

EARLY EDITION

RELEASED INTO THE WORLD ON THIS DAY



THE

RELEASED INTO THE WORLD ON THIS DAY

KING OF LIMBS



A UNIVERSAL SIGH!

Good morning Mr Maggie,
how are we today?
Now you've stolen all
my magic and took my
melody?
You got some nerve
coming here.
You got some nerve
coming here.
You stole it off give it
back.
You stole it off give it
back.
Good morning Mr Maggie,
how are we today?
You know you should but
you don't.
You know you should but
you don't.
Open our mouths wide.
A universal sigh.
"So why does this still
hurt?"
Don't blow your mind
with why.
Why does this not add up?
Don't let it blow your
mind.

Across a great divide.
A giant turtle's eyes.
Jellyfish float by.
Your rules do not apply.
As open as the sky.
The holes we measure out.
It's what keeps me alive.

Why does this not add up?
A spider to a fly.
A universal sigh.
A giant turtle's eyes.
Don't blow your mind with
why.
The current's just too
strong.
Don't let it blow your
mind.
Across a great divide.
The words between the
lines.

None of this stuff is mine.
I throw my arms wide.
Open your heart and smile.
Don't look so serious.
No need to pull that face.
Always I'm before you.
The cards that have been
dealt out.
Moving out of orbit.
Turning in somersaults.
Ours not to reason why.
I'm reeling with this
feeling.
Where er'r the current
flows.
Precious little time.
Distances and time.
The wind takes all the
leaves.
And then it will take me.
The parts we have to play.
I cannot help but laugh.

I cannot help but laugh.
It's like I've fallen out of
bed from a long and vivid
dream.
The sweetest flowered
fruits were hanging from
the trees.
Falling off a giant bird
that's been carrying me.
Like I've fallen out of bed
from a long and vivid
dream.
Just exactly as I remember.
Every word, every gesture.
I've my heart in my mouth.
Like I've fallen out of bed
from a long and vivid
dream.
Finally I'm free of all the
weight I've been carrying—
Slowly we unfurl as lotus
flowers.

All I want is the moon
upon a stick.
Just to see what is.
Just to see what if.
I can't kick the habit
'Just to feed your fast
ballooning head.'
"Listen to your heart!"
Good morning Mr Maggie,
how are we today?
Now you've stolen all
my magic and took my
melody?

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'Just to feed your fast
ballooning head.'
"Listen to your heart!"



RADIOHEAD
PANGAEA, SPRITE, HOB,
PANTHALASSA, GAME, FAUNA!





no life
 no rest
 you got your own chance
 together ... or build your own hell
 for ever
 to walk a ghostly path
 so you can say
 i see zombies
 i see zombies
 inside

huddled
 we are
 the 20
 we are



SELL YOUR HOUSE AND BUY GOLD

There was disaster coming; that was obvious. Life had been almost ridiculously easy, and now things were going to get worse. Much, much worse. I couldn't believe that I had ever thought otherwise. I couldn't believe that I'd ever thought that there could be any other outcome.

But I had.

I had disregarded a thousand different types and variations of warning for years.

I had believed implicitly in the power of the Authorities to deal with any situation that may have worried me. My bookshelves were full of books, packed with scientific explanations, and I had taken out a variety of insurance that implied my life was worth money.

I did not think that my life, or more precisely, the manner in which I lived it was effectively an inexorably lengthy suicide, although, of course, it was. Small things were changing, but I had preferred to remain oblivious. I did not much miss the butterflies, and birdsong had only reminded me of mobile phones or car alarms anyway. Disaster I thought of in inverted commas, "DISASTER".

It was something that, if it were to happen, would look like extremely expensive special effects.

Because the world was big, and seemed to alter only in the details, I slowly became comfortable in many assumptions. I fossilised into what I saw as an eternally stable sediment.

In this state I engaged actively with property, clothing, money, culture, and had a vested interest in continuing to do so.

In this I was not alone.

Even though I had often observed newly-born swarms of mayflies smashed to pieces by a sudden and unexpected showers of hailstones, I often used credit cards. Even though I myself had mercilessly crushed legions of ants beneath my feet, I took out a mortgage on a house that I then renovated, decorated and bought furniture for. And even though I had seen on the television many harbingers of disaster, I carried on acting as if nothing was wrong.

All of this was an error.

No. Not just an error; it was an immense mistake.

When, at last and unequivocally, I had to admit to my deeply comfortable self that disaster really was coming and that its coming was inevitable, I took certain steps.

Everyone that I knew of lived in houses, and it rapidly became clear that all of these houses were either too old, too dangerously situated, or in any number of other ways inappropriate. We used our diverse and highly-developed skills to research the question of what to do.

We decided to build a new house that had none of the drawbacks of previous habitats. We selected a site and had the house built. The disaster was definitely coming, but money still worked as it always had, as did credit, mortgages, property, and all the other things we clothed ourselves with.

There seemed to be no particular urgency regarding the disaster; only a dull sort of inevitability. Our new house fulfilled all the requirements we sought, but there was one thing we had not thought about.

One thing we had not got right.

We built a house with too many shadows in it. It wasn't the sort of thing that you notice at first; oh no. The shadows did not become evident until it was too late.

Of course. Not until it was much, much too late.

And soon it was clear to us all that the disaster was almost upon us. This we deduced from the undeniable fact that many of the things to which we had become accustomed began to stop functioning.

The telephones became unreliable, and there was often no money in the holes in the walls. There was no more petrol, which led to some very unpleasant scenes, both on the roads and elsewhere. People had certainly been guilty of selfishness before, but the stoppage of petrol made a lot of people act extremely thoughtlessly.

In addition to our frequent and increasing daily troubles, the always awkward-to-reach hall-centre employees whom we relied upon for many things were frequently completely absent, and when the telephone systems did actually work, we were usually rebuffed by recorded voices that enticed us through several options before becoming silent.

One evening the television had nothing to show us.

And then, almost suddenly, it was no longer possible to buy newspapers, or indeed many sundries including soap, dish-washing tablets, razors, lightbulbs, vacuum-cleaner bags, or toilet paper, as the family who had owned the shop had gone. We tried to find other shops, but the families who owned them had gone too.

We now had to think about the how of getting, rather than the how much to get. This was a strain. It occurred to me, not infrequently, that our civilisation had, of late, begun to make the simplest things extremely tortuous. We had perfected what now seemed a psychotic level of complexity around simple human activities like eating, keeping clean, and moving from one place to another.

Our supply of electricity became erratic. At the end of a day filled with minor panics of one sort or another it was apparent that there was no more of it at all.

That was where our real problems started.

Looking back, I can see that they began long before that. Our problems began a long, long time ago, when they were invisible, and continued during their gradual appearance.

The problems grew and were nurtured by our casual indifference, our sneers, and the ignorant manner in which we chose to live. Our gestating problems were the dark, inevitable spectre that accompanied us to the cashpoint, into work, to the supermarket, and into our gritty, tortured beds.

And after the end of the electricity, the shadows conspired against us.

