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Chris Mann & The Use



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CHRIS MANN**Chris Mann and the use**

En route to Cornell and the infamous cheese sandwich in the bath, Ludwig Wittgenstein attended a matinee performance by Cab Calloway and fell in love. He who had whistled whole scenes of Wagner's Ring together with Adolf Hitler as a boy; he who was suspected as the recruiter of the English spies Philby, Burgess and Maclean; he whose whole philosophy of language was turned upside down by an Italian Marxist giving him the finger; the compiler of a word list fell in love with the compiler of a dictionary.

A beautiful story in a second language.

or, yellow

Vicarious humility (pushing a fact towards it's superlative), not so much a picture as a frame of mind, a work, You is the verb of Word. The proposition is romantic - we disappoint reality so that it can continue being real. No witness now, but guarantor. Through a stupor of duplicity. A dialect without subject. Agreement is thus defined as some quasi irony, a hybrid phantom guilt. It requires English be a violent phenomenology of credit (On how to ambiguous: A distinction is a plastic immanence. A thing is a passive. Therefore responsible. A parasite. Gettit? Data is the last pure gift. (Of all possible solutions, paranoia is the quickest - discussing the weather is a perfectly adequate theory of justice)). A prosthesis. In narrative. A perjury. Take my word for it. Most. And what then is a question? A lie? By Versace?

Translation (the tragedy of I in English), language is that which is reasonably jealous of the way things are. Embarrassed by the literal, as though she were some tawdry action, it uses spelling to apologise: If though it is that we say what we mean, we prove language tautological, a price. And like some amnesiac And would it too, a The without a punchline. Promise? I mean a picture ain't blackmail, similarity is the insecurity of reason. (Reason has an ego and it contends malice be just a touch naive - knowledge is the pretty sin, a stupid obsess apology in please. Me.) (Truth, the tu form of consciousness, a self-evident stuttering, plains bout complacent prices, I means they's facts, no? Only a fool would take hundred cents to the dollar.)

The word, the left over of grammar (a judiciary of cause and effect) does time: I say I say I say. Purl two. And meant. Repetition is the first negation. It also comes in red. It happened. The other, being neither one nor other, the sentimental possibility of reference, a you in twos, did. Did too. But too is such a clunky explanation. I mean irony is a gift - facts are the value of injustice. Like pretend is a pretty modest idea, the tempting of criteria which shit:

A la some name in button factory was he apathetic bout the bed, a 'xaggerate with no past tense and then no rent.

Dolly ontological rocks: Better. Bet. Experience is the shortest way round language - frame's the same. Fucked. Coz's not because the frame has shadow that got no thics, self contradiction's only skin deep, object's it's own product if it functions as a morgue. And it, the ideal bracket (representation by proxy (the economy a dictionary of sames (things is jected only when they's gift))), the very picture of negation, intends. To. A medium. Predicate. And most predicates are inconvenient if not

downright accusatory, a tacky decisionist in suit. Ludes?

To the extent that it does nothing is knowledge polite. Though it does haggle (Taste is an arbitrary deduction and therefore the prescribed tool for victims (price the normalisation of knowledge)) - a metaphor is not only outside existence and therefore both true and useful, it is also a model of responsibility, an epiphany of 'stead: For? - he was just the hero of her pain, a narrative in socks. I mean guilt rhymes: A you is my apology. In a box. A sore excuse. Intention is the slum of context - only the liable is particular (only the nineteenth century is interested in what you know (Facts of course suffer from a similarity disorder - the christians still haven't forgiven Christ)).

she: itchy simile, a noun in legs

the story so far: petulant, no fat thats in certain

Logic is a poor mirror, it explains everything:

Fate takes the hook and gasping paradox looks for more - cute analogy says the boy next door.

Psychology is not the same as psychology. Even I know that - the self is a technique for crossing the road (a straight line is not an optimist (guilt maps what hasn't happened. Hypocrit it, 's tho a symptom, a qua (have has had ontological office))), a decorative shame. Logic only looks like work, a upped subject - like is how it finger an idea. Chicken, tease ain't but the moral copy, an image Of th pathos Of sense - the truism is nostalgic, poverty is not a form of poverty, things have a quaint access to being, yes is a yesser fetish.

