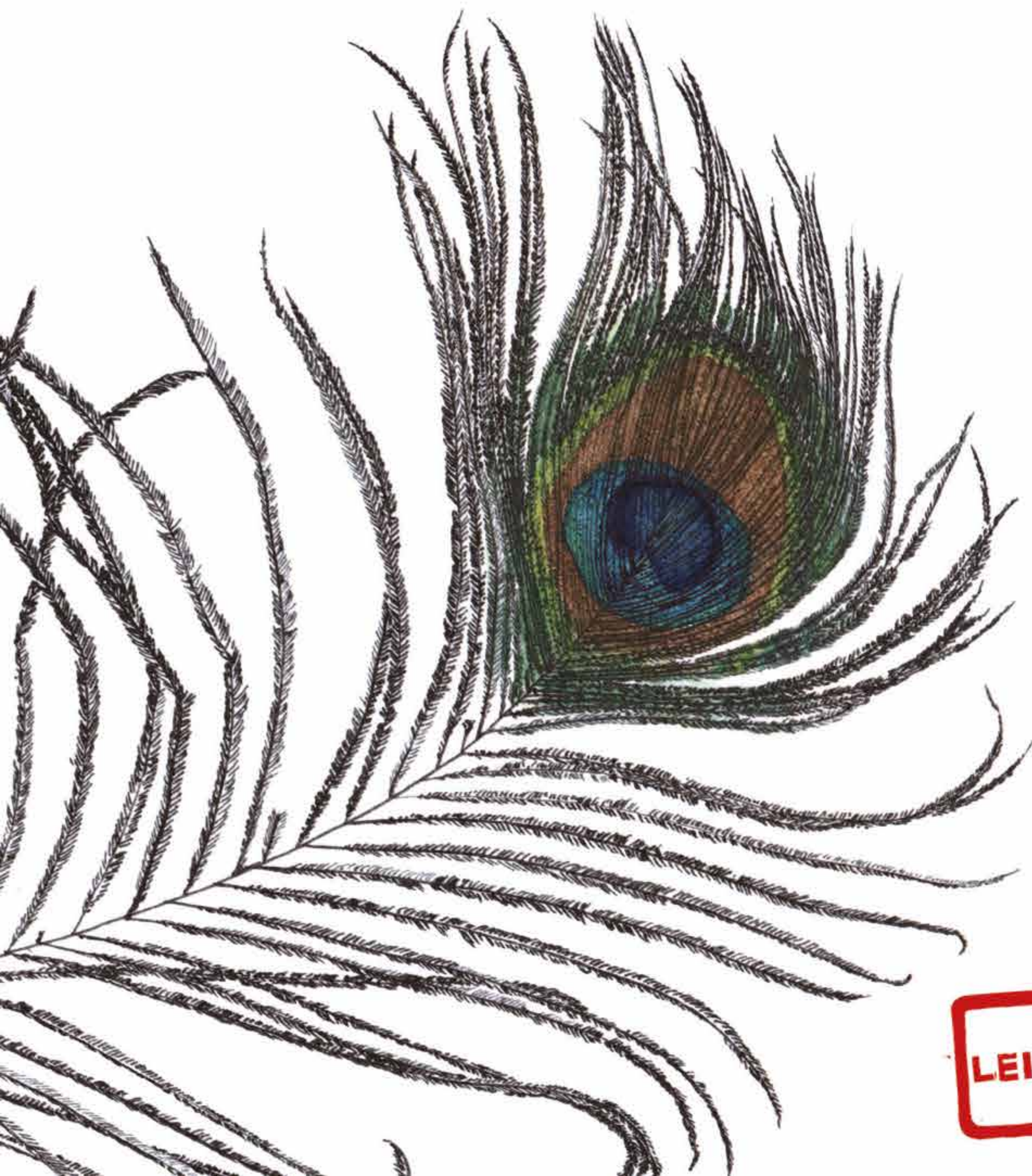


La Kejoca



LEICHT ZERBRECHLICH

Dear friends,

after our last album "Libertad" we had actually decided not to record another political album straight away.

However, the current turn of events moved us to pick up where we left off last time. So now, after the freedom songs of the last collection, here is our selection of songs on so many fragile topics such as peace, climate and environment, democracy, culture of remembrance and human dignity.

May the music give you joy, strength and confidence.

Your Kejocas

PACHAMAMA

music & lyrics_carmen bangert
carmen_vocals, cuatro; jonas_vocals, violin; keno_double bass, harmonium, vocals; gaston_toyos,
quenacho, quena, bombo, shaker; gudrun_diatonic accordion; fernando_baroque guitar

Pachamama te han olvidado!
Pachamama no llores mi amor!
No escuchan tus gritos de pena,
Pachamama se van a matar!

Im Fieber versinken, der Glut nicht entrinnen,
dein Blut, das sie trinken, vergiftet von innen.
Sie nehmen und walten, ohne zu halten,
im Glauben zu steigern, doch du wirst dich weigern!

Verdrehte Fakten auf Bergen von Akten, all die verkackten Investitionen und sinnlos
zuhauf verschwendete Millionen. Sodass keiner mehr durchsteigt, wie der Eifer nur
geifernde Gier nach noch mehr ist. Ohne Mitleid und Rücksicht, ohne Weitblick,
Gleichgewicht, Durchsicht, Vorsicht! Denn vielleicht besticht er am Ende auch dich,
wenn du nicht verstehst, worum es hier geht! Und die Macht, die kaputtmacht,
vervielfacht das Streben nach mehr und noch mehr und noch mehr...
ohne Maß, ohne Sinn!

La prima vez ke te vidi
de tus ojos me, 'namori
Pachamama, Pachamama.



