Fleurety, Last-Minute Lies

vexed with wires and curled up like snakes we all without aim stumbled and staggered through the craters and pools that were oh so characteristic of the landscape on which we to our surprise discovered facial features.

once I was given a bottle filled with sparkling anxiety. it did not quench my thirst. it became an unbecoming addiction. (and in an abbreviated manner one could say that in accordance to tradition we exhibit our addictions in the display window to affront possible bypassers and to arouse aggression and inertia.)

someone cast himself into self-portrayal vainly hoping the result would accentuate the featurelessness of his face disappointed he swam in the low-budget luxuries that devour with omnivorous appetite would you lie for me I had a rusty nail hammered through my temple and I'm not sure if what I felt was pain let me introduce you to my friend the pain in-exile let me spray you with last-minute lies the screens oh so cleverly designed to banish boredom brought reports of an accident in the shooting gallery if I were a killer you would not have lived to know at the ends of one's arms there are instruments of destruction confusingly similar to hands the imperative of the evening is sever would you die for me would you spy for me thank you I've had enough now let me evaporate and join a less tedious cloud the delicacies that scorched the palate and made the tongue swell

fresh from the machinery of the filth-factory: a malfunctioning device: COGITO. upon seeing it one shrieks, with jealousy intoxicated and with the almost theatrical obscenery appalled-angered. the crumbling the crumpling the collapsing mild and sour and misplaced as were the cherub's smiles. pornography has brought us where technology couldn't.

(Vilde Lockeit: voice)
(G. Playa: voice)
(Tore Ylvisaker: computer)
(Per Amund Solberg: bass)
(Alexander Nordgaren: guitars)

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