

Lap Pool Sweats

I seen it online so I booked in straight off
Coz I know they go quick.

Yeah, left home at four and got here at half six
May as well just get it done, eh?

'Fore somebody else jumps in
I can't be having a wasted day.

And when I set my mind to something
I just keep going till it's done,

You know what I mean? Course you do.

Climate control and faux retro charm

Decorous smart fire alarms

Configure unique gestural commands

Glass, vitrified from common sand.

Surely we can't be on Earth

This is beyond hope, in earnest -

Is light drawn in by the surfaces?!

What it is to be part of God's plan.

Construction ever higher

And there's comfort in those spires... for some...

This life is no more and no less than what you can
Make of it, Luxury signals to the self.

Treat your-self properly, build esteem with property,
Live in the certainty of your wealth.

Construction...

Construction ever higher
 But there's no comfort in those spires
 And though I envy those supine inside them
 I know that it's a lie, believe me:

The Programmer's killing time
 And I will not pass off breathing as living
 In fact, sometime's I hold my breath
 Until I can hear the sea
 Oh I long for a kind of sleep
 An insensible sleep that feels like an absence
 An absence from oneself
 Such that to wake is to return...

Mysteries! You make a fucking joke of my mind!
 You dig, but never examine what you find.

Endless our vision, time an interloper
 Steeped in magic, our living confine,
 Boundless, unremitting
 Matter, our catastrophic truth
 Our golden captor

They think only of the masters
 Those ignorant of death lack vision
 Unyielding bodies rot in spirit

Sometimes I hear a voice
 I'm sure it's the voice of the sleeper who dreams me
 They speak of a life, but whose I cannot tell
 Oh sometimes I hear a voice...
 And I cannot understand its questions -
 It asks, it asks, it asks!

You wanna know how you're rated?
 Is it better than before?
 Come on and get yourself calibrated,
 Then go and beg for more,
 Get out and scrap for more!

- INSTRUMENTAL -

Let me tell ~~you~~ you!
 There is a heart, and I can
 Feel it beat beyond me...

Hijinks beside the glistening motorway
 Faces blurred in freeze-frame, twenty miles away -
 Don't go!

I had a son
 And he went on
 To drag down our performances
 Losing us five stars

The power exerted through
Entities that don't sleep
And associations that don't break down...

(Bruno La Tour, 'Reassembling the social:
An introduction to Actor-Network-Theory')

???

I had a son and he went on to
Drag down our performances
Losing us five stars every time he
Took to the stage for sure/
Sometimes I hear a voice
I'm sure it's the voice of the sleeper
They speak of a life
But who's I cannot tell

Mysteries! You make a nest of my brain!/
Wailing about vocation
You breathe, but nothing surges through
Your veins!
When I wake I retain it,
The feeling of our failures...

- INSTRUMENTAL -

What is this life at night?
 Eye witness bound and barred.
 Traitor to my own self
 The inmate and the guard.
 Who stymies our vision,
 Just an interloper steeped in
 Magic, diversionary
 Structures fall in place and
 All but confirm it:
 The Programmer's killing time!

They think only of the masters -
 But I will not pass off breathing as living -
 Those ignorant of death -
 I long for a kind of sleep -
 Lack vision -
 And absence from myself...

But the voice, it asks, it asks, it asks:

You wanna know how you're fated?
 Are you greater than before?
 Come on and get yourself venerated,
 Written into lore!
 Sometimes I hold my breath until
 I hear the sea.
 I seek the heart that beats beyond me...