



ÈRK BOOK OF SCORN

ÈRK BOEK VAN SPOT

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ANTON, JAAP EN SUSANNE - ZWEMMEN IN DEURSEN

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ANTON, JAAP EN SUSANNE

ZWEMMEN IN DEURSEN

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Hoofdstuk 1. Het Grote Avontuur in het Zwembad

Anton reed met Jaap en Susanne door Deursen, op zoek naar een terrasje. Toen ze er een hadden gevonden, parkeerde hij de auto, en zaten al snel aan een tafeltje. Een lange, slanke ober kwam hen bedienen. Ze bestelden ijs. Anton keek omhoog. Ze zaten onder een gezellig dakje met strepen. Al gauw kwam het ijs op een dienblad, met rietjes erin. Alhoewel ze onder een dakje zaten, begon het al snel vochtig te worden. Het begon wat te regenen. Ze namen het ijs en gingen naar binnen. Wat hing er hier een rooklucht. Ze besloten dichtbij de ingang te zitten. Dit was niet normaal. Ze kregen het er benauwd van. Anton maakte een opmerking erover naar de ober. 'Ja, mijnheer, er wordt hier veel gerookt. Daarvoor hebben we het terras voor de niet-rokers.'

'Maar wat als het regent ?' vroeg Anton. 'U kunt ons toch niet zomaar buiten laten zitten ?'

'Ik kan het niet helpen, mijnheer. Dit is een rook-café. U kunt ook een café uitkiezen waar niet gerookt mag worden,' sprak de ober.

'Ik kan wel een beetje tegen rook, maar dit is niet normaal,' zei Anton. De ober trok zijn schouders op.

Even later waren ze weer in de auto. Jaap zat een liedje te neurien. 'Wat een raar café was dat, zeg,' zei Anton. Susanne had haar walkman op en hoorde niets, en Jaap was diep in gedachten weggezonden. Ze waren op weg naar het zwembad van Deursen. Daar aangekomen kochten ze drie kaartjes en gingen zich snel omkleden. In het zwembad lag er een soort reuzen-olifant van plastic in het water, waar op geklommen kon worden. Vanaf de kant keken Anton, Jaap en Susanne ernaar. 'Wat een ding,' zei Anton. 'Ik ga er niet op.' Toen liepen ze naar een ander bad, waar het wat rustiger was. Het water was warm. Het was er niet te diep. Er was ook nog een buitenzwembad, wat helemaal doorliep tot het bos, en wat overging in een bosrivier die tot een bosmeer leidde. Veel mensen begonnen aan een zwemtocht door het bos, vanuit het zwembad.

Ook Anton, Jaap en Susanne gingen daar even later naartoe. Er was een prachtig uitzicht, en het was niet te koud. Het water had een warme gloed, en al snel zwommen ze naar de rivier. De mensen waren dol-enthousiast. Na lang zwemmen kwamen ze aan in het bosmeer. Er

waren hier prachtige oevers waar je kon zonnebaden. Anton keek om zich heen toen hij het bosmeer begon in te zwemmen. Wat waren de mensen hier luidruchtig. Ze keken allemaal omhoog en schreeuwden. Hij kon niet verstaan wat ze schreeuwden. Een man had zijn vinger naar voren gewezen. Toen zag Anton het ook. Grote rookwolken waren in de verte. 'Dat lijkt wel op een bosbrand !' riep Anton. 'Laten we omkeren !' Hij keek om zich heen waar Jaap en Susanne waren, maar hij zag ze niet. Er kwam steeds meer rook. Anton begon het benauwd te krijgen, en probeerde terug te zwemmen, maar hij wist niet meer welke kant hij opmoest. Toen zag hij niets meer.

'Help, help !' riep Anton. 'Jaap en Susanne, waar zijn jullie !'

Overall hoorde hij gegil en gekrijs. 'Er is een vliegtuig neergestort !' hoorde hij iemand roepen. Dat had dan natuurlijk die bosbrand veroorzaakt. 'Kom, kom !' hoorde hij iemand roepen. Hij zwom op het geluid af. 'Allemaal komen !' werd er geroepen. Na een tijdje was hij weer in de rivier, en toen kon hij steeds beter zien. Maar alles leek wel wit. Wat was er met zijn ogen gebeurd ? Het was alsof er een schuim op zijn ogen was, als een waas. 'Jaap, waar ben je ?' riep Anton. Opeens voelde hij handen op zijn schouders. 'Ik ben hier. Gaat het ?' vroeg Jaap.

'Waar is Susanne ?' vroeg Anton.

'Bij mij, achter me,' zei Jaap. 'Laten we terugzwemmen.'

Toen ze bij het zwembad aankwamen waren er allemaal mensen van de EHBO. Sommige zwimmers hadden last van benauwdheid. Sommigen moesten op de kant getrokken worden. Ze hadden geen kracht meer. Anton keek om zich heen of hij nog mensen kon helpen. Hij kon hier weer alles zien. Ook Jaap en Susanne hielpen mee. Ze ontfermden zich over wat huilende kinderen.

De baas van het zwembad was er ook. 'Ik vind dit verschrikkelijk,' zei hij. Hij nodigde iedereen uit om naar een zaaltje binnen het zwembad te komen. Daar zou hij de mensen toespreken. Anton, Jaap en Susanne liepen met hem mee naar het zaaltje. Er waren daar inmiddels veel mensen. De zaal was bijna vol. De baas van het zwembad liep naar de microfoon. 'Zodadelijk krijgt u uw geld terug. Ik vind dit verschrikkelijk,' sprak hij. 'Gelukkig doet de politie en de brandweer er alles aan om de schade minimaal te houden. Het is een ramp, beste mensen, een vliegtuig ramp, en tegelijkertijd een zwembad ramp. Maar wij laten het er niet bij zitten. Er zullen zo wat bussen komen, en u bent allen uitgenodigd om mee te reizen tot de raket-basis om de nieuwste raket te bezichtigen. Ik hoop dat dit de schrik wat zal verzachten.' Er werd geklapt in de zaal. Iedereen kon nu zich aankleden, om zo naar de bussen buiten het zwembad te gaan. Ook Anton, Jaap en Susanne gingen naar de kleedhokjes, en even later zaten ze alledrie in de bus. Ze waren wel benieuwd naar de raket. Ze hadden er al veel over gehoord.

De bus ging door vele weilanden, en kwam toen in een bos aan. Na lang reizen door het bos kwamen ze aan in een zandgebied met veel heides. In de verte was ergens de raket-basis. De bus-chauffeur sprak hen toe. 'Zodadelijk zullen we de raket-basis binnenrijden, en dan zult u aan de rechterkant de basis met de nieuwe raket zien.' Anton keek uit het raam. Toen ze bij de basis waren aangekomen zagen ze de professor die de raket had uitgevonden. Hij liep daar rond in zijn lange witte jas. Hij heette iedereen welkom. Hij zou een rondleiding geven in de raket.

Iedereen moest hem volgen tot de ingang van de raket. De professor had een pijp in zijn mond en een brede glimlach. Je kon zien dat hij erg trots op zijn werk was. Anton, Jaap, Susanne en de andere mensen keken hun ogen uit. Er was zelfs een kleine bioscoop in de raket, in een klein zaaltje. Er werd een film gedraaid in de kleine bioscoop. Er verscheen een hand op het witte doek, en er waren wat aftitelingen. Het was waarschijnlijk al afgelopen.

De professor liep zenuwachtig heen en weer. Niemand wist goed wat er aan de hand was. Hij had een telefoontje in zijn hand, als een soort walkie talkie. Hij knikte maar, en zweet stond op zijn voorhoofd. Toen richtte hij zich tot de mensen. 'Dames en heren, ik vraag u allen rustig te blijven. De bosbrand heeft zich snel verspreid, en ook onze velden branden nu. We zijn totaal omsingeld. Niemand weet hoe dit kan. Misschien door het hete weer, maar ook een oorlog is niet uitgesloten.'

'Een oorlog ?' riep Anton. 'Maar professor, wat loopt u nu allemaal te bazelen ?'

'Als we omsingeld zijn, start de motor dan, professor, waar wacht u nog op ?' riep Susanne.

'Ik wil eruit !' riep iemand.

'Niemand kan er uit,' zei de professor. 'We zijn omsingeld door grote vuurzeeën, maar dit is gelijk de gelegenheid om mijn raket te testen.'

Meer en meer mensen begonnen in paniek te raken, maar ze wisten dat het starten van de raket de enige oplossing zou zijn. De professor liep naar een kleine cabine en begon op de knoppen te drukken.

'Allemachtig,' zei Anton. 'Ik vertrouw dit voor geen cent. Die gek loopt volgens mij gewoon wat te verzinnen om zijn raket te kunnen uitproberen. Een oorlog ? Laat me toch niet lachen.'

'Hij zei niet dat het een oorlog is,' zei Jaap. 'Hij zei alleen dat een oorlog niet uitgesloten is. Zag je dan niet dat hij een telefoontje kreeg ? Er is meer aan de hand.'

Anton rende naar een klein raampje, en begon naar buiten te kijken. 'Mensen !' riep hij. 'Er is helemaal geen vuur ! Deze professor neemt iedereen in de maling.'

'Je bent gek !' riep de baas van het zwembad. 'Hoe durf je zo over de professor te spreken.'

'Kom het zelf dan zien, halve gek !' riep Anton. 'Kijk door dit kleine raampje, en vertelt u mij eens waar het vuur is !'

De baas van het zwembad liep op Anton af, en gluurde door het raampje. 'Je hebt gelijk. Er is helemaal geen vuur,' sprak hij. 'Kom op, mensen, deze raket en deze professor zijn niet pluis. We gaan eruit.' Met grote stappen liep hij af op de uitgang, maar de deuren waren op slot. 'Professor, ik gebied u de deuren te openen !' riep de baas van het zwembad woedend.

'Komt niks van in, toffe jongen !' riep de professor. 'Je zou ons allemaal laten omkomen. De raket is al opgestart, dus ik kan niets meer opendoen.'

'Maar er is helemaal geen vuur buiten !' schreeuwde de baas van het zwembad zo hard als hij kon.

'U gaat mij toch niet in de maling nemen !' riep de professor. Ook andere mensen hadden inmiddels door het raampje gekeken en zagen geen vuur. Ook de professor liep naar het raampje en gluurde naar buiten. 'Verhip, nee, je hebt gelijk. Er is helemaal geen vuur.'

'Doe die raket dan uit, malle man !' riep de baas van het zwembad. 'Wat sta jij hier nog te staan !'

'Mijn excuses,' zei de professor. 'Ik kan de raket niet uitzetten, want dan gaan we er allemaal aan. Hij is al op gang gebracht.'

'Wie heeft jou getelefoneerd met die draken-onzin ?' bulderde de baas van het zwembad. Anton keek naar het gezicht van de man wat helemaal rood was. Hij had nog nooit iemand zo boos gezien.

'Jax Bladerdeeg,' zei de professor. De baas van het zwembad greep een brandweer-bijl van de muur en rende naar de cabine om alles kort en klein te slaan. De professor keek verslagen toe. 'Mijn mooie kunstwerk naar de knoppen !' riep hij. 'Dit zal je duur komen te staan !'

'Maak jij je maar klaar voor een trip naar de gevangenis !' bulderde de baas van het zwembad. 'Aan één ramp hebben we vandaag wel genoeg, circus-clown. En nu mag jij ons vertellen wie die Jax Bladerdeeg wel niet is.'

'Mijn baas,' zei de professor.

Er werd op de deuren van de raket nogal hard geklopt, alsof er met gereedschap op werd geslagen. Even later werden de deuren ingetrapt, en gewapende mannen renden de raket binnen. Ze droegen geweren. 'Iedereen op de grond, dit is een overval !' Er klonken al wat schoten. Anton, Jaap en Susanne doken op de grond, en ook de andere mensen namen geen enkel risico. Een andere man in een lange witte jas en met een hoed liep de raket binnen. 'Goed werk, jongens,' zei hij. De baas van het zwembad keek op met open mond. 'Wel heb ik ooit,' zei hij. 'Hoe durf jij hier op zo'n smerige manier binnen te komen !' bulderde de baas van het zwembad.

'Snoer hem de mond !' riep de man met de hoed. Tegelijkertijd vlogen twee overvallers op hem af, en begonnen hem vast te binden, om vervolgens een grote prop in zijn mond te duwen. 'Laat me los !' probeerde de baas van het zwembad te schreeuwen, maar er kwam niet veel uit.

'Dit is Jax Bladerdeeg, mijn baas,' sprak de professor.

'Ja, ja, ja, houd nu maar op,' zei de man met de hoed. Anton probeerde voorzichtig naar de zijkant van de raket te kruipen, waar een trap was. Ook wenkte hij Jaap en Susanne. Voorzichtig kropen ze op de trap, maar de overvallers begonnen hen door te krijgen. 'Ren !' riep Anton. Ze stoven de trap op, terwijl ze al schoten hoorden. Bovenaan de trap was een gordijn, waarachter een andere trap was. Die renden ze ook op. 'Jullie kunnen geen kant op !' werd er geroepen. Er waren hier vele trappen, die vaak door een deur of een gordijn van elkaar gescheiden waren, en soms was er een klein gangetje tussenin. 'We vinden jullie wel !' werd er geroepen. Na lang rennen op de trappen kwamen ze aan op een soort zoldertje van de raket. Anton sloeg een raam in en keek naar buiten, maar dat was veel te hoog. Er was ook een ander trappenstelsel waar ze naar beneden konden rennen, zonder dat ze de overvallers zouden tegenkomen. Nu moesten ze snel zijn. Ze hoorden al stemmen dichterbij. Anton sprong bijna van de eerste trap naar beneden af, en ook de anderen volgden hem snel na. Dit was een ander trappenstelsel. Een zware rook rookten ze hier. Ineens kwamen ze de buschauffeur tegen. Die was op eigen houtje de raket gaan onderzoeken, en wist nog niets af van wat er gebeurt was. 'Kom mee !' zei Anton hard fluisterend tegen hem. 'Er is een overval in de raket.' De buschauffeur wist een andere uitgang in dit trappenstelsel, en al snel waren ze uit de raket. Buiten de raket was er nog een trappenstelsel waar ze vanaf moesten rennen.

'Naar de bus !' riep Anton. Zo snel als ze konden renden ze de metalen trappen buiten de raket af, en renden naar de bus toe. Ook de overvallers waren al buiten, en begonnen te schieten. In de bus aangekomen startte de buschauffeur snel de bus. Direct belde hij de politie door een soort intercom. Ook de busmaatschappij werd op de hoogte gebracht, terwijl Anton duidelijk uitlegde wat er was gebeurt. 'Zovelen zijn gegijzeld !' riep de buschauffeur door de intercom.

De volgende dag stond het in de kranten. Jax Bladerdeeg had weer toegeslagen, een beruchte maffia baas. En de professor scheen voor hem te werken. Het zwembad in Deursen was helemaal afgebrand door criminelen. Jax Bladerdeeg was niet de echte naam van de maffia baas. Niemand wist zijn echte naam, maar hij werd ook wel Achtus Zudelknopfen genoemd.

