

Poem to a Horse feat. Psychopiano's Hure
Song, 4'31"

Poem to a Horse

—eng.—

Other things, other
Quite another
And starts to say
Quite another, ether
Ether

All around the mouth with the duct tape
Before wrapping the cardboard box
Ten of us jumped on Zeus

His arm, his leg and his head
His arm, his leg and his head
His arm, his leg and his head

Tradition of invasion
..and his mouth

We wrapped it with duct tape
Just like a butterfly's cocoon

We rounded up Zeus into the box
By singing songs

A-aa?

By singing songs
We got the hypophysis
We got the hee-hee-hee po-po-po phy-phy-phy-sis

We will transplant the hypophysis of history
We will transplant the hypophysis of history

We rounded up Zeus into the box
By singing songs

Awakened naked Odysseus
Mussel shells bloomed on his hairy bosom
To lick the salt

Before who knows who it was
The grains of the sand began to tremble
The box has landed but the iodine had dissolved the cardboard

Rolled in the bubbles
Oedipus wrapped in his cocoon
Ready for the birth
Like a vampire splits the coffin in with a sharp nail
Then straightened with a yawn

The lotus effect shouted Odysseus
Lotus effect

What is that thing that has come out of its cocoon?
A beardless boy
No, they have wings,
Approaching,
How many Odysseus there?

What an anarchist cyclops
What is that Kirke's lip
Nor the sound of those sirens

Approaching you, escape Odysseus
Escape

My dreams
My dreams
My dreams

The finished dream of a mythical epic is now crowded
Dream the truth has fallen before us like a key chain
It's huge, it doesn't make sense

Bored of space, the horse?
It's not even clear,
Don't tosh my dear

We are coming to the conquest of the city
We're not even there when you talk about it

What a mighty horse
Or a nart that
Your conquest hides the city inside
Now the shadows outside
Goose goose goose
What's inside?

Swollen, abandoned Oedipus baby

We gave you the mind of Zeus
And brave hypophysis of the whole general
We sang our song

Blood dripping
From our elbows

We threw our scalpels into the ammonia pool
We covered the skull

It's alive.

You listened to Hure by Psychopiano

- ... wish we had recorded
- We recorded