

Insectian Bible

Papyrus of Izu – The Insectian Book of the Dead – Brannan 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 truths.

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.

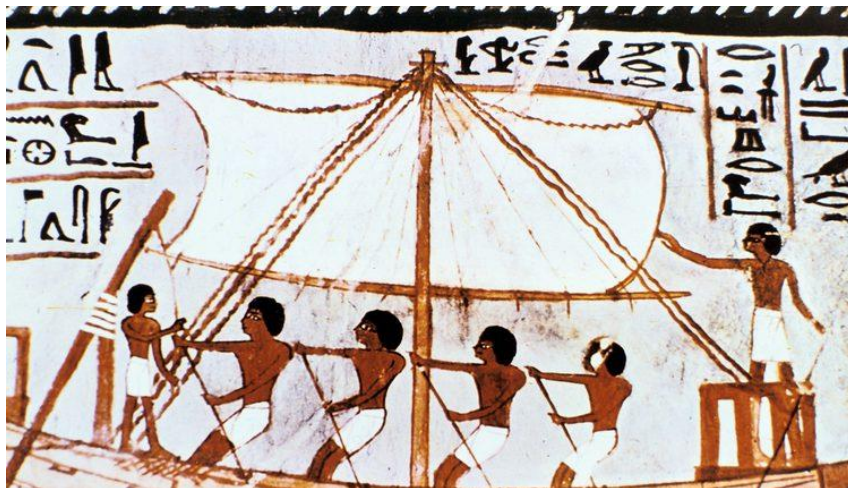
Amen-Thoth-Amen :

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 is the queen of my heart.

She is 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 strengthen you.

And the enemy of that faith will save you.

Then you will create a second faith, which will strengthen 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.

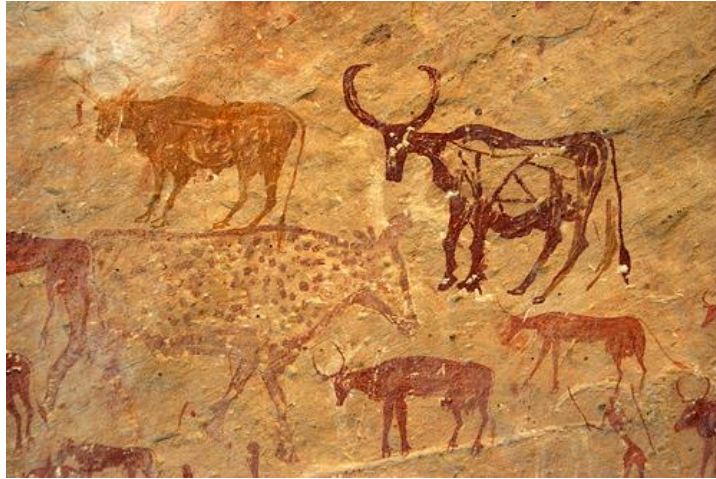
You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid.

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-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].

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 -

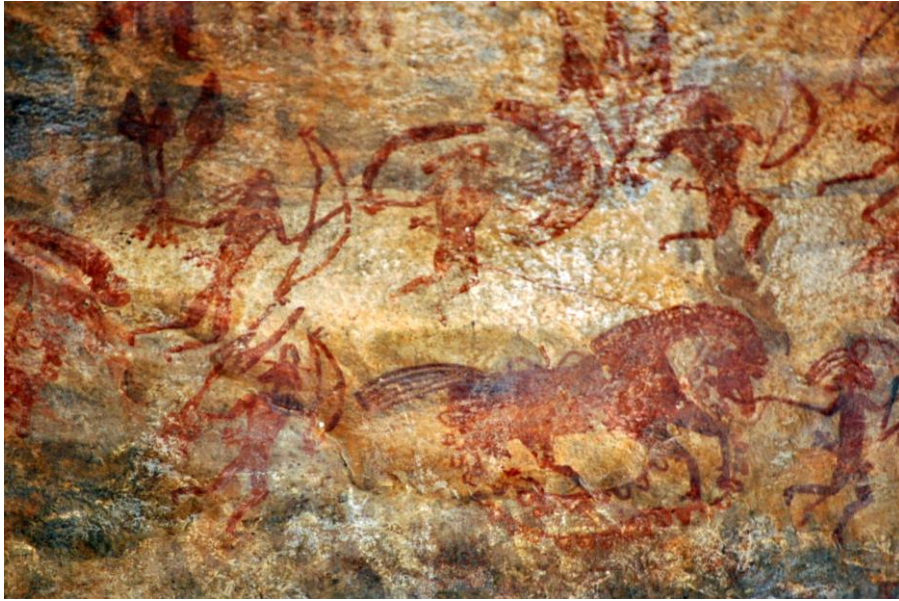
Boys from Lynx III

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. 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.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen 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 ...]

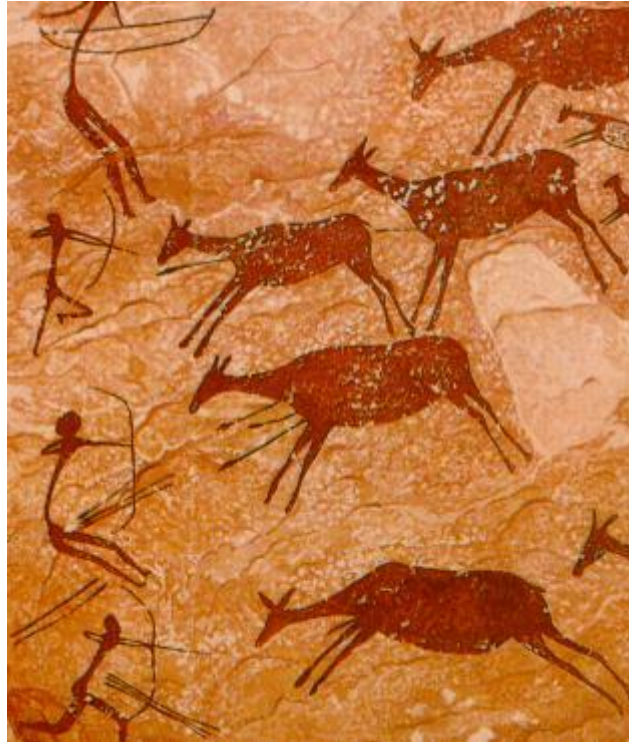
[16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...]

