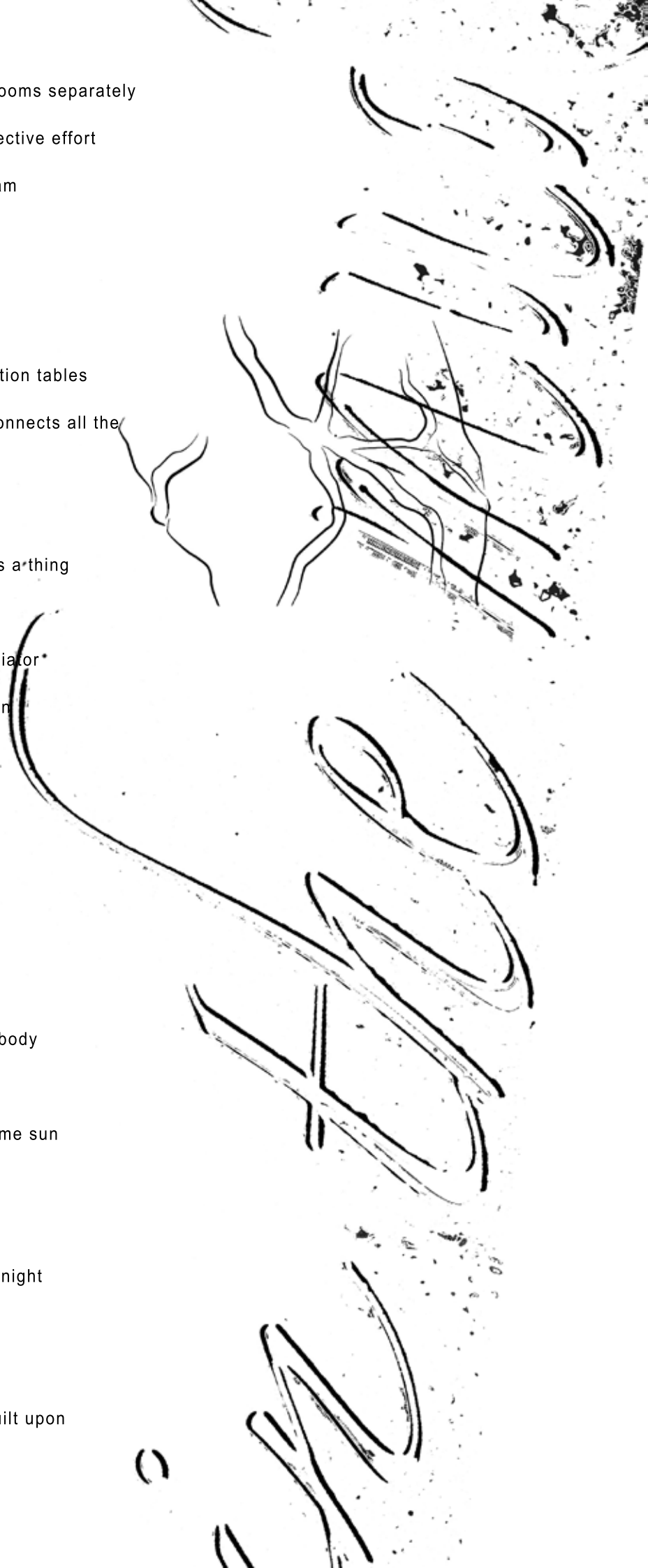


four characters stand in their rooms separately
one for all, one from all, a collective effort
bodies are chained to the stream
all named with proxies
nows are in fragments and bits
words are in cables
wobbling down from the dissection tables
there is one host vessel that connects all the
organs on a line
carries all the waste
to a wasteland where nobody is a thing
or a self
he wants to be the eternal mediator*
he lost his consciousness within
economic booms
in advanced paranoia
looking for a sign
in fear, uncertainty and doubt
sick sweat and dust
added to the daily melancholia
and i am a lump intact to your body
and i am a multiple in one
our mud is drying under the same sun
with the humming of a machine
located under the guts
pills to keep cyborgs awake at night
he said the mud is waste
the mud is the start
the mud is where his land is built upon



is easy and it is still the criteria of understanding, while we are committed to hesitation that can generate creation, lets hold on



wobbling down from the... of the...

