

Posthuman Decadence



*Art Of Empathy*

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Wake up in a sick world  
Be part of it all  
Time to feel pity  
Long after the fall

Wander through beauty  
Dreaming is allowed  
Be kind to the ones  
You care most about



The Design

1. The Design

## 1. The Design

---

Here is my creation  
Similar to older gods  
My gods!  
I present you my creation  
Just like some other gods  
My gods!

I'm drawing  
I am drawing  
I will trace his existence  
Like the tiny lines of an  
abstract paintbrush  
I'm drawing  
I am drawing

Look at them and see  
See how it's meant to be  
I'm drawing  
Observe well and see  
See how it's meant to be

Always they'll be afraid  
till death  
And will build temples  
To find but one thing  
A final rest in peace

Look at them and see  
See how it's meant to be  
I'm drawing  
Observe well and see  
See how it's meant to be

They'll get sick  
And they will see their own  
children die  
They'll die!  
They will praise me  
And with the passage of time  
They will deny me  
Deny me!

Then I will torment them  
With visions of judgment and  
loneliness  
It's my destiny to torment  
them  
With visions  
Visions of pain

Look at them and see  
See how it's meant to be  
I'm drawing  
Observe well and see  
See how it's meant to be  
I'm drawing  
Take your time and see  
See how it's meant to be  
I'm drawing

2. Good Morning Sick World

-----  
Good morning sick world  
Here comes your sick servant  
At the break of the day  
And the break of the news  
A struggle for life  
And a meaning not present  
It's a struggle so silly  
When I am with you

Good morning sick world  
Here comes your sick servant  
At the break of the day  
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A struggle for life  
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Good morning sick world  
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And the break of the news  
A struggle for life  
And a meaning not present  
It's a struggle so silly  
When I am with you

Opgejaagd en voortgedreven  
Gaan wij aan zoveel voorbij  
Zoveel liefde, zoveel leven  
Onze ziel leidt averij  
Niet als mens nog gewaardeerd  
Maar als koopkracht getaxeerd  
Tot wij oud, terzijde leven  
En de krachten ons begeven

Moe gedraafd en zin vergeten  
Gaan wij langs de bulderbaan  
Van het jagen om te weten  
Of wij morgen nog bestaan  
En zovelen zien ons aan  
Wenken ons om stil te staan  
Dat wij onze aandacht wijden  
Aan wie door ons jagen lijden



Good Morning Sick World



Don't Mind

3. Don't Mind

### 3. Don't Mind

---

The soft touch  
Of your acid lies  
Confuses me  
It burns my eyes

Bombastic rhetorics, used as odd  
weapons of mind destruction  
Cut another down, to find higher ground  
Survival, survival, you say?

Shoot me, shoot me  
I'm crawling  
Shoot me, come on, shoot me  
I'm falling

The soft touch  
Of her sweet eyes  
Reciting now  
Don't mind the lies

Burned eyes  
Staring to the sun  
Deceit lives within me  
Damage is done  
A sudden appearance  
Gives birth to a sense  
The burning of acid  
Comes to an end

Hypnotic pulsations, a ravishing  
manner of mind seduction  
Answer my call, to bring down these walls  
A goddess, a goddess, I say!

Lead me, lead me  
I'm healing  
Lead me, come on, lead me  
I'm healing

# 4. Recreation

## 4. Recreation

---

The greed  
Precedes  
The deeds  
Tending to mislead

Persuade  
Invade  
Those raids  
All means for a crusade?

Maybe you are a person...

Now leave  
This belief  
To achieve  
Your goal with grief

Now leave  
Disbelieve  
To achieve  
Your goal with grief





5. If This Is A Man

5. If This Is A Man

5. If This Is A Man

-----  
Ik had een held kunnen zijn  
Ik werd een beul  
Ik sla de held dood die ik  
kon zijn  
Ik sla hem tot held  
Ik sla mij tot beul

J'aurais pu être un héros  
Je suis devenu un bourreau  
Je frappe à mort le héros que  
j'aurais pu être  
J'en fais un héros  
Je deviens un bourreau

I could have been a hero  
I became a monster  
I beat the hero I could have been  
to death  
I beat him into a hero  
Beat myself into a monster

