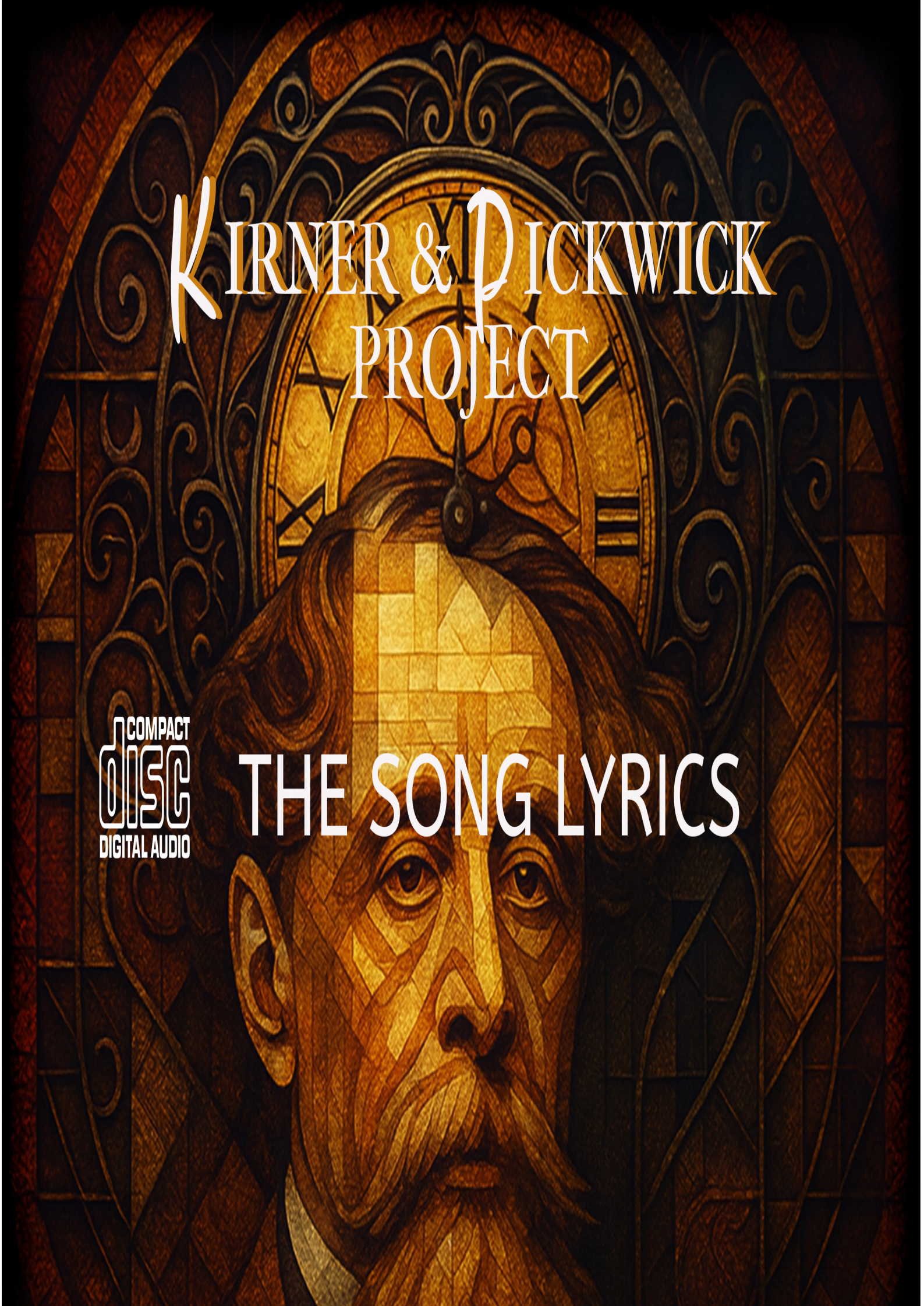
KIRNER & DICKWICK
PROJECT
COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO
THE SONG LYRICS

01.Bricks of time

Ticking shadows on the wall,
Echoes rise and slowly fall.
Chains of past we can’t unwind,
Bricks of time, they bind the mind.