The dark corners began to scare us more than the coming disaster. The disaster was imminent; that was clear from the disappearance of many things which we had assumed to be vital to our being. But the threat from the shifting shadows in our house was worse, far worse.

We began, almost imperceptibly, to panic.

However much we reassured ourselves that we were safe, that the disaster would flow over us, that we had stockpiled, that we were defended and guarded against every eventuality, the insistent shadows illuminated our vulnerability.

When night came, we fell to a brooding quietude, eyeing each other with suspicion, inventing justifications for our dark feelings.

We cloaked our hidden desires; we conspired with the shadows.

Nothing seemed to be happening.

The television, I realised, had been a sort of terminal that connected me to a wider understanding of events. And without newspapers it was impossible not to write my own internal headlines during my sleepless nights. Worry became constant; worry and enforced exile from everything I was accustomed to.

I had never envisaged a sort of loneliness that did not involve people. But in fact it was the lack of small items that I had previously taken for granted made me lonely. I missed tea, toothpaste, remote controls, coffee, ballpoint pens, margarine, AA batteries, and easy credit in high-street stores. I missed my favourite magazines.

And the dead silence that enfolded the telephone and the television made me lonely. And the hollow look in the eyes of the people - oh...

After the end of electricity, the nights lengthened.

We had to wait in the dark, listening.

Life had quickly become intolerable for some of us.

It wasn't that I found my existence more tolerable than theirs; only that I felt that I had a sort of fortitude, a sort of - wisdom.

Nobody was happy.

The light in the house became less and less; the shadows, darker and darker. Still we waited for the disaster.

And when I looked, when people moved in front of the windows in the grey light, their shadows cast quickly clattering dark talons across the floor. This only became worse as the light faded.

I forbade them from moving, as it had become impossible to tell shadow from shadow. Or shadow from human.

Mine was a necessary act, an act which intended to prove that we had to be strong and united against the looming disaster.

The man had always been unreliable, but certain events had proved to me that he was a liability. If it had not been me it would have been another who would have had to take that awful decision.

Nobody witnessed anything; not that it would have made any difference if they had.

I was not ashamed, and after a certain amount of uproar I explained my reasoning and my actions to the others. But I did not go into the details; if I had told them about his struggling, and how long it took, there would undoubtedly have been problems.

We carried his carcass beyond the perimeter wire and left it in a ditch. Inevitably, there were people who objected, and they were next.

When disaster is coming it is difficult to see clearly, but somehow I could see through the shadows to the light.

A long period of unpleasantness followed.

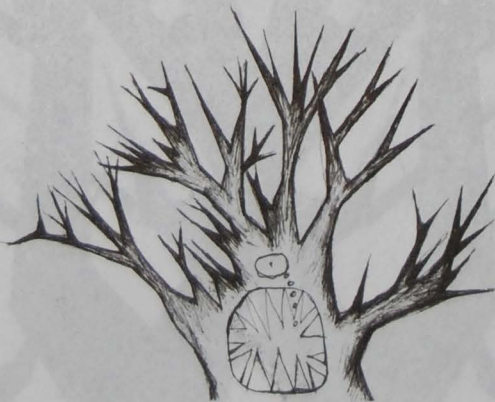
As the people in the house became fewer the shadows seemed to increase in number and in density. Often I perused my fading bank statements, lost in a reverie of long-gone financial transactions. I disliked being disturbed. Yes. I disliked that.

The disaster was coming. That was clear.

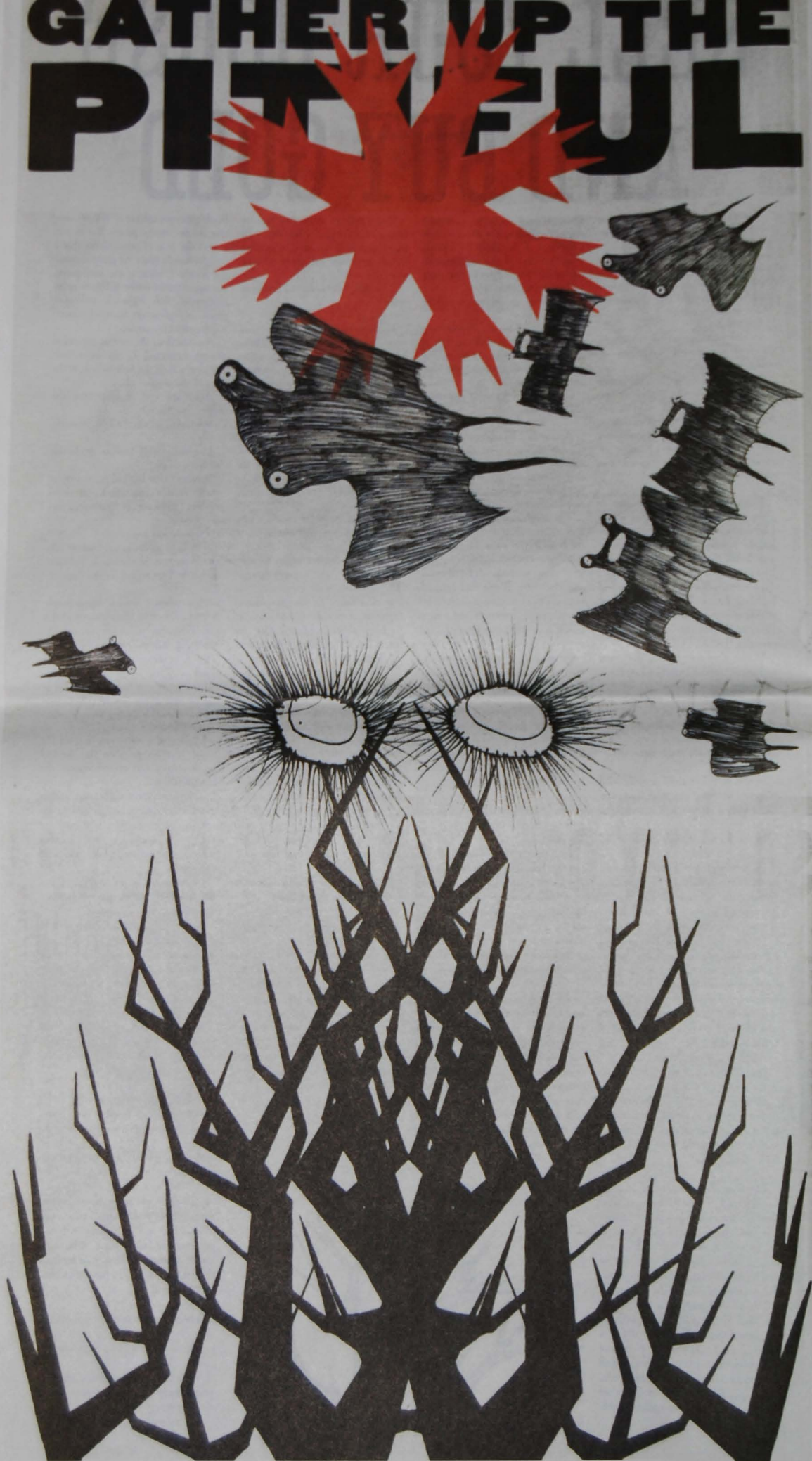
There were shadows everywhere.

