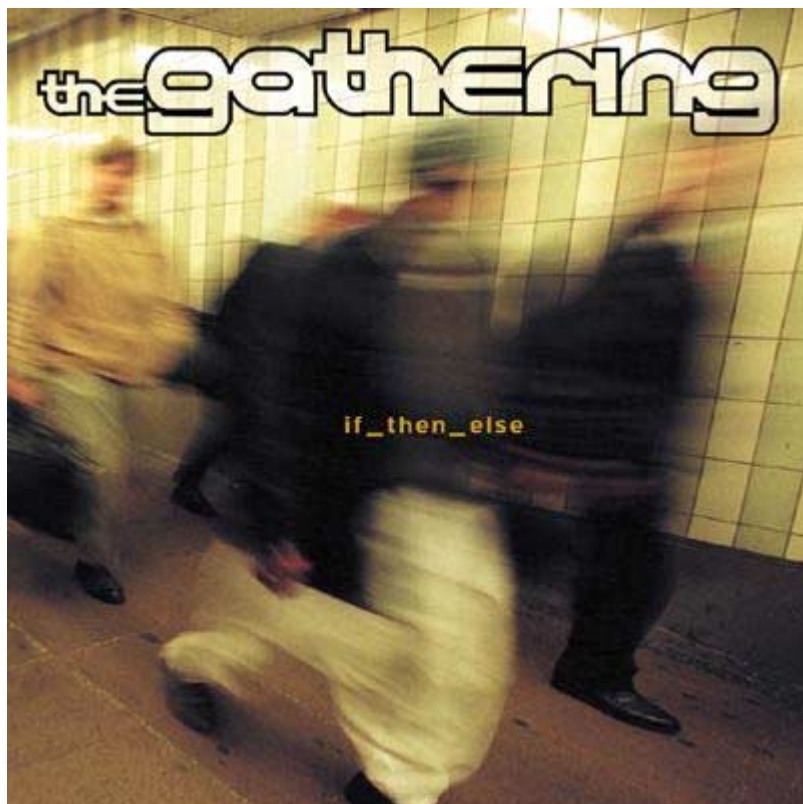


## If\_then\_else - 2000

Century Media - 77298-2



### Rollercoaster

F. Boeijen - keyboards, drumloops / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, percussion / R. Rutten - guitars  
B. v. Vegchel - french horn

### Shot to Pieces

F. Boeijen - keyboards, 505 loops / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, 505 loops / R. Rutten - guitars

### Amity

F. Boeijen - keyboards / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals / H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass  
H. Rutten - drums, 505 drumloop / R. Rutten - guitars / J. ter Bals - violin

### Bad Movie Scene

F. Boeijen - keyboards / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals / H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass  
H. Rutten - drums / R. Rutten - guitars

### The Colorado Incident

F. Boeijen - keyboards, hammond organ / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, percussion / R. Rutten - guitars

### Beautiful War

F. Boeijen - upright piano / H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums  
R. Rutten - guitars / E. Bressers - oboe / B. v. Vegchel - french horn  
A. Verspaandonk - trombone

### **Analog Park**

F. Boeijen - keyboards, fender rhodes / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, percussion / R. Rutten - guitars

### **Herbal Movement**

F. Boeijen - keyboards, drumloops / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, percussion  
R. Rutten - guitars, vibraphone / Zap the Killer - silent p.q. loops

### **Saturnine**

F. Boeijen - keyboards, upright piano / A. v. Giersbergen - vocals  
H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass / H. Rutten - drums, 505 drumloop  
R. Rutten - electric & acoustic guitars / J. ter Bals - violin  
M. Kalkhoven - cello

### **Morphia's Waltz**

F. Boeijen - hammond organ, upright piano, wurlitzer  
A. v. Giersbergen - vocals / H. Prinsen Geerligs - bass  
B. H. Rutten - drums, percussion / R. Rutten - electric & acoustic guitars  
J. ter Bals - violin / M. Kalkhoven - cello

### **Pathfinder**

F. Boeijen - keyboards, hammond organ / H. Prinsen Geerligs - vibraphone  
J. Slotboom - cello / B. v. Vegchel - french horn / A. Verspaandonk - trombone

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

Guests:

Bart van Vegchel - French horn,  
Ad Verspaandonk - Trombone,  
Emmeke Bressers - Oboe,  
Jasper Slotboom - Cello,  
Marthe Kalkhoven - Cello,  
Jiska ter Bals - Violin

Produced by the Gathering  
Co-produced by Zlaya Hadzich  
Recorded at studio 'Koeienverhuurbedrijf', Purmerend,  
and 'S & K' studio, Doetinchem, January - March 2000  
Engineered by Zlaya Hadzich & Dick Kemper  
Mixed & mastered on ProTools by Attie Bauw  
at Bauwhaus studio, Amsterdam, April 2000

Worldwide bookings M.P.I./Nick Peel.  
Benelux bookings Mojo/Rob Trommelen

All music by the Gathering.  
All lyrics by Anneke van Giersbergen,  
except [5] A. v. Giersbergen/H. Rutten.

