A sotto voice sang for the soprano singer Whose tyrannical arais won't cease to linger Bob's out there none of us play cool Classmates in a haunted school Agent Dale Cooper won't take you any higher C'mon li'l boy 'n play with the fire Surrounded by the presence of the absent teacher Both knowing silence as the music of the future Surrendered at the sepent's burning gates of fear If you think that this is hell the truth's in there The world situation calls for evacuation We wait in the dark for the next ejaculation Your black fingernails clasp the candelabra Turn the light on I see the abracadabra Naomi does the catwalk even when it snows Male photographers so envious it shows The stage their temple their trampoline to trance Trampled and turned by the transvestite's dance It isn't Naomi it's the Marlboro Man If you want to run I understand The night dies on a daily basis The solar orbit doesn't disturb my ekstasis Searching for knowledge in the spirit of Tintin Alone on a plain with Plato and Plotin My forehead bronzed by the Lamborghini moon I'm out of my night tomorrow at noon Lead the suntan astray kick the cancer away I'll kill my ego on a hidden highway Invoke the big silence on this small disc Trespasser listener on your own risk Outside of our chords and choirs of the sublime Reality is nothing but a heartbeat in time Outside of the bass and the blitzing blastbeat A massive vacuum whose ambition's complete All-sound without sound booming all around All-sound without sound booming all around Enjoy the years of work in these minutes of movement You evlove in our improvement With a linear scaffold still to fulfill I exercise a style of radical will Accelerate the ratioplane past the sound barrier To accomplish the bang the whole of my career Masculine motorcar technowork sublime Be beaten or compete this is the last heat The Tiger Sky's jaws break the neck of time Speed increased to scaffold Silence be complete