

MANNEQUIN SPACE HORIZON

1. A NEW TIME

Take it down, fallen trees
See it there, I see it rain
Falling down to the grave
I feel it call in other ways
Pull it out of other days
I feel it come from other's rage
Hold it down to their names
I feel it fall into the rain
I'm gonna lose, I'm falling right
I feel it rise, I feel the night
Falling down into the graves
I feel it come in other ways

Shake the trees, I know it's wrong
I feel it come and through this song
It will not lose in witch's ways
Hollow gone in hollow days
Go into a golden sea
I feel it come, I see it rage
I feel it come, I feel it lay
Falling down in simple ways
All I feel another time
I feel it take the walls of mine
Falling down a fallen rage
Repeat myself to end of days

Fallen doubts
Golden ways
Repeat myself
Till end of day

2. ABSOLUTE ZERO

Give a little lift to you
I don't want to help you freeze
Hold on to me
I don't want to let you be
Cruisin with care
I can see the bottom there
You and me
I don't wanna see the end

If she isn't there
I don't wanna heaven time
If she's not there
I don't wanna see that place
In that place
Is a sense of frozen waste
If she's not there
I don't wanna care

I feel cold
She has gone away today
Feeling old
Feel like a castaway
Sinking down
To a colder time and place
You and me
I don't want to see the end

3. BRIEF EVENT

Say that I can't see it isn't real
Night of heaven senses isn't real
Everyone's imagines are not real
Center of the engines are not real

Isn't it a bond
Isn't it another bond
Isn't it falling
Isn't it a brief event
Isn't it rolling on
Isn't it another thing
Isn't it just the same
Isn't it just a brief event

Shameless isn't something that is real
Living all through good times isn't real
Lovers holding hands it isn't real
Shameful is a feeling that is real

Things that I don't see they are not real
I have suffered senses that aren't real
Turning on the engines that are real
Shameful are the engines that are real

4. CRASHES

Senseless rifts climbing out of a bowl
Judas' Christians weren't the ones who killed the chosen Jew
Visions bold isn't anyone's mind
We are likely trapped inside a world of empty headed minds

Sense the wind
Time is coming soon
Sense the wind
Time is coming soon
Days are cold
Time is coming soon
Hunger's old
Time is coming soon

Falling nations, isn't it a cause for blame
Racked upon the seasons there a stipulation becomes the game
Swollen danger, it's all in time
Calling out for other creatures more inclined to live a life of crime

Sense the wind
Time is coming soon
Sense the wind
Time is coming soon
Days are cold
Time is coming soon
Hunger's old
Time is coming soon

5. INSIDE THE SKULL

Holding on, reaching confidential living
Holding on, savor all your interest in me
Fallen view, save us from that stupid angel
Older dream, come inside and rest a bit with me

Come in peace, rattle all the cages broken
Holes in time, I say it's strange that words are spoken
Keep us there, to be another victim inside
Find your way, among the passions falling into view

6. LENS

Can a kiss kill a life of volition
I will live in a fortunate way
And a dawn of a day of concealing
And a night is the end of a way
To be seen as the rise of a mission
Calling as the way of the whole
Holy is just a day of contrition
Holy is just a way of control

This ease, it's a fine line of reason
This ease, it's a fine line of soul

Can it cease as a finer revision
Animate with the reasons of old
In a way it is just simple teasing
In a world that is begging to call
Go live deep inside a free fissure
Go live inside a deep hole
Stand alone while the sun stops it's burning
Stand alone while the world can't keep still

This ease, it's a fine line of reason
This ease, it's a fine line of soul

Strong as nothing isn't
Wrong as something hits it
For reasons coming isn't just about the dreams
Face another image
Strength among the language
Haven't got a sense of just about the dreams

You see the light in halls
You falling down
Can you see the light on walls
You falling down

7. LITTLE WHISPERS

No sense of time is cheapened
Along the trails of heaven sent to me
You find that nothing's given
I see there's every heaven living here
Fall in and down with reason
Find out there's not a time that heaven's in
Climb in the call of danger
You see they're fallen demons reasoning

