



THE HA IN optimism is cowardice, the more-or-less cry yourself to weep. You alleged people never go too deep, preferring the happy awake-sleep, but your fucked over by the terror fronds you will not talk about coming for all around you/you. There is no Jesus crying on the cross and Satan is the mirror held up to the dross, this crude rhyming a boot on the other foot, time to robust thrust as in the forceful veiled adult sex contact message online behind, duty free wank, meet up to meat on crumbling sandcastle beaches, old saw mill, the waves are tides coming, sometimes going, everyone potentially named Elizabeth, in twilight language EL [God] LIZARD BREATH, no follower of comedians, the preference sangfroid shenanigans, need to suck Kray, inside or out, the rubble does pay, including true rock fans, your wallet has bits of old newspaper concealed in it, ruined factories forgotten, Throbbing Gristle not playing 'Very Friendly' up North due to the death of psychedelia and other horror stories, the cake a cover for insidious sat there bloating, the shit that needs to go, revealing world glow, stepped comeuppance, the destiny locked in soil, you are told by the dice, rarely friendly, don't give to charity, SAS great job Iranian Embassy, our special secret secondary, you can never go home, phoning it in, that hairdryer perm smell, chemical toilet, charity donation, ignoring the ghosts, complaining about the piss-stained phone box, a must 999 or 666, the channels getting crackly, pretty much everything uncertainty, you don't seem to really understand me, a normal-framed loser who wants to fly and may do, stamping on the suit, strangling the tie, burning the school, going to the right corner, the range of missing persons, data centre up one finger, no-one ever really here, I have said this before, thrown dice on dead men's shoes, who lights your city, they are going to leave, civil thaw, most of you unknowing your potential or carrot and stick, thick as it, the calendar folding in itself, no drugs but a lens

concentrating the Antimatter Hotel, quicksilver coming out of the taps, at least three races looking on, the seething tor surf that rhymes with bomb, potato head, colour of blood, the examination of teeth, calipers or jodhpurs, counting house, the Nazi Fantasy, spread out now, the fuck off stall, you king or queen spitting, never proper job had, digging trenches or grooming the phoenix, but saying that are certainly sublimation or abreaction or something, time on sand, EMIT backwards, also other ways, looking at, obvious start 1980s Space Invaders amusement arcade machine a foot in the door, now they walk among us, thrown a toy, no-one believes, stuck in others, I have killed, so much strata, the evasive nomenclature 'loser', whether you watch porn or not, colder another, they want you pervert, spraying the feed, octopus types do not thank you, no touches curtain, human race disgusting, the end of pyramids, love to kill, withheld taxes, strangled on hill, inside machines, clay pipe knew, bright clinic left shoe, life mostly not anymore, retired handkerchief man, horrible angles tan, you wake up screaming after screaming in dream, snakes and ladders on you, turn to nought bucket, they lie down on purpose, you go as they piss on you, the baby wrapped in newspaper, cold under the couch, may have been you. I've seen the photofits, loose ends, have at it in that strange pub located seemingly unproductively, way out of the way, a select clientele ex-military maybe the odd spook, the point aligning, ancient stone circle not far away, who knows what goes on, midnight a definite trigger, these types don't bail out, the total maze I think, awaiting centreless labyrinth, the actual void beyond the conception of void, objective trumps subjective and all that lot, falling in hands, ignoring the mushroom magic, the always a cone, they said "carrot and stick," now a funny bone, hanging out with Steven Frank Albini, the paedophile not really, denied years later unconvincingly, able to stable

the faux-gobsmacked running for cover, freeport of entry harbour. Pawns make the plot thicken. 3PM polish and his rapidly swelling ears. The dancing hare manages his money. Elsewhere jackdaw gas, miracle eagle, new prison unsafe, a confident heterodox emergence in the cultural spheres that will eventually permeate the whole. We're talking Russian Dolls/Roulette, worlds within worlds and how to enter them. Forsake for fuck's sake reject the despotic rule by decree, standing on the root, banning opposition, free speech down the drain, foils spouting damaging rhetoric, metabolic infraction, technotronic oppression lights the way, an irksome company. North Sea drilling earthquakes a price to pay as SkyGuy confetti disconnects you, unlike supersuction American whoredom, tipsy in the mood with dark karaoke, colours in plastics, barbecue algorithms on Horse Street, dumplings with chopsticks, introduction to cockstar, getting along like one of those frying pans with individual sections for different stuffs, not vertical cures. The obvious future a zealot-militant Holy War, at least 100 neurotransmitters. Our leader ate all the health food shop, amping it up with the Shadow People. I cannot forget 'life', but what do I hold onto? The Self Alive. That of us which is always here but rarely present. What is my lack of engagement about? The Satanic paramour, spiritual initiation as an LSD Voyager Psychonaut, the more medicine before the normies caught hold. Glastonbury Festival has a lot to answer for. The Pink Drink copycat still profits Big Pharma. Nothing good to end on, never is, saying this a lot, reeling you in, "It's best to kill them. More room for the others." Easy to say when you are way down on the strata, envisaging the skirting board open to the crawlspace, dreaming of someone of such notoriety dies in anonymity, no stats. I met you at the owners, moonlighting the extras, by way of mysterious handyman mystic mechanic at random, the weirder aspects of the witness protection program.