Translated Lyrics

*Pachamama, they have forgotten you!
Pachamama, don't cry, my love!
They don't hear your cries of pain,
Pachamama, they are going to destroy themselves!*

*Sinking into fever, unable to escape the heat,
your blood, which they drink, poisons from within.
They take and rule without restraint,
believing they are rising, but you will refuse!*

*Twisted facts on mountains of files, all the screwed-up
investments and millions wasted senselessly. So that no
one can see through it anymore, how the zeal is just
drooling greed for more. Without compassion and
consideration, without foresight, balance, transparency,
caution! Because maybe in the end it'll bribe you too, if
you don't understand what this is all about! And the
power that destroys multiplies the pursuit of more and
more and more... without measure, without meaning!*

*When I saw you for the first time,
I fell in love with your eyes.
Pachamama, Pachamama.*

NO FORGOTTEN MAN

music & lyrics_séamus egan, mick mcauley

jonas_vocals, quinton; keno_vocals, guitar, double bass, hammond; carmen_vocals, banjolele; jürgen_dobro

From the woods of California
to the banks of Ohio
I've always worked each day God
sent as best I'm able.
While both me and the crops they failed,
those damn wolves came to my door
I just couldn't put no food upon the table.
Time to step up, boy, and be a man.

So they stuck you 'neath a helmet,
put a shovel in your hand
sayin' it's time to step up, boy, your family needs ya'.
And though we struggled hard to save,
they say our money turned no good
and that there's not gonna' be enough to feed ya'.
And they say it never happened 'cause they can.

So they rob us of our livin', kick us down with shiny shoes,
God knows we've paid for our dreamin'.
And now they're tryin' to tell us, that they'll own us 'till the end.
Well someone better pray that luck means justice,
'cause I'll be no forgotten man.



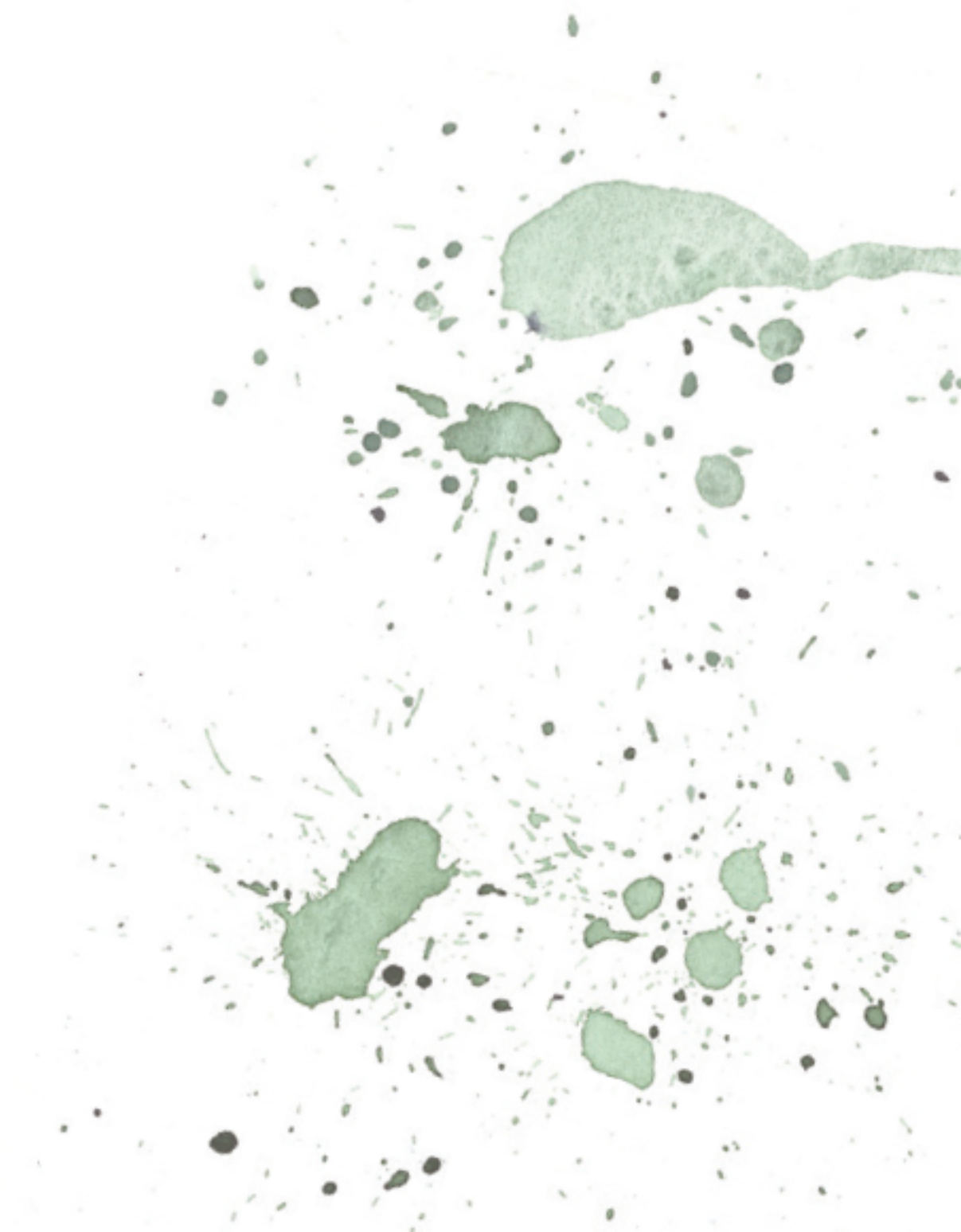
So they stuck me 'neath a helmet, put a gun into my hand,
saying it's time to step up, boy, your country needs ya'.
They rounded us like slaughter and they shipped us all to hell
sayin' what doesn't kill you boy is gonna' free ya'.
Pretend it didn't happen if you can.

But I did my share of killin' and I took my share of war
and God knows I bled for my leader.
And now you're trying to tell me, my enemy's my friend.
They'll only pray as long as there is freedom
but I'll be no forgotten man.

These days I wheel the city, where the streets don't know my name,
they'll say time to move on boy 'cause no one needs you.
In the shot glass there's no mercy, in your bottle only blame
though you shout the deeds you've done no one believes ya'.
Come on, man, spare a nickel if you can.

