Fluent Milky Star

Mike is a man of "H" and "S".

He plays the sound through his headphones, performs the mixing process, and then injects it with samples—before bottling it up like milk for the ears.

Holy thong.

Here is Stefan, Stefan, the poor, sex-obsessed book fan!

A load of rubbish!

Flying Terry, a tangy lollipop addict. Buttocks in ambush. Mingled dicks. He acknowledges that, at times when he runs low on "white fuel"—which he might have cut with powdered milk—he manifests in the form of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Orgiastic Lux.

I'm Terry—"Flying Terry," the sour-lollipop addict—who is, for all intents and purposes, a double amputee. Ha ha! Ha!
Ha ha! Ha.
He's spraying my ass!

Fuzzy grove.
Once the rush of an adrenaline spike has passed, you need to know how to come back down to earth.
Such a winged man-moth!

All fluffy.
Wrapped in wool in the age of ultra-liberal glaciation. Harvest of words. Beware the warmth around the wounds.
Muddy woods.
Pick a peer, and spend some fly soaring.

Ring-ring!

Choose a doorbell, send my ring flying.

Keep a low profile.

And here's Terry, the sour-candy kid—a nimble, sharp-tongued fellow who always has a tangy lollipop in his sour mouth.

Sucking a teething ring.

Fleece-like sun.

Make him clench his cheeks to match the gambling bum.

Here lie low.

Low lie here.

Lie low here.

Here pops a chewing gum bubble!

Here low lie.

Lie here low.

Low here lie.

Low here lie. Bubble gamble bum.

Mike is our sound engineer; Terry is switching over to the automatic milking machine!

Back to the drums!

Terry the tangy lollipop, Flying Terry and his acerb tongue, always sucking its pacifier candy!

Right now, he is alone playing on stage.

He is still in the middle of performing his zany solo act when the intermission arrives—a moment the band uses to rehydrate—a little routine of his own, concocted by sucking on small, colored squares of blotting paper!

Foozling song.

Letting things slip out.

Long time oozing. A smirk, a bloated look. Klong too see. Leaking stuff. A back-side lurking about. Puffing smirk. Terry is now simply howling plain guttural and screamed vocal sitting alongside blast beats on the drums!

Lurking butt.

"Slattern's Rings" devours electricity—generated either from disastrous, dwin-dling fossil fuels or through the creation of radioactive waste that we will never be able to get rid of—all...
For the sole purpose of producing this album.

Could he C...

Mike the Milky Man, a raising Star!

Humble host.

Can he C... hum!

Settle comfortably into your sofa or stand straight into your tagged boots to listen to this canned music, crack open a beer, stuff yourself with greasy, mass-produced food—chock-full of preservatives and artificial coloring—take a deep breath while wondering if any of this actually makes sense, and then enjoy the deafening racket and the manic howling.

Can he reach O...

Terry acknowledges that, at times when he runs low on "white fuel"—which he might have cut with powdered milk—he manifests in the form of a Tyran-nosaurus Rex.

Orgiastic Lux.

I'm Terry—"Flying Terry," the sour-lollipop addict—who is, for all intents and purposes, a double amputee, missing both his gaunt, skeletal legs—or at the very least, pretty close to it.

As Terry's song says.

One day, an ableist person asked me if I had waxed my legs.

Totally gaga!

To be more precise, he talked about hair removal. Just think of that! Imagine how I felt. The verb he used...

Three syllables: "re-mo" and "val"... like "valid"!

At first, I just froze—given that I have a very hairy body. Removal—who, me?

Greening sun.

A collective fit of laughter—with the exception of Erwan, who suffers from mus-cular atrophy and was designated as a substitute.

"Hairy" is actually an understatement, considering my cheeks sport a fine pair of sideburns.

Lurking butt.

Greeting moon.