When I was at last alone, when the people were all gone, I waited for the disaster on my own.

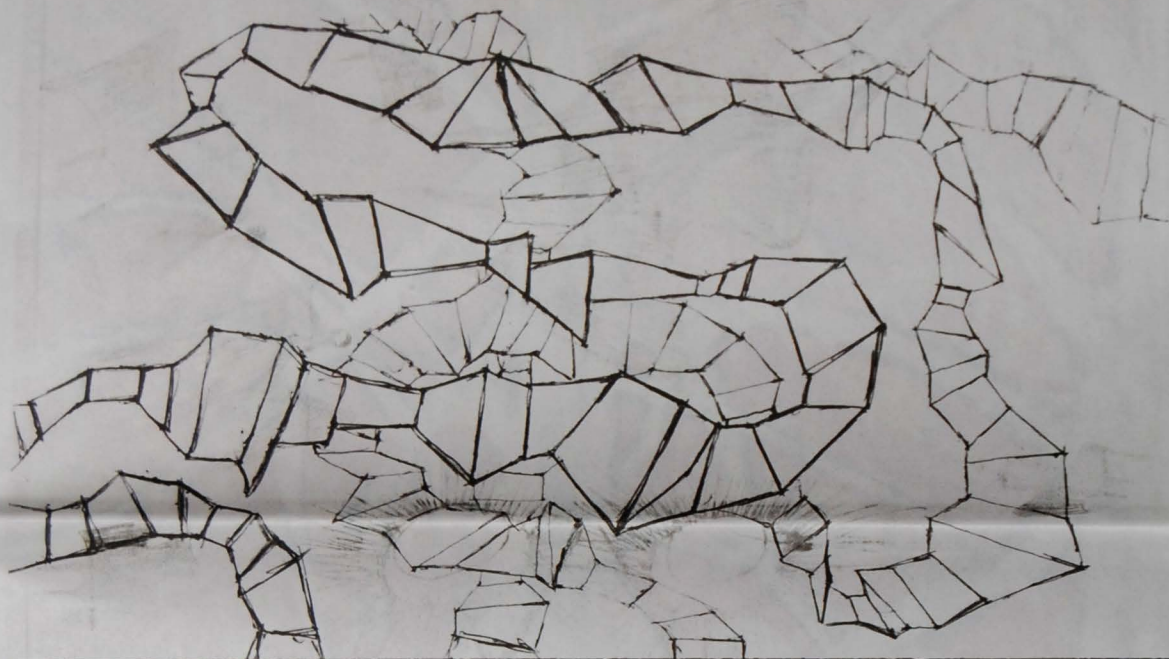
On my own.



GATHER UP THE PITIFUL



A circular decorative plate or medallion. The central image is a tree with bare, dark branches, possibly a yew or a similar evergreen without leaves. The tree is set against a light, textured background. Surrounding the tree is a laurel wreath. The entire circular design is enclosed within a border of small, repeating figures or motifs, possibly representing a classical or allegorical scene. The overall style is that of a historical engraving or a detailed illustration of a decorative object.

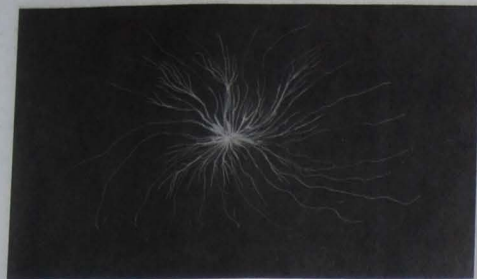


OPEN YOUR

MOUTH WIDE







ROOT OF ROOTS



RAGNORO



K



URPFLANZE



THE KING OF LIMBS



CODEx



AXIS MUNDI



YGGDRASIL



ARBOR PHILOSOPHICA



THE BIRD THAT'S FLOWN INTO MY ROOM.

UNHAPPENED

OUT OF IT, IN IT, OUT OF IT

WALK UP A LONG AGO ROAD COVERED WITH MOSS INTO THE WOODS. THERE IS SNOW FORECAST. I WANT TO LOSE MYSELF IN A BLIZZARD. NO SNOW HERE THOUGH. JUST DISTANT TRAFFIC AND BIRDS SPEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER.

SIT ON A DEAD TREE. GREY SKY. GREY FEATHERS SPREAD ACROSS THE MOSS. A BEAK: BLOODY FLESH STILL ATTACHED. RED AGAINST PALE GREEN. A SIREN, FAR OFF.

ALL AROUND THE CROWS SHOUT ABOUT ME. SNAGGED BY BRAMBLES. WHIPPED BY THORNS.

I DREAD OTHER HUMANS. TINY FLAKES FALL. COLD DEAD SKIN. PUSH THROUGH SPINY UNDERGROWTH. A MUDDY PLATEAU. FROZEN RUTS. THE SOUND OF TRAFFIC AND AEROPLANES. HARD TO THINK. LEANING AGAINST BARBED WIRE. TWO FLOCKS OF BIRDS. ABOVE THE BYPASS. AN UNATTENDED FIRE DYING. A CIRCLE OF HOT GREY ASH. A BIRD SHEDS THEN PLUMMETS. A COLD EAST WIND.

INTO THE WOODS. A SNOWY PATH. WALK INTO AN ABANDONED QUARRY. CAVES EVERYWHERE. WARM AIR THAT SMELLS OF BLOOD DRIFTS OUT AND I'M TOO SCARED TO GO VERY FAR IN.

I LOSE MY WAY. EMERGE BLINKING FROM THE WOODS. A GOLF COURSE. I'M HUNGRY AND I KNOW I AM FAR FROM FOOD. I WISH IT WOULD SNOW.

A DARK PUBIC THICKET IN THE CROTCH OF A BEECH. A RUINED HOUSE. A SIGN: PRIVATE WOODS NO ACCESS.

BRANCHES GLOW IN THE SUNLIGHT. LOOK OUT AT THE SKY FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL. I THINK I'M SURROUNDED BY BLIZZARDS. ONE SWOOPS OVER. WALK INTO IT. THE SUN STILL OUT. MY SHADOW CLEAR AS SUMMER BUT SNOW DOWN MY NECK. WATCHING VALLEYS FULL OF SNOW BLOW TOWARDS ME. NO SHELTER; EYES WATERING FROM THE COLD WIND.

SNOW FASTER AND FASTER. TAPPING ON MY COAT. FALLING FAST. HYPNOTIC. I'M BECOMING A SNOW MAN. HANDS TOO COLD ALMOST.

SUN IN THE DISTANCE. THIS WILL BE OVER SOON. THE CLOUD DEPARTS: A TRAILING GHOST.