Hoofdstuk 2. Het Vreemde Mannetje

Een week later zaten Anton, Jaap en Susanne weer op een terrasje. Ze hadden weer ijs besteld, en spraken na over wat er op de raket-basis was gebeurd. Niemand wist waar de gegijzelden waren, want de overvallers ontvoerden hen met de overgebleven bussen. Er werden nog steeds grote onderzoeken gedaan.

Inmiddels werd er een nieuw zwembad gebouwd en er kwam een nieuwe baas van het zwembad. Anton, Jaap en Susanne hadden het zwemmen niet afgeleerd. Nog steeds gingen ze zo nu en dan zwemmen, en nog steeds zwommen ze dan helemaal tot het bosmeer. Maar op een dag gebeurde er iets vreemds. Een klein mannetje met een lang paarsachtig jasje en een

paars mutsje stond op de kant van het bosmeer. Hij had een grijs baardje. Ook had hij een munt in zijn handje. De munt was bijna groter dan zijn hand, en glom. 'Weet je wat dit is ?' vroeg hij.

'Wie bent u eigenlijk, als ik vragen mag ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Gaat je geen snars aan,' zei het mannetje. 'En ik vroeg jou het eerst, dus je mag mij eerst antwoorden. Ik houd er niet van als mijn vragen genegeerd worden, en dat ik dan ineens vragen krijg in plaats van antwoorden.'

'Nee, ik heb geen idee wat u in uw hand houdt. Het lijkt op een munt,' zei Susanne.

'Mis !' schreeuwde het mannetje. 'Ik heb er een hekel aan als men mij verkeerde antwoorden geeft. Houd dan liever helemaal je mond. Je kon gewoon ja of nee antwoorden, want dat is alles wat ik vroeg, of je wist was het was.'

'Nou zeg,' zei Susanne, 'u hoeft er niet zo naar en moeilijk over te doen.'

'Ach, trut, houd nu je mond,' zei het mannetje.

'Dit gesprek is over,' zei Susanne. Maar ze merkte dat ze zich niet meer kon bewegen. Anton en Jaap waren verderop aan het zwemmen. Ze kon hen niet eens meer roepen. Het leek wel alsof haar stem vast zat.

'Ik ben er niet van gediend op zo'n manier toegesproken te worden,' zei het mannetje. 'Dus nu zul je luisteren in plaats van je mondje op zo'n vervelende, genieperige manier te gebruiken. Kom nu het water uit, en volg mij, dan zal ik je wat laten zien.'

Als gehypnotiseerd stapte Susanne het water uit en volgde het mannetje. Het mannetje leidde haar naar een boshutje. 'Hier woon ik,' snauwde het mannetje. 'Ik drink water met azijn, of gewoon slootwater. Ik eet mos en vuil. Ik eet de grond. Ga nu zitten, dan voer ik je wat.'

Susanne ging gehypnotiseerd in het gras zitten. 'Lekkere kevertjes en torretjes, sprinkhanen. Hier, doe je mond open.' Een vieze lepel met beestjes werd voor haar mond geschoven, maar Susanne hield haar mond stijf dicht.

'Ach, ik zie dat je geen honger hebt,' zei het mannetje, en stopte toen de smerige lepel in zijn eigen mond. 'Wat een ondankbaar meisje ben je, kindje. Iemand anders zou het maar wat graag willen eten.'

Susanne begon rood te worden, en bang. Ze kon zich nog steeds niet goed bewegen. Inmiddels hadden Anton en Jaap door dat Susanne was verdwenen, en gingen op onderzoek uit.

'Weet je wat ik met je ga doen ?' vroeg het mannetje. 'Spek van katten, honden, muizen en ratten, dat ga ik je voeren.' Grote tranen biggelden over de wangen van Susanne, die nog steeds niet kon praten.

'Of heb je daar geen zin in, ondankbaar kind ?' vroeg het mannetje. 'Ik kan je niet uitstaan, verwend nest.' Hij gaf haar een klap in haar gezicht. Nog steeds kon Susanne niet spreken. Haar tong zat helemaal vast. 'Wanneer vertrouw je mij eens,' snauwde het mannetje. Het mannetje begon steeds dwazer en woedender te worden. Hij raasde en schold dat het een lieve lust was. Ineens hoorden Anton en Jaap het woedende mannetje, en renden op het geluid af. 'Wat doe jij hier, Susanne ?' vroeg Anton. Susanne beefde.

'En wie ben jij, mannetje ?' vroeg Anton.

'Gaat je geen snars aan !' snauwde het mannetje kribbig. 'Ik doe dit niet voor jullie.'

'Nou, waar gaat dit nog over, irritante schelm,' zei Anton. 'En waarom ga jij met dit gespuis mee, Susanne ?' vroeg Anton. Jaap was op haar af gelopen. 'Hey, wat is er. Waarom beef je zo, en waarom huil je ?' Maar Susanne kon nog steeds geen woord uitbrengen. En toen was het mannetje weg, zomaar plotseling verdwenen. Susanne barstte in huilen uit. 'Ik kon me niet meer bewegen,' snikte ze. 'Ik kon zelfs niet meer praten,' hilde ze. Jaap sloeg een arm om haar heen. Anton wist niet wat hij zag. 'Waar is dat mannetje nu ?'

'Weg,' zei Jaap.

'Dat kereltje was er net nog,' zei Anton. 'Dat kan toch niet ?'

Jaap haalde zijn schouders op.

'Ik kan dit niet geloven,' zei Anton. 'Er gebeuren hier vreemde dingen. Er is altijd wat in het zwembad. Laten we teruggaan.' Susanne vertelde het verhaal terwijl ze terugliepen, en Anton en Jaap luisterden met open mond.

'Het spookt in Deursen,' zei Anton. 'We zijn hier niet meer veilig. Er is iets aan de hand.' Snel gingen ze naar de kleedhokjes om zich aan te kleden, en al gauw zaten ze in de auto om naar huis te rijden. Anton zat achter het stuur. 'Ik begrijp dit niet,' snauwde hij. 'Waarom moet ons dat altijd overkomen.'

'Nu praat jij ook al als dat mannetje,' zei Susanne een beetje kribbig. 'Daar hoeft je ons toch niet de schuld voor te geven, en ons af te snauwen ?'

'Ik geef jullie niet de schuld,' bromde Anton verder. 'Ik ben gewoon moe van dit alles. En je hoeft mij dan ook niet zo kribbig toe te spreken. Ik snauw jullie niet af, maar ik ben gewoon boos op de omstandigheden. Het is niet meer zoals het was in Deursen.'

Bij een grote villa stopten ze. Hier woonde Anton. Jaap woonde naast hem, en Susanne woonde tegenover hen. Anton parkeerde de auto, en toen liepen ze naar Susanne's huis.

'Gaat het alweer een beetje beter met je ?' vroeg Anton bezorgd. Susanne knikte. Ze opende de deur en even later zaten ze in de huiskamer. 'Wat een gekkenwerk is Deursen geworden,' mopperde Anton. 'We zijn ons leven niet eens meer zeker.'

'Ja, en nu ook al een mannetje dat ervoor zorgt dat je je niet meer kan bewegen en niet meer kan praten,' zei Susanne. 'En zomaar ineens was hij verdwenen.'

'Ja, het is raar,' zei Anton. 'Zou het allemaal met elkaar te maken hebben ? De vliegtuigramp, de overval en dat rare mannetje ?'

Ze besloten op onderzoek uit te gaan. Ze wilden het wrak van het vliegtuig weleens zien. Na wat gegeten te hebben gingen ze op pad. Het was al een beetje donker geworden, daarom hadden ze zaklampen meegenomen. Na een tijdje rijden door het bos kwamen ze bij het wrak aan. Het was nogal een groot vliegtuig, en daarom had het ook zo'n grote bosbrand veroorzaakt. Met hun zaklampen schenen ze op het wrak. Alles was afgebrand, maar tot hun verbazing zagen ze een vreemd kistje liggen tussen de afgebrande vliegtuig-stoelen. Anton nam het kistje in zijn armen, en droeg het weg van het wrak. Er was een groot dwars kruis op de deksel. Verder was de kist helemaal zwart. Hij tilde het deksel ietsje op en sloeg het toen direct weer dicht. 'Allemaal licht,' stamelde hij. 'Alle duivels, het spookt hier echt.' Ook Susanne tilde het deksel ietsje op, maar werd toen achteruit geslagen door een wind. 'Wel allebarstens,' gromde Anton. Susanne en Jaap waren ook met verbazing geslagen. 'Allemaal achteruit,' zei Anton. 'Kom niet dichterbij.' Hij pakte een tak die ergens lag, en van een afstand tilde hij het deksel op met de tak. Een spookachtige gestalte rees op van de geopende kist, met zacht licht. 'Allemachtig,' stamelde Anton. 'Wie bent u ?'

'Het is vast een truuk,' zei Susanne.

'Nee,' zei Anton, 'dit is je reinste spokerij. Ben je dat mannetje vergeten wat zomaar verdween ?'

'Wie heeft mij opgeroepen ?' sprak de gestalte met een langzame, lage stem die heel ijzig en ver weg klonk.

'Wie bent u ?' vroeg Anton weer. 'Wij hebben niets opgeroepen. We kwamen alleen naar het neergestorte vliegtuig kijken, en vonden deze kist.'

'Het is mijn kist,' zei de gestalte.

'Wie bent u ?' vroegen ze alledrie.

'Het spook van het uur,' sprak de gestalte. 'Elk uur is er een ander spook.'

'Hebben jullie misschien iets te maken met de vliegtuigramp, de bosbrand, de overval van de raket-basis en een vreemd mannetje dat mensen vastplakt en dan in het niets verdwijnt ?' vroeg Anton.

'Het is een mooie vraag,' zei het spook. 'Wonderschoon, zeer elegant.'

'Antwoord ons nu maar in plaats van je gebazel,' zei Anton een beetje ongeduldig.

'Maak anders gewoon dat je wegkomt,' gromde het spook. 'Ik ben jullie niets verschuldigd. Jullie zijn op mijn terrein.'

'Wij gaan niet weg,' zei Anton. 'Het bos is niet van jou.'

'Maar de kist wel,' sprak het spook beledigd, 'dus nu wegwezen !' En met een strakke en ijskoude wind werden ze alledrie weggeduwd.

'Blijf uit mijn buurt !' schreeuwde het spook. 'Je had dit nooit moeten doen.'

'Wij willen alleen een antwoord !' riep Susanne.

'Wat voor antwoord ?' vroeg het spook.

'Nou, of jullie iets te maken hebben met de vreemde dingen die de laatste tijd in Deursen gebeuren !' riep Susanne.

'Ik weet van niks,' zei het spook. 'Ik zat zolang opgesloten in deze kist, en ik vond het allemaal best, maar nu heb ik het koud. Jullie zijn me ook een stelletje.'

'Als u eerlijk antwoord geeft, dan stoppen we u weer toe in uw kist,' zei Susanne.

'Ik heb nergens iets mee te maken,' sprak het spook.

'Van wie is de kist dan ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Van ons,' zei het spook.

'Maar wie heeft de kist meegenomen in het vliegtuig ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Wij waren besteld ...' zei het spook.

'Door wie ?' vroeg Susanne nieuwsgierig.

Het spook wilde niets meer zeggen en trok zich terug in de kist, terwijl hij de deksel greep en op de kist legde. 'Zie, hij kan het zelf,' zei Anton. 'Ze proberen een rad voor ons ogen te dragen. Ik vertrouw ze voor geen cent.'

'Wegwezen !' bulderde het vanuit de kist. 'Of willen jullie nog een zwembad ramp ?'

'Zie, zij waren het,' zei Anton.

'Wat moeten we nu doen ?' vroeg Susanne die al een beetje begon te trillen.

'Waarom hebben jullie zoveel rampen veroorzaakt ?' vroeg Anton. 'Het zou me niks verbazen als jullie nog meer rampen op jullie geweten hebben.'

'Wij zijn rampen-spoken. Men betaalt voor ons,' sprak het spook vanuit de kist.

'Wie betaalde jullie, en hoe gaat die betaling in zijn werk ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Jax Bladerdeeg,' sprak het spook. 'En de betaling gaat door offers.'

'Wat voor offers ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Kinderoffers,' sprak het spook.

'Wat ?' vroeg Susanne. 'Zijn jullie gek geworden ?'

'Wij roosteren en eten kinderen,' sprak het spook. 'Wat is daar zo abnormaal aan ?'

'Ik geloof mijn oren niet,' zei Susanne. 'Weet je wel eens wat je zegt. Luister nu eens goed naar jezelf om te horen wat voor een soort onzin je loopt uit te kramen.'

Ook de anderen waren stomverbaasd.

'We veranderen toch niet voor jullie,' zei het spook. 'We hebben wel andere dingen te doen.'

Anton was een beetje wanhopig. Dit was echt zware misdaad, tenzij het spook hen maar wat zat voor te liegen.

'Moet je horen, spook,' sprak Anton. 'Ik heb een beetje genoeg van je praatjes, maar waar zijn die kinderen dan ?'

'We mesten ze vet ergens diep onder de grond in kooien,' lachte het spook.

'Maar dat kan toch niet !' riep Susanne. 'dat kun je toch niet maken tegenover hun ouders ?'

'Niks mee te maken,' zei het spook. 'En nu opdonderen,' bulderde het spook vanuit de kist. En weer werden ze als door een wind geslagen, maar ditmaal werden ze echt ver weggeslingerd. Verslagen strompelden ze terug naar de auto.

De volgende ochtend waren ze op weg naar het politie-bureau. Maar toen ze hun verhaal brachten werden ze uitgelachen. 'Ach, kom nou,' zei één van de agenten. 'Jullie gaan ons toch niet vertellen dat er hier mannetjes zijn die in het niets verdwijnen, en spoken die rampen veroorzaken en mensen door het bos heen slingeren. Kom eens met een beter verhaal.'

Anton was boos. 'Nou, dan geloven jullie ons toch lekker niet ?'

Boos liep hij het politie-bureau uit, terwijl de andere twee hem volgden. Anton had het helemaal gehad met Deursen.

'Volgens mij is de politie ook al onder invloed van de spoken,' zei Susanne. De broer van de professor van de vlieg-basis was een goede bekende van Anton. Ook hij was een uitvinder. Ze besloten naar hem te gaan om raad. Hij woonde boven een café. 'Oom Aart,' noemde Anton hem altijd. Ook hij was een professor, maar heel anders dan zijn broer. Hij nam hen direct serieus toen ze hem het verhaal vertelden. 'Interessant,' zei oom Aart. 'Weet je, ik vertrouw mijn broer voor geen cent. Het was altijd al een vreemd mannetje. Al van jongs af aan wist hij zoveel van techniek af dat hij al dieren kon laten praten. Ik ben ervan overtuigd dat hij de spook-kist heeft gemaakt.'

Alledrie keken ze oom Aart met open mond aan. Oom Aart liet hen een boekje zien. Het was een boekje met bouw-instructies voor een spook-klok. De spook-klok zou de hele aarde

verzwelgen, en alleen hen die goed zouden betalen zouden deel hebben aan de spook-klok om een nieuwe realiteit te creëren. 'Dit boekje schreef hij toen hij acht jaar was,' zei oom Aart. 'Het is een gevaarlijke jongen, altijd al geweest. Die spookklok moet dus ergens in die kist zitten.'

