

Ceremonies of Insignificance

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Get Me Out - *originally by Cower*

One more second fucking wasted, put this bullet in my brain. One more second, one more minute, one more hour-- I'm a wreck. If one more second goes uncounted, put this rope around my neck. Bury myself into the bottle. Cough up glass for a week. Searching for strength in a liquid that takes the death grip on me.

View of a Burning City

Fiery spires raised to pierce the veil of hermetic, nourishing night. Concrete standards to proclaim the tyranny of industry's might. The heralds that announce the imminence of cancerous disease, unending plague. Nauseous. The bodies piled high. Maggots rule and birth swarms of flies. The black cloud descends. And gold is all. And we welcome thee with open arms, with blinded eyes. Hail, our corporate overlords. Hail, self-destructive greed. Hail, our burial grounds.

How Lonely Sits the City

Strangled in a vice grip. Lash out. This is the place where sadness breeds, the desolation in everyone. This is a wasteland full of nameless, faceless, soulless mounds of flesh, mewling, writhing in and out of existence. Long for communion. Nothing. The wailing moans, the gnashing of teeth. The deafening, endless, complete isolation. Long for an end, a day of reckoning. Into my bones, let it descend. The holy stones lay scattered at the head of every street. Urban scars wiped clean.

Millstone

Chattering, nagging, Black Speech, incessant, irrelevant, irrational. Pettiness always on your tongue. Your fetid breath crawling down the back of my neck. Your cold, dead hands clutching, crushing my soul. My needs, my desires

cats paw to your whims. And when you've finally, painfully excised every last ounce of my patience, all the doors will be opened, and I will be resolved--I will be absolved--to leave the curse behind.

Ordinary People

Gaze into the empty eyes of the rank and file, and you will know defeat. Knees break, bent before the altar of indifference, of conformity. Lips purse, to kiss upon the ring of submission, of abdication. Servitude personified. Mediocrity's champions. Is this life?

The Butcher's Bill

We're always crying that we want to be free. But when the shadow of danger looms, and when the mob scents fear: we collectively gasp; we shut our eyes; we abandon our convictions; we grovel and crawl before the Great Seal; we prostrate ourselves before the all-seeing eye of the God of Greed and Poverty and Ownership Ideology abandoned. Culture abolished. Families destroyed. Psychoses intensified. Consumerist freedom! Limbs and organs decimated. Lives ruined. Spread our disease.

The Mystery of Contradictions

Our mistake was in seeking resolution. Our mistake was in the acknowledgement of any argument. In the confusion and chaos of his thoughts, he is terrified by silence. And by silence can he be brought to obey. In his speech there is the illusion of some grand quest, the lie that because he is himself, therefore he is no self; the blindness of night, the deafness of the adder, the tastelessness of stale and filthy water, the udders of the Cat of slime; not one thing, but many things. Of course, this is merely thinly veiled vanity. We are not confronted with the righteous esoteric, nor a dispute of true and faithful relation. This is not the death of ego but ego incarnate, ego in its blandest, most obnoxious form: the banal thug, the maladjusted man-child, the semi-educated neanderthal. Not one thing, but many things. Woe, woe, woe, threefold to him that is led away by talk. It is time now to be silent. Your most humble and obedient servant...

The Fool Who Thought He Was King

In the murk of mindless certitude all relevance is diffused. Join us in fetal security, sweet succulent pacification. We are engorged in self-empowerment. Bloated magnificence sustained by unalterable judgments, mapping out the limitations of social interaction, of artistic abstraction. In the murk of mindless certitude all relevance is diffused. Join us in fetal security, that strengthening pacification. Lift high these banners proclaiming empty dissent. We useless heralds of transgression, of neutered transgression, of pacified transformation. Join us in fetal security, huddled together in bovine placidity. Unoffending restraint affecting no one, changing nothing.

Death to the King and All His Loyal Subjects

Ascending through the hive of the ancients, crafting candles of ethereal dissent, we are the heirs and masters to the grey throne of melancholia. We are so very worthless, and everything we do is meaningless. Towering, gilded, white pedestals erected in supplication to these raise'd demigods, detached and preening with conceit. We are so very worthless, and everything we do is meaningless. Everything we've ever done--everything we'll ever do--is meaningless. Attend our needs. Servants, lie in debasement, sustained on the crumbs of pseudo intellect, dime store wisdom disguised as politico philosophy. The illusion of ideology. The imposition of precious ego. No room for opposition. One view rules all. One view ruins all. What was once a strength is now an affectation, a glamour cast over unsuspecting acolytes. But straddling mystery and candor leaves the bloody lips exposed. Reticence abandoned. Mythos dismantled. Blustering malcontents, so pedestrian, so very mundane. Childish bores talking and talking and talking in circles. Oh, you treacherous swine. Self-entitled scum hiding in the fog of poverty, the veil of the oppressed. Self righteous ire. Self-absorbed privilege. Self-aggrandizing dribble. Tribulations contrived amidst vacillating abstraction reeking of guilt and greed. Fecund ambivalence from ostentatious parasites. Deluded vanity inextricably entwined. Instability, insecurity. Flagellants revealed. We are so very worthless, and everything we do is meaningless. Go now to the scourge pits to atone.