

## **Termanology**

### **"Flesh Failures"**

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[Claude:]

We starve, look at one another short of breath,  
Walking proudly in our winter coats,  
Wearing smells from lab'ratories,  
Facing a dying nation of moving paper fantasy,  
List'ning for the new told lies with supreme visions of  
Lonely tunes.  
Somewhere, inside something, there is a rush of  
Greatness.  
Who knows what stands in front of our lives;  
I fashion my future on films in space.  
Silence tells me secretly everything, everything.

Manchester england, england  
Manchester england, england  
(Eyes look your last)  
Across the atlantic sea  
(Arms, take your last embrace)  
And I'm a genius, genius  
(And lips, owe you the 'dors)  
I believe in god  
(Of breath. seal with a righteous kiss)  
And I believe that god believes in claudé,  
(Seal with a righteous kiss)  
That's me. that's me.  
(The rest is silence)  
That's me.  
(The rest is silence)  
That's me.  
(The rest is silence)

[Sheila:]

We starve, look at one another short of breath,  
Walking proudly in our winter coats,  
Wearing smells from lab'ratories,  
Facing a dying nation of moving paper fantasy,  
List'ning for the new told lies with supreme visions of  
Lonely tunes.

[Tribe:]

Singing our space songs on a spider web sitar,

"life is around you and in you."  
Answer for timothy leary, deary.

[Five iterations of the following:]  
Let the sun shine,  
Let the sunshine in,  
The sun shine in.

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