Can you hear the silent call?
Voices trapped behind the wall.

Bricks of time, we build and break,
Moments lost we cannot take.
Through the night, the whispers climb,
Caught inside these bricks of time.

Faded faces, stories told,
Ghosts of Dickens, young and old.
Winding streets and candlelight,
Shadows dancing in the night.

Can you hear the silent call?
Voices trapped behind the wall.

Bricks of time, we build and break,
Moments lost we cannot take.
Through the night, the whispers climb,
Caught inside these bricks of time.

“Every hour’s a stone,” they say,
“Hold your breath and don’t delay.”

Bricks of time, we build and break,
Moments lost we cannot take.
Through the night, the whispers climb,
Caught inside these bricks of time.



02.Every mirror has a dark side

Every mirror has a dark side
But the fire still survives
Through the struggle and the heartache
A stronger soul arrives
Every mirror hides a secret
Every scar becomes a guide
Even in the black of midnight
There's a flame that will not die

He was just a boy in a broken town
Dreams too bright to be beaten down
Shadows whisper in the factory halls
Hope was rising through the cracks and walls

Pages turning in a candle glow
Stories born from the pain he knows
Every tear became a guiding line
Etched in ink, across the time

Every mirror has a dark side
But the fire still survives
Through the struggle and the heartache
A stronger soul arrives
Every mirror hides a secret
Every scar becomes a guide
Even in the black of midnight
There's a flame that will not die

Debt and hunger were the chains he wore
Yet his spirit opened every door
From the cellar to the city’s night
He carved his truth with a pen of light

Dreams are louder than the cries of pain
Hope keeps singing in the pouring rain
Every shadow that he had to face
Became the strength he could not replace

Every mirror has a dark side
But the fire still survives
Through the struggle and the heartache
A stronger soul arrives
Every mirror hides a secret
Every scar becomes a guide
Even in the black of midnight
There's a flame that will not die

You can break the chains, you can heal the past
Turn the echoes into something that lasts
In the glass, the boy still stares
But the man has found a world to share

Every mirror has a dark side
But the fire still survives
Through the shadows and the silence
A brighter dawn will rise
Every mirror shows the darkness
But the truth will never hide
In the heart of every story
Lives the flame that won’t subside

Every mirror
every mirror
Has a dark side
but a flame inside

03. Behind the Veil of Time

"Can you hear the ticking... even when time stands still?"

The sky collapsed into a thought
A moment that the world forgot
Footsteps fading in the air
But no one ever walked back there

Behind the veil of time I see
The shadows of what used to be
A spiral where the silence grows
Where no one stays, and nothing knows

A silver thread, a falling star
I tried to reach, but not too far
The more I chased, the less I found
Till dreams became my only ground

"Are we more than just the spark...
That fades before it finds the dark?"

I drift between the ticking sounds
A ghost in time, unbound, unbound

Behind the veil of time I go
To places only silence knows
No future left, no past to climb
Just echoes lost beyond the time

04. Drift through Time

The gears still turn behind my eyes
But nothing moves beneath the skies
A clock that ticks but never chimes
Suspended here between two times

I watched the world begin to fade
The edges blurred, the colors greyed
I whispered names I used to know
They vanished in the undertow

The walls breathe deep, the silence hums
A songless choir with phantom drums
Each echo breaks, then folds in two
A mirror made of thoughts untrue

And I'm the silent mechanism
Still turning through the void
An echo in a prism
That time itself destroyed

05. Hands of the Clock

Don't forget Time's almost up

A shadow crawls across the floor
A voice behind a silent door
Wake up, it says, but no one's there
Just echoes floating in the air

The hands of the clock keep turning
The candle of thought still burning
Whispers drift along the walls
Are they mine, or not at all?