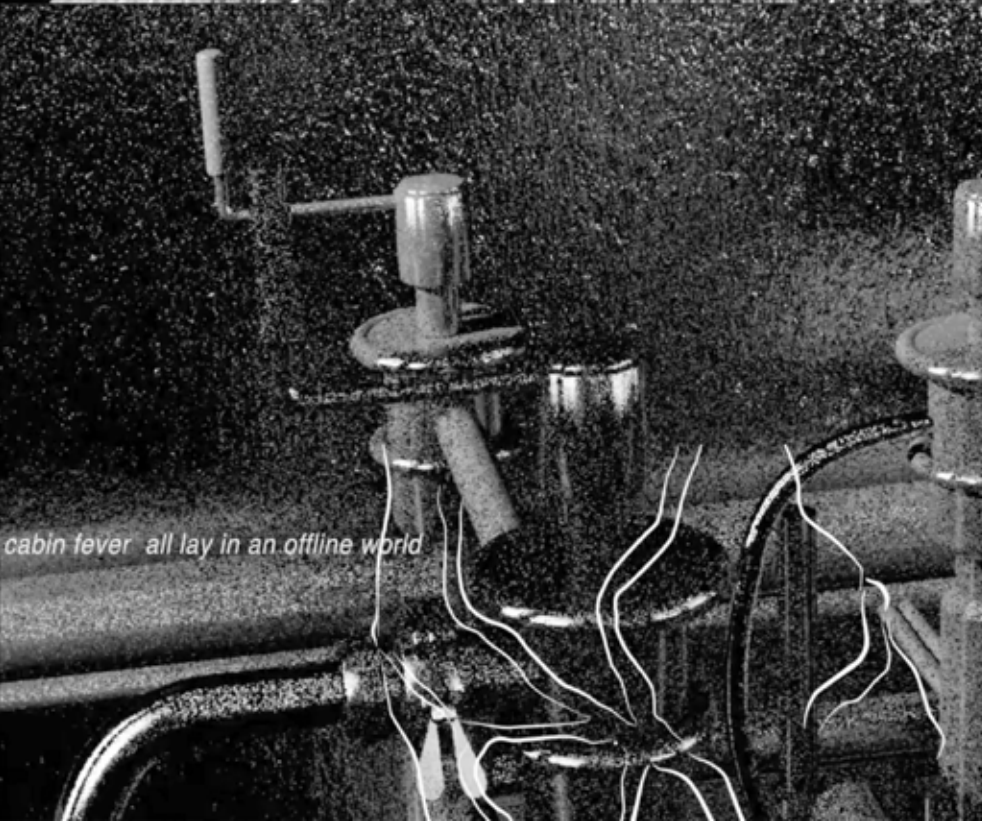
he lost his conscious...

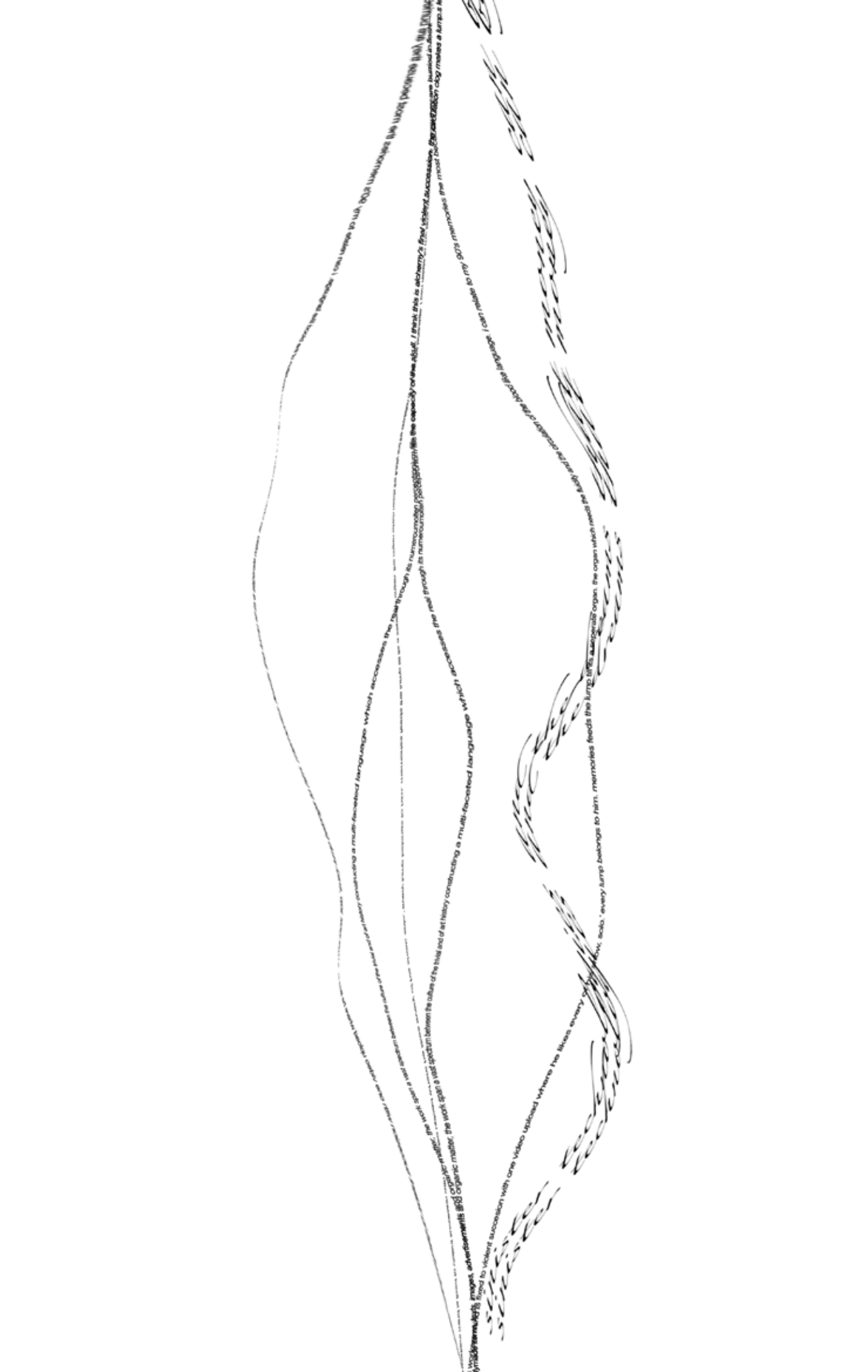
h needs the fluidity of the blood moving like the words in his mouth, body gets rigid with the words it collects after the capaci...



and it ar...

g in the room with cabin fever all lay in an offline world







wobbling down from the dissection tables

he lost his consciousness within

and i am a lump intact to your body

the mud is the start