



STROLZ
BACK TO
EARTH
RAZELLI



Lyrics by Matthias Strolz
Music by Kurt Razelli (What would Love Do?
by Kurz Razelli / Gan-ya Ben-gur Akselrod)

Produced by Kurt Razelli
Recording & Mixing by Alex Tomann
Mastering by Martin Scheer

Artwork by Klaus Mitter & Kurt Razelli
Photo of Matthias Strolz & Kurt Razelli by Sonority

© Töchteröhne Records 2023



WHAT WOULD LOVE DO?

(feat. Gan-ya Ben-gur Akselrod)

There will be waves of shock and shivering.
There will be floods of pain and suffering.
There will be brokenness, isolation and fears.
There will be anger, hate and tears.

Leading from inside they say,
Do it your unique, own way.
With hope and confidence towards new dawn,
when being in trouble focusing on:

What would love do?

There will be relief and resolution.
There will be kindness and reconciliation
There will be the good, the truth and beauty.
There will be healing and joyful duty.

Deciding to go with all my heart,
with inner peace, a kind of art.
Choosing wisely what I grow,
if insecure I ask to know:

What would love do?



MAT & KURT ON "BACK TO EARTH"

Where from? Why? Where to?

We come from our Inner Place. We come with music, an expression, and a dance of our aliveness – a hymn to our collective and individual human adventure.

Mat is the one with the words. „They are essential means of expression and sense-making, always have been. So fascinating how they are deeply woven into this universe.“ Kurt is a man of few words. He is a magician with sounds, basses, melodies, beats, and effects.

Without asking, Kurt had chopped Mat's parliamentary speeches in 2016–18 and resurrected them with an electronic beat. In a different guise. With an impressive effect. Consequently, together we presented the joint album „Lost in Space“ after Mat's political hand-over in October 2018 in Vienna's Flex. Full house. Just one appearance. „Once only, like Woodstock,“ we grinned. Mat had decided to slow down the pace for the family.

But that special experience stuck with us. We popped into each other in the summer of 2022 and decided: the time was ripe for another co-creating. Mat had struggled to find a language to respond to the turmoil of our current times. We feel and see parts of our world growing towards destruction. What can one do when humanity is on fire? What can and do we want to contribute to healing? We decided that the answer was music, a universal language of hearts. Tentatively it began to swell and developed into a powerful creative flow. The lyrics came through in Barcelona, Lisbon, Mallorca, the Vienna Woods, and India. They emerged – except for one track – in English. Mat voiced them into his smartphone, sent them to Kurt, and he began to cast his magic spell. Now we are „Back to Earth“ as Strolz & Razelli. We assess the state of the world and find pain and fears. We celebrate the adventure of being human and finding relief, joie de vivre, and love.

A PLACE CALLED HOPE

Is it stillness, the mother of peace?
Reality strikes, there is no ease.
It is calmness, the vanguard of storm.
The pain of loss is uniform.

Mother, where are you? Who is wiping my
tears?
Father, who are you? Is there someone who
cares?

Who will fail? Who to prevail?
What to grow? Where to go?

Hello, is there somebody waiting?
Can you uber me to a place called hope?
Is there somebody waiting?
Can you uber me to a place called hope?

Endless drums. As the howling stops.
The storms subside. No more need to hide.
Vanishing fears, kindly shifting gears.
Darkness gives way.
Serious about healing.

Can you feel warming heat in your breast?
Let us arrive in a place beyond suffering!

Hooooo, hohooo,
hohohooo.

Let us go to this place called hope!
Let us swim in this bay called love!

Hello, is there somebody waiting?
Can you uber me to a place called hope?
Is there somebody waiting?
Can you uber me to a place called hope?

Hooooo, hohooo,
hohohooo.

There is something pulsating.
Stillness, the mother of peace.

Peace to my heart.
Peace to my soul.
Peace on earth.

VAGATOR MELTING I.

(Intro: Mat at the Mango Tree Bar, Vagator/Goa, calling Kurt, all doors broken open, open mind – open heart – open will, free falling)

I'm sitting at the Mango Tree,
wondering about the world and me.
Lots of faces passing by,
music in my ear, I cry.

Taking in some medicine,
winding into what has been.
Turning to a well of tears,
joy, and pain, and pumping fears.

Be gentle to yourself, she said.

