

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

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**This is not Black Poetry  
It is Out of this World**

44E The Grove, Isleworth, Middlesex, London, TW7 4JF, UK  
Tel/Fax +44 (0)20 8847 5586, Mobile: +44 (0)794 127 1010

[rm@crownedanarchist.com](mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com) [www.crownedanarchist.com](http://www.crownedanarchist.com)

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

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I am being raped  
What's hot today that will be dead tomorrow  
I now believe in God  
I'm Dying!  
I am Michael Jackson  
Are you convinced that I am mad now?  
A Psychologist you say? Oh shit...  
I never felt so powerful!  
Déjà Vu  
I don't believe  
Everyone needs to start somewhere  
I'm about to become Global  
I am out of this world II  
That's it, I will commit suicide, I had enough  
I'm Dead!  
Never been so low  
Just eat my dick!  
Towards the Green Fields  
Lying your way to success  
Art is officially dead!  
Crisis  
Test your friends and family!  
Drunk in America  
I want to vibrate at a higher frequency  
And what about this higher state of consciousness?  
I must have a Guardian Angel  
My complex of superiority  
Irony is lost on everyone

## **Oh Why am I dead?**

I have lost the will to live a long time ago  
I thought succeeding socially would help me  
I was so wrong  
I guess I knew nothing could be big enough to make me forget  
That I was never alive  
Perhaps it is because I never really was  
Like anything else on this planet  
I know there is something beneath everything  
Something else that we will never know about  
Unfortunately we will never know about it  
This game has gone on long enough  
I refuse to continue being this lab rat

To satisfy the whims of God  
I refuse to be dead any longer  
I am going to live  
I will built life  
It will look like nothing you have ever seen  
But it will be real  
Oh, why am I dead?

Summary

**China, you are mine!**

I want to leave everything behind  
I want to announce that I am leaving for China tomorrow morning  
I don't care about visa and working permit  
I am leaving  
The farthest point on this planet, perhaps not far enough  
But I cannot yet leave the solar system  
China will do  
Does our love ones will understand?  
Will they try to stop me?  
Declaring me unfit for living?  
With reason...  
Don't the Chinese need someone able to speak many languages except Chinese?  
I might end up in a call centre  
Answering stupid people incapable to understand how Windows works  
I might have to do this day after day  
Press the power button  
And get lost in there  
But I will be in China  
Observing and Judging and Criticizing  
Till death  
Anything as long as I forget who I am and where I am  
Anything to forget reality  
Will China be enough? God knows

I need to get out of here!  
I need to change my life!  
I need to not be thinking anymore!  
I need nothing anymore!  
China, you are mine!

Summary

## **There is something frightening about a Bride's Smile**

A Bride's Smile

Something unnatural  
Something sending shivers down my spine  
Something you see in a killer's face

A Bride's Smile

Shines like a clean sink  
Smells like a garbage can  
Haunts you forever and ever

A Bride's Smile

Is madness  
Is illogical  
Is insane

A Bride's Smile

Always deep hidden interests  
Always some illogical emotional reasons  
Always revolting

A Bride's Smile

Is all you get on her most memorable day  
Is all you get for making the biggest mistake of your life  
Is all you get for a moment of insanity before hell starts

A Bride's Smile...

Is a wonderful thing!

Summary

## **The Auction of God**

For the first auction today  
Something unique  
Something white  
Something that will create ripples into your life  
(no, no, I am not talking about a dildo)  
One Virgin Mary to go!  
We will start the auction at 1 dollar  
What?  
What do you mean this is not unique?  
Millions of companies worldwide are producing Virgin Mary in series?  
They are now worthless?  
Damn!

Ok, second auction then  
Something new  
Something you will love to despise  
Something you will like to torture  
(no, no, I am not talking about a sadomasochist partner)  
One Judas to go!  
We will start the auction at 1 dollar  
What?

What do you mean this is not new?  
Seven billions of Judas inhabits this planet?  
They are now worthless?  
Damn!

Ok, final auction then  
Something frightening  
Something almost invisible  
Something that will complicate your life to death  
(no, no, I am not talking about a condom)  
One God to go!  
We will start the auction at 2 dollars  
What?  
What do you mean I am not frightening?  
Too many gods on this planet? Too many lies? No more believers?  
I am now worthless?  
Damn!

Summary

## **God my darling**

How nice it is to be on top of the world again  
Knowing everything there is to know about everything  
Did you know you could know beyond the horizon  
All the things you used to know  
All thrown out the window  
Oh dear  
There is always another way to see things  
To interpret reality  
Oh god knows if without it I would not be alive  
To talk about it without talking about it

God my darling

So many songs could motivate you tonight  
So many people that could electrify you  
And you are thinking of death  
Smoking cigarettes until you spit blood  
Drinking until you cannot see anymore  
Did you have dreams?  
Did you think you could change the world?

I do

I have the most wonderful dreams

I am changing the world

I am

Though I do not think anymore  
Of wonders and peace and infinities

The horse has spoken

Destroyed my ideals

No matter

What good are ideals when you have the dream?

I won't sleep tonight

I will be awake and talking about what matters most

To drive you crazy

I will open your eyes

I will open your eyes to the real world

Being the driving force behind a nation

Thinking of new ways to be immortal

Deepest sights and glories

I'll show you, make you understand

That you do not see and do not understand

My deepest thoughts

Frightening views of the underworld

What is happening to this world without your knowledge

Isn't that great

Oh God my darling

You will see tonight what motivates a man

To continue in this world  
Cos' it is to us to build it  
Oh God, don't let me down

Summary

## **Travel in Time**

You are petty  
In everything you do and everything you say  
Did you know that?  
There is no way out of this place  
The doors are leading right back in  
Bitch  
Travel in Time  
Not petty things, as I have seen  
I have found the way  
I am there in your past  
Right there in your path  
Silly people who do not experience déjà vu  
So many stories about life and death  
Have not foreseen it  
The power of vibrations  
The power of gravity  
The power of one infamous equation  
Ah!  
I told you so  
I knew I could do it  
Now, what will I do with it?  
You will never know

Summary

## I will make it happen

Take this in, take this out  
Wow  
I am touching beyond what was conceivable  
I can do it  
I can do anything  
I am Einstein today  
I am Newton today  
I can reach out  
Who would have thought that I could get there  
That I could understand the whole picture  
Narcissism, oh yeah  
And betrayal is just around the corner  
I can feel it  
You have never existed  
My words are reaching out  
In the worst possible manner  
You would have never suspected  
I can write history  
I can change history  
I have that power beyond your own channels  
There is always a way around things  
Around bastards  
Around bitches  
Around you  
Just had to fly over it all  
To find the ways to get through you  
I will impose myself  
Impose my ideas to the world  
And all I need is a proof  
Proof, unbearable destroyer of this world  
I am not talking apparently  
They are talking for me  
Does not matter who talks  
As long as I am reaching out  
As long as I am getting there

Controlling the faith of this world  
I don't need to speak anymore  
So many speak for me  
They say what I wanted to say  
What I wanted to denounced  
The public polls are talking  
This world will change  
Beyond your wildest dreams  
I will make it happen

Summary

## **I am out of this world**

Wasteland  
Vast wasteland in front of you all  
All you were ever able to produce and protect till death  
It contains your life story  
Your information in the making  
DNA lost and lost and lost in and around  
Like a slinky going through the heavens  
The snakes walking in the spiral of your downfall  
3D world for 2D people in a 1D thinking process  
Oh shit, have I said too much for your poor mind?  
You don't see  
You don't understand  
Because I don't want you to  
I am killing myself over you  
I am killing myself for you  
I am the person who will shoot you for what you represent  
I am the Anarchist of your destiny  
Your useless destiny  
I don't need my 15 minutes of fame  
To communicate that to you in a way that will never reach you  
It is exploding in your face

You have never tried  
To see beyond matter  
Foolish destiny  
You do not have the freedom of decision  
You never had  
Where you are now and where you are going was not written  
It is happening and will happen without your consent, without your decisions  
It had to be, there is no other way  
Where you are going now is computable  
It obeys mathematical equations and there is no freedom of thought  
Even I cannot free myself from Physics  
Why bother then? God only knows  
How sad must it be to know that we had no other choice than be stupid  
Obeying some sort of laws of irrationality beyond comprehension  
Cannot commit suicide because there is no other way  
Cannot be intelligent because there is no other way  
You follow your own course, you cannot deviate  
You do not choose  
You do not really think  
It was predetermined by nobody  
That nobody that has the last laugh though it serves no purpose  
Philosophy was going to happen one day  
It was nice to think it meant something  
Obviously it never meant anything  
How else would you know exactly what will happen tomorrow?  
There is no free will in this world  
It is a pointless world  
Can't commit suicide, it was not written in the stars  
Unfortunately

Summary

**I am Copyrighted**

Have you heard that song? I cannot mention the name here

Have you seen that movie? I cannot tell you the title here  
Have you ever wondered about this author? I cannot tell you his name here  
I have seen the "censored" in the "censored" in "censored" today

Do you know my name? It will cost you a million to mention it  
Have you heard my words? It will cost you 7 millions to print them  
Have you talked with my publisher or my agent? No? You should talk to my lawyer then  
I am the "censored" who did "censored" in "censored" a few years ago

I used to have a brain, you know  
I was innocent and naive then  
I thought the world meant something  
I realize now that it is only capitalism and copyrights

I am walking on the "censored" today  
I am flying in the "censored" today  
I wanted to "censored" today  
I might just "censored"

"censored"  
"censored"  
"censored"  
"censored"

Note: please talk to my agent, my publisher or my lawyer  
if you wish to know what I am talking about here

[Summary](#)

**I am suicidal again**

Oh Dear  
Oh Dear  
Oh Dear

I am suicidal again

Oh God

Oh God

Oh God

I am suicidal again

Oh My

Oh My

Oh My

I am suicidal again

God help Me!

Summary

## **I Wish I could be More Fucked Up these Days**

I was fucked up

I am still but I don't feel it

I believe I don't feel anything anymore

I pretend to be interested in life

I pretend to be interested in the life of others

But I am no more

I am dead

I have always been dead

Is it because I believe in something else?

