

A horizontal row of five black and white portraits of the band members, each with a different hairstyle, set against a dark, textured background.

LOST REGRETS

"OBJECTIVE"

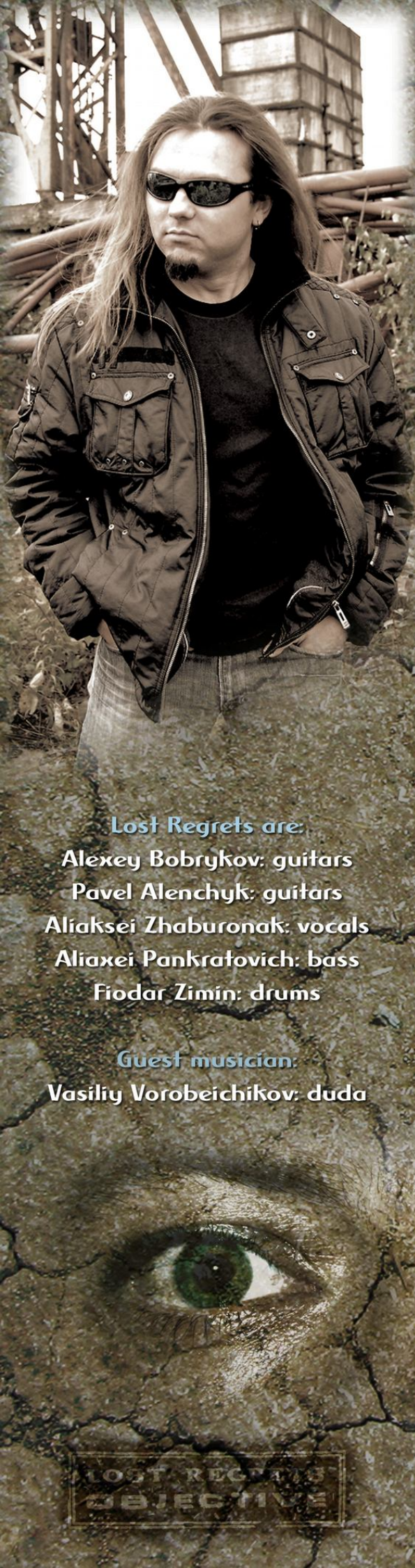


official internet release in mp3-format for free
total time: 57 min 43 sec
number of tracks: 10 + 1 bonus track

melodic death metal

made in Belarus

2010



Lost Regrets are:

Alexey Bobrykov: guitars
Pavel Alenchyk: guitars
Aliaksei Zhaburonak: vocals
Aliaxeï Pankratovich: bass
Fiodar Zimin: drums

Guest musician:

Vasiliy Vorobeichikov: duda

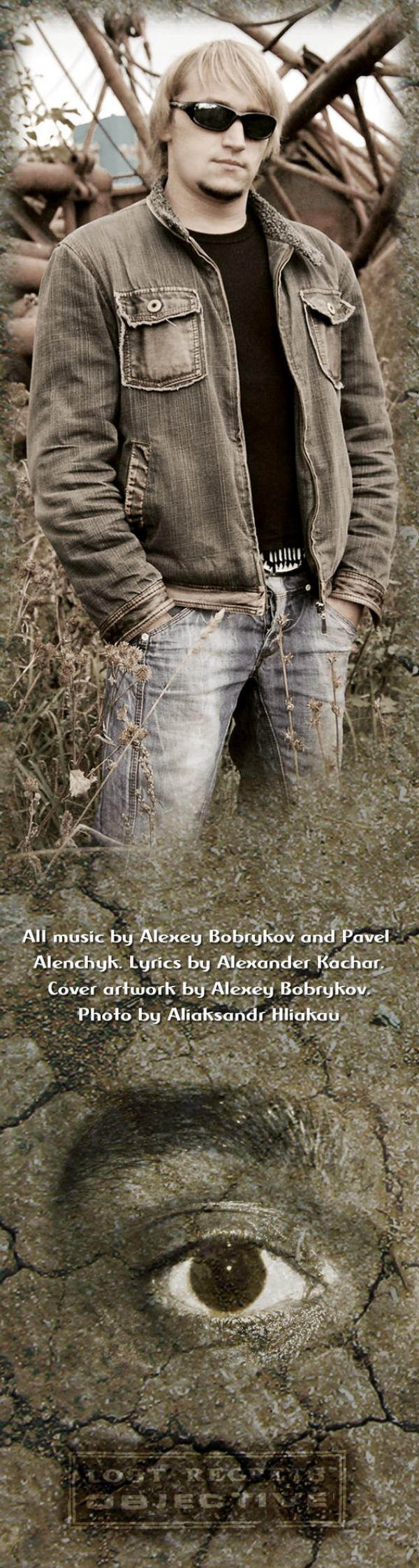
The Chemical Way

The growing comfort
Of the modern world
Provides advantages in every day life
With evolution
Silver turns to gold
Your headache's vanishing
It seems to be the end of strife
You know what I mean saying these words
To survive, to struggle, to search -
aren't you tired of all this?
So spit on your natural instincts and be happy
Aren't you pleased with this opportunity now?
Ex-usual troubles
Are further every day
Only the endless streams
Of information
But something inside you
Progresses in decay
Things have no sense -
The new age revelation
No difference between day and night
No wishes, just a lazy slow decay
You have a choice between the suicide
And getting on the chemical way
You're drowning deeper
Into this viscous marsh
The shroud is paralyzing
Your emotions
Was there really time
When things were harsh?
Was there really time
When marsh was ocean?
Do you remember
How you lived before?
It's just a faded area
Of your brain now
Life is still pulsing
Somewhere inside your core
But is it worth
Peeling from the pale shroud?
Reviving feelings from their deepest sleep?
Feeling the blinding light of day?
Experiencing pain during the trip?
Following the chemical way?

The Short Non-Existence

I can't recall her name now
But surely I have seen her before
I wanna escape but don't know how
It's better not to see them anymore
She seems to be friendly
And calls me with her smile
Following gently -
Trapping into horror for a while
The short but painful non-existence
I'm falling deeper to your tight embrace
To lose the sense of time, the sense of distance
To meet your crazy actors face to face
A neverending story
An endless slavery to my own brain
I am alive but buried
They laugh at me and leave me with my fear and pain
A journey to the unknown
They show me ways of leaving this life
The choice must be my own
This time I hesitate about choosing knife
Pursuit of my sanity
The prisoner of cold moonlight
Feeling no law of gravity
Turning to the left longing to turn to the right
Cold sweat, the acute headache
Confusion with the absence of plot
I can't believe that they were fake
I'm one step closer to my final shot

LOST REGRETS
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All music by Alexey Bobrykov and Pavel Alenchyk. Lyrics by Alexander Kachar.
Cover artwork by Alexey Bobrykov.
Photo by Aliaksandr Hliakau

Invisible Enemies

Burning buildings
Human screams
These pictures and sounds
Are forever in our memories
They penetrated to our minds
And live in our dreams
It seems that we are blind
But what are their schemes?
Can anybody find
The forthcoming victims?
To become a TV-star
There's no need to be outstanding
You may only explode in your car
Or in the airplane during its landing
Falling ruins. Police sirens
They say that we are all to blame
That's written in their plans
Their gods have different names
And love to kill the humans
It seems they live among us
But what are their names?
Can anybody see
The rules of their games?
Look into eyes of those who may
Kill you tomorrow
Hear the voices that will bring
Pain and sorrow
Invisible enemies
You may only guess who they are
They may die with you
Nothing really matters
Just a small new
Handful of dust God scatters

Adaptation

The bitter wind is blowing
Into my mask
The black clouds are growing
Above the scarlet dusk
The soil feels thirst
Awaiting for acid
Falling from the sky
Soon it is to bleed
Perhaps this is the new life form
But it's not what it was before
Polluted and mutated norm
Past does not exist anymore
So welcome to the aeon
Of the newest world
Of the mutated creatures
Of everything that sick and old
Humanity changed itself
Together with the environment
The weakest of all the animals gets
The result of its experiment
We're creeping like the insects
And running like the cheetahs
The lungs breathe no oxygen
The teeth do not feed us
Our skin feels no difference
Between pleasure and pain
Our knowledge is ignorance
But we live again
Perhaps this is the new life source
Eternal stench fills the air
We have won all the wars
Against ourselves. Were we aware?

