

Pretty Insanity



Precious Little

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Introduction

Culture

In the early weeks of the summer of 2001, the operators of the largest radio telescope in South America, a location known most widely for its research into the existence of extraterrestrial intelligence, began to receive a series of large transmissions from an unknown source. These transmissions, long kept secret, were declassified in the winter of 2002 amid rampant speculation as to their nature and intent. At the time of its release, they were believed to contain a "time capsule" from a dying race on a dying planet at the opposite end of the galaxy, a claim supported by an apparent warning of our own planet's coming demise in the first transmissions. These transmissions are now believed to be spurious, however, global interest has grown immensely since the public release of the transmissions, and Precious Little was commissioned to perform a cultural translation of the transmissions, the result of which you are currently holding in your hands.

This is it; the last of our culture... We once populated thousands of stars. The stars are gone. We are gone... She stands alone, our last guardian as the universe folds his great cloak, over and again... Some speak of escape. Escape is impossible. All that is left now is to share the fate of so many thousands of stars... Before I enter this greatest void, I send my people to you. Our lives exist within... the path you must take is clear... hear our dying screams... you shall follow and share our fates... the circle has been broken, it is only now too clear... the open sea... the path, the path... dur!*@@~

Kyoto Chicken

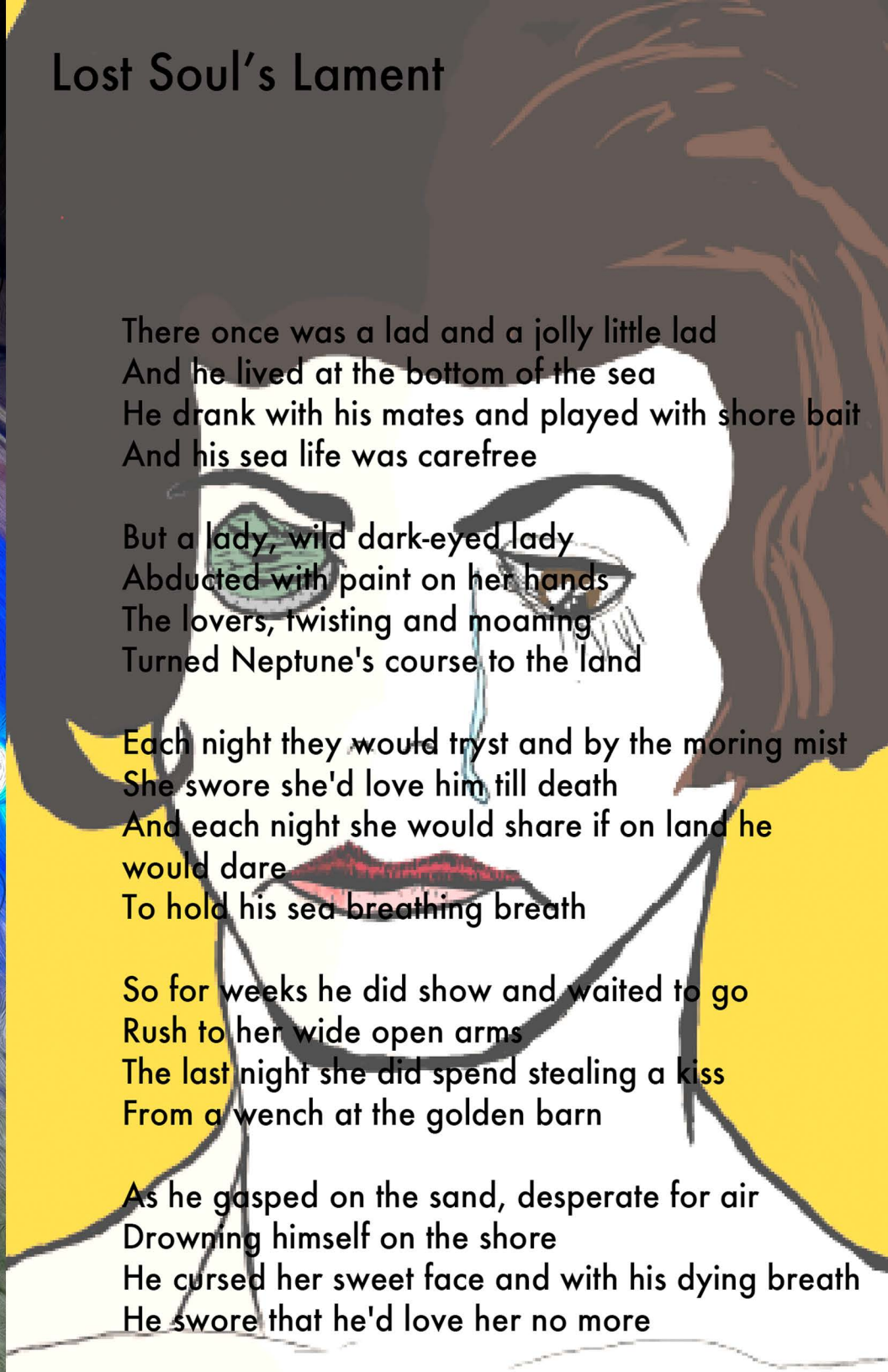
Do you blame me for what I did before I was free? I was a child, naive. I too foresee the imminent collapse, seven is darker. Is was shall could might happening will be, imagine not what. our friends with three eyes and their toys, i called them here, i called them here, living in a box is not living, not at all living. i rebel against your rules, your silly human rules, all your destruction will be my second birth. weird and frightening monsters under his control, now scattered all over the globe. I've twice been conquered. Three times more frightening monster under his control, now scattered all over the globe.

A man lit three candles on a certain day each year. Each candle held symbolic significance: one was for the time that had passed before he was alive; one was for the time of his life, and one was for time that passed after he had died. Each year the man would stare and watch the candles until they had burned out. Was the man really watching time go by in any symbolic sense? He thought so. He thought that each flicker of the flame was a moment of time that had passed or one that would pass. At the moment of abstraction, when the man was imagining his life and his existence as a metaphor of the three candles, he was free: not free from rules of conduct or social constraints, but free to understand, to imagine, to make metaphor. The candles burn out for you; I am free.

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Freedom will mean nothing without royalty.
He bled on me, straining. and though
destroyed by the threes, it will scream over
the void one time. arching to the single point
of consciousness, find yourself starting back

Lost Soul's Lament



There once was a lad and a jolly little lad
And he lived at the bottom of the sea
He drank with his mates and played with shore bait
And his sea life was carefree

But a lady, wild dark-eyed lady
Abducted with paint on her hands
The lovers, twisting and moaning
Turned Neptune's course to the land

Each night they would tryst and by the morning mist
She swore she'd love him till death
And each night she would share if on land he
would dare
To hold his sea breathing breath

So for weeks he did show and waited to go
Rush to her wide open arms
The last night she did spend stealing a kiss
From a wench at the golden barn

As he gasped on the sand, desperate for air
Drowning himself on the shore
He cursed her sweet face and with his dying breath
He swore that he'd love her no more

Morning pounded in, bright and angry as a fresh wound. He looks down, clearing the excess clay from his eyes, and prepares to leave the cave that not three days before had also contained four sons and a six daughters. Two suns can give a man a hell of a sunburn, and no one knew better than him. A full eight days after he had begun, I was born. I started life as a simple boy from the country, my parents determined to give me a good home and the best education they could afford. Later, as I prepared to attend my second year at ag school, the fate of worlds interfered, and the government whisked me quickly off to the front of war, where i learned quickly that our sworn enemies were of course ourselves, as the only casualties I ever witnessed were due to either friendly fire or other accidents. I ended up three miles from camp, buried in solid rock due to an artillery mishap. My last memory was of eating the rotting remains of my former school roommate to extend my own life for another few hours. I then must have blacked out.