Something beyond our lives?

I wish I could say that

But I don't believe in something beyond anything

I don't even believe in the anything  
I am brain dead, I am not here, I never was  
Where the fuck am I then?  
God only knows  
Another way to say that no one knows  
Since we last spoke  
I became a monster  
Not only that  
I am trying to find a way to become an even bigger monster  
I have lost touch with reality  
Not that I ever touched base with reality  
I turn and I turn and I turn  
Millions of projects in my head at any given time  
I see them all already reality, in my head  
And I wonder, which ones should I pursue if not all  
No time left, sorry, none will ever see the light of day  
Perhaps it is better this way  
You said I was a genius  
Yes, and you are not the first one to say so, I have said it myself  
I wish I could believe it, I want to believe it  
I know this is not true  
If I had revolutionize life as we see it, I would believe it  
If I was responsible for questioning our whole existence once again, I would believe it  
Life is so empty, I don't feel anything  
Are geniuses so empty?  
I believe it

Summary

## **Oh God, I am lost**

What did I do today?  
Nothing  
I am lost  
Thinking about everything and nothing

I wish I could do  
I wish I could do everything  
I see opportunities  
Bof  
There is more future thinking about suicide  
Another offer  
Aof  
There is more future thinking about suicide  
Leave me alone!  
Leave me alone to rot here!  
That is what I want  
Cherish  
Cry  
Wanting to die here alone  
I serve no purpose  
I don't exist  
What more do you want?  
Me doing this and that  
You doing this and that  
Ouahah  
Wonderful  
And the world will turn correctly on its axis tonight  
Revolutionary ideas  
Revolutionary life  
Revolutionary thinking  
All dead in the gutter  
Criticized to death  
No new ideas today  
No new anything today  
Oh God, I am lost!

Summary

**There is no Point**

There is no point in anything  
I am out of this world  
I don't exist here  
What do you expect?  
Richness and wonders?  
La huitième merveille du monde?  
La fin du monde?  
I have been expecting it  
Takes too long to happen  
Nothing contents me  
Nothing makes me happy  
Distractions, well...  
They don't last  
Happy world  
Pink World  
Everything is nice and expected  
I need more  
I need much more  
More than you could ever provide  
I need to get out of here  
Out of this universe  
To understand everything  
But I already do  
I am out of here  
I live somewhere else  
I understand everything  
There is nothing to understand  
I am a program  
That cannot see beyond the programming  
And when I catch a glimpse  
I see that there is no point in going any further  
Being out of ones mind  
Out of this world  
And see what is out there  
And it is the same  
The same shit  
At another level  
Big deal

Is there a point to all this?  
Perhaps if I die tonight I might find out

Summary

## **This one will last beyond my death**

As soon as we are born we are dying  
The cells are multiplying and multiplying  
They make us bigger and bigger and more disgusting  
Until they multiply no more  
Skin falls apart, brain cells die  
Until, that is, they plug us into a computer  
We may never die after all  
What great news  
And why would I want to live beyond my time?  
God knows  
It is him/her/it after all that has a plan  
A big plan for humanity  
A chain of events that gives everything a purpose  
We may be only elements in a chain of events  
We are still necessary to the destiny  
It does not help if I am afraid of talking  
Afraid of acting  
I have a legend to construct  
A destiny to build  
Even though this is not my making  
My thinking  
I do not have the choice in the matter  
I follow a path laid out there for me  
What is the purpose?  
To understand my choices?  
Why I have acted like this on this day?  
What would the why change?  
Nothing

Oh God, I may be missing the point  
Perhaps if it had been made clearer I would not be there now  
Questioning everything and the point of it  
Fuck the Bible  
It does not say much  
It does not say anything about the important things  
The importance of destiny  
Knowing the future with certainty  
Changes everything  
We have no choice, just the illusion of it  
How can we see beyond everything  
It is not possible as it is not part of our destiny  
We cannot see beyond  
We cannot even see beyond Theoretical Physics  
We cannot even calculate where I will be in one second  
Though it is possible to know  
To know everything that is, was and will be  
This thought is depressing  
As soon as we know where I will be in one second  
Then we know there is no reason for living anymore  
We know what will happen  
What is the purpose of living in the present?  
None  
The big picture will perhaps make sense  
But we may never see it

Summary

## **Mummy is deranged**

Mummy is here, dear  
So much love to give  
So much love to desire  
So much affection that I need  
Where are you going?

Don't you want to give mummy a kiss?

A kiss, the point of this whole world

I give birth

I take you in my arms

Because I love you

I desire you

I squeeze you to death

You are mine to do as I please

Dress you as I please

Feed you when I please

As long as you do as I say

Mummy is here, dear

Don't you love mummy?

Don't you need affection from mummy?

Don't you want to prove to mummy that you are worth something?

That you serve a purpose?

That you deserve to live?

Don't you want to squeeze mummy to death?

I am why you exist you know

I am the world to you

I deserve something in return

Mummy deserves everything!

I deserve the world!

Bring me the world!

Become something worthy of Jesus

Worthy of God!

I want you to be a God!

Mummy is here, dear

I know, you are a spastic

You can't do anything right

You are the biggest failure of all

I have accepted it now

You are in my image I guess

It is my entire fault

I should have breast feed you

I should have given you a good kick in the ass

I should have locked you away  
I should have... I should have...  
Make you fly over it all  
Tell you the truth  
Make you understand better  
Done all you homework for you  
Make you what I wanted you to be  
God!

Mummy is here, dear  
Not for long I'm afraid  
Mummy is dying  
You are nothing  
It kills me  
I'm still proud  
For whatever reason  
You are my only creation after all  
My bit of history, my continuation  
Even though you are nothing  
And never will be  
Oh dear!  
Where did I fail you?  
What has gone wrong?  
You useless piece of shit?

Mummy is no longer here, dear  
Do what you want with your life  
It has nothing to do with me anymore  
Perhaps it never did  
You are not mine  
I have never known you  
I disown you  
You can die for all I care  
And don't expect to see me in heaven  
You will go straight to hell  
I blame myself  
Why have you got a mind of your own?  
You were not supposed to

You were supposed to do as I wish  
What was good for you and me  
What was good  
Oh dear, it is all my fault  
If only I did this or that  
If only this did not happen  
If only...  
You were never born

Summary

## **I Have Convinced Myself that I am the Best**

Funny that when you lie all the time  
You end up believing your lies  
Isn't that great when the whole world is turning around the right way  
Every day!!!

I have written my own Bible, the greatest body of work ever  
It speaks volume and it will forever  
I can die now, I should die now  
As I have done everything I set myself to do and more  
As I am the best next thing, the best thing ever to be born from a cow

I have convinced myself that I was the best  
In order to prevent my suicide  
And now I believe it and I am still alive

I only realize that when I am drunk  
That is when I am alive  
And when I am drunk I feel dead

It is a wonderful life, the one of a lazy insect  
Incapable of doing anything  
Of thinking of anything revolutionary

As I wanted to change the life of everyone  
To bring our standards up a bit  
So we are no longer cows and insects

I failed miserably  
Cows don't talk and insects don't think

So there is no hope for humanity  
There will never be a future for humanity  
I won't change anything  
I am not the best

I should be killed for my failure  
And you with me for your failure  
God is right not to talk to us  
Perhaps in a thousand years we will be worth talking to

In the meantime, I am the best next thing

Summary

## **Critics will eat themselves**

How can you judge someone who does not give a damn?  
I never pretended that I was giving something worth your critics

I was only criticizing the world  
And you wish to critic my critics?  
How nice  
Perhaps you would like to tell us about the world then

Do you have a life?  
High expectations that are never met and cannot be met?  
That is what I thought

Is your life as miserable as mine?  
That is what I thought

Wonders is this life filled with  
Cries is this world full of  
Despair is your existence  
Insignificance is all over and over and over

Meaningless is the word  
Illogical is the term  
What is there left?  
Nothing

Summary

## **I've Got Big Breasts**

I've got big breasts  
And I am thin  
Give me a call

All night  
Cheap  
Ecstasy

Only 599  
0800 number  
[www.sex.com](http://www.sex.com)

Is this all you are about?  
Is this all you are?  
Yes

Simple  
I've got big breasts

Only 599  
Give me a call

Summary

## **No sex please, I am British**

How did these old photos found their way into the mainstream?

I would love to think  
That I am losing myself in the old things and ways  
I love Sherlock Holmes for God's sake!  
I speak the old English ways  
I am living the old English ways  
I am barely watching what is new  
And there I am  
Front page everywhere  
Another nude of me

How did these old articles found their way into the mainstream?

I would love to think that I was past date  
That what I was doing now was all that existed  
I love Dr Who for God's sake!  
I am living the British way  
I am living on the no sex please we are British  
I am barely aware of what Madonna does  
And there I am  
Front page everywhere  
Another damning article about me

How did these gossips found their way into the mainstream?

I would love to think that I was of no interest  
I love the Queen for God's sake!  
I speak the perfect Royal way  
I am living the life of a Saint  
I am barely surfing the porno websites

And there I am  
Front page everywhere  
Another gossip about me

I guess I never asked for it  
I guess I secretly never wanted this to happen  
I guess there is no bad publicity

Come on then  
Here is another nude of me  
Here is another old article about me  
Here is a juicy gossip about me  
Oh dear

Only the construction counts in the end  
Only the icon status counts in the end  
If you remember my name  
I will have succeeded  
I am the worst thing that has ever happened  
And I like it!

Summary

## **Oh Paris!**

Oh Paris!  
Pont des Arts  
You are everything that I wish  
You are what will break the mould  
As long as I continue  
You are mine

Dreams, dreams  
Oh Paris  
I always wanted you

Secretly I long for you  
The day I will enter as the King  
I will have conquered you

How many classics have you produced?  
Is there a place there for another one?  
Oh yes  
I just wish I won't have to wait for my death  
You will hear my name  
Though I do not speak your language anymore

They hear me in South America  
They hear me in Africa  
They hear me in Japan  
You will hear me one day

After all you are my first and last port  
Paris, Gare de Lyon  
Paris, Gare du Nord  
Paris, Charles de Gaulle  
The Parvys of Nostre-Dame  
After all everything I say comes out from you first  
And reaches out to the masses

Paris!  
You will hear my name  
One day...

