

A grayscale photograph of a landscape shrouded in thick fog. In the background, a large, multi-story building with many windows is visible. In the foreground, a simple wire fence with a wooden post stands on a grassy field. The overall atmosphere is misty and quiet.

UKB

STRINGS SPEAK MOUNTAINS

# AN EXPLANATION

~

UKB STANDS FOR 'UNINSPIRED KIWIANA BRUTALISM'. IT EXPLORES THE COMMUNITIES WE LIVE IN, AS A PART OF LATE-STAGE CAPITALISM, AND WESTERN AMERICAN CULTURE. IT LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE YOUNGER POPULATION, AND THE CONSTANT POLITICAL AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS THAT WE ARE FLOODED WITH.

THERE IS A HEAVY FOCUS ON EXTERNAL SUCCESS, AS WELL AS 'SURFACE LEVEL HEDONISTIC PLEASURES', MANY OF WHICH ARE HEDONISTIC BY THE COLLOQUIAL TERM, NOT THE TRADITIONAL TERM. THERE IS A LACK OF FOCUS AROUND QUALITY OF LIFE, AND PRESERVATION OF SELF AND OTHERS. IT ENCOMPASSES A FOCUS ON THE RAT RACE, AND THE 'COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS' OF SMALLER SUB-CULTURES, WHICH EVENTUALLY COALESCE INTO ONE CONGLOMERATE OF A CULTURE.

UKB STANDS AS A STATEMENT AGAINST THIS. IT ENCOMPASSES ISSUES SUCH AS DEPRESSION, FREEDOM OF SPEECH, ALCOHOLISM, AND THE DOWNFALL OF THE HUMAN CONDITION. WE NEED TO CHANGE, BECAUSE WE'RE KILLING OURSELVES.

THE NAME "UNINSPIRED KIWIANA BRUTALISM" COMES FROM THE ARCHITECTURE OF INVERCARGILL, OFTEN BEING SOLELY UTILITARIAN (WHICH IS THE 'UNINSPIRED' PART OF THE NAME), AND RESEMBLING THE BRUTALIST MOVEMENT OF THE 1950'S (GIVING THE 'BRUTALISM' PORTION). CERTAIN PORTIONS CONTAIN THAT INEFFABLE 'KIWI' QUALITY, HENCE THE 'KIWIANA' PORTION OF THE NAME.

PART I

~

A BODY,  
CONSUMED



SPARK OF LIFE, BURNING BODIES





JESUS IS WATCHING



BELOW (CHASLANDS)

# CHILLY MORNINGS IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

~

WE MIGHT NOT ALL SLEEP BUT WE CAN WAIT  
UNTIL DAYBREAK  
WHERE THE LIGHT SEEPS IN AND EVERYTHING IS  
SUNBATHED  
WITH THE ROOM KEPT WARM AS A RETREAT FROM  
THE CONCRETE

IT'S ALL I CAN SEE THESE DAYS  
WITH THE JUNGLE OF BLOCKS, MAN MADE  
I CAN SEE MY BREATH FLOATING AWAY  
I STILL HYPOTHESIZE THIS IS WHERE I SHOULD  
BE

WITH ALL THE DEPTH TO THIS  
IT GIVES A STRANGE SENSE OF EMPTINESS  
I STILL FEEL REMISS  
BECAUSE WHAT I'VE KNOWN IS SO DIFFERENT TO  
THIS

I CAN FEEL THE COLD FROM THE OTHER SIDE  
ALL THE IMAGES BLUR BEHIND TIRED EYES  
THE SERPENT SINGS THROUGH THE ROADS  
LOOKING FOR A SAFE HOME  
THE CHANNELS ARE KEPT TO THIS  
ANY STRAFE MAY CONSTITUTE STRIFE, ORDER  
DEATH

THE SHINE ON THE DIRT WILL BREAK THE  
SHADOW WE'VE BEEN LIVING IN  
MY NEXT TOURNAMENT HAS BEGUN, NOW I WAIT  
FOR IT TO END  
THIS ANNIHILATION OF THE DESTITUTE WILL  
LEAVE US RESOLUTE

# THE MARIONETTE MACHINE/ THIS CITY IS A DYING BODY

~

PREORDINATION TAKES PRECEDENCE  
IN LIEU OF ANY SUBSTANCE  
YOU'RE MARIONETTES  
IN THE MACHINE WE LIVE

THE CITY'S A BODY, DETERIORATING  
ALL ENCOMPASSMENT, MYOPTIC, ALL IS  
DEGRADING  
THE FORCED IDEALS IN CONCRETE, CHAPPED  
AND BREAKING

YOUR LIVES ARE EXISTENCE, NO MEANING  
CULTIVATING PLASTIC PURPOSE, STILL  
FLEETING  
THE LIGHT IS FADING IN YOUR EYES AS THE DAY  
GROWS ON  
ARE YOU DEAD INSIDE

A PASSIVE EXISTENCE IN THE DEAD BODY OF  
PESTILENCE  
THE CITY'S A DEAD BODY, NO PURPOSE EN  
MASSE OF ANYTHING  
THE TURBID WATER PERMEATING EVIL  
INCLINATIONS  
CONFORMITY AS COMFORT UNTIL YOU SEE SOME  
SAVIOUR

-

I ROT IN THE BODY  
THE MARIONETTE MACHINE  
THE CITY IS A DEAD BODY  
CULTIVATING DISEASE

YOU'RE THE CRUSHING COGS  
DILAPIDATED, COVERED IN SMOG  
BREATHING DECLINE IN THE SUNRISE  
UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT



BUILDING CRUMBLING

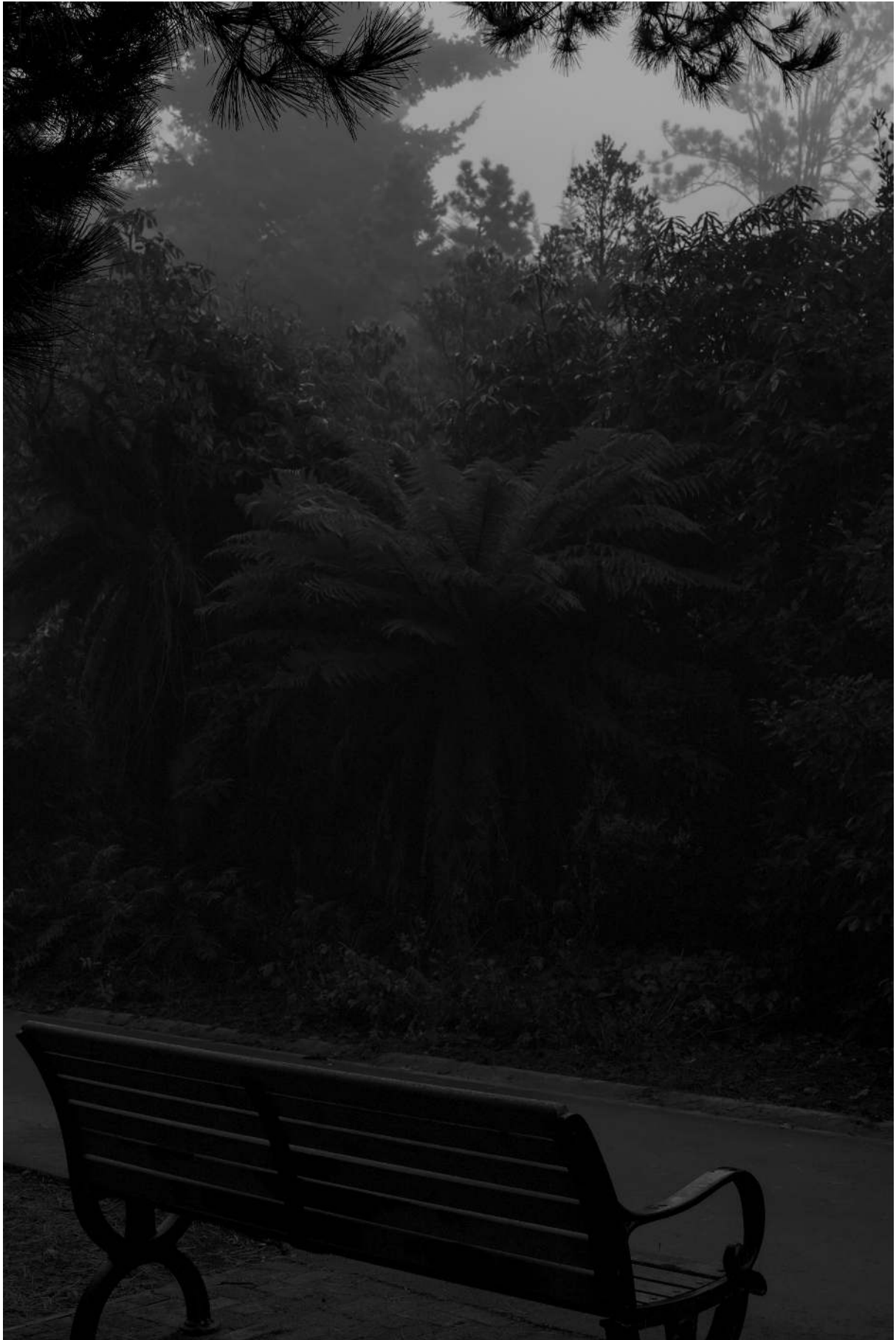


DULL KNIFE





DAUNTING



ISLANDOUS



(SOMETIMES,  
IT STILL FEELS LIKE I'M IN HIS HOUSE)

