

# L-SPACE

## KIPPLE ARCADIA

# HOME SWEET HOME

We all know  
We are high and we are low.  
Through the cracks we'll go,  
We'll elevate like water vapour.

There's a place we'll give it all away  
There's a place called  
Home sweet fucking home.

There's a place we'll go,  
We'll elevate like water vapour.  
There's a place we'll go,  
We'll elevate like a volcano.

There's a place we'll give it all away,  
There's a place where everything will be OK,  
There's a place where we will all be one,  
And that's the place that I'll call  
Home sweet fucking home.

That's the place that I'll call  
Home sweet fucking home.

# BACKUP BABY

We all want a redo,  
In that way I'm the same as you.  
A passenger who's with me  
Baby on board but why a spark  
When I cut the cord.

You are always up my sleeve  
At the boundary of our identities

Backup baby  
From my future family tree  
Backup baby  
Will you be the same as me

My meaning diluted  
Iterations of each body  
Brief candles rebooted  
A fading grasp of being me

You are always up my sleeve  
At the boundary of our identities

Backup baby  
From my future family tree  
Backup baby  
Will you be the same as me

# ΔLOΞ

We all want a redo,  
In that way I'm the same as you.  
A passenger who's with me  
Baby on board but why a spark  
When I cut the cord.

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# FLOAT THROUGH WIRES

You, dragged by the weight of your bones.  
You, trapped by the wrap of your skin.

I float through wires,  
I float through wires.

You, stuck at the surface of things,  
You, blinded by noise and desire.

I float through wires,  
I float through wires.

# CAFÉ ELECTRIC

Follow me down this dark street,  
I'll take you to a place where there's  
Lights and there's coffee and fields.  
Can even see trees from here  
Through the screen.  
And sheep  
Their eyes and their ears and their teeth  
Aren't electric.

Someone control, alt, delete  
And bring up a window  
To end this whole city, but we  
Can build it again  
With kids from the street.  
And we, in the neon lights,  
We shine, and the dust on our tongues,  
Sublime.

What do you do when the light is through,  
You go back to your darkened room,  
From the dust you'll build, remodel,  
Cathedral spires of plastic bottles.

# SUNEATERS

Something's emerging,  
I can light my lamp again.  
Emerging from darkness,  
We can heat our homes again.  
Something's emerging,  
I can light my lamp again.  
Emerging from darkness,  
We can heat our homes again.

The sun, it's rays, I'm holding in my hands,  
The air we breath is free from their greed.  
The sun, it's rays, I'm holding in my hands.

Factories are burning,  
They burn the dead who ate the sun.  
But now we are suneaters,  
We raise our leaves of shining glass.

The leaves of glass,  
Brought to us in the back of a truck,  
The horizons, it gleams,  
In dreams  
No gas in our lungs.

Something's emerging,  
I can light my lamp again.  
Emerging from darkness,  
We can heat our homes again.

# SPACE JUNK

Sometimes it just gets too noisy in here,  
So I drift off through the atmosphere.  
Sometimes there are too many voices around,  
So I lift off from this blue-green ground.

In this black orbit  
Nobody can find me  
Looking up from Earth  
No one can define me.

So far away  
I'm living like space junk  
I'm living like space junk

I feel like everything is tangled up wires,  
So I close my eyes and seek out quiet.  
There are too many things that they expect,  
So I'll just float up into stars.

In this black orbit  
Nobody can find me,  
Looking up from Earth  
No one can define me.

So far away  
I'm living like space junk  
I'm living like space junk

When it all just gets too much  
I can lift off, lift off, lift off.  
I am living like space junk  
And the view is good from up here.  
When it all just gets too much  
I can lift off, lift off, lift off.  
I am living like space junk  
And the view is good from up here.

# BLUE FLOWERS

I wake and the sound of the morning hits me like a ton  
of bricks, and I  
Hope when I look out the window there is no car in my  
drive.

Maybe they've finally turned  
My furniture to bugs.  
Hear every time I drop  
And every time I rise.

I rip up the skin of the carpet  
Looking for insects hidden there.  
Maybe I'm not that interesting,  
Much to my despair.

Maybe my world and my friends  
Are not actually what they seem.  
What if the ears in the walls  
Are actually my friends?



# GLITCH

I'll break this feeling,  
I'll break this feeling,  
I'll break this feeling.

Must be a glitch because I  
Have such an itch to do these  
Things that would just hurt us.

Run

Run

Run

Run

Run

Run

Says the noise.

Must be a twitch of something  
Deep in the web of cells  
From which I emerge somehow.

Run

Run

Run

Run

Run

Run

Says the noise,

Says the noise.

I'll break this feeling,  
These thoughts are not me,  
These thoughts are not me.

I'll break this feeling,

I'll break this feeling,

I'll break this feeling,

These thoughts are not me,

These thoughts are not me,

These thoughts are not me.

# ANNIHILATION

Your death is not the end,  
It's just the end of you.  
A million mice will take your place,  
You are vast but small.

Do not fear your annihilation  
Do not fear your annihilation.

Millions of fires  
And they hold on to life  
I am small.  
Millions of fires  
And I'm just one of them  
Among it all.

All the lives in the endless field,  
Will see and hear for you.  
In your sleep of millennia  
Heat will still be won and lost.

Do not fear your annihilation  
Do not fear your annihilation.

Millions of fires  
And they hold on to life  
I am small.  
Millions of fires  
And I'm just one of them  
Among it all.