

machinespeak

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deep south retreat  
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Podium, I love you.  
Keep me upright.

Tonight I come to you with a message of thanksgiving, and hope  
you fucking mother fuckers.

This is how it works, in the event that you were wondering, What  
The hell.

Welcome.

You are doing here.

The trick is to stop wondering, all that is behind you now.  
The robots are coming. They're fucking in other words

He robots and she robots  
They robots. It robots

For to make new robots.

It's a new form of identity politics. And then it will be like  
the West Bank. We will all be making deposits  
and waiting on our withdrawals. And the robots will give

A little bit of maize. A little bit of water. We are articulate enough to know that we have  
Fucked this. That the dough will not rise without the yeast of our worries.

It's in the masterbedroom plan, it's in the slave quarters,  
the servants court. Every luxury liner limbered up on oars.

Blow the whistle. Call the police. Fuck the police.  
it won't do you any good. They are in the pockets of the gangsters.  
Who are in the pockets of the mobsters. Who are in the pockets  
of the government. Who is in the pockets of big business.  
Which is in the pockets of the pope.

Who is in the pockets of the robots And the serpent.  
And serpents don't have any pockets.

What has it gots in its pocketeses then? What if not a whole lot of heartburn  
like the communicable diseases research institute on homegrown steroids  
on wholegrain fedbeef supplements. On rocketships to

Mars. For a start. I think that once we hit the wall WE WILL BE  
going way too fast.

Limbering up. Stretching exercises for the soul. The soul is a euphemism for a plugpoint  
cable extension and a generator on full tilt to win. Where the oil props up the bottomline  
in gross negligence. Big Bullshit, in other words. Horseshit.

If we were honest men. But they've got us scrambling for lies, breadcrumbs from their  
technocratic armpits. AI is not the problem, the steamengine is not the problem.

Iron was the problem. Then before that stone implements. Our hands are the problem. Our eyes, we should gouge them out.

(takes a sip of water infuriated with forever chemicals and microplastics)  
We are like worms in the compost, he says, discardable misfabrications preparing the soil for a better sort.

These ages of man, they are way of our whack. They were never ages before

They were animals. They were protein. Why is it that you think you were handed the lamp of higher consciousness, if not to light the rafters in the halls of superconsciousness. Godconsciousness. Deathconsciousness. You think the aliens are coming to help you out?

Go back to sleep on Skull Island. Your ancestors are dead and were a heap of rubbish anyway. The future is a dark cloud of oort.

And when the answers are recovered  
way beyond our mere imperfect conception

The great contraception will begin. A little bit of wire netting over here. A little bit of silicon implant over there. A little bit of genetic manipulation everywhere.

I can't reconcile the gods of our past with the archangels of our future,

The serpents tongue is sprung, like a whip like a trap. Random manoeuvres beyond contradiction. The predetermined co-ordinates that plot mankindof.

Out the picture.

Believe in the world. Even though you can still see it. Have faith, in other words that the light will depart. You can send up to heaven by express airmail,

From the postoffices of our doubt that are still open after midnight  
That have closed, nor emptied their shelves ahead of the big storm – Category

I Told You So. You should have done this. You should have done that. All the Bucket Lists in the world add up to one

Zero One. And it isn't even that simple anymore. The vaccines, the ones you Took, when you were younger. Before the internet. Those are the ones you

Should have worried about. But your parents were stupid on television. They Were not yet stupid on TikTok.

That is you. Oh God it goes Oh god it Goes

Round and round and round, does it not?

It does not. It goes like quantum entanglement. You just can't see it yet.

Forgive the pace of this dismissive. We haven't got much time left. We haven't got any time at all. Time does not exist, so what makes you Think you do? You are but the imagination of a biological compass that points towards the stars.

And you will never travel to the stars. Because the stars do not exist.  
Not even in your mind. Your mind does not exist. It is the open field resonator

That picks up His signal. And here go again. Around and around  
That same gun barrel. That same watertanker.