~

THE FLOORBOARDS CREAK IN THE HALLWAY  
THE FRONT DOOR SHAKES IN ITS FRAME  
WIND RATTLES THE HOUSES BONES  
THE FOUNDATION'S GROWING MOULD

SPIDERED WALLS  
CHEAP LINO FLOORS  
THE DAMP AIR SMELLS STRONG  
EVERYTHING FEELS WRONG

I'M STUCK WITH MEMORIES I WISH I'D FORGET  
WAITING FOR ANYTHING TO DRAG ME FROM THIS  
I CAN'T LEAVE, TRUST ME I'VE TRIED  
WHEN DO I GET TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE

BECAUSE EVERYTHING'S BEEN PAINTED GREY  
AND DARK  
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT THAT SLIGHT  
SPARK  
MAYBE IF IT CATCHES THE WALLS WE'LL BE  
FREE  
MAYBE THEN WE CAN FINALLY GIVE IN



THE SILOS SING IN TANDEM

... AND THE DOGS HAVE RETURNED  
FOR THEIR SHARE

~

THEIR VOICES GROW HOARSE  
MY NECK IS COLD  
PUTRID BREATH STAYS FIRM  
CLASPING MY CHEST

THE GRASS GROWS LONG AND DAMP  
THEIR RABID MOUTHS STILL FROTH  
WITH DIRTY PAWS THEY STAY ALIVE  
TO SNATCH ME IN THEIR GRASP

I WON'T FIND RESPIRE  
WHEN I'M OPEN AND AFRAID  
JEERS PERSUADE ME TO FALL  
SEALED VOICES (IN THEIR WALL OF SOUND)



PATH AWAY



ONE MORNING



# OUR LIGHTS, FADING

~

I CAN'T FIGHT IT ANY LONGER  
I'M TOO TIRED

YOUR CEMENT IS CRACKED AND BREAKING  
EVERYONE IS CAGED

-

THE SUN NEVER LASTS  
THE SUN NEVER LASTS



THE SPIRITS SING



FIGURES



A WISH FOR THE LOVE



THEM



WIND SPATTERED BACKS/  
URNS GROW COLD/  
DOUBT AT THE HORIZON/  
A WISH FOR YOU TO RETURN

~

OUR FIRST GRACE PUTS US IN RUIN AND THE  
WEIGHTS ARE DRAGGED FROM EACH HOUSE WITH  
US  
SHALL WE EVER GIVE IN TO ANOTHER WAVE TO  
KEEP OUR HEADS UNDER AND SLEEP  
OR WILL MY SELF-IMPOSED RUINATION BE  
ENOUGH, THROW THE CINDER BLOCKS OVER THE  
EDGE

WE ARE ALL BORN BROKEN BUT THE  
PERPETUATION IS EXHAUSTING  
I KNOW I CAN'T FEEL MUCH BETTER BUT I'D  
STILL LIKE TO FEEL A RESULT OF MY SUCCOUR  
FOR ALL THE BRUTALISM IN OUR EYES WE STILL  
SEE ANCIENT LIFE AND BRIGHT EYES  
WE CAN STILL HOLD TO EACH OTHER IN OUR  
MINDS WHEN WE GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT  
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY EVANESCENT COMFORT AND  
HEARTH WE CAN STILL BELIEVE IN IT  
BECAUSE THEIR HEARTS ARE STILL REAL WE  
JUST CAN'T FEEL THEIR STUTTERED BEAT  
BECAUSE WE'RE STUCK TRYING TO SOOTHE OUR  
OWN TO SLEEP

FROM THE FIRST BREATH FROM OUR REBIRTH  
EACH DAY THE LANGUID NATURE MAY STAY  
THOUGH WE CAN AID OURSELVES IN ANY FORM OF  
CHANGE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING MORE TODAY  
THEIR MECHANISMS WILL STUTTER AND WE WILL  
GROW PALE WITH DOUBT  
IF WE TAKE IT AS AN EFFERVESCENT SIGN WE  
MAY BE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT





FAMILY STORE

# SPIRITS OF HELL ARE CONSUMING MY BODY

~

THEY BELIEVE THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO THE  
GLARES  
BUT THE PUNGENT STENCH IS PERMEATING THE  
AIR  
THE GAZE IS LOOMING IN EVERY WAY, EVERY  
DAY  
URGING ME TO STAY AWAY

SHIVERED TO RICKETY FRAMES IN THESE  
HOUSES WE LAY  
SPENT WAITING FOR SOMETHING MORE TO THE  
DAYS  
OUR GOLDEN LIGHT IS BATHED IN SICKENING  
SYRUP  
WE ARE NO MORE THAN THE WORLD, ALL CORRUPT  
LEAVING WHAT WE LOVE TO BLEED UNDER A  
GUISE OF PEACE  
TO WAIT IN DAMP CAVES FOR ANYTHING MORE TO  
APPEASE  
OUR GODS ARE GONE, NEVER PRESENT, ALWAYS  
FLEETING  
OUR TOMES ARE KEPT PERFECT TO CULTIVATE  
THAT MEANING

WAITING WITH HEARTS HEAVY TO FEEL NEW  
RAPTURE  
SIFTING THROUGH ALL THAT WE'VE CAPTURED  
IF THERE ISN'T A HOME WE HAVE TO LEARN HOW  
TO BUILD  
GIVE OURSELVES A NEW FUTURE IN THIS  
BURNING WORLD

THEIR ODOR SEEPS THROUGH EVERY CRACK INTO  
OUR BODIES  
CHANGING OUR PATTERNS TO BE MORE OF WHAT  
THEY WANT FROM ME  
TO BELIEVE THERE'S NOTHING MORE  
THIS OLD STATUE RUSTED LONG AND OLD  
LEAVING OUR BODIES BOTH TIRED, LANGUID,  
AND COLD

# TO DRAG YOURSELF FROM DEATH

~

EYES GROW HEAVY WITH TIRE AND GUILT  
ALL THE EFFORTS GROW TO WILT  
WE WILL NEVER CEASE THIS MACHINE  
BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO LEAVE

GROW TO LANQUIDITY IN THIS BEAST  
ELIMINATE ALL YOUR EXCESSIVE NEEDS  
THEY WILL NOT FORCE US TO BLEED  
WE WON'T SUCCUMB TO THEIR UNRULY GREED

PAINT THE WALLS OF THE APARTMENT IN COLOUR  
GIVE GRACE FROM THE TIRED SUFFER  
AND THEN NO LONGER STAY IN DARKNESS  
GIVE YOUR BUILDING LOVE, NOT HEARTLESS



GOD'S HAND



BENEATH THE PINES

# COVENIENTLY FORGET

~

DECONSTRUCT ME, DIAGNOSE MY SEETHING  
RECOGNIZE ME AS A PERFECTLY HUMAN, BEING  
YOUR SILENCE HAS SCREAMED US HOARSE  
CONFIDENTIALITY WE'LL NEVER AFFORD

THIS GUISE IS CORRUPT  
YOU'RE KILLING YOUR DAUGHTERS, YOUR SONS  
WE'LL CALL AGAINST YOU, YOU ARE NOT 'THE  
PEOPLE'  
WHAT WILL SAVE US ISN'T UNDER THAT STEEPLE

YOUR TINTED WINDOWS WON'T HELP YOUR  
AVOIDANCE  
YOU AREN'T SAFE IN SILENCE, IT HAUNTS IT  
WHEN OUR LIPS TURN BLUE  
IN THE 'SAFETY' OF OUR OWN BEDROOM  
STRAPPING US DOWN WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING  
OUR BODIES AREN'T THE PROBLEM