Ich hätte ein Held sein können  
Ich wurde zum Henker  
Ich schlage den Held tot, der ich  
sein hätte können  
(Ich schlag ihn tot, den Held)  
Ich schlage Mich Zum Henker

Music: Jef Janssen  
Words: as exposed in the Breendonk Memorial: 'From the Kapo'  
A poem by Stefaan Van den Bremt

6. Beautiful War

-----  
You get used to it  
You get used to anything  
Anything you'll ever know  
All the decadence you now enjoy  
All the fierceful pride you so adore  
All the awful pain you can't ignore  
You get used to it now  
You get used to it now

Now

You get used to it  
You get used to anything  
Anything you'll ever know  
You get used to it now

Now

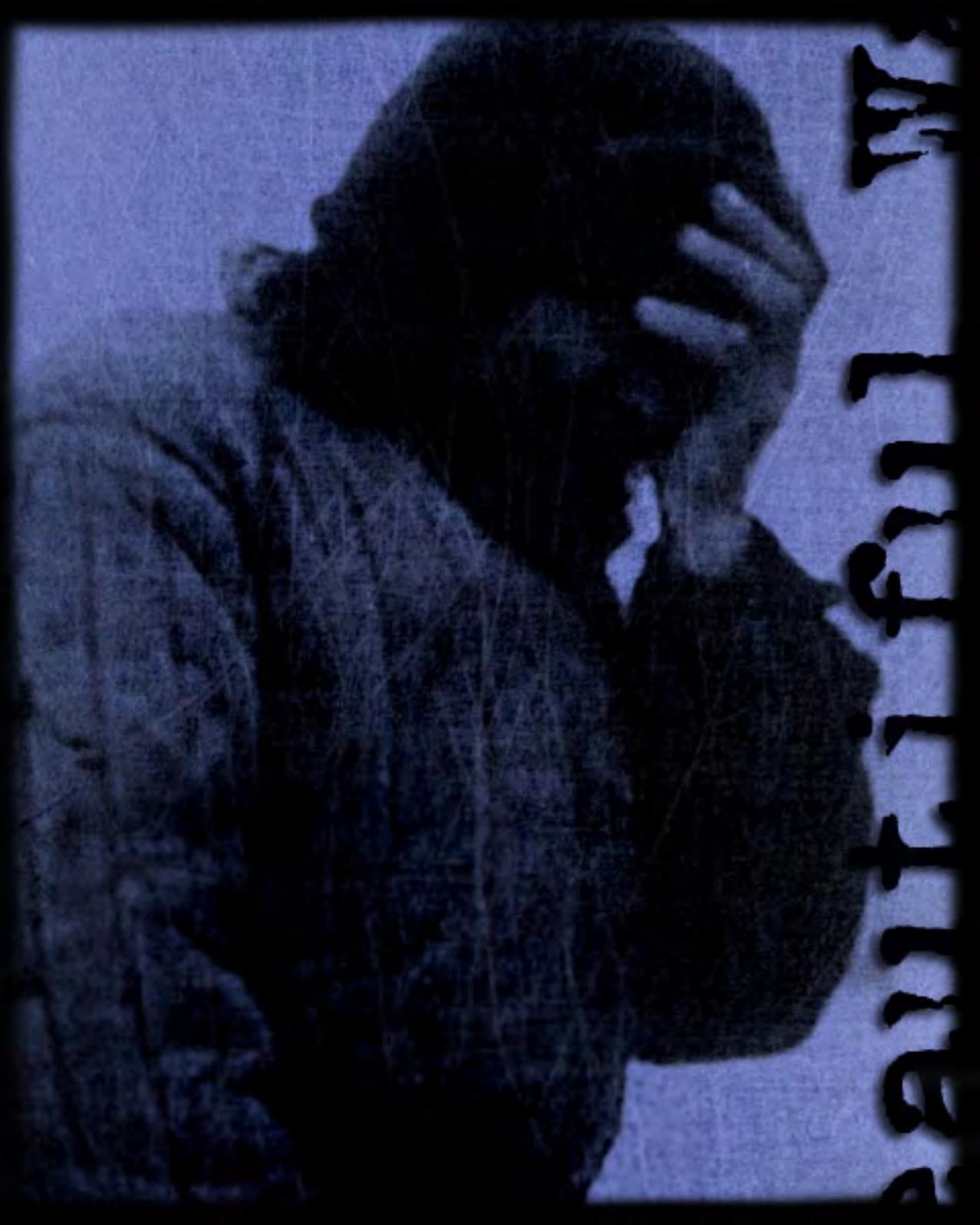
Get used to it now

Now

Dreaming of battle  
Within the comfort of home  
Feelings of dread and panic  
Remaining unknown