LOST RECORDS
OBJECTIVE



Lost Regrets - Objective.
Produced by Anton Matveev.
Recorded at home studios. Minsk,
January-October 2009. Vocals
recording are done at "Qwadro" studio.
Engineered, Mixed and mastered
by Anton Matveev.



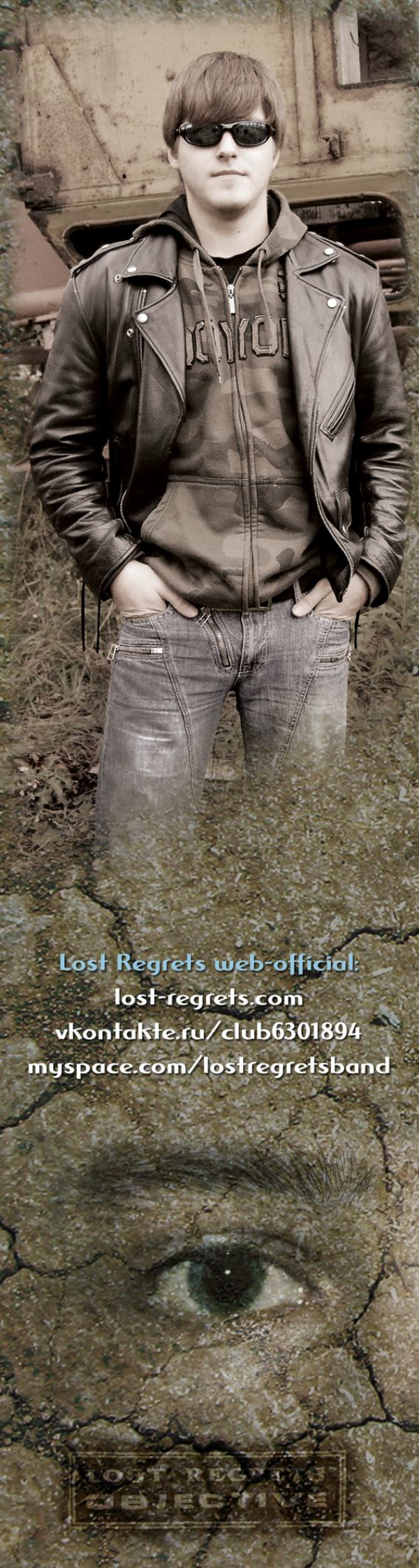
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The Sermon

You've finally come to the conclusion
That all the goals you reached were fake
This worldly life is just illusion
Here is nothing for you to take
There, the sacred way they will show you
Just giv'em all you have
Believe, you need a guide to control you
Brothers and sisters, but only to serve
You have a big new family now
Forget the one you had before
They all betrayed, they pulled you down
The Savior's account is waiting for
Your sacred payment and your blindness
Just give him all that you can give
Believe in light and love, truth and kindness
Brothers and sisters will force you believe
Mindless and poor - you are ready
No more reasons here to stay
The opening door - that's what you did it all for
The sacred death - the final way
To eternal life for your soul now
You gav'em all you had
Your body is so pitiful and hollow
For sinful world you are dead

Not Unique

Predictable
But unexpected
Machinery of replicas of life
Genetic codes
Can be corrected
Godlike technologies
May give and may deprive
Now we are not unique
'Cause nature made us really weak
If only God exists lets make a copy of him
Or even make a personal exemplar for everyone
So optimistic
Superiority's obtained
The contradictive system
The product of the human brain
Reversible
And reproducing
The newest breeds of Dollies flood the Earth
Convenient ways
Are still seducing
Find your reflection in somebody's birth
Now we are not unique
'Cause nature made us really sick
If only God exists lets make a copy of him
Or even make a personal exemplar for everyone
So optimistic
Superiority's obtained
The contradictive system
The product of the human brain
If only God exists lets make a copy of him
Or even make a personal exemplar for everyone
So optimistic
Superiority's obtained
The contradictive system
The product of the human brain