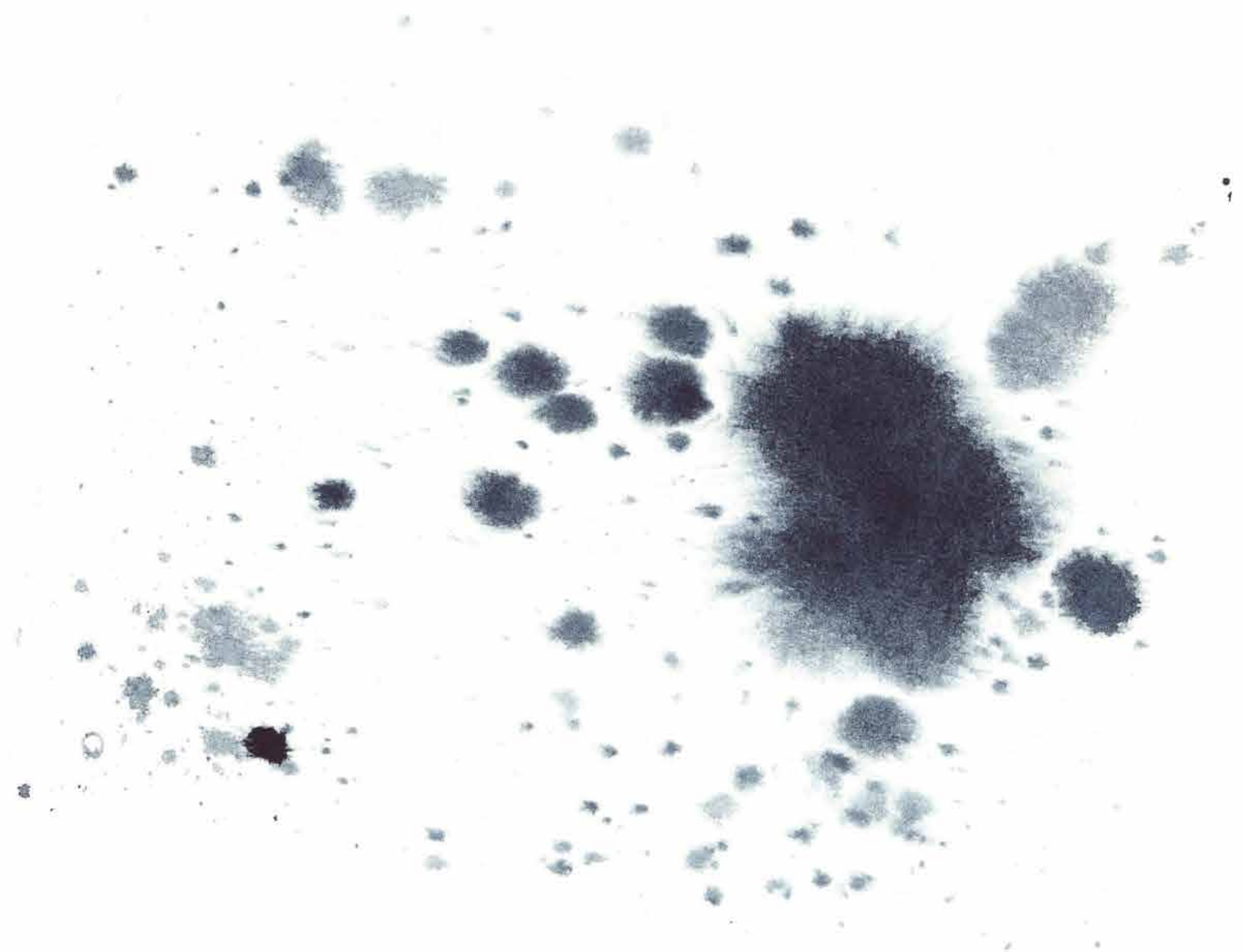
Cause all I've got's a story, no kin to call my own
no photographs to pin upon a feelin'.
But what you're trying to tell me makes the truth too hard to bend
maybe there's just too much made of freedom,
pray I'll be no forgotten man.

One man's chains become another's freedom
so I'll be no forgotten man.
One man's chains become another's freedom
so you'll be no forgotten man.



WINTERWIND

music_carmen bangert, keno brandt, jonas rölleke
carmen_hurdy-gurdy; jonas_violin; keno_guitar, double bass, harmonium; rolf_bodhrán