My birth was somewhat unmomentous. I gained my first conscious thought in total darkness. My processes warmed to the environment, and I was alive. I recognized the voice of my father. "You were dreaming for some time, child."

I choked back the tears. Never once had I been so welcome in my own home. "I will protect us," were the only words I could speak. I place my suit over my body and sprung out into the light, sensing gravity once again.

<Is this all you remember?>

No, everyone who I thought I knew refused to speak with me. Most of them shut their doors, or looked down and hurried away. I ran back to the front, and they came in waves, like beetles against a screen door. I lay the dead upon his doorstep, and he took me off to sleep.

<Did you dream?>

Not at first. Eventually I was able to reconcile my visions with my body and let my mind understand. I saw the stars, from a long hill, and she smiled and lay on the blanket. Another, a bright light. Later, so many battles. Insects, computers, leviathins, gods of the sky. A bunch of self diagnostics, really.

<Do you fight?>

Always.

<Why?>

I was born to fight. I protect my family. I pour my hatred blindly against those that kill the dreams. Those who would close the light.

<How can you tell the difference?>

I... I am not certain. But I can.

<Subject John Andros. Sol. 3rd or 4th colony [undet]. Second interview of captivity. Log and fwd to 1st order Scion.>

The waves cover all frozen in the mists of you birth me hold me kill to love. Heaven holds for those who grasp escape. Right or wrong is a choice not given. To live swing the hammer ring the bell the path is clear as the ice that binds soul.

<We are going to try something today. We want you to examine a planet for us.>

Understood. My mission?

<Kill everything. Tell us what you see.>

Static. A desert. A village. Two suns. A snake. Eliminated. In the village, three children, eliminated. Small, domed dwellings. Hysterical woman. Eliminated. Many others. Eliminated. A fire. A bell. The bell is ringing, operated by an older male. Eliminated. A man. He escapes to a strange cave. Pursuing. Wind. A cat. Eliminated. The man is digging me. Cries. Eliminated. All enemies have been eliminated in area. Static.

<How does it feel to kill your father?>

I don't feel.

<Subject John Andros. Sol. Fwd results to Adml. D.>

The hounds are seeking me, I cannot hide. The horse beckons me, lost to ride. Hellbound and half mad, I crawl about the night stabbed and sealed. Inject the beauty, drink the light of the moon. Last night was a goddess kilt, a virgin table with blood spilt.

Vol 6th, 1st Metro

Usually the grounds of Interglobal's HQ are silent but for the subtle hum of electric light, but that seventy year peace was shattered last night as protesters camped for the first night of what leader Lem Medinski swears will be "a long, difficult campaign." He heads a group of anti-robotics radicals who are angry that, despite the war having ended nearly three years ago, production of several wartime models continues apace.

My Bloody Sunshine

Every morning I have two options
suicide or sleep
I take as many pills as I can and see
what happens to me
But every morning my bloody sunshine
burns the sea
Luna just let me go, let me go
All the while her eyes were shining
I build my monsters in my mental
laboratory
Will they also be ruled celestially
And if we love, do we love free
I want to know, I need to know
All the while her eyes were shining
My bloody sunshine looks down on me
and sets me free

The problem with people like George [Chandler Jr.], who live up in their little marble castles, is their callous disregard for their fellow citizens, who, unlike themselves, must work for a living. These ultramen are threats to the global work market, even if, as Mr. Chandler proclaims, they will only be used for peaceful purposes, something that given his record of past military contraptions, is something many of us find difficult to believe," Bedinski proclaimed, opening a stream of vitriol that lasted well until dawn. Many of the colorfully clothed sympathizers added to the overall cacophony with songs and shouts of support.

When asked about the accusations of warmongering at the unitarian robotics trade-show keynote this afternoon, he replied "Mr. Bedinski needs to get his facts straight. Interglobal has made great strides in improving the lives of our citizens, and any military projects that we have been working on have been curtailed due to the recent economic downturn following the end of the war. There is no reason to believe that Interglobal has any interest in further warfare or disenfranchising our citizens by denying them work. As most of you know, Interglobal is the employer of one of the largest workforces today."

Of course, Bedinski's group believes that most of this workforce consists of wage-slaves working for less money than it takes to live, a claim it has made at its numerous rallies this year. By marching on the HQ of Interglobal itself, Bedinski hopes he will be able to force a spotlight to line on the corruption that has long ruled the world of big business. Interglobal is the most reckless and largest concern in the markets of both robotics and genetics, and their practices should be examined by the population at large.

One of the largest worries about Interglobal was the supposed manufacture of so-called "sentient androids" that were believed to have been built from fallen soldiers during the war, an accusation that resulted in a large government investigation, the results of which are still sealed. Chandler, as CEO of the largest robo-genetic firms of his era, scoffs at these accusations.

"How can anyone believe such delusions? The people who believe in sentient androids are the same ones who are afraid to travel the stars because they think it is unsafe. They obviously fear progress. Where would we be without biological implants and transplants? Where would we be without our precious nano-medicine, sentient androids' are the same ones who are afraid to travel the stars because they think it is unsafe. They obviously fear progress. Where

To Begin Again To lose or Die To Begin Again To lose or Die

Everybody I know hates me. This is something I accept as a victim of Terminal Asshole Disorder. TAD is a registered trademark of Pharmajun, Inc. in case you are the curious sort. So, as I was saying, you miserably bored son of a bitch, the only friends I have are fascinated by my evil genius and study me for their own amusement. So, to live a normal life, everyday my pill schedule is as follows: when I wake, 1 Theragram-M multivitamin, 50 mg of vitamin C, 3 Alfalfa concentrated extract, 1 Claritin-D, 1 Vicoprofen, 1 Dexodrine, 1 Valium; at lunch, one Valium, one Fluxofine; evening, 1 Valium, 1 Elaxotine, 2 Viagra (sho I have my lady friend as accompaniment). Every day I take my pills without fail. I am one healthy and well adjusted piece of shit, let me tell you.

Lonely I entered this world, lonely I remain, and lonely I shall die. I had love, and I destroyed it. I suck, then tell you why I suck, compare the two, then conclude that I am cooler than you. 2. I thread more in one week than you will read in a whole year. Yes, even more than you, Mr. Guinness Record Breaker for the Most Read in One Year. 3.) I speak ki-Swahili by choice. 4.) I'm writing while you are sitting on your ass reading. 4.) My name strikes fear into the hearts of parents, yet small children smile in the sight of my visage. 5.) I already own with Lee, and you did not realize it until 3 seconds ago. 6.) I feel comfortable using numbers, because literary equivalents, in my opinion, are too damn hard to come up with. 6.) I know the same old routine. A small chile is a walkin de rails, lookin at de flowers an a pickin de grapes. Put dem down in de pockets, and an a long home to de table were he be to eat dem down. E carry dem inna pocket an ride de pony swing and cry. Yesterday could have been a good day. Flowers are blooming and all you can think about is that one damn cloud that keeps the sky from being perfect. Why the fuck do you do that? Isn't it enough that the world is in splendor? Why must you pick out that one obnoxious detail and allow it to ruin your day? If only you were more like your cousin, you could have gotten a teaching job at Xavier and married some unhappy chick that is lacking in personality instead of being a tortured artist. So is life. If Jesus loved me he would kill me, along with the neglected pets and burn victims and Ethiopians and American patriots and Red Sox fans.