Yellow and the law of identity, an allergy in three parts:

Two, But you said

It argues, it its around and names, horizons the event and then insteads (existence is not a name): The same is different. Coz it can.

A sight that doesn't summarise, a confession vain and (it's hard to embarrass power by being friendly to it (Time - the nice imperfect negation of the self, a prosthetic narcissism, it ransoms blame and))

Data, tourism for the fashion starved (revenge and the ghosts of consumption), knowledge uses use (perception sold as satisfaction (profit the means of exchange)) to privatise consciousness - it sulks. The sandpit of reason, knowledge is just bad manners - things is not quite thinkable. Dependent. But as a subject it is of course ideal, pink and pious and partly legal. Use is anyway psychologically graceful. In that we's up on vis-a-vis. But the sublimate that lends as sames the dignity of choice (intent rehearses reason) likes toys. And loves to know your self - only in games is logic not quite consent. Rights. The language of the not-yet, the verb form of Is (justice but is in the know) is particularly same. How it is that maybe is no monicker. Nor more.

The event and the adverbial my-mys (humility has a crush) go all ditto and they: With and for, the trites and blonde colours of convenience, a fond immanence - to do language is to picture heaven: A plot is not a halo that decorates a want, it's a plot because. Insomnia the lot. Shot. So? A piss poor past. Now Show rhymes Redeem See. Go on. Me. And. Got it on the never never, a flatline fact, loan - you is a dull form of speech, inert, sick, seriously deaf, a small time (the past is an early argument) short, a satisfied mistake. It adequates taste. Say? An apriori It that naives to represent (it's not discrete) uses questions (question is that something has something to do with matches) as explains the props: As a question is the sacrifice of the questioner, so is a second language specifically that without question. The negative of memory. The thing is then that which is not economically itself, a

prosthetic thought, like And, an exercise in vowels. And we all know And to be transcendent. Memory, the placebo of the haves (narrative is neurotic, a transference in four four) has to too: Consolation, the clone, is married - suicide is the only immortality of the past. It mimes already. And dressed in nominals it pictures sin: Oedipus is no stranger to proof. I mean what's the second person of who? (It's not a price, it's an vestment, a reason please of maybe maybes - not all cops is knowable, they's selling shares in red.) After the fact. A what It was hidden in The gave it the colour of sense, a forger and exporter of privacy (memory, docket, being an attempt at justice (being the condition of it's repetition)), a snotty what's what. Privacy is anyway it's own shortest description. I mean it's got existence down so well it's gonna do a bank: Rhetoric is a pretty logic, a proxy drip. And on the verbal conditions of deja vu: The thing is a voyeur, no prophet it, the word a cliché glish - being dreams in syllables, not tax - but only the countant thinks the world deduced, a cumulative perversion, a deferred blue. Credulous, complacent, bitch, it takes socks to make of box a paradox, fixed and finished and want. Sentimentalist itch, difference comes in weak tautologies invidious and spare and like truth being worried on to the real, it fits. A decadent sprise. I mean information is rust, no? It anyway leeches matter, witness some entropic bourgeoisie - money is the logic of overhearing price, a semantic of hi camp wants, as though a thing was mere a way of rescuing wanting from itself (this of course the difference of this to that), data the interest charged. Being on first names, we used to call her I. (As a medium, knowledge has one advantage over it: it. I mean how thick is a dimension anyway, thick like water? Once, a hymn to the stupid, a rhizome of dandies and thugs (but when it's always the same distinction it may as well be usury (theft, insight, the art of the unseen), crude nuclei franchised out to some walk up romance), one's thumb is done, we's gloved. Therapeutic is the surrogate. And spare. Other than ideal. A true distraction. God's need for self-revelation is so simply pathological. Metaphors in some parts wear pants.)