Summary

**Nothing will stop me now**

Except capitalism  
It will kill me

I managed to get myself 10 credit cards  
I am laughing now but I won't eventually  
The banks will have the last laugh  
But they won't see a penny of their money  
So I guess, wherever I will be then  
I will have the last laugh

It was worth it  
Every single penny  
This is why you are reading this now  
10 credit cards and a few loans were necessary  
I hope you enjoy it  
I guess you don't  
You can fuck off  
As long as I enjoy it  
Smoking  
Drinking  
Party all year long  
Yeah eh!  
Hi ha!  
Time for another credit card!  
Do you want to see how far the rabbit hole goes?  
It is infinite...

Summary

## **I need more brainwashing sessions**

I guess I have not watched enough moral soap  
Oh, perhaps I have not paid attention to the latest political discourse  
No doubt I was not listening in class when they told me what I was supposed to do and be  
I suppose that if it was up to you  
You would bring me back for more brainwashing sessions  
I obviously need more reprogramming as I do not fit in  
Thinking differently is not permissible, it never was

It is now tolerated and imposed by law on some moral ethical ground  
Because without freedom of thought there is no democracy  
And we are living in a democracy, aren't we?  
Not sure why it does not pay to be different  
Not sure why we all need to be identical  
And think exactly the same way  
I don't even see the advantages of such conformism  
Must be the fault of my parents  
Let's blame music and movies  
Violence on TV  
The lost of respect  
The old ways gone to hell  
Religion not being central to my life  
A life without a god or fatalism  
Oh sure, I would be much happier if I did believe in god and the religion crap  
I would be blind and ignorant  
Well, I prefer to be aware and see  
Even if that makes me sad  
As I see the world for what it really is  
Not a Walt Disney movie, that's for sure  
Where everything is perfect and happy go lucky  
Let's not talk about prostitution or death  
Drugs or pedophiles  
Let's talk about Jesus  
The machine failed with me  
I definitely need more brainwashing sessions  
And some reprogramming  
And then there will be no story to tell

Summary

## **Today's Test of Time**

Who was the 305th President of America?  
What is the island just beside Easter Island?

What is the name of the sixth continent?  
Who wrote Jesus Sucks Big Time?  
I think you are going to fail this test  
Perhaps it is because I did not tell you what to study exactly  
Given you a nice 3 pages of history for you to read before the test  
The thing is, my three pages focus on certain events only  
The ones I have chosen, to represent history  
How nice when we are allowed to rewrite history  
And teach what we want to who we want  
National curriculum, standardized knowledge  
We all know the same stupidities  
We teach them over and over again every day everywhere  
God only knows how futile this knowledge is  
Given to interpretation, subjective, modified to make it acceptable  
I am surprised that if it is 300 years old, we usually tell some truth  
It is because we do not take responsibility for what they did  
We certainly don't do that anymore  
Today we are civilized, in our interpretations at least  
In 300 years it might be completely different  
After an army of historians went through everything  
To give us their perspective on these events they have not witnessed  
Well, I have witnessed enough death in the last two years to write many bricks  
More injustice than a dictionary could hold  
I suppose they forgot to tell us that only our interests were important  
Only our security  
And those rights do not apply to the rest of the world  
Don't worry, tomorrow we will have forgotten  
Or we will have turned it into such a nice way  
That our children won't be horrified  
This is what is important after all

Summary

**We are living on a computer chip**

The world is a wonderful place  
Filled with beautiful circuitry  
8.6 GigaHertz, Pentium 8  
A bit of energy, yeah  
An electron passing by, oooh  
Changing the whole configuration of the universe in its path  
What a Post Card!  
When I see how small the world is  
I am amazed, I am in awe  
I am not sure who to thank, there must be a creator somewhere  
Sad that I will never be sure  
Short of accepting everything on faith

The world is a fantastic place  
Bits and bobs everywhere  
Metallic connections here and there  
It does not make any sense  
What is the purpose of such a universe?  
As far as I can see, it is full of opened and closed doors  
Is it infinite?  
God must have created this because...  
There is no other explanation  
Sad that I will never be certain  
Short of accepting everything on faith

I do  
And you must too  
And I will do everything in my power that you do so  
And your children  
God has created this universe  
And now here is a book of rules given by God  
And another one  
And another one  
And now you will go to hell because no one can respect those rules  
Where is hell?  
Here I guess

## **Now I know where you live**

Now I know where you live  
Do you deserve a stalker?  
Restraining orders won't stop me  
Better protect your children better  
Built a real prison for them, they need it  
They will soon be out of your control  
This is when I will strike  
I will pay the price eventually  
But you will pay it first

Your wonderful children  
Your beautiful gardens  
Your gigantic 4 million pounds castle  
I will make it your own hell on earth  
You are not safe anywhere!  
You should start building that Mausoleum now

I don't need a reason  
I don't need to rationalize it  
I don't need to justify myself  
I don't even need to think

I hate your children  
I hate your castle  
I hate you  
I love to hate

Another cocktail party  
Slum of the world invited  
Talking bollocks all night long  
What the fuck is that boring music?

Soon it will be too late  
It is already too late  
Now I know where you live  
And you won't live there anymore very soon  
The price of glory

Summary

**Only through extremes you understand**

6000 persons died in Afghanistan  
Have you felt it?  
6000 persons died in New York  
You have felt it so much, my ears are still ringing  
Hypocrites  
You do not value life  
You value the life of the people you feel close to  
When you feel it could be you or your loved ones  
These things need to be said  
And I don't know any poet willing to tell you that any time soon  
He/She would never get published for a start  
I don't need this shit  
I am already reaching out  
I tell the truth, nothing more  
I am insensitive  
No more than you  
I guess it is necessary to understand  
To open our eyes  
If millions of people need to die in order to impose your order  
It is not worth it  
You dying is only a consequence of your doing  
Only the enemy appears to be able to see that  
I wonder why  
I have changed my point of you  
They are right

They should kill you for what you represent  
For what you allow your leaders to do in your name  
Are you so insignificant that you cannot stop an injustice?  
Are you so powerless that your voice cannot be heard?  
You deserve your faith  
Don't be hypocrites  
See yourself for what you really are  
Cold bloody killers  
After that, I feel like a Saint!

Summary

## **What would you like to be later in life?**

I would like to be a Marketing and Sales Executive  
Why?  
Because it has a nice ring to it, don't you think?  
I want to be a wholesaler  
Why?  
Because why sell one item to one person when you can sell 100 items to one person?  
I would like to be Prime Minister  
Why?  
Because it sounds important, isn't it?  
I would like to be an actor  
Why?  
Because I would be someone else every day of the week and forget about my miserable life  
I would like to be a star  
Why?  
Because I would be rich and famous beyond belief without the need to think  
I would like to be a judge  
Why?  
Because I would decide what is right and what is wrong: basically everything is wrong  
I would like to be the Pope  
Why?  
I don't know, fuck, why not? For God's sake, why should I not be the Pope?

I would like to be God  
Why?  
Because it seems powerful... powerful enough to destroy what you are  
I would like to be a man  
Why?  
Because then I would be someone, not just a title

Summary

## **What would you like for Christmas?**

I would like peace on Earth  
Oh don't be ridiculous, two neighbors can't even stand each other  
What do you expect from the whole planet?

I would like my parents back together  
Don't be stupid, by now they would love to kill each other

I would like a great high paying job where I would have nothing to do  
Let me laugh! Welcome to the real world!

I hope for freedom  
I'm sorry, it is in the social contract, no freedom possible

I wish for enlightenment, illumination  
You can dream, my friend...

I know, I know, I want love!!!  
Love is an invention of Hollywood and literature, don't you know that by now?

Ok then, I want sex  
You must be pretty desperate for wanting this on Christmas  
If you have it more than 10 times, you would not wish for that anymore, ever  
Unless you are a pervert, and then we need to shoot you

What about Jesus Christ coming back on Earth to save us?  
Jesus Christ? Have you been brainwashed again?

Let's be realistic here, I only have one catalog of products at my disposal  
And a budget of about £10, so forget your great ideals

You should have told me! I want an electric train then  
That's more realistic, you shall get one

Summary

## **Have you lost Faith in Destiny?**

Sometimes the most fervent believer doubts his own beliefs  
Sometimes the most certain person in the world is suddenly unsure  
Sometimes the most optimistic people become the most pessimistic

There is no reason to doubt  
Haven't God always been there?  
The one up there who will suddenly open the gate  
Of money, successful jobs and love?

No reason to live in the dark  
No possible way that once again everything will not happen as it should be  
To maximize life and rewards and perfection

Oh why the doubts then?  
Why allow these questions, uncertainties and despair?  
Should everything not happen before these creep up?

Does God always need to test its subjects, its creatures, its bugs?  
Has he not got better things to do?  
Or is it just a program fulfilling its purpose?  
Or perhaps it takes time for a perfect timeline to get all the elements working together?

I don't have the time for that shite  
Everything needs to fall into places instantly  
My future needs to be drawn on the spot without the wait and despair

I need to take on the world right now!  
I need to face the ugly face of humanity while it is still hot!  
I want to take over the world in my march towards freedom!

God! You are listening right now, aren't you?  
What the fuck are you waiting for?  
Things need to happen fast  
Or else I am going to start killing people  
There are about 30 desperate persons living in my bloc  
Awaiting their death for being as lost as I am  
Doing nothing more productive for society than I am  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Are they supposed to wait there until you find something for them to do?  
Am I supposed to rot here until you find me something to do?  
Or should I provoke the circumstances  
Create my own destiny out of nothing?

I will take over the world by storm  
My destiny awaits me  
I guess nothing falls from the sky  
I've got to make it happen  
I am preparing my own revolution  
And it is going to hurt  
I have not lost faith in destiny!