The pendulum swings, a breathless plea
Am I asleep, or memory?
Footsteps pacing down the hall
But I don't move — I feel it all

The hands of the clock keep turning
The candle of thought still burning
Every tick, a truth decays
Every tock, a life betrays

What time is it?
You were never here.
I think I've been here before.
Keep quiet... they're listening.

The hands of the clock keep turning
The fire inside keeps burning
Every second slips away
And nothing gold is here to stay

Clock ticking thin
without one last whisper
It's already too late

06. The Spiral road

Lost you forward
Chasing light
Footsteps lost in endless night
Every mile a mirrored face
Every turn a vanishing place

Faster still the silence grows
No one speaks and no one knows
The road ahead, the road behind
Are fragments of a restless mind

Wheels within wheels
Thrust, spin like steel
Truth feels away
Revealing clay

I run the spiral road again
Through echoing halls of where and when
The end is near or just begun
I chase the cause
I was the one

I saw myself beside the flame
But couldn't call the shadow's name
The stars aligned then slipped apart
Still I go on without a chart

I run the spiral road again
Through shifting sands and phantom rain
No map to hold, no guide to trust
Just breathe and thrust
And wander in lust



07. Transmission Fade

“They said time was linear…
But I saw it curl like smoke in a sealed room.
Moments loop, faces change,
But the feeling—
the feeling stays.”

We drift between the pulses
A breath between the stars
The echoes of our choices
Are written in the dark

“You ever hear silence so loud it shakes your bones?
Like something’s waiting…
behind the sound?”

I called into the stillness
No name returned my cry
The wires hum with memory
The answers pass me by

Transmission fading, voices low
Where do the broken signals go?
Caught in static, caught in thought
What was it I almost forgot?

“Maybe we’re just noise.
Filtered through skin and fear…
Trying to be more than signal.
Trying to mean.”

Transmission fading, nothing stays
We chase the light through endless haze
A thought, a flicker, then it’s gone
The dial turns, and we move on

“Are you still there?”





08.The corridor

Long hallway, flickering light
Footsteps echo through the night
Doors are closed, but voices call
Can't tell if I'm awake at all

I walk the corridor of time
Where every second will rewind
The future waits behind the wall
And nothing's real at all

Paintings shift from face to face
I move, but never leave this place
A thousand clocks none tick the same
And still, they whisper out my name

I walk the corridor of time
Each echo forms a crooked rhyme
Reality begins to bend
This road has no end

The walls begin to breathe and shake
The ceiling falls, but I'm still awake
A voice says this is where you stay
I turn and fade away

I walk the corridor of time
Each echo forms a crooked rhyme
Reality begins to bend
This road has no end

09. Time Spiral

Spinning hands and hollow dreams
Drift along forgotten streams
Pages turning in my mind
Losing track of space and time

Caught in a spiral I can't unwind
Clock keeps ticking but I stay behind
Nothing's real and nothing's clear
The louder the silence, the more I hear

Mirrors bend and voices fade
Old regrets in new charades
I'm talking back to ghosts I know
They never leave, they never go

Caught in a spiral I can't unwind
Clock keeps ticking but I stay behind
Shadows dancing with my doubt
The more I scream, the less comes out

All that's left is ticking sound
No one's lost, but none are found
I reach for light that won’t appear
The only thing that’s loud is fear

Caught in a spiral I can't unwind
Time keeps burning through my mind
Nothing forward, nothing back
A spiral fades into the black

Time... slips...
You were never really here...
Tick... tick... tick

10. Child of Shadows

In a London fog, the streets were cold
A boy with dreams, yet chained by gold
Factories roared where laughter should be
Ink-stained hands, no one to see

Counting coins in pockets thin
Hiding tears behind a grin
Stories whispered in the night
Fuel the fire, spark the light

Child of shadows, heart of flame
Running wild through the streets of pain
Every scar tells a tale untold
In the dark, a soul of gold

