

tool

COLLABORATORS

	<i>TITLE :</i>		
	tool		
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Chapter 1

tool

1.1 Tool

"Aenima"

Stinkfist

Eulogy

H.

Forty-Six & 2

Message to Harry Manback

Hooker with a Penis

Jimmy

Die Eier von Satan

The Eggs of Satan

Pushit

Ænima

Third eye

1.2 Stinkfist

Perf / Wykon:	Tool
Song / Piosenka:	Stinkfist
Plate / Płyta:	Aenima
Send / Przysłał:	Tomasz Wiõniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

Something has to change.
Un-deniable dilemma.
Boredom's not a burden
Anyone should bear.

Constant over stimu-lation numbs me
and I wouldn't have
It any other way.

It's not enough.
I need more.
Nothing seems to satisfy.
I don't want it.
I just need it.
To feel, to breathe, to know I'm alive.

Finger deep within the borderline.
Show me that you love me and that we belong together.
Relax, turn around and take my hand.

I can help you change
Tired moments into pleasure.
Say the word and we'll be
Well upon our way.

Blend and balance
Pain and comfort
Deep within you
Till you will not have me any other way.

It's not enough.
I need more.
Nothing seems to satisfy.
I don't want it.
I just need it.
To feel, to breathe, to know I'm alive.

Knuckle deep inside the borderline.
This may hurt a little but it's something you'll get used to.
Relax. Slip away.

Something kinda sad about
the way that things have come to be.
Desensitized to everything.
What became of subtlety?

How can it mean anything to me
If I really don't feel anything at all?

I'll keep digging till
I feel something.

Elbow deep inside the borderline.
Show me that you love me and that we belong together.
Shoulder deep within the borderline.
Relax. Turn around and take my hand.

1.3 Eulogy

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Eulogy
Plate / Piŕyta: Aenima
Send / Przysiaŕ: Tomasz Wiŕniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

He had alot to say.
He had alot of nothing to say.
We'll miss him.

So long.
We wish you well.
You told us how you weren't afraid to die.
Well then, so long.
Don't cry.
Or feel too down.
Not all martyrs see divinity.
But at least you tried.

Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice that was strong and loud.
We'll miss him.
Ranting and pointing his finger
At everything but his heart.
We'll miss him.

No way to recall
What it was that you had said to me,
Like I care at all.

So loud.
You sure could yell.
You took a stand on every little thing
And so loud.

Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice so strong and loud and I
Swallowed his facade cuz I'm so
Eager to identify with
Someone above the ground,
Someone who seemed to feel the same,
Someone prepared to lead the way, with
Someone who would die for me.

Will you? Will you now?
Would you die for me?
Don't you fuckin lie.

Don't you step out of line.
Don't you fuckin lie.

You've claimed all this time that you would die for me.
Why then are you so surprised to hear your own eulogy?

You had alot to say.

You had alot of nothing to say.

Come down.

Get off your fuckin cross.

We need the fuckin space to nail the next fool martyr.

To ascend you must die.

You must be crucified

For your sins and your lies. [sic]

Goodbye...

1.4 H.

Perf / Wykon: Tool

Song / Piosenka: H.

Plate / Płyta: Aenima

Send / Przysiaî: Tomasz Wiôniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

What's coming through is alive.

What's holding up is a mirror.

But what's singing songs is a snake

Looking to turn this piss to wine.

They're both totally void of hate,

But killing me just the same.

The snake behind me hisses

What my damage could have been.

My blood before me begs me

Open up my heart again.

And I feel this coming over like a storm again.

Considerately.

Venomous voice, tempts me,

Drains me, bleeds me,

Leaves me cracked and empty.

Drags me down like some sweet gravity.

The snake behind me hisses

What my damage could have been.

My blood before me begs me

Open up my heart again.

And I feel this coming over like a storm again.

I am too connected to you to

Slip away, to fade away.

Days away I still feel you

Touching me, changing me,

And considerately killing me.