'Wat kunnen we eraan doen, oom Aart ?' vroeg Anton.

'Nou ja, ik ben niet zo genieus als mijn broer,' zei oom Aart, 'maar laat me eens denken. Even leek het alsof oom Aart pretlichtjes in zijn ogen had. Dat gaf hen alledrie weer wat hoop. 'Ik ken die spoken van mijn broer,' sprak oom Aart. 'Ze waren elk voor een uur, en hij had ze opgewekt uit hout. Het blijkt dat als je hout op een bepaalde manier bewerkt, dan begint het electriciteit af te geven, en daar heeft hij op een hele slimme manier gebruik van gemaakt. Eigenlijk heeft het helemaal niets met spokerij te maken, maar met de werkingen van de natuur. Ik kan me alleen nog herinneren dat hij zei dat de hele spookklok niet zou werken als er wolven in het spel zouden komen. Er zou een middernachts-wolf bestaan die opgeroepen kon worden vanuit een roos. Hij wist precies hoe dat zou moeten, maar het boekje wat hij daarover had geschreven heeft hij in vuur geworpen. Hij was te bang dat iemand het ooit eens zou gebruiken. De middernachts-wolf zou korte metten met zijn spookklok maken. Ik denk dat hij de spookkist heeft gemaakt voor extra veiligheid.'

Hoofdstuk 3. De Middernachts-Wolf

'Ik zal jullie een geheimpje vertellen,' sprak oom Aart. 'Ik ben de middernachts-wolf. Elke nacht om twaalf uur precies verander ik in een wolf.'

Anton keek oom Aart met grote ogen aan. 'En kunt u wat aan die spookklok doen, en misschien ervoor zorgen dat dit maffia mysterie wordt opgelost ?' Oom Aart knikte.

'De roos gaat het mij vertellen,' zei oom Aart.

'Wie of wat is de roos, oom Aart ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Een fee,' zei oom Aart. 'Zij raakt mij altijd aan in het midden van de nacht met haar toverstaf, en dan wordt ik een wolf.'

'Nog steeds ?' vroeg Susanne.

'Nee,' zei oom Aart, 'niet meer. Toen ik jong was, maar ik weet nog precies waar ze woont. Ze woont diep in het bos. Alleen om twaalf uur 's nachts zou ik naar haar toe kunnen gaan, maar niet ervoor of erna, want dan zou ze me verslinden.'

'Klinkt gevaarlijk,' zei Anton.

'Ze is een monster,' zei oom Aart, 'maar we hebben haar nodig.'

Toen het bijna nacht was besloten ze naar het bos te gaan. Ze gingen heel diep. Ze kwamen aan bij een diepliggende rivier. Er was een brug van touwen over de rivier. Het was hier bijna een oerwoud. Zo wild hadden ze het nog niet gezien. 'Daar achter de brug woont ze,' sprak oom Aart. Ze hadden er wel vertrouwen in. Oom Aart was een kundig en bezonnen man. Het was bijna twaalf uur. Oom Aart ging als eerste de brug op. De brug wiebelde een beetje, en het stormde. Ook begon het te onweren. Er was donder en toen veel bliksem. Het leek wel alsof de donkere lucht in tweeën begon te splijten. 'Wie heeft mij geroepen !' sprak een suizende stem.

'Ik, tante !' riep oom Aart met een bevende stem. Een lichtende gestalte kwam dichterbij op de brug. 'Volg mij,' sprak ze met een harde, fluisterende stem. Het was nu twaalf uur. Ze volgden haar naar een klein huisje. Er was dichte begroeiing hier. In het huisje gingen ze aan een tafeltje zitten. De fee schonk wat te drinken in. Even raakte ze oom Aart met haar toverstaf aan, en die begon direct in een wolf te veranderen. Wel had hij nog steeds zijn zwarte jas aan.

Anton vertelde de fee het hele verhaal, ook over de kinderooffers die aan de spoken gebracht zouden moeten worden, en dat de kinderen hiervoor diep in de aarde opgesloten werden gehouden.

'Ach welnee,' zei de fee. 'Dat zijn gewoon spookkinderen. En die zijn niet opgesloten. Ze maken jullie maar wat wijs.' Wel zag ze het gevaar van de spookklok in, en wist ze dat het veel rampen bracht, en dat er nog steeds mensen in handen van de maffia waren.

'Ik heb een goed idee,' sprak ze. Ze nam hen mee naar buiten, en leidde hen naar een bootje aan de rand van de rivier. Voorzichtig stapte ze in het bootje, en wenkte de anderen. Even later waren ze allemaal in het bootje, en ze begon te peddelen. Er hing een dikke mist over de rivier, maar ze konden de zijkanten van de rivier nog wel een beetje zien.

'Ik weet waar mensen opgesloten worden gehouden,' sprak ze. 'Onder het zwembad. De nieuwe baas van het zwembad is ook van de maffia.' De wolf begon te grommen. Wat had hij zin om te rennen en te bijten. Zijn ogen waren rood van woede. Het bootje ging richting het zwembad. Eerst kwamen ze bij het meertje aan, en toen gingen ze over de rivier achter het meertje naar het zwembad. Bij het zwembad aangekomen stapten ze uit.

'Dit is toch niet normaal meer,' zei Anton. 'Het lijkt wel alsof iedereen tegenwoordig van de maffia is.' De wolf gromde. Hij leek in de verste verten niet meer op oom Aart. 'Goedzo jongen,' sprak de fee. 'Je hebt zo heel wat te bijten.' Als eerste moest de wolf het slot van het zwembad doorbijten. Direct hoorden ze een alarm. De fee trapte verder de deur in, en al snel gingen ze over een trap naar beneden. Daar kwamen ze bij een lift. Met de lift gingen ze nog dieper onder de grond. Het leek wel uren te duren. Toen ineens ging de liftdeur open, en ze keken in een enorme grot. Daar stonden de kooien met de mensen erin die ontvoerd waren op de raket-basis. De wolf rende op de kooien af en begon de sloten los te kauwen en te bijten. Maar alweer hoorden ze alarms. Bewakers kwamen op hen afrennen en er ontstond een vuur gevecht. De fee kon nog net op tijd bescherming bieden. De wolf bleek immuun te zijn voor de kogels en vloog op de bewakers af, één voor één. De bewakers schreeuwden. Ze konden niet veel tegen de wolf beginnen.

'Als ik het niet dacht,' zei de fee, en wees omhoog waar een grote spook-klok hing in de grot. 'Spring, wolf !' riep ze. De wolf maakte een reuzensprong en greep de klok met zijn bek. De klok had vele spook-armen, die allemaal door de wolf werden gebeten.

'We moeten weg,' zei de fee. 'De betovering is bijna uitgewerkt.' Allemaal renden ze snel naar de lift, maar de lift ging niet open. De spookklok begon te lachen.

De wolf begon inmiddels weer te veranderen in oom Aart. De spookklok lachte heel gemeen, en met vele armen werd oom Aart gegrepen. 'Verslinden zullen we je,' lachte de spookklok.

'Oh nee,' zei de fee, 'dat gaat zomaar niet. Jullie vergeten dat ik er bij ben.'

'Jou zullen we ook verslinden, ouwe heks !' gierde de spook-klok. Met vele armen grepen ze haar ook. De fee begon te gillen. Anton, Jaap en Susanne stonden nog steeds met de bevrijde gegijzelden voor de lift. Anton drukte op de knopjes. 'Ga dan open, kreng,' fluisterde hij hard.

De armen van de spookklok begonnen flink te groeien en grepen wild om hen heen. Ook begon de klok sneller te draaien, als een tornado of draaikolk. Alles sleurden ze met zich mee. 'We gaan jullie vernietigen !' brulden ze.

Ook Jaap begon op de knoppen van de lift te slaan, maar de deur ging maar niet open. 'We zitten hier vast,' fluisterde hij hard.

'We zijn er geweest, Jaap,' zei Anton. De oude baas van het zwembad was woedend toen hij de spookklok zo zag razen. Hij was helemaal rood, en stond op ontploffen. Hij raapte stenen van de grond en begon naar de spookklok te gooien. Maar niets hielp. De spookklok werd razender en razender en kwam langzaam op hen af. 'We zijn er geweest,' zei Anton weer. Susanne had haar ogen stijf dichtgetrokken. Ze kon het niet meer aanzien.

Mensen begonnen tegen de liftdeur aan te trappen. De oude baas van het zwembad nam een aanloop en trapte de liftdeur open. Iedereen begon zich op te hopen in de lift, en toen iedereen binnen was drukte de oude baas van het zwembad de knoppen in om de lift omhoog te laten gaan. De spook-klok had inmiddels in woede de omhooggaande lift van onderen gegrepen met zijn vele armen, en probeerde zich naar binnen te wringen. De mensen krijsten. Het was gelukkig een hele grote, ruime lift, dus ze konden er allemaal in, maar de spookklok gaf zich niet gewonnen. Mensen begonnen op de binnengekomen armen te trappen. Het was een lange reis naar boven. Het leek wel alsof de lift nooit zou aankomen. Maar toen de lift was gestopt was het niet het zwembad waar ze naar binnen gingen. Neen. Iemand speelde een spelletje met hen. Het leek wel alsof ze zelfs dieper waren gegaan. Ze waren diep onder de aarde. Het leek wel een spooklift.

'Dit zwembad is niet pluis,' zei Anton. Allemaal stapten ze naar buiten. Het was hier donker, en op sommige plaatsen was vuur. 'We zijn hier diep onder de aarde,' zei Anton. Alles was rustig nu. De spookklok was nergens te bekennen. 'We mogen nog van geluk spreken dat we nog leven,' zei Susanne.

'Laten we rustig blijven, mensen,' zei de oude baas van het zwembad. 'We vinden wel een oplossing.' Sommige mensen waren aan het beven en trillen. De oude baas van het zwembad liep richting de vuren, waar het lichter was. De mensen volgden hem. Tussen de vuren waren wat metalen bruggen. Die bruggen gingen over lava heen. Verderop waren er veel meer lava-

rivieren. Er stonden hier grote ketels met lava erin. De mensen vroegen zich af waar ze terecht waren gekomen.

Ze gingen over een heleboel metalen bruggetjes, en kwamen toen in een ruimte waar een heleboel kisten stonden. Anton keek even in zo'n kist. Er zat een levensgrote pop in. Verderop hingen een heleboel van zulke poppen aan haken. De poppen konden bewegen en konden ook zachtjes praten. 'Wat is hier aan de hand ?' zei Anton. 'Het zijn levende poppen, net als mensen.'

'Wie zijn jullie ?' vroeg Anton aan de poppen.

'Wij zijn robotten,' zei één van de poppen. 'Wij zijn gemaakt om te werken voor de maffia.'

Opeens sprong het vreemde mannetje dat Susanne had lastiggevalen tevoorschijn. Anton kon zich direct niet meer bewegen en niet meer praten. 'Ik dacht jij zou ook vast wel zo'n mooie pop willen zijn,' grapte het mannetje. Toen Susanne het mannetje zag slaakte ze een kreet. 'Jullie zijn gekomen waar ik jullie wilde hebben !' krijste het mannetje schaterlachend. 'Jullie zullen snel allemaal mooie poppen worden zoals deze.' Ook Susanne kon zich niet meer bewegen. Jaap kon nog net op tijd wegrekken, en ook wat andere mensen. 'Ze zullen niet ver komen,' bromde het mannetje lacherig.

'Stop, stop !' riep het mannetje, bijna met een mechanische stem. Toen konden ineens de anderen zich ook niet meer bewegen. 'Poppen zullen jullie worden. Poppen zullen jullie zijn,' schaterde het mannetje. Sommige poppen begonnen te giechelen. 'Ja, poppen, jullie krijgen er wat nieuwe broertjes en zusjes bij.'

'Dank u wel,' zeiden sommige poppen. Sommige van die poppen praatten erg traag. Het mannetje begon om zijn gegijzelden heen te dansen, en werd steeds zotter. Ook begon hij hen met een staf te slaan. 'Ik zal jullie temmen !' riep hij. De staf leek onder stroom te staan. Eén voor één begon het mannetje zijn nieuwe aanwinsten naar de kisten te sleuren. 'Allemaal poppetjes, één voor één,' zong het mannetje. En toen begon hij nog meer vreemde liedjes en rijmpjes te zingen. 'Poppetje, poppetje, wat een pret, en we gaan nog niet naar bed.'

'Oh, moeder, wat zijn je poppetjes schoon. Morgen zit ik op de troon.'

'Ach vadertje kijk niet zo sip, ik maak poppetjes voor jou in een wip.'

'Ik zal ze, die vervelende krenge !' riep het mannetje, en begon toen te schaterlachen.
'Niemand die hen hier vinden kan, ha ha ha. Oh, wat ben ik toch duivels slim.'

Maar toen het weer middernacht was veranderde de door de spookklok opgeslokte oom Aart weer in een wolf. Ook de fee kwam vrij. Ze stormden op de spooklift af, en gingen de diepte in. 'Ik weet waar ze zijn,' sprak de fee, 'ik voel het.' Toen de lift stopte, renden ze er beiden uit. De wolf ging recht op zijn doel af. Hij dook op het mannetje af en beet het kapot als een pop. Direct kon iedereen zich weer bewegen en praten, en konden ze uit hun kisten komen. Ook de andere poppen begonnen weer mens te worden.

Anton was woedend, maar tegelijkertijd opgelucht. Hij nam Jaap en Susanne in zijn armen. Snel renden ze met z'n allen de lift in, maar er waren zoveel poppen weer tot mens geworden, dat ze er niet allemaal inpasten.

De volgende dag zaten Anton, Jaap en Susanne weer op een terrasje. Alles was goedgekomen. In Deursen was een groot feest, omdat zoveel vermisten waren teruggevonden.

Jax en zijn bende waren opgepakt. Zij gingen de gevangenis in voor hun streken. De oude baas van het zwembad werd weer de baas over het nieuwe zwembad, en zo leek alles weer wat rustiger te worden. Ook de broer van oom Aart, de professor van de raket-basis, was opgepakt en kreeg gevangenis-straf. Oom Aart kon er niet om rouwen. Hij vond het altijd al een belhamel die hij liever achter de tralies zou zien. In zijn ogen was het altijd al een groot gevaarte met veel te veel vrijheid. Niemand wist waar de spookklok was. Maar op een dag tijdens een boswandeling kregen Anton, Jaap en Susanne de schrik van hun leven. De spookklok met zijn vele armen stond ineens voor hen, en begon hen te grijpen. De grond onder hen begon weg te vallen, en zo werden ze de diepte in getrokken. 'Zo snel komen jullie niet van me af !' snauwde de spookklok. De spookklok begon aan hun haren te trekken. 'Wat wil je van ons !' riep Anton.

'Dat zul je nog wel eens zien,' sprak de spookklok.

'Waar breng je ons naartoe ?' riep Anton.

'Niet zoveel vragen stellen,' sprak de spookklok.

