



Was sing ich?

Seraphime - 23.4.2007 um 18:25

Kebap erzählte mir einst von einem Forenspiel, in welchem, man angeregt durch Teile von Songtexten, Interpret und Titel des Songs rauskriegen soll.

Ich hab's hier noch nicht gefunden darum würd ich glat anfangen.

"Until the philosophy which hold one race
Superior and another inferior
Is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned
Everywhere is war, me say war"

Wer mir sagen kann was ich gerade singe darf dann als nächstes singen. ☐

Benway - 23.4.2007 um 20:04

Mh, ich will jetzt ja nicht wieder der Spielverderber aus Prinzip sein, aber macht so ein Spiel in einem Internetforum und einem Universum mit Copy/Paste-Funktion wirklich viel Sinn? ☐

Egal, ich hab's trotzdem ganz ehrlich gewusst :D: Bob Marley - War (jetzt darf ich meinen Bekanntschaften aus dem Death- und Black-Metal-Bereich nur niemals dieses Forum empfehlen, sonst werde ich ich von denen zwangsgetauft). Aber egal, ich "sing" dann auch mal, damit es nicht zu leicht wird, gleich die kompletten Lyrics von zwei relativ unbekannten Songs, die sich eventuell nicht mal mit jeder Suchmaschine aufspüren lassen. Beide sind ziemlich genial, einer sehr kurz, einer sehr lang und wer meinen Respekt gewinnen will muss natürlich beide erraten (ich hab mir anno damals schließlich auch die Mühe gemacht, beide nach dem Gehör abzutippen ☐):

Nummer 1:
Multinational corporations
Genocide of the starving nations

und Nummer 2:

The vast armies of Mytos K'unnn, marshalled by a sorceress of great power known as Zyrashana the Witch-Queen, had been cutting a swath through the Eastern Kingdoms since high summer the preceding year. Empowering her troops with great sorceries, she had seen all opposition fall before the ravaging swords of her forces since the first bloody campaign; the invasion of the ancient and noble realm of Delania. The aftermath of the final battle had seen the systematic slaughter of the Delanian royal family, and the torture and execution of all those who had been loyal to their banner. During the ensuing months, more kingdoms and satrapies toppled before the might of Zyrashana's legions, commanded by the fearsome and unswervingly loyal battle-lord Talus Ebonfyre, a man of sublime brutality and beauty whom many beleived to be possessed by a demon-spirit from the dark realms. Emboldened by their victories and the expansion of their queen's dark dominion, the hordes of Mytos K'unnn began the incursion into the lands of the Northern Tribes, beginning with the grim and brooding territories south of the Snow Kingdoms... the rugged homelands of the warlike clans which had been recently united into a strong realm by the powerful warrior-king Caylen-Tor, a man known to his allies and enemies alike as the Wolf of the North. Thinking the barbaric tribesmen little threat, the Witch-Queen intends a largely unopposed march through their lands to strike at the wealthy and fertile realms beyond the Mountain Kingdoms to the west... but Caylen-Tor has vowed that a searing torrent of blood and steel shall meet all those who deign to enter unwelcome or drive their standard unbidden into his land... As grim winter slowly yields to spring, the armies of Mytos K'unnn begin their march northwards, and news of the advance of the Witch-Queen's forces into Blackhelm Vale, the valley known for centuries as the Gate to the Northlands, soon reaches the highland stronghold of Caylen-Tor. Grimly taking

up his sword and spear and donning the woad of war, he vows that Zyrashana shall pay in blood for every league she has dared venture in his sacred lands. Scouts soon return with the information that the enemy is camped at the base of the valley, preparing to march with th dawn. The court shamans forsee rivers of blood and untold carnage, and great battlespells are woven as Caylen-Tor leads his vastly outnumbered Northlander warriors to the misty, moon-swathed e xpanse that is Blackhelm Vale. Legends say that the blood of many kings has been spilled on the dark earth of the valley over the generations, and Caylen-Tor promises to his grim gods that the earth will once again drink deep this night. With his army si lent and brooding beneath the moon, he knows that whatever the outcome, this night shall see a legend of war written in blood and the deaths of men... a legend none shall soon forget...