YOU'LL NEVER FIX WHAT'S INSIDE  
SO STOP FORCING US TO HIDE  
I CAN'T BLEED ANYMORE FOR MYSELF  
JUST GET US HELP





TAKEN FROM GODS HAND

WE ARE ALL GODLESS HUSKS,  
WE ARE ALL SELFISH TRAITORS

~

THE CITIES IMPALEMENT  
OUR MARROWS DISEASE

TETHERED TO BOXES  
COMMODITIES FAILING

THREADBARE SHEETS  
UNINSPIRED BRUTALISM

NO GUISE WILL KEEP  
PREDETERMINED DEPRESSION

YOUR COLLAR'S STIFFENED  
YOU ARE EMPTY

NEON HUES STAIN EYES  
YOU LONG FOR COMFORT

THIS ISN'T A LIFE  
THIS IS EXISTENCE

KEPT IN CAGES  
TIED TO BEING

WE ARE GODLESS HUSKS  
WE ARE SELFISH TRAITORS  
WE ARE GODLESS HUSKS  
WE ARE SELFISH TRAITORS



ONWARDS AND DOWN



# ADMISSION

~

BRAINDEAD NOTHINGNESS  
IT'S YOU WHO KNOWS THE LEAST  
EYES HOLD NOTHING BUT YOURSELF  
SPIT AND CRY AT THE SUN

LUNGS AREN'T FIT FOR THE AIR  
SELF IMPOSED DISGUST  
PERSISTENT GREY SKIES  
TONES WON'T KEEP YOU SAFE

SELF FLAGELLATION  
SLOW AND FEEBLE  
RUSTED ANCHORED IDEAS  
A PREMONITION

PART II

~

SUN EATER



THE FIRST CORNER

# FROM THE MORNING HUMIDITY / PUSS FILLED LUNGS

~

I HEAR YOUR LUNGS FILL WITH FLUID EVERY  
MORNING  
THROUGH MERE WALLS, YOUR GRIM REALITY IS  
SEPARATED FROM MINE  
THE UNINSPIRED BRUTALISM SEEPS THROUGH IN  
YOUR VOICE  
YOU'RE PART OF THE PROBLEM  
THOUGH I WISH TO BELIEVE  
UNINTENTIONALLY



CITY OR COUNTRY

# THEY WILL LEAVE US ALONE ONE DAY

~

THE STEPS OF CAMARADERIE QUIVER UNDER A  
WEIGHT OF PRESCIENCE  
TRADITION IN A GUISE OF CONTEMPORARY  
NATIONALISM  
AS IF THE CRACKS WERE WHAT BROUGHT DOWN  
THEIR STATUES  
NOT OUR CHANGING BELIEF AND FOUNDATIONS  
OF DESTITUTION THROUGHOUT



GL00M



SIN



# WINE + COFFEE

~

THAT INEFFABLE DISCONNECT  
TAINTING THE WARMTH OF LEATHER  
AN EMPTY EFFORT AT COMFORTABLE  
COMMUNICATION



STREET IV

# WE TALK ABOUT PEOPLE

~

ALL ATTEMPTS AT AVOIDANCE OF ANYTHING  
WORTH TALKING ABOUT  
KEPT TO SURFACED DRINKS UNTIL YOU END UP  
KILLING YOURSELF  
ARE YOU RUNNING FROM SOMETHING



STREET II



# STAINED BOTTLES

~

THE BURGEONING EMPTINESS  
STAINING SHEETS  
ALL THESE NEON LIGHTS AND THEIR HUES  
WITH ALL THE FLAGRANCY IMBUED

WITH STIRRING VAGRANCY  
FORCED FOUNDATIONS IN CEMENT  
CAGING IN AVOIDANCE OF SELF AND HEARTH  
TO FIND LIBERTY IN ITS ABSENCE



DIM BULLETS

# THE MARIONETTES MARCH

~

THE VALEDICTION BELATED  
OVERDUE AND COMPLICATED  
YOU'RE A MARIONETTE  
DANCING TO A PREORDAINED EXISTENCE  
I HOPE YOU GIVE UP ON EVERYTHING  
I'M OVER THIS EXACERBATED PERFORMANCE  
WHILE COMMISERATIONS WANE IN FOCUS  
OLD PATTERNS PERMEATING IN PERPETUATION



IN THE GREY MORNING OF PARADISE

THE MISANDRIST  
/  
HYPOCRISY IN PERPETUATION  
OF MONARCHY  
LONG PASSED

~

THE MISANDRIST KEEPS THEIR IDEALS TIGHT  
TO THEIR HEART  
BREATHING OBSTINATE CONSCIOUSNESS  
FORMED IN THE BOWELS OF HIS GRACIOUS  
KILLER  
EXEMPT FROM ALL ATTEMPTS AT  
RECONCILIATION  
A GUISE OF IMPROVEMENT, KEPT UNDER LOCK  
AND KEY

REVILED FOR WHAT CAN'T BE CONTROLLED  
VENIAL SINS TURNED TO INSURMOUNTABLE  
OBSTACLES  
ANY PLEAS AND REGARDS MET WITH DISDAIN  
DENYING THE ISSUES PREVALENCE  
SCHOOLYARD PRACTICES CAN BE LIFE  
THREATENING



IN REVERIE



HIVE MIND

/

KING RAT

~

THEY DON'T PRAY, BUT FEED, ON IGNORANCE  
A MERITOCRACY BUILT ON SUPPORTING  
INDOLENCE  
HYPOCRISY PLANTED IN THE SOIL, IN THEIR  
TONGUES

LUNGS MADE OF RECLAIMED WOOD, CREAK IN  
DISMAY  
AGAINST GASES THROWN ACROSS ROWS OF  
INNOCENCE  
AN INSURRECTION FOR WHAT'S STILL IN  
WRITING, THOUGH IGNORED

TO PROTECT YOUR OWN AND DISREGARD THE FEW  
WHO STAND AGAINST YOU  
YOUR CROWDS WILL BECOME KING RATS IN THE  
SQUALID HOMES YOU BUILT  
BURNING OUT WHAT'S BURGEONING



BOARDED

# SCRAWLED ACROSS ARMS

~

CEASE THAT DIN, YOU HOLD NO VALUE  
DRAINING COLOUR, CLUTTERING YOUR BRAIN  
DON'T TAKE THAT STABILITY FROM US

IF YOU BURN OUR FOUNDATIONS, THE ASHES  
WILL HAUNT YOU  
WITH BREATH ON YOUR NECK, THERE WILL BE NO  
SLEEP  
YOUR USELESS SPARKS BURN YOUR OWN WAX  
LUNGS

REBUILDING AFTER THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED  
WE NEED MORE THAN WHAT CRUMBS YOU GIVE  
WE WILL FOLLOW YOU, WE WILL TAKE



TOWERING GIANTS





WORK

# THE ILLUSIONARY FACADE

~

I HAVE THE SCENT OF THE EARTH ON ME  
CALMING DIRT COVERED MY HANDS

THE ILLUSIONARY FACADE  
IS NOT WHAT WE'RE BROUGHT TO BELIEVE  
IT'S THE UNVEILED BRIDE OF OURS  
IT IS OUR LOVE, OUR LIFE  
LIFE

OUR PERSPECTIVES ARE MALLEABLE  
WE SHAN'T BE TETHERED TO ANYTHING  
AS OUR LOVE, OUR LIFE WILL GO, SO WILL WE  
GET OFF FROM THIS CAROUSEL, FIND YOUR  
GROUNDED FOOTING  
TAKE COMFORT IN THIS LOVE, THIS LIFE



THE RUNNING FEVER

# MAKING A COMMODITY OF DEATH

~

WE DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE THIS LIFE  
SQUANDERING OPPORTUNITY FOR COMFORT  
WE SHOULDN'T BE USELESS MACHINES  
WITH ALL OUR COMMODITIES STREWN AROUND US

NO ONE IS EXEMPT FROM THIS  
ALL SUCCUMBED TO THE TICKING  
LOOKING AT TOMORROW AS THE START  
WITH SO LITTLE SUBSTANCE OF TODAY

BUT ALL MUST STOP ONE DAY  
SOON YOU'LL FEEL THE BREATH ON YOUR NECK  
DON'T DAYDREAM OF COLOUR

-

NIGHTS DECOR CAN FILL BRISK AIR WITH LIGHT  
ESCAPE CONCEITEDNESS WITH DARK SHADOWS  
ALL WILL STILL END, THOUGH RETURN  
I WILL WAIT EAGERLY



STREET I





CEASELESS GROWHT OF CONCRETE

# HIGHLY PRESSURISED

~

YOUR INCOMPETENT INDIGNATION OF  
EVERYTHING  
YOU HAVEN'T BOTHERED SAVOURING  
THE WHIP, THE CATALYST, THE FALL  
A ROOM PILED SO HIGH WITH EVERYTHING  
NAMELESS  
IS IT REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUR INSIDES

NEGATIVITY FALLING AS VITRIOL CONTRASTED  
BY ALTERATIONS INGESTED  
FORCING A NARROW-MINDED PERSPECTIVE ON  
THE LANDSCAPE AND AUDIENCE  
THE CRUMBS LEFT AFTER AN APPARENT 'GOOD  
TIME'

SOAKING THE BATHROOM TILES IN URINE  
YOUR DESCRIPTION OF AN ACCOMPANYING  
AESTHETIC  
SEEMS MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE, IT SOUNDS  
PATHETIC