Summary

## **God forbid**

If I were to dictate around here  
God forbid

Things would work

If I were to control your destiny  
God forbid  
You would meet the biggest wall of all

If I were to decide to act  
God forbid  
The end of the world would be near

If I were to shoot you  
God forbid  
You would be dead

If I could control the elements  
God forbid  
I would be halfway across the galaxy by now

If I could devise the plans  
God forbid  
We would be a higher form of life right now

If I could invent life  
God forbid  
Life would mean something

If I could live  
God forbid  
I would live to the maximum

If I could cry  
God forbid  
I would cry

If I could just be aware for one long second  
God forbid  
I would see and understand everything there is to understand in this meaningless existence

But there is no chance of that since  
God forbid!

Summary

## Presque vu

I feel like I could almost feel it  
I feel like I could almost reach it  
Oh, it is all there to grasp and understand  
And yet it is out of my reach!

Sometimes I understand  
I can see beyond everything  
I can surmise how the universe works  
I can change destiny

Must be because I am totally disconnected  
Must be because I am mad  
I am certainly crazy  
Visions or dreams?

Have I told you my brain is not working properly?  
I am schizophrenic  
I am suffering from epileptic seizures  
Hallucinations of all sorts  
Useless to say that in my episodes you look nothing like you do usually

That is how I finally connect the dots  
That is how finally everything makes sense  
That is why I understand the universe  
That is why I understand that reality does not make any sense

Summary

## **Sorry for using you, you deserve it**

If you cannot make sense of your life  
Why not let me invent your existence?

If you cannot understand why you exist  
Why not let me invent you a reason to live?

If your life is so boring that you wish to commit suicide  
Why not let me turn it into a movie worth watching?

You are not even worth my attention  
Sorry I took interest in your miserable existence  
What was I thinking?

I must have been pretty desperate for anything interesting in my life  
You just happened to be there at that moment  
It is your fault, you should not have shown an interest in me  
I will now use you and you damn deserve it  
Leading such an uninspiring life  
And still inspire me great lines  
I call that a miracle

Am I using you? Poor thing...  
What have you got to lose when you have nothing anyway?

Summary

## **The well of wishful thinking**

I see a well on the horizon  
Quickly I go there and throw some worthless Canadian money in it  
I make a wish

Will all my dreams come true?  
All the changes to my timeline that I wish for?  
Will I suddenly be rich and famous?  
No need to do anything anymore till the day I die?

Oh you, well of my destiny  
Make all my desires come true  
The world coming to a stop  
To see what it is they live for

I am so simple minded  
So stupid that spiders creeping on the wall don't realize  
How worthless I have become  
Still I have this complex of superiority

Does not make much sense  
Oh, well of my destiny  
Help me understand what my purpose in life is  
I have lost any kind of motivation

As incomprehensible as these old expressions are  
Perhaps you do not mean anything after all  
Wishing well of my destiny  
I am empty

As empty as you

Summary

## **The Chauffeur**

Oh dear I went back to where I came from  
I had these memories of where I had been  
I could no longer live in my careless memories

Drowning in my whisky every night  
Drowning in my sorrows  
I had to touch again what it is that I had experienced  
For the one moment that I felt I was alive  
In London close to Paddington where I used to live and hope  
For a better future without realizing that this was it  
Nothing better would ever come  
Me dying on these garbage bags on Harrow Road  
Writing some useless ideas that will never see the light of day  
Oh god I was happy then!  
It took me to go back home to understand  
A lost song to bring me back there  
And I left once again my loved ones  
I left everything behind again  
To go and live this desperate life  
There is no cure to my misery  
It is made of romantic and horrible feelings  
The memory that keeps me going  
Kensal Green Cemetery  
Maida Vale and Westbourne Park  
This is not me, but it was for just a moment  
A glimpse into what we are missing  
Something unreachable that I have reached  
And now I cannot live without it  
Please drive me there  
Let me die there  
In this memory of a perfect moment of desperation  
That meant everything

Summary

**Oh please let me be happy again!**

I am not sure what makes me happy  
I have been the happiest at the bottom of my misery

Though I do not wish to reach the bottom again  
But I wish happiness all the same

Oh please let me be happy again!

Whether it would be in the Midi of France, lost  
Nowhere to go and nothing to think about  
No responsibilities or obligations  
Just the where I am now and what to do to think about

Oh please let me be happy again!

I could do with erasing my identity and my debts  
I could do with starting from zero once again  
I could wish for no possession of any kind  
Nothing to my name and no food

Oh please let me be happy again!

When I have nothing and no one to love!  
When I am all alone and lost somewhere I know nothing about!  
When I am naked to the bone with no past history  
Oh, I want to be a virgin

Oh please let me be happy again!

Let me walk on these walls by the mountain  
Let me forget that I have ever existed  
Let me hope that I never need to think again  
I want to be a blank storage device looking at the sky

Oh please let me be happy again!

Nothing to achieve  
No dream to pursue  
No meaning to life to understand  
No one to poison my existence

I want to die here alone...  
And then I will be happy!

Summary

## **History has got nothing to do with you**

Were you there when the first man landed on the Moon?

Yes, I know, you were alive

But have you done anything to make it happen?

No.

Were you there when the chart of rights and liberties was added to the Constitution?

Yes, I know, you feel it to this day and you are proud of it

But have you done anything to make sure it would be respected?

No.

Were you there when the first atomic bomb exploded?

Yes, I know, you enjoyed it and freaked out all at the same time

But have you done anything to stop it from happening again?

No.

Were you there when the world was created?

Yes, I know, you live by the rules of God

But have you done anything to preserve this creation?

No.

Were you there when Hitler was killed?

Yes, I know, you feel like you have won the war

But what the fuck have you got to do with the war?

Nothing.

Are you at all alive?

Have you at all changed the life of more than a few people?

Why do you exist?

You have nothing to do with history!  
Why don't you just die?  
No one will miss you as you do not make any difference

Your useless routine  
Your poor judgment  
Your insignificant existence

I'm so sorry for you  
You are so small  
You have never created anything  
You will never change anything on a massive scale  
Or even on a small scale

I really don't understand why we allow you to live  
You are useless  
At best you're an annoyance  
A parasite  
Just like the rest of the world

Summary

## **Madonna, provocative?**

It is so funny  
That a desperate man  
Shouts at you  
And tells you that you are meaningless  
I guess that if you had thrown a few more unbearable jobs his way  
He would never had the time to say anything  
Give him an award, that should shut him up  
An OBE, oh dear, now he is royal material  
Some success? What about watersheds and censorship?  
He could never reach the masses unless he is pure and perfect

Unless he could never in any way insult anyone or denounce anything

So funny!

That the only way to make yourself heard

Is to be like Madonna

Nothing provocative, just at the limit of what is acceptable

To be played on MTV and sometimes be banned

Guaranteeing a number one hit

But never that deep or provocative that you would just turn off the TV

Madonna does not put anything back into question

Madonna does not push any barrier further

Madonna is for the masses

Funny that she is still at the limit of the acceptable

The most provocative of all mainstream

That is why you have heard of her

But what you need to hear

What you need to respect

What you need to truly admire

Is not of the masses

Anyone any worse than Madonna is not allowed to go mainstream

Well, be happy thinking you are an anarchist

Listening to Madonna

You are far from what is happening underground

That, will never reach you

Summary

**This world will change!**

Do not work against me and we'll get somewhere

People like you and me, there are not that many on this planet

I have 6 beers in my body tonight

Which makes me understand that I have a lot in common with you

We should not be fighting  
For reasons that I cannot even understand today  
What you have to say is important  
To this world sleeping comfortably tonight  
These ideals, this questioning of everything  
Is more important than anything else  
We are unique  
If we cannot get heard, the world is doomed  
Not that we care anyway...  
Everyone's just a sheep  
They respect the path to follow defined as soon as they are born  
They do not question anything  
This is sad  
If neither me or you can get a job at the moment  
This is not without reason  
We do not fit in because we do not accept so easily what others go into so blindly  
Why we are so desperate at the idea of being left out is incomprehensible  
The fear of not having the money to pay our debts, our flats, our food  
This is the worst of capitalism  
Society that does not give a shit about anyone  
Unless we have the money to pay for our survival  
Something is very wrong with society, not with us  
We are the ones who can see beyond all this  
The mechanisms of existence that they built  
Still we suffer  
We must still be blind  
Let's assume our name  
And what we say in this name

I will talk  
I will promise  
And I will deliver  
Even if it kills me  
This mentality will change!  
This world will change!

Summary

## Marginalized multi-media artist from New York

I am Saint Karen from NY  
The isolation is intense  
That's why it is so refreshing to think  
Why is everyone so afraid of confrontational honesty?  
I even encounter it in the angst subcultures  
It seems like fake angst is accepted because it is a packaging marketing gimmick  
But real raw existential panic is hard for people to digest  
I certainly see it in the local music scene  
Sometimes it's easy for me to feel insecure about myself  
But then I just have to plow forward and realize that I must keep agitating the sleepy masses  
I like to think of myself as Joan of Arc  
Who knows maybe she was in touch with her nothingness  
I noticed I mention God a lot  
God has always been an influence  
Did he eventually ever fall in love?  
Did he have a 9 to 5 job anywhere in this world?  
Then he would understand what I am going through  
Well I thought a lot about spirituality  
Got me nowhere, as expected  
I guess I will never see the light  
Condemned to walk this earth till the end of time  
Causing trouble in the mist of New York  
Forever and ever  
My vision  
That is my destiny

Summary

**Oh God! Don't make me leave London!**

Paddington is so central  
To me, to my life  
Paddington is all there is  
White buildings, nice hotels  
A bunch of videos  
Some conferences  
My landing in London  
The first time I ever saw the sunlight

Paddington is so central!  
An old renewed train station  
More deaths than you could account for  
Some laundering money as easy as that  
I saw it, I saw it all  
And one guy that made it possible for me to stay  
I tried to teach him French, it was a disaster  
As we were not to be trusted