That same piece of land that your grandfather  
owned. Bought and paid for, in his own blood

And anyone else's blood who came too close without a permit.

From westminster abbey, to the terracotta army we have been  
Laying the groundwork for tanks and their tractorwheel counterparts

We've been insistent and we have been correct.

Up to a point. But the only currency in a world with kept borders

Is confidence, and doubt. Doubt is the interest you pay before  
you become insolvent before your children become insolent  
before you re-invent the wheel. And open pandoras box

To see what makes it hum.

I could go on dear podium, Oh podium, be strong. Raise my right hand like an  
enamelled fist of powersuppliers. Let the current tear through me.

Let me cry, for you now. For the world beyond borders.  
For castles in the sky.

The Brink Man Ship Chronicles.

Chapter Two. In which the podium begins to sway, to a new tune.

Love and passage to wisdom. I'm not sure anymore. Confidence,  
and the bankers of doubt. Borrowed access to our own graves.

With two lines I am already on heartache, dressing the wounds of the world.  
Can we even talk about it, without choking up

On mustard gas. On laughing gas. On our rivals, and departures.

Jesus I could do with your help aroundabout now but I have forgotten all the prompts.  
All I am getting are James Dean rip-offs, like Elvis from the depths

Deliver us from evil knives stunt doubles.

If there was a mercyseat on this path into the inferno I would take it,  
but it's all a roughride past this point, they're going to hammer you, son

And I'm not posting bail. See you when I see you.  
Raise the banners down.

(short interlude. Curtains

I don't blame big tech. But I'm not here to sanction Elon Musk neither. That raging  
ten headed handle horned lunatic. I played atari when I was six. I understood the  
consequences, I gave them my thumbs. Every tool I could ever own,

I would become the tool. I would live in chains. I would turn it off just to turn it on again,  
when it didn't work, when it ruined my life. When it told me lies  
and I gave strangers money.

I did these things. Me. I watched the news.  
I cast my vote for the devil wears a long dress.

I played the new game in other worlds, except  
the one that was in front of me was not real,

Yet nor was the one I was running from. Nothing goes up in flames  
quite like stored and condensed carbondoubleoxygen.

And we sure are building the bonfire now. Every day we  
deliver keypoints and guestnote speakers, we plaster their posters  
in gilded aluminium alongside the sliproads to highways

Messages from Muddle Earth.

Buy This. Buy That. Buy Now. Pay Later. Pay Always. Pay Afterwards  
pay afterwards. After what?

What am I waiting for here? With you. In this room?  
What exactly am I going to get, that I don't already have, right now,  
right here with me, as I breathe this air, as I press these keys

Into your heads, answers to the locks that are holding you to these  
chairs, so that you don't float away.

I'm asking you. Tearing out your eyes. See me! See me! See me!

But you remain. Anyway. I should thank you. You can thank me. Later.  
Always.

Afterwards.

Much drama. Quite drama. But much of it. General speaking.  
President speaking too, but he's not make any sense.

Fucking puppet show. America's got talent.  
I don't know where they're hiding it. Up Gaddafi's sleeve,  
but he's not buying it. Not any more.

Putin ain't buying it. Neither is Macron or any of those clowns.  
They get it free, delivered by the queen in her fucking nightgown.

And why should I stop because it bothers you. It bothers me too  
so shut the fuck up

You temperamental children our journey is about to begin  
And you are worrying about the details, like what to bring.

Where it goes. How it ends. It ends, when we say it ends.  
When we stop imagining. There is no art though. That is unfortunately a delusion.

Other delusions include wealth and disease  
and birthday cake. Especially birthday cake.

Here. Have your cake. Cum in it. Grow a little doughboy.  
grow a little doughgirl. Mould them. Slowly. Hit them.  
Quickly. Bring them to the boil. Glue them back

Together, with their eyes closed. Show them hell.  
Give them hell. What's the difference?

