

An Imaginary Mass

Of Our Wedding

Burning Saturn: vibes of buried worlds! Like a soul freeing itself from its body, it's a song that took time to unfold. The palms are the ears of the torso, and the feet those of the night. Disheveled souls casting no shadows when jumping around in slow motion on the keyboard keys!

Are our eyes blooded and swollen?

The world of sounds, seeking to embody itself through gestures, does not wait for those who ask. Lunch for all, or some such!

Mm—hmm... Mm—mm—hmm...

Regular, irregular, shallow or deep: for now, anything casting shadows is nothing but pixels on a screen—nothing but pixels. Really? Coughing, snoring. Whatever! Mm—hmm?

The world of sounds, seeking to embody itself through gestures, does not wait for those who ask. It is craving to unravel. Pure white, obsequious face. A breath, a gasp! Nothing more. Inhale, exhale—the surface of words. Gurgling, raspy world. Don't worry, you're already dead.

Unkempt, sunken eyes.

Echo chamber: palms are the ears of the human trunk, feet those of the night.

Mm—hmm? Mm—mm—hmm... Mm—mm.

Plain blank—blunt. Inhale, exhale—the surface of words. Whoever animates it, whatever it is that is set in motion! The breath is composed of pixels. Pure, simple white: every breath is now nothing but pixels—everything from the neck to the solar plexus that forges words. The souls of our hands burn with the desire to break free!

Embrace and kiss...

Sun is here: it burns to break free. And so the Moon. The leaves of our own hands. By this time tomorrow, will the gates of your ears be open, and what's going to happen after? Feet of the cough, roots of the lungs. Mm—hmm? Mm—mm—hmm... Mm—mm. Mm—mm—hmm.

Through the screen, these pixels now cast a gaze imbued with innocence upon our dying world. You're not getting fucking dewy-eyed on us, are you? It seems to us that this raises the question, yet there is no "heart of the matter" here, only a screen—a luminous, superficial, and staggering screen—; nor do they ever await any of our answers.

Roots of the cough, lungs of defeat.

Do you feel confident that you could handle it, the coming of the dead through your own soul? Do you... Hmm? Do you think you are capable of bearing it? Your head, your ears, your palms... And the screaming screen! All the rare metals it contains, and the departed souls of the lost children.

Mm—hmm?

Mm—mm—hmm... Mm—mm.

The leaves of our own hands
weep for the birds. Mm—hmm...

The burden of the death.

Mm—hmm? Mm—hmm.

Pixels thirst for us; they are poised to take the place of anyone pressing their fingertips against the keyboard keys and to infiltrate the flesh of our faces. Embrace and kiss.

Solid-colored and pristine: Inhale, exhale—the surface of words. The world of sound does not wait for those who call upon it.

Breath is made of pixels. Steady or erratic, shallow or deep. The film of the lungs: every breath is now nothing but pixels. Mm—hmm? Through the echoes of our hands, and hands... the doors of souls will be opened. Hollow hands, neglected-looking souls.

Whiz-z-z-z...

White is the color of the dead.

Mm—mm? Hmm—hmm...

Do you think you are capable of bearing it? Your head, your ears, your palms... And the screaming screen! All the rare metals it contains, and the departed souls of the lost children.

Lyrics: Colleen & Bruce Woolley.