

Music Hurts The Head

music hurts the head, rock n roll is dead that's why it's cool
the Intimacy Vampire said "fantasy is never enough, never cut it"
rock n roll is dead, music hurts the head that's why it's cool
strum a realistic song to hear Hunter say "so much hate for anyone we used to date"
pain with no body circling the earth, sit in your synthetic self, a children's desert
an orgy door antenna bites, an apartheid banana is what you are
gunky kids on the maturation barge, no surprise the City of God is a slum
it's your world, it's your world, it's your world I'm only dying in it
perrrrfect...let's goooooo!!!
you don't have to hide your fangs oh Intimacy Vampire don't run away
I'm not afraid of ruining you, I'm happy that you want me to
music hurts the head, rock n roll is dead that's why it's cool
music hurts the head, rock n roll is dead that's why it's cool
rock n roll is dead, music hurts the head that's why it's cool
music hurts the Intimacy Vampire always one toke under the line slant rhyme
Intimacy Vampire always one toke under the line

2 Depressed 2 Fuck

because your pieces are far too vile
pink static is every canvas
urinal parade of poses too sour
i'm at zero so why should i bother?
too depressed to fuck she is too depressed to fuck i am too depressed to fuck they are too depressed to fuck
distortion sucks your mother should know
all the days have melted off my pain chronicle
kilobytes of bad guy singing to be seen
Ari made Sally cry and I know why
too depressed too depressed to fuck she is too depressed too depressed to fuck
they are too depressed too depressed to fuck he is too depressed to fuck
don't wanna kiss don't wanna touch
too depressed to fuck
she keeps me on edge always on edge
i don't like the edge always i don't mind the edge always

Rude Girl On Rotation

I don't know how to translate my deepest darkest secrets into English
wild love can you help me save myself with different lies?
stepping on scorpions to lose my erection
I can only cry if my face is tuned
I will cry if I'm getting attention
stepping on scorpions to lose my erection
soon to be refugees on the dark side of the sun
absorbed into the green on the dark side of the sun
ghost note octaves in Omeed's Chromelodeon
listen, it's just intonation
stepping on scorpions to kill my erection

Yung Hearts Bleed Free

I am a creature of improbable leaps because young hearts bleed for free
all of my heroes were drug addled creeps because young hearts bleed for free you hearts bleed freely young hearts give it
away
I am a creature that parades what it lacks because young hearts bleed for free
all of my heroes were sex maniacs because young hearts bleed for free

I hid the gun in the safe deposit box
threw all your paintings and poems in the river for inspiration
now I'm an old hag
sitting by the same river with my prayer beads and my anal beads, hope i don't mix them up
you want me to F you but you got your pants on so tight
I wanna wrestle wanna twist you like a pretzel all night
can you get to that??
young hearts bleed for free you hearts bleed freely

Soporific Cell

I wanna tell you all the millions you mean to me out on a limb like i never before
I'm prepared to make an everyday beast of myself all for you babe only and all for you
other couplets may enter your stratosphere they're made of sugar would dissolve in my coffee cup
I'm prepared to make an everyday beast of myself all for you babe only and all for you
we witnessed strange and glorious da Vinci harvests renewed our faith in the replicant's sacrifice
wish I to be in an Eno soporific cell instead of hanging clouds over this sad commuter hell
strange how you haunt me I know that it's not love I know it's something much worse
the Brattleboro mountain crystals are oozing alien magic on your birthday bouquet
and I'm prepared to make an everyday beast of myself only for you only and always only for you and always

I Can Read Smoke

I can read smoke, no joke, I can read smoke, not in this life, when you were a more elegant beast
you cut my throat there's dance in my blood
the jilted control the narrative because that's all that they have left
encouraging belief is vulgarity, mean-spirited air quotes to wit
Pasolini in New York shouldn't be this boring fine people say disillusion finds a way
I can read smoke in white noise I can read smoke driving a dead man's car thinking the funk will protect me,
journey through walls a dagger plays
Pasolini in New York shouldn't be this boring fine people say disillusion always finds a way
I can read smoke

Pi\$\$ Pi\$\$

do we have to piss our lives away in Amygdala hijack furies?
do we have to breathe our childhood trauma into every conversation?
I know you've been through Hell because I went through yours as well
banging my brain against another's opus until I couldn't hear anymore
I rode my bike in the rain to tie black balloons around her grave
you think the futures improved by random deletions
I think that's no way to make a work of art that's no way to treat family
do we have to piss our love away in Amygdala hijack furies?
do we have to breathe our childhood trauma into every conversation?
I know you've been through Hell because I went through yours as well
banging our brains against another's opus until we can't hear anymore
why don't you text me why don't you call why don't you reach for me anyway at all?
core shame cause I was always in trouble
and they're so possessive of their wastelands
nobody can chase the ball, nobody welcome at all
if they won't stay dead it's not your fault
she's a lot, the girl is hot, lady on the cusp of all extremes
looking for new ways to be a scream, I see you baby
we walk the lands with the Peace Cobra go hand in hand from our highest selves
and I stay faithful will you stay true? I see you baby
she's hot, the girl is a lot, lady on the cusp of all extremes
oh we walk the lands with the Peace Cobra, hand in hand with our highest selves, I see you baby

Sea Mines That Mr. Gone

It only takes one, dead-eyed voices
ambient humor is the story of your life, dead-eyed voices
guess all I ever wanted was to be believable
I'll probably die in character, It was a great ending line, "Anna I like your flaw"
I'm at the end of the line with love I am the end of the line with love
if you break my heart I'm done I'll probably die in character knowing me I'll probably die in character

Poetry Surf

the helium sticks to the knife there's no Atlas to hold up your life
the modality that which vibrates the phantom into untouchable words
remote regions of sensory's dwelling razor blade heals of losses brocade
impotent vagina re-read one page forever, who is Ever? if we have a child we should name it Ever name it Ever name it
the blind bayonet of vallieties hides every word in his poetry surf
fraying satraps of meager kicks aghast the thick collector of Sapphics

yolk wife rider chryselephantine chiaroscuro cerements unearthed
cressets of magniloquent Perceptron fission porno-vision breath-incision breath-incision breath in
numinous threats fellow female marginals if I were alone in being deathly unafraid
ends reticent about survival she mates almost on purpose
pounding of Cantos to Idiot's triad if you'd believe utter mycelium
skills you were cured of on the cusp that clarity isn't saying very much

Genius In The Wind

I don't really mind you dragging me into your darkness, that is to say, I wouldn't want you there alone anyway
unwittingly temporalist scorched earth is radio violence, just another genius in the wind
feminist of colors harshly up-lit in a crooked room, your Fairlight flashed a paper panther, just another genius in the wind
Trash music is my life, because you can't doesn't mean you shouldn't, every time I shave my legs I get you stuck in my head
I don't really mind you dragging me into your darkness, that is to say, I wouldn't want you there alone anyway
I don't mind you dragging me into your darkness, that is to say, I wouldn't leave you there alone
I love a genius in the wind, the way she looks at me, the way she buries me in the sky so that I can rise with new energy
turn me into an 808, make my ego a sub-kick drum, make my brain a hi hat, turn my eyes into snares and claps
to my Lancfuck lord and master uncapturable Fairlight flashed a panther in night of trauma drinking dumb seabreakers the
clowns of silence read the Magi de Jour won't stay dead cause you can't doesn't mean you shouldn't uncoping people
enter the premise and make it sad psycho-matrician demo-cop lady on the cusp of everything to be extreme