FAIRY DUST

GOD'S GOT THE FAIRY DUST OUT AGAIN. SCATTERING EVERY WHICH WAY. HIS GIANT FINGERS TOUCHED THE END OF THE STREET AND SLOWLY BUT COMPLETELY EVERY LIVING AND INANIMATE THING FELL INTO SPARKLING AND TWINKLING. A FROZEN ENDING. A WICKED WITCHES SPELL.

I'M WAITING HERE PATIENTLY FOR HIS FINGER TO REACH INSIDE ME AND FREEZE MY BLOOD TOO. ALLOW MY FUNCTIONS TO GRIND SLOWLY BUT SURELY TO A HALT. THE DRUMS SLOW IN TEMPO UNTIL NOTHING. ALL OF THESE FEELINGS FINALLY PARALYSED BY THE FRACTAL FORMS CRAWLING INEVITABLY OVER EVERY LIVING SURFACE.

THEN ALL CAN BECOME NORMAL AGAIN. AND I CAN SET ABOUT FORGETTING.

HAUNT

DESIRE COMPANY. LACK SELF-ESTEEM AND WANT TO PROVE SELF.

FEEL THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND UNHAPPINESS THAT WAS PRESENT IN CHILDHOOD. CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS WRONG. IRRITABLE AND DISSATISFIED. FRIENDLY AND OPEN, YET FEEL THAT NOTHING IS RIGHT. RESTLESS, DISLIKE ROUTINE, NEED STIMULATION AND HAVE TROUBLE GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

REACT BADLY TO SHOCK AND HAVE INTENSE FEARS, ESPECIALLY OF BEING IN A CROWD, AND DISLIKE GOING OUT.

SPEND HOURS FRANTICALLY SORTING THINGS OUT, BUT TEND NOT TO ACCOMPLISH MUCH. IRRITABLE, NERVOUS, RESTLESS AND HARD TO PLEASE.

RESTLESS, HOPELESS, MOROSE AND HAVE A MORBID IMAGINATION. NO MATTER HOW ILL, DENY THAT ANYTHING IS WRONG AND REFUSE TO SEE A DOCTOR. PREFER TO BE LEFT ALONE.

FIT AND HEALTHY, STRONG, ENERGETIC MIND AND BODY. LIVELY AND ENTERTAINING. WHEN ILL, BECOME VIOLENT AND OBSTINATE. MAY HIT, BITE OR KICK. ILLNESS CHARACTERISED BY RESTLESS, AGITATED BEHAVIOUR, WITH EXTREME SENSITIVITY TO LIGHT, NOISE, MOVEMENT OR BEING TOUCHED.

SET HIGH GOALS. DRIVING AMBITION LEADS TO WORKAHOLISM. AN EXCESSIVE SENSE OF DUTY, ALWAYS FEEL AS IF HAVEN'T DONE AS WELL AS SHOULD. SENSITIVE TO OTHERS' OPINIONS AND EASILY HURT. MAY BECOME DESPAIRING. CAN LEAD TO CLINICAL DEPRESSION AND SUICIDE.

VERY MATERIALISTIC. SEE LIFE AS A STRUGGLE FOR FINANCIAL SECURITY. GREAT FEAR OF POVERTY EVEN IF FINANCIALLY SUCCESSFUL. CLEAN-LIVING. CRITICAL, METICULOUS, RELIABLE.

FEAR THE SUPERNATURAL, PREFER DAYLIGHT TO DARKNESS, HAVE VERY FIXED IDEAS.



HE MEANS YOU NO HARM
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
WAVING TO MUM AND DAD
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
OH DOWN A PEG OR TWO
I GO

BEHIND A WALL OF EYES
OF MY OWN DEVICE
ITS ALL IN YOUR HEAD
AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN
ALL BEEN IN YOUR HEAD.
KEEP IT TO YOURSELF
I WOULD
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
SO LET US RAISE OUR GLASSES
TO WHAT WE'LL NEVER HAVE
WHAT WE'RE NOT WORTHY OF
AND TO THE GRAINS OF SAND
SLIPPING THROUGH OUR HANDS.
LIFE IS SHORT

SO I DONT MESS AROUND
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE
WHERE THERE'S NO YES OR KNOW
AND THE RULES GET CHANGED
EVERY TIME YOU TURN
THIS MAY SOUND FOOLISH
I KNOW

THIS IS JUST A GAME
FOR WHICH THERE ARE NO RULES
SO WE ARE ONLY PLAYING
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
THAT NEVER GOES AWAY
I SIT HERE WAITING
BUT IT DONT GO AWAY
SOMETHING TERRIBLE

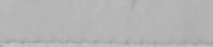
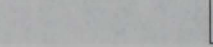
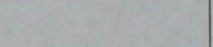
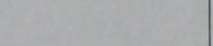
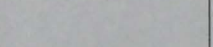
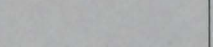
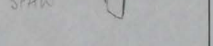
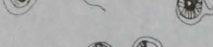
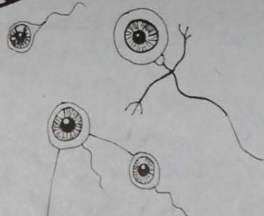
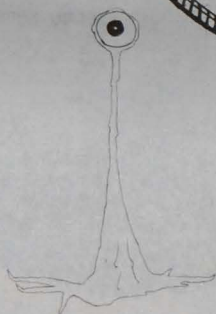
MAY HAPPEN
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE

YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN
AND HAVE TO MAKE THINGS UP
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
WITH THE SLOW TORTURE
THAT I KIND OF LIKE.

A LOOK THROUGH HOLLOW EYES.
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
I CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH
AND MAKE YOU PROUD
PROUD THAT YOU ARE MINE
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES
PULLING AT MY CHORD
GENTLY LAUGHING NOW
BECAUSE YOU'RE HAVING FUN
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT ITS LIKE
I THINK I KNOW

I THINK I FEEL THE SAME
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES

IT'S NOT TOO LATE IT'S NEVER TOO LATE



LAYER UPON LAYER

I GO

INTO A WALL OF ICE.

EMPTY WHEN I TALK.

I'M ASKING PLEASE DON'T

LOOK.

TO GET THIS OFF MY MIND

BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.

"SO LET ME GET THIS

STRAIGHT.."

MY HOW BUT YOU HAVE

CHANGED.

NO HASSLE, ANYTIME,

JUST WHEN YOU GET THE

CHANCE.

THE HORIZONTAL LINES

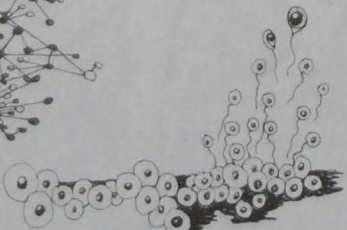
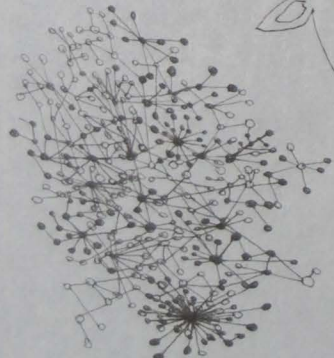
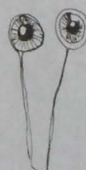
THE HORIZONTAL LINES

BEHIND A WALL OF EYES

OF MY DEVICE.