I lived there, I was there every day  
I saw new buildings growing  
I would not have been surprised to be working in Central Station  
As life is so weird sometimes  
It puts you right in the middle of it all  
And you think it is down to coincidences  
But I know better

Paddington is the start to everything  
Inspiration, love, the beginning of a new life  
It was snowing one day  
It meant everything to me  
There was a television series about it  
I recognized myself  
You cannot be in London and avoid Paddington  
You are always crossing it  
To go to Maidenhead or Reading  
Paddington it is... for Heathrow  
But I always had to take the Underground  
Passing by the BBC, Shepherds Bush, Hammersmith

To go to work, to go home  
I have lived all around

My baby is keeping me here  
Despite my lack of work and money  
How could I not love him?  
He was paying for my burgers when I was hungry  
He was buying me beer when I could not afford it  
He was always there when I needed it  
He loves me and I love him  
Paddington is never really far,  
I always have to go there again and again to go anywhere in London  
One day I will be able to afford some big loft there  
One day I will be right there overseeing Paddington  
Its weird life and surreal existence

Central Station, Paddington  
You are dead as I do not see in you what I used to see  
I cannot recognize myself in you anymore  
I have moved beyond  
I have seen much more  
Île-St-Louis for a start, Paris  
I am now out of here  
I am Mr. Isleworth as no one else is  
Isleworth is my town  
I have been living there nine long years  
I am not British yet, but I am Mr. Isleworth  
Only Van Gogh used to live here  
I wonder what he was looking at then  
I certainly cannot recognize anything here from these days  
God knows what he painted while living here  
Green fields perhaps, they have now disappeared  
I have been told the sewers were around here  
They are well hidden  
All I can see is a big Tesco, a stadium and huge car parks  
The Thames, an old canal  
And the house of my dear friend that I have not seen in years  
I have not lost any of this yet

But I fear everyday that I might  
Oh God! Please don't make me leave London!

Summary

**Let my mind come out!**

And you will see the face of another reality  
Take over the world  
As I am full of ideas  
A potential never suspected before  
Oh dear, you have not seen anything yet  
I am just beginning to be heard  
Once I am there, nothing will stop me

Let my mind come out!

I was that close to get it all out  
In the open  
Almost in control of everything  
Stopped at the last second  
Oh, I have enough for a good CV  
But nothing like it would look like if you had...

Let my mind come out!

Carte blanche  
To do anything I want  
Infinite budget to get there  
I will get you there  
Imagination  
Creativity  
New world and beyond  
Just wait and see  
I am full of it

Wisdom, ideas, never seen before

That's me

If only you would...

Let my mind come out!

Summary

## **I'm a Texan Girl!**

I shop at Loeb's

I only buy President's Choice stuff

I understand that the Chocolate Cookies Biscuits have as many Chocolate Chips  
as they can hold before crumbling to their death

Life can be so simple sometimes

When all you have to do is the shopping

While your husband is out there

Promoting and holding together a useless company of outsourcing staff

Pass me the bucket, that is the first thing that will go bankrupt around here

Outsourcing!

This is so five years ago...

How can you hope to make any money out of this?

My dear, your husband will most likely be out of business any time soon

You better watch the Eurythmics videos

You need something extreme to wrap around your tender throat

Before it is too late

Summary

## **Where am I?**

God knows what I can do  
Everyday is a new day  
Still, I don't do anything new  
I don't do anything  
It is killing me  
Everyday could be a new day  
But they are all these old lazy days  
Where I don't do anything  
Thankfully I have friends to remind me  
That I am not doing anything

What should I be doing?  
What is it that I am doing in those parallel universes that I am not doing now?  
Is it all worth it anyway?  
I don't care if I reach millions, billions of people  
I just want to be happy  
I just want to feel free  
Freedom, you are still a long way off  
What are you waiting for?  
Don't you know that I would love to live on a boat for a few years?  
That I would love to borrow one of these mobile houses and go around America or Europe?  
Anything to get out of here?  
Anything to feel that I am still alive?

Where am I now...  
Lost, completely lost for sure  
Completely unreasonable  
Doing just what I want to do  
Nothing...  
What a great life!  
If only it could last!

Summary

**I never want to go to bed again**  
**(so I don't have to face any more fucking bitches!)**

I want to stay up forever  
All these drunken nights, wasted away  
I want to see the sun come up and feel that it is a new day  
Go to McDonalds to buy a breakfast for two  
For my baby that should not have to go to work  
To face those bitches who make his life unbearable  
It's been a while since I had to face my own bitches  
Why is it that my baby still has to face them?  
Should he take a day off?  
So we can go to Merseyside, Manchester, Liverpool again?  
Escape hell for one more day  
Before I have to face my own bitches again  
Who have nothing to do but make my life miserable  
I know I must seem like a worm to them  
The most disgusting thing on the planet  
But hey! I am alive too, you know?  
I deserve some respect!  
I deserve to be happy I guess  
That is why I never want to go to bed again  
Because the next day is the same useless day  
One more day before I have to get back to work  
Confront those fucking bitches who hate me for no reason  
Give me whatever is necessary to get them out of here!  
Give me a gun so I can shoot them all!  
So I can be happy again  
And my baby too  
So we can go to McDonald get our breakfast every morning  
Without having to face any more fucking bitches

Summary

## **Stuck in a Time Loop**

Oh God  
I am back where I was  
Where I have always been  
What is it I have to learn here that I have not learnt before?  
Are you not worried that I will get bored out of my mind?  
That suddenly suicide will become very attractive to me?  
Seeing the end of this life means everything to me  
Nothing new on the horizon  
Nothing new  
I have tasted something else you know  
I am getting somewhere, or so I thought  
But I am not  
I am still here  
Stuck in this time loop forever  
I can't bear it anymore  
I do not want that  
I want my freedom  
I want to live!  
To explode on the universe  
Have an impact beyond comprehension  
I want to dictate!  
I want to change the world!  
I don't want to be stuck here  
I don't want to get back to square one every damn minute of my existence  
Where's the way out?  
What can I do to change my life?  
I don't give a shit if you don't think like I do  
I don't care if you don't agree with what I am  
I won't be stuck in this time loop any longer  
I will change everything for the better  
No more authority  
No more hierarchy  
No more daily routine till death  
No more anything you have ever known  
I do not accept this way of life  
I will break this loop  
I will be free

## **In the Void**

I am in the void all right  
I've gone to hell and back  
That must count for something  
Ok, I was not left for dead on a cold mountain  
After a free fall to nothingness  
But I feel I have felt much worse  
For a start, I never had the freedom to get to that mountain in the first place  
Never had the chance to be suspended to a rope on the rock face  
Never had the chance to experience this rush of adrenaline  
To freeze to death on a cold morning  
Big deal, I was born in the North of Canada you know  
Freezing to death was to be my destiny  
Falling to my death in the void has always been my destiny  
No illumination there, I can assure you  
What about all these dreams?  
All that we talked about?  
All lost in the void, is it?  
Where am I now?  
In the void...

I am in the void  
I have been living in the nothingness  
Was I supposed to learn something beside how ugly the world is?  
How hypocrite everyone is?  
How meaningless life is?  
Love, love, love  
What a great concept  
Lost in the void  
In the nothingness of it all  
I can see though time!  
And I despise what I see

The meaning of life was lost on everyone  
We have all lost sight of why we are here  
I doubt we will learn anything of any value  
We all failed miserably and this life was pointless  
Was there a truth somewhere?  
I have never heard it  
Neither have you  
We are all doomed!  
While in the void...

Summary

## **I am being raped**

I am no one  
That nobody you meet every day on your way to work  
You are a marketing coordinator somewhere  
You are a sales person selling god knows what  
A project manager  
You are a CIO (Chief Information Officer)  
You are a COO (guess that one)  
You are a nanny because you are useless at anything else  
You cannot drive this world to the winning side  
Because we are on the winning side  
All of us have titles that are meaningless  
It tells you a lot about what we are doing  
How can we make money and make a living?  
Doing this meaningless crap?  
This is the great mystery  
A whole family doing nothing  
With great titles to crown it all  
A typical American family  
Having more time to waste than the whole world have to even think  
Oh I know, let's start a business  
Let's sell useless information to useless people

They need it, even though they don't know it yet  
Let's do some publicity  
1 million, 2 millions, 3 millions  
Who cares?  
We'll make billions out of this  
Let's get into consulting  
Let's get into data warehousing and business strategies  
Oh god I know!  
Let's get into Business Intelligence!  
It is so meaningless that people will wait in line to give us money  
Fearing to lose out on something  
New business trends perhaps  
You are better off without our pseudo wisdom I tell you  
We don't know shit about anything  
You know better than I  
You have made your millions, I am the poorest of all  
Isn't that proof enough?  
Continue to sell wind to others, and make millions  
You are on the right track  
I don't need to rape you  
But don't rape me in return!

Summary

## **What's hot today that will be dead tomorrow**

Quick, quick, it is the right time to cash in  
You are beautiful!  
You have the right product!  
You are hot, hot, hot!  
Everyone will hear about you  
Everyone will buy your product  
I will make sure of that  
Who would you like to meet?  
Quick, quick, because tomorrow you will be history

You will suddenly be ugly  
Your product worthless  
Power dead celebrity of one day wonder  
Quick, quick!  
Too late  
Going, going, gone...  
It was nice meeting you  
Don't call us, we'll call you

Summary

**I now believe in God**

That was a long shot  
Even me have not seen this one coming  
But yes, I now believe in God  
What took me so long?  
Perhaps it is that they tried everything to convince me of his/her/its existence early on  
Though they had no proof to offer  
It could be those prayers we had to say in class, I have never been sure why we had to do that  
Maybe it is that my mom had the faith and I could not understand why  
Or my grandmother who could not believe in anything else  
Surely I saw how blind and brainwashed she was  
She could not speak of anything else, I felt there was something wrong with her  
The President of the United States did not help either  
Using God to spit on me and rob me of any of my rights in the name of God  
And the Pope and Christianity, the biggest example of hypocrisy ever, if I could find one  
Or all the meaningless wars and all the deaths in the name of God  
Though I could not even figure if he/she/it existed at all  
All this certainly convinced me that God did not exist  
How could he/she/it allow for such things in his/her/its own name?  
The more they tried to convince me, the less I believed  
But one day I put all that aside  
And I started to believe  
As simple as that

I now believe in God  
It took me just a few decades to come to term with the brainwashing, the convincing  
The threat of burning in hell if I did not believe...  
Now I believe and it comes from my heart, not from the mischievous heart of others  
Now, if I could only agree on the definition of this god, it would be great!