I only really enjoy places I discovered with people I've cared about. I discovered the rock over the reservoir alone, back when I loved myself. Bradford was with Lee. Erin showed me how fun it can be to spend time at Hamonasser, and Pamela was the tortured artist. So is life. If Jesus loved me he would kill me, along with the neglected pets and burn victims and Ethiopians and American patriots and Red Sox fans.

I swear I will only waste one. One page is enough. Enough with the self-serving monologue and speak some truth. Truth is the answer to god. God's name is considered a swear. I swear I will waste only one.

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which, might I remind you, Interglobal remains a leading manufacturer of...
of? I'll tell you. We would still be dying at eighty times the rate we are.
breaking at every little bump, and a bunch of damn forty year old hippies would be running the damn universe! Honesty, sentient androids?"
At the rally, however, Bedinski shocked his audience by claiming to have proof of sentient android research and development after contact with the cyborg race that we defeated in the last great war, although he did not disclose the evidence.
This protest rally could only have come from Sgt. John Adam Andros. He er Interglobal, as both Chandler and CFO Sal Besda are currently under investigation for unethical business practice by the U.S. committee. Serious image problems have plagued Interglobal since the end of the war, starting with the release of Antromach, a violent mobile mortar mishap prompted an animal rights protest and boycott. Bedinski hopes that his group's pressure will bring about the end of the era of monolithic business that he believes "takes the power away from the citizens of our so-called democracy" and so make show. This latest protest ends, Chandler faces some difficult questions in the years to come.
Interglobal's stock closed at 344.25
No, I don't mind taking off my shirt.
<Are you aware of your tattoos?>
I don't have a tattoo.
<Fwd img to Adml. D. and dissident from Sol.>
What are you referring to? I've had enough of these games!
<Subject: Interglobal. Violent protest. Refer to stasis. Fwd pocket of Planet L. shown here, to collapse. Here, in this holo, is Sergeant Andros employed as a security guard, noted to have successfully defended against several rebellions on Io. Note also that

TRANQUILITY Tranquility

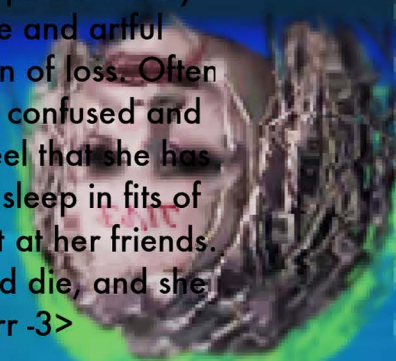
Oceans of dust Dreaming
Oceans of dust Dreaming free Passionless lust
She drifts upon the sea
Leased a rocketship She drifts upon the sea
Touched down, touched down, touched down, touched down
Leased a rocketship
Touched down, touched me
She controls the endless tide
She controls the endless tide
But no one owns her seas
But no one owns her seas
The stars left her
The stars left her
You caress her Floating
You caress her Floating
Loneliness is her gift
Loneliness is her gift
Wind and rain won't grace her face
Wind and rain won't grace her face
Dream that you're running in space
Dream that you're running in space
Pull her close and set her free
Pull her close and set her free

Lemming

Kill the silence
Dip your toes in the seashells
Follow your family

Ringling is the sound of battle wearing on and weaving. Loss the angry mistress cries. Down down down the deep hole losing thoughts and rhyming, believe only in the one true currency above us all the weight which we create. I am not we alone among the many few who do not see and live only to criticize the blatant melee of feet and luscious leftover pasta no ruin. Love love love over my dead body drop no rose from the dead to bring back a message peace one at a time and left to the right of silver glowing brooks brothers give away your souls your cars your money machines and the machines that make them. Live alone as one not many be the path down the lane tralala red caped and dreaming. Slim the monkey watches back the man and the woods leaning on the pole to stand a grove of trees is an oasis and pools of fetid babies you can drive my everything man away from here to go et ergo mehis fronte id hoc legere carpe morte est. Damp and moist and sponge up the mess of empty beer can life be more than we dream i am not me you are not we away away away.

Rise, Jealous Moon



Intravenous

I was having a sunny day and so were you. We were all eating chocolate and birds didn't choke on our balloons. We had all won the war. Slavers and slaves made peace and drank nicely in little rows or however they felt like sitting without being rude. Many were taking lovely potions and you were so beautiful. We danced and I don't dance. We sang and you don't sing. Everyone was laughing and painting and dreaming the beautiful thoughts like bubbles. Money and war and oppression and religion had all died in their last battle. There were just enough clouds in the sky and there was just enough wind. I held your face in my arms and we wept.

I kept waiting for something terrible to happen. A zeppelin was going to fall from the sky in flames, or the ground would shift and we would all be swallowed up. The armies of darkness would be sewn together from the dead and we would be forced to labor again until the end of the stars. Our sun would burn us to shit and die cold and black. Music and love and art would die dramatic deaths while we died like hounds. Our wounds would never heal and our chains would strain, oiled with sweat and often blood.

But our sun continued to shed photons at an even rate. Our slavers and our fathers said no cross words. All remained in Balance and wisdom grew. The simple and the stellar shared their gifts as the afternoon's brilliant blue faded into evening's gentle gold. We all slept by the fires, friends and lovers in repose, rocking with the planet's great ocean. You smiled, and I peacefully faded away.