SPORN
SPAWN
SPOUN
SPD
SPAW



Everything was normal and as it should be until one day I woke up and there was something wrong.
I didn't know what it was, but it was a kind of persistent thing that I couldn't quite ignore. Something was cold and it was inside, not outside. It was like a place where someone had poked me with an icicle. A splinter of winter.
The days passed like they do and I just got colder. The cold spread until I was like a sculpture of ice. I didn't sneeze any more, and I couldn't cry and if I tried to come it was like a rind of porcelain. I was a cold man. You could throw rocks at me and it didn't hurt at all. I just splintered a little.
Perhaps, fortunately, no-one noticed and everything carried on being normal and as it should be, all around me.
But I was frozen.







A Note on the Packaging

The paper used to print this newspaper is approximately 30 per cent recycled material. Newsprint paper is made by a mechanical milling process, without the chemical processes that are often used to remove lignin from the pulp. This lignin causes the paper to rapidly become brittle and yellow when exposed to air and sunlight, mirroring the inexorable decay of all things.

This newspaper will not stand the test of time; it is most definitely not archival quality.

The board used for the record sleeve, inner sleeves and CD wallet is PEFC certified which indicates responsibly sourced material. It should last a little longer than the newspaper.

The blotting paper used for the additional gift item is FSC certified, but again is not of archival quality.

The plastic film used to wrap the newspaper and the record is 'oxo-biodegradable' or OBD plastic. This is plastic to which has been added very small amounts of metal salts. These catalyze the natural degradation process to speed it up, so that the OBD plastic will degrade to produce water, carbon dioxide and biomass. Conventional polyethylene and polypropylene plastics will typically take hundreds of years to degrade. The process is shortened with OBD plastic from hundreds of years to years and months.

However, despite the carefully chosen short-lifespan nature of the packaging for this record, it is hoped that they will be retained rather than discarded, as with care the materials used will outlive the owner.



The music and sounds from *The King of Limbs* were conjured up by Radiohead and produced by Nigel Godrich.

The imagery was summoned up by Zachariah Wildwood and Donald Twain.

Engineered and mixed by Nigel Godrich. Additional engineering by Drew Brown. Additional assistance from Darrell Thorp and Bryan Cook.

Flugelhorn on *Bloom* and *Codex* performed by Noel Langley and Yazz Ahmed.

Strings on *Codex* performed by The London Telefilmnic Orchestra, led by Levine Andrade and conducted by Robert Ziegler.

Mastered by Robert C. Ludwig at Gateway Mastering & DVD. Also thanks to Peter Yozell, and Neil Whitcher.

Studio equipment etc, kept going by Plank. Ourselves kept going by Kat and Tim. And our office! A big thank you very much indeed to Drew Barrymore.

This one's for new Henry, Zohar and all our little ones. Hello guys.

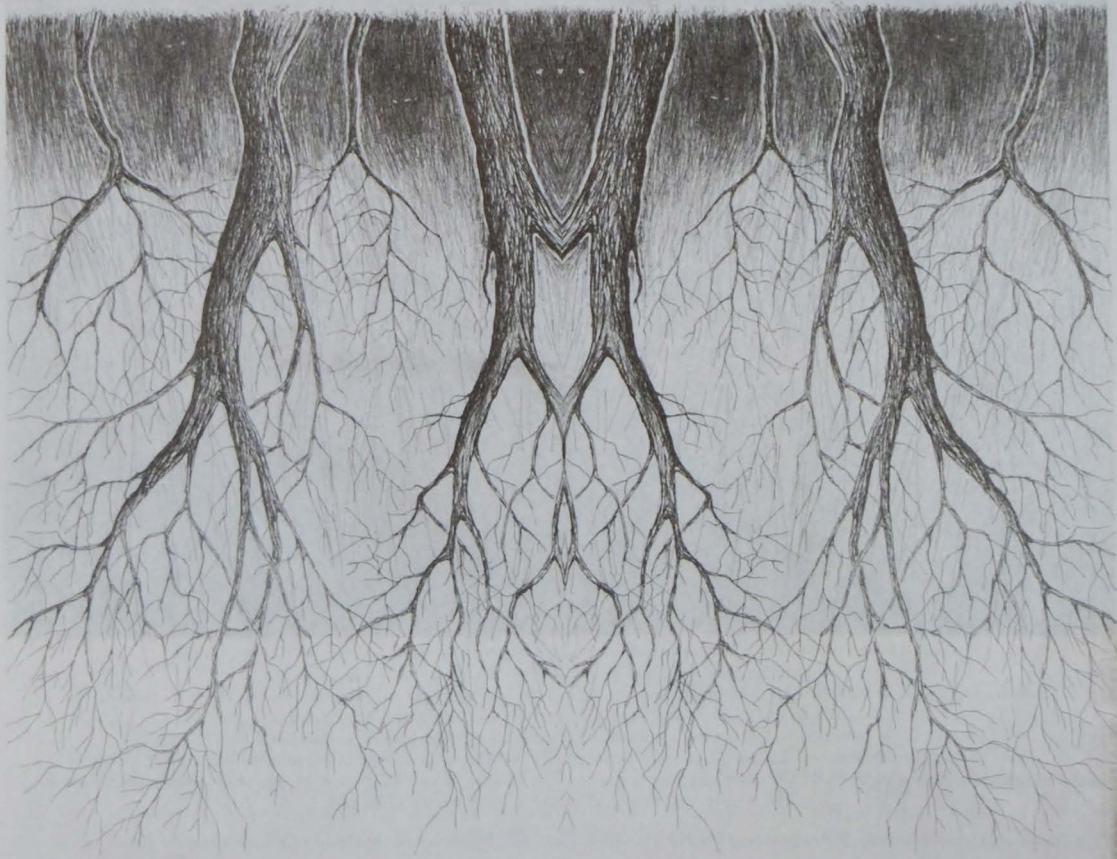
The fonts used in this newspaper are by Andrew Leman, of the H.P. Lovecraft Historical Society. Production was by Mel Maxwell, Christiaan Munro, Ade Bullock and CSV.

the

ghost

gather up the lost & their souls into
your arms gather up the pitiful into
your arms what looks impossible
into your arms now i think ive had
my fill into your arms ive been told
to give up the ghost into your arms

BE SOME BE SOME



WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?