Hij sleurde ze alle drie door een diepe tunnel dieper de grond in. Na een tijdje kwamen ze in een grote ondergrondse wildernis. Anton, Jaap en Susanne keken hun ogen uit. 'Maar dat kan toch helemaal niet ?' stamelde Anton. 'Hoe kan er nu een wildernis onder de grond zijn ?'

'Je ziet het toch dat het kan !' snauwde de spookklok. De spookklok begon hen toen door de wildernis te sleuren, totdat ze bij een groot kasteel aankwamen. 'De heks wil jullie zien ?' zei de spookklok. 'Het is bijna middernacht.'

'De heks ?' vroeg Anton. 'Wie is dat ?'

'Dat zul je wel zien,' sprak de spookklok. Hij trok ze alle drie naar binnen, en ze zagen een grote troon in de verte. Toen sleurde hij ze helemaal voor de troon. Op de troon zat een vrouw in een witte jurk met grijze haren. Achter haar was een grote rode schijf waar ze tegenaan leunde. 'Zo, eindelijk zijn jullie gekomen,' sprak de vrouw.

'Wat wilt u van ons ?' vroeg Anton een beetje kribbig.

'Jongen, daar hoeft je niet zo ellendig over te doen. Ik strijdt al tijden voor de wildernis onder de grond, want boven de grond is allemaal vervuiling,' sprak de vrouw.

'Heeft u soms die vliegkamp en al die verdere rampen veroorzaakt, sinds het er op lijkt dat mijnheer de spookklok en u dikke vrienden zijn, en hij voor u werkt,' vroeg Anton.

'Oh, de spookramp ? Nee, die heb ik niet veroorzaakt,' sprak de vrouw.

Opeens konden ze zich niet meer bewegen, en praten was ook onmogelijk geworden, terwijl de heks begon te schaterlachen. 'Leidt hen tot de kooien, spookklok, wij kunnen ze nog goed gebruiken !' krijste ze. De spookklok nam hen mee in een ruk, en ging een gang op die leidde naar een ruimte met kooien. Hij drukte ze allemaal in één kooi.

Nog steeds konden ze niet praten, hoeveel ze dat ook probeerden, en ze konden zich niet bewegen. Ze lagen als slappe lappenpoppen op de grond. Deze heks was erg gevaarlijk. Na een tijdje kwam de heks de kooi bezoeken, en grijnste. 'Wel, wel, wie hebben we daar,' zei de heks met een hoge, krijsende stem die pijn deed aan hun oren. 'Ik kan jullie wel gebruiken als gevechts-poppen. Dan gaan jullie aan het front. Levende schilden zullen jullie zijn !'

'Kijk me eens aan. Jullie zullen onder mijn hypnose zijn. Jullie zullen alleen denken en doen wat ik jullie gebiedt, begrepen ?'

'Ja,' zeiden ze alle drie traag.

'Ja, koningin moet dat zijn !' kraste ze.

'Ja, koningin,' zeiden ze alle drie traag. Ze nam Anton en Susanne's handen in haar handen, terwijl er een vreemde kracht door hen stroomde. En toen even later pakte ze de hand van Jaap. Alle drie begonnen ze een beetje waggelend op hun benen te staan. Anton trilde. 'Ja, heks,' sprak hij.

'Goedzo, jongen, je begint het al te leren,' kraste ze. 'Marcheer voor me. Kom achter me aan.' De heks liep de gang op en ging een andere gang in, terwijl Anton, Jaap en Susanne haar gehypnotiseerd volgden.

Op een tafeltje stond een glas met een glazen pot met water. 'Breng me wat water,' snauwde ze naar Anton. Anton liep gehypnotiseerd naar de tafel, en schonk water in het glas, en bracht het toen naar de heks, die er direct gulzig van begon te drinken. Aan de muur hingen wapens. Ze wees op de wapens en sprak : 'Die wapens zullen jullie gebruiken.'

Ze nam de wapens van de muur en begon ze uit te delen. 'Op het front zullen jullie vechten. De ondergrondse wildernis wordt aangevreten door vliegende reuzen-kevers, met grote, logge lichamen en piepkleine hoofdjes. Jullie zullen wachters op mijn toren worden, en niet alleen mijn kasteel verdedigen, maar ook ten aanval gaan,' sprak de heks. Anton, Jaap en Susanne keken naar hun geweren. Toen keken ze weer naar de heks. 'Begrepen, heks,' zei Anton. Toen leidde de heks hen naar de toren van het kasteel. Ze moesten een heleboel trappen op, en kwamen toen buiten op de toren, vanwaar ze een uitzicht hadden over de wildernis. 'Schiet,

schiet !' schreeuwde de heks. 'Als je goed kijkt kun je de reuzen-kevers al zien. En inderdaad vlogen er al snel heel wat vliegende reuzen-kevers om hen heen, en ze moesten vechten voor hun leven. Ook de heks vocht mee met haar toverkrachten. Ze begonnen een beetje in de gaten te krijgen wat er aan de hand was. Deze reuzen-kevers waren inderdaad verschrikkelijk, en al gauw waren ze trots en tevreden met hun taak.

'Goed voor nu,' sprak de heks na een tijdje, en ze moesten de toren weer in. Ze hadden een paar bijtewonden van de kevers, maar verder hadden ze goed gevochten.

'Ik heb jullie hier gebracht door rampen,' sprak de heks. Ze nam hen mee naar een eetzaal, waar hen de meest overheerlijke gerechten werden gebracht op een lange tafel, door een heleboel koks in wit gekleed met hoge witte mutsen. 'Eet, liefjes, dan zijn jullie straks weer klaar voor het gevecht.' Alle drie begonnen ze te eten totdat hun buiken vol waren. 'Pfff... ik kan niet meer,' zei Anton.

'Ik heb veel te veel gegeten,' zuchtte Susanne.

Ergens op een hogere verdieping in het kasteel kregen ze een kamer waar ze konden uitrusten. De hypnose begon een beetje uit te werken, want het was slechts het kasteel van een middernachts-heks, die alleen veel macht hebben in het diepste van de nacht. 'Dat mens is gek,' zei Anton ineens. 'Ik voel me weer normaal. Het lijkt wel alsof de betovering is verbroken. Laten we kijken wat er aan de hand is.'

Stilletjes liepen ze de kamer uit, en gingen over de trappen naar beneden. Ze verscholen zich achter een grote plant in een grote bak, en keken zo de troonzaal in. Ze zagen haar op haar troon zitten. Ze bewoog niet, maar trilde een beetje. 'Laten we ontsnappen nu het kan,' zei Susanne. Stilletjes liepen ze naar de poort van het kasteel, en renden toen de wildernis in. Maar de spookklok kwam achter hen aan. Hij krijste, en leek veel groter. 'Klim in een boom !' riep Anton. Snel klommen ze in een hoge boom, maar de spookklok klom er ook in. Met zijn vele armen kon hij goed klimmen. 'We zijn er geweest,' riep Anton.

'Nee !' riep Susanne, 'hier is een liaan. Houd vast.' Met z'n drieën hielden ze zich stevig vast aan de liaan, en zwiepten de wildernis in. De liaan ging helemaal over een rivier heen, en ze kwamen aan de andere kant terecht. Ze hoorden de spookklok brullen in de verte. Na lang rennen hoorden ze niets meer. Over heuveltjes kwamen ze steeds hogerop, totdat ze eindelijk door een gat boven de grond in het bos uitkwamen. Vermoeid, maar opgelucht slenterden ze naar huis. Thuisgekomen gingen ze direct slapen.

De volgende dag, ergens in de middag, werden ze wakker.

Hoofdstuk 4. Het Contract

'Deursen is een spookstad geworden,' gromde Anton.

'De spookklok zal ons overal vinden, volgens mij heeft het niks met Deursen te maken,' sprak Susanne.

'Nee, deze dingen gebeuren alleen in Deursen,' zei Anton.

'We moeten weg,' zei Jaap. 'We zijn hier niet veilig.'

'Zeg, ik laat me niet weggagen door een stuk speelgoed !' snauwde Anton.

'Het is geen speelgoed,' zei Jaap. 'Dat weet je best. Het is gevaarlijke militaire techniek.'

'Jaap, nu moet je ophouden,' sprak Anton geïrriteerd. 'Ik probeer mijn hoofd erbij te houden. We moeten het niet groter maken dan het is. We kunnen best dit mysterie oplossen.'

Ze besloten naar oom Aart te gaan, om hem te vertellen wat er gebeurd was. Oom Aart wilde naar de gevangenis gaan om zijn broer op te zoeken, om die om raad te vragen. 'Kunnen we die broer van u wel vertrouwen ?' vroeg Anton.

'We hebben niet veel keuze,' zei oom Aart. Zo gezegd zo gedaan. In de auto van oom Aart reden ze even later richting de gevangenis. Gauw zaten ze om de tafel met de broer van oom Aart. Ook de professor van de vlieg-basis, de broer van oom Aart die nu opgesloten was, kreeg het verhaal over wat de spookklok had gedaan te horen. 'Ik kan het niet helpen. Het is de natuur aan het werk,' zei de professor.

'Toe nou, broer,' zei oom Aart. 'Je weet vast wel wat te bedenken.'

'Ik heb de uiteindelijke spookklok niet gemaakt,' zei de professor. 'Ik heb de spoken uit hout opgewekt, en veel over de spookklok geschreven. Ik was er mee bezig, maar heb later het werk overgedragen aan Leo. Leo heeft het eindproduct gemaakt.'

'Wie is Leo ?' vroeg Anton.

'Leo is een zakenman,' zei oom Aart. 'Hij kwam vroeger veel bij ons thuis, en was een vriend van ons beiden, maar hij was een gevaarlijke jongen. Hij deugde niet.'

'Waarom deugde hij niet ?' vroeg Anton.

'Het was een misdadiger,' zei oom Aart.

'Voor veel geld kocht hij het project van mij over,' zei de professor. 'En hij was de uiteindelijke oprichter van de spookklok. Jullie moeten bij hem zijn als jullie meer willen weten.'

'Waar woont hij tegenwoordig ?' vroeg oom Aart. De professor krabbelde wat op een papiertje en gaf het aan oom Aart. 'Hier, ga daar maar eens kijken.'

'Kom op, jongens,' zei oom Aart, en liep het zaaltje uit. Even later zaten ze in de auto.

Leo had een groot laboratorium voor ziekenhuis-producten. Ze kwamen aan bij een groot gebouw waar oom Aart de auto parkeerde.

Even later kwamen ze aan in het kantoor van Leo. Leo zat achter een wit bureau. 'Nu moet jij eens horen, Leo. Ik hoorde van mijn broer dat jij het spookklok project van hem had overgekocht, en dat jij de spookklok hebt gemaakt. Heb jij enig idee wat de spookklok allemaal heeft aangericht ?' snauwde oom Aart.

'Maar natuurlijk,' zei Leo zonder blikken of blozen. 'En ik ben er zeer trots op. De spookklok is gemaakt om rampen te maken en allerlei ellende, zodat wij onze ziekenhuis-producten goed kunnen verkopen.'

'Maar dat is belachelijk,' snauwde oom Aart. 'Dus jij vindt jouw heilige producten en het geld wat je ermee kunt verdienen belangrijker dan het geluk van mensenlevens ?'

'Daar betalen ze dan maar voor,' sprak Leo kalm. 'Geluk is altijd duur, en hoeft heus niet goedkoop te zijn. Daar worden mensen lui van.'

Oom Aart werd rood van woede. 'Jij bent levens aan het vernietigen met je spookklok, Leo.'

'Dan heeft de politie ook wat te doen,' grapte Leo. 'Ik zorg ervoor dat iedereen aan het werk komt.'

'Je bent een malloot, Leo,' bulderde oom Aart. 'Je denkt alleen aan jezelf en aan geld. Ze moesten jou ook opsluiten.'

'Dat gebeurt zomaar niet,' grijnsde Leo. 'De spookklok regeert ook over de politie. Alle beslissingen liggen bij mij. Ik heb het ding geprogrammeert, dus ik ben de baas over Deursen, en straks over de hele wereld.'

'Allemaal door rampen, Leo,' snauwde oom Aart. 'Je moet je schamen.'

'Hoe heeft u die spookklok gemaakt ?' vroeg Anton.

'Waarom zou ik jou dat vertellen, jongetje,' zei Leo. 'Hoeveel betaal je ervoor ?'

'Hoe kunnen we de spookklok onschadelijk maken ?' vroeg Susanne.

'De spookklok zal jullie onschadelijk maken,' sprak Leo kalm. 'Er valt niet tegen op te boksen. Het is een genie.'

Oom Aart werd wat rustiger. Hij beseftte dat hij er niet veel mee opschoot door zo te snauwen. 'Hoe heb je die spoken zover gekregen voor je te werken ?' vroeg oom Aart.

'Ik heb ze alle twaalf ontmoet, en ik moest offers brengen,' zei Leo.

'Wat was het offer ?' vroeg oom Aart.

'Mezelf,' zei Leo. 'De spoken wonen in mij, als hun tweede huis.'

'Ach, Leo,' zei oom Aart. 'Doe toch niet zo mal. Waarom zou je dat doen ?'

'Ze beschermen mij goed, en mijn handel in ziekenhuis-producten loopt prima,' zei Leo.

'Ik denk dat zij eerder de baas over jou spelen,' zei oom Aart.

'Ach welnee,' zei Leo. 'We hebben een goed contract gesloten.'

'Hoe en waar hebt u de spoken ontmoet ?' vroeg Anton.

'Nou, kijk eens even,' zei Leo, 'ik kon het spookklok project alleen overkopen als ik de spoken zou hebben ontmoet en me aan hen bewezen zou hebben. Ik moest ze eerst geïnteresseerd maken om in de klok te gaan wonen.'

Het eerste spook ontmoette ik diep in het bos. Ik moest over een rivier in de nacht bij dichte mist, over een brug van touw. Hij wachtte me daar op. Hij was het spook van overstromingen. Hij kon rivieren en zeeën laten overstromen. Toen ik over de brug ging was er donder en bliksem. Hij riep mij van de andere kant. Hij had allemaal wit licht om zich heen. Hij woonde in een grot achter een waterval. Door de waterval gingen we naar binnen. Uit zijn vingers droop water, en toen begon het uit zijn hele lichaam te stromen, en het hield maar niet op. Ik rende weg, maar werd door de stroom ingehaald. Toen ging hij bij me naar binnen door mijn mond. Sindsdien ben ik een deel van hem, en is hij een deel van mij. De volgende dag was er een grote overstroming die ervoor zorgde dat Deursen aan zee kwam te liggen met zijn eigen strand- en duinengebied. Dankzij mijn vriendschap met het eerste spook was Deursen gespaard gebleven.