Lost Regrets web-official:

lost-regrets.com

[vkontakte.ru/club6301894](https://vk.com/club6301894)

myspace.com/lostregretsband

Blind Thanks

It seems to be eternal
Longing through years
Through light and darkness
Through all human fears
Time never ends but pulls down the ideals
There is always something to be changed
Objective reality's different from how it feels
You trusted yesterday just to be deranged
Because the goals of past turn to total nothing
The teachers and the kings are losing their ranks
You're drifting through time searching for something
To hold and to believe, to give your blind thanks
They held you, they controlled you
They told you how to live
Have you noticed how they'd sold you?
Try to find some new thing to believe
Falling down and breaking
The shivers hurt your skin
But still the blind is afraid of awakening
Still afraid of some kind of sin
Time never ends but pulls down the ideals
There is always something to be changed
Objective reality's different from how it feels
You trusted yesterday just to be deranged
Because the goals of past turn to total nothing
The teachers and the kings are losing their ranks
You're drifting through time searching for something
To hold and to believe, to give your blind thanks

Axes

Threatening rogue states
Weapon of mass destruction
Divided into parts
Somebody feels satisfaction
It's always been a problem to survive
While they care about justice
It's always been so easy to deprive
Humanity of all disasters
Axes are rotating
Time is passing by
Freedom and peace are awaiting
Bad people must die
Tunnels led to nowhere
Evil not found
Just a little mistake
Just some corpses around
We had to kill just to secure ourselves
But certainly we all feel sorry
Perhaps the threat does not look like it smells
But that will be another story
Endless colonization
War for the resources
Epoch of globalization
Contemporary curses
It's always been a problem to survive
While they care about justice
It's always been so easy to deprive
Humanity of all disasters
Axes are rotating
Time is passing by
Freedom and peace are awaiting
Bad people must die



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The Highest Aim

From early mornings
And till the nights
Your problems don't let
You see the light
You have forgotten
The childhood dreams
They're not attached to
Your present schemes
You're serving something

You cannot feel
It needs sacrifices -
So you kneel

It always speaks with
Your chief's same voice
Commands and threats

Assume no choice
It's your sacred slavery
The place you reclaim
Worship you salary

It's always the same - the highest aim

Faces disguising
Under black suits
Are falling and rising
In this pursuit

Faces are gleaming
Prestigious cars
Tired of screaming

Sitting in bars
Mind overloaded
Exhausted nerves
Almost exploded
Of all these sirs
Laughing and joking

Tasting your tie
No time for smoking
The aims are high

Dancing Bullets

Fire! Blinking before my eyes
Harder and harder. We lose disguise
Deafening screams. The fallen ones
Lose my ability to differ all the sounds
The trembling ground. It's shaking me
I don't remember my own beliefs
The gleaming carnage paralyzed my brain
They all fall down leaving me insane
If I survive all this will stay
Inside me

My inner ego sees no way
My light is fire

Blinded eyes and burning blackened face
Arrhythmic dance of falling bodies
The sweetest madness with its hot embrace
Did I ever live without this?

Gunpowder. Clothes. Music. Noise
Iron. Rust. Fire. Voice
Dancing bullets. Splashing blood.
Dirty hands, skin, so hot!

What is to think? Where's the fucking end?
We're fucking dying, something we defend
I saw him yesterday, I talked to him!
Now he is lying! No motions! No scream!...

If I survive all this will stay
Inside me

My inner ego sees no way
My light is fire

Blinded eyes and burning blackened face
Arrhythmic dance of falling bodies
The sweetest madness with its hot embrace
Did I ever live without this?

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OBJECTIVE



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“OBJECTIVE”

1. The Chemical Way
2. The Short Non-Existence
3. Invisible Enemies
4. Adaptation
5. The Sermon
6. Not Unique
7. Blind Thanks
8. The Axes
9. The Highest Aim
10. Dancing Bullets

bonus track:
11. Suicide & Redemption
(Metallica cover)

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