Unless you like to mess up  
A life without scars  
There's no such thing  
As a beautiful war

Unless the pain of others  
Is what you adore  
There's no such thing  
As a beautiful war





# 7. Still Dancing

## 7. Still Dancing

Leaves our mother us behind  
When we ruin at any cost?  
How did we become so blind?  
When did you and I got lost?

No  
She keeps on dancing  
While we slumber  
She keeps on dancing  
When we go under  
Terra Mater keeps on dancing  
Her own way

Leaves our mother us behind  
When we loose ourselves in trust?  
When we all have lost our minds?  
Once again biting the dust

No  
She keeps on dancing  
While we slumber  
She keeps on dancing  
When we go under  
She keeps on dancing  
Torn asunder  
Terra Mater keeps on dancing

Now come freely  
Let the dancing begin  
Hypnotise me  
And get me dancing  
Show me the way  
And teach me how to dance in  
Your wealth and beauty  
Which keep me moving

8. Virile Earth

-----  
Into the faculty of dreams  
Precious relics abate with time  
Brilliance of woes and destruction  
What once was land, now lies in embers

Sheer will disdains death's emblem  
Purifying soil and waters alike

I be oak flute breath  
Vibrant pulse on koto strings  
I be virile earth  
Silken path on golden wings

Oaths forged  
Under the eastern horizon  
Milestones  
Of human virtues  
Adamantine  
They defy negation

I be oak flute breath  
Vibrant pulse on koto strings  
I be virile earth  
Silken path on golden wings

I be oak flute breath  
I be virile earth

Music: Q\_Snc (synths, orchestrations)  
Jef Janssen (vocals, guitars, percussion, sampling)  
Words: Q\_Snc





## 9. The Source

---

While birds are singing  
I can't stand looking at these  
grey walls  
I heard them saying  
It's all for the sake of us all

Now birds still singing  
But I keep on feeling so small  
I heard them saying  
It's all for the sake of us all

We're consuming some water  
While we're spoiling the rest  
More thirsty than ever  
But we do try our best  
We are building our temples  
In grey, concrete walls  
The higher the better  
It's for the sake of us all

Stories repeating  
Nothing new is out there  
Stories of old men  
We don't even care  
A generation so lost  
Cannot comprehend  
The rush of our lives  
And the money that's spent

It's a swirling wild sea  
We're all drifting around  
Far away from the mainland  
No source to be found

This is the source  
Where a women met a man  
This is the source  
Where their history began  
This is the source  
Warm, but insecure  
The source  
Humanity so pure

This is the source  
This is the source  
The source

We are playing the same games  
That we used to as kids  
On society's playground  
There's no fun to be missed  
Raising our children  
The way our own parents did  
In search for a moral  
A moral that fits

And we drink our champagne  
And we smoke our cigars  
We burn down to ashes  
Don't care about the scars  
And we're singing our songs  
While we're breathing the air  
And we're waving our hands  
Like we don't fucking care

And I'm searching for answers  
Without any rest  
I don't believe in salvation  
But I do try my best

10. The Paradox Of Essence

10. The Paradox Of Essence



Oranges and lemons  
Say the bells of St. Clement's

You owe me five farthings  
Say the bells of St. Martin's

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey

When I grow rich  
Say the bells of Shoreditch

When will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney

I do not know  
Says the great bell of Bow

Here comes a candle to light you to bed  
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!