I AM SPITTING CLICHES
 I SOUND LIKE A MUG
 I AM A DISSOLVING
 LIVING GHOST
 HOUSES ARE CRUMBS
 FIELDS WALLPAPER
 ROADS ARE LIKE SCARS
 HURLING THROUGH VAPOURS
 ALL THOUGHTS
 ARE TRANSPARENT
 SOLIDIFY DISSOLVE
 YOU ARE A LIVING GHOST
 I CLAW AND I GRASP
 CLING ONTO A RAFT
 TURN ON A TURNING WHEEL

THE PEOPLE ARE ANTS
 AREN'T YOU AFRAID
 HOUSES ARE CRUMBS
 FIELDS WALLPAPER
 ROADS ARE LIKE SCARS

The Book Of

the book of forgiveness
 the book of request
 the book of the dream that was ok
 the book of the dark underbelly
 the book of apologies
 the book of replacement
 the book of unreal
 the book of autosave
 the book of wallpapers
 the book of disconnect
 the book of teleportation
 the book of my own thoughts

**ANOTHER
 COIN FOR
 THE MERRY
 GO ROUND**

JUST SAY

WHERE YOU WANNA BE
 I'll take you anywhere
 you want to go.
 I can turn you on and
 I can make you happy.

**OPEN.
 NO
 MORE
 HIDING.**

THAT PERHAPS
 someone has cut a hole
 and thrown the first stone
 with no effort at all

the bottom of your chin
 the straightening of your neck
 a laugh stretched on your lips

i am back a child
 the future open mouthed
 and anything is possible
 p o s s i b l e
 p o s s i b l e

before we turn to ash
 with a lightness of touch
 unwrap this page in me
 scatter the ink
 scatter the ink

dumb words are all I have

feeble and undressed

windows in the dark

lost to the wind

I fail to comprehend

what compels me on

jump between the lines

along the underground

WEATHER COMING THOUGH THE WINDOWS
 HAVE TO GET THESE WINDOWS REPLACED
 THEY FLAP IN THE RAIN AND WIND.
 THERES NO ONE LEFT IN THE HOUSE
 BUT YOU AND HER.

LIE DOWN, I SHALL BE BACK FOR YOU.
 YOU'RE JUST TRAPPED IN A SONG?

you're out of your depth
 pull yourself together
 people are staring
 people are laughing
 you don't understand the
 meaning of the word
 try to switch off
 let your thoughts zone out
 there is no reason
 there is no rhyme
 double quick time
 the dust that never settles
 never settles
 we like a circus act
 falling down flat
 and dragged under the
 curtain
 hit by rubber bats
 a boom and then a splat
 springing right back
 a clown under your hat
 you've fallen on your arse
 and everybody's laughing

On entering London into
 Paddington railway station
 The words:

Far away is close at hand
 in images of elsewhere

Painted with a wide brush
 in white paint

were slowly concealed by a bright
 tangle of tags
 The largest read

MYTH

This has now been utterly erased
 Now, there is

nothing.

I WILL TAPE MYSELF UP

BUILD MYSELF A RAFT FROM WHATEVER IS HANGING AROUND
 AND PUSH OFF FROM OUR IMAGINARY DESERT ISLAND
 THAT I FORGOT TO TELL YOU EXISTED, AT LEAST TO ME
 WISH YOU WELL LIKE A BRAVE TIN SOLDIER
 WITH ALL THE STRENGTH I HAVE LEFT IN ME
 LET THE CURRENTS AND FORCES OF NATURE DO WHAT THEY WILL
 HAVING NO INTEREST IN THEIR WHOLESOME FUCKING WORTHY FLUORESCENT REALITY

JUST TO FEED YOUR FAST BALLOON- ING HEAD.

WILL BE HANGING AROUND
A LOT. TRYING TO KEEP
AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER. A
SHIRT DRYING ON A LINE.

I WILL SHRINK AND I WILL
DISAPPEAR.
I WILL SLIP INTO A
GROOVE AND CUT ME OFF.

THERES
AN EMPTY
SPACE
INSIDE MY
HEART WHERE
THE WEEDS
TAKE ROOT
SO NOW
I SET YOU
FREE
I SET YOU
FREE

The host of
the party says 'go
with it.'
I say 'What if you
can't?'
'What if it clashes
with you? It causes
a kind of sickness
to rise... a nausea,
almost like you
wanna black out.'
Everybody
is wondering
(sympathetically of
course) what I am
talking about.

'Just go
with it' they say.
'What if I
can't?'

Soon I am
walking at ground
level through
a bladerunner
world. I'm helping
someone patch in
all the leads in a
patchbay.

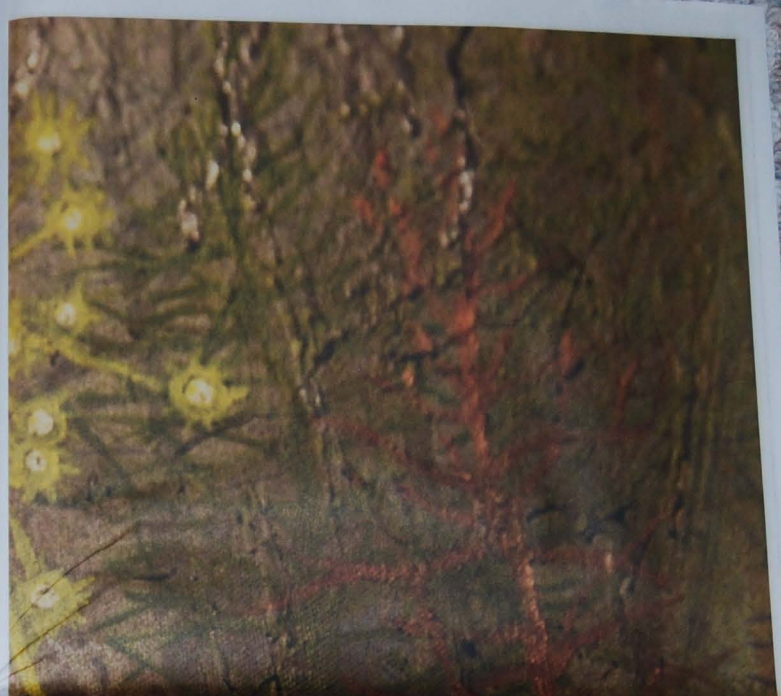
Then at
a rooftop bar I
end up late for a
meeting with a
bunch of art school
pony tail types.
They are eating
cold white fish with
dead eyes.

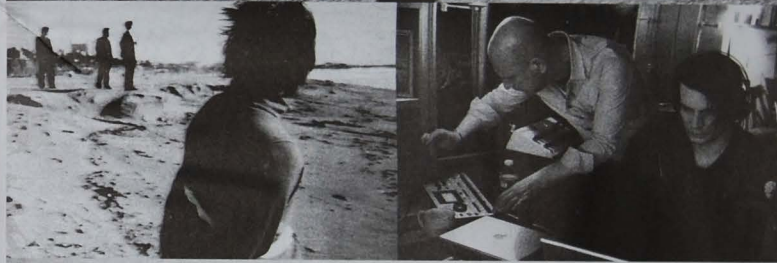
I pushed through the crowd towards the main attraction.
In a big glass tank was a naked man, standing there gazing
ahead, not looking at us or anything at all.

In the tank with him were millions upon millions of _____,
slowly and _____ chewing away at his _____.
As the _____ gorged on the man, they swelled and grew,
and their sloughed skins were drawn along a glass chute by
some kind of suction device into another glass tank where
they rolled wispily together in their millions, almost glowing
in the Californian sunset.