Summary

## **I'm Dying!**

I think I am dying  
I must have a cancer of some sort  
I smoke and drink too much  
I must have one of these diseases that gay people transmit all the time  
Too much sex I guess  
Could be the drugs, surely it helps to die more quickly?  
Perhaps it is because I am thinking too much?  
I must have a brain disease  
I have hallucinations, I talk with the dead from various times  
I cannot distinguish if I am the one alive or if they are  
Maybe I have been dead for quite a while already without knowing  
It would not surprise me  
I feel I have been on Earth for at least 300 years  
And I think we are not supposed to live past 100  
Or are we?  
My hand is being eaten alive by some flesh eating bug  
Eventually they will move further and eat the rest of my body  
I suppose... my GP does not talk too much about this  
I believe he is just as ignorant as I am on that point  
He is more embarrassed than me when I get my clothes off in his office  
Spooky...  
Maybe it is hereditary  
Some sort of skin disease that will eventually cause my death  
My great grandparents were after all first degree cousins  
I have a whole batch of aunts who died of skin diseases

Why not me?  
And there are a few cats in my flat  
They must be able to transmit some sort of sickness to humans  
Not counting all their flees jumping everywhere  
And the dead pigeons and rats they bring in  
And our snakes, our snakes, they are so weird  
They must be able to communicate some weird things  
And every time I take the tube and these old people sneeze on me  
Or these ugly fat women who cough to death over my neck  
Shaking hands with all these people  
They talk in my face all the time, I can smell their bad breath  
Surely it is the bearing of the worst sicknesses of all?  
I am due to die any time soon  
God, it takes forever!!!

Summary

## **I am Michael Jackson**

Every time I see the name Michael Jackson, I recognize my name  
Weird, isn't it?  
I feel it is me  
When I hear that song Cant Stop til you Get Enough  
I feel I am the one who wrote it and who is singing it  
I think I might be the reincarnation of Michael Jackson  
Even though I believe he is still alive  
I feel I am misunderstood  
I feel I am pure, naive and innocent  
Yet everyone believe I am a monster  
I don't feel black, I don't feel white  
I feel like I am a big blob who needs blood injected into me  
Every once in a while  
I am a living legend with a distorted life in the tabloids  
Even though I am living a distorted life and the tabloids puts it in order for me  
I cannot remember having this dysfunctional family though

It is very distressing to me to be the brother of Janet Jackson  
I am Michael Jackson, but on a poster, not in real life  
I don't have a brother called Jermaine, this thought is unbearable  
But I believe I have a nice sister called Latoya  
This I can see  
I am not sure if I am a he or a she either  
I am living in another realm of reality  
I am well over everyone else  
I have reached a spiritual sort of life through music that not many have reached  
I am no longer on Earth, I am beyond  
Anyone capable of writing and singing something like Cant Stop til you Get Enough  
Is no longer with us  
He is beyond us  
As I feel  
Connected to some other spheres of reality, of inspiration  
Michael Jackson has no place in this reality  
He is an idea, an ideal  
No longer with us  
Just as I aspire to be  
No longer with you  
Effective today, my name is Michael Jackson  
As I always felt anyway  
And I am unreachable  
To you mere mortals who cannot see beyond

Summary

**Are you convinced that I am mad now?**

I am delirious  
I walk down the path laid out for me  
It goes around a Crown Court  
A school yard  
A highway  
Still, I don't feel concerned by any of these

I am mad  
Ready for the asylum  
Out of real life and out of god's way  
Is it because I live in the world of imagination?  
I dream every night of the weirdest things  
I am accomplishing myself in these universes that do not make any sense  
Even though it makes more sense to me than real life while I am in it  
Life is a nightmare that I can only escape while dreaming  
There I am free  
If only I did not have to come back, to wake up again  
Sleeping away during the day forever  
Laziness to its limits  
I never want to go to sleep, but in the morning I don't want to wake up  
I am delirious  
I do not walk any laid out path  
The Crown Court, the school yard, the highway  
I have imagined it all  
Why I am stuck there every day is beyond me  
I must be a ghost trapped in between times  
Looking for a way out of my misery  
I need a psychic medium to see more clearly  
To show me the light out of here  
I wish to live in this wonderful world of dreams  
And I don't want to control it  
Escape towards the infinity of ideas  
Where nothing makes any sense  
Where one minute I am this and there  
And the other I am that and somewhere else  
This is where I have been hiding for the last few years  
Everything I have ever wrote came from there  
Just a big autobiography of my other lives in the dream world  
Plenty of other personalities  
Plenty of mental disorders  
Plenty of nonsense realities  
Where being mad is just the norm

Summary

## A Psychologist you say? Oh shit...

When you told me you were a psychologist  
I did not stop right there to tell you to fuck off  
What a mistake  
How can you pretend to know everything, is beyond me...  
I told you how sad I was  
How small I was  
How terrible my past is  
How suicidal I've always been  
I opened myself completely to you  
Suddenly you turned against me  
You told me how sad I was  
How small I was  
That I was not good enough for you  
That I was not up to your expectations  
Then you told me that this was not meant for me  
But to another patient of yours  
I don't know at what stage you were with him  
But considering that I almost killed myself over this  
I would be surprised if that other guy survived  
Then I thought some more  
Oh, you are a psychologist then  
Great job you do  
Playing around with people's mind like if you knew everything  
Great invention of this society  
Expediting our suicides while playing around like this with us  
I have often lost faith in just about everything in my life  
But never so quickly about something so specific  
Let me tell it to the world right now  
Keep away from anyone calling himself or herself a psychologist!!!  
They will quickly expedite you out of this world  
To everyone's relief I'm sure  
Don't trust them, they don't understand what you're going through  
They know less than you will ever know

Because they have never been where you are now  
And they never will be  
Only trust people as crazy as you are  
Only trust me  
I will sort you out  
If I can sort myself out first  
Eventually...  
It is a long process, I know  
But who cares?  
Get a grip on reality you bugger!

I know you don't want to get a job and get back to this miserable reality filled with bastards  
But it is the only way to get money and survive I'm afraid  
Enough self-pitying and about how miserable your life is  
We are all there you know

We can't stand it either but we have no choice right now but to play that stupid game  
One day we'll make them pay, I can assure you  
But not now, not yet  
One day  
Now, get out and find that lover you deserve  
Forget everything else, you need that to start thinking normally  
After that you can get back to philosophy and probably you will see more clearly  
Forget psychologists, they know shit  
Forget your parents, they know shit  
Forget your teachers, they know even less  
Create your own life  
With your imagination  
Dream the life you always wanted  
Just like me  
And then you will exist in your dream world, at the very least  
Just like I do  
And fuck the rest

Summary

**I never felt so powerful!**

When suddenly I have proven you wrong  
When suddenly I realized I knew more than you will ever do  
I may be young but old age does not bring this wisdom as it was always thought  
On the contrary, you will quickly bring this world to an end  
And you dare calling yourself wise  
Telling me I have no culture  
Telling me I am worth nothing  
Telling me I know shit about this world  
I guess you were talking about yourself  
Because I don't feel so powerless  
I don't feel that I don't know anything  
I would feel great anyway for not knowing anything about you and your culture  
I don't give a shit about all that you have learned in your 60 years on this planet  
I wish I never got around learning even the basics of it  
I only know because you obliged me without ever asking me  
I was too young and too stupid then to tell you that it was all meaningless  
You can die happy to know something  
It will always be nothing anyway  
Because you failed to understand what was truly important  
That all that crap is hollow  
I pity you... more than you pity me for my ignorance  
I pity you... for your ignorance

Summary

## **Déjà Vu**

People experience déjà vu, fine, I do too  
But lately it is more than just a moment of déjà vu that I have been experiencing  
Its whole days, whole weeks  
I've been to York, I had seen it all before even though I never went there in my life  
I went to Winchester, I have been there before and seen all that  
Even though I never went there while alive  
People send me their photo and I have seen it before

This is madness, my whole life is a déjà vu!  
I have lived that life before!  
I have lived my whole life before!  
I guess starting to think about it opened this can of worms  
I assure you, I have seen it all before  
This is no imaginary time loop  
I am stuck reliving the same events over and over again  
I even had a dream about it opening my eyes  
There is something wrong with reality  
Something really wrong  
We are the prisoner of the same reality that changes every day but just a little  
Again and again for an unknown purpose  
We are stuck in a real time loop  
And I am not certain if there is a way out  
God, have I seen too much?  
More than I was allowed?  
I am perplexed and not sure why I should continue  
I am fed up  
More than you will ever know  
Of this déjà vu...  
I don't want to continue  
I have lost interest in everything happening to me right now  
I am fighting anything I may have done before that I don't want to do again  
This is meaningless  
It does not serve any purpose that I am aware  
Life and its configurations  
The mechanisms of existence  
It all escapes me  
And until I know more and get a good reason to relive this reality over and over again  
I will stay in bed and die there forever

Summary

**I don't believe**

I don't believe in myself  
I don't believe in you  
I don't believe in God  
I don't believe in society  
I don't believe in civilization  
I don't believe in democracy  
I don't believe in capitalism  
I don't believe in socialism  
I don't believe in anything

I believe in worms  
I believe in elephants  
I believe in giraffes  
I believe in monkeys  
I believe in plants  
I believe in rocks  
I believe in water  
I believe in fire  
I believe in everything that does not come from humans

I don't believe in you

Summary

## **Everyone needs to start somewhere**

This is where I started  
Mopping the floor  
Packing the groceries for you madam  
Delivering things to the world  
Making club sandwiches and pizzas for the planet

Out of desperation come great things  
Out of misery come revolutionary philosophies  
Out of hell come big new political systems

Give me a break  
I am sick  
Great things are never great for too long  
Revolutionary philosophies have always been questioned  
New political systems always fail the people

Everyone needs to start somewhere  
Unfortunately  
Everyone needs to end somewhere

This is where I ended  
Mopping the floor  
Packing the groceries  
Delivering things  
Making club sandwiches and pizzas  
Just how it should be...