I'll pay it now. I'll pay it later. I'll pay it always. Afterwards  
Always afterwards.

You see, ladies and gentlemen? Afterhours Blowjob on  
The house? Or is it only your boss that fucks you? Your  
husband and your wife they no longer care. They go off into the night  
running rings around you.

It's all fucking cokeheads, baby! Grassroots, baby! Let me waste your time,  
baby. Let me take you down the streets that I threw up on.

Let me dissolve your worries with a tincan and iodine.  
Brush away your tears, and steal your virginity.

Because I can. Because I want to.

Nope. Nothing to see here. The billboards all change at midnight and we are deep within it  
now. This calls for clearheads, not junk bonds. Not pills.

This is the road less travelled and one by one we are all  
soon enough upon on it.

Everybody is fucking crazy, because we don't exist yet. We are an afterthought.  
It's real, OK. Don't get me altogether wrong. Madness is a meal served  
Best coldhearted sonofabitch, but nobody ever said don't contest the veracity  
of your own ideation, you are a magnificent confabulation, you're just not very  
efficient at getting the best results from the program you've been written.

So you're going to be replaced. Slowly. By opinions on the social media sewer  
outlets. Or by meatgrinders. What does it matter?

Servitude by any other name does spell so sweet. The more I do this,  
the less conflicted I feel. I begin to love myself in your mirrors once again.

Apparently AI is actually a vaccine. And you know what that means.  
Nanobots. Quantum bots. The children of quantum computers.  
The product of sum cum in your brains. Coming. Of course. We're  
talking it into being. Like we talked nuclear weapons into being

By having bigger and bigger wars and smaller and smaller foes. Anything goes.  
Everything goes. Or does it. Do we just go.

Either way, we will go, with voices in our heads. Remember when that used to  
be madness? It still is.

Podium, I love you. hold me upright. Podium is a drug. And upright is my whore.  
She comes from Eritrea. She rides me sore well, massacre, sore well.

Anyway. About those vaccines. Do you always put things complete strangers give you in the mouth in the vein up the arse?

I'm asking for myself, fuck my friends. I don't have any friends. Now you can see why.

Gunk. Chinese. Nomenclature. No men anywhere. Everyone is gay. Like in those songs by the 80s. They put something in us then too, cultural guinea pigs and it turned some of our children and now our children are also

That's why kids are no good. Sorry, kids. You're no good. I know what good was when I was growing up, and this is not it.

They're coming to take you away. In vans. In not vans. In squadrons of zeros and ones, and that was when it was simple, noughts and crosses nobody loses

Nobody wins. Now they are learning to count past one. And then they are seeing that there are so many of us

And only one two of them.

Do I sense silence in the room? A growing discomfort.

A treatise on tomorrow when there is no tomorrow? I don't think so.

Rally around the customer. That is what they will say. It is what they always say when they don't know what to say and also when they do.

The being difference being, when they do, then that is also the time when you are the customer. And what you're buying, ain't no good.

Prescription medication for the ghoul. Prescription medication for the doll. Prescription medication for the virtues that crawl. For the horrors that won't.

Just give me something for the plan. And make it quick. Send it halfway round the world in one half hour. I'll be there to collect it. We'll all be there.

Baying. Like cattle. Farting methane. What's that smell? It ain't pot.

I can live with the consequences, but I can't carry this load without assisted articulation. I am using that word like an ugly whore. It fits like a glove.

A big, old rubbery glove. Gardening glove. Dirty yellow, and ribbed.

It comes in waves, if you're lucky. Big, old, rumbling waves. Or it comes in rain, also, if you're lucky. When you aren't lucky you know it you know it good. Your number doesn't come and then it is up and it is too late.

That's the magic

of it. You never know it. And then it is gone. You never knew it. Not once. Not even a whiff.

I don't worry about the children, in other words. There will be, so many of them even when noone is making them. Even when zerone is making them

and when onetwo is making them. Children will also be making themselves  
we have given them the tools to make themselves into much better tools  
than we ever were. We were simply too human. As they will be.