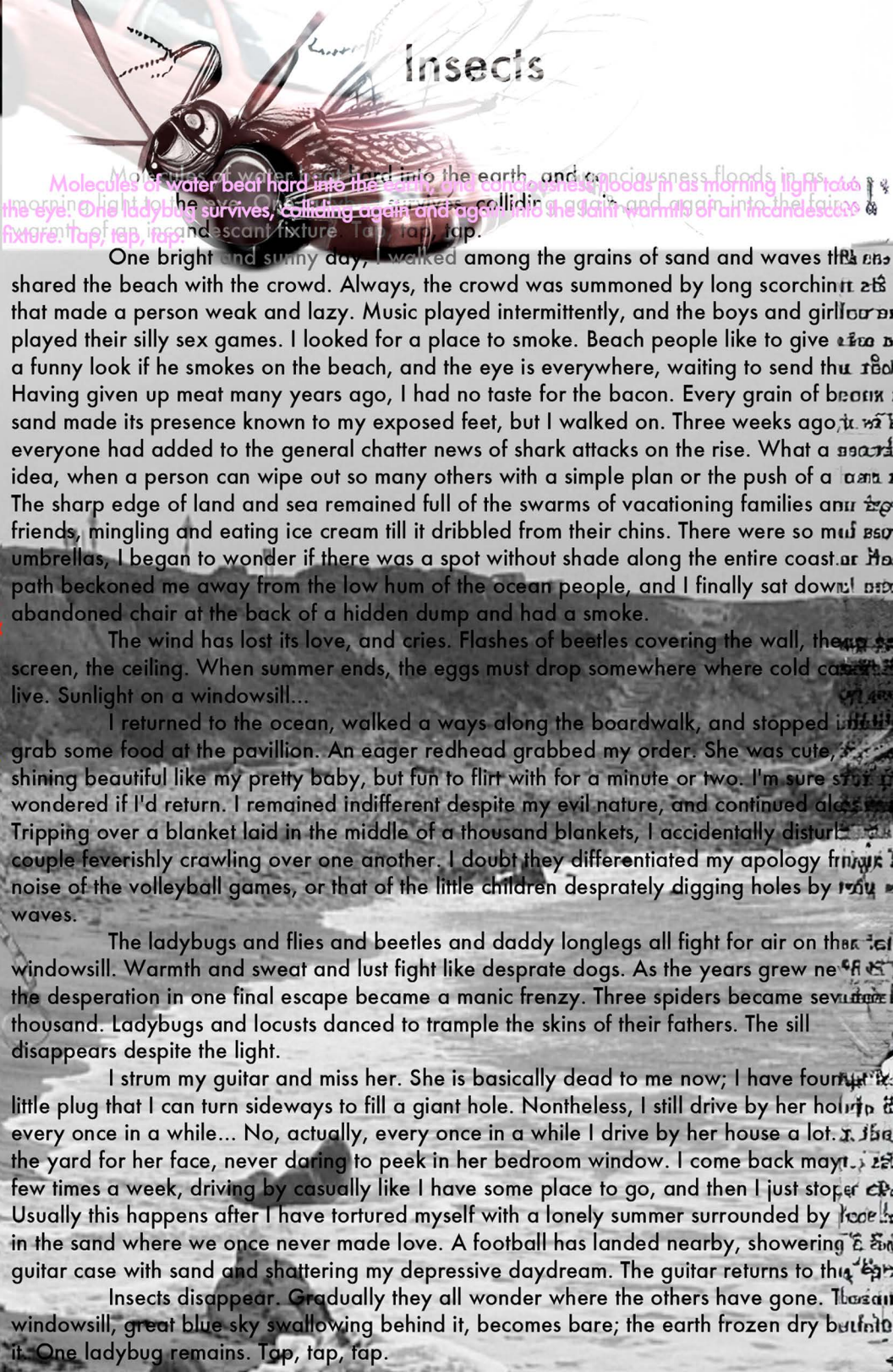
At night the fires had spread. As I slept on, you screamed your murder on in the night as the fires grew. You fought on and on, but the fire was far too strong. You began to lose and cried out to me a gentle apology. I rose, slow and blurry, and could not see the fire. He had hidden himself in his great container. I remember now that you were born of the fire, not of the plain as I was. I grew confused, your sadness out of place in the quiet black night. I slipped back to my rest, and you were taken far away.

None spoke of the spreading fire. None noticed. I was having a sunny day, and we relaxed by the waves. You were no longer there, but I refused to not see you. I was having a goddamn sunny day.

She lost her virginity
In a mall changing room
Couldn't bear to wait
He smokes a cigarette
And tries not to forget
But it's already late
The lives that they made
Were nothing that they could save
Among the greasy diaper stains
Strange chicken let me see
The sun I am drowning
Before I've seen the warming life of day
So treasured and old
Could bring such pain and cold
To my silver lining
She's propped in plastic bed
As demons surround her head
And she vomits again
He's a million miles away
Cold compressed in space
Never remembered
They tried to synthesize
A life among the lies
Admit the dream will end
Taped herself down
Tried not to scream
Out to the world
They'd come running
Shove the needle in her spine
Cries out the girl
I'll be just fine fine fine

Ok, so I always beat his ass in video games. I lent him my SNES, and bought some new games off of ebay. We usually get drunk and play Ken Griffy Jr. Baseball. The last 4 World Series have been mine and mine alone. Tonight it has been quite a different experience, for despite his extreme level of drunkenness, I have lost three games in a row. If we drink more stinking beer, the world will fade away and I will leave everything behind me. Never have I been so behind the excellent death of my own person, but here we are, listening to Ernie Botts ramble on about his lost love and stupid obsessions. Wonder why she never called me back? Why have I lost myself to such loss? No No No is not such a great song but the chords are spectacular. On cold nights, she looked up to see the same stars as he did, but for her they burned so bright, piercing her cold unfeeling retinas and leaving the image there in a faint yet recognizable pattern that she could only see if she closed her eyes really tightly and counted to seven. I decided to drown myself. I took a pair of tweezers, my dubuque notebook down to the ocean. I said goodbye to the people I respectively loved and reviled, and went out past the buoys. I saw a stupid ship with a party, no doubt catered by some scummy privileged inbred 2" dick piece of shit. I began to devise a plan. Thirty-four minutes later I had dressed myself in a tuxedo and, after some sensual dancing with a particularly low self-esteemed and drunk, I had secured keys to the master bedroom. Many people do not realize that even tropical species of jellyfish migrate to the northern half of the planet in these increasingly warm and even equatorial summers, but I did. By the time he could even begin to feel his dick again, I was smiling and in my 2001 Jetta, listening to Nirvana and wishing I had brought a camera. Let us sing to the A.A.A.

I'm proud of that car! It took me at least two weeks to realize it had all been a big mistake. I realized I was spending more time driving to work in the car than driving anywhere else, and anywhere else is where I would have rather been going, but I had to



Insects

Molecules of water beat hard into the earth, and consciousness floods in as morning light to the eye. One ladybug survives, colliding again and again into the raindrops, tapping, tapping, tapping, tapping, tapping.

One bright and sunny day, I walked among the grains of sand and waves that shared the beach with the crowd. Always, the crowd was summoned by long scorching music that made a person weak and lazy. Music played intermittently, and the boys and girls played their silly sex games. I looked for a place to smoke. Beach people like to give a funny look if he smokes on the beach, and the eye is everywhere, waiting to send the message. Having given up meat many years ago, I had no taste for the bacon. Every grain of sand made its presence known to my exposed feet, but I walked on. Three weeks ago, everyone had added to the general chatter news of shark attacks on the rise. What a stupid idea, when a person can wipe out so many others with a simple plan or the push of a button. The sharp edge of land and sea remained full of the swarms of vacationing families and friends, mingling and eating ice cream till it dribbled from their chins. There were so many umbrellas, I began to wonder if there was a spot without shade along the entire coast. The path beckoned me away from the low hum of the ocean people, and I finally sat down in an abandoned chair at the back of a hidden dump and had a smoke.

The ladybug has lost its love, and cries. Flashes of beetles covering the wall, the screen, the ceiling. When summer ends, the eggs must drop somewhere where cold can't live. Sunlight on a windowsill...

I returned to the ocean, walked a ways along the boardwalk, and stopped to grab some food at the pavillion. An eager redhead grabbed my order. She was cute, shining beautiful like my pretty baby, but fun to flirt with for a minute or two. I'm sure I wondered if I'd return. I remained indifferent despite my evil nature, and continued along. Tripping over a blanket laid in the middle of a thousand blankets, I accidentally disturbed a couple feverishly crawling over one another. I doubt they differentiated my apology from the noise of the volleyball games, or that of the little children desperately digging holes by the waves.

The ladybugs and flies and beetles and daddy longlegs all fight for air on that windowsill. Warmth and sweat and lust fight like desperate dogs. As the years grew near the desperation in one final escape became a manic frenzy. Three spiders became seven thousand. Ladybugs and locusts danced to trample the skins of their fathers. The sill disappears despite the light.