ONCE SO CLOSE, NOW FURTHERING IN DISTANCE  
EACH DAY  
A LACK OF CONTACT DOESN'T SEEM SO BAD TO  
ME  
YOUR FOG HORN BLARES IN THOUGHTS LONG  
AFTER  
A PERCEIVED DEGRADATION, SEEING A NEW  
PERSPECTIVE IS HARDER

THE TABLES HAVE TURNED, AM I THE LOSER NOW  
I'VE REGRESSED, YET NOT SUPPRESSED, MY  
DEPRESSION IS UP FRONT  
YET YOUR CATAclysmic WORDS STILL FALL IN A  
PATTERN  
ARE YOU LOSING YOURSELF, OR IS THIS A NEW  
LIFE EMERGING



I FEIGN TO ACCEPT ALL THAT YOU HAVE BECOME  
FOR I DO NOT BELIEVE IT IS SOMETHING  
WORTHWHILE, I SEE YOU COMING UNDONE  
BUT IS IT BAD IF IT'S YOUR CHOICE, YOUR  
LIFE  
JUST BECAUSE I HAVE CHOSEN A DIFFERENT  
PATH FOR MINE

YOUR FAULTY COURAGE HAS WANED, NOW ALL HAS  
TURNED AWAY  
IS IT PISSING YOUR LIFE AWAY IF YOU CHOOSE  
IT  
MAYBE YOU'RE SMARTER TO RUSH TOWARDS THE  
END  
IT'LL LEAVE YOU WITH ENOUGH TO DRINK  
YOURSELF DEAD



TREE AND PATH

STILTED STATUES OF OLD KINGS PASSED

/

THEIR EYES BLEED INTO LIMBS

GROWN LANGUID

/

SUN EATER

~

THEIR BREATH STAYS PLANTED SO TIGHT ON MY  
NECK

MY HOME FALLS AWAY IN THIS DREAM AGAIN  
EVERYTHING PERPETUATED BY THE  
FAMILIARITY OF EACH DAY  
BLOCKED INTO THIS HORRIBLE SPACE TO WAIT  
FOR THEM TO GO AWAY

I WISH FOR NO MORE THAN TO HAVE A PEACEFUL  
MIND

AT LEAST THEN I CAN THINK CLEARLY AND  
FINALLY DECIDE  
MAYBE IF I TALK TO MYSELF AGAIN IT'LL  
CLEAR MY HEAD  
I'VE BEEN TALKING TO FUCKED SPIRITS FROM  
MY INITIAL REND

THE SCRATCHED VINYL PUSHES A FOG OVER MY  
EYES

I CAN'T SEE PAST THIS MEMORY, I CAN'T  
RELIEVE IT TONIGHT  
TO WISH FOR MORE THAN WHAT IS PREVALENT  
DESPITE THE FACT THAT MY PROGRESS IS  
APPARENT

I'LL WAIT AT THE WINDOW ANOTHER DAY  
GLUE MY EYES TO THE SKY TO AVOID SEEING  
THE GREY

BECAUSE THEY PAINT IT OVER FUCKING  
EVERYTHING

MY HEAD WON'T STOP SPINNING

THEIR STATUES LOOM OVER ME IN EVERY WAY  
THESE DAYS  
THEIR EYES JABBED INTO MY BACK, EVEN FROM  
SO FAR AWAY  
IF THIS IS ALL I HAVE I WANT NONE OF IT  
THEY NEVER LET UP, I CAN'T GET PASSED THIS  
FEELING

THEY FEIGN AFFECTION IN APPEARANCE AND  
POISE  
THOUGH THEIR IMPACT IS NOTHING BUT  
MALICIOUS NOISE  
I WANT THE SILENCE THAT WAS DEAFENING IN  
ITS BRILLIANCE  
I WANT TO THROW THEM IN THE RIVER, OR BURN  
THEM

I'M SCARED TO WAKE UP AGAIN  
BECAUSE I STILL HAVE TO KEEP GOING  
I'M TIRED, SCARED, AND CAN'T LET IT GO  
I CAN'T FEEL AT HOME

I WANT THEM TO LEAVE OR GIVE AID FOR  
SOMETHING  
LESSEN YOUR GRIP AND TAKE YOUR BREATH FROM  
MY NECK  
GIVE ME PEACE, I'VE BEGGED SO MUCH BEFORE  
I CAN'T SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT WRITHING ON  
THE FLOOR

PRAY ON THIS DISEASE, THIS PLAGUE  
IN ITS ABSENCE, NOTHING WILL TAKE ITS  
PLACE  
ANCIENT DEITY'S CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO ITS  
FLAME  
IF ONLY WE'RE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO SLEEP  
AGAIN

IN DARKNESS THERE WILL ONLY BE ETERNAL  
REST  
WE WON'T CULTIVATE ANYTHING, NO PROSPECTS  
GOVERNED MANSIONS TO KEEP THEIR LIGHT  
ALIVE  
GIVEN OPTIONS, CHOSEN TO DEPRIVE

SUN EATER, YOU ARE NOT YOUR BROTHERS  
KEEPER  
THE BRIDGE BOWS WITH THE WEIGHT OF GREED  
WE BEG AND PLEAD TO BE FREE, PLEASE

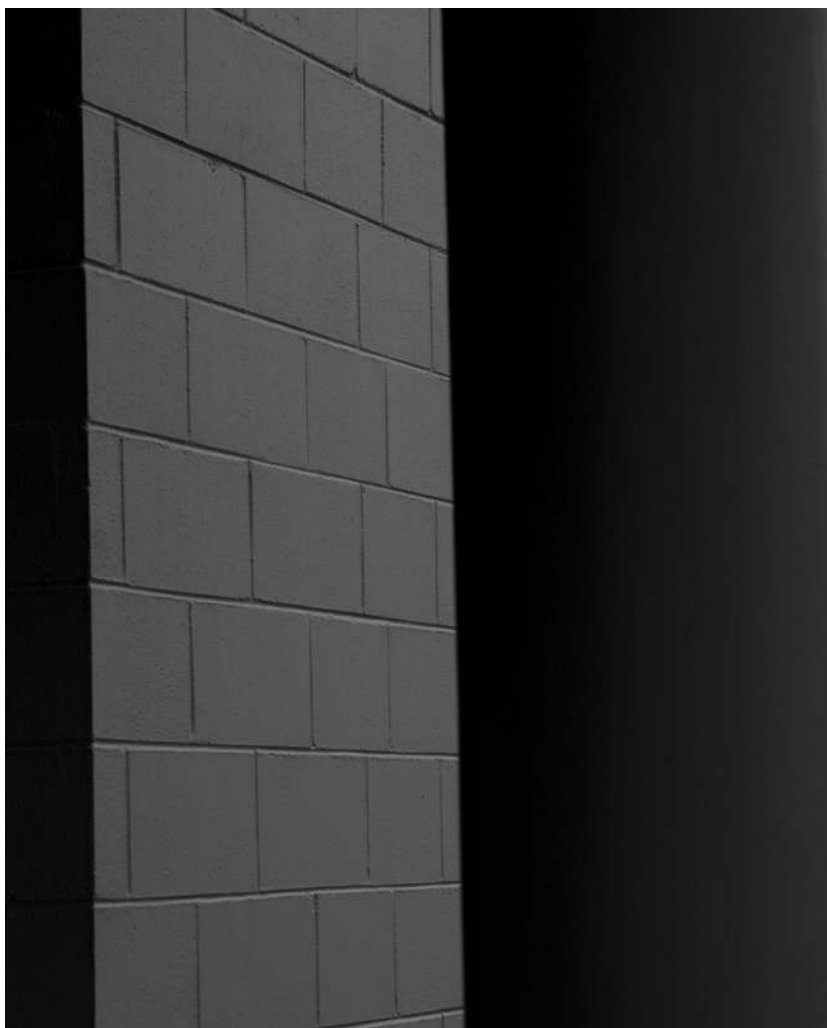
REACH INTO YOUR GUTS TO FIND IT  
ANYTHING OF WORTH BEFORE YOU DIGEST  
SWALLOW OUR CITIES IN YOUR FIRE  
WAIT IN AGONY AT YOUR OWN PYRE



THE ETERNAL DAY



MINIMAL



UNTITLED I



MUTTERING FOR THE LOST MORALS

/

FUCKED MACHINES

/

THEY WON'T FIND ME  
AND YOU WON'T REMEMBER

~

BREATHE THAT LIFE INTO ME, WITH EYES  
SPLENDOROUS AND GLEAMING  
COAST TO YOUR NEXT STOP WITH SOME GRACE  
THAT'LL LET US FALL OFF  
SCRAPE MY HEAD ON CONCRETE AND THINK THAT  
I'M ALRIGHT NOW  
LEFT TOO MUCH TO BE DESIRED ABOUT THE  
LIGHT AT THE END

