

Dead Whores new friends sweating it out
 going out in free regardless of how
 many times it's green and orange,
 Circumvent lots of pollution and evolution
 born stagnation with a stick
 leading to shape necrosis

Designed by © Shinzi Katoh




red grass green paste white sauce food waste
 flesh piling up unsavory plates
 stuck it down swallow it fake
 wait for a better type of weights
 A further place
 just give me a taste
 the love roll.

Designed by © Shinzi Katoh




When the party ends when the lights fade
 I hope I am more than some one to reach
 into the digital space. psychosexual hell.
 Your dissonant moment is my umbrella tending to
 the task of keeping me dry from the net
 beads of life's offerings.

Designed by © Shinzi Katoh



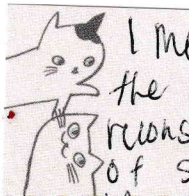

Do you desire my continued suffering so you
 can feel some love for me?
 Love is born with suffering.
 I suffer because I love you —
 I do not suffer because I want you to love me —
 I want the best for you who is addicted to searching
 and building and breaking the puzzle.

Designed by © Shinzi Katoh




Navel Gaze through the maze.
 Locust Pocus. Distorted to the score.
 Thumb flicking lobotomy. Tell me what you want from me.

Designed by © Shinzi Katoh

I mean it when I say I love you and you not
 the charm. I hate it when I'm reminded change to
 reconsider. tired, spent too much to think and dream
 of something next and now.