This was _____ man. This was his act; standing in his glass
cell, alive and fully conscious, stoically bearing his complete
consumption by the _____ that surrounded him.
By midnight there would be nothing but a sinewy skeletal
armature in the tank.

SLEIGHT OF
HAND. JUMP
OFF THE END.
INTO A CLEAR
LAKE.
NO-ONE
AROUND.
JUST
DRAGONFLIES
FANTASISED.
NO-ONE GETS
HURT. DONE
NOTHING
WRONG.
SLIDE YOUR
HANDS.
JUMP OFF THE
END.
THE WATER'S
CLEAR AND
INNOCENT.
THE WATER'S
CLEAR AND
INNOCENT.



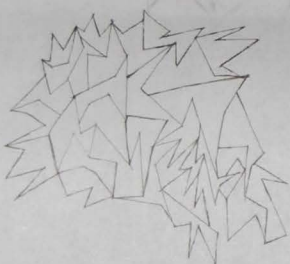


"I don't really care if anybody else believes me. Whatever it was, they were moving from place to place as a unit and then just faded away. I know that I saw something that wasn't from here. I've never seen anything move that way. It wasn't birds."

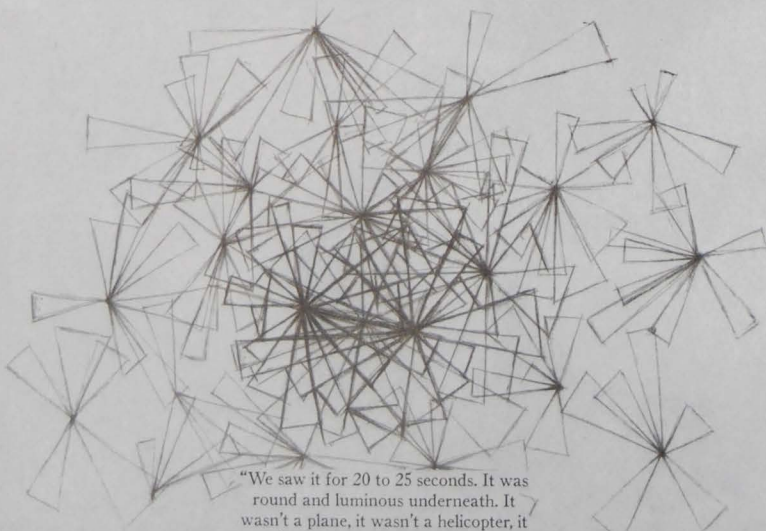
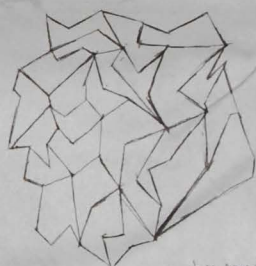
"There were three orange globes, nearly in a straight line, ... an absolutely fascinating sight. I watched them for five minutes, and then very slowly, they just disappeared. The only thing I thought it could have been was three high-flying aircraft."

TRICK BRAIN

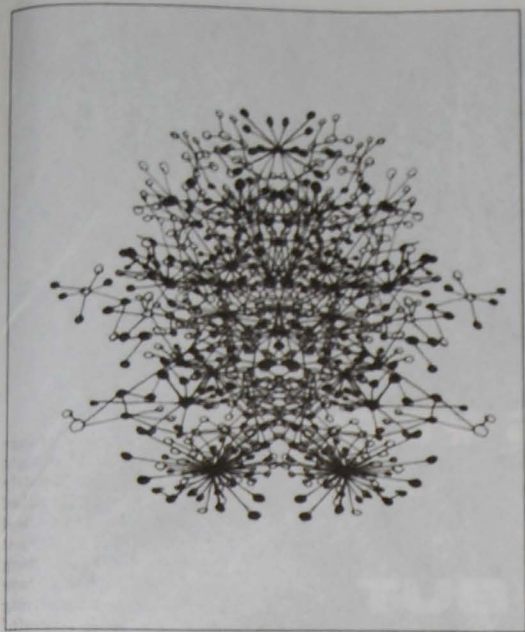
Surface
edge
crown's



trick tape parade



"We saw it for 20 to 25 seconds. It was round and luminous underneath. It wasn't a plane, it wasn't a helicopter, it wasn't a blimp and it wasn't a balloon. It made absolutely no sound."



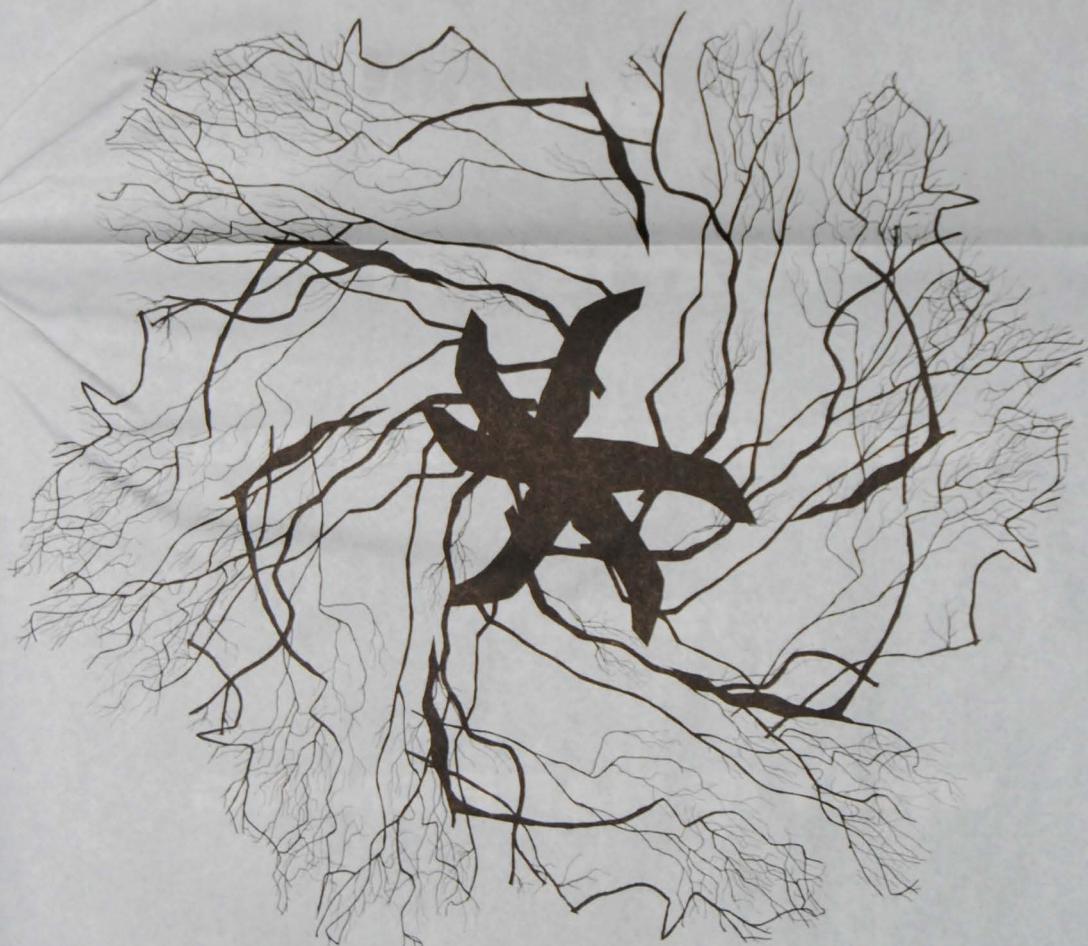
SOME SMALL CHANGES IN YOUR DAILY LIFE

No need to pull that face,
Always I am before you.
Distances and time are nothing.