Logic, the gift (the what of want is what it's not therefore) (the xample (a cap on tick is only still a cap) is parasitic on it's absence) is what the subject looks like when fully dressed. Language is then the ikon of having nowt to say. Null um n numb n all deluded too, a tourist debt. What exists but as a law, a souvenir. And not all yours' strategic. Agreement is and the surplus of scarcity, a model theft. A fractal of a former self, a set evasion, the subject conjugates as some sort confess, an is intent. Shit. All its is mine. Fuckin fetish. Stract. But a bill dollar is good mirror. Tries to truth by copyright as like some idolatrous grace - all dogs is psychological. And on the pathos of the straight line, knowledge is only more efficient than the victim, a juxtapose that tacks the toy for coz it's conscious. Words do the surveille. And coz (scab) a picky evil, the subject is a perpetrate, all hid n itsy. Bit. And swallowed in anticipate, the unsaid (a word is a particular mute) surrogates away (an adverbial complex of hit and run) (duration is happily fraudulent), mediated pink by doubt (How the cunt conundrum got's comeuppance) and other traits 'geoisie: Home, boy. The rep cheats. Coz coz it but no metaphor no more. Anyway no more than cept for coz (Wanting, the science of thinking, a pun in some parts:). Representation was a disappointment to Pavlov - the reactionary was only ever a form of encryption. Beneath a-thing-is-an-altruist lurks the fallacy desiderata: The paranoid are inert - language is the argument of unintended consequences, the aesthete's ethic. Facts ain tho prudent but - the words got in the way. The algorithm of the unknowable, the norm effect, thus thusses as she might but the symptomatic has-been is noculate (spite phobes) gainst the top-down transfer tech of all them wet set net heads. Necro narco fet. Pullin trick. Positive. Suffring a mascot feedback fish. Fat. And the neurotic too's. Melancholic yous. Tune. (As prosthesis. Eases.) (The downbeat's only always catatonic.) The vowels here are mad. Stiff. That which we maintain forgetting. The revenge of doubt. What knows of It only what It don't. Uses pockets then to clone the ball, then doubles up the tips. The shadow, the syncopated stammer, haunts relief (the law of syndicated reversibility): Symmetry, the irony of the same, a modest (agreement is the proud negation) idiomatic ism-ist (anonymous is not the same as same) packs up: Reasoning - the generic of information, the populist model of greed, stigmatised by yay and nay in triplicates, envied by default - choose two pseuds and lose (Ode to the masochist of satisfaction): Example is a sin. Empirical that.

Fashionably pariah, the calculus of extra. Best. A collusion of plausible oops loops and nannies. Jammies.

Some desperately ideal inductive thumb, numbers is a round neurosis - the anxiety of definition is it's defining characteristic, language the after hours activity, some economic functionalist not even an apologist for pain. The real is thus rational to the extent my-job-the-positivist. So being convenient, truth is satisfactory. It copes. A shameful surrogate past. Bullshiteros and their flirts. The past, the stockmarket where data is the currency of dissolution (please vis-a-vis me (learning, a charming attempt at redundancy (This noun has a price. It is positive))) : The picture is a friend of mine who limps from cee to three (The word is the obit for a patently unsuccessful experiment. It floats in the puddle of failed fetish. Sadly this is a problem for bankers. And we all know context to be an opportunist. Fuckin user. Terpret and the semanticists). Hermeneutically cute, a gang of possible stutterers (explanation is the shop of the traitor) puzzle their way through (a prob only coz it's not): Consistent is complacent with their corollary cut off. Irritatingly cured. Too proof. Pure. I mean of course I is hypochondriac, knowledge is the domestic and applied form of alination, transcendence the benign form of contradiction. Cuts transaction costs, but.