Without the skin,

Beneath the storm,

Under these tears

The walls came down.

And the snake is drowned and
As I look in his eyes,
My fear begins to fade
Recalling all of those times.

I could have cried then.
I should have cried then.

And as the walls come down and
As I look in your eyes
My fear begins to fade
Recalling all of the times
I have died
and will die.
It's all right.
I don't mind.

I am too connected to you to
Slip away, to fade away.
Days away I still feel you
Touching me, changing me,

And considerately killing me.

1.5 Forty-Six & 2

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Forty-Six & 2
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Przysłał: Tomasz Wiôniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

My shadow's

Shedding skin and
I've been picking
Scabs again.
I'm down
Digging through
My old muscles
Looking for a clue.

I've been crawling on my belly
Clearing out what could've been.
I've been wallowing in my own confused
And insecure delusions
For a piece to cross me over
Or a word to guide me in.
I wanna feel the changes coming down.
I wanna know what I've been hiding in

My shadow.
Change is coming through my shadow.
My shadow's shedding skin

I've been picking
My scabs again.

I've been crawling on my belly
Clearing out what could've been.
I've been wallowing in my own chaotic
And insecure delusions.

I wanna feel the change consume me,
Feel the outside turning in.
I wanna feel the metamorphosis and
Cleansing I've endured within

My shadow
Change is coming.
Now is my time.
Listen to my muscle memory.
Contemplate what I've been clinging to.
Forty-six and two ahead of me.

I choose to live and to
Grow, take and give and to
Move, learn and love and to
Cry, kill and die and to
Be paranoid and to
Lie, hate and fear and to
Do what it takes to move through.

I choose to live and to
Lie, kill and give and to
Die, learn and love and to
Do what it takes to step through.

See my shadow changing,
Stretching up and over me.
Soften this old armor.
Hoping I can clear the way
By stepping through my shadow,
Coming out the other side.
Step into the shadow.
Forty six and two are just ahead of me.

1.6 Message to Harry Manback

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Message to Harry Manback
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Prześlij: Tomasz Wiðniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

Son of a bitch, do you know you are a piece of shit?
Hm? You think you're cool, right?
Hm? Hm? When you kicked out people [out of] your house
I tell you this, one of three Americans die of cancer, you know?
Asshole.
You're gonna be one of those.

I [didn't too / don't have the] courage to kick your ass directly.
Don't have enough courage for that, I could, you know.
You know you're gonna have another accident?
You know I'm involved with black magic?
Fuck you. Die. Bastard.
You think you're so cool, hm? Asshole.

And if I ever see your fucking face around,
In Europe or Italy,
Well I'll -- That time I'm gonna kick your ass.
Fuck you. Fucking Americans, Yankee.
You're gonna die outta cancer, I promise.

[Bang bang / Deep pain] No one does what you did to me.
You wanna know something? Fuck you.
I want your balls smashed, eat shit.
Bastard.

Piece of shit, son of a bitch.
I hope somebody in your family dies soon.
Die, piece of shit, and go sucking dicks on a plane!

1.7 Hooker with a Penis

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Hooker with a Penis
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Prześlij: Tomasz Wiõniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

I met a boy wearing Vans,
50ls, and a Dope Beastie t,
nipple rings, and New tattoos
that claimed that he Was OGT,
From '92, The first EP.

And in between Sips of Coke
He told me that
He thought We were sellin' out,
Layin' down,
Suckin' up To the man.

Well now I've got some A-dvice for you, little buddy.
Before you point the finger You should know that I'm the man,
And if I'm the man, Then you're the man,
and He's the man as well so you can
Point that fuckin' finger up your ass.

All you know about me is what I've sold you, Dumb fuck.
I sold out long before you ever heard my name.

I sold my soul to make a record, Dip shit,
And you bought one.

So I've got some Advice for you, little buddy.

Before you point your finger You should know that I'm the man,
If I'm the fuckin' man Then you're the fuckin' man as well
So you can Point that fuckin' finger up your ass.