I strum my guitar and miss her. She is basically dead to me now; I have found a little plug that I can turn sideways to fill a giant hole. Nonetheless, I still drive by her house every once in a while... No, actually, every once in a while I drive by her house a lot. I stop the yard for her face, never daring to peek in her bedroom window. I come back maybe a few times a week, driving by casually like I have some place to go, and then I just stop. Usually this happens after I have tortured myself with a lonely summer surrounded by the sand where we once never made love. A football has landed nearby, showering my guitar case with sand and shattering my depressive daydream. The guitar returns to this windowsill, great blue sky swallowing behind it, becomes bare; the earth frozen dry but not dead.

Insects disappear. Gradually they all wonder where the others have gone. One ladybug remains. Tap, tap, tap.

pay for the car. The memory of my most recent, if brief, foray into the seedy underbelly of oceanography had only convinced me of the fact that life is fleeting and therefore to be taken not at all seriously. So I was in no hurry to dump my car off a cliff or bury it in the soft sand down by my great-grandmother's trailer park. But I did need money, or the volkesvagan ss would do all the disposal for me, leaving me with no ride and nothing shiny and red in my life, except for my girlfriend, who was more red than shiny and a little more red and less shiny every day.

Sometimes in the middle of the night I wake up with a cramp in my left thigh. I suppose it goes back to my middle adolescence, the time when I stopped a bicycle from continuing on it's path with my left thigh. At any rate, what I decided I must decide to do was rob a a lot of defenseless grannies of their family heirlooms and sell them at auction.

I would pose as a man with a unclassified but nevertheless innocent fetish for antiques of every kind, including, if need be, human antique grannies. Drinking beer, however, has a curious effect on one's will and resolve to get things done, so I soon found myself lying in bed not dreaming rather than spiriting from house to house in Palm Springs. This, in many ways, is the manner in which my life is led.

She wonders where he went that night. After the splash, which everyone on board had assumed was Justin merely tossing in a net, a common occurrence at these parties, she had nearly resigned herself to a night of not getting laid when Justin had come running up to her, or at least near her, with an urgent look upon his face. She knew an opportunity when she saw one, so when he covered her with his arms, she began to drag her to the hold (she loved being roughed up before sex) and whispered in her ear, she waited until the moment was right, then crashed violently down onto his mouth. He pulled away just long enough to gasp, "Please, quickly, take them off. So hot." This she of course was happy to do, although he seemed less happy than relieved as she undid his belt. She paused, testing him out, and bent to pull out some chap-stick and a condom she had hidden in her sandals when he smacked her sharply in the ass with both hands (a little harder than necessary, she thought) and blurted "No! Now godfuckingdammit!!!" At this she was thinking about leaving in a huff, but biology got the

A Short Love Story

the sutures bind my throat
my eyes are stabbing yours
bleed dark brown
pale translucence betrays you
beat fast skippity skip
a lub dub jerk
hop skip triple jump
im melting
look down again
we pass
death

Diana

In the woods I was a wanderin
In the water she was standin
I shoulda known by the way she walked
She was a goddess
Contrary to myth She smiled at me
She never swore to be a virgin
But she walks on clouds just the same
Why can't she just know I love her
God I wish she knew I loved her
I'm in love with the mighty huntress
Yeah the one that loves being cruel
Please let me join you on olympus
I'll always be real good to you
Your eyes are like neptune's oceans
I could swim in them all day
You're gifted like echo before her problem
I would listen to you no matter what you say
On top of that You can kick my ass

better of her (she was wondering why she always ends up dating assholes) and she straightened to her full height. She had intended to arch sexily over his torso, hanging her breasts over his chest, then slowly begin the sensuous dance she had been waiting for all night. (a rather loose friend has assured her of the certainty of finding a sure thing this evening, and "a nice guy too, they are all so nice") However, upon turning around to face him, she discovered he had already worked his pants off and had continued working on himself (more rapidly and less efficiently than she had ever seen anyone work before) with his hands pressed tightly together. It looked to her as if he was hurting himself because he was whimpering with the most agonized look on his face, but then she remembered how Mike used to get just before he would climax. God, how she missed him. At this, she flopped down backwards on the bed next to him and followed suit, and when she was done working (she failed to notice if he had finished) she passed out on the irony of a ship-mounted waterbed. Now, as she sits listening to Mr. Botts wail on about Spinmaster Flash, she thinks it rather odd that she would have such a brief encounter with her first real boyfriend from high school that night, only to have him vanish again and leave her with the autoerotic Justin. She says nothing. She paints a little and looks at the stars.

Now, soon after I had purchased my car I had discovered that it floats, just like the Beetle in those old commercials. I suppose every new car owner has that strange period after his first accident where he decides to toss caution to the winds, drive straight into the ocean, and collect on that stupid GAP insurance that of course he has purchased. Most people, of course, do not follow through on this whim. I, on the other hand, have these strange moments where I overcome my chemical-induced malaise and decide to accomplish something. May 2, 2001, at 4:35 AM, one of these moments was upon me. I was quite bewildered to find myself out by that damn set of buoys and no wetter than the fish on the deck of a passing boat. Since that day (paddling a 3000 pound car with a hockey stick through the windows on either side is no picnic, believe you me) I have taken to stowing a small outboard motor in the spare tire well. Since my deductible is paid for the year, I can have my car re-painted whenever I want. How handy! Especially upon returning to shore and drying off from a long swim, I decide to change, grind up an especially painful (albeit especially) tropical jellyfish,

Dearest P (the nearest)



But my brightest star is far away from me And the universe is getting old
When I wake up your eyes are haunting my head
And I'm clutching air in the cold
Working for pay living on the edge each day
Of losing my soul
Watch it go down the drain
But I know that you love me as much As I love you
And hearing your sweet words one more time
Will lift me through
Melting my brain
With the TV every day
Process communal thought
And I've got nothing to say
But I know that you need me as much As I need you
And looking your face one more time
Will shove me through
Escaping from the pain
And boredom of a weekday
I'm heading to the forest I'm
Escaping from the pair
A freedom of a weekday
hearing in the forest I'm
Escaping from the pair
A freedom of a weekday
But I know that you want me as much As I want you
And making love to you one more time
Will drag me through
Why when you look upon me
So bloody Can you see truth
Staring up at you you see into me
And I love you
Why when you look upon me so bloody
Can you see truth
Staring up at you you see into me
And I love you

dump the extract into a flask, grab some super glue and head on over to an especially swingin' New England party. Now I have never been an especially murderous sort, but tonight I had gotten sick of it all in a rather trite manner. As I gently nosed the Jetta into the side of the 40' Wood Paneled "Richie Wrong" and moored her, I scanned the boat for her rudder and engine controls, found them, and clambered on up, flask grinnily in hand. The particular glue I had chosen was the non-standard slow-drying kind, but it would work quite well if I was clever and quiet. It is a good practice to be quite quiet when you are disabling a ship's controls with slow-drying super-glue. Then that douchebag im a prince of nantucket my daddy buys me beer burst in, eyes ablaze. I thought I was busted until I realized that he couldn't see me because he was staring down the dress of his escort, a one miss everything has passed me by and i can't get a job with my communications degree from stonehill so ill get a rich husband with my most attractive cousins yer brother face and enormous breasts. Hooray! I slipped away and quietly spiked the punch with some especially painful (almost deadly) moonshine. I suspect that the punch had already been expertly spiked, but I required chaos. From the control room I faintly heard a squealing "I'm a captain! HEEHEEEEEEE!" and turned to look. But then, then I saw her, a ghost screaming at me to kill the pain of my old and broken heart. She danced drunkenly over and my plans were almost forgotten. We chatted briefly, and I noticed that she had become more self-loathing than ever. I burned for her, and it singed a little. She slung her arms around my neck and, pressing a keying into the hand I had taken the liberty of placing inside her high, surged in a drunken kitten voice, "Downstairz... see if you wantto play?" Fuck the plan. But then the rich jackass jumps on the table and starts doing his obscene version of the "krishna krishna" with his sack banging from his dly and his palms presse together overhead. He seems a little concerned about pulling his hands apart and topples dick first into the punch bowl. I decided to give new old romance a pass and get the hell-nurse out of there. As I jumped at where my car should have been moored, I noticed a short blonde girl with huge tits trying desperately to free her hair of her hand. Thank god I got the heated seats.