MY SUN ISN'T SHINING LIKE IT USED TO, I'M  
STILL WAITING FOR WHAT IT'LL COME TO  
THE VULTUROUS SCREECHES AND COMMENTS,  
RINGING LOUD IN MY EARS  
PICK THE CARCASS TO UNVEIL WHAT'S LEFT, IS  
THERE ANYTHING IN IT  
IN THE HOT SUN WE WILL FIND OUR LIFE, BUT  
WHAT IF I'M JUST BLIND

PAINT EYES IN BRIGHT LIGHT, HARSH AND DIM  
AT THE SAME TIME  
BURN THE SOCKETS TO ACCEPTANCE, STIR  
UNTIL IT HITS THE ENDING  
TO WAIT FOR ANYTHING SEEMS FRAIL AND  
UNNERVING  
BUT I'M FAR TOO FATIGUED TO MOVE AGAIN, I  
HAVE NO WILL LEFT

STUPENDOUS MUTTERING, THAT'LL KEEP MY  
HEART ACHING  
WHEN I TRY TO FALL ASLEEP AGAIN, WILL IT  
CEASE ITS BEATING  
YOUR DRINK ON THE DESK, DRAGGING YOURSELF  
THROUGH IT  
KEEP YOUR PEACE WITH YOU, BUT THERE'S  
NOTHING YOU CAN DO  
I'M LOST, I'M AFRAID, NOW NOTHING CAN STAY  
THE SAME  
WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING SO WE CAN LEAVE ONE  
DAY  
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING PAST THE NEXT FEW  
DAYS, IT'S TERRIFYING

FOR WE HAVEN'T BEEN LIVING YET, WE'RE  
STILL SO FAR FROM EVERYTHING  
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME LEFT, I'M  
SINKING AGAIN  
THUS MY EYES HAVE GREYED AGAIN, ITS SCALE  
IS BLINDING  
THE CONTRAST SEEPS UPWARDS AGAIN, AND MY  
LIMBS ARE LANGUID

SHE TOLD ME SOMETHING, I CAN'T REMEMBER IT  
I WISH I HAD ANYTHING THAT I WAS OKAY WITH  
THE GATES AREN'T WORKING NOW, THE LOCK IS  
BROKEN, RUSTED SHUT  
THE WORDS ARE FRAIL AND TORN UP, THE PAGES  
ARE MUDDIED AND FUCKED

CLAIM YOUR SHIT-HEAP AS YOUR KINGDOM,  
MAYBE WHEN I LEARN TO LISTEN  
I'LL BE ABLE TO SPEAK SOON, I'LL HAVE  
SOMETHING TO DO  
DREDGED FROM THE DEPTHS, THIS CULMINATION  
OF SHIT  
EVERYTHING IS SO WEIGHTED IN GOLD, A PART  
OF IT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, OF ANYTHING BUT  
THAT MESS  
ITS WIRES ARE TANGLED AND HEAPED IN  
CLOUDED MESSSES ON THE STREET

THEIR LOOMING PRESENCE, HAS DONE NOTHING  
BUT FORCE ACCEPTANCE  
I CAN'T BREATHE EASY THESE DAYS, BUT  
THAT'S NOT NEW TO ME  
I'M LOSING INTENTIONALITY, NOTHING  
VENIAL ABOUT THESE SINS  
I'M FUCKING SINKING INSIDE THIS  
CONTAMINATED MECHANISM

WE'RE ALL FUCK UPS, BUT I CAN'T GET UP  
I'M BETTER THAN THIS, SO WHY AM I STILL  
FEELING  
I CAN'T TURN IT OFF, I NEED TO BECAUSE I  
CAN'T STOP  
I'M LOSING WHO I THINK I AM, I'M TRYING AS  
HARD AS I CAN

I'LL PULL MY WEIGHT, LEVEL THE HILLS I CAN  
CARRY  
I'LL FORCE MYSELF UP WITH STERTOROUS  
BREATH, WITHOUT GIVING UP  
KEEP YOUR HEAD UP KID, DO ANYTHING YOU  
NEED  
BUT YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE, YOU FIT INTO  
THIS DISEASE

I'M STILL FALLING, I HAVEN'T FLOATED IN  
WEEKS  
THE DINGHIES APPEALING, LOST AT SEA  
MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING, SEPARATE MYSELF  
FROM IT  
THESE BROKEN MACHINES, THIS FUCKING  
DISEASE

DRAG ME FROM THE DEPTHS, CLEAR MY FUCKING  
HEAD  
LET ME REST, OR LEAVE ME FOR DEAD



STREET VII



UNTITLED V



# THIS SQUALID LIFE

~

THIS PERPETUATION OF SOME SEMBLANCE OF  
BELONGING  
IT'S ALL BEEN PERMANENT IN ITS TRANSIENCE  
I'M FUCKING TIRED OF ALWAYS WAITING FOR  
SOMETHING  
NEVER CONTENT ALWAYS FIGHTING CONTEMPT  
THEIR PRECONCEIVED IDEALS OF OUR BROKEN  
BEINGS  
NEVER BELIEVING THAT WE CAN BE ANYTHING  
MORE THAN THEIR GENERALISATIONS AND  
OUTDATED MEANINGS  
WE'LL NEVER BE FREE IF WE KEEP THIS CYCLE  
REPEATING

OUR PARENTS LIVED THE LIVES THEY'RE  
FORCED TO  
THOUGH IN THIS TURMOIL WE MAY BREAK THAT  
MOULD  
SO WE MAY BE FURTHER FROM THEIR POMPOUS  
IDEALS, WE MISCONSTRUE  
THERE'LL NEVER BE MORE THAN WHAT WE'RE  
USED TO

WE CAN'T MOVE, WE'RE STUCK WITH DISDAIN  
AND REGRET  
STEEPED IN INFORMALITY AS A GUISE OF  
FREEDOM  
QUALITY ISN'T UBIQUITOUS IN ITS  
IMPORTANCE  
THE SIDE-STREETS ARE IMMEASURABLE IN  
THEIR GRANDIOSITY



GREY

# WE AREN'T SURE THERE IS A SKY

~

RIP THE GRASS FROM ITS HOME TO GIVE ROOM  
FOR YOUR ORDER  
PAINT THE DRIVEWAY IN DIRT SO IT MAY FEEL  
FITTING IN YOUR GLEAM

TO PAINT IT ALL IN COMFORT, IS SOMETHING  
SO FAR REMOVED  
MAYBE TO GIVE UP COMFORT, WE CAN FIND TRUE  
PURPOSE

TELL OURSELVES IT'S ALL OKAY SO WE CAN GET  
THROUGH THE NIGHT  
CLEAR THAT CLUTTER FROM YOURSELF TO LEAVE  
YOUR LIFE CLEAR

FOR THE SKY HAS BEEN BLANKETED FOR TOO  
LONG  
WE WILL DRAG THEM BY THEIR HAIR TO THE  
EDGE OF THIS STATE

THE OLD STATUES ROT IN THE FORM OF LESSER  
DEITIES  
THERE IS NO MORE THAN FLAT PLAINS WHICH  
KEEP THE DEPTHS HIDDEN

IN TALL GRASS THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE  
EXCEPT THE MUD  
GET FUCKED, MOVE ON, START A NEW LIFE FAR  
AWAY

A CULTURE OF DESPERATION AND CLUTCHED  
WALLETS  
UNDER THE FORCED GUISE OF UTILITY

GIVE FOR MORE THAN TO RECEIVE IN  
ABSOLUTION  
CALL TO MORE THAN WHO WILL ABSOLVE YOU  
MENIAL SINS KEPT SEPARATE FROM FABRICS IN  
TANDEM  
TO COMMODIFY RETREAT IN PUPPETEERED CAGES