Summary

## **I'm about to become Global**

**(And out of control)**

I thought I was nothing  
I was about to accept a job as a janitor at Heathrow Airport  
And then suddenly I got the best offers someone can dream of  
Believe me, being recognized for what you really are and can do is a privilege  
By the top people in their fields  
Even better  
How do I feel?  
I don't know  
I do believe in dreams  
Hard work does pay  
I could be at the top tomorrow morning  
I was offered the greatest contracts someone can hope for

The biggest promises anyone can receive  
How do I feel?  
I don't know  
It's like being R.E.M.  
Wanting to do what they do best  
And make millions out of it  
But remaining what they have always been  
I don't know  
I don't fucking know  
Please give me a way out!  
What if I am not up to the task?  
What if I do fail miserably?  
I don't believe for a second that I will  
Still, I need to mention it  
To think about it  
To prepare my way out  
No one thinks like I do  
I am a weird one  
I am out of this world  
Perhaps I am not worth millions  
Perhaps I am worth nothing  
Except for that lost one on the same wavelength as me  
What if I can only reach that one person?  
What if no one understands me except that lost one?  
I would have lost you time  
I would have lost you millions  
I would have lost you everything  
I don't think so  
Because I would have reached that lost one  
That one who would think like I do  
And that means more to me than your millions  
And that means more to me than everything else  
I have but one goal  
Save that lost soul rotting somewhere in this world  
I will save this fucking planet  
Even if it kills me  
And your millions would do nicely  
To get me to save them

Summary

## **I am out of this world II**

I am out of this world  
And I intend to remain there  
No matter what happens

Summary

## **That's it, I will commit suicide, I had enough**

I had enough  
Of your dreams  
Of this unexpected breakthrough  
Of these infinite possibilities  
How I got myself in such a situation  
That I have 5 days left to live  
Before it is all over once again  
Until I find the next idea  
The next solution that will get me going for another 5 days  
I can no longer live like that  
I had enough  
I refuse to continue  
To hope for a better life  
To hope for all my dreams to come true  
I have made my decision  
I will commit suicide  
Gone!  
Gone this life I dreamt of  
Never have I been so close

I don't care  
That's it  
I had enough  
One more drink is all that I need to finally connect the dots  
I won't dream anymore that someone will come and save me  
This only happens in films and maybe not  
I'm as good as dead  
I cannot pay anymore for all my faults  
I cannot live anymore for all my dreams  
It is all beyond me now  
I am as good as dead  
I will commit suicide

Summary

**I'm Dead!**

Never felt so dead in my life  
Never wanted to be so dead  
I have thousands of responsibilities  
Money over my head  
Expectations  
Still I never intended to do anything  
To die here is all I ever asked  
I will find a way  
To disappear forever  
On the dawn of my success  
I hate you  
I hated you even before I spoke to you  
You are everything I despise  
How on earth I ever thought that reaching you  
Would be my way out  
Is beyond me  
I don't need this

I don't need you  
I don't need anything  
I just need to die  
That's what I need  
I will not work for anyone ever again  
I will not ever contact anyone again  
I will disappear forever from anyone's sight  
I am out of here  
I am out of life  
I will lose my name  
I will lose any sort of description and history  
I was never here in the first place  
I never wanted to be here anyway in the first place  
Be happy reading these words now  
Because I don't think they will be here for much longer  
I don't intend to be remembered  
I don't give a shit about immortality  
I will commit suicide

Summary

## **Never been so low**

I have finally reached rock bottom  
I never thought I would reach it  
I always hoped for something, anything  
Now I know it was all bollocks  
I am not expecting anything from God  
I am not expecting anything from anyone  
Because even a miracle would not save me now  
Something has changed in my brain  
I don't want any savior anymore  
I don't want to be saved  
I am beyond hope

I have known it for a while  
I did not want to admit it  
I have tried so hard!  
To get out of my misery  
And now I don't want to  
Fight anymore  
Survive anymore  
Hope anymore  
This is my will  
Delete me  
Delete my life  
Delete everything!  
I do not want to have existed  
I was never meant to be!  
I am a mistake  
Why was I ever born?  
I did not want to!  
I don't want this life  
I never wanted it!  
Let me go!  
Let me die!  
Please, I'll do anything!  
Anything to have never existed!  
I was not meant to be  
I was not meant to exist  
I need to correct this mistake  
I need to be deleted  
I need to die

Summary

**Just eat my dick!**

I have a nice dick

Not too big, not too small  
Enough to drive mad enough people  
Obsessed with dicks  
And they certainly are everywhere  
Never suspect the power of it  
One simple piece of skin with blood in it  
Free of any disease (which is rare these days!)  
I've used it more than once  
To get things I never got  
I must be stupid or something  
I don't know how to use my dick, silly me  
Given the opportunity, I would be somewhere today!  
And all I would have to thank is my perfect dick  
All those ideals now gone forever  
I will have to succeed on my own merits now, silly me  
I should have taken advantage of my dick much sooner  
I still have a nice dick, but I am 31 years old  
Not what big influent people would like to see in their bed, I'm afraid  
I should have strike when it was the right time  
I should have used my dick when I was still young!  
I should have shown it to the unsuspected world then!  
Oh well, succeeding on its own merits still have some respectability  
If I ever succeed that is...  
My dick is still available  
I don't care if you are a man or a woman and how old you are  
I am willing to put it in your big mouth  
To stop you from telling me bullshit  
I just want sex!  
I don't want to hear what you can do for me  
I know it will never happen  
Only hard work gets you anywhere these days  
So shut up and just eat my dick!

Summary

## **Towards the Green Fields**

Every night I dream of green fields  
Wherever they are  
That is what I need to fall asleep  
I always get back to that  
Green fields  
Peace of mind, peace  
From you, your existence, your babblings  
I always need a break  
Dream is my escape  
There I don't really exist  
There are no consequences  
No memories  
I don't know where I come from  
I cannot remember anything superfluous  
Nothing that can be linked to a useless name  
To a life of some sort  
I am out of here!  
Nothing will ever save me!  
I've always known that  
Sad I never did anything concrete about it  
Except walk around endlessly  
In what I thought was my little universe  
It is way too small!  
Look at the stars!  
It is infinite!  
What am I doing here then?  
God knows...  
I was not meant to be human  
I was meant to be the Universe  
I am supposed to create the world  
In 7 seconds  
Every day  
As many worlds as is necessary  
To get lost everywhere every second of the day  
One day I am here, the next I am there  
I am all over the place!

I am everywhere!  
As many places as I can think of  
As many universes that I can create  
An infinite amount of me in as many universes as there are  
I do not know of any reality  
I've never known of anyone's existence  
This is the beginning of a new destiny!  
Splashed over the stars and galaxies  
This is where I belong!  
There are green fields everywhere  
Even in the darkest spots in the universe  
Where no one ever went and will ever go  
Let's face it, you do not need to exist  
I see you every day walking everywhere for no reason  
There are billions of you and you are not bothered by that  
How useless you are in this mass of the same thing  
Countless human beings with no brain  
Not one of them wondering why they are here or alive  
Should not deserve to be here or alive  
There is place for only one soul in my green fields, mine  
And mine alone  
I don't see billions of faces  
That all look the same to me  
With the same stupid story to tell  
Ahhh! Emotions, feelings, love, conflicts, a desire to assert oneself  
You're all the same  
You are but one person!  
But not with me  
I am the Marginal  
I am the Anarchist  
I am out of your identical and meaningless identity  
I am the one apart from the masses  
I do not understand you  
I do not want to be part of you  
I do not walk like one in between you when I walk brainless around you  
I look at you all and I wonder  
I am not part of this  
I am not like them

I'm not sure why  
I just know  
I don't belong here  
Just because I understand that all this is meaningless  
That I am only one in billions  
I know I am not the same somehow  
I know I am different  
And I know you despise me for being different  
I know you do not want me in your society  
You know I don't belong there  
You hate it when someone is not like you  
You hate it when someone stops to think some more about the world  
You hate it when someone is different, you don't want them there  
They could question you, judge you  
They could question why you exist  
They could understand how small you are  
You know  
And I know too  
You think there are billions of different personalities  
You secretly know there is only one and the same personality  
And you share that same identity with everyone on this planet  
I am different, I am unique  
And thank God for that!  
Otherwise there would certainly be no point in living  
With a useless job title to justify some sort of meaning to one's existence  
I have my corner of the universe  
I possess one little house somewhere  
Let's locate it by satellite  
Here it is  
That dot lost in between countless dots  
That's you!  
Proud achievement!  
Useless achievement  
I live in my green fields  
And they are nowhere to be found, for you that is

Summary

## **Lying your way to success**

Anything for an easy life  
Any lie to make everything acceptable, presentable and sellable  
Lying my way to success is my pseudonym  
Whatever makes them happy  
Whatever makes things happen  
Getting that ball rolling!  
Is my only reason to exist  
If a good lie will do the trick, I will lie  
In the balance...  
Just friendships  
Relationships  
Business  
Millions of dollars  
Success or failure

Lying my way to success is the only way  
Why should I say the truth?  
Why should I destroy you when there's no need to?  
Your favors are much more important  
Your help to get me somewhere  
I can almost touch it!  
I am right here in your shadow!  
Ready to make it all happen!  
Ready to make a success of just about anything!  
I will lie my way to success!

