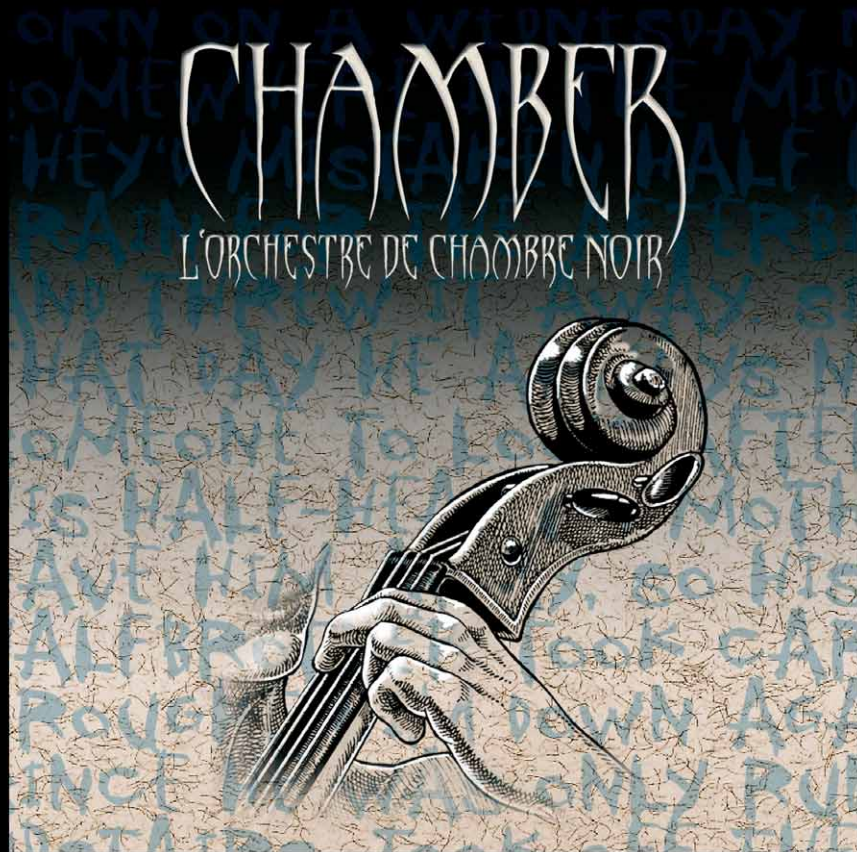


TO FOR THE FIRST TIME
NG MISSING IN HIS LIFE
ARE OF HIS LONELINESS
A FLOOD OF HALF PINT
UMBLD TOWARDS HOM
ORING FOR HIS WOMAN
E OF THOSE WHO CHOSE
W OF ATTACHED TO HIM
TRATED AND DEPRESSIV
TOO MUCH AND SMELL
RESTROOM - PROBLEM
VT HELP THE SITUATION

TRI 256 CD



TOSCANA

I close gently in my hand
what I intend to keep
and let fall the rest
from basements backrooms and these cruel extremes
take these thoughts from my head

In the morning I see clearly
that all is wrong
and I'm just another going down

The perfume from the cut
makes me ache
Whiskey clouds thought
drive reason away
Your love is as twisted as the world I see
and all your touch is apology

In the morning I see clearly
that all is wrong
and I'm just another going down.

words: Vanessa Veselka, 1994
music: Chamber, 1999

CREDITS:

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to all those who've supported us all over these years, our beloved friends and family...dead or alive!

Ruichi Sakamoto, David Sylvian and Peter Murphy

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CD 1 | CHAMBER | L'ORCHESTRE DE CHAMBRE NOIR

All songs composed, arranged and performed by Chamber, except:

Toscana (*words: Vanessa Veselka*)

Maybe First We Die (*words: Christoph Aschauer*)

Strange Kind Of Love (*words & music: Peter Murphy*)

Another Conversation (*words: Dylan Thomas; music: traditional/ Chamber*)

Ceremony After A Fire Raid (*words: Dylan Thomas; music: A Wedding Anniversary*)

Recorded at Art Of June, Frankfurt, and Kreakustik Studios, Ober-Olm, February 2002;

Engineered by Matthias Ambré, Heinz Hess, and Sebastian Ritter;

Mixed by Thomas Schmitt-Zijnen at Art Of June, March 2002;

Mastered by Thomas Korge at Magic Masters, Frankfurt, March 2002;

Produced by Matthias Ambré;

Photography by DIN8 (www.DIN8.de);

All artworks (cd-cover/booklet and web design) by Pit Hammann (www.PitHammann.de), with a little help from my Andreas „Tossi“ Gross.

CD 2 | CHAMBER'S QUADRO NERO | EPILOGUE...CHAMBER STRIPPED BARE VOL.2

Recorded and mixed at Our Living Room, November 2005.

Engineered by Mathias Schabow.

Quartett arrangements : M. Schabow

Cello on Epilogue: Christoph Möller

Tracks 7+8 recorded at Gartenzwerk, November 2005. Engineered by Matthias

Ambré, Jens Kempgens: Harmonica / Marcus Testory: Vocals + Guitars

Mastered by Matthias Ambré at Gartenzwerk, Nov. 2005

Produced by Marcus Testory

PLEASURE AND PAIN

You're the wind beneath my wings
you're the water I'm gliding in
you're the earth on which I trown
you're the fire burning my heart and soul

You're the air that I breath
you're the water im thirsting for
you're the earth my seeds were sawn
you're the fire burning my heart and soul

And you mean everthing to me
you're everything I deserve
– pleasure and pain

And you mean everthing to me
you're everything I deserve
– pleasure and pain

You're the storm that broke my wings
and you're the flood I was drowning in
you're the earth in which I'll be burried
you're the fire burning my heart and soul.

