

## Haujobb "Cold Comfort"

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extreme real dream  
perpetually hammering  
moving pictures around  
some smell of industry  
don't know what's happening  
something fills me up with greed  
i feel cloned  
yes i am home

order forms originals  
same shit a million times  
equal products compete  
with each other for to breathe  
never leave  
a stable existence  
fixed fragments

of a single entanglement

maintain a constant pulse beat  
close to the environment  
planet me  
rotation  
so necessary neverending clarity  
excluding any possibility  
trust me  
we define everything

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