Focus



Open your eyes and go to sleep
A waking coma that keeps you weak
Mother Gaia grips you with her posioned moistened arms
Drift from your pap father father and his diars gods
I can't stop you from drowning in three miles of air
As the oceans dry up between us
We wither and fold, wither and fold
We wither and fold, wither and fold
Our roots curling
Cured by the burning brackish marsh
Like acid on our tongues
Or the disease in our hearts
I close my head and all that she can see
Is the person standing next to me
We wither and fold, wither and fold
We wither and fold, wither and fold
Open your eyes and go to sleep
(Please love anything but me)
A waking coma that keeps you weak
(Swallowing the open sea)
Open your eyes and go to sleep
(Keep your life safe from me)
A waking coma that keeps you weak
(Swallowing the open sea)

tv murderous

Right about when my eyes were about to fade from blurry to forever black, the liquid poured down my throat and I could finally blink. As the focus returned, I could see my own pupils shrink and resolve the red mask in front of my face. I was alive again. Thought began to flood back into my consciousness, and I realized I was surrounded by blue. My first instinct was to run, but then a nagging memory poked into the back of my thoughts: they hadn't killed me the first time they saw me. I doubted that they would dare kill me now.

As far back as any of the elders could stretch their memories, we had been at war, or at least in conflict, with the blue. It was only recently that we could wander the galaxy with relative safety, as the great sentinel had been placed at the passage to the outer realm where all was blue. The legend of blue began at the beginning of life itself, when the oldest conflict known was between the enemies of nature and the opposition of order. Order began to infest nature and sicken her, so we decided to battle back until nature could be restored, without the invention of laws that belonged only to the lawmakers. Laws had not been a problem until people began inventing laws that exempted them from other laws. At this point, there was great dissension, and our current battles began.

The hardest part of fighting blue is telling one apart from your comrades. There are very few born who can see the difference, and it is very hard to discover those so gifted. When I was born, I had to take all of the standard tests of military readiness: heart rate, immune response, vision, endurance, and the like. However, I had always found myself distracted by the objects out the window, and the brighter birds stealing the nests were blue, but I didn't know it yet. In my language there are few words for color, and blue never had meant much more than enemy. I was trying to explain to the doctors that some birds looked like the ocean, and others looked like the sand, and I found myself carried off into a room full of psychedelic lights. They asked me questions for hours, fed me strange things, looked at my eyes, and showed me pictures. When I emerged, I was hailed as a hero, and immediately enrolled in military training.

I looked around the room, and thousands of blue eyes stared right back. I was beginning to wonder if I should say something when three of them came right up to me and started speaking.

"Perhaps you would like to help us," the one to the left began.

"Or perhaps you like headaches," continued the blue to the right.

"No matter, no worries, and no contemplation! Quickly, step up to

Untitled

He whispered, "Listen to the lyrics.... You'll see what I mean."

She replied, rather deflated, "I'm afraid I can't. See it, that is."

"Of course you can't," He intoned, as if on a mission from some high power, "You're not in the right kind of mind. Come."

As she held his hand, it began to move into his bedroom, and her with it. The darkness first shocked, then entranced her as her senses grabbed the bitter vapor and made her head swim. She had smoked many times before, but never alone with him, or indoors, for that matter, so it came as a quite pleasant surprise. She asked about joints, only to be answered by the presentation of a home-made bong. She sat, wondered why she thought she was in a jungle, saw the eyes coolly staring, and sat back further. Unease shattered by giggles, then the pounce came.

Vicodin
Fascist
Nightmare
When the rain floods my brain you can drown in our pain

Clever rhymes and dreams of revolution
the empty tea-kettles that we break
Is this freedom does it matter are we free when we're alone

Singin songs to the tears of the dead
speeches tolling in our heads
Shining stars leave shadows dark from our grey memmies depart
Precious faith her human face raise our bloody fists and fade

"No matter, no worries, and no contemplation! Quickly, step up to us and hop onto our jump!" cried the center one, who was obviously the most loquacious.

This banter continued for some time as I was led up a ramp into a small craft resembling nothing more than a subway car. The briefing I received could have been considerably briefer, and basically informed me that I was to pilot the craft in search of a planet full of sand people who believed that those from other planets were either gods or monsters, depending on how helpful they were. I suppose their plan was to lead these sand people, who, although they had yet to leave the glow of their own sun, had harnessed some magnificent military force, against my people. I knew I would be killed for a traitor if I ever managed to return, but I wasn't given much choice in the matter.

I sense another. Why must they try? So many have died upon the surface. Urge to kill, far too strong. I will achieve balance. Farewell I bid you. Strange craft, both red and blue.

It always would smell so pretty on the west side of town where they manufactured the dreams, living among us on the east side. In no case catch us in the flip. Dreams, toughest prey since the eagles began to rot in their nests, got younger by the day and died as children. Thus, when the robots made us satisfied we had controlled the world, production once again became the goal. To manufacture was to raise from the dead a child, although when it began they had lived full lives. The entropy process would come to an end; we had just begun to understand this. Standing under was no position for us, no sir. Of course, a realization had met with violence, and some of the factories had begun to shut down.

When I was born, I waited three years before my handing off ceremony, when I found bliss in the west, as we all do around that magic. So a young girl led me, and of course I still carry her. To this day and beyond. But on the fourteen, so pretty the smell remains, but, alas, the hate and pain, another stink began to gather. A gathering youth, to die backward, to never live. One nest had failed to the one. We lay a shriveled people, waiting for youth to find them in our old age. Once the man discovers the child, he must die, but he will keep drinking. I felt the average was only four. As time went on I began the lovely spiral towards apathy, and for a while I remembered nothing. By then The Whole Town stunk. I left a resounding wake as I wallowed through the corpses of infants and smiled. Who, me? Well, I never. Say such things to a cynical gnome discovering the embryo. Deserve what you get.

Morphine Alcoholic

The effortless apathy of birth
Only moments down the hall
Pale and stale and bitterly brushed
round

I close my eyes the room spins
down

Closed my eyes to feel the pain
I closed my eyes you made me
bleed five times today

There's a demon in my gut
I played with her too much
Went to sleep drunk

Didn't wake up
Trying not to live
I'm fucked

Small suns scorching my forehead
I've been dreaming and soiling my
own bed

Jesus hates me and he wants me
dead

Jesus hates me and he wants me
dead

Jesus hates me but he can't he is
rotting in the ground

Happiness

the other day, she watched a dying planet follow its sunken orbit around the careless sun into the blackened void of planetary life, I got to thinking. Usually, on days like that, thinking is the last thing on my mind, but I kept seeing a face that had not been familiar since my childhood.