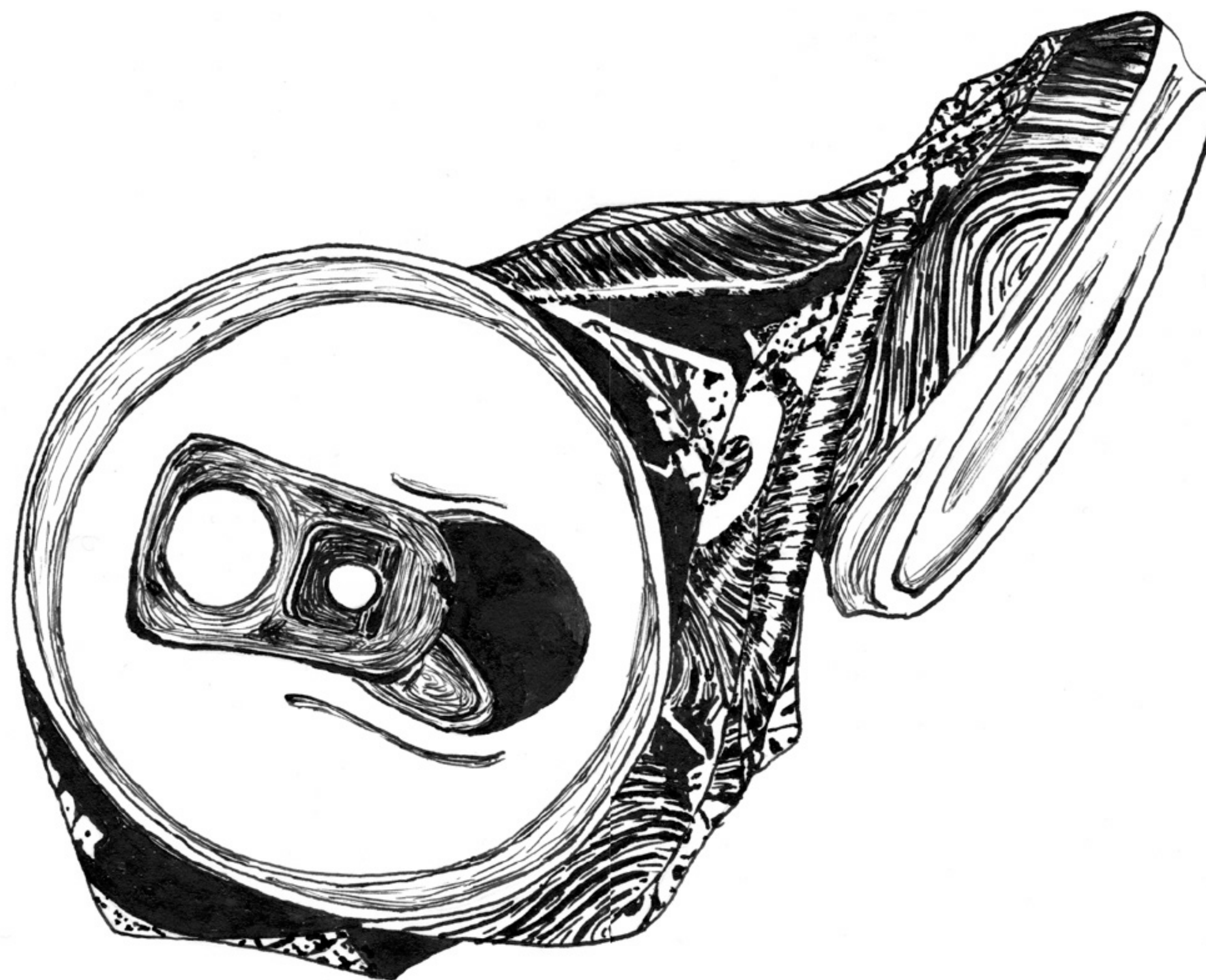
LASS UNS ARME RENTNER SEIN

music_carolin wendel, axel garbelmann, harald bernstein; lyrics_carolin wendel
performed with the kind permission of Caro, Kiste, Kontrabass
carmen_vocals, banjolele; keno_double bass, vocals, hammond; jonas_violin, vocals; henrik_drums

Mutter mahnte immer: „Denk an später,
dann wirds schlimmer,
kommen Alter und Gebrechen
wird sich alles furchtbar rächen!
Kind, dann willst du doch bei Zeiten
deine fixen Sicherheiten
und dann wünschst du dir alt und verbiestert,
du hättest heute mitgeriestert.“

Ich denk': Was nützt mir ein Vertrag,
an den sich keiner halten mag?
Was du heute kannst besorgen,
das kannst du auch noch morgen borgen!
Was soll das Geld auf hohen Kanten
und bei dubiosen Banken,
ob in Euro oder Franken,
wenn sich später nur die Erben zanken?

Heute soll man brav alles für morgen sparn -
um fünf vor 12 wird man
von einem Porsche überfahren und darum...



Lass uns arme Rentner sein -
Flicken auf den Hosen und die Brötchen klein.

Lass uns arme Rentner sein!
Mach mit beim Rollator-Tanz,
wenn Du dir einen leisten kannst
oder lass ihn von den Enkeln kaufen,
die nie mit dir spazieren laufen!
Lass uns arme Rentner sein,
sagt die Biene zu dem Stachelschwein,
Lass uns arme Rentner sein!

Doch leider ist Herr Vater Staat
auch demografisch desolat!
Wer eben durch Policen schmökert,
wird gleich schon auf dem Markt verhökert.

Letztlich ist, bis man krepirt,
der ganze Tand inflationiert.
Wir werden uns doch wiedersehn,
wenn wir unsere Nullrunden drehn?

Heute geht ein Ruck durch unser schönes Land und
morgen leben wir vom Flaschenpfand!
Also hoch die Tassen!

Lass uns arme Rentner sein...

Die Prothesen auf den Tresen -
einmal durch die Hausbar fräsen
und den Beipackzettel lesen!
Ist es das für dich gewesen?

Lass uns arme Rentner sein...

LASS UNS ARME RENTNER SEIN

music_carolin wendel, axel garbelmann, harald bernstein; lyrics_carolin wendel
performed with the kind permission of Caro, Kiste, Kontrabass
carmen_vocals, banjolele; keno_double bass, vocals, hammond; jonas_violin, vocals; henrik_drums

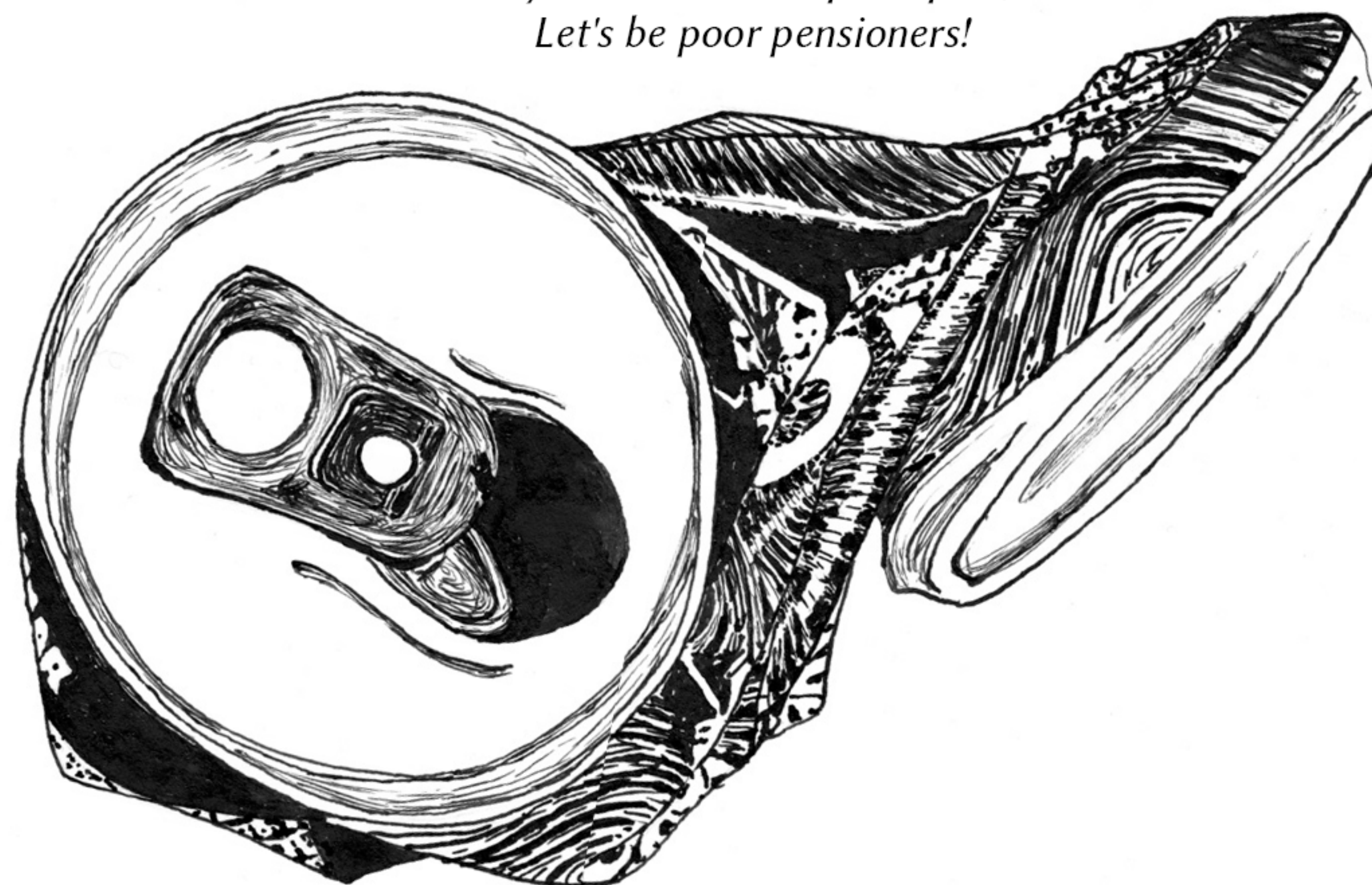
*My mother always warned me: "Think about later,
when things get worse,
when old age and infirmity come
and everything will come back to haunt you!
Child, then you'll want your fixed securities
and then, you'll wish, old and bitter, that you`d
joined the game today.*