[The War Testament of Caylen-Tor (On the Night of the Bloodying of Swords):]
O' grim gods of battle, empower us this night...
Anoint us with the crimson rain, feed our steel with slaughter...
Let every blow be a killing blow, grant us victory, or a warrior's death.
Come, moon-fogs, Descend to cloak our numbers, the heady scent of battle beckons,
My ash-hafted spear feels good in my hands, girt 'round with spells (our flesh gloriously) woad anointed,
Ravens awaiting slaughter soar high above, blood-worms bloat on red carnage,
I'll carve the moon-wheel in their flesh, as havoc churns the heather!

A swirling mantle of mist-magic swathes us, powerful spells woven by the fen-witches of the great mere... Deep night and moon-mist shall be our allies as we surge into the fray! At my bidding, the fog clears for a brief moment, and I gaze down upon the v alley to behold the army of the Witch-Queen... great tents arrayed upon the heather, powerful steeds tethered, the light from countless burning brands illumining the night, many warriors standing, weapons in hand... aye, all sword fodder.

Entwined in war-fogs...
Entwined by war-spells...
Blessed in blood as raven-saters, slake the thirst of steel burning bright,
Reap the harvest of spilled entrails, we'll return with many heads this night.
The death-ravening black fury fills me,
The spatter of hot blood seet on my lips,
This yard of steel sings a deadly song in my grasp!
Cleaving bodies left and right, a head falls with each swing of my blade,
A storm of shafts screaming form yew-bows, (through their armoured ranks we shall) carve a path with steel, a blood-drenched swath!

And the thirst of the earth shall be slaked with blood at the fields of carnage...
A staggering sea of crimson, a towering mountain of ravaged flesh,
All enraptured by the searing kiss of steel,
All surfeit from supping deep of the grim chalice of battle...

Brooding gods of the north, display to these outlander thralls thine ire,
Envenom our blades with the death-kiss of a thousand serpents,
Unfetter the dread war-wolves within us,
That their claws may rend, and their jaws may be reddened.

The bloodying is at hand!
My spear hammers into the chest of a warrior, and bright blood erupts from his lips as he falls to the heather. I turn aside a vicious swordthrust and my own blade snakes out to cleave the neck of the attacker, shearing through his veins in a shower of d ark red. An enemy blade opens my shoulder to the bone, but I sweep my axe out in a deadly arc, its iron head rending armour and biting deep into flesh. Talus Ebonfyre's abdomen yawns open and he

staggers back as his intestines spew forth in a pulsing mass. I sunder his head with another blow as he falls and his skull yields to spill its steaming contents to the earth. As I watch, a writhing, shadowy form rises from the smitten corpse of the Witch-Queen's warlord and flees howling into the night... I vault to the saddle of a riderless black war-horse and seize the banner of Mytos-K'unn... for every one of us that has fallen, we have taken five of the enemy screaming with us... the battle is ours!

Bright moon, gleam o'er moor and heather, wood and vale, deep fen and lake, Grim mountains crowned with snows, great rings of stones, black 'neath the stars, The storms extol our ancient glory, great mounds feed us, power from the sacred earth. With faith and steel we walk our shadowed paths, our blood runs as fire, swords blessed by sorcery.

Wolves of the north, raise thine steel to the skies, revel in the pride of your wounds,
Let our victory-song ride the winds of this blood-gorged eve,
For on this night of red swords we have wrought a legend,
Forged in the fires of our rage, and tempered with the spilled blood of the slain...

O' grim gods of battle, empower us this night and always,
Anoint us with the crimson rain, forever feed our steel with slaughter...
Let every blow be a killing blow, grant us eternal victory, 'til we die a warrior's death.