Books were few, but worlds were wide
He sailed on pages, dreams as guide
Mother's voice a fading song
Father's debts, the nights were long

Counting coins in pockets thin
Hiding tears behind a grin
Stories whispered in the night
Fuel the fire, spark the light

Child of shadows, heart of flame
Running wild through the streets of pain
Every scar tells a tale untold
In the dark, a soul of gold

From cellar floors to candlelight
He found the words to fight the night
A voice for those the world forgot
A pen that turned despair to plot

Child of shadows, heart of flame
Running wild through the streets of pain
Every scar tells a tale untold
In the dark, a soul of gold

And in the ink, he left his name
A boy, a dream, a world aflame



11.Clockwork Mind

Chains of time,
they bind us tight
Lost in shadows,
lost in fight.

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

Paper cuts and ink-stained hands
Building walls on shifting sands
Clocks collide, the gears will grind
Trapped inside a fractured mind.

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

Youth is wasted on the young
Beware the chains you've strung
Every hour, a prison door

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

Chains of time,
they bind us tight
Lost in shadows,
lost in fight.

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

Paper cuts and ink-stained hands
Building walls on shifting sands
Echoes loud of silent cries
Beneath the mask, a thousand lies.

Clocks collide, the gears will grind
Trapped inside a fractured mind.

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

Youth is wasted on the young
Beware the chains you've strung
Every hour, a prison door

Run the clock,
break the mind
No escape, no rewind
Faster now, the seconds fall
Charles is watching, through it all.

12.Reflections through the silence

Drifting slow beneath the surface
Waves of thought, they pull me under
All these mirrors in my mind
Crack and fade with silent thunder

Reflections through the silence
Echoes I can't outrun
Time bends in the distance
But the damage has been done

Flickers in the hallway of memory
Shadows speak in shifting tones
What is real, what is illusion?
When you're always left alone

I reach... but touch the sky
It bleeds... then says goodbye
In dreams... I hear the lie
But still... I wonder why

Reflections through the silence
Echoes I can't outrun
Time bends in the distance
But the damage has been done

15.Shadows of Dickens

In the fog of London’s breath,
Where Christmas ghosts refuse their rest,
Scrooge’s chains still softly clink,
Echoes lost in frozen ink.

Oliver’s cries beneath the rain,
Orphans dancing through the pain,
Bleak House whispers through the gloom,
Secrets locked in every room.

Great Expectations twist and turn,
Dreams that burn, and lessons learned,
Two cities torn apart by night,
Where hope and terror share the light.

Footsteps fade on cobbled stones,
Haunted streets and broken homes,
In the shadows Dickens calls,
Through the silence, through the walls.

God bless us, every one, the spirits say,
In every twist, a price to pay.
From London’s fog to distant lands,
The tale unfolds by unseen hands.

Great Expectations twist and turn,
Dreams that burn, and lessons learned,
Two cities torn apart by night,
Where hope and terror share the light.

In the shadows, Dickens calls...
Through the silence... through the walls...

14. Shadows between the hours

It was the best of times
it was the worst of times.
A day wasted on others is not wasted on one’s self.
No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of another.

In the gaslight haze of London town
Footsteps fade into the rain
Every shadow holds a hidden crown
Every heartbeat knows your name

Children stare through broken glass
Dreams like paper torn in two
Every clock hand moves so slow
When the night remembers you

Charles, in the turning of the gears
You wrote the map of all our fears
In the silence, we still hear your call
Through the ticking, through it all

We need never be ashamed of our tears.
the pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again.
Regrets of the property of grey hairs.

In the corridors of fractured dreams
Every lamp is burning low
You carried faces in your mind
From the alleys, long ago

Ink and candle, pen and breath
Stories rise from winter’s hand
Even time will lose its way
In the pages where you stand

It was the age of wisdom
it was the age of foolishness.