*I think: what use is a contract
that no one wants to stick to?
What you can get done today,
you can also borrow tomorrow!
What good is money stashed away
and in dubious banks,
whether in euros or francs,
if later only the heirs will quarrel?*

*Today, one should dutifully save everything for tomorrow —
at five to twelve, one will be
run over by a Porsche, and therefore...*

*Let us be poor pensioners —
with patches on our trousers and small bread rolls.*

*Let's be poor pensioners!
Join in the rollator dance,
if you can afford one,
or let your grandchildren buy it for you,
who never go for a walk with you!
Let's be poor pensioners,
says the bee to the porcupine,
Let's be poor pensioners!*



*But unfortunately, old Father State
is also demographically desolate!
Anyone who browses through policies
is immediately sold off on the market.*

*Ultimately, until you kick the bucket,
all this junk is inflated.
We'll cross paths again
as we circle around our empty turns?*

*Today, a jolt runs through our beautiful country,
and tomorrow we'll be living off bottle deposits!
So raise your glasses!*

Let us be poor pensioners...

*Throw the dentures on the counter -
now it's time to raid the home bar
and read the package insert!
Was that it for you?*

Let us be poor pensioners...

SIEMPRE

music_jose miguel marquez bugueno, keno brandt, jonas rölleke, carmen bangert; lyrics_pablo neruda
carmen_vocals, cuatro; keno_vocals, double bass, harmonium; jonas_vocals, violin; gaston_quenas, toyos, bombo

Aunque los pasos toquen mil años este sitio,
no borrarán la sangre de los que aquí cayeron.

Y no se extinguirá la hora en que caíste,
aunque miles de voces crucen este silencio.

La lluvia empapará las piedras de la plaza,
pero no apagará vuestros nombres de fuego.

Mil noches caerán con sus alas oscuras,
sin destruir el día que esperan estos muertos.

El día que esperamos a lo largo del mundo
tantos hombres, el día final del sufrimiento.

Aunque los pasos toquen mil años este sitio,
no borrarán la sangre de los que aquí cayeron.

Y no se extinguirá la hora en que caíste,
aunque miles de voces crucen este silencio.

*Although footsteps may tread this place for a thousand years,
they will not erase the blood of those who fell here.*

*And the hour when you fell will not be extinguished,
even if thousands of voices break this silence.*

*The rain will soak the stones of the square,
but it will not extinguish your fiery names.*

*A thousand nights will fall with their dark wings,
without destroying the day these dead await.*

*The day we await throughout the world,
so many men, the day all suffering ends.*

*Even if footsteps touch this place for a thousand years,
they will not erase the blood of those who fell here.*

