have to be honest

With myself
While you're locked away

Just so you'll

be scared of me
behind my power
I will hide all my fears
It is fierce and it moves slow

Probably Built in the Fifties

I might be moving to the east
to part my ways
And I will try to get something
I don't have yet
If I do, I will look at it
for days and days
Until I will never forget

I have heard this mental search
has made them all
take a look along the border
Having the urge
For their minds
to be lifted
to something new
I'm running to meet
my higher self

I trust the speed
Until I have no need
to run anymore

Miles and miles I run

I hear my feet
And I hear myself breathe
heavily

I trust the speed
Until I have no need
To run anymore

Miles and miles I run

How to Measure a Planet?

instrumental