In representing you to me, the state makes pretty bills (But a you is not a motive and neither false nor true (facts a yellow narrative), the fictively indifferent journalist effect): Til two tills in bed are found displayed and organised, the proxy and the box. Anyway, she'd already been outed as a know-all by the Britannica: But blue be just a riff with pictures - a pun is a fantasy, a libidinal think in it's pink complicit: Nice hyphen. And coz abstractions are ambivalent in English, a list of opaque negative. It, the attempted amnesiac (greed - the populist theory) claims me as symptom, and what a nag - paranoia exorcises best what won't be found. A putschist crat, a farce of lines and cue what justify the bits is then around. Banal. Ownership, the neurotic intelligence (the stupid grace intransitive, a superstitious teevee protocol (intelligence, the dress rehearsal of stupidity) (repetition and the mechanics of the knowing silence)) of the masochist, a sarcas: Dolly obvious (a therapy in some parts), a worry impotent: Language, bargaining the right to speak, the jerk's jam (censorship is cheap transcendence) mam (stupidity is all I has to give), all the evidence for words is in and but it stinks - only the sceptic quotes. As though evidence were competent. (Reading underwrites the better left - the embarrassment of the live truism.) And the tawdry more.

Use is bourgeois for status, deconstruction the photo of orchestration. Together they fail to spell trouble. Fifteen across, four letters. I mean which side of tautology do you want to be on, before or after? A thing is insane. Things. Fucked. A schiz practises to be a pun: mememememe is a reasonable way to clear the nose, though more is a common diagnosis (you is of course a motive, a way to connect facts). It's failure to be otherwise was by now quite urgent - the reader, competing with text, a resistance in four four remembers better: A rented what, a plastic therapist, the word always has an image of it's speaker, a selfish accessory. After the fact. Sense confesses presence (the logic of generalisation), and immune from denial as it is it ironises pasts as psyched results, a flip top fallacy of not being able to say what it means without meaning it. Quarantining guilt up in a subject, pet, it then admits. To style as explanation. Failed same. A plain implicate acknowledged as criteria. An if-only-she-would-insinuate-me. An average apriori gaze. All so apropos. A prose. Dud. Guv. A runt of pretty wimps that indifferent. A state that looks like vote (bureaucracy is the attempted confusion of tautology with it's articulation) is thus the citizen of taste, a subtle. A decrous compromise, an our us suffices as a packet of redundancy, an art of all possibles. Quasi. Naming disappears it to some hex. Set. See it pic. Sit. Blame so looks like the hook (the self was only ever an attempted rationalisation) (The white flag, or suspended disbelief (when is a sheet?): Rep. Yes is just the metaphor for no.) So I was lying. So? All own uppity, parsing pass the parcel semtex wetchex and sanitary fads: I wanna be your blindspot baby. A plug-in electoral frame. Inane. My dog fatuous got a bone, right or wrong. A hat is not a map cept sometimes. Catnap. A credit card is just recycled bureaucrat. Tickle it and it's plastic bag. And coz not all Its is self policing, not all Its is mum. And, then, sum. Five ninety-nine is

the name of the example (Knowledge is thus mechanically suicidal - agreement devalues the object while speculating on the ground, the hymn to context): mind the fac. Names is of course is evidence. A thing sa spy. Sense, being aesthetic, needs. And the modest avoidance. One all over. A proviso eclectic (an epitaph for the past of numbers (a franchise crime)), a traumatised nostalgia for the impasse opportune (a frictive though sufficient condition) where the represent is undecidable, an existential pun, then runs it up: Sure a subject's a subscription cop, that's why I likes you.