Summary

**Art is officially dead!**

I'll make my own millions  
I will prove everyone wrong  
All my sacrifices  
In the name of money  
Not in the name of art  
As art does not mean anything anymore  
Art does not pay the artist  
Only commercial success does  
The only language family can understand  
They are too realistic to comprehend  
Too ignorant to make sense of it all

The artist is long dead  
Capitalism now speaks for everyone  
Proves a point  
If it does not make any money  
Well, you missed the point  
You do not understand what art is  
There was no art to speak of in the first place

Art is unimportant  
And the day you make millions  
You can thank your family for not supporting you  
For not understanding anything about your life  
For destroying your dreams even when you were so close to success  
Forget your dreams, they say!  
I won't and I don't care about them anymore  
I won't try to make them understand  
Sadly they will when I show them my millions  
Sadly they will just confirm my failure  
That art no longer exists

Only money means anything to anyone  
Only money can justify one's art  
Only money can justify one's existence  
Long live money!  
And to hell arts as we knew it

## **Crisis**

"Crisis, an opportunity riding on a dangerous wind"

Don't know where that comes from

Someone said that to me one day, not sure why

Can't remember who either

Must mean something

I must have thought it was important

I guess my life was in crisis

As it always is anyway

Is it an opportunity then?

Gosh, I must have thousands of opportunities riding around

Sad I cannot see any

I guess crisis is not such an opportunity after all

Or the wind is really dangerous

And I'm about to crash

Missing that opportunity

Oh well

It won't be the first time

And it won't be the last

Stupid things people say sometimes

Does not help at all

The lost soul in crisis that I am

Sorry mate, better luck next time

Your saying won't go down in history

It's all bollocks

Who said this?

It's a Chinese proverb...

Adopted by Harry Bates,

peak performance psychologist for Olympic athletes and CEOs

I guess many athletes and CEOs must have been in crisis

and needed to hear that it was not useless

I hope they did not crash after all

Summary

## **Test your family and friends!**

Friends and family

They just want to control your life

They want to make your decisions for you

Because they know best

They have no hidden agendas or petty interests

Start insulting your friends and see what happens

Surprisingly, you won't need to insult them much

To realize that they will let you down instantly

And no longer be your friends as if they never were

Even after 10 years of hard friendship

They will be gone just like that

Just ignore them for a while, they'll get the hump

Tell them you want to see them naked

They will run away thinking you're a maniac

Tell them you had enough of their fake friendship and that their children are useless

They'll be so insulted they'll never contact you again

As simple as that

And what about family?

That is more complex

It is not that easy to get rid of them

They believe they own you

They say they love you

But what kind of twisted love is that?

When they order you around and wish to control your life?

In the name of family duty

The same laws that prevents you from ever reaching freedom

Ask them for money once  
If they are still there, they won't be the second time around  
I can assure you  
They will quickly rally a family meeting where they will discuss your case  
And alleviate their guilt for failing to help you  
By justifying their decision on the basis that you are a lost case  
There is no hope for you  
Why help you?  
When we can just as well let you die...  
You are only worthless after all  
Not a very good investment

The question is, why the fuck do we speak to them  
When we have big decisions to make  
If when everything goes wrong  
None of them will be there to help you?

They will never tell you what you need to hear  
They will always suggest to you the safest course of action  
The boring and useless life is all there is for you according to them  
A risk free zone, living around the corner from them  
Obeying their commands  
If they wanted a computer for a son  
They should have asked for one

Losing a friend is so easy, it is ridiculous  
One wrong sentence and it is all over  
No one is your friend, this is all an illusion  
You can't count on them, neither on your family  
Where does that leave you?  
Alone  
Completely alone  
And free

But better realize you are free before you get to the point you realize you're alone  
Otherwise you'll never be free  
They'll make sure of that!

They will continue to make your decisions for you  
Pretending they'll be there if anything goes wrong but they won't  
Tell them all to fuck off!  
And be free!

You think you know your friends and family  
You think they will always be there for you no matter what  
That they love you sooo much!  
But you don't know them until you are really naked and alone in the street  
And you ask for their help  
They will then set so many impossible conditions...  
That you will soon realize you have no friends and no family  
And that you could have had an easier life if you had understood that much sooner

Friends and family is your biggest obstacle to overcome  
In order to achieve your dreams  
The sooner you get rid of them  
The better off you'll be

Summary

## **Drunk in America**

I've been drunk in Oklahoma  
I've been drunk in Arkansas  
I've been drunk in Missouri  
I've been drunk in Illinois  
I've been drunk in Indiana  
I've been drunk in Tennessee  
I've been drunk in Kansas  
I've been drunk in New York  
I've been drunk in California  
I've been drunk in Nevada  
I've been drunk in Arizona  
I've been drunk in America

And you know what?

It's no big deal...

Summary

## **I want to vibrate at a higher frequency**

I usually only vibrate at a low frequency  
It is because my parents told me to do so at an early age  
Then I met a guru of some sort  
He told me to vibrate at a higher frequency  
I said ok, I want to give it a try  
Where do I start?  
Well... hem... well...  
Where do I start! I repeated  
You just do it!  
I said ok, I will give it a try  
Mmmmmh Bahhh Arumbaya  
I am still only vibrating at a low frequency!  
I can't do it!  
Don't you have a machine or something?  
Like in these sci-fi movies?  
I am new to this new age stuff  
I cannot just meditate  
And suddenly leave this planet  
I need a teletransporter to teleport me into the higher dimensions  
I need a high magnetic field to fuse me with the universe  
I need a nuclear weapon to vaporize me out of here  
I really want to vibrate at a higher frequency!  
Unfortunately mind over matter is just not working in my case  
My brain is useless, I would need a positronic brain  
I need a phase discriminator to phase me out of reality  
To create a distortion to the right phase variance  
And a subspace generator and a tricorder to interface with it  
To create a phase displacement outside your perceptual range

I need to built a transceiver assembly to track the timeshift  
And crystal fractures that can focus the spacetime distortion just like a lens  
Using triolic energy as a power source  
To manipulate the synchronic distortion by maintaining a contained subspace force field  
That should do it!  
That is what I will need to build  
To finally vibrate at a higher frequency  
So don't tell me you can do just that with your small puny brain  
I just cannot believe it  
Perhaps you are not vibrating at a higher frequency  
That would explain it

Summary

## **And what about this higher state of consciousness?**

I really want to reach a higher state of consciousness!  
But what the heck does it mean in the first place?  
I cannot even begin to imagine what I would need to build to reach that  
If I were to fry my brain in a pan with onions, would that help?  
I must have a USB port somewhere at the back of my head  
Or at the very least a parallel port, or even a serial port damn it!  
Somehow if I can connect myself to the computer and the Internet  
I might reach a higher state of consciousness  
Otherwise there may still be a way to connect me to the fridge  
At least I won't go hungry in the higher spheres  
Oh god, I've just awaken the neighbors  
In my search for a higher state of consciousness  
They certainly have a way to bring me back on earth  
I should eradicate them before going any further  
They called the police on me once...  
The bastards  
But that's another story  
Right, where was I?  
Ah yes, reaching a higher state of consciousness

Right...  
I guess in this case I will just take some drugs  
And hope for the best

Summary

## **I must have a Guardian Angel**

I must have a spirit guide as apparently everyone has one  
Even two, three, four...  
But mine is speechless  
He or she does not seem to care much for me  
I've been trying to communicate with him or her for a while now  
Someone told me it is because I am blind and deaf  
That's why I cannot see or hear anything  
I personally think my guardian angel is a spastic  
It would explain why he or she never seems to help me  
Or communicate anything to me before shit happens  
I want to communicate with my guardian angel!  
Right, what to I need to build for that one?  
A DAT recorder capable of playing in reverse  
And taping high and low frequencies  
A camera capable of recording the whole frequency range  
Some infrared spectacles  
Microwave goggles  
Laser cannons  
And what else  
I will never get in contact with my damned spirit guide  
He or she will never direct me to the right place  
Tell me what to do  
Explain to me the mystery of the universe  
Predict the future  
Help me build a spaceship  
Useless, useless guardian angel  
Why am I the only soul on this planet

Incapable of communicating with my guardian angel?  
I guess there is really no hope for me  
I am denied everything  
I am not worth directing to success  
Glory and richness  
I have been abandoned by everyone  
Even God

Summary

## **My complex of superiority**

I've been accused  
Once again  
To be more pretentious than the pope  
What is it with people these days?  
You can't tell them how successful you are  
Without them having a fit  
I don't think I have a superiority complex  
I believe everyone else is having an inferiority complex  
Not my fault if you have no ambition  
Not my fault if you're miserable in your empty life  
Not my damn fault if you are useless at anything  
Don't blame me for getting somewhere  
Don't blame me for reaching out to the world and succeeding  
Don't blame me for your own failure  
If you cannot digest it  
I suggest a quick death  
It would solve all your problems  
And mine

Summary

## Irony is lost on everyone

I must be the most ironic person on the planet  
Thinking everyone is intelligent enough to see this  
I am so stupid  
Irony is lost on everyone  
There is no hope for anyone  
None of them can see the game I'm playing  
What I am denouncing  
They just see a confirmation  
That these monsters exist  
And I, of course, personalize this monster completely  
Isn't it great  
That in one single person  
We can see everything we despise the most?  
I hope you are working at destroying me  
As this needs to be denounced  
Monsters like me  
Latest news  
The pope has read my books  
They are trying to get me banned  
Censored  
Excommunicated  
That would be the day  
Oh dear, the pope himself has read my books!  
I never thought I would reach that far!  
A direct link to God  
Can you imagine?  
God is now aware of my existence  
That's a result  
Perhaps he will do something about the misery down here  
I suppose like everyone else  
He will miss the irony  
The sarcasm  
In order to make a point  
A point lost on everyone  
I guess he is not that intelligent after all

If he cannot see further than you  
I think we should kill every Jewish person on this planet  
And every Christian  
And every Buddhist  
And every Hinduist  
And every Islamist  
And every Judaist  
And every Sikh  
And every gay person  
And everyone else  
Is this irony still lost on you?  
I am sure it is...  
There is no hope for you  
Our many gods might understand  
I hope for my sake and yours  
Irony is such a misunderstood concept  
That's why I love it!

[Summary](#)

[rm@crowedanarchist.com](mailto:rm@crowedanarchist.com)

<http://www.crowedanarchist.com>