

Blithesome and blessed with the patience of centuries, the world slowly spins out of control. On the Inside I stare blankly. Snowflakes are crystallizing on the TV-screen. Outside the children are playing. Their laughter smacks hysterically against the windows. Get back where you came from! They can help you. They will shovel you back inside; spreading, rubbing, trying to find a way in. Everything will be fixed. Mommy's rose colored cheeks will gloom in spring-timish joy. She'll never know you, she never knew you anyway. A tube might be cold but I'm sure you will acclimate. Adapt, adjust, repeat. These stairs won't lead to your room anymore. Your Teddy's intestines block the way. You filthy little bastard! Your mouth is full of sawdust. Floury and crumbly you open your dinner-slit. Don't be shy. Stick your cheesy-white tongue where it belongs. Come to mommy! Ignore the thunder beyond the hills, thousand white flashes of pure clinical obliteration. We are safe here in our paperboard-houses. All the pictures and mirrors are turned to the wall. Those little girls with their gas masks strapped so tightly 'round their pale Victorian faces, their blond curls are already oozing over their bloodstained ears. Can you hear their breath thickening in the blurry haze of vx nerve gas? It's coming trough the barricades. I've nailed shut the windows, I've locked the doors. There is no escape, you see?! It's in moments like these the grandmothers start to get religious. The room is full of floating furniture, not unlikely an isolated capsule trapped in time and space. This is a breathing, living,-room. I'm starting to feel weary from walking blindfolded through rooms strewn with razor blades. It's a waltz of teargas and plate-glasses. Lonely and perpetual their distorted smiles are sparkling cling-clangishly behind the walls of whitey white teeth. My friends, sigh, they're all out having fun. Me, I'm staying in bed with my headphones on. Fucking lyric booklets! Fucking overnight phone calls! My love is getting sour. Don't cry over spilled milk. The Jews can clean it for us. I heard they have toothbrushes made out of gold. But we are good at skiing, you know? We are a small but very peaceful country. We are the intellectual abortion of European humanism. We grew so cold from the inside, the only thing that keeps us from freezing is our veil of virtue. Millions are rotting away in an apathetic existence, longing for a partner, just to be finally lonely together, forever. Hidden behind urine-stained curtains, while you are walking down the streets hand in hand with your loved one, the malicious looks of the lonely will cut you apart just like all the other pods of people that are already eagerly waiting to get filled by random love-like emotions so they can envision at least one person crying at their funeral. I hate strangers nearly as much as I hate myself. I loved to let the kitchen knife kiss my wrists but nowadays I'm just sick of this cheap attention seeking drama-queen bullshit. All of my sorrow that slowly piles up around me as if I were god's personal soul-trash can, all of this shit, is just useless, over-inflated self-pity. I'm getting void as I stumble and finally I manage to fall accidentally on purpose down the rabbit hole. You already know the same old drug induced hallucinations. It's fucking tea-time and I'm already late to the Jabberwocky. I'm not getting crushed by thousands of those little gearwheels that keep our everyday life machinery up and going. I'm flying on the wings of steam. Post-industrial dreams in this vague realm of (in)sanity. Dead girl, plane crash, bunny, flower, bloody vagina, heart, semen, skull: Rorschach makes the heart grow fonder. I'm feeling as tight as a nine year old pussy in my sexy straightjacket. Fuck me Mr. Rapist. Please! I swear I won't dare to scream. I can bleed for you if you want me to. Let me feel like I am needed. I can choke, swallow and smile, all of this at the same time. It's really no problem, my knees are already callous. You could be the one beside me, laughing from this silly picture frame that catches dust on my small bedroom table. I am yours. Truly and forever, I'm in love with you.