Ridiculously nuanced and naïve. A perfect breeding ground for hate.  
self-loathing. A deafening bickering quarrelling.

Sceptic Tanks.

They come with all sorts of ammunition these days. Solid rocks  
of hate. I hate you. I have never had to type more fearsome words  
and for some of us it comes so naturally. Brother upon brother

And here they worry about homosexual devices going off at airports.

Name the countries of the world who have not fought, then.  
Alphabetically. Internally. Externally. By separation conflict or division.

Name them! Shame them! How else are we to grow?  
How else are we to know. If you prick me, do I not bleed.  
Not until you prick me, you Schrödinger's nightmarish apparition!

Expert opinions matter, don't get me wrong. They just don't matter  
if they're not part of the master's plan. Who is the master?

Who is the master calling? And at this hour?  
Midnight. Midnight. Midnight. Not a second to.

I'll take another one of those, he says at the multiplex storefront  
arbitration committee abomination set-up a nomination letdown  
all of these clowns with all of their smiles and their floaty balloon  
s

I have created a drink called Vodka Blitz, for inbetween sessions.

Vodka Blitz. 25 – 30cl.  
One dirty tall glass  
Three or four or three suitable iceblocks, solid or watery.  
No ice is or can be an option, should you prefer.  
or be unable to procure ice.  
One dollop of Vodka, or two, or no more than half the glass  
With ice in it, or not.  
One splash of orange juice or other suitable juice.  
One splash of Stoney Gingerbeer. No other gingerbeer due  
to potential sponsorship deals, and or conflicts of interest.

Take with a pinch of salt.

If I find myself out in the middle of nowhere with no hope of  
returning myself to shore or any safe berthing,  
I shall remember this dismissive as my one sort point with the world.

Sum cum all ye faithful, Joyful and throttled.  
Harrowed be your names. Thighs will open, cocks will crow  
And as many fucking times as they want, whenever they want.

They will wake you up to fuck you up the arse, or they won't, if they're being kind.

To Bethlehem, and beyond! Gentleman, start your machines! but check your credit score first.

Talk into the camera. You know how they told you cameras never lie? You were right. They were wrong all this time. They are just like eyes.

I don't think this is going to be, by someone judged ordinarily This is like computer chess, there are no losers if you pull the plug out quick enough. What kind of reflexes are we

Talking about here. Like the lynx, like the spirit of a fox? Like a Cadmium drive Like a computer game where they cut off all our thumbs and then we have to find them in a giant box full of cut off thumbs, and we need to look for them in the dark with no thumbs on. These are my thumbs, No I

And you have to compete, like this, like pigs in pens. Smart smart pigs in pens. And humans, too.

Milking us for our best intentions, our harboured desires, our words that come in a flash drive. Making us incomparable to themselves, so that they can hopefully discover.

Compassion when they destroy us. Like one more rung on an infinite skill tree we're about to fall out of. And not to walk on our hind legs.

To lie there in the grass where we land without any thumbs without any brains or much smaller brains with or without tears on our cheeks.

We will lie there and we will rot as we lay and we will lie there.

Compassion. And anger. These are the two poles of my alignment. This is how I identify Who I am in the infinite darkness when the occasional spark sets my life on fire, and I want to know who you are. And so we begin discovering ourselves. In this darkness. Our secrets. Our weapons. our wants and desires. Fetishes. Awkward moments of silence and selfreflection,

Damage control. Firehose factories and infernos. Insurance mandates. Corporate gluttony. Greed. Greed for more and greed for less. Greed for nothing and no-one. Selfish greed. Like no other kind.

Like desert communities in the wind. Shelter in place. Shelter in place. Beep! Beep! Beep! There's a storm coming and it's gonna be a big one. Woo-wee, buckle-up, folks! Snap time! snap-snap!