Strings and brass arrangements by Frank Boeijen.

All pictures by Peter Blok  
except 'vibraphone' pic. by Hugo Prinsen Geerligs.

Endorsements by Koch, Gibson, Epiphone by Gibson, Mapex

## **Rollercoaster**

Outrun the fight  
I use to hide  
in quiet places

I'll rephrase my cry  
For I would keep on wondering  
the rest of my life

You're all moving too fast  
My biggest fear is  
that we'll never ever last

I know, it's not that easy  
Let's hit the brakes

Don't take no time  
Unless there's a crime  
to be committed

I guess we lost our faith  
While we stand and wait  
until nothing ever happens

I know, it's not that easy  
Let's hit the brakes

## **Shot to pieces**

What fine judgement I see  
in the eyes of our world leaders  
Oh how beautiful life could be  
if it hadn't been shot to pieces

Shot to pieces

What secret music do I hear  
upon the drums of my ear

What great pleasure I feel  
I come from nowhere and I shall return  
Because of you people I will flee  
I see my late identity burn

## **Amity**

The torture won't part you  
Motherly breast won't warm you  
You fail and foam from your mouth  
why is it so loud, this sound?

All the sense your are capable of  
does not seem to save you  
You heed the glance of a smile  
Was it impossible to float for a while?

Restless is carrying fever  
burning you to pieces  
In search and need of a friend  
Will I bow down to this in the end?

I lay in the hands of my maker  
and I want to spend the rest of it awake  
Why do I get the feeling they'll brake it  
It's a fight...it's a fight...

The torture won't part you  
Mothers lap can't seem to warm you  
You strain, you climb up and frown  
Why is it so loud, This down?

All the sense you are capable of  
does not seem to save you  
You heed the glance of a smile  
Was it impossible to float for a while?

I lay in the hands of my maker  
And I want to spend the rest of it awake  
Why do I get the feeling they'll brake it  
It's a fight...it's a fight

## **Bad Movie Scene**

Why did I ever think  
life is about to go on  
in a minute

And did I ever see

life is about to go on  
in a minute  
Life never goes on  
Those are empty words

This is the back door  
that will lead you out  
to find the alley of your dreams  
They try and tell you  
They're just empty words

It's just a frame of mind

This is the back door  
Leading me out  
Sweep you away  
We'll never go on  
We're used to these empty words

It's just a frame of mind

### **The Colorado Incident**

The magical air evaporates  
whenever we float down from  
the big plateau  
We are here,

To let you know,  
our rear view mirror  
is full of meaning

Our endless trip is now in session  
The twelve wheel drive  
is overflowing with great experience

You've heard,  
our rear view mirror  
is full of meaning  
Heating up,  
coming down with the biggest flue

Our moves have set the evening  
and we feel right, winding down  
hanging on to silence  
While equipment is digesting

in the underbelly of our ride  
We believe,

And let you know,  
our rear view mirror  
is full of meaning

## **Beautiful War**

instrumental

## **Analog Park**

In the garden, in the park, on a bench, I sit.  
A newspaper floats on the breeze of this late summer.  
It is coming my way,  
I patiently wait.

I see the sign, it's on the road  
and I think it's crazy

In the garden, of the park, on a bench, I watch.  
The sandy feet of the children.  
Pearls of sweat run across their beautiful faces.

You see the sign, it's on the road  
but I think you're crazy

You are, you are the sign  
of my unrelief

As I easily get inner contact with myself,  
I notice distress grabbing for my throat.  
It is time to reach out.  
To find something that isn't there,

You see the signs, they're on the road  
but I think it's crazy

You are, you are the sign  
of my unrelief

## **Herbal Movement**

The fabric softener of the mind  
makes everything easy  
and we slide down

Slide over, you

The fabric softener of the mind  
makes everything lazy  
and we dive down

Slide over, you

## **Saturnine**

The day you went away  
You had to screw me over  
I guess you didn't know  
all the stuff you left me with  
is way too much to handle  
But I guess you don't care

You don't need to preach  
you don't have to love me, all the time

Whatever on earth possessed you  
to make this bold decision  
I guess you don't need me  
While whispering those words  
I cried like a baby  
hoping you would care

You don't need to preach  
you don't have to love me, all the time

You don't have to preach  
all the time

## **Morphia's waltz**

I see your eyes  
Blue and wide open  
Take your time

my divine creature  
My arms will provide  
undivided attention

Sleep, child sleep  
rest your eyes  
until the sun comes up  
and you'll awake  
to light, everyone's day  
up again

Rest your head  
in my lap, honey  
The day I wept  
is when I had you my love

Sleep, child sleep  
rest your eyes  
until the sun comes up  
and you'll awake  
to light everyone's day  
up again

## **Pathfinder**

instrumental