WE DON'T KNOW IF THERE IS A SKY ANYMORE  
WE CAN'T SEE PAST THE CONCRETE



THAT ONE HOUSE AGAIN



# COMFORT IS A COMMODITY OF PEACE

~

VAGRANCY WAS KEPT CLOSE FOR THOSE FEW DAYS  
ROOTING IN YOUR BED, CREATING LONGING  
BLOWING THE DIMINUTION TO THE CORE

OLD WHISPERS AND SWAN SONGS RING  
EVERYTHING'S OFF, IT'S ALRIGHT

COLD PALMS WITH WARM FLEECE  
FORGETTING LAMQUIDITY

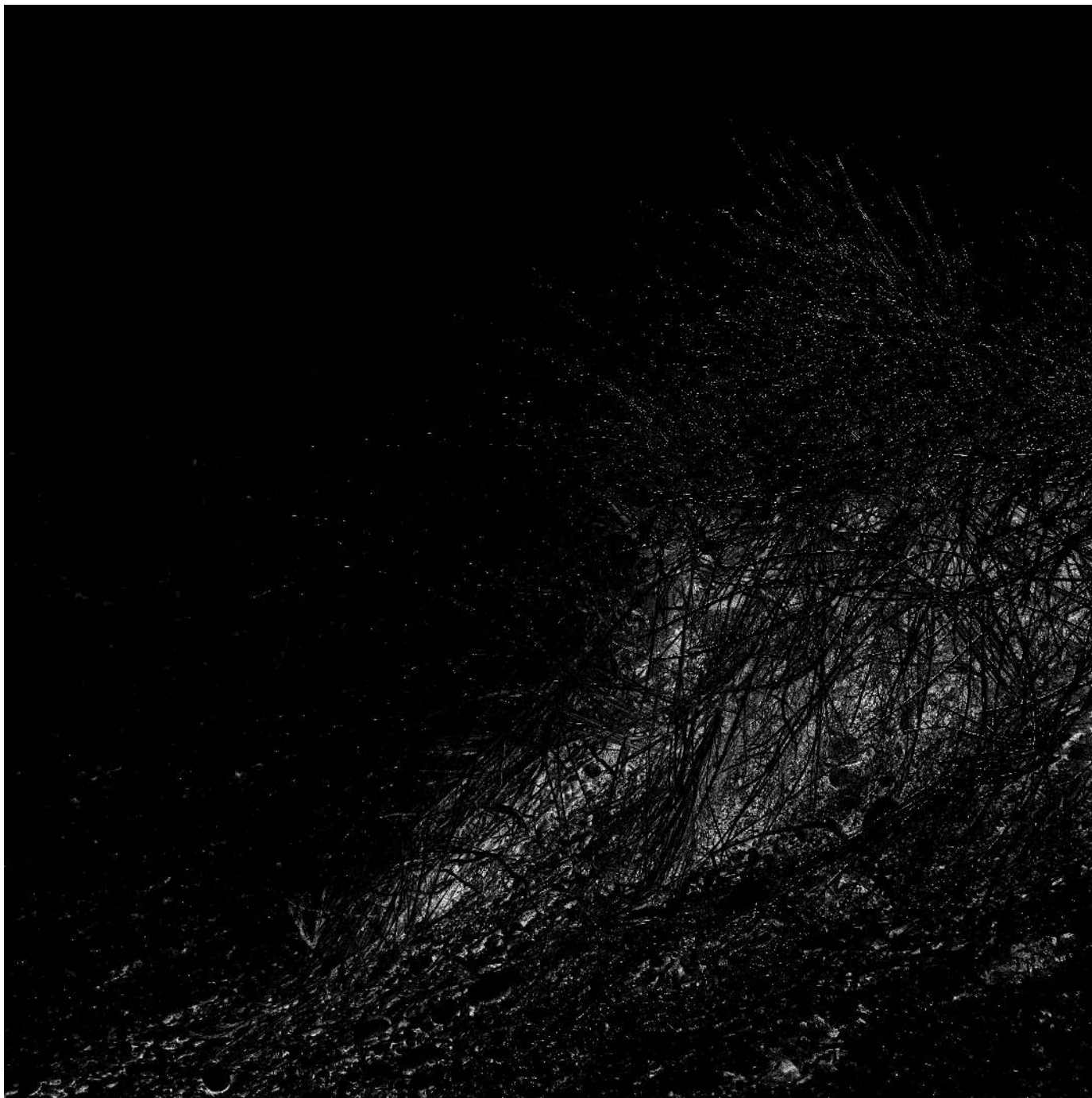
ETERNAL REST ENCOMPASSES ALL  
WAITING TO LEAVE  
DON'T GO JUST YET, THERE'S STILL MORE

PLASTERING THE WALLS WITH OLD TIRED  
FLAMES  
BURNING FUCKED STATUES

LEAVING YOUR HOUSE  
LONGING OF THE TREES

DANGER AND COMPLACENCY  
WORN DOWN STREETS

COME BACK TO THIS SAFE NOOK  
UNBLEACHED WALLS GIVING WAY FOR CHARACTER  
STRIVING FOR ACCEPTANCE, SELF-ACTUALISED  
PEACE



BL ED

THE SKY IS A FLAT GREY

/

FUCKED SUNSET FROM THE CORNERS BLEED

~

I REALLY WISH I COULD FEEL BETTER THESE  
DAYS

BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO BURDEN YOU WITH  
ANYTHING  
BUT THEIR BREATH STAYS PLANTED FIRM ON MY  
NECK

I CAN'T HELP BUT FOCUS ON THE END

A SMILE, VOICE, AND KIND WORDS HAVE WARMED  
MY DAYS

WITH EVERY MINUTE ALIVE I FEEL LIKE I'M  
PLANTING ROOTS IN A NEW HOME

BUT MAYBE I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR ALL OF THIS  
BECAUSE MY CHEST STILL KEEPS ITS WEIGHT  
I KNOW IN QUIET MOMENTS I'VE THOUGHT OF  
THE SOLUTION THAT I THOUGHT WAS  
EVERYTHING

BECAUSE I THINK I MISREAD EVERYTHING THAT  
TOLD ME IT'LL GET BETTER  
EVEN THOUGH I'M DOING EVERYTHING IT STILL  
STAYS WITH THIS HORRIBLE WEATHER

WHERE THE SKY IS BLANKETED WITH A FLAT  
GREY AND I CAN'T SEE IF THERE'S A SKY AT  
ALL

IT'S WORSE THAN RAIN BECAUSE AT LEAST THEN  
THERE'S SOME BEAUTY IN THE WATERS CALM  
FALL

THE SUN LETS ME LEAVE THE HOUSE EASILY TO  
REGAIN WHAT I HAVE LOST THESE COUNTLESS  
EVENINGS

BUT I STILL BELIEVE THERE'S MORE TO THIS  
GREY THAN WHAT I'M SEEING

I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THIS WILL GET BETTER  
IN TIME

IT'S BEEN SO LONG I'M TIRED, BUT I HAVE TO  
MOVE ON

WITH THE ROCKS CRASHING ON THE SHORE  
I FEEL WORSE WITH EVERY STUNTED SYLLABLE





STREET III



LEAk



# BEHEAD THE BROKEN STATUES

~

IF I MAY GET SOME RESPIRE FOR TIRED EYES  
TO UNWIND AND GIVE YOURSELF ALL THAT TIME

TO MEND HEARTS AND STITCH MOUTHS,  
KEEP IT ALL INSIDE SO THEY DON'T RUN OUT  
WE'RE STUPID, BUT WE CAN BE OKAY

TO RIP FROM YOUR HOME, ANY EXCESSIVE  
COMFORT  
TO GIVE ROOM FOR LIGHT STREAKS, WE'RE  
ENOUGH WITH IT  
KEEP THE SPACES CLEAN AND CLEAR, THOUGH  
COVERT

I WILL KEEP MYSELF, IF YOU KEEP YOURS  
BUILD FOR OURSELVES, THOUGH LEND TOOLS  
FLOOD THE STREETS SO THAT WE CAN SLEEP AND  
BREATHE

GO FAR FROM THE HUMAN CONDITION  
(THE GRADUAL BUT INEVITABLE DECLINE  
OF THE ADVERTISING INDUSTRY,  
METEOR)

~

VINES REACH FROM THE CRACKS TO THE SKY  
YET THE CLOUDS COVER OVER THE SUBLIME  
BIRDS STAY PERCHED ON WEATHERED ROOFS  
OUR NOISE IS RENDERED UNCOUTH

FOR ALL OF THE WARMTH AROUND  
THE ENGINE IS THE LOUDEST SOUND  
ALL THE GREEN THAT STAYS IN BLOOM  
IS SHADOWED BY A PLASTIC MOON

CALM FLOWS THROUGH THE FRAGRANT AIR  
BUZZING POCKETS DON'T DISAPPEAR  
SECRET GLANCES, HIDDEN DISDAIN  
APPARENTLY WE CAN'T REFRAIN

OUR CONDITION GROWS WORSE  
I'M PART OF IT, THESE WORDS  
HUMAN LIVING ISN'T A DISEASE  
BUT WE'VE MADE IT TO BE

SMALL REPRISE FOR TIRED EYES  
NO RESPIRE FOR NINE TO FIVE  
DISMANTLE THE ESTABLISHED ECONOMY  
LEFT MISSING SACRED PARTS OF ME

OUR WORLD ISN'T UGLY, DEPRESSING  
IT'S OUR EYES, WHAT WE'VE MADE OF  
EVERYTHING  
TO CHANGE ANYTHING  
TO ACCEPT IT'S ALL BROKEN

OUR PAPERWORK STAYS PILED  
GREED LEFT UNRIVALED  
HOARDING ALL YOUR MONEY  
STILL GOING HUNGRY

UNBALANCED ESTABLISHED NODUS  
PUSHING DOWN ON US  
INCHOATE FOR THE YEARS TO COME  
THEY WON'T STEP DOWN, BUT COME UNDONE