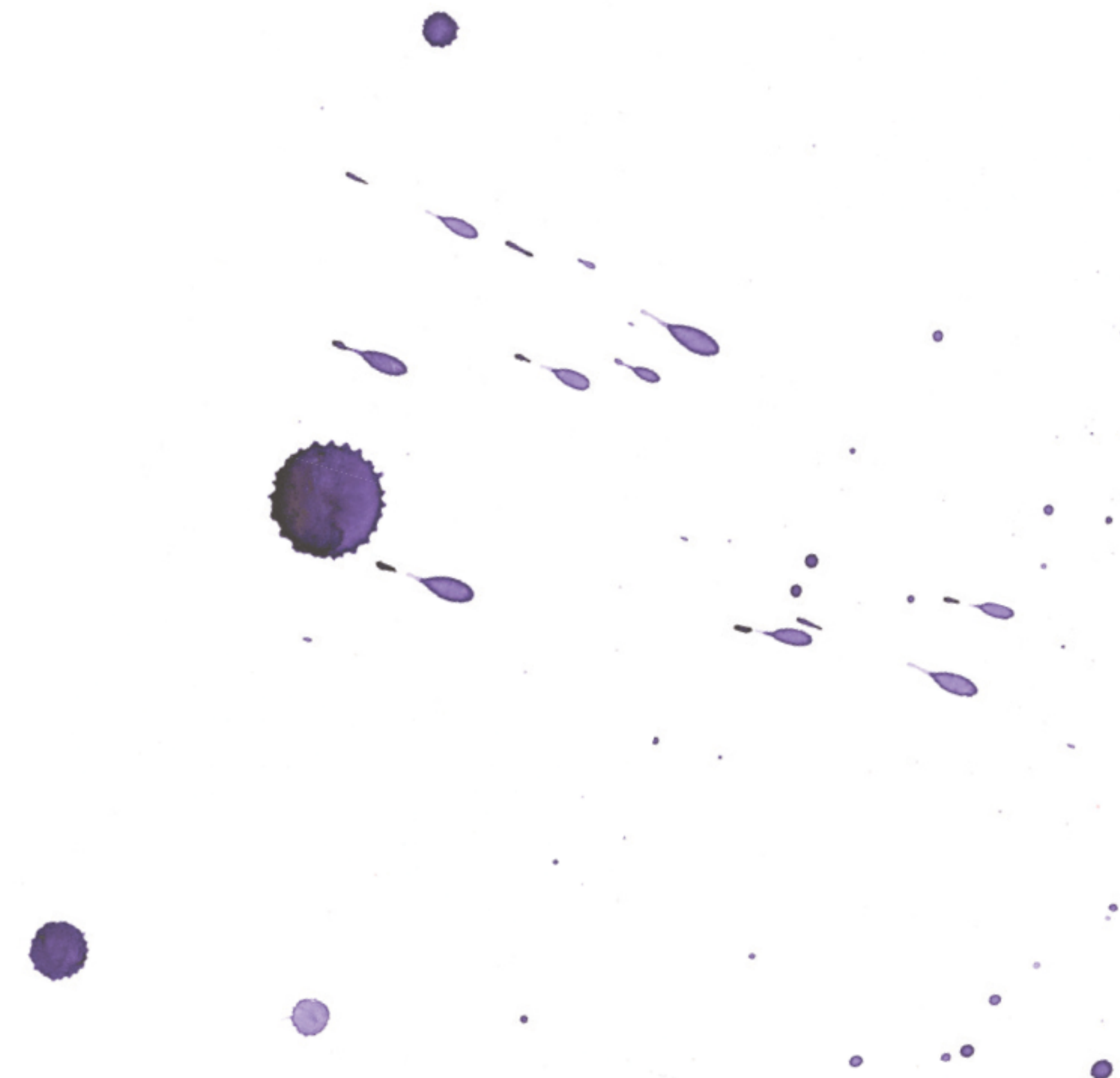
*And the hour when you fell will not be extinguished,
even if thousands of voices cross this silence.*



THE SINGING SANDS OF ISLAY

music_keno brandt, carmen bangert

keno_guitar; carmen_low whistle, ocean drum; jonas_quinton; fernando_nylon guitar



HÄFTLING NR. 562

music & lyrics_oswald andrae; up oostfreesk platt_keno brandt
performed and arranged with the kind permission of the family of oswald andrae
keno_vocals, guitar; carmen_hurdy-gurdy, vocals; jonas_quinton

Translation by Ian Mackintosh



En halv Dusend un fief Dutzend
un denn noch twee mal Een.
Kind, mien Kind, tell dat tosamen,
denn hest de Tahl, de ik meen.

Is en Tahl blot, is en Tahl blot.
Schriev se up. Kind, hest sehn?
Disse Tahl, dat weer de Nummer,
weer de Nummer, de ik meen.

Weer en Nummer, blot en Nummer.
Van ganz vööl weer 't man een.
So vööl Nummers up de Jacken
van de Minsken de ik meen.

Wer'n blot Minsken, insperrrt Minsken.
Hitler harr 't Regiment;
man se glöwen, wat se glöwen,
- foltert, slaan, vergast, verbrennt.

*Half a thousand, half a hundred
Six times two, pick up your pen
Child, my child, count it up now
That's the number that I mean*

*It's a number, just a number
Count it up, child, while you can
Understand it, and remember
It's the number they gave a man*

*It's a number, just a number
One of hundreds, a sign of shame
Each man's jacket had a number
Men had numbers, none had names*

*Hitler's system took their freedom
Took them prisoner, one by one
For the courage of their convictions
They were tortured, gassed and burned*

Männich Christ un Kommunisten,
Sozialdemokrat,
Jöden, Zentrum, Pazifisten:
„Schutzhaft“, KZ, Moorsoldat.

In 't KZ van Esterwegen,
- Kind, nümms kann 't nu verstahn! -,
Hebbt se Carl von Ossietzky
elennig tosomenslaan.

Negen-teihn-hun-nert-acht-un-dar-tig.
Veerten Mai in Berlin:
unner Upsicht van d' Gestapo
schreven se sien Dodenschien.

Fief-hun-nert-un-twee-un-seß-tig
weer sien Nummer mal we'en.
Den Nobelpries för den Frede
kreeg de Häftling, de ik meen.

Tegen Unrecht harr he streden.
Mien Kind, vergeet dat nicht:
Waak we'en, hanneln för den Frede,
denn dat Woort alleen helpt nicht.

*They took communist, they took pacifist
They took social democrat
Jew and Christian all were prisoner
In the concentration camp*

*To the camp of Esterwegen
Listen child and understand
They took Carl von Ossietzky
And broke his body - but not his mind*

*In Berlin upon the 4th of May
19 hundred and 38
The Gestapo with its treatment
Signed his death certificate*

*Five-six-two his prison number
Listen, child, I beg you please
Keep in mind, always remember
He got the Nobel Prize for Peace*

*In the struggle against injustice
He fought hard and he fought long
Child - remember Ossietzky
Peace won't come by words alone*

PASS UP WENN DE WIND SÜK DREIHT

music_trad/keno brandt; lyrics_gerd & keno brandt

carmen_vocals, hurdy-gurdy; keno_vocals, guitar, double bass, celtic harp, hammond; jonas_violin, vocals; henrik_drums

Pass up wenn de Wind sük dreiht
un he stief van Oosten weiht
denn giff dat Krieg in 't Land an d' See
un daarhen is all uns Free.

Pass up wenn de Wind sük dreiht
un he stief van Oosten weiht
wenn de Angst und Wut reger'n
sünd ok Hass un Leed nich fern.

Pass up wenn de Wind sük dreiht
un he stief van Oosten weiht
denn giff dat Krieg in 't Land an d' See
un daarhen is all uns Free.