Music: Sequences (synths, sampling, drone-shaping)  
Jef Janssen (vocals, guitars, keys, percussion, sampling)  
Words: 'Oranges and Lemons' is an old English nursery rhyme



Sequences





11. Dying Cosily

11. Dying Cosily

-----  
Come here  
Shut the door  
Shut out the lights

Sit down  
Have a drink  
Or have some more

Here is no sorrow  
No tomorrow  
All these feelings true  
It was worth knowing you

Come here  
Lay beside me  
Lay down your head

Let go  
Open yourself  
And get aware

Here is no sorrow  
No tomorrow  
All these feelings true  
It was worth knowing you

Come here  
Stay with me  
Stay

# 12. Posthuman Decadence

## 12. Posthuman Decadence

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(Instrumental)



Music: *Anstalt (remixing the AOE songs 'RAW' + 'Those Days')*  
*Jef Janssen (begin-sample)*

Anstalt

Posthuman D



Jef Janssen

- > songwriting & arranging
- > recording & editing
- > mixing & mastering
- > concept & artwork



Q\_Snc

- > synths & orchestrations on 'Virile Earth'

[www.myspace.com/etheras](http://www.myspace.com/etheras)



Sequences / N. / Depraved Designs

- > synths, sampling, drone-shaping on 'The Paradox Of Essence'
- > cover and artwork design / edits

[www.myspace.com/sequences0](http://www.myspace.com/sequences0) / [www.depraved.be](http://www.depraved.be)



Anstalt

- > remixing the AOE songs 'RAW' & 'Those Days' into the song 'Posthuman Decadence'

[www.myspace.com/theanstalt](http://www.myspace.com/theanstalt)



Ann, Liv, Juliette

---

- > no AOE without the support of these three beautiful ladies. Words can't describe the efforts and patience they offered to make this record possible.



Peter Maasen

---

- > webdesign and websupport
- > overall support and source of feedback and advice



Skeksis36

---

- > creation of the Youtube promo-video
- > supporting the underground with his amazing free compilations and videos

<http://skeksisnetlabel.wordpress.com/>



- > thanks for all YOUR support, dark music lover!
- > thanks to all family and friends for their patience and believe / Toon: for his fresh pair of ears!
- > thanks to all those I (Jef) forgot to mention

- > Soundsamples found on: [www.freesound.org](http://www.freesound.org) (Creative Commons)
- > Footage loaned from: 'The World at War' (Jeremy Isaacs)

> Distribution

> Distribution

Netlabels that distribute 'Posthuman Decadence'

- Seventh Crow Records (France)

[www.myspace.com/seventhcrowrecords](http://www.myspace.com/seventhcrowrecords)

> thanks to Sébastyan D.

- afmusic (Germany)

[www.af-music.de](http://www.af-music.de) / [www.myspace.com/afmedia](http://www.myspace.com/afmedia)

> thanks to Falk Merten

- Enough Records (Portugal)

<http://enoughrecords.scene.org> / [www.myspace.com/enoughrec](http://www.myspace.com/enoughrec)

> thanks to Filipe Cruz

- FunerART Posmo Group (Chile)

[www.funerart.org](http://www.funerart.org) / [www.myspace.com/funerarttheexperimentalul](http://www.myspace.com/funerarttheexperimentalul)

> thanks to Alexis Brantes

- Wildness Records (France)

<http://wildness.e-monsite.com> / [www.myspace.com/wildnessrecords](http://www.myspace.com/wildnessrecords)

> thanks to Evy

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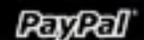
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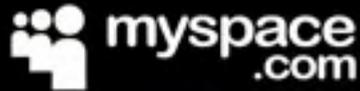
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Art Of Empathy



More Decadence

You want some more background information about this project?

Find it all here:

- Art Of Empathy

[www.artofempathy.be](http://www.artofempathy.be)  
> the official AOE website

- Bandcamp

<http://artofempathy.bandcamp.com>  
> for downloads and more

- Last.fm

[www.last.fm/music/art+of+empathy](http://www.last.fm/music/art+of+empathy)  
> get in contact with other listeners / bands

- MySpace

[www.myspace.com/artofempathy](http://www.myspace.com/artofempathy)  
> social network site: contains the AOE blog

- vi.be

[www.vi.be/artofempathy](http://www.vi.be/artofempathy)  
> Belgian social network site

- ReverbNation

[www.reverbnation.com/artofempathy](http://www.reverbnation.com/artofempathy)  
> network site