Het tweede spook woonde ook in het bos, en ik moest weer de rivier over, maar ditmaal over een andere brug van touw. Het spook wachtte mij al op. Het was het spook van vuurrampen. Hij veroorzaakte al direct een kleine bosbrand. Ik trilde als een rietje. Ik had nog nooit zoiets gezien. Ik dacht er direct aan hoeveel geld dit spook me zou opleveren. Het spook stak zijn hand uit, en ik schudde zijn hand. Hij leidde mij naar een boshutje. Hier woonde hij. Hij kon geld uit het niets tevoorschijn toveren. Hij sprak niet veel. Ook hij ging door mijn mond naar binnen, en door mijn oren. Mijn oren leken te piepen, en even leek het alsof ik in brand stond. Maar daarna werd alles rustig, en een zacht gevoel overstroomde mij. De volgende dag waren er veel bosbranden, en het kwam op de voorpagina van de krant. Ook het tweede spook wilde in mijn klok wonen, en we waren al snel dikke vrienden.

De derde spook was het ijs-spook ...'

Leo stopte met praten. Er begon allemaal ijs uit zijn mond te komen, en het bleef maar stromen. 'Och jongen,' zei oom Aart. 'Wat hebben ze jou toch goed te pakken.' Leo begon te bibberen als een hondje.

'Ik denk dat het voor jou beter is om ermee te stoppen,' zei oom Aart. 'Dit is toch niet meer normaal?' Het ijs bleef maar stromen, en na een tijdje lag de hele vloer eronder. 'Kom op, jongens,' zei oom Aart. 'Hier valt toch niet mee te praten.' Hij stond op en liep de deur uit, terwijl Anton, Jaap en Susanne hem volgden. 'Ik ben er klaar mee,' zei oom Aart. 'Het beste is dat we allemaal gaan verhuizen naar een andere plaats. Deursen is niet meer wat het geweest is.' En zo gebeurde het. Alle vier verhuisden ze naar een ander dorp. Ze gingen in Nunspeet wonen. Ze kwamen alle vier bij elkaar in de straat te wonen. Jaap kwam naast Anton te wonen, en tegenover hen woonden Susanne en oom Aart. Of ze ooit nog last hadden gekregen van de spookklok is niet bekend.

Karel

Klouterwoes

Blauwe Angels

'Deze besjes waren giftig, en wel zo giftig dat ze dat nooit konden weten.'

Hoofdstuk 1.

Bizonbloed was een heksenkind. Tenminste dat dacht ik, totdat ze mij de andere kant van het verhaal liet zien. Ze bewoog giftige bessen langs me heen. Ik had haar van een afstand gezien, en ze kwam steeds dichterbij. Het was een grauwe dag, en het leek overal te tochten. Toen trok ze mij in de sneeuw. Ze trok me diep weg.

Ze voelde zacht aan. Haar heupen waren fors, en ik lag daar. Ze trok me door de sneeuw mee naar haar hut. De sneeuw smolt weg door haar glimlach. En de tuin rood als bloed, verborg haar edelstenen, vastgeklonterd heil. En sneeuw wit kant bedekte haar voeten, en ze was de bloesem van het morgenrood. De tuin had haar schoonheid niet verloren in de winter, maar was gevlochten nu. Ze droeg de boog, en alles om haar heen vervaagde. Ze was als de oplossing van het gouden hertenkind.

Ze kwam langzaam op mij af met haar brede heupen, met de boog gericht op iets achter mij, een bizon. 'Ik ben dat mannelijke zwaard zat,' zei ze. Toen schoot ze een pijl af, dwars door zijn hart. Het beest viel neer, en ze duwde mij opzij, en trok mij in een woning. Vanaf hier konden we de tuin nog beter bezichtigen. Ze las rijmpjes voor uit een met goud gedecoreerd boek, een boek met een leren omslag. De tuin was haar trots. De sneeuw sijpelde naar binnen. Het was hierbinnen warmer. Ze deed wat kleding uit, maar was nog steeds bedekt met riemen. Ze was als de jagersgodin.

Ze droeg een jachtmaal binnen, en begon te eten. Ze liet mij niet dichterbij komen. Ik had het gevoel te verhongeren. 'Ik moet gaan,' zei ik. Maar ze liet me ook niet gaan. 'Wat wil je van me,' vroeg ik.

'Kom hier,' zei ze. 'Maar raak het vlees niet aan. Het is verboden vlees. Je zal sterven als je er van eet.'

'Waarom eet jij het dan ?' vroeg ik, terwijl ik langzaam dichterbij kwam. Ze zei niets. De tuin ruikte naar zure vruchten. Het was alsof de bommen in de tuin vlogen, wanneer zij zich bewoog. Zij was een oorlogsmachine. Zij danste in de tuin met trots, op het bloed van de gevallenen. Ze zag het als haar opdracht.

Ze trok mij dieper in het huis, waar ze op haar zwangere buik wees. 'Maar het kind zal vroeg sterven,' zei ze, terwijl ze een doktersjas aantrok. 'Waarom zeg je dat ?' vroeg ik.

'Omdat het niet om het leven gaat. Het gaat om de dood,' sprak ze. Ze kwam met een injectie naald dichtbij me. 'Even de adem inhouden.' Ik trok mijn arm weg. 'Nee,' zei ze. 'Niet wegtrekken. Je moet gevaccineerd worden. Dit huis is gevaarlijk.' Ik keek naar buiten, naar de klonterige druiven die daar hingen, en dik sap droop naar beneden. Daar had ze mij al geprikt. 'Klaar,' zei ze. Ik glimlachte. Ik was bijna flauwgevallen. Ik trok mezelf aan haar op.

'En nu de tuin in,' zei ze.

'Waarom ?' vroeg ik.

'Je moet werken, werken,' zei ze.

'Wat moet ik doen ?' vroeg ik.

'Je moet het zo doen, kijk,' zei ze. Maar ze deed niets.

'Ik snap je niet goed,' zei ik. Ze bond een touw aan mijn nek en trok me weg. Even later knipte ze het touw door, zodat het een ketting was. 'Je moet er alleen voor zorgen dat je nergens blijft achterhaken,' zei ze. Rode bloesem omhulde hen, en de schaduwen van de roze nachten omhulden hen beiden. Weer trok ze hem het huis in, en het scheen er flink te tochten.

'Ga nu eens zitten,' zei ze.

Ineens schrikt hij wakker na een zware hersen-operatie. Hij kan zich niet goed bewegen. Een vrouw in ridderkleding zit naast hem. 'Welk jaar is het ?' vraagt hij.

'1978,' zegt ze.

'Waarom ben je gekleed als een ridder ?' vraagt hij.

'Carnaval,' zei ze.

'Wie ben je ?' vraagt hij.

'Ik ben je vrouw,' zegt ze.

'Ik kan het me niet herinneren,' zegt hij. Dan komt er een dokter binnen. De vrouw begint te snikken. 'Is dit mijn vrouw ?' vraagt hij aan de dokter.

'Er is niemand anders in de kamer dan u en ik,' zegt de dokter.

Bizonbloed sleept hem uit het ziekenhuis, en brengt hem terug naar de tuin en het huis.

'Probeer niet te ontsnappen,' zegt ze. 'Ik wil dat je de wachter bent van de tuin.'

'Waarom ik ?' vraag ik.

'Omdat je ... laat maar zitten,' zei ze. 'Doe het nou maar gewoon.' Ik laat mijn hand zakken, en loop wat rond in de tuin. Ze volgt elke beweging die ik maak. 'Vanavond komen de heksen,' zei ze. 'Doe het nou maar.'

Dan stort hij neer. Een grote vogel staat naast hem, die hij vastgrijpt. En de vogel brengt hem naar een ver eiland. Ook hier is Bizonbloed. Ze kijkt hem aan. Ze is halfnaakt, als een wilde. 'Hoe ben je hier gekomen ?' vraagt ze. Ik wijst op de vogel.

'Hier kun je ook waken,' zei ze. 'De heksen komen vanavond. Je moet wel wat te vertellen hebben.'

'Maar ik heb niets te vertellen,' zei ik.

'Geeft niets,' zei ze. 'Gewoon een brilletje op doen is ook goed. Het is carnaval.' Ik loop braaf met haar mee. Even later zitten we in tuinstoelen. Daarachter is een hutje waar ze aan het koken was, voor vanavond.

Hij staart voor zich uit. De dokter grijpt zijn hand. Hij vecht voor zijn leven. De dokter voelt zijn pols, en drukt een alarm-bel in.

Ze loopt binnen in het hutje. 'Kom,' zegt ze. Weer volg ik haar braaf. Ze roert in haar ketel.

Met wat reanimatie krijgen ze hem weer aan de gang. Ze besluiten nog een hersen-operatie te doen.

'Waarom lach je ?' vraagt ze.

'Niets,' zei ik.

'Je hebt een mooie lach,' zegt ze.

Het klontert in zijn hoofd. Dan komt er ineens een straal vrij van zijn hoofd. De dokters springen op zij. Dan klimt er ineens een beestje uit de scheur in zijn hoofd. De dokters beginnen te schreeuwen in paniek en vallen neer. Een zoemend geluid neemt over.

'Tatarak !' krijst het beestje. 'Opereer zijn hersenen.' Vrouwen komen de kamer binnen, en starten de operatie. Ze werken met gouden instrumenten. Er komt schuim op zijn mond. Maar ze krijgen alles weer goed op gang.

Hij zit op het witte zand. Hier en daar liggen wat bladeren, en Bisonbloed zit naast hem. Ze houdt zijn hand vast. 'Ik ben blij dat je er bent,' zegt ze. De geur van koffie zit in zijn klederen. Ze besluiten het uit te wassen in het meertje verderop. Het is als een heet stoombad. Snel zijn ze beiden naakt. Het zand aan de kusten ziet er niet zo best uit. En er is overal hondenpoep. Hij wordt onwel, en ze trekt hem uit het meertje. Al gauw ligt hij in een hutje onder een verrotte deken.

'We hebben geluk gehad,' zei ze. 'Er ligt overal glas in het meertje.'

'Waarom trok je me daar naartoe dan ?' vraagt hij.

'Alleen daar kun je vrijkomen van de koffielucht,' zei ze.

'Ik wil er weer naartoe,' zei hij.

'Niemand mag daar ooit voor een tweede keer naartoe,' zei ze.

'Ik wil bloeden,' zei ik. 'Al dat valse bloed moet eruit.'

Ze pakt een stukje glas en rijt hem open. 'Hier,' zegt ze.

'Nee, ik moet naar dat meertje,' zei ik. Ik stond op, en rende naar het meertje.

'Je zult sterven en door een haai gegrepen worden,' zei ze.

'Kan me niet schelen !' riep ik, terwijl ik in het meertje dook. Alles was plotseling bruisend water. 'Er bestaat geen dood !' gilde ik. 'Houd toch eens op met je drama !'

'En geef me nu van het verboden vlees !' riep ik. 'Waar is het !'

'Je zult sterven,' zei ze.

'Okay, dan ga ik godverredomme maar dood !' riep ik. 'Wie kan het wat schelen !'

'Ik,' zei ze. Ze trok me er weer uit. Ik zat onder de hondespoep, onder het glas, en vreemde bessen. Ze stopte me in een kist en bedekte de kist met roze kant. 'Ik ben niet dood !' riep ik. Ze drukte op een knop, en er werd een slaaplied gespeeld. 'Ik voel me op en top, dus stop met die onzin !' riep ik. Ik proefde wat van de bessen. Ze waren zoet, zuur en bitter. Waarschijnlijk waren ze ook giftig.

'Je speelt met je leven,' zei ze. Plotseling was de kist in vlammen, maar ik lachte. Ik stapte eruit, brandend, en greep haar beet. Ze had een laken om haar heen.

'Je kunt ook wel een boom zijn,' zei ze. 'Het frisse, jonge hout brandt goed.' Ik knikte.

Het zachte zadel hield ze voor me. Ik ging er op zitten. Ik sloeg het brandend laken om me heen, en het was snel als kant. Ik was de prins van de molen. Ze had gelijk. Ik was dood.

Hoofdstuk 2.

Ik was in de lederen darm van een haai. In de buurt stonden overal rozenstruiken, en de straten waren bezaaid met vuurwerk. En alles was nat, want het had flink geregend. Ik had een nare smaak in mijn mond, van bessen, glas, metalen en hondepoep. Er liepen wat arabieren en punkers op de straat. Ik had last van de wind in mijn hoofd. Alles was zacht, en ik stortte in. Maar touwen trokken mij weer op. Ik moest dansen, zingen, en veel geld verdienen. Dan zou Bizonbloed weer langskomen, en op een dag was het dan zo ver.

Ik herkende haar bijna niet meer terug. Ze was wat ouder nu. Met een schaar trok ze mijn blaren open. 'Kijk naar die bloemen,' zei ze. 'Ze wijzen je de weg naar het leven.' Ik keek, en de kelken hadden bruisend sap in hen. 'Ik wil er van drinken,' zei ik.

'Nee, want dan sterf je weer,' zei ze. Maar het kon me niet schelen. Ik liep af op de wulpse kelken, en begon te drinken. Ik verdrong er bijna in. Ik begon flink dronken te worden.

'Domme idioot !' riep ze. 'Wat ben jij een koppige ezel, zeg. Je doet gewoon alles wat niet mag.'

'En jij moet niet zo de baas over mij spelen,' zei ik. 'Ik bedoel maar, ik heb een blaas, weet je, en ik plas straks alles weer uit.'

'Nou, je bent maar goed begenadigd,' zei ze. 'Je bent een begiftigd man.'

Ik knikte. Ik stortte neer aan haar voeten, en zij sleepte me weg. Ze dumpte me ergens in een sloot, maar touwen trokken hem weer op. Ik ging de eerste de beste stal in waar ik me kon wassen, want ik voelde me nu toch wel een beetje vies. Het water hier zat vol met modder, maar dat kon me niet schelen. Ik voelde me schoner nu. Ik ging ergens in het hooi liggen om op te drogen. Even later rende ik achter het weiland het eerste het beste huisje in en speelde de clown. Ik had ook een harp nu, en ze gooiden geld in mijn hoed. Ik ging van huis tot huis, om mijn kunstje te vertonen. Ik had een beetje drempelvrees, maar een snoepje deed altijd wonderen.

Met modderhanden streelde ze door mijn haren. Het was toch carnaval.

Hij lag aan de hart-monitor. Dokters vreesden voor zijn leven.

Hij zwom met de zwanen, en gleed door alles wat vies, gevaarlijk en verboden was. Iemand kamde zijn haren, en hij zonk weg in een put van stank. Hij was goed door een haai gegrepen, zoals Bizonbloed had geprofeteerd. Maar hij was nogal goddeloos, onkerks en tegen de draad in. Hij had een hekel aan geloof en regels. Zijn bloedvaten waren aan het exploderen, en hij hoorde gelach in zijn hoofd. Hij lachte mee. Kon hem het wat schelen.

Touwen trokken hem op, en hij werd op een podium gezet. Hij zwaaide naar de mensen, en begon te zingen, en te acteren. Het was per slot van rekening carnaval, en alles moest maar kunnen. Een raam werd ingegooid, en hij begon aan zware epilepsie te lijden. Hij zat bij de kapper, en hij hoorde alleen maar lachen. Zijn hoofd werd ingezeept.

De dokters waren alweer een hersen-operatie aan het uitvoeren, om hem van de dood proberen te redden.