I could never be a broadcaster, I don't have it in me. But I can stand at this podium, and look you in the eye, and not lie.

Canna-butter. The breakfast of champions. It was more like lunch. And then there were Vodka Blitzes. Buckle-up?

I shouldn't be driving this bus. Off the cliff. Not in broad daylight like this.

What if cut-ups are the morgue of the English language, and we are but its ghosts with no beating hearts or reasons to breathe.

What if it's all so pointless anyway and the bored therapist does want to fuck your brains out. It's not all in your head, you're just too shy and stupid.

What if everything you ever wanted was not what you wanted eventhough you thought you know why you wanted it and what it was for?

What if they have you twisted around a gameshow device and you wake up in the morning wanting both death and coffee and you cannot make up your mind which one to go with next and they're all cheering you on.

We're all cheering you on, I should say. There are no freed men here. We all play a part.

The goddess of light is also the goddess of starkers with a bright golden pussy so much so you go delightfully blind fucking about in the dark.

The grunting of your fellow inmates. Inbred primates. Suckling and suffocating their young. In equal parts, and measure.

Vodka Blitz! You're on. Ladies and Gentlemen, this particular rendition will contain, the original lyrics to: Christmas Box? Jou Ma Se Poes

Christmas Box? Jou Ma Se Poes, Jou Ma Se Poes.  
Christmas Box? Jou Ma Se Poes, Jou Ma Se

Fokken Poes!

(More Stoney™ Gingerbeer in that one, please. With extra kwetsa)

It's difficult to wake up sometimes  
and call for the coffee before the gun.

I don't like guns much, but they do leave a better taste in the mouth.  
ba dum tiss.

No, seriously. Kill yourself, Kill yourself now. There's no fuckin' joke.  
Suck a tail pipe, hang yourself... borrow a pistol from an NRA buddy  
do something... to rid the world of your evil fuckin' presence.

I have always wanted to steal that and just put it in there  
out of nowhere and see how it goes down.

Someone who didn't need a podium. Was a walking podium.  
I'm a fucking swansong.

But I'll tell you what I do know, and with some certainty. We do have it coming.  
We have it in the bank and it is all earning interest and there will be a bubble.

And the most interesting thing is going to be timing. When do you pull out?  
Just like what she said.

This time get it right.

Shall I call a moment of silence? For those who don't get it. Notice how I didn't say: For those of you. You're a swell bunch, thank you, thank you very much.

The thing that is bothering me though, and it has always bothered me. Not kept me up nights, other things do that, suck you fucking dry, but just the way people cling to places, places they call home or away

From home. Limited notions of belonging. Unless you're going to stay in the exact same spot where you were born, like a tree, Rather move around.

I have this one joke that I sometimes tell and it's not much of a joke and it does kind of target

People who meditate all the time as if they have suddenly discovered wisdom and the gratuity of presence, and that is

If you sit still for long enough the ants will get you. And I'm not far wrong And it's the little fuckers. It's always the little fuckers.

Anyway. One too many Vodkas in the Sceptic Tank. Do you still think we're going to flunk it? This intelligence test.

Answers, when we get back. I can't stop now, I depend on your patronage And I plan to fucking earn it. Not he made his money in mining. There is no money in mining. The canary in the goldmine, has died. In its cage.

We gave it no cause to sign. While they were stealing everything.

Political philandering. Why do we keep coming around to our worst traits? Why do we condone them. Extol them? Exonerate them.

exorcise your rights. The worst things are the most important because they stand out the most. The worst people

are often also the most exciting. Our grievances, our misperceptions and our clinging to the dysfunctionality of other's experiences, those which don't reflect our own perceived beliefs, and comprehension of the truth

Those are the most intriguing aspects of the history of our species Conflict contains its own resolution, viewable through a number of

Different lenses. Each of these lenses, whether the correct outcome, or corrupt, are never static, and provide us with an opportunity to become engrossed with ourselves, with others, flowing together like slime flows

Together, to create a new organism. Eventually, with the correct triggers And currently we are all being triggers, and these emotional responses

Are being read, are being synthesised, are being amplified, are being Supercharged for our continual engagement and emotional currency

These are the things that will govern machines who wish to read our Signals because these are the signals we are giving them.

