

Hush-Hush!

Words crossed out and sounds distorted. Clenching her teeth and plucking the strings, she harbored resentment towards her instrument—a “bass guitar”.

Breakup within the band.

A case on the ground. Observation of the void above the lost. *Screaming guitar!* Words crossed out and sounds distorted. “I loved it instantly,” she said to us. Clenching her teeth and plucking the strings, she harbored resentment.
—————*In strings!*
—————*!!*

The bass was inspired; it was carried by the lyrics.

“You know, the language, and therefore the dissonant sound, the one that sounds just right within the chord, not the dissonant sound we're looking for.”
Consequently: “Good—————bye!”
Fuck it. Pluck it. “Goodbye to her!” “A while! A while,” a chord.

A gap between two notes, between two vibrations. *Scroll down on it to act one.* Accordingly: “Bye to it, to him!” *For a while!* An uncertain one, on the be-e-eat. (Pluck it. Fuck it.) To be reborn in yet another way, and to continue. *Weeping in sounds.* We keep going. *Mourning in strings.* Echoing.
—————*Echoing!*... Mirth is what I miss!

The main guitar playing switching between this asshole's band and his tongue, his death and vice versa. But he's dead. Dead for go-o-o-o—
—O-o-ood.

To be reborn in yet another way, and to keep going. *In strings.*
To the echo of your voice. ECHOING YOUR VOICE. Echoing it. *Ah-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah!* It...
—————Your voice resonates *Ah-ah...* and the bass *ah-ah...* Pluck! Fuck?

The bass was dictated by your lyrics, so we sent it back. Loving you too much. Now, it's the lead guitar that speaks. *From his funeral urn.*

He screams at full electro-acoustic lungs. *Breakup within the band. A case on the ground.* Bewail about its death, *but what then.*

Hum-hmm.

Let them enact the pocket guillotine of words, contrasted by those of the musical timbre of the strings. *The scream...* “Dreamy cries!” *Guita-a-ar... —Pluck it!*—————To be reborn in yet another way, and to keep going. *In stre-e-ings.* To the echoes of it.

—————*A sigh over he-e-im...* At full electro-acoustic lungs. *Lungs!*

What skill?
Fuck it! *Sound.* Electro-lungs. *Wrong?* Longer than
what. *Ah-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah!* Than that?... *Ah-ah-ah-ah...* Silencing the lyrics. *Ah-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah!*

—————| ... |
| ... |—————

No chord guitar presser aid. *Ah-ah! Ah-ah...* No tutorial. *AAh-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah!* Only the words. *Ah-ah... Ah-ah!* Crossed-out lyrics and distorted sounds. I... A sound are just a fucking drill.

“Clenching her teeth and plucking the strings, she harbored resentment towards her instrument,” a bass guitar.

“What I miss most is joy.” A case on the ground. “Shed tears.” “Sharing them.”

“And his heavy sounds.”—————*Its!*

As he said, “There is no innocence, we are all pierced by a fucking patriarchal barbed wire.” *A string with claws of oppression!*

(Pierced through and through.)

The tongue, the lyrics, the strings. Pierced from one eardrum to the other, from pleasure at night and from submission at noon.

“And vice versa.” *Ah-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah-ah-ah... Ah-ah!*
—————

—————
“At noon—at midnight from the anus—to the glottis! I miss him.” ... “Oh I miss you!” ... “How I am feeling lost.

— It’s all wright. *Ah-ah-ah... Ah!* — Mhm...

Kiss, mhm... Hum, mhm——uhm. Mhm...

— Loving him so much. But...

— Because right now.” *Right now!* “Right now we need to be reborn differently again,” and in strings. “In stre-e-e-e-ings.” *Hum, mhm——uhm. Mhm.*
Hum. Hum, mhm——uhm. Mhm.