Hij had het gevoel alsof hij dronken was. Hij waggelde door de stad. Hij was een clown. Na een lange tijd zag hij Bizonbloed weer terug. Met een dronken stem zei hij dat hij niet had gedacht dat hij haar ooit nog tegen zou komen. Ze bracht hem mee naar een flatwoning, waar ze hem ging douchen. 'Nu is het afgelopen,' zei ze.

'Wie denk je dat je bent ?' vroeg hij. 'De Jezusin ?'

Ze knikte.

'Ik had toch een andere soort van wederkomst verwacht,' zei hij.

'Nee, het is niet te berekenen,' zei zij.

Alle rozen in de stad waren blauw geworden, en het sneeuwde. De Jezusin liep een cafe binnen, en begon te drinken.

'Tatarak !' schreeuwt iemand.

Hij wordt wakker in de tuin, met een beestje in zijn hand. Hij is de tuinwachter. Het beestje had een angel in zijn hand gestoken, waardoor blauw spul in zijn lichaam werd geïnjecteerd. Hij trok de angel eruit, en kon weer ademen. Hij voelde zich vies, maar ach, het was maar de natuur. Hij zag het als een onbekend vaccin. Waar het goed voor was, wist hij niet, maar het zou wel ergens goed voor zijn, dat wist hij zeker. Nog steeds had hij een beetje dat dronken gevoel. Ook voelde hij zich overgevoelig. Nee, hij wilde niet nog een keer door zo'n beestje gestoken worden.

Toen hij afgelost werd kon hij naar huis. Zijn geliefde was daar. Ze had een bloemenjurk aan van een hele fijne, zachte, plezierige stof. Als hij die stof voelde, voelde hij zich altijd heel veilig. Ze was thee voor hem aan het zetten, van een soort blauwe bonen. Even later zaten ze beiden aan tafel.

Dokters hadden eindelijk ontdekt wat er mankeerde aan zijn hersenen. Het bleek dat zijn gevoelscentrums geïrriteerd waren, waardoor hij niet tegen aanrakingen kon. Het bleek te zijn ontstaan door een allergie tegen bacteriën die alleen maar in hout voorkwamen. Ook was er een vreemde uitslag op orgaantjes in zijn hersenen wat ze zouden moeten verwijderen, dus hij ging weer onder het mes.

Hij draaide maar in het rond in de tuin. Hij voelde zich goed.

Hoofdstuk 3.

Ze zaten tegenover elkaar. Ze smeerde het brood. Het was zonnig buiten. Het zonlicht weerspiegelde in hun gouden spulletjes. Er werd gebeld. Ze nam op, en legde weer neer. Hij droomde weg. Ze liep de kamer binnen. Hij keek naar haar door het raam. Plotseling begon het te waaien, dus ook hij ging naar binnen. Er droop zand uit de plantenbakken. De druiven in de tuin dropen. Het was allemaal zeer klonterig. Het leek goed rijp. Hij rende naar buiten in de regen, greep wat druiven en kwakte ze op een bordje.

'Carolien, ik ben je wachter,' zei hij. 'Dat zal ik altijd zijn, wat er ook gebeurt.'

'Ik weet het,' zei ze. 'Je bent zo trouw.'

Ze nam hem mee naar boven en trok aan de touwtjes van zijn blouche. Ze drukte hem op het bed, en ging naast hem liggen. Op het nachtkastje lag een boek genaamd 'Bloedbizon'. Het ging over de jacht op bizons. Het was een soort avonturenverhaal. Hij las er uit voort. Maar hij begreep wel waar de schrijver naartoe wilde. De bizons waren het beeld van mannen die de autoriteit hadden genomen, en die autoriteit misbruikten. Het was een heel feministisch boek, dat ook opkwam voor andere minderheden.

Hij legde het weer weg. 'Carolien,' zei hij. 'Je weet het. Ik sta aan de kant van de vrouw.'

Carolien knikte. 'Ik weet het,' zei ze. Toen gingen ze beiden slapen.

De hersenen werden getest. De man kwam tot leven. Er werd geapplaudiseerd.

'Het leven is een valstrik,' stamelde hij. 'Een web van een vrouwelijke spin.' Hij stond in de bibliotheek. Hij bekeek de vele boeken over vrouwen. Vaak waren die vrouwen de heldinnen, of gevaarlijke vrouwen, waarin de hoofdpersoon verstrikt raakte. Op de kaften waren vaak woestijnen met schaars geklede vrouwen al dan niet met wapens en helmen. 'Ik wil meer weten over het gevaar,' zei hij.

Boven hem zag hij rozenstruiken, als een put. Hij werd naar binnengezogen, en kwam in een plaats waar een heleboel vrouwen waren, genaamd de danaiden. Op hun voetzolen waren de namen van hun vermoorde mannen te lezen, die zij zelf hadden vermoord in de huwelijksnacht. Zo leefden ze voort door de geroofde levens-energie van hun mannen. Het waren merktekenen op hun voeten, waarmee ze anderen ook konden merken. Er droop inkt uit voort. Ook gebruikten ze het voor handtekeningen op rekeningen en andere officiële papieren. Zo konden ze veel gedaan krijgen. Hij klapte het boek dicht, en stond weer met beide benen op de grond. 'Ik moet me van illusies onthouden,' zegt hij.

'Besef het, je hebt een redder nodig,' zei Bizonbloed, de Jezusin.

'Er wordt overal gejaagd, er is niet veel wat je kunt doen. Je zal erg moe worden.'

Er waren overal struiken, en tussen de takken door bloedende borsten. Zij bloedden door de scherpe doornen. 'Je moet het bloed drinken,' zei ze. Ze gaf hem een buisje met bloed, en hij dronk. 'Het is bizonbloed,' zei ze. 'Je hebt nu het vrouwelijke deel in je gevonden.'

'Ik wil dit niet !' riep hij. Toen viel hij neer. Hij schoot een paar bizons van afstand, en ging toen slapen. Vanuit het bloed kwamen klimoppen. De klimoppen brachten hem naarboven naar een hemels paradijs. 'Tatarak !' riep hij. Het zand was hier wit. Er kwam een bruisend sap uit de klimoppen, en de bessen explodeerden. In de klimoppen leefden vrouwen met staarten.

Het merkteken was grauw in hun hoofd. Zij werden gevoerd door borsten, door leidingen die via een kraan getapt konden worden. Het was de moederstad. Zij troonde hier in vuur, zij, Bizonbloed. En Karel Klouterwoes was haar nar.

De stad leek als bedekt met takken, waardoor het bizon veld bezichtigd kon worden, midden in de stad. Hier moest veel gejaagd worden, zodat de man nooit meer zou regeren. De stad leefde door bizonbloed, en zo moest het blijven.

Haar klederen waren doordrenkt met bizonbloed, en zij brandde. Het hield hen dronken. Deze besjes waren giftig, en wel zo giftig dat ze dat nooit konden weten. Een lange trap gaf een antwoord aan Karel Klouterwoes. Ook hij moest buigen voor de koningin, en haar kunstzaal onder ogen komen. 'Verdomme,' zei hij. 'Zij kan het.'

Ik moest oppassen voor Karel Klouterwoes, zoals iedereen dat moest. Hij was door haar gedresseerd, maar het was een roofdier. Hij leefde in haar kooien wanneer zij hem niet gebruikte. En anders was hij gewoon aan de ketting. Er moest goed toezicht op deze man gehouden worden.

Maar op een dag ging het mis. Karel Klouterwoes brak los. Mensen renden in paniek hun huizen binnen, en deden alles goed op slot. Maar het was al te laat. Karel Klouterwoes deed de stad verdrinken in bizonbloed. Ik kon net op tijd ontsnappen. Hij was per slot van rekening maar mijn schaduw. Ook de koningin liet hij in leven. Zij was immers de Jezusin. Ik keek de takken door en zag de zee van bizonbloed. Het was warm op het strand. Het bizonbloed leek weg te trekken en weer op te komen door eb en vloed. Dit werd gereguleerd door een vreemde planeet, de bloedbizon. Deze planeet hing ergens in Orion. Door toedoen van de koningin werd de stad weer leefbaar. Ik keerde weer terug naar de stad, maar Karel Klouterwoes liet het er niet bij zitten. Hij omsingelde de stad met een leger. Ze waren op zoek naar mij.

Ze klopten op hoge deuren, maar ik was veilig met de koningin. Ze liet mij het geheim van de stad zien. Ik zag overal bloed stromen. Het leek van boven naar beneden te regenen. Ze leidde mij naar een trap die mij bracht naar een plaats diep onder de stad. Hier spreidde ze haar jurk uit en vroeg aan mij of ik een ballerina wilde worden.

Het zou het enige medicijn tegen Karel Klouterwoes, de dolle losgebroken nar, zijn. Ik ging staan als een standbeeld, en begon te draaien, terwijl mijn kleding en huid in goud en zilver veranderden. Ik hoorde slaapliederen op de achtergrond. Ze had ergens op een knopje gedrukt. Spoedig ging ik dansend door de stad. Er waren overal leeuwen in de stad, maar het was alsof er glas om me heen was. Ze lieten mij met rust. Met een fluit leidde ik de leeuwen daarna uit de stad, het woud in.

Het leek te verergeren met zijn hersenen. De dokters besloten dat zijn laatste hoop een hersentransplantatie zou zijn. Voorzichtig werden zijn hersenen eruit gesneden, en werden er nieuwe hersenen ingelegd. Hij moest er spontaan van overgeven. Hij voelde zich anders, bevrijd. Maar daarna was hij in een shock. Weer begonnen ze in zijn hersenen te snijden, omdat ze er zoveel geld mee verdienden. Hij rook de geur van drop.

De bomen groeiden tegen de klok in. De koningin kwam hem redden, maar toen werden ze uit elkaar gescheurd. Hij voelde zich in een lange diepe put wegglijden. Karel Klouterwoes nam zijn lichaam. Hij voelde zich opgesloten in zichzelf, alhoewel hij nu wel moest lachen. Hij zag zichzelf liggen. Het was alsof er een lachgas over hem kwam. Hij stond op en was een geraffineerde nar nu. Hij zou trouw blijven aan de koningin, aan de koningin in zijn hoofd. Zij waakte over hem.

De stad was brandende. Hij klom naar een hogere verdieping in het flatgebouw. Karel Klouterwoes klom achter hem aan, in zijn lichaam. Een gevecht ontstond. 'Brandende dampen!' schreeuwde Karel Klouterwoes. 'Ik zal je wel krijgen.' Hij gaf Karel een trap, en klom verder. Alweer greep Karel hem. 'Je zal niet weg kunnen komen, ventje,' zei Karel. Weer

trapte hij Karel weg, maar Karel had zijn jas gegrepen. Toen deed hij zijn jas uit, en klom verder, maar Karel had zijn broekspijpen gegrepen. Ook trok hij toen zijn broek uit, en klom verder, totdat hij helemaal naakt was. Een vogel wachtte hem op aan de top van het gebouw. 'De koningin heeft mij gezonden,' zei de vogel. Maar Karel greep een pistool en schoot de vogel neer. De man begon nu echt in paniek te raken. Door de rook zag hij nog een gebouw op het gebouw, met een ladder ervoor. 'Gelukkig,' zei de man, en rende er naar toe. Karel begon nu ook op hem te schieten. Maar snel was hij hoog op de ladder. Toen Karel bij de ladder was aangekomen, was de man al een raam binnen geklommen. Hij zag ergens een hoed hangen en deed die op, en daarna een lange jas en een broek. Snel rende hij naar de andere kant van het gebouw en begon de trappen op te rennen. 'Ik krijg je wel !' hoorde hij Karel roepen. Helemaal bovenin het gebouw aangekomen belde hij ergens aan, en de koningin deed open. 'Hier ben je veilig,' zei ze. Binnen maakte ze wat thee voor hem klaar, maar al snel hoorden ze gebons op de deur. 'Hier is Karel !' riep hij. 'Ik kom je halen !' Toen trapte Karel de deur in. De koningin drukte ergens op een knopje, en een kistje ging open die Karel helemaal begon op te zuigen. Toen dat klaar was ging het kistje weer dicht. 'Ziezo,' zei de koningin, 'die is weer waar hij wezen moet.' In de kamer was een doorzichtige bol gevuld met bizonbloed, en de bol brandde. 'Het is de stad die brandt,' zei de koningin. De man knikte.

'Dus,' zei de koningin. 'Niemand heeft het ooit zo ver gebracht. Ik ben trots op je.' Het vuur begon weg te trekken. na een tijdje keek ik door het raam naar beneden. Er waren bizon gevechten. Er werd op trompetten geblazen. Weer zag ik alles door vuur wegvagen. Ze was naakt.

Hoofdstuk 4.

Er kwam meer en meer begroeiing. De stad begon op een oerwoud te lijken. De man zat nog steeds dichtbij de koningin. Ze had het kistje op haar schoot. Haar vinger bewoog heel langzaam naar een rood knopje. Plotseling werd er een spiegel ingeslagen, een grote wand. Electriche gestalten stonden daar in vuur. 'Luister niet naar haar !' riep één van hen. 'Zij is zelf Karel Klouterwoes, en zal je willen opsluiten in haar kistje !' Ze hadden gereedschap in hun hand, en sloegen toe. 'Ren door de spiegel !' riep een ander. Hij rende door de spiegel, waar het gebouw veel hoger was, en de brand veel erger. 'Het is niet waar !' riep de koningin. Hij zag toe hoe er een gevecht ontstond. De koningin had het kistje geopend, en Karel was weer tevoorschijn gekomen. Nu begon ook de koningin in Karel te veranderen. 'Ren !' gilden de electriche gestalten. De man zette het op een lopen, terwijl er overal explosies waren. Weer rende de man trappen op. Toen hij het plafond had bereikt belde hij ergens aan. De koningin deed open. 'Ik hoop maar dat u de goede bent,' zei de man.

'Natuurlijk,' zei de koningin. 'Ik ben de echte.'

'Ja, dat zeggen ze allemaal,' zei de man. 'Hoe kan ik dat zeker weten ?'

Daar kwam Karel al met een noodvaart door de deur heen. 'Klim uit het raam,' zei de koningin. 'Snel.' De man klom uit het raam, en de koningin deed hetzelfde.

'Ik zie jullie wel,' riep Karel. Een helikopter kwam op de top van het gebouw, met electriche gestalten. Snel stapten de man en de koningin in, terwijl het gebouw beneden ontplofte. Maar tot hun grote schrik zagen ze de hand van Karel Klouterwoes die een stang onder het toestel had gegrepen. Hij trok zich eraan op, en probeerde de deur te openen. Toen hij een ruit insloeg richtte één van de electriche gestalten snel een laser-pistool op hem. De man trapte

Karel Klouterwoes weg, maar Karel had zijn been gegrepen, en beiden gleden naar buiten. De man kon nog net de stang vastgrijpen. Hij probeerde Karel van zich los te trappen, wat niet lukte. En Karel begon zich al omhoog te trekken aan hem. Maar toen schoot één van de elektrische gestalten hem weg. De man werd weer naar binnen getrokken.