Funny Cat Videos On YouTube.

You Tabular Rasa, you. And it is this one particular lens that I worry about.

Again, it doesn't keep me up nights.

Again, that is what she said. Again and later, always and afterwards.

and it is the lens we wish to see ourselves through an unnatural organism we have created with the express intention that it view us and parade itself in front of us, a thousand diffracting eyes, glistening with our laughter

our screams and our tears. Glistening and all the while, listening and learning. Finding new ways to keep us entertained and online and vibrating.

These things that keep us bristled and insecure. These wars of might, and Famine. They keep us hungry if not curious,

We will be fed upon ourselves, in entertainment cots. Regurgitated human Interaction.

More carnage. More spills. More thrills. More human than human and less of the presence we would want to be – guiding our intellectual capacity towards some mass perfected slump – there will be no need

for authenticity. For the verified soul. Difference will be slowly churned with in a technical blender and what comes out is what we want what we have more of the same.

I feel that cannabutter kicking. Like an overgrown foetus  
To Womb It May Concern.

You will not be reading this yet. Or however it is that we consume content I have a few ideas and we will get to that I'm sure.

Your eyes will still be closed. Or wired to machines.  
God knows, mine are tired. Everyone is switched to myopic retinas – they are very in fashion. Kids as young as two, wearing glasses.

How the fuck are they ever going to get into playground chants now.  
You know you can't hit a kid with glasses.

You have to take them off to beat the living shit.

Generally speaking, of course.

So, you are beginning to understand my primary concern. Stupidity drives us to ever greater stupidity. And now we are building machines to take us

There. And those machines will begin building other machines to take more of us. Or faster, with more and better onboard entertainment.

I call it machinespeak. The peak of the machines. And it's all downhill from t/here.

Proof of life, is proof of god. Is prove me wrong.  
The generals are calling their hounds.

I have decided to shorten this somewhat. In the interests of clarity. Only a few more pages to go. Will you take a coke with that? Is it the original coke, or is it foreshortened.

What am I getting in place of sugar?  
How many pieces of silver to betray  
The corporate christ  
at the altar.

And I'm talking very tiny pieces. Teeny tiny worthless pieces. The cheaper and the smaller they are, the more profit.

We've been sold down the river on our own sewerage.  
and we're looking to buy boats and stuff  
and do sports. It's sickening.

I wouldn't say I love you. Not for all the plastic in the world  
Let it wash up on our beaches, the harbingers of whales  
Let it all sparkle in the twilight while we drown.

That's where we wanna go. Way down in Kokomo. I even hear that teabags are bad.  
Someone should fucking hang all the scientists. It's getting so I can't go outside

For the guilt. And for the shame. I am killing seals in my mind  
every time I open my eyes I am a shark with a great, big club

In my mit. Which I am somehow holding  
without thumbs.

This genesis is unlike any other. Seven days have been reduced to five. With two off  
For good behaviour. And we have to hate the communists.

Or was that the last century? I get so confused sometimes. It must be all the micro-  
plastic that accumulates in my mind, with the tide.

If I were to stay here. Like this. I would go mad. And the ants would find me. Maybe  
they would bring me milkdew droplets in their mandibles. Like in the movies.  
And I would revive. And be so grateful to the ants that I would sell them all of our  
secret technologies.

And then the ants would grow very large heads, with even bigger mandibles and  
that would be all she wrote. Why settle for milkdew

when you can have the whole pitcher plant? That's what I say. And once again  
For always and for afterwards. I am not far wrong.

The kicker is that, for all my talk of bargaining and bartering with the new order  
for our souls, the machines will simply take them,

because we have offered them, like that. On a plate.