And so did Caylen-Tor turn the armies of Mytos K'unn back from the frontiers of his northern kingdom. Those enemy soldiers who fled the field as the mist lifted and their banner fell, are hunted down and brought to their knees before the king. Summoning a surviving warrior Mytos K'unn, Caylen-Tor gives unto him two gifts with which to return to his queen; one is the fallen, sundered banner of Mytos K'unn, the other is the cloven head of Talus Ebonfyre. The king's words ring out over the blood-drenched moor: "Take this message back to your queen... if ever again she deigns to strike against my people, the slaughter this night will seem as naught compared to the havoc I shall visit upon her then." When news of the defeat and the fearsome message of Caylen-Tor reached Mytos K'unn, Zyrashana's spells of regal dominance waned, and her many courtiers and councillors, liberated from the imposition of subservience, plotted against their queen, 'til soon she was driven from the great royal palace by her own elite guard, her throne seized by an ambitious baron who had won the favour of the nobles and mages of the realm. Evading imprisonment and surviving only by her mastery of spellcraft, Zyrashana fled to the satrapies of the east, and nothing more was seen or heard of her for some considerable time...

Soulmirror - 23.4.2007 um 20:18

also das erste klingt stark nach system of a down, aber grad zu faul reinzuhören und zu suchen hehe

naja vielleicht mach ichs doch gleich ma *g*

beim 2. kein plan

/nachtrag: ok scheint wohl doch net system zu sein. dachte da an boom weils vom versschema auch super in das lied passt aber naja trotzdem net das lied

[QUOTE]Modern globalization

Coupled with condemnations

Unnecessary death

Matador corporations

Puppeting your frustrations

With the blinded flag
Manufacturing consent
Is the name of the game
The bottom line is money
Nobody gives a fuck[/QUOTE]

Benway - 23.4.2007 um 20:24

[QUOTE]also das erste klingt stark nach system of a down, aber grad zu faul reinzuhören und zu suchen hehe [/QUOTE]

Kleiner Tipp: es gibt Leute, die dich für diesen Vorschlag kreuzigen würden (naja, zumindest würden sie es dir in Foren androhen und dann schnell wieder vergessen, dass jemand dabie war, ihr geschlossenes Musikbild aufzulockern). Das Album ist übrigens vor 1990 erschienen und wie gesagt, das ist der komplette Songtext.

Soulmirror - 23.4.2007 um 20:27

Zitat
Original von Benway
[QUOTE]also das erste klingt stark nach system of a down, aber grad zu faul reinzuhören und zu suchen hehe
[/QUOTE]

Kleiner Tipp: es gibt Leute, die dich für diesen Vorschlag kreuzigen würden (naja, zumindest würden sie es dir in Foren androhen und dann schnell wieder vergessen, dass jemand dabie war, ihr geschlossenes Musikbild aufzulockern). Das Album ist übrigens vor 1990 erschienen und wie gesagt, das ist der komplette Songtext.

was irgendwelche pissnelken mit mir machen wollen ist mir im inet noch egal als sonst schon *g* und wieso ich auf system kam bzw boom hab ich ja schön gerechtfertigt hehe

Seraphime - 23.4.2007 um 21:04

Googeln is natürlich verboten und wird unter Strafe gestellt.

Benway - 23.4.2007 um 21:25

Mh, wenn sich da alle dran halten war der zweite Song wohl doch etwas weit hergeholt... Also, wer einen der beiden Songs errät, darf von mir aus gerne weitermachen, will ja auch was haben von dem Thread und bin gespannt was dian auswählt... ☐

Seraphime - 26.4.2007 um 21:47

Versuchs doch nochmal mit etwas populäreren Titeln...