Charles, in the turning of the gears
You wrote the map of all our fears
In the silence, we still hear your call
Through the ticking, through it all



16.Voices in the Haze

Whispers in the distance…
Echoes in the haze…
Rules are written on the walls…
But the walls will not remain.
Shadows on the playground, rules that cage the mind,
voices in the distance, telling us what to find

Marching through the hallway, faces all the same,
Lessons carved in silence, a number with no name.
Dreaming of horizons, where the daylight breaks,
A thousand hidden questions, a mind they cannot cage.

We are not machines, we will not obey,
Tear the chains of silence, throw the night away.
We are not machines, we will not obey,
Hear the rising voices, this is our escape.

Eyes behind the curtain, watching every move,
Promises of order, disguising empty truth.
Still the fire is burning, a signal in the rain,
Voices growing louder, refusing to be tamed.

We are not machines, we will not obey,
Tear the chains of silence, throw the night away.
We are not machines, we will not obey,
Hear the rising voices, this is our escape.

Shadows bending…
Systems breaking…
Every wall will fall…
And the echo remains.

We are not machines…
We will not obey…
We are not machines…
We will not obey…

18. The road of David Copperfield

Born into shadows, a child of the rain
Dreams in his heart, but the world gave him pain
From factory walls to the endless night
He carried his hope like a fragile light

Through the storm he learned to stand
Every trial shaped his hand
Voices calling, fate revealed
The long, hard road of Copperfield

David, walking through the fire
Dreamer, climbing ever higher
Through the sorrow, through the years
He found his truth, he faced his fears
David, child who would not yield
The road of David Copperfield

Love was fleeting, loss was near
Echoes of doubt, the weight of fear
But every wound became his song
Every scar made his spirit strong

Pages turning, lessons learned
Broken bridges, tables turned
Hope was rising, fate revealed
The endless road of Copperfield

17 The Edge of all I Know

I walked along a line of glass
The future fading into past
A whisper told me not to go
But silence was the only path

And I saw reflections in the haze
Moments lost in drifting days

At the edge of all I know
I let the light begin to slow
No answers from the sky or sea
Just fading voices calling me

The clocks all melt into the wall
No rise, no fall — just endless crawl
A ghost of me still waits behind
Tracing echoes in my mind

I reach for meaning, but I fall
The stars don't speak at all
The further out I go
The less I seem to know

At the edge of all I know
I let the past begin to glow
The night and I become the same
A quiet flame without a name

David, walking through the fire
Dreamer, climbing ever higher
Through the sorrow, through the years
He found his truth, he faced his fears
David, child who would not yield
The road of David Copperfield

From boy to man, he wrote his name
In every struggle, he claimed the flame
No chains of darkness could ever bind
The strength of heart, the will of mind

David, walking through the fire
Dreamer, climbing ever higher
Through the sorrow, through the years
He found his truth, he faced his fears
David, child who would not yield
The road of David Copperfield

The boy became the man revealed
On the road of David Copperfield

19. The carol in his Heart
London nights were cold and bare
Children’s voices filled the air
Hunger walked on every street
Shadows where the poor would meet

He saw the chains that people wear
Felt the weight of deep despair
But in the dark, a flame was born
A tale to heal a world so worn

The carol in his heart began to rise
A song of mercy in a world of lies
From sorrow’s ashes came a brighter call
The Christmas spirit shining over all

Scrooge was born from pain he knew
Ghosts of past and future too
Hope and warning intertwined
A mirror for all humankind

Through the ink, the truth was clear
Love is stronger than our fear
Every soul can change, be free
Every heart can find the key

The carol in his heart began to rise
A song of mercy in a world of lies
From sorrow’s ashes came a brighter call
The Christmas spirit shining over all

One man’s story lit the fire
Turned cold despair to pure desire
To give, to care, to understand
To heal the broken, hand in hand

The carol in his heart began to rise
A song of mercy in a world of lies
From sorrow’s ashes came a brighter call
The Christmas spirit shining over all

And still the echoes softly fall
The Christmas carol sings to all