All you know about me is what I've sold you, Dumb fuck.
I sold out long before you ever heard my name.

I sold my soul to make a record, Dip shit,
And you bought one.

All you read and Wear or see and Hear on TV
Is a product Begging for your Fatass dirty Dollar

So...Shut up and
Buy my new record
Send more money
Fuck you, buddy.

1.8 Jimmy

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Jimmy
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Prześlić: Tomasz Wiõniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

What was it like to see
The face of your own stability
Suddenly look away
Leaving you with the dead and hopeless?
Eleven and she was gone.
Eleven is when we waved good-bye.
Eleven is standing still,
Waiting for me to free him By coming home.

Moving me with a sound.
Opening me within a gesture.
Drawing me down and in,
Showing me where it all began, Eleven.

It took so long to realize that
You hold the light that's been leading me back home.
Under a dead ohio sky,
Eleven has been and will be waiting,
Defending his light,
And wondering... Where the hell have I been?
Sleeping, lost, and numb.

So glad that I have found you.
I am wide awake and heading home.
Hold your light, Eleven.
Lead me through each gentle step by step by inch by loaded memory.

I'll move to heal As soon as pain allows so we can
Reunite and both move on together.
Hold your light, Eleven.

Lead me through each gentle step by step
By inch by loaded memory
'till one and one are one, eleven,

So glow, child, glow.
I'm heading back home.

1.9 Die Eier von Satan

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Die Eier von Satan
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Przysłać: Tomasz Wiöniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

Eine halbe Tasse Staubzucker
Ein Viertel Teelöffel Salz
Eine Messerspitze türkisches
Haschisch Ein halbes Pfund Butter
Ein Teelöffel Vanillenzucker
Ein halbes Pfund Mehl
Einhundertfünfzig Gramm gemahlene Nüsse
Ein wenig extra Staubzucker ... und keine Eier

In eine Schüssel geben
Butter einrühren Gemahlene Nüsse zugeben
und Den Teig verkneten
Augenballgroße Stücke vom Teig formen
Im Staubzucker wälzen und
Sagt die Zauberwörter Simalbimbamba Saladu Saladim
Auf ein gefettetes Backblech legen
und Bei zweihundert Grad für fünfzehn Minuten backen und KEINE EIER

Bei zweihundert Grad für fünfzehn Minuten backen und Keine Eier ..

1.10 The Eggs of Satan

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: The Eggs of Satan
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Przysłać: Tomasz Wiöniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

a cup of powdered sugar
One quarter teaspoon salt
One knifetip Turkish hash
Half a pound butter
One teaspoon vanilla-sugar
Half a pound flour 150 g ground nuts
A little extra powdered sugar ... and no eggs

Place in a bowl
Add butter
Add the ground nuts and Knead the dough
Form eyeball-size pieces from the dough

Roll in the powdered sugar and say the
Magic Words: "Sim sala bim bamba sala do saladim"
Place on a greased baking pan and
Bake at 200 degrees for 15 minutes ...AND NO EGGS

Bake at 200 degrees for 15 minutes ...and no eggs.

1.11 Pushit

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Pushit
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Przysiał: Tomasz Wiôniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

I will choke until I swallow...
Choke this infant here before me.
What is this but my reflection?
Who am I to judge and strike you down?

But you're Pushing and shoving me.
You still love me and you pushit on me.
Rest your trigger on my finger,
bang my head upon the fault line.
Take care not to make me enter.
'cause if I do we both may disappear.

But you're pushing me,
Shoving me. Pushit on me.

Slipping back into the gap again.
I'm alive when you're touching me,
Alive when you're shoving me down.
But i'd trade it all For just a little bit of Piece of mind.

Put me somewhere I don't wanna be.
Seeing someplace I don't wanna see.
Never wanna see that place again.
Saw that gap again today
As you were begging me to stay.

Managed to push myself away,
And you, as well.

If, when I say I may fade like a sigh if I stay,
You minimize my movement anyway,
I must persuade you another way.
There's no love in fear.