Marcus Testory, January 1998

EASTER SONG

If there'd be angels on earth
how'd they look like
maybe just like you
with a sweet smile on the face
and this "all knowing – all loving" eyes
and maybe they appear
when we're loosing believe in love
and ourselves
but they won't solve any problems for us
but make us move
make us understand
they bring us the love of the gods
then we fall in love
oh – glory and pain – yah – this is hard
'cause we're weak
and they are free like the wind

Angels are free like the wind
Angels can't be with the man
only if they really wish to feel
human love – desire – pain
all the good and the bad
and they'll stop to fly
to take the hand
of their chosen one
and there're still this
"all knowing – all loving" eyes

I wish I'd be the one
you'll stop flying for, for a moment

to Anastasia

Marcus Testory, September 1994

CHAMBER'S QUADRO NERO 2006:

Mathias Schabow: *Piano*
Ludmilla Firagina: *Cello*
Ralf Hübner: *Violine*
Marcus Testory: *Vocals*

L'ORCHESTRE DE CHAMBRE NOIR 2002:

Elisabeth Kranich: *Violine, Vocals*
Katharina Kranich: *Cello, Vocals*
Natalie Eis: *Kontrabass*
Robin Hoffmann: *Guitars, Vocals*
Tina Kögel: *Violine*
Frauke Dennerlein: *Viola, Violine*
Marcus Testory: *Lead Vocals, Guitars*
Matthias Ambré: *Guitars on Easter Song*
Mathrazzís Ambropoulos: *Bouzouki on Another Conversation*

LA DANSE DES CŒURS BRISÉS

Triste et gracieuse
elle dodeline

Tel une cygne glisserait sur les vagues
qui seraient ma perte et mon naufrage
Plus rien ne peut l'arrêter
Elle danse la danse des cœurs brisés.

Triste et gracieuse
elle berce l'enfant dans ses bras
Et ses larmes tournoient
dans lesquelles je me noie
Je ne peux plus la retenir
je ne suis plus celui qui...
Elle danse la danse des cœurs brisés.

Triste et gracieuse
elle se replie dans sa douleur
La voir tant souffrir
me brise le cœur

Dans sa beauté et sa grâce
je me suis perdu
et comme elle, moi aussi, je dans seul
Elle danse la danse des cœurs brisés.

*Marcus Testory, January 9th 2002
to Karin and Nurit-Mia Dascal*

STRANGE KIND OF LOVE

words & music: Peter Murphy

MAYBE FIRST WE DIE

There was nothing else
it all became her...
...and I'm so shameless
in my individuality
delusion – confusion
run but you don't know where

actually

These dramatics are boring
ain't there any new parts to play
this hangover is nothing
and I could handle a bit more pain
this one like the last one
this thought like all the rest
this drink like the last drink
and the next

Maybe first we die
and then forget.

*words: Christoph Aschauer, 1993
music: Chamber, 1998*

THE BALLAD OF THE HALF-BRAINED MAN

Born on a wednesday noon,
somewhere in the midlands,
they'd mistaken half his brain for the afterbirth
and threw it away.

Since that day he always needed
someone to look after him
his half-hearted mother gave him away
so his halfbrother took care

brought him down again
since he was only running upstairs
took off the clothes of he'd forgotten to take off,
whipped his back when he'd shit in his pants
cause he'd forgotten to take them down

while sittin on the pot.
Another reason for why he never had any friends:
He was unbearably forgetful, dumb and smelled.
On the day his halfbrother died he had to start to grow
and look after himself,
got a part time job in a library
Yeah, you know the story, he never finished a book,
eventhough he'd started them all.

One day, in the pub, after work, having half a pint he realized for the first time
that there was something missing in his live
for the first time he was aware of his loneliness
what caused a flood of half pints
till he got thrown out and stumbled towards home.
From the next day on he was looking for his woman
but of course, none of those he'd chosen
was anykind of attached to him.
He got very frustrated and depressive
drunk ways too much and smelled
remember the little restroom - problem!
This also didn't help the situation.
He was so sick and tired of his half-a-live
that he'd decided to commit suicide
and shot himself in the head.
Nothing happened of course
it was the wrong side of the skull - the one with no brain.
He was taken to the hospital where he,
packed in bandage stumbled into a person on the corridor
packed in bandage, too.
But oh-god, it was a female with her skull dressing
on the opposite side than his...
Half a year later they were married
and when their child was born - oh what a miracle:

it was fully brained.
He was the most happy person on this planet,
eventhough he was still
unbearably forgetful, dumb and smelled...
So, their private life became more and more difficult,
she slept when he was awake,
she shut the door when he wanted it open...
their love turned into hate
and one day she took the child and left him.
It looks like femals can deal better
with half brained lives than males.
She went back to her mother
where she still lives her happy half-brained life.
But he drawnd in deep depressions again,
became worse than ever before and,
yes, one day he took the old gun and...Boom...
this time he got the right side.
He'd learned something after all.
(And the moral of this ballad is:
One brain's not enough for two)

Marcus Testory, August 9th 1999