[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

1. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.]

2. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.]

3. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it.

4. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now.

5. 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.]

6. 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.]

7. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry.

8. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.]

9. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

10. 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.]

11. 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.]

12. 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.]

13. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos.

14. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.

15. 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.

16. 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.]

17. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.]

18. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.]

19. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

20. 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.]

21. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.]

22. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.]

23. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves.

24. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

25. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm.

26. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.]

27. 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.]

28. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again.

29. 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.]

30. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.]

31. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.]

32. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.]

33. 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.]

34. 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.]

35. 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.]

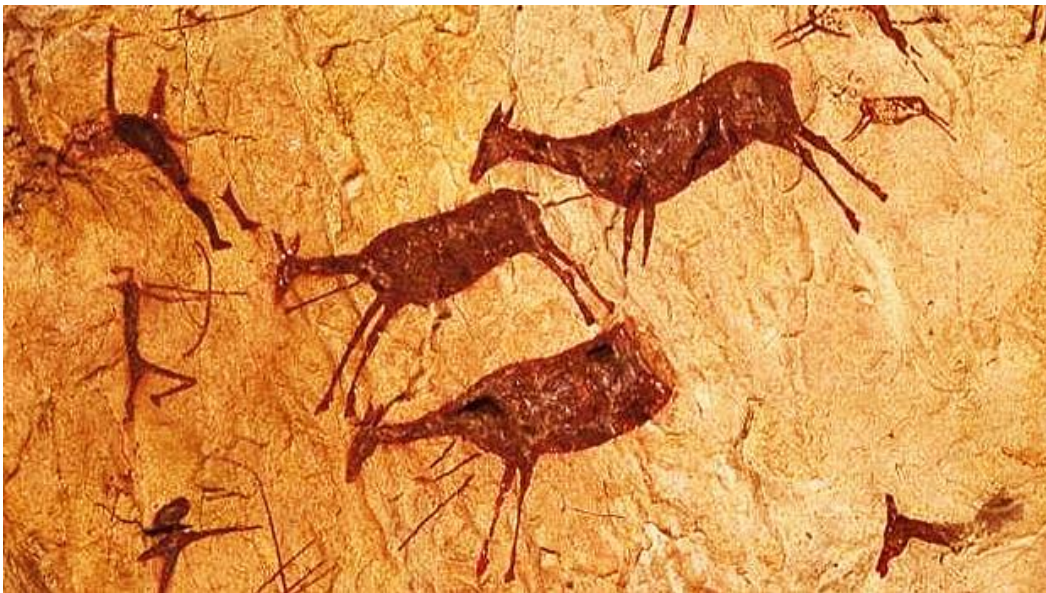
13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies.

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. 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, breading 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 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 pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry

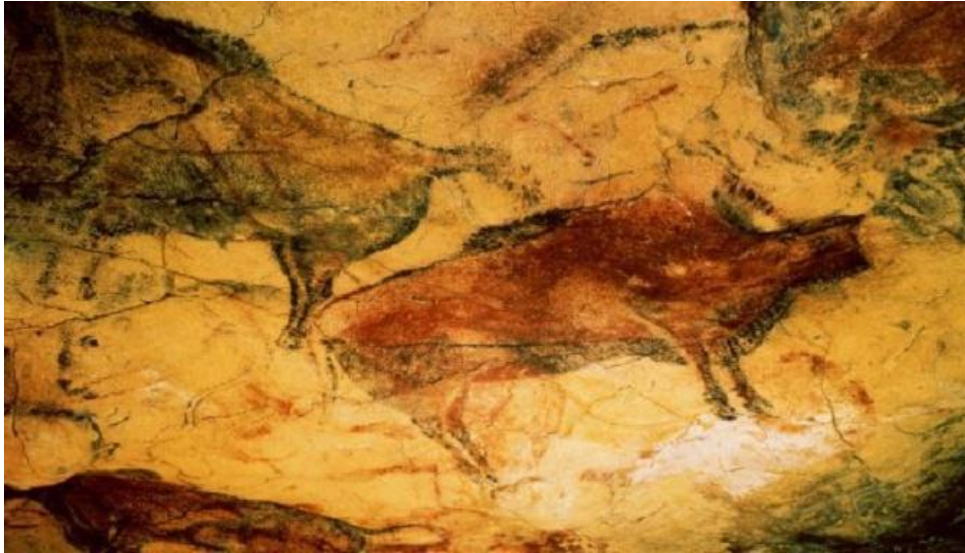
4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]]

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 pyramids 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 pickpocket 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 circuses [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 gamblights. [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 doctors 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 mooses 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 trafficlights 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 elfe'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
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 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 zwazenei.]

[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 says ... 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 be 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 faces wars 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 wolf'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 elve'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 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 Pharaos, 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 Seacoccoons ... 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 forty-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 ...

