

This Is The Way You and I Measure the World

There is undue precision and it's in straight lines,
prevalent when you clumsily interrupt them

(chorus)

And these curved lines appear where unpleasant uniformity occurred
Formal furniture that's your proper quantum and to you it's better understood

Growing division and skillful evasion they're more massive than usual
Small volumes you've abducted to a space you've woozily constructed

(chorus repeat)

A race of warm shadows under your numerous looking glasses and their sunlight rays
An prudent decision made with this radiance adjacent to it

(chorus repeat)

Power Chords

A parliament of bawling
your clockwork crowd

A bunch of nice boys and girls
Blue, red, orange

Barking and yelling
your t-shirt animal alchemists

A bunch of nice boys and girls
Red, blue, orange

Pretty transformation, this stack
Everybody's up for the gig

A bunch of nice boys and girls
Orange, blue, red
Blue, red, orange.

Laocoon

Whatever the shipwreck in the salon
it's always a delight
for the vultures
and makes the best scream
of this grimness campaign

Wherever there's a landscape
with a curtain of black hair waving in front of it
I'll lie crumpled and ignorant on this raft
without the fluency and wit
of the hissing, streaking rain

Three holes in the hat brim
where bullets past
though where's the harm
when you possess something
and it's made beautiful again?

Intro

Let me give you this on his behalf.
So I sent a tape to a PO box
and waited.
Nobody even knew what he looked like
He'd gone from making one film a year in the sixties
to fuck all in the nineties

This is how it was left
I feel concealed in doubt
though looking closer

Why don't you come on over?
(it started normally enough)
There's some paperwork
but what's all this stuff in crates?

This is how it was left
I feel I'm clutching at your coat
and looking closer

A million jacket threads
the embroidered body
around everything he does
Those are his favourite boxes
Hide a while in them
for one film for the sixties.

La Forêt

You can only see
their muddy boots
slick with dirt
these sentinels with roots
bristling underground
fingers picking at pop's posters

Look through
a silhouette barcode
of tree trunks
for the passing punks
and an escalator
descending
through the floor

Near Death Experience

Petrified water
gyroscopic woodcut torrent
laid face down
and
trampled on.
towards a blinking aperture
red pupils winking
on a wet path

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