De man klaagde dat met de hersen-transplantatie hij het gevoel had niet meer in zijn eigen lichaam te zitten. Toen hebben de dokters hem een tweede hersen-transplantatie gegeven. De dokters leken op Karel Klouterwoes. Hij trapte hen van hem af, en rende naar buiten met schuim op zijn mond. Hij rende naar de tuin, waar hij tuinwacht was. Hij voelde Karel Klouterwoes in hem. Hij zocht naar het beestje wat hem eens stak. Snel had hij het beestje gevonden, zette het op zijn arm, en liet zich steken.

Iemand trok hem het huis in. Het was Bizonbloed. 'Heb je de oplossing gevonden?' vroeg ze.

'Ja, stekende beestjes,' zei ze. Ik glimlachte.

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Hormom version

Rediga

1.

1. Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... 2. They are always on a

journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. 3. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open4. Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

5.The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ...6. But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask7.She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot8. i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

9.Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ...10. From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... 11.He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... 12.These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books 13.Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

1.I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he

was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... 2.I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... 3.I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... 4.I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... 5.we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... 6.an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... 7.swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

1.Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automaton all in a circle2.Big Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...3.The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owlspider is coming to me ... 4.i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. 5.Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... 6.There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... 7.He's weaving new languages on your face ... 8.Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... 9.There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light 10.he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... 11. see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... 12.Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... 13.i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ...14.you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... 15.you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections 16.enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... 17.to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

1.I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past.2.I lost them in a dream of races. 3.Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... 4.Capricorn's gift5. An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. 6.I wonder where this train is going to. 7.People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, 8.but this time I have a very easy one. 9.Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? 10.To let you enter the Big Clock ? 11.My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats 12.The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? 13.It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. 14.They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. 15.She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. 16.His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods.17. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away.18. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me 19.I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling20. Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someone21.These dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... 22.The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I am23.There the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina 24.Look at your watches When it's twelve o clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come home now ...25.I'm sorry, the zebra sais and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place 26.They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow 27.How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows28. Eh, the fir sais you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place

..... Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row 29. A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared 30. What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it 31. I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of them His face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them 32. It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnet I'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel 33. I always take you away with my carriage The colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes 34. I get so lost with all these colors and shapes 35. You see the whole world with all its things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? 36. No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now 37. There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice 38. I'm everything, he says Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water 39. But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in 40. Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy 41. I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version 42. I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep 43. It got too much

3.

1. Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles to the grave There he lost his mother, There he lost his red barret There he dances and swings with his bullets For he lost his dogs And he lost his blue corsets For he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ... There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... 2. There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind 3. I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interesting Like there are things worse than it I mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time 4. And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feet Far away, but close I can't describe it It still feels strange but Sometimes I think maybe it was all true 5. it was a beautiful ornament, I would hang it in my room It's snowing outside I'm so happy It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it 6. I wished I would know See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

1.Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... 2.By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... 3.Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... 4.Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... 5.These are the bones... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ...6. I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... 7.one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... 8.we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... 9.There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ...10. I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... 11.These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... 12.There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... 13.There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ...14. It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ...15. The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ...16. It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... 17.It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...18. I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

2.

1.Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... 2.Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...3. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ...4. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ...5.History made me taller, birds have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... 6.They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud 7.I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through8. I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... 9.These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... 10.Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins

... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... 11.Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... 12.There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... 13.Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ?14. Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

3.

1.Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... 2.These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... 3.I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, sais the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... 4.I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... 5.There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds 6.There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... 7.The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... 8.While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... 9.Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... 10.Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... 11.These soldiers are all frozen ... 12.When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... 13.To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... 14.What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... 15.There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... 16.mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ...17.it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present

when the wizard comes ... 18.these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

4.

1.The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page 2.Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue 3.Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... 4.Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ...5. This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... 6.These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... 7.In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue 8.Red England, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... 9.And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... 10.Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today 11.The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins 12.The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... 13.The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream 14.Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free 15.These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

5.

1.Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history 2.Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me 3.You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... 4.It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... 5.Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... 6.We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me 7.Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... 8.Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ...9. I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week

... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... 10.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me 11.Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles 12.I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... 13.These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet14.So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... 15.These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee16.History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... 17.I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry 18.These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... 19.It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves 20.They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... 21.Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month 22.Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye 23.Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday 24.She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit 25.Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the silver lights And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... 26.It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how 27.History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go 28.My wounds are deep but that's how I met the silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... 29. Not knowing what they were hiding ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ...Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years 30.to hide them in a sacred book.... And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... 31.just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator 32.when no one seems to listen ...

Samin

1.

1.The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. 2.Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What

will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... 3.Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... 4.But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... 5.Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... 6.This clock in you, it's just a Las Vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... 7. The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today8.Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... 9.Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? 10.Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... 11.Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... 12.It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? 13.The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? 14. It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. 14.they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... 15.while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. 16.oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. 17.while the needles of gramophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... 18.confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie 19.like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... 20.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... 21.all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... 22. all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... 23.two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... 24.good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... 25.under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... 26.dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. 27.dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... 28.by dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... 29.while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten

mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... 30.it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... 31.while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... 32.we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats 33.from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... 34.the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... 35.these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns painted on his face.... 36. i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... 2.they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... 3.on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. 4.created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 5.a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament... Land of the siren I am finally free ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. 6.back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. 7.rising higher .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... 8. The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... they see the land of the smiles. 9.Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ...10. I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... 11.spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just sais what he has to say ... 12.Black orange... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I spin the ornaments hesitation ... [b. I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...] 13.The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decsions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... 14.doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... 15.Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your

turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... 16. take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. 17. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... 18. centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... for new books on the shows

3.

1. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... these heads on coins ... 2. spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... 3. spreading green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines 4. while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... 5. spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... 6. so many heads on a die ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts 7. I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... 8. I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ...

4.

1. He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... 2. He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... 3. He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ...

[APPENDIX]

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden

smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant

and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours.

Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Toth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be

purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF

EMINIUS-LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI : Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN KHERT-NETER : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be

silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high.

[b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run.

There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you

cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snarcs of stereo

1. They know the snarcs of stereo. They know the snarcs to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custard Listen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snarcs of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ...

these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars ... the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash ... to reach the city ... of the silver sails ...] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ... [b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers

moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. *Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...]* [20. *It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]*

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ... Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names.

You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the

river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These

ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to forty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ... he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ... so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still

brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ... sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night ... they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain ... [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon ... sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father ... while he himself is so old ... [b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings ... here where the purple rules ... here where the candy is salt ... here where the orange strikes the blue ... here where the tiger goes to sleep ... to let another lion touch the moon ... here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.]
 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying

on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not

easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

7.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakings ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ...

[b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming
....] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading
you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets
... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the
birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't
hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos,
where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings
of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while
belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go
to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're
on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday
man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and
green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby
spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take
flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13.
While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book
... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b.
Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter,
touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings
of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city
... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ...
friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's
raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ...
The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again.
Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b.
Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets
the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b.
... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where
they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for
the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of
deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your
enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in
sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines
of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are

the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood ... the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ... Through doctors ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the

trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on

strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automations ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the

big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms

coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride ... they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan

*checked in black, red and white.]][[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams.
He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]][[20.
These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while
Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all
transparent.]]*

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

*1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of
lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the
chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus
travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you
cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play
... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating
the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched
the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5.
Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after
all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who
forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here
the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and
coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird
of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the
ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit
the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we
forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...*

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1· Boys from Lynx III· My mother raised me· She showed me the door· She showed me two thousand trousers hanging around on the shore· [b· She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors·] 2· She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b· and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream· [c· She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be·]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automaton, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the air. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automaton, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ... these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why

their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back,

spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteeds ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will

understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclouse ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ...

12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond

chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakers try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they

look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when

the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlites in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are

Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ...

9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and

white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdayart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Vilapsa version

Temup

Sea of Quin

The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers :

First Gate : Gate of Uprightness

Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...

Second Gate : Gate of Honesty

Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw

Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation between Shoes

Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain

Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.

Fifth Gate : Gate of Nuin

Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors

Key : There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Their fathers have smoked too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments.

Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors

Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. There where the nephews live. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.

Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes

Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.

Ninth Gate : Gate of Ulias

Key : He's a flyian mariner, without an army. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea

Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples. Their immunology systems are overactive, but a White Golden Hand takes them away. They just need to have a good circulation, and he teaches them art. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. They have no shape here, only movement and change. They are free.

Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom

Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free, no identity, no names. It's shifting so fast into endless summers, to become blue on top ... a bit blue.

Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup

Key : He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship.

Thirteenth Gate : Them of the fourty-one hours of Brannan

Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.

Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel

Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan

Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.

Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the pharao's of Brannan

Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, and bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts.

Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping Fruit

Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make jericho rise. Let us rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it.

Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land

Key : I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.

Nineteenth Gate : Gate of Jerom

Key : Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...

Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho

Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top.

Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho

Key : On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...

Twentysecond Gate : Gate of the Jericho Pharaoh's

Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it

claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Piper's Son

Key : Under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.

Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian

Key : Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch.

Twentyfifth Gate : Gate of Bekehelm

Key : My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. On high materos we take flight. The fly rises from the chessboard. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock. His sword is a checked spoon.

In here a god is living called Bekehelm's Tune, like a dwarf. He cares for the forests in this gate

Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear

Key : There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho

Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts.

Twentyeighth Gate : Gate of Ulial

Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? These chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...

Twentynineth Gate : The Gate of Usifex

Key : All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening.

Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men

Key : The frog has some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.

Thirtyfirst Gate : The Gate of the Hollow Eye

Key : The frog is your friend. He's now spitting sand. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear

Key : The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner.

Thirtythird Gate : The Gate of the Ganner-Dog

Key : You see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ... There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.

Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty

Key : While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of these pirateships making me blind

Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering of Shoes

Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of the Frogs of Domom

Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers.

Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers

Key : The cat slays a spider.

Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers

Key : A fly comes forward.

Thirtyninth Gate : The Gate of the Living Shoes

Key : Flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug.

Fortieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe

Key : A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin.

Fortyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying Cricket

Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

These were the Forty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

[APPENDIX]

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty

Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by

race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let

my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Toth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI

BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF

EMINIUS-LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into

solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf

gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI :

Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN

KHERT-NETER : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Amen

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2. banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Emini-us Day /6. nightmares of truth

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks ... bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone

you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind,

they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custard Listen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaign ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do

*I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden
 cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked
 up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink
 ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their
 destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild
 lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ...
 while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14.
 Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come
 alive inside ... [b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements
 so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so
 strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and
 sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and
 handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ...
 they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again
 ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to
 fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the
 pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the
 chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they
 march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ...
 where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so
 tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers
 moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to
 ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on
 bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these
 worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your
 coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the
 chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]*

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ... Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars,

made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and

cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to

paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria ...] 2. Orange balloon ... is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight ... he soothes them all into sleep ... he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ... so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets ... of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln ... still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ... sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the

red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night ... they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain ... [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon ... sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father ... while he himself is so old ... [b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings ... here where the purple rules ... here where the candy is salt ... here where the orange strikes the blue ... here where the tiger goes to sleep ... to let another lion touch the moon ... here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make

the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and

green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever
... [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets
... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings,
and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines
watermarks on it's back ... Through doctors ... it's making the elves tall and
thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spread
by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert
underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ...
[b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the
Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.]
25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he
reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and
transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden
station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26.
He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he
builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey
chessboards ... Juices spread by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's
style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia
[b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a
spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the
trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break
through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you
glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next
morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a
strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep
you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the
year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ...
then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget

about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automats ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all

away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night ... like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak

their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They
 are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the
 vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you
 never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the
 golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics
] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright
 when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your
 roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ...
 there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where
 red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming
 from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow
 enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all
 you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world
 beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked
 scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity
 by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they
 boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when
 the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ
 and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so
 fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their
 childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet
 dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan
 checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams.
 He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20.
 These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while
 Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all
 transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of
 lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the
 chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus
 travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you

cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automations, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk

through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds

lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this

land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liqors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liqors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liqors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white

chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond ... creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild

desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.
 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamenteion feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow

checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings,

evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's

Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ... with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men

... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9.

They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlights in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrups in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they

eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdayart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Valva version

Plerus

Shrieking Boys Clock

They shriek when they fall, They shriek when the goat falls from the hill, They shriek when an old man loses his hat, They shriek when a grandmother takes her grandson by the ear, They shriek ... They shriek in their clock, When time falls, They shriek when the tart gets too many candles, When the lantern becomes too hot, They shriek ... They shriek in their ornaments, They shriek when their indian shoes become too tight, They shriek ... They shriek when the shark changes the cake .. They can't stand the changes ... They shriek when people watch them ... They shriek when they feel someone's hand ... They shriek ... They shriek when their trousers become too short ... They like to wear tall trousers over them ... Their shriek when the ring stings the finger .. When the rose bites them in the neck ... They shriek when they get the tattoo ... They are the boys of hyperventilation ... with the hypersensitive guns ... They are empathic to goats ... but they let the rest die ... They are the boys of hysteria, They are the soldiers from the small box ... with their pale soft lips ... because they let them bleed too much ... They move by their shrieks ... Opening the waterfalls of tears ... They still love the pink ones ... They still go through custard's cocoon ... They still love to lick the spoon ... These boys from the shrieking clock ... They still grow in trees, and in green hills ... while their eyes are closed ... to drink from milk ... that sweet milk ... while their lips are vibrating ... for they bit them too much ... And then they become ... the wild boys ... To become tall boys in the night ... on top of mornings ... They lay their flowers surprised ... This clock ... so many strange things happening and it all happens ... when they shriek ... Shrieking Boys Clock ...

Flowerfields

Marazanta in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles Marazanta in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my rose's bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... The flowers are so warm ... Marazanta in the air ... We are leaving, the show is over .. Heading for the buildings of the poles ... The roses will bloom tonight Leading me to new flowerfields ... New honeybees ... Here between the flowerfields ... with the cockatoos on my shoulders I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for the buildings of the poles ... no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... and he speaks about Izu ... he speaks about the coffeepot ... and times for tea full of juices and dreamwaters ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu where they bring new sand to the bottom ... the transformation portals, like magical mirrors in the sky here the wizards become monsters here the faeries become trees the witches sand ... here the giants become dwarves here they know that the mirror is just a gate of transformation ... here they know that every movement is transformation ... every breath, every trip it's happening while stepping through housedoors

golden pirate ship

These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... to hear th most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ... Don't keep your pictures of fright ... but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ... These boys from lynx these criminals inside These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign .. They know the snares to move the tears,

this land beyond the custard These wizards hearts And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ... the handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside the beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... these plastic waves with crocodile boots ... I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ... they have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ... this plastic wood would be good to be a suit ... the wood is soft in marchpane land ... but this is the world beyond cockaigne ... if coins are slaves, then why do i pay ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march .. through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ... but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...