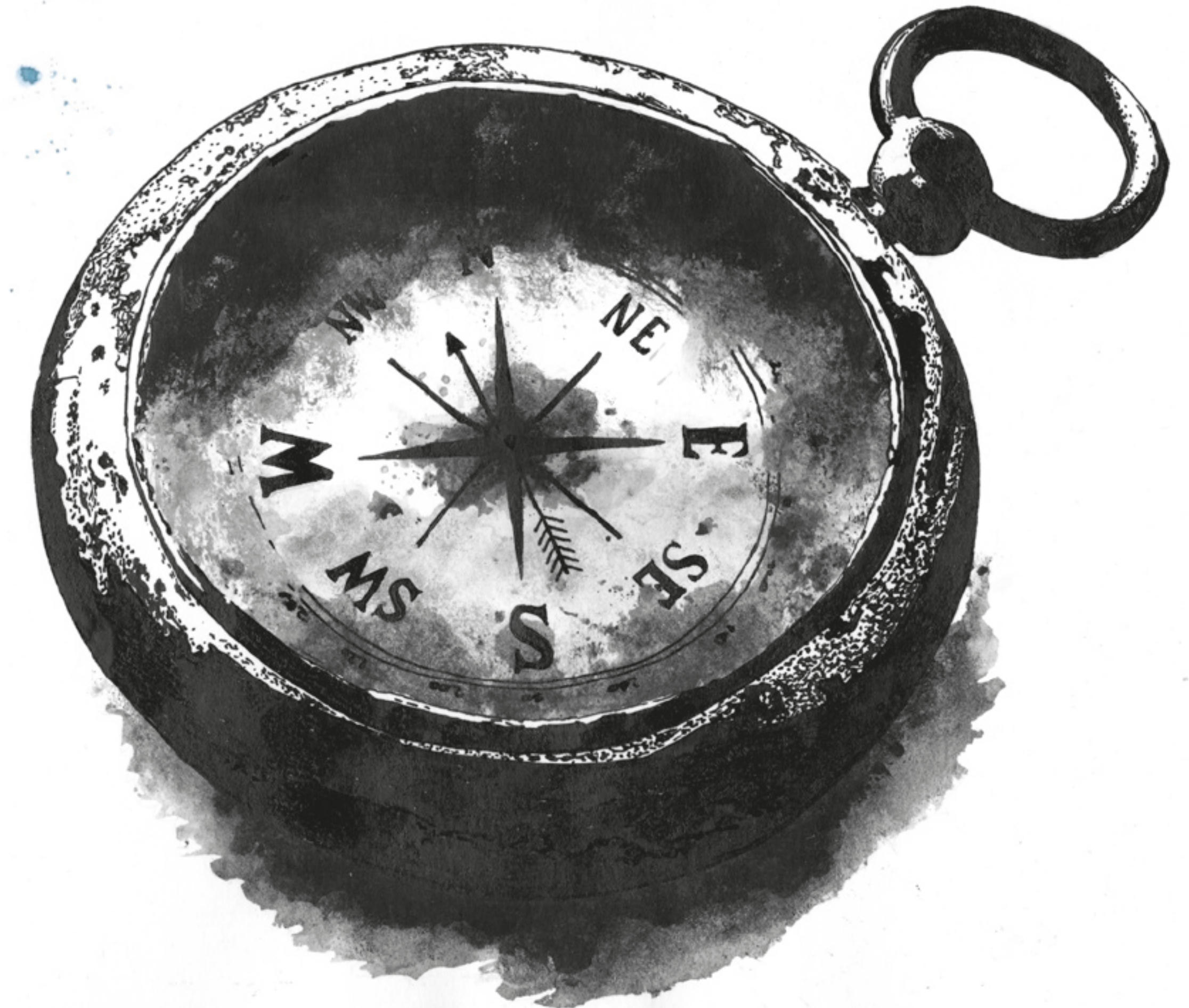
Pass up wenn de Wind sük dreiht
un he stief van Oosten weiht
laat uns instaan för de Free
överal up 't Land un d' See!

*Watch out when the wind turns
And blows stiffly from the east.
Then there will be war on land and sea,
And our peace will be over.*

*Watch out when the wind turns
And blows stiffly from the east.
When fear and anger reign,
Hate and suffering are not far behind.*

*Watch out when the wind turns
And blows stiffly from the east.
Then there will be war on land and sea,
And our peace will be over.*

*Watch out when the wind turns
And blows stiffly from the east.
Let us stand up for peace,
Everywhere on land and sea.*



WENN ICH TAUSEND LEBEN HÄTTE

music_keno brandt; lyrics_johann esser
keno_vocals, guitar; jonas_quinton, vocals; carmen_hurdy-gurdy, vocals

Wenn ich tausend Leben hätte
und die Wahl, sie hinzugeben,
käm' nicht eines auf die Stätte,
die nur Grauen lässt erleben.
Fragt ihr mich: Wo willst du sterben?
Bin ich keinesfalls verlegen,
wer für Schlachtentod will werben,
sonne sich im Kugelregen –
ich verzichte auf den Segen.

Wenn ich tausend Leben hätte,
sollten sie der Menschheit dienen,
welche Lust, an jeder Stätte
schaffen dann mit frohen Mienen,
stets bereit, mit festem Willen,
Brudermord wie Pest zu meiden
und im Kerker noch im Stillen
harte Drangsal zu erleiden,
aber klar mit „Nein“ entscheiden.

Wenn ich tausend Leben hätte,
würde ich sie willig schenken
jener hehren Geistesstätte,
die uns lehrt, als Mensch zu denken.
Mensch sein heißt: Gewissensnöten
nicht im Kleinmut sich zu beugen!
Mensch sein heißt: Den Morgenröten
wahren Friedens treu zu eigen
sich durch Wort und Tat zu zeigen!

*If I had a thousand lives
and the choice to give them up,
not one would go to a place
that only lets you experience horror.
If you ask me: Where do you want to die?
I am by no means embarrassed,
whoever wants to promote death in battle,
may bask in a hail of bullets –
I renounce the blessing.*

*If I had a thousand lives,
they should serve humanity,
what joy, in every place,
to work with a cheerful countenance,
always ready, with firm resolve,
to avoid fratricide like the plague
and to suffer harsh tribulation
in silence in the dungeon,
but to decide clearly with 'No'.*

*If I had a thousand lives,
I would willingly give them
to that noble place of learning
that teaches us to think as human beings.
To be human means: not to bow to moral dilemmas
in timidity!
To be human means: to faithfully embrace the dawn
of true peace
and to show it through words and deeds!*



DOWN IN THE RIVER TO PRAY

music & lyrics_trad
carmen_vocals; jonas_vocals; keno_vocals

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Oh Lord, show me the way!