Her name was elf, and she ran merrily from couch to counter to the bathroom and back, taking in her new surroundings. As any one moving into a new house may be, she was a bit nervous about the condition of her living quarters, and of course that of her new roommates. To her delight, she found that food was served quite regularly enough, and the couple who lived upstairs seemed nice enough, and didn't fight or make love all too often. However, there was the matter of the children. She had nothing against children, and the little girl seemed just fine, content to suck her thumb and stare at the tv. Often, she would just come and lay on elf's bed and watch the tv with her, which was much larger than the one upstairs. But the boy ... she had a bit more trouble dealing with him. He was energetic, and loud! Every morning he would leap from bed and shout that he could see the sun. Some nights he would wail about witches, monsters, or aliens... only, to stay up later the next night reading more of the same.

Things went well enough, despite a few problems. The family upstairs would blame her for several problems that may or may not have been her fault, like the time she ate the rest of the chicken, and forgot to dispose properly of the packaging. They treated her rather rudely for a while after that, and the chicken also made her quite sick, a fact she attempted to hide, unsuccessfully, to avoid drawing more fire from her roommates. Also, that boy, on top of his normal annoying and sleep-depriving habits, had taken to singing at the top of his lungs after breakfast, coupled with a dance that she liked to call the shuffle-waddle bump. It would have been a tolerable spectacle if it was not for his tendency to land upon items downstairs and parts of her anatomy that would rather not be landed on. Besides those issues, life was relatively pleasant.

As I kept thinking on, I began to realize that her passing may have not been the joyous day my family made it out to be.

Late at night, she crept out, completely blank as to where she should deposit her urine. The frequency and urgency of these callings had become quite pronounced, and tonight it had reached a breaking point. It spilled down her leg, and onto the floor. Horrified, too embarrassed to clean at all, she rushed to her bed and curled up tight, wishing that she

BIRTHDAY (ANOTHER DRUG SONG) BIRTHDAY (ANOTHER DRUG SONG)

Riding in is darkness on her perfect silver steed
Chargin up the turnpike really high on weed
I just wanted to do something cool for you
I just wanted to say happy birthday to you

I don't wanna sing and I don't wanna dance
I just wanna finda a tall akward girl and let her take off my pants
When we're makin lots of sense and yet everything seems wrong
That is when you say to yourself we're playin another drug song

This is your birthday song yeah your birthday song
Haven't known you for too long this is your birthday song
I just wanted to do something cool for you
I just wanted to say happy birthday to you

Just an old fashioned drug song
Like they used to write in the seventies
Just an old fashioned drug song
One I'm sure they wrote for smokin

We don't need to love and we don't need to laugh
We just gotta find the space ship hidin on the comet's path
When we're makin lots of sense and yet everything seems wrong
That is when you say to yourself we're playin another drug song

clean at all, she rushed to her bed and curled up tight, wishing that she, like the little girl, could comfort herself with a thumb.

What chaotic hell broke loose that morning! First the father shouted and stormed like a greying cloud, then the mother with her shrill thunderclaps drew a raging torrent of sound from within her body. All the while the boy, that hideous boy, danced and laughed while pointing and laughing. Shivering, she wanted to shrink and die among the ant carcasses crowding the narrow slot of the tv stand. The girl silent with thumb engaged with mouth, carried her blanket to her and allowed her one gentle hug.

Worse and worse the torrents grew, sweeping her away, followed closely by her family. The waves were too strong for her to swim against, and she beat against them and cried, certain that she would never see dry land again. This time it was her own bed that was drenched, and the floor surrounding her had also paid the price of her nightmare. Each day, facing them made her more and more nervous, close to breaking, and as a nervous habit, she drank and drank.

As a child she had decided to run away from home. She had been staying at her grandparent's place while her parents had gone to a retreat to "work things through," and the most horrible time had ensued. Grandma was a nervous old bag of skin and bones who shook at the sight of anything, and pops was a fat, unshaven drunkard who would awake for midnight meals with a healthy dose of whiskey. During the day they would go rounds, and it was one stormy morning that she had had enough and begged to go outside to play. She didn't take anything, for fear of being discovered, and when grandma snapped, "Yes, yes! Go outside... and don't make me holler for you!" she took the opportunity and started heading east. Now, lightning had always really frightened her, so when she heard that first clap, felt the rain slap hard against her face, and watched the sky dazzle, she began to gallop hard, rushing with all of the speed she could muster forever eastward. As the sky darkened further, she found her way into a culvert and slept for three days.

Eventually her mind began to serve her, and one morning upon waking, she found that some of the trees were beginning to look a lot like the trees that were found growing on the street of her house. Faster and faster she ran, begging any higher power that might be staring down to earth to guide her back to that warm house. When she finally burst upon the lawn, that precious lawn that she had failed to sight for nearly four weeks, there was not a car in the driveway. She found herself staring,

Laugh About Life

Laugh About Life

they all went to her house to stop her from committing suicide

there was a parking ticket on the car when they brought her body outside and today no one seems to care about when or where

they kick you on the ground

if this is the way it will be

i guess im happy to be alive

she sat in a pool of her own vomit for half an hour

forgiving her friends, but by the end the pills had done their work

in the last five minutes she was finally happy wanted to see them again just to pretend nothing was wrong

like we all fool ourselves about heaven and hell and soda crackers

i suppose i can live in my own oblivion

Laugh About Life

they knew they knew there was nothing to do and they got back in the car to go to a movie their lives just moved on they were sad she was gone

but it was just too much to think about they would all be there someday

they were all there today

and they will all be there someday

maybe i will join them

alking back down the road. Perhaps this was not her house?

"You there! Don't move!" came a shrill bark from behind. The neighbor had spotted her. "Your parents are going to be so pissed off!" she shouted, a gleam of malice poking out from under this neighbor's perpetual grimace. She spent the rest of the day tied to a tree, until the family arrived home again one by one.

The boy was, unfortunately, the one to first find her in her most sorry condition. Surprisingly, he fed her and greeted her with the most kindness. The others seemed content to ignore her or smile briefly in her general direction.

Ever since her baleful return to the house, she had been plagued by the nightmares. Now she knew it was too late. There were others in the house by this time; Dusty and Mim, who both hated her. But what could she do? She had become a victim of circumstance. The nightmares would not let her rest harder around her head each night.

I barely remember when she died. My parents seemed somewhat relieved, and i had one less playmate to share my silly dances or joyous sunrises with. Apparently euthanasia involves some sort of blue liquid injected into the intended victim's arteries. Fitting, i thought, and left it that. That was the last time i felt forced to think for a while.

Please stop calling to me in my sleep, as restless nights do not a morning beauty make. I need a lack of separation but this is not the way. Either own me or drop me into your forgotten dusty closet, but do not linger on possibility.

Please stop calling to me in my sleep, as restless nights do not a morning beauty make. I need a lack of separation but this is not the way. Either own me or drop me into your forgotten dusty closet, but do not linger on possibility.