Universe is playing tricks.
Medicine is sending kicks.
Bitter-sweet my suffering,
winter craving for some spring.

Relief appearing out of reach,
inner voices start to preach.
Free falling, disconnected twin,
naked, darkness moving in.

Be gentle to yourself, she said.

VAGATOR MELTING II.

Falling into holy sleep,
marching steep and diving deep.
Bending over leap by leap,
neither cheap, nor going creep.

Bowing to the universe,
gently melting into one.
Emergence calls me to immerse.
With rising sun I will be done.

No fear, no shame, just love.
Come on!

Tears are melting to the ocean,
as the sea melts into me.
Impermanence, they call that notion,
lovely winds around the tree.

Dawning sends me now to go,
surrender to some joyful flow.
Initiation it is meant to be,
into the unknown within me.

No fear, no shame, just love.
Come on!

The album goes from galactic experience to war, over to coping strategies for volatile, unsecure, complex, and ambivalent times and finally turns into a behearted escalation of love. We choose love over fear because we know with conviction that what we feed will grow.

Let's uber us to a place called Hope. And if you don't know what to do or are in trouble, ask: What would Love do? Let's be heartivists.

Peace to our minds. Peace to our hearts. Peace on Earth!

With hugs, Mat & Kurt

UNIVERSE YOU ARE

Sunset brings the medicine.
Darkness sends us voyaging.
Taking straight into my veins,
ready for big mother of the vines.

Scanning all my body parts,
as the cosmic journey starts.
Tentacles growing in my head,
ready to receive the good or bad.

Salut you, galactic traveller, universe you are.
Drops of time, eternal star, universe you are.

Leaving my bodily avatar,
reaching deep and reaching far.
Turning into fractals, faces,
landscapes, armies, flowers, places.

Ornaments and endless streams,
as the vomiting begins.
I'm music, a constant flow,
diving deep and meant to grow.

Salut you, galactic traveller, universe you are.
Drops of time, eternal star, universe you are.

Eternal souls in mortal bodies,
on this planet for earthly studies.
Divine spark, evolving ray,
kids of the sun and made of clay.

Salut you, galactic traveller, universe you are.
Drops of time, eternal star, universe you are.

MAHATMA

He was a victorious fighter without weapons,
armed with consistent determination,
guided by his inner essence,
an ocean of vibrant inspiration.

Bapu, Bapu, where are you?
Mahatma, help us out!

So, I am standing at the spot
where you tumbled being shot.
Witnessing the prints in stone,
left in grieving all alone.

Starring at the stars in pain,
looking at a world in shame,
turmoil all around the place,
overcharged to ease the case.

Bapu, Bapu, where are you?
Mahatma, help us out!

Glimpsing that you are a still here,
guiding us from another sphere.
You did not tumble, did not fall,
you are shining an eternal call.

Be the warrior without violence!
Be relentless in searching truth!
Be the hands of your heart!
Be the change you want to see!

Bapu, Bapu, where are you?
Mahatma, help us out!

LIFE IS A COMMA

We stand at the place where the bodies burn.
I'm staring, mesmerized, make a turn.
Where will these invisible souls now go?
I'm asking him, I want to know.

They will continue in non-physical spheres,
outer-temporal creatures, beyond human gears.
He smiles at me, taking a stick,
drawing into the sand, what gives me a click:

Life, it is a comma,
life, it's not a full stop.
Life, it is a comma,
no, it's not a full stop at all.

Ah, it's meant to go on in another dimension.
What's in there though for our earthly tension?
Just climb the ladder, he whispers the call.
Make sure, the one standing at the right wall.

We humans are function of galactic cavity,
temporal mystery, bodily gravity.
We are children of the stars, where it all begins,
we are beautiful dust in mystic winds.

Ohhhhhhhhhh.
Ohohooooooooo.

Life, it is a comma,
life, it's not a full stop.
Life, it is a comma,
no, it's not a full stop at all.

BROTHERS OF REGRESSION

Hi folks, listen!
We have something to offer,
something you deserve.
These are volatile times,
insecure, complex, ambivalent.
We will bring you back to the good old days,
omnipotent, completely different.

Ready? Promote!
Ready? Then vote!
Ready? Get thrill!
Ready to kill!?

Yeah.
We are brothers of regression.
Yeah. Come on!

Shoot someone on Fifth Avenue.
Don't hesitate, even two.
Grab any pussy you wanna screw.
Go for it, yes, you can do.