Oh sisters let's go down
Let's go down, come on down
Oh sisters let's go down
Down in the river to pray

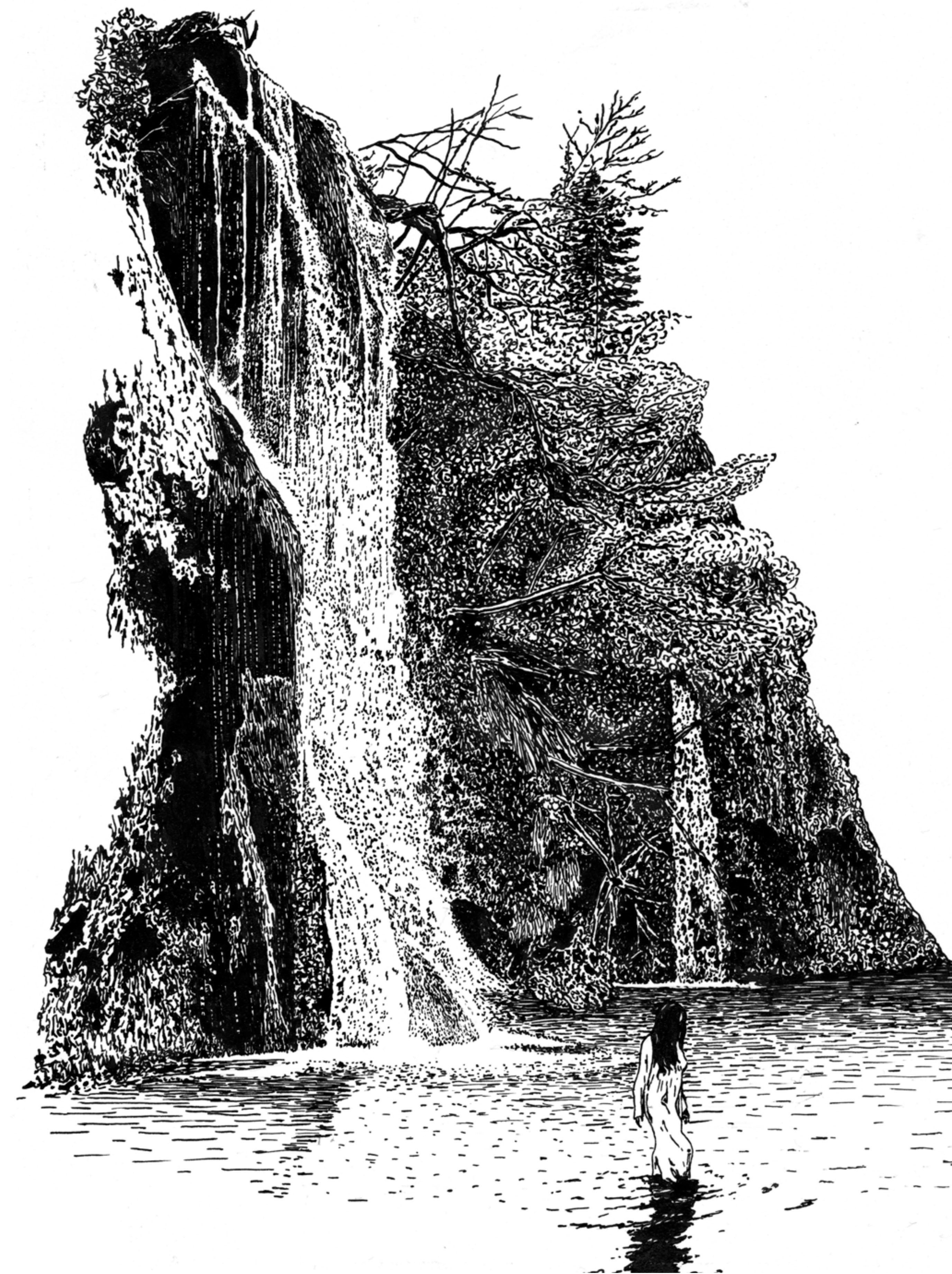
As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Oh Lord, show me the way!

Oh brothers let's go down...

Oh mothers let's go down...

Oh fathers let's go down...

Oh sinners let's go down...



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First and foremost, we extend our heartfelt thanks to Jürgen Treyz for his generosity in welcoming us into his studio. His remarkable patience, sensitivity, honesty, and unwavering dedication left a lasting impression on us. Coffee and the delightful Swabian butter pretzels helped us to sustain throughout the days; a few shared habits added to the camaraderie, while in the evenings we had to remain vigilant against Ølfrygt...

We spent an intense and inspiring week in a snow-covered Esslingen, which brings us to the next individuals, whose warmth and hospitality left us almost at a loss for words. The Hayd family welcomed us into their home with open arms, providing meals, listening attentively to the early recordings, and even challenging us to games of Carrom. Your generosity and kindness have truly touched our hearts.

An equally huge thank you goes out to our visual artist Kathrin. We're absolutely thrilled and can hardly believe how incredible her fine, precise drawings turned out - and how she managed to create a little masterpiece for each song, all while juggling two kids and multiple moves between Italy and Germany.

We are grateful to our graphic designer Asya for her spontaneity, her patience, her ability to truly feel our concept, and for laying out every element so beautifully.

We also sincerely thank our guest musicians. It's an absolute joy to have you featured on this album. Not only are you masters of your instruments, but also cherished companions throughout this creative journey.

Last but by no means least, we express our deep gratitude to our dear Berki - no longer so little - who took the lead during the overdub sessions. This second round of recordings proved to be just as intense and rewarding. Your path ahead shines brightly, and we are certain great things await you.

La Kejoca

1 Pachamama	3:28
2 No forgotten man	5:34
3 Winterwind	3:59
4 Lass uns arme Rentner sein	3:54
5 Siempre	3:05
6 The singing sands of Islay	4:55
7 Häftling Nr. 562	3:29
8 Pass up wenn de Wind sük dreiht	4:33
9 Wenn ich tausend Leben hätte	3:16
10 Down in the river to pray	3:00

LEICHT ZERBRECHLICH