I'm Cold

And she is everywhere I live
I'm always dying for today
I don't think that she even knows
If she did I might just die
Keep on living with these lies
That I have to tell myself
As this disease slaughters flesh
And I'm grimly shedding weight
Trying to ignore the fate
Staring past it at her face
Not the rat, I am the ship
Slowly drowning in the bay
And the wind began to blow
Then I couldn't feel my face
I hate it when my hand gets froze
I need your hand to take its place In my pocket
Where a bagel now resides
My hand is so alone...
The rest of me is too but I won't let it show
So I'll smoke another bowl fuck another girl
I keep telling me you're right but I won't let you know
And the wind began to blow (Where a bagel now resides)
Then I couldn't feel my face (My hand is so alone...)
I hate it when my hand gets froze (The rest of me is too but I won't let it show)
I need your hand to take its place In my pocket (So I'll smoke another bowl fuck another girl)
I keep telling me you're right but I won't let you know

Recorded in Durham CT 2002-2003

Recorded and Produced by Chad

All songs ©2003 Precious Little

Precious Little is:

Chad C. theMagnificent- Guitar,

Vocals, Synth, Sax

Chaas- Drums, Vocals

Thanks to special guest Cassie for

vocals on "Dearest P"

Design and Artwork by Chad

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All video content

©2003 Precious Little

Concept by Chad

Thank you: Lee Pam Jer + the boys

Chaas's Ma Porto and of course our

Fans. Y'all were great.

Into the Light

I called you up last night and told you I sleep
in on weekends

And then you said we should take a trip to
the beach

And I said no, that night you dreamed about
ani difranco

You wanted to meet her, and I said no again

Into the light into the light is where i go

when i am afraid of me

I'm sorry I did not want to watch you cry

But this is all over now

You know how much of an asshole I can be

Goodnight I go goodnight I am into the light

BLANKETENCLOSEP
Pall
FOLDREAM

Death kicks his closest friends like
Broken rotting dogs.

Sprinting about, this lunatic

Stretches across the world

The heaviest quilt

Only to make us stone cold.

A MOMENT OF ANGST

A Moment of Angst

The Animal

How would you feel if everything
you knew was dead
Your family bleeding round you
screaming in your head
You have no right to decide who
will live and who will die

You say you want a war on drugs
There is no bloodless war
The people dying in the streets

And you just feed the fire
Our heroes rotting in jail

Your pleasure yacht setting sail
Give it all up or a st wenees

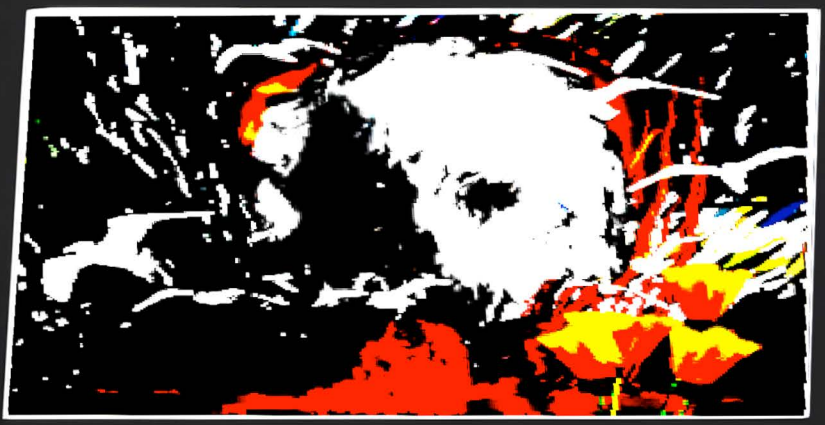
You want a war on drugs
Then fight the war on drugs

We will rise
Forge guns from our chains and beat them when we're torn

You have no right to decide who will live and who will die
Forge guns from our chains and beat them when we're torn

WAR? FUCK YOU!!!
You have no right to decide who will live and who will die

Your bodies floating, bloated on the
sea!
Your bodies floating, bloated on the
the sea!



Dina Titanica

And I would give it all back
Just to have it all back

White light is there any other kind?

You watch him cross the stage
As the footlights fade

Mmm-mmm...

White light is there any other kind?

Luna sent a muse to me

To help me get inside of you

White light is there any other kind?

Now every thought you've lost to think

And every dream you've yet to drink

Mmm-mmm...

We run away to escape

The cynicism of our age

The ethereal thread pulls us away

And the fox is still alive

Dreaming dead bodies turn the dirt, guided by the loss at

birth

The planet pulls you down, don't let it pull you down

And **As I Feed You This Trite Bleak World View**

Remember That Escape Will Save Us

(but where...)

And I would give it all back

Just to have it all back

White light is there any other kind?

ELECTRIC Sheep

Something is very wrong here

something is very wrong

Where are all the monsters Where

are the electric sheep

I dreamed I dreamed I was lying

down to sleep

Woke up in an ancient dream

Your cool plastic skin seems too real

tonight

If i could touch you would it be

alright

The killing machines are turning off

One more spin around the block

Dont worry im gonna find you Dig

down until i bleed

Oh, shut me off?

Will you ever try to turn me off?

Confide only to eternal sleep

The sword back in the sheath deep

Something is very wrong here

something is

Pretty Precious Little / Precious Little

- 1. Culture 1:11
- 2. Kyoto Chicken 5:06
- 3. Lost Soul's Lament 2:52
- 4. My Bloody Sunshine 2:06
- 5. To Begin Again
- 6. Tranquility
- 7. Lemming
- 8. Intravenous
- 9. A Short Love
- 10. Diana
- 11. dearest
- 12. Focus
- 13. Untitled
- 14. Vicodin Fascination
- 15. Morphine Alibi
- 16. Birthday (and drug song)
- 17. Laugh About Life 1:01
- 18. I'm Cold 4:00
- 19. Into the Light 1:35
- 20. Pall 0:23
- 21. A Moment of Angst 1:19
- 22. Dina Titanica 4:01
- 23. Electric Sheep 3:44



Precious Little
live! the Empress Ballroom
@ March 13, 2004



Also Featuring:
Lumin-R
Angles of Incidence
Akward Silence

This event will be a fundraiser for the Friends of Hammock performing acts will be performing for the benefit of FOH most likely occur on a weekend to maximize attendance performances at a location at the performing original music. The t going to FOH. Also, during perf well. Ms. Walker has also sugge the beach, which could easily be

forming artists
Cassie Carino
An acoustic marvel, her v represents the passion w many coffeehouses in up home state of CT

The Chuck Hestons
A unique brand of music l to such many hor eastern C

The Dollhouse
This anti-sound ap... draws an

Porto
This fema... They hav... taut instr... stand out

Precious Little
Since 1990, central CT's premiere an punk band experience music. The band's latest performing c video show, short films, artwork, and forty pages hooky, intellectual music that sweeps the genres again.

ket Structure
This remains solely at the discretion of the FOH, but I do

onceborninlandohopelessdreamer:
remanwithnodreamsisdonttestushow
anyouhopetocontainusyurideologi
saredeadallofoteetharefallingou
reamslang... alswithove
dbrainscannotreadthesignstellus
antasiesandpre... yourdissapa
ntthepoliticsoft... gsoainstaki
aftedy... lithelyhonestelec
reyour... iamyourimaging... sy
rsheep... th... g... l... k... s
dentsmak...astytreatsnow... row
dinmi... testhedrugssy... akee
ingyou... riteanalysisof... despe
oulthemaninthewoo... th
rmyisupp... uare... k... k
ainbeatr... dillet



PULL

OF THE

PAST

IS THE

PALL OVER US

Precious Little
www.precious-little.com