Sending bombs to foreign lands,
raping women in bloody sands,
slaughtering fathers with bounded hands,
abducting children, erase their glance.

Men without embracement,
creatures without enlightenment.
They carry no flame,
they just burn the place.

Can you feel the heat?
Come on, let's probe!
Listen folks, we are brothers of regression.
If you follow, we rule the globe.
We gonna rule the globe!
Come on!
We are brothers of regression.
Come on!

ICH MUSS SIEGEN!

Ich muss siegen!

Ich muss siegen.
Rakete muss groß sein,
Hemmung klein,
schnell, tödlich, brutal.

Ran an den Mann,
zerreiß dich in Stücke,
weil ich es kann.

Ich massakrier dich,
du Opfer, du Nazi, du Schwein.
Sitz hier am langen Tisch halbe Tage allein,
organisier Schmerzen, Hölle und Pein,
lass Puppen tanzen und singen,
Säbel rasseln und klingen,
reite Bären, Drohnen und Explosion,
ich liebe das Töten mit Präzision.

Wir sind Männer der Tat mit gefährlichen
Waffen,
das unterscheidet uns vom gewöhnlichen
Affen.
Das was ich will, will ich kriegen.
Werd' morden und plündern. Es geht um Sieg.

Ich muss siegen!
Ich muss siegen!





CAPTAIN, OH CAPTAIN!

Captain, oh Captain! The angel has fallen!
Captain, oh Captain! Occident is over and
down!

She's watching one hundred TikTok shots,
24 hours a day.
He's filling his screen with one thousand kills,
pushing his worries away.
She's painting her nails in pink and red,
pumping her boobs really huge.
He's sinking into a world of porn,
his hidden place of refuge.

Captain, oh Captain! The angel has fallen!
Captain, oh Captain! Occident is over and
down!

This world is no longer an innocent place,
it's crowded with sinners and pain.
The dreams of these days are full of disgrace,
is ugly, dirty, insane.
The spiders are ready to take over now,
spinning their webs of lie.
Golden West, fucked up!
You are finally doomed to die.

Captain, oh Captain! The angel has fallen!
Captain, oh Captain! Occident is over and
down!

Oh wait! What the hell, what the hell is this?
The angel is moving. She is wearing a golden
crown.
Captain, oh Captain! I have to correct! She's
rising with shivering bliss!

HOTTI LOTTIE AT THE POOL

Shalalalalalalala, shalalalalalala,
shalalalalalala, shalalalalalala.

Ass, huge tits and bigger lips,
holy three, come, take some sips.

Versaci, Valentino and Saint Gucci,
Get that shit, looki, looki.

Big, big poses and fast money.
Fresh, on fleek and always funny.

I'm Hotti Lottie at the pool,
I'm more than hot, I'm hypercool!

Oh this world is crazy shit,
working hard on perfect fit,
what to do and what to be,
not that easy. I am free.

Shalalalalalalala, shalalalalalala,
shalalalalalala, shalalalalalala.

Want to lick my six-pack body?
Come over here, I am your Daddy.

Selfi, Insta and BeReal,
acid bombing, that's how I feel.

Ferrari, Rolex and Armani,
commi, commi like tsunami.
I'm Hot Jovanni at the pool,
I'm more than hot, I'm hypercool.

Oh this world is crazy shit,
working hard on perfect fit,
what to do and what to be,
not that easy. I am free.

Shalalalalalalala, shalalalalalala,
shalalalalalala, shalalalalalala.

ME VERSION 3.0

Watch out, we have a situation here.
We've never spent more billions on weapons.
Look inside, having situations there.
It's an all-time high of negative emotions.

We've brought the war to inside of us.
Let's go empty now, redirect that fuss.
The times are urgent. Let's slow down.
Let's shine and humbly readjust our crown.

Vamos, amigos! Ready for deep healing.

Come on!
Yeah!
Yeah!
It's Me, version 3.0!

Surround yourself with noble friends.
Raise consciousness and clean your lens.
Don't fight, don't flight, choose option 3.
It's me, and us, the greater we.

Drop that ego and old stories,
the „You're not enough“ and all these worries,
let's be the Me version 3.0,
let's lead us into joyful flow.

Vamos, amigos! Ready for deep healing.
Come on!
Yeah!
Yeah!

It's Me, version 3.0!