

Christiansen

"A Considerable New Message"

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My Blacklist: If people don't dance they die
Cathartic hand claps
Dependent on words without sounds
In the bitter end goodbye
Fire paint at the canvas with pistols is our focus, our
pride
Give the soldiers the drugs and the children hand
grenades
The Smart kid, the art kid, let's hope he learns to smile

Alarming we're awake and boiling in horror
Petrified pilots climb into their metal wombs
Black revolver, valiums
Rather fly than see the derailing trains coast by
carrying parts for rocket ships
The avant-garde astronomers sell the maps to star
dusts and day dreams

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