Rule have divided nations
I see there's no salvation innocence
Fortunes of nothing men love
Having no sense that men will see it there
Above the ladies rain on
I crack the sky upon it heaven sent
Into a razor summoned
Was tuned a miser's edge in destiny

Take it down
Razor down
Take it down

8. NUANCE

Hear the crowds outside roaming about
Mixing amongst themselves
Lovers holding hands
Carriages walking down the street
With the horses crawling about them
Noses whiffing deliberately in the wind
Snorting, exhaling breaths
Visible to all who come to see
Delightful to most who come to be with there

Recent among the vase
Recent on the panes
Tiny insects were seen scattering
Claim jumping among my things
No more night, no more fireflies whisk about
No summer lawns creeping
Smell of grass waving
Everyone having a good time
Everyone except me I believe
Wondering if I'll have anyone there
To be just the same

Walk this brown earth among the chains
Level
Links
Disease
Hearts
Spears
Bowels
Lonely
Lost
Heavy
Strong
Weak

9. PALE RIPPER

Simple is a time alone in heaven
Make it if it's mine alone in real
Cause my head to rest to ease the memory
Closer are the days to end of summer

Cherish the moments you've found inside
You only see them full from your face
I can't see anything come down from the sweet clouds above
Cherish the morning mist
I see it rolling in as a fog from the sea
And follow me and follow me

Morning is the day I feel so helpless
You have gone away to better times
Standing here alone a pale ripper
Beckoning to come along with him

See the wind is blowing

10. STRANGER THAN GHOSTS

Danger hell listen to the creeps
Strangers help in the torrid dreams
Rivers long for deeper seas
Danger helps condition me

Skulls in sheets with sunny smiles
Days will melt into our lives
Dead will walk among our nights
Floating through intensified

Faces melt from deeper space
Voices call with stunted grace
Air will blow into our head
We can't touch the hands of dead

11. TERMINAL

Angel dust
magazines
Shimmering
in the screams
Cold into
nothing night
Crawl the walls
feel the fright

12. THAT VIPER'S REACH

Rest of all says I haven't had a real love and
Rest of all says I haven't had a single blessing
Rest of all says I haven't had a stable living
Rest of all says I haven't had a simple day with you

Make it all good, take my hand and walk with me and
Make it all fine, hold me and we'll shake that time and
Make it all good, you haven't let me show you that I'm fine

It's not so desperate
It's not so desperate at all

Take it all away, I haven't seen you miss my face and
Take it all away, I haven't had a rest with you and
Take it all away, I haven't seen a mystery and you
Take it all away, I haven't seen it coming here today

Calling down to me from up above your golden throne and
Take it down to me from all the rest of sympathy and
Walking on the floor I see now all these bastard things are wrong

It's not so desperate
It's not so desperate at all

13. WANDERING HAYWIRE

Earth raised up her head with the cold bleak of song
Not through righteousness, not to end with the swan
Golden heart increase the night sayings
To shout around the fireside, to shout among the prey
Reach the heights, simmer the lows upon the ground
Criss cross and damage all about the simple feet
Climb the walls, climb the ceiling high
Like a spider with sticky legs upside down
Crawling like a centipede, scurrying from the filth up
Telestrator flies in the night in black skies above
Shameless lives, shameless cries and singular lies
Do or say a hymn, not sing or praise to die

Milk filled in the space with the sudden lurch of blank
Testament of riches gathered to forbear
Witness the development of angst, holding on so sweetly
Carrion, it was not so much the perfume
Locked in tepid anger and impotent as survival
Trials were sent this way for us to believe nothing
In a way it was surprising as two sticks bent the same
As glad as embryos broken from hoary shells
Impossible to see clearly, waiting for adherence to seem
Never sinking too far below a bestial ledge
Whining to take those medicines, scurry round to the faucet
Glove around me like a casket surrounding the single sight

14. ZOO

Closing time
I'm gonna have a drink
Shake a dime
I feel it tweak

Closer times
I haven't a sin
Rolling rhymes
I have a hymn

Closing time
I haven't seen
Golden times
I haven't been

Not for days
I haven't seen
The sun go down
Onto this dream

Crawling deep
I haven't sent
A letter to
The mushroom man