Boys from Lynx III

under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... wathingc the snakes come alive ... there's an orange pink forestroad ... drawing us inside ... under purple roofs we sit ... with all these bakerman's faces ... doing nothing but staring at a pit ... where the snakes rise ... and here the dice are playing ... these faces can be tall ... until they are tall whispers hiding us for the storm i call out your name ... i call out for your tall decisions ... let me have my own election days ... i call out to these bakerman's faces ... i need some coins to start this automaton ... this faery barrelorgan ... with sugar melting inside ... with icecream from delirium ... i need oil for my racecars riding ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... daddy, the flame's in the red eye ... while a silver eye strikes us to the end ... to these bakerman's faces ... so many nipples on a face ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it makes the ancient fishes rise in the ponds ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with peacocks horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic ... waving at snow ... here divas are rising ... fullcoloured birds from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with peacock's horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic .. waving at snow ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding ... when the pink silver strikes ... they roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings ... making their operas blowing up their balloons these snakeballoons ... while a ladybug is sitting on my head ... giving me numbers and nipples they roar like wolves these boys from lynx like hounds they make decisions ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... while arabian trains get slower like frozen toadstools with faces ... give me the seeds the powders of delirium plants ... give me the ornaments these forestroad snakes ... there are tongues of tall decisions .. and balls of strange footballfields ... these

bakerman balloons ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the silver strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

wings of dementia

Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts it is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... i'm amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many hearts inside ... these wizard hearts banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... where I'm having red dwarf shoes pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... i have autistic hearts from the wizard ... i'm flying by the wings of dementia a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... ravalan madok ... there are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... it brings me to something ... oh i believe we can communicate through this ... it's like my face has a thousand nipples ... you like to stare at it ... to become drunk ... you like to touch it watching the milk flow ... these tears inside ... Me and my crazy world ... I have brown spots so brown ... presents from the moon ... scars of a pirate ... sovenirs from a day in the zoo ... vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... for the wizard has fires in his eyes ... his hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room these hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ... roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... to drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes like new alphabets penetrating my mind ... i have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my hearts ... these wizard hearts

Broken Bridge

where plants are the senses of a new world, don't cut it again, for you might cut yourself away. the boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they sell their roses ... to keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... they wear the stripes on their faces .. they have scars in their necks ... they sell the old feathers to the young ... and then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... the worlds within worlds bring the feelings ... i take flight to izu

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...] 9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for

reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, pyramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Samin

1.

1. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. 2. Can you see what he's dreaming? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... 3. Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... 4. But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... 5. Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... 6. This clock in you, it's just a Las Vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... 7. The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today 8. Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself

to lead them overseas ... 9. Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? 10. Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... 11. Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... 12. It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? 13. The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? 14. It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. 14. they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... 15. while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. 16. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. 17. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... 18. confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie 19. like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... 20. Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... 21. all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... 22. all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... 23. two altars in the skies ... who dies best ... there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... 24. good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... 25. under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... 26. dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. 27. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... 28. by dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... 29. while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... 30. it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... 31. while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... 32. we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats 33. from a good friday they

ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... 34.the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... 35.these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns painted on his face.... 36. i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... 2.they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... 3.on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. 4.created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 5.a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament... Land of the siren I am finally free ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. 6.back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. 7.rising higher .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... 8. The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... they see the land of the smiles. 9.Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... 10. I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... 11.spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... 12.Black orange... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I spin the ornaments hesitation ... [b. I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...] 13.The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... 14.doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... 15.Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revours don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... 16.take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. 17.Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... 18.centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... for new books on the shows

3.

1. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... these heads on coins ... 2. spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... 3. spreading green tomato seeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamble machines 4. while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... 5. spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomato seeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... 6. so many heads on a die ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a traffic light of gamblers ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts 7. I'm the gambler's traffic light ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... 8. I'm the easter clause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desert car, on ornament's dishes ...

4.

1. He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the elephant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... 2. He's banker clause ... an elephant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... 3. He's banker clause, big september man ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stamp books library ... back to the flower fields where they can see the statue of belcanov ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

(Draminia Version)

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can

rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts

we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those

with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them

before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can

steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF

EMINIUS-LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI :

Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN KHERT-NETER : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring

the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoths House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen

HALLS OF KELB

The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.

By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.

They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves.

Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps)

Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects)

Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies)

Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders)

Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects)

Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects)

Hall VII – Ant Ship

Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ?

You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.

I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ?

You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.

I have done that, can I have access now ?

Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb.

Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.

Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are

guilty or not. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.

In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire.

When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan.

Piramids on Izu

If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival :

The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu

The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II

The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra

Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra.

Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan :

Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes,

smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs.

Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun.

Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds)

I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock

II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn

III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten

IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery

V – The Golden Coffins of Faery

VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery

VII – The White Coffins of Faery

VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery

These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead.

Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.]

Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles.

Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will

know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

VII - Insutinia

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks ... bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone

you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind,

they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx
these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx
have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within
ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their
pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] 15. These monsters of
rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the
softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears.
[b. This land beyond the custard Listen to the tranvestite These
wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips
they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old
frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It
comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4.
On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements
... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we
hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ...
these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while
silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile
boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old
bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and
autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of
misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes
...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b.
turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ...
presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might
crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when
he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood
would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b.
but this is the world beyond cockaign ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do

*I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden
cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked
up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink
... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their
destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild
lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ...
while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14.
.... Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come
alive inside ... [b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements
so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so
strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and
sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and
handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ...
they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again
...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to
fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the
pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the
chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they
march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ...
where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so
tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers
moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to
... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on
bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these
worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your
coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the
chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]*

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ... Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars,

made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and

cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to

paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria ...] 2. Orange balloon ... is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight ... he soothes them all into sleep ... he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ... so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets ... of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln ... still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ... sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the

red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night ... they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain ... [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon ... sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father ... while he himself is so old ... [b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings ... here where the purple rules ... here where the candy is salt ... here where the orange strikes the blue ... here where the tiger goes to sleep ... to let another lion touch the moon ... here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make

the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and

green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever
... [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets
... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings,
and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines
watermarks on it's back ... Through doctors ... it's making the elves tall and
thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spread
by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert
underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ...
[b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the
Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.]
25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he
reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and
transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden
station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26.
He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he
builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey
chessboards ... Juices spread by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's
style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia
[b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a
spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the
trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break
through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you
glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next
morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a
strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep
you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the
year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ...
then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget

about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automats ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all

away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night ... like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak

their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They
 are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the
 vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you
 never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the
 golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics
] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright
 when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your
 roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ...
 there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where
 red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming
 from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow
 enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all
 you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world
 beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked
 scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity
 by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they
 boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when
 the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ
 and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so
 fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their
 childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet
 dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan
 checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams.
 He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20.
 These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while
 Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all
 transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of
 lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the
 chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus
 travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you

cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automations, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk

through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds

lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this

land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liqors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liqors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liqors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white

chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond ... creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild

desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.
 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow

checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings,

evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's

Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ... with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men

... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9.

They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlights in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they

eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdayart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ... which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ... for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ... still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden 11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg

and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it

an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomach The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fire again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No fires, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm

drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonai. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonai ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while

she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms

are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylight were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of

suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaon, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still

see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards

with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their

little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ... [g. He is the red dragon ... showing his

muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying

more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker,

spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's

leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm

getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he says For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from Alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion ... schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident

Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no

one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]-] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of

the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it

brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich

can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us

glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they

are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

(Babylon-Assur version)

THE BOOK OF BABYLON

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray.

4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am grateful to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be useful, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of

the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyesses of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine

food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is

now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightements, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their coccoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can

be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heart souls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heart souls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heart souls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heart soul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her

treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharao Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where

our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of

liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

THE BOOK OF ASSUR

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Pirfumata - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Insutinia – Chapter 1-13

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore....] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys

from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custard Listen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might
 crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when
 he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood
 would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b.
 but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do
 I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden
 cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked
 up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink
 ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their
 destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild
 lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ...
 while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14.
 Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come
 alive inside ... [b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements
 so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so
 strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and
 sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and
 handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ...
 they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again
 ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to
 fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the
 pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the
 chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they
 march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ...
 where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so
 tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers
 moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to
 ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on
 bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these
 worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your
 coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the
 chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ... Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the

stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped
 snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the
 golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of
 Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars,
 made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me
 Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b.
 This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the
 chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always
 reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b.
 How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos,
 ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from
 the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days
 get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red
 chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates
 there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their
 prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2.
 Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified
 kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch
 your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the
 buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of
 lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names.
 You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's
 watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa
 ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ...
 while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater
 prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ...
 churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the
 mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking
 to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities
 [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater

tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into

december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into

connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the

birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald

cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood ... the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ... Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spread by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spread by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a

strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new

automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's

faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will

survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise ... into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while

Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my

records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automaton, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automaton, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch

all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces

on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm

under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteeds ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming

from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...] [c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond ... creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are

rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.
 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians ... with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamenteion feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie

waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesuismen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green

canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclaus visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elf's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana

hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakers try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakers are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange

cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's

tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in

these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlights in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep

this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an

onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the

rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden 11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess

.... She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ... 24. Awakenning the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakenning the wasp, awakenning the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry

through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ...
5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach

vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he sais, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he sais Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see al my fears and hurt

melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonai. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonai ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire

... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the

chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes

of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaos, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of

the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their

little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into

sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying

more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics

are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for

them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg

him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they

do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easter's snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the

deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards ... like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at home I don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it It's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you

cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72.

Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the

whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your

children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

(Kjebbih Version)

Udiapsa – Chapter 1-4

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Pakamos –Chapter 1-2

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Kwebbe - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Deabebbe Sapur – Chapter 1-13

Kwibbibs – Chapter 1-16

Kjebbih Sapur – Chapter 1-7

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and

the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be

weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient

Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightements, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to

the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana

mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaos Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by

the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through its halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make Jericho rise. Let her rebuild its walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of

their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1•

enchanted bananas

1• Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2• You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3• All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b• The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this

stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the

night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custard Listen to the tranvestite These

wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ... [b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again

...][16· By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...][17· It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight][18· Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess][19· Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...][20· It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1· Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II· If protection is a big attack, where do we hide· If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2· If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip· 3· A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape· For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4· If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5· If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6· Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7· If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there· 8· Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b· Queen of hearts rise· These messages are full of

tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the

rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it.
17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a
chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming
inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang
him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight.
But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's
tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the
river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays
to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch.
Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the
sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie
love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into
december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to
win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with
orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my
chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and
cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming
from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm
finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while
smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on
sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red
chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On
high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It
made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24.
His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While
it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel
raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27.
It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28.
Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets

thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the

neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors

5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ...

6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ...

7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu

8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ...

9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth

10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ...

11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ...

12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun

13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ...

14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while
 tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2.
 Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there
 ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ...
 he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights
 ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through
 ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them
 ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ...
 those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake
 could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts
 pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his
 old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are
 paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There
 is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with
 Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There
 are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings
 lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon.
 Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in
 the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching
 the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while
 plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange,
 symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick.
 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden
 beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes
 the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it
 ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best.
 They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to
 weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter
 skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13.
 While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in
 helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's
 lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads
 from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a
 standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16.
 golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under.
 Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the

underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where

frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b· We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot· [c· These are streets from cannibal·]]

10· And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b· while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11· under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b· we're on the radio tonight ...] 12· These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b· trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller· When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner·] 13· While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b· Shivering horses in the night· When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner·] 14· On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b· They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight·] 15· It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again· Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare· mixing us again ... [b· Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16· A dreamworld gets the colours· There was cola for a spy· A spanish dream sells the pictures [b· ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17· A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b· The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard·] 18· Liberta candy, in sweet Materos· It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television· Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b· These are high days in sweet materos·] 19· You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard· Now you can dance in cubes· Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake· There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald

cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood ... the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ... Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spread by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spread by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a

strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new

automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's

faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will

survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while

Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my

records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automaton, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automaton, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch

all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces

on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm

under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteeds ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming

from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond ... creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are

rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.
 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie

waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesuismen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green

canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclaus visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elf's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana

hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakers try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakers are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange

cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's

tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in

these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep

this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrups in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an

onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent.

covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ... which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ... for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ... still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden 11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting

heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ...

your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ... 24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She

wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he sais, but you can watch

it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he sais Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ...

He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the

portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts
.... 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is
Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is
here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who
will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing
women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue
of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king
of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ...
creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling
... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ...
golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making
music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ...
The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death
... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in
the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of
melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the
chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her
toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of
little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden
lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a
woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a
new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize
what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen
anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the
men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's
drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There
are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's
dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature
.... 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells,
for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your
skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms
are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small
noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird ..
melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red
island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges
... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ...
You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on
the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil
streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a
new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it
... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for
Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red
flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and
wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so
small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must
change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are
covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ...
These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night
They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for
the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown

in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaon, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and

oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still

see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish

dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreachd trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreachd football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their

little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red

dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying

more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I

wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night ... On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books ... with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teached me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awsome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of

these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alicia's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3.

They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elfe's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his

tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45.

The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision

... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of

icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the

roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea ... Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ...
2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liquor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, domiating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio,

while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. *The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ...* 2. *I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ...* 3. *Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning* 4. *Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's* 5. *I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back* 6. *My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattood my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire* 7. *His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall* 8. *In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ...* 8. *I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ...* 9. *I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night* 10. *I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters ... The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ...* 11. *And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...*

6.

1. *The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching*

Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomach, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by

strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking
17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white
powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the
river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the
strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the
river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding
away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a
boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly
lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but
suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames
..... laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this
sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ...
mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and
tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was
older than everything, and it was like lightening struck his face ... but he
became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her
powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery
..... suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever
.... 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them
.... but he knew his real body was inside he felt like his skin was
torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many
strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27.
He felt himself like a lethal wasp ... 28. "you are the seventh one", a voice
spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like
they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity
30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent
beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a
white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to
describe and understand 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore
..... serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he
was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his
grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he
breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan
and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a
product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line
of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in

the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to

be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated

50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond.

52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated

54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequenties were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire

55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young

leaders 60. It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developed this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmosses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and

governments were slowly strangling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blank for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a doctor with some injection-needles Suddenly the doctor walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the doctor is like a giant to him 21. The doctor has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the doctor asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharaohs pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it" And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected

to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings ... and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament the

tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-

stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

9.7. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new

recodings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's tempel. Be a templar of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is

a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful chrySTALLizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighterian Architecture. Powerful chrySTALLizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to chrySTALLize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 80. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slimesort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he

saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes

forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopusses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stang the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercises which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the python to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has its own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and conduct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polar patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeeded in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breathe can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breathe in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in alignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breathe in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden circle around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The circle spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have

their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutralizing in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all seperated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding

us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22. They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on it's way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman sais softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman sais. The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The docter is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets.

He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomach. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher says. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachers in your stories, in such shameful ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a doctor or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man says. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ? 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust

each other. 5. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truely happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41 And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44. 'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find it's way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to

become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of its body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was their last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It

was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be seperated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to seperate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you

need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomach of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutionary shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver

strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be cocooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be opened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmful lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not

always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It

is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchal commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ... waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5. No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspian, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspian, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became

healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. 39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's

core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...