

Fumes 'n' Bubbles

Joyful fizzing sounds: propitious bubbles that scream, that splash, that roll, that meow, that yell! Do you remember that night, how you all got carried away by the festive and electrifying atmosphere of a rave party? Immersing yourself in bubbles speech!...

Do you remember, Gabriel? Do you... It tickles a little bit. (Beat.) Bit. A little. Beat. Bit-bit-bit-bit. (In.) Out. (In it!) It tickles. In... In. It... In. (In.) It. (In?) Out. Oh yes, in, out, in, out.

These sparkling and colorful songs, like a thousand colors of the rainbow! This kind of 'music', this kind of bubbles! A beast by the beat of the song! (The beat of the song!) Oh, the joyful fizzing of these that shout, that splash, that roll, that evaporate, that burst while meowing! (The merciful bubbles.) The propitious ones. What do you think? Splash! (Whizz...) My poor foolish lover! Splash... (Sink.) Whoo-oh. Ooh. Oh-oh-oh! The rhythm of the song! Silly, a little. (Rhythm!) A little, beep. Zip. Blip. Zip, silly, under the bubbles, under the bubbles! The silly, the rhythm, the rhythm. (The rhythm.) Out. Oh! Tickly water bubbles, foam. Foam. Oh! Tickly water bubbles, foam. Foam-oam-aom—AOM—aom.

Oh, the joyful fizzing of these things! And these songs. (These songs.) These heavy-handed and unobtrusive-written songs! Immerse yourself in a speech told in bubbles! And tell-me: which one did you grab last time? And tell me: which one did you grab last time?

On whom did you put your hand on (your mouth) your hand, mouth, foam, hand, end, foam, you idiot. On whom did you put your mouth on (your hand). Mouth, foam, hand. Mouth, end, foam, yours; his, mine, our. Our... Our!! Our-our-our!!!!

These vibrant popping songs: howling, rowing, rolling, howling, yowling bubbles! (Our; our!) My silly, fool of a lover! (Lover.) You and one, and you, and me. And you, and me, and him. Lose ourselves in the festive foam of a rave party! Lose yourself in it. (In it.) Myself: out. (In it!) E-e-e-e-e, e-it. (It.) Him: in it. Out. (In it!) Yours. (Us.) It... It. In. (In.) In.

And so; and so, so. So what is it that makes you love these songs so much? What makes you love that genre so much that you are actively dividing in it and lose control of yourself? What do you think? (Think about it carefully!) What do you think? Splash! (Whizz...) Splash... Whoa. (Whoa.) Whoa. Whoa! Whoosh!

Immerse yourself in a speech told in bubbles! Immerse yourself, Gabriel. Confine yourself to this pre-packaged discourse! Ow. It tickles! *Ow*. It tickles! The beat of the song! Beast, bit. (Beat!) Bit, beep. Zip. Blip. Zip, beast, under the bubbles, below the bubbles! The beast, the beat, beat the bit. (The beat of it.) Off. Oh! Watery bubbles that tickles, foam. Foam. And. End. Whoosh! *Whoosh*...

What to make of this whiteness of this breath that evaporates, leaving a void within a content that shifts from sign to signal? What do you think? (It's really thick, and I'm fed up! *Really fed up*.) What are you thinking about? Why are you confining yourself to such a superficial musical style, and what is it that drives you to love this genre so much that you live and breathe it?

That very evening, do you remember when you all let yourselves be carried away by the festive and electrifying atmosphere of a rave party! Gabriel confines himself to this pre-packaged discourse! Oops! What is it that makes you love these songs so much—these heavy-written and unobtrusive-written songs—that you immerse yourself in it body and soul and lose control of it?

Oh... The joyful fizzing of these things that shout, that splash, that roll, that evaporate, that burst forth meowing! The merciful speech; and what about the bubble one snoozefest, filled with nothing than biases? We are losing ourselves...

Oh-oo!! Foolish lover! May our cock rests in your hands.