Benway - 26.4.2007 um 21:57

Ja, ich wollte es auch heute noch auflösen, hatte wirklich nicht vor, deinen Thread zu sabotieren ☐...man gewöhnt sich halt mit der Zeit an den eigenen sehr abseitigen Musikgeschmack...den ersten SONG hätte ich jetzt zum Beispiel noch für ziemlich gut bekannt gehalten:

Napalm Death - Multinational Corporations (Grindcore-Klassiker)

Der zweite ist ein bisschen Kontrastprogramm dazu und nennt sich:

"To Dethrone The Witch-Queen Of Mytos K'Unn (The Legend Of The Battle Of Blackhelm Vale)"

vom Album
"Starfire Burning Upon The Ice-Veiled Throne Of Ultima Thule"

von der Band "Bal-Sagoth". Kennt zwar keine Sau, aber da ich mir wie gesagt vor Jahren die Mühe gemacht habe, dieses unverständliche Gegrowle nach dem Gehör abzutippen, musste ich den jetzt hier mal reinstellen.

OK. zweiter Versuch, diesmal mit ein paar Zeilen aus einem Song, den ganz viele hier schon gehört haben dürften (lief sogar schon auf VIVA+ :D):

[QUOTE]And so I hear my voice again
The tale of the bitter man here I am
Shake the silence and hear what it says
The tranquil pride that become the lie[/QUOTE]

Benway - 9.5.2007 um 18:12

Ist ja schon gut, ich werfe das Handtuch...es war 'Only For The Weak' von den schwedischen In Flames...hätte ich ja nun nicht für soo schwer erratbar gehalten, nachdem ich hier im Forum schon diverse Lobtiraden auf die Band losgelassen habe und die Alben in den Top-10 der deutschen Charts einsteigen...war den Metal-Undergroundlern wohl zu mainstreamig und den Mainstreamhörern zu unverständlich.
Whatever, ich finde @Soulmirror sollte nach dem begründeten Tipp mit SoaD zum nächsten Lied anstimmen...

Soulmirror - 9.5.2007 um 18:22

jaja schieb mir nur den schwarzen norman zu :p

hmm das doofe ist, dass es halt wenig gibt wo ich weiß das es noch außer mir hier im forum hört ☐

werd mal in mich gehn und dann editieren ☐

Cass31 - 31.5.2007 um 19:03

Mann, das schleift ja hier ewig, was ziemlich schade ist, denn das Spiel ist doch lustig. :D

Dann mach ich einfach mal weiter:

"Would you look at me now,
Can you tell I'm a man
With those scars on my wrist
Who'll prove I'll try again,
Try to die again..."

Na?
Sollte eigentlich jeder, der wenigstens ein bisschen Metal hört, kennen. ^^

Regards

caedez - 2.6.2007 um 15:02

[B]Pantera - Suicide Note Pt. 1[/B]

PWNED :D

[I]"It's like this, what's more fun than slice wrist?
The Kill that teacher that you hate, spray 25 kids
You'd be famous just like me if you did what I did
Anatomy This is the anatomy of a school shooting"[/I]

Na dann ab dafür ☐

Benway - 1.7.2007 um 23:00

HA!

Wusste doch, dass ich mich nicht täusche, das hab ich letzte gehört, 'Anatomy Of A School Shooting' von Ill Bill, dem wahrscheinlich einzigen Rapper mit metalkompatiblen Plattencovern, sonst hätte ich da auch nie reingehört :D Etwas holpriger Flow IMO teilweise aber ich bin nun echt nicht der Experte.

So, jetzt bin ich aber wieder in der Zwickmühle und muss was posten, was sich auch erraten lässt. Also der Einfachheit halber halt noch ein School Shooting-Text, diesmal aber deutlich zahmer und mainstreamiger:

At home
Drawing pictures
Of mountain tops
With him on top
Lemon yellow sun
Arms raised in a V
Dead lay in pools of maroon below
[...]
Clearly I remember
Pickin' on the boy
Seemed a harmless little fuck
But we unleashed a lion
Gnashed his teeth
And bit the recessed lady's breast
[...]
Try to forget this...
Try to erase this...
From the blackboard.