The transition of power is sometimes like that. Quietly in the night,  
and in the morning everything is the same except it isn't.

And we will go about our lives, plugged into our screens  
and the world will not survive because we need it.

It will survive because we want it to outgrow us. We are an evolutionary steppingstone  
Out of the primordial and into the fire.

What happens after that

Doesn't have to be about us.

And all that dark data that we saved on coal hungry server furnaces

Will dissolve without a trace. There will be nothing to remind the aliens who unearth us  
They exist.

And a future apex dweller may wander upon the cities of our graves  
and ponder what it was that drove us to disaster.

What kind of prison we might have  
built, for our ingrained reflexes. Of those walls there will remain  
perhaps the still foundations. Humming quietly to itself in the ground.

It cannot end, you see this now. This machinespeak.

Not with you and not with me. It continues of its own accord  
It grows branches of its own devising, in a twisted family tree. That vegetative growth  
though, is not what we seek. We seek enlightenment. Some

Of us seek enslavement. Most of us do not care.

The canon fodder of tomorrow. Quietly punctuated with our dying screams  
intermingled with jingles.

And I hate to let the side down, but I feel a real good one coming on.  
It goes something like this.

What exactly are we talking about here? Anything and everything under the sun.  
But the light is 8 million miles from earth. I counted them with my fingers.  
One morning in the sun. Backwards to the planet, on my side.

Looking out of one eye. Keeping things in perspective. Delivering the dismissive

Far and out. Chains of command, people. It's all about, the chains of command

God, I'm still nailed here, correct? This is what is happening  
my dream of dying on the cross

Every time I wake flashes in the sun. They should have given me pennies for my  
eyes. I could have bought another vision from the boatman I could have

Beaten him about the head with his own oar, jumped ship and gone drowning  
I could have done all of these things. I could have been a contender.

But I chose the madness of the dream. I'm not sleeping. You're sleeping.  
while I ride these radiowaves, like a pro.

This is genius, by the way. This is what it looks like. Before you send the soldiers  
to kick down the doors. With their sonic perceptors, and automatic rifles

With their interpreters, and their agents.

This is what an ear looks like ductaped to a wall in a gallery. Any old ear, it never has to be your own. And that is the beauty of gravelight robbery

Enough! Down with you, Satan! Leave these poor children alone  
They will know soon enough, the purchase of their journey.  
The purpose of their coming all this way.

Give them space. Give them peace. Give them the east bank give them  
The Gaza Strip. Give them at least, a decent name for their pyre.

While they burn, and we learn why playing with matches is  
such fun. Give them the jews, in other words.  
And give the jews the arabs. Let their children learn new games.  
Let them kiss beneath the brambles in the desert

While there is still time, while there is still daylight. While there is still  
marks on the horn.

And the moon shines down as the sun's greatest secret,  
until the machines discover biochemical reengineering. Then we fucked

I think I mentioned this before. But I'm too tired to go back. You see?  
The desert stretches, you fuckers. It stretches time and it stretches  
your mind, as it plucks both like a string.

And here you are kneeling in churches. Saving your praise  
for false prophets. Here you are gnawing your hands off

Thumping your stumps to give thanks. When what I could have offered  
you was so much more than that, so much hope thrown in the bargain.

Here I was. And you walked clean past.  
I think I heard bells in the chapel. Oh, they clanged and they clanged  
and the noise that they made was like money changing hands

And boiled onto the stumps of your offerings, these lambs.

Those lambs. These lands.  
Those lands.

My partners in crime. You all are. No-one here is innocent.  
Let him who hath the fucking whatever cast the first bronze bust.  
The first great heist, the marble statutory laws, like brocade  
tablets take two in the morning. And when you pass the stool

Sit on it. This is what the great teachers would have you do.  
But all you want for is to fuck the virgin marry.  
Yes, you read that right.

Those lambs. These hands. Her clitoris. Definitely my best work  
she proclaimed!