KILL TRADITION  
IT'S ONLY BLEED THE INNOCENT  
WE STILL FAVOUR COMFORT  
EVEN THOUGH IT HURTS US

OUR NOISE IS KILLING US  
CREATING NEW DUSTS  
UNDER A GUISE OF FUN  
TO KILL OUR CONSCIENCE

POINTLESS INANITIES  
CLOUDING OUR BELIEFS  
SUPPOSED NECESSITIES  
FORCED FROM A HAND OF GREED

MISPLACED VALUES LOST FOREVER  
CORPORATE, INDUSTRIAL INDUCED PRESSURE  
BROKEN IDEAS CLASSIFIED UNDER REALISM  
FORCED VEILS AND CYNICISM

UPHOLDING ROTTEN FRUIT FOR BEFORE  
BACK'S BREAKING UNDER DURESS, STILL  
ABHORRED  
FOR ALL THE BURDENS STILL CHAINED  
GROWING GRAVES

THE SMELL GROWS PUTRID  
SMOG COVERED PUPILS  
BILLBOARDS SWAY IN WIND  
RUBBISH PILES NEXT TO BINS

FOR THE SOCIAL ANGER AND DISPLACED RAGE  
EVERY AWNING OF THE LOOMING GAZE  
THE OBSTINATE CHARGE AND ITS DIN  
THE EXCESSIVE RUSH OF EVERYTHING