Staring down the hole again.
Hands upon my back again.
Survival is my only friend.
Terrified of what may come.
Just remember I will always love you,
Even as I tear your fucking throat away.

But it will end no other way.

1.12 Ænima

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Ænima
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Prześlij: Tomasz Wiôniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

Some say the end is near.
Some say we'll see armageddon soon.
I certainly hope we will.
I sure could use a vacation from this

Bullshit three ring circus sideshow of Freaks

Here in this hopeless fucking hole we call LA
The only way to fix it is to flush it all away.
Any fucking time. Any fucking day.
Learn to swim, I'll see you down in Arizona bay.

Fret for your figure
and Fret for your latte
and Fret for your hairpiece
and Fret for your lawsuit
and Fret for your prozac
and Fret for your pilot
and Fret for your contract
and Fret for your car.

It's a Bullshit three ring circus sideshow of Freaks

Here in this hopeless fucking hole we call LA
The only way to fix it is to flush it all away.
Any fucking time. Any fucking day.
Learn to swim, I'll see you down in Arizona bay.

Some say a comet will fall from the sky.
Followed by meteor showers and tidal waves.
Followed by faultlines that cannot sit still.
Followed by millions of dumbfounded dipshits.

Some say the end is near.
Some say we'll see armageddon soon.
I certainly hope we will cuz
I sure could use a vacation from this

Silly shit, stupid shit...

One great big festering neon distraction,
I've a suggestion to keep you all occupied.

Learn to swim.

Mom's gonna fix it all soon.

Mom's comin' round to put it back the way it ought to be.

Learn to swim.

Fuck L Ron Hubbard and Fuck all his clones.
Fuck all those gun-toting Hip gangster wannabes.

Learn to swim.

Fuck retro anything.
Fuck your tattoos.
Fuck all you junkies and
Fuck your short memory.

Learn to swim.

Fuck smiley glad-hands With hidden agendas.
Fuck these dysfunctional, Insecure actresses.

Learn to swim.

Cuz I'm praying for rain
And I'm praying for tidal waves
I wanna see the ground give way.
I wanna watch it all go down.
Mom please flush it all away.
I wanna watch it go right in and down.
I wanna watch it go right in.
Watch you flush it all away.

Time to bring it down again.
Don't just call me pessimist.
Try and read between the lines.
I can't imagine why you wouldn't
Welcome any change, my friend.
I wanna see it all come down.
suck it down.
flush it down.

1.13 Third eye

Perf / Wykon: Tool
Song / Piosenka: Third eye
Plate / Płyta: Aenima
Send / Przysłał: Tomasz Wiôniewski (wisniaa@promail.pl)

Dreaming of that face again.
It's bright and blue and shimmering.
Grinning wide
And comforting me with it's three warm and wild eyes.

On my back and tumbling
Down that hole and back again
Rising up
And wiping the webs and the dew from my withered eye.

In... Out... In... Out... In... Out...

A child's rhyme stuck in my head.
It said that life is but a dream.
I've spent so many years in question
to find I've known this all along.

"So good to see you.
I've missed you so much.
So glad it's over.
I've missed you so much
Came out to watch you play.
Why are you running?"

Shroud-ing all the ground around me
Is this holy crow above me.
Black as holes within a memory
And blue as our new second sun.
I stick my hand into his shadow
To pull the pieces from the sand.
Which I attempt to reassemble
To see just who I might have been.
I do not recognize the vessel,
But the eyes seem so familiar.
Like phosphorescent desert buttons
Singing one familiar song...

"So good to see you.
I've missed you so much.
So glad it's over.
I've missed you so much.
Came out to watch you play.
Why are you running away?"

Prying open my third eye.

So good to see you once again.
I thought that you were hiding.
And you thought that I had run away.
Chasing the tail of dogma.
I opened my eye and there we were.

So good to see you once again
I thought that you were hiding from me.
And you thought that I had run away.
Chasing a trail of smoke and reason.

Prying open my third eye.