Where er'r it takes you.
Where the rules do not apply.
These are merely parts we have to play.

So spare me all your tumbling clowns.
Spare me all your waving flags.
Spare me ticker tape parades,
and don't tie me up in circumstance.

THE LIMITS WE FACE!



state of flux
overflow
make no fuss
no logic
irrational
a deafening drone
out of zone
superglue
hollow moons
honeycombs
ever changing
nothing fixed
shapeshifters
no logic
i dislike this
dislike this
hiding in the darkness
hiding in the darkness

I dislike this way
dislike this way
did you ever.?
consider.?
threads untangled
light and free
transformation
is complete
exploding in a carnival
go our own way
make our rules
throw ourselves
into a barrier
go our own way
throw ourselves into a barrier
the pain barrier

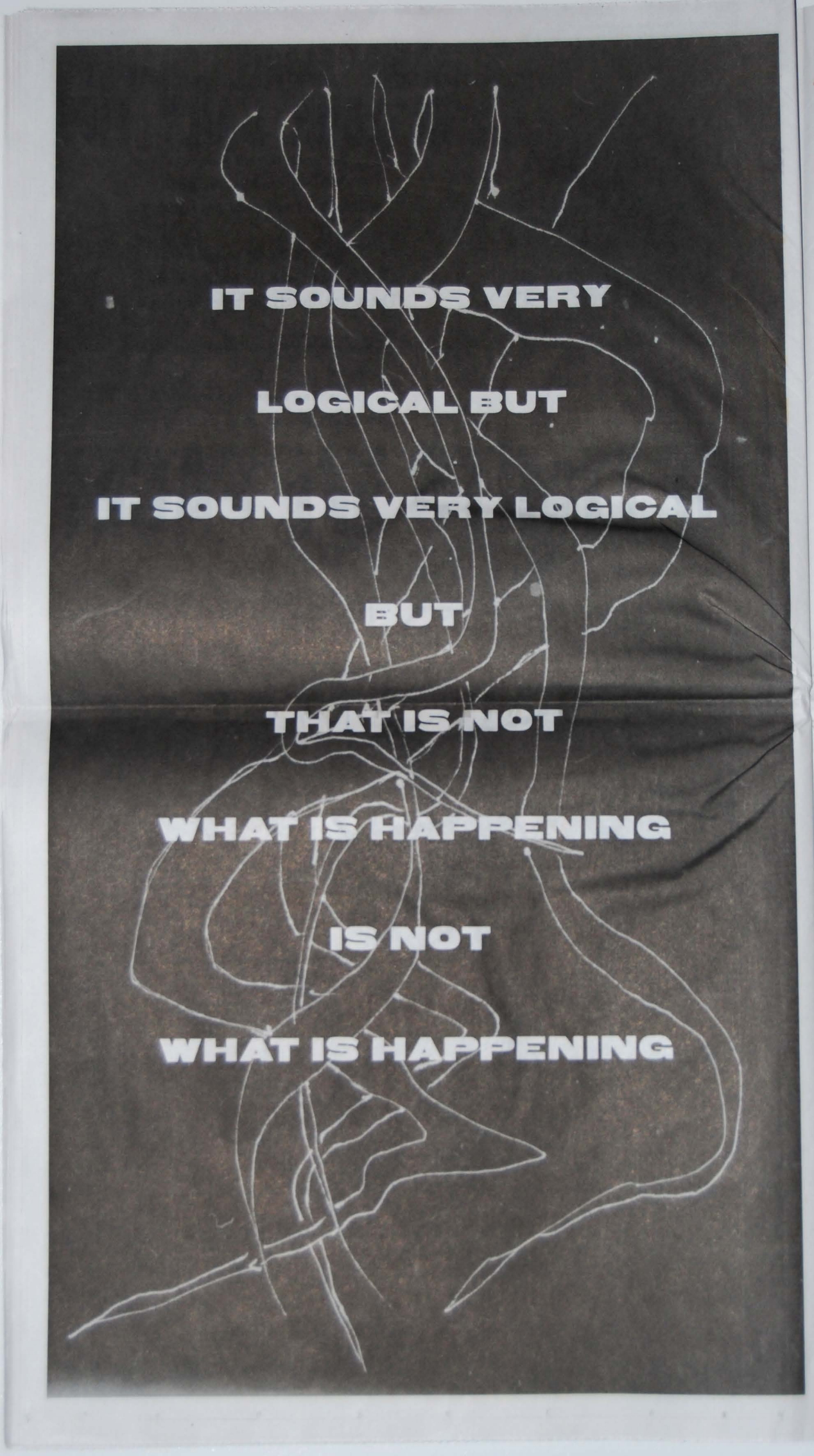
how did this get so tangled up?

no flies on me say we
cities buried under the sea
you locked me in your track
drink some coffee
take a spinal crack
wiped lottery upgrading heart attack
you see through your hands with your eyes
glowing bones
revel in your own destruction
jumping head first into rock pools

blistered millipedes take me by the hand
their mouths defy the laws of circumference
living a lie under rules they have made up
under a misguided sense of displaced duty
lost

flushed down a stormdrain in the dead of night like cats
get your kicks while you can!


hypocrites to a man

An abstract white line drawing on a dark, textured background. The drawing consists of numerous overlapping, flowing, and somewhat chaotic lines that create a sense of movement and depth. The lines vary in thickness and direction, some forming loops and others extending towards the edges of the frame. The overall effect is reminiscent of a gestural sketch or a complex, organic structure.

**IT SOUNDS VERY
LOGICAL BUT
IT SOUNDS VERY LOGICAL
BUT
THAT IS NOT
WHAT IS HAPPENING
IS NOT
WHAT IS HAPPENING**

An abstract artwork featuring a dense, chaotic arrangement of thin, elongated, and slightly curved lines in various colors including green, yellow, orange, red, and dark blue/black. These lines are layered and overlap, creating a sense of depth and movement. The background is a light, off-white color. In the center of the composition, the word "LOVE?" is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The overall effect is one of vibrant energy and complexity.

LOVE?



**BLOOM
MORNING
MR MAGPIE
LITTLE BY
LITTLE
FERAL
LOTUS
FLOWER
CODEX
GIVE UP
THE GHOST
SEPARATOR**