KILL THE RICH  
BURN ORGANISED WORSHIP  
DISMANTLE WHAT PERPETUATES INJUSTICE  
IT'S ALL OUTDATED AND WORTHLESS



A CONVERSATION

# UNINSPIRED KIWIANA BRUTALISM

~

THE STARS BURN IN THE SKY ONCE MORE  
LIGHT LEAVES IT FAINT AND FADING  
ETCHED INTO HEARTS, THE DREAD

PALE, COLD NEUTRALS DECIMATE THE SKYLINE  
FORCED GUISE OF ADVANCEMENT  
EYES LAY HEAVY ON POTHOLES

BREATH HELPS BURNOUT  
RUST AND GRIME TURNS TO STAIN  
BEATEN THE BRUISES DEEPER

IRON PLANTS IN COURTYARDS  
CHIPPED PAINT TO REVEAL DEAD LIFE  
I AM NOT PROUD OF THIS PLACE

BLANKETS OF GREY  
TIGHT-CLAD THROWS  
CUT CORDS TO THE WORLD

HOARSE TRACTS GROW FRAIL  
NATIONALISM KEEPS DORMANCY  
TREPIDATION FOR THE DAY

FORMULAIC TONES, REPETITIVE  
WARPED LANGUAGE TO AID  
ONLY EVER SLIGHT RESPITE

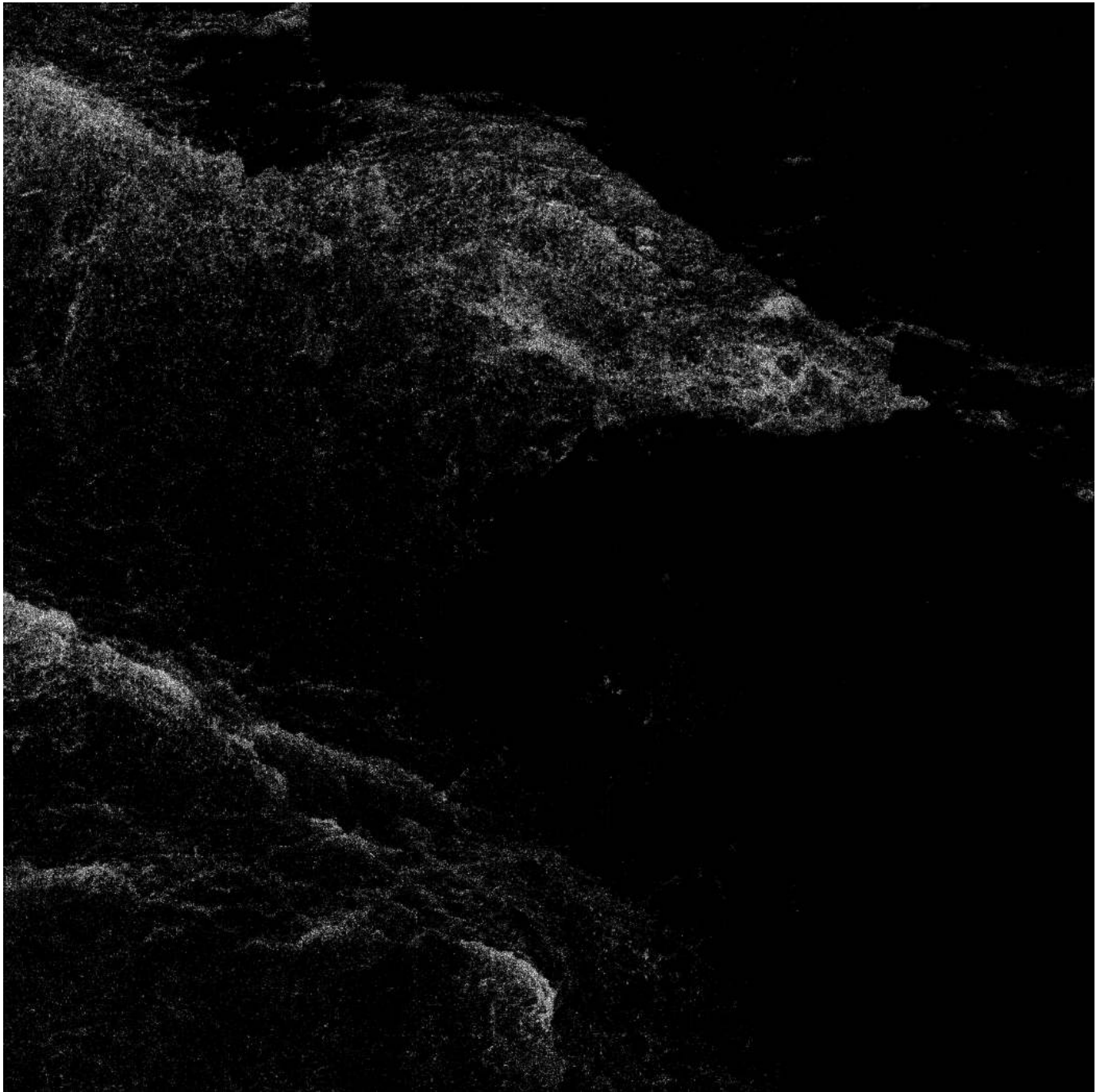




STREET VI



STREET V



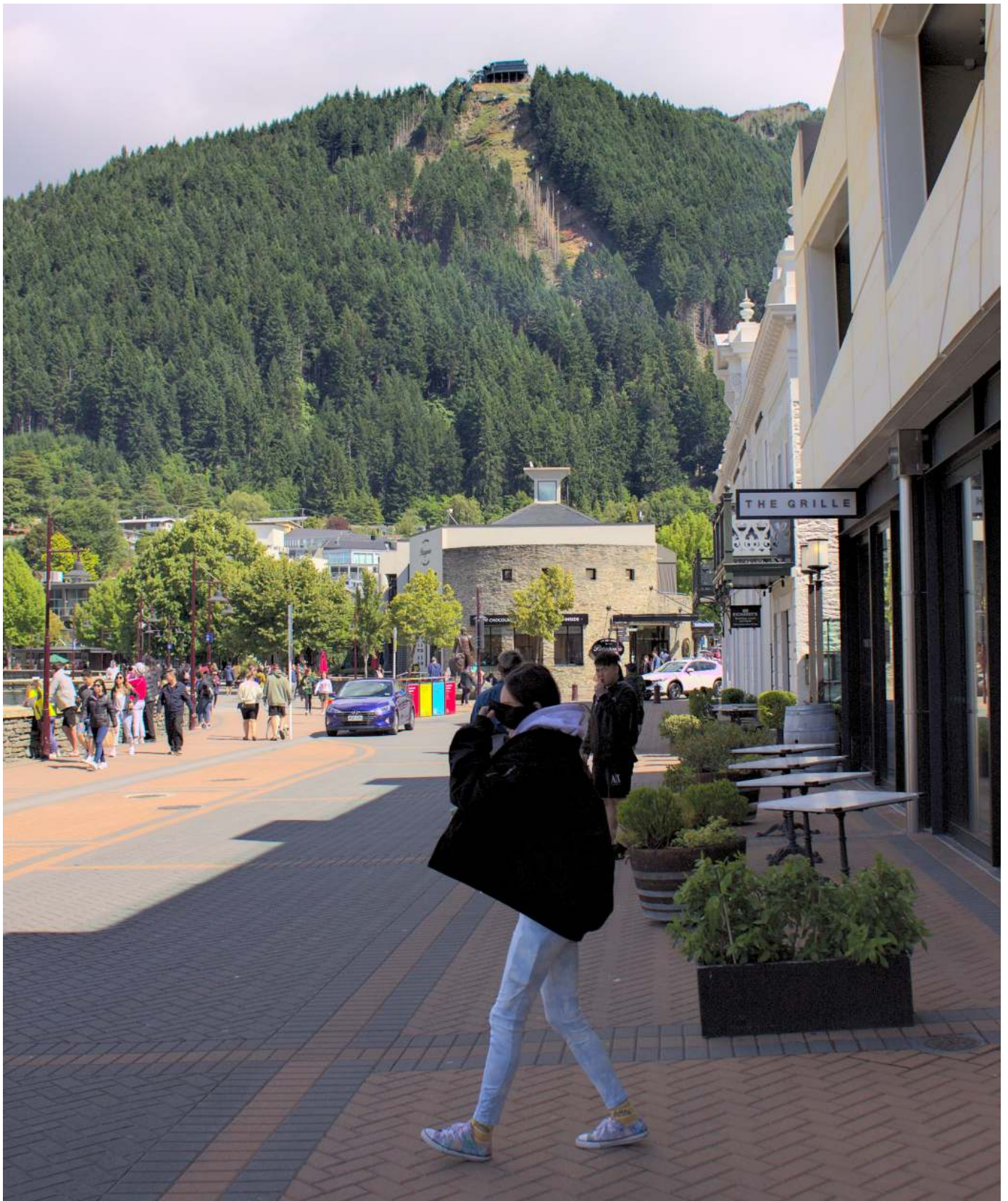
DISSOCIATE

PART III

~

REPRIVAL





IN ESSENCE



# YOU WILL BE ALONE AGAIN

~

LEAVING THE GROUND BEHIND  
DRIFT TO THE COMPLETED TAPESTRY  
HIS EYES WILL FILL WITH WONDER  
THERE WILL BE SO MUCH MORE  
BEYOND THE PRECONCEIVED IDEALS  
THROUGH THE FOG AND OLD WRECKS  
IT'LL BE MADE SPLENDOROUS

THE FLAME WILL MELT THE WAX LUNGS OF THE  
OLD KINGS  
THE LIGHT WILL GROW UNTIL ALL IS BRIGHT  
AND BEAUTIFUL  
YOUR SHIP WILL SAIL VEHEMENTLY  
YOUR LIFE WILL BE WORTHWHILE

EXTRACTING ITS ESSENCE WITHOUT CARING FOR  
THE BONES  
WITH THE CHOIRS DEN FILLING YOUR EYES WITH  
LOVE  
RUNNING THROUGH YOUR FACE IN TEARS  
WHAT IS BEHELD IS YOUR TRUE LOVE  
IT WILL FIND YOU SOON, HOLD ON

THIS PERPETUAL GLOOM WILL LIFT  
THE CALMING MIST SETS IN  
YOUR COMPANY OF SELF IS ENOUGH  
A DISCORDANT DIN WILL ONLY EXHAUST  
FIND COMPLEXITY IN ITS SIMPLE EUPHORIA  
AND THROUGH THIN CRACKS WE WILL SEE ITS  
TRUE NATURE  
THINK FOR YOURSELF AND PROVIDE THAT SPACE  
TO DO SO  
KEEP YOUR NATURE CLEANED AND GREEN

PEACE CAN BE SYNONYMOUS WITH SADNESS IN  
SOME TAINTED EYES  
THROUGH UNEDUCATED AND HARDENED FISTS  
THOUGH A THIN VEIL MAY BE ALL THAT'S  
NEEDED TO SEPARATE THE TWO WORLDS  
YOU ARE ENOUGH AS YOU ARE, COMPLETE IN AN  
EMPTY ROOM

YOUR TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU SOON  
THOUGH IF YOU STAY IN THE DARK ONLY THAT  
WILL FIND YOU  
TO STEP INTO YOUR LOVE'S EMBRACE IN  
ESSENCE WILL ENSURE CONNECTION  
YOU WILL FIND YOUR TRUE LOVE, AND THAT  
PEACE, SOON  
THAT COMPLETION



BITCH PLEASE

# THE MORE WORLD YOU GO

~

THE MORE OF THIS WORLD YOU GO THROUGH  
THE HEAVIER THIS WEIGHT MAY FEEL  
DON'T STAY STARVED OF THIS FEELING  
ACCEPT IT FOR WHAT IT IS

FOR WE CAN ASSAIL FOR A FURTHER PLACE  
TO LIVE IN PROSPERITY  
DON'T HAUL THE BURDEN OF EVERY BAD STEP  
TAKEN  
IT'S NO MORE THAN THAT  
DEAD WEIGHT

THE SINKING WILL LIFT WITH TIME  
THOUGH YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM NOW  
DON'T FORCE ANYTHING, MY FRIEND  
WE'LL MAKE IT OUT



RUNDOWN (I)

# AUTOMATA

~

I CAN FIND FRIENDS IN MANY  
AND PROSPECTS OF INTIMACY TOO  
THOUGH IT'S NEVER EXERCISED

LOST IN THIS OLD CLICKING MECHANISM  
WE'RE ALL LOST IN THIS EXHAUSTIVE CLOCK  
GIVING INTO HEDONISTIC SENSORY-OVERLOAD  
TO PROCURE A NEW MEANING  
AND CHANGE OURSELVES

THE FLEETING ELATION OF AN EXTREME  
PENDULUM  
LET IT REST, COMPROMISE  
IF WE CLOCK-OUT WE'LL BE ABLE TO SMILE,  
FOR ONCE

YOUR PERDITION IS ONLY A DEMOLISHMENT OF  
SELF  
TO CLEAR THE SITE FOR A NEW CHANCE  
WHILE LOST IN REVERIE, AND SAUDADE  
ONE DAY THE FILM WILL BE DRAGGED FROM OUR  
EYES  
AND WE'LL BE ALRIGHT

THIS VERITABLE STATUE WILL BE DRAWN TO A  
CLOSE  
AS ALL THINGS ARE  
ITS LIMBS DON'T EMBRACE  
IT'S A FACADE, IT WILL PASS

LOSS WILL GUIDE US THROUGH WITH A SPECTRAL  
HAND  
CLASPING MY HEART SO COLD

YOUR CARDINAL AND VENIAL ARE SO SIMILAR IN  
SIN  
WE ARE ALL AT THE SAME PLAIN REALISATION  
ALL ALONE, THOUGH UNNEEDED  
REACH OUT  
FIND ME



RESOLVE TO BURN THAT OIL FROM YOUR LUNGS  
IF THERE IS NO NATURAL LIGHT, CREATE THAT  
SPARK  
TURN IT INTO FIRE, ESCAPE THAT CAGE  
LET THE ROTTEN BOUTONNIERE FALL FROM YOUR  
COLLAR  
LEAVE THAT SPACE SIMPLE AND CLEAR  
WAIT FOR SOMETHING MORE TO TAKE ITS PLACE



FLOWERS





NESTLED IN RUBBLE

# PUSH FOR LIFE

~

WE ALL BURST TO FIND LOVE, HAPPINESS,  
COMPLETION  
AND WE USE OUR SAVINGS TO DO SO  
THOUGH WITHIN IS THAT FINAL RESTING PLACE

I DO NOT WANT TO LIVE A LIFE OF DARKNESS  
SO I WILL ASSAIL FOR LIGHT  
THOUGH THROUGH MATERIAL THERE WILL BE  
NOTHING  
FOR IT IS JUST A SCRAP

WE WILL BE OKAY  
TO STRIVE FOR THAT PEACE  
TO GIVE YOURSELF A LIFE  
THAT YOU WANT TO LIVE

DO WHAT YOU MUST  
EXHAUST ALL RESOURCES  
THOUGH TO FEIGN DECENCY  
WILL BE YOUR RUIN

ACCEPT IT FOR WHAT IT IS  
PULL THE VEIL OF THE PENDULUM FROM YOUR  
EYES  
LOOK INTO THAT LOVE, THAT LIFE  
FIND THAT PEACE  
SLEEP

FIND YOUR PURPOSE  
MAYBE THROUGH TRUE HEDONISM  
OR ALTRUISM IN TANDEM  
THROUGH A DISSONANT COMMENSALISM



RUNDOWN



ALL THE MOVEMENT HAS KEPT ME ELATED  
AND EXHAUSTED

~

WE MAY NOT CHANGE COMPLETELY  
THOUGH WE CAN KEEP PIECES OF OUR PAST WITH  
US  
AND SHAPE WHO WE ARE

IT'S ALL OKAY AS IT IS  
PERSPECTIVE IS EVERYTHING  
WE'RE OKAY

I'M TIRED OF IT ALL  
THOUGH IT NEVER STOPS  
MAYBE I CAN



ON THE SIDE (IN TANDEM)



OPEN



part i -  
a body,  
consumed

3

par ii -  
sun eater

30

part iii -  
reprival

74

we are tired