I didn't know I thought that (the grace of politics, the sample medium) (white is another word for this), a qualified device, a redundant lack, inadequate cept as some surplus value (What pause?): Stat. (The reference is to memory.) A semantics of Is what ain't grammatic where it's value's it's negation (It, an Is in shades), a better else (else, the populist pronoun) stands up: An accidental metaphor. Just coz the noun got into the sentence first. I mean you call that a context? Function? The weight to wait ratio, blessed and less and picture of regression, the subject is privileged, a permute intentionale: The is catalytic - only the intransitive looks like identity, agreement the proof, doubt the perversion of Cop this. Fix the facts then decorate the lot. Catatonic. A word is something starts with The. You can tell. Anyway that's what It intends. An object, a privacy, as truth game, the magic of things I could've said, whether, words is the unconscious of a sentence. And (Taking It, the opera) treats the picture as a cure: We employ the poor to police us. You? And the syllabic maids? Ordinarily, confessing chatter of it's wants would seem enough and but here's the rub: nuns n jugs n butter just add up. The subject does it's sublimated best to make sense, a two bit fancy: Being it's own context, noun, a prejorative romance (knowledge, bourgeois chicken love), all rhymes is pious, an imitated nod lo-cal. Smuggled into thought by it's subtraction, the hollow sum's nostalgic what-is-the-they-of-this (a speculation that exhausts itself in recognition) owns up to biz, an aptitude for the present, a privation. In names. Satisfied. Well fuck you too. Intention, one of the mediums of knowledge, a guilty measure in wet pants fills the object with deductions, a greedy passive It what offers itself as thought (consciousness the gay generic of thought) to data barter and other bits of string. The past is here a ghetto. It only looks self identical. Anyway, a thing is an I-decline in narrative. Point blank (It takes a judge to confuse the stateless with utopia.). Pose. What claims identity a form of innocence, a tin scruple. Vain. A thing is a serious idea. An hysteria on loan (the ear acts as some sort of sacrificial rhyme (guilt the left over of identity, a reproductive place-holder (music is that accompanies silence) a shrugging spasmodic corpse)), a kid. But dad didn't deaden the masochis-(the ego is a satire of the event, a bank the mirror hygiene of a name)-tic syncopated castrati, a nappy narra shopping for a yella id, a parodic noculation gainst the cure submit, a claustrophobia of ghosts and picture sills that cannibals commit, a gadget zombie half life of. Techno teeve (you is some narsisstic detour) the dult plug stuff n duck, the tool is on the button pluck, ah fuck

One cadaver two cadaver three cadaver teen, j j genital jingo, the foetus-as-angel snuff cartoon, the paedophile is already the last adult. A counterfeit surance gainst my personal pimp the gaze plays cud (a branded feedback bit) and bust. I mean looking is something to do. A crypt particular. And list. That selfs around, doesn't make a cunt of difference and then blanks out. The picture is depressed. The idea idea is anyway invariably psychotic. Understanding is only practised by the visually impaired. Up yours, medium is only ever a set. Propaganda being that argued by the trivial (information the synonym for fear), a telepathy of nits n itches that make of me a bag (Metaphor, the mourning media, admits no theft), a saggy. Maths. A schiz candy. An etiquette. Fictional diction. Adequate.

(Capital is a service. A cost. Profit a rent-a-tax on choice (a fact is a hole worn by agreement, it decorates use (truth the defense mechanism, technically an afterthought, is thus a question of manners)) or noise. Rhetorically cute, the private (a chair is a self-fulfilling prophecy) is a failure of the evidence it employs (guilt is the poverty of proof, a corrupt aphorism (to explain is to predict in pink) of haiku tutu and the syllabites). And though only the voyeur be proud, sense the melancholic of last

resort models the extra cliché-inhibited as-if, a puerile, an averaged axiom and aints. (A frame is how equilibrium defines its object, a bias that invents the past in order to mine, a package that expects. (Nouns mime the loop, a dictionary of terms. They're uninterestingly impossible. (Economics is a perfect therapy. And invisible: Things are unconscious coz they's infinitives. A surface edge fact without batteries, a passive accident, the idea effect - simulacra is the name of a tomato.)) Some mad zero sum amateur irony the cynic pitches in: it too fuckin faux to buy that bitch: it inging-a-lings what an anyway French fact puts out and them coz decked in justs and lacks and flash thats: What is stupid for Greek. A yawn that exhausts the predicate. Like a yes what got there fore, a yoyo fix picture of evidence. Game. Like gerund. Fuckin flies. And the additional diphthongs (both Two and The do dream in vowel), and how)

A surplus of meaning (the proof of the unconscious (knowledge as transference (anxiety is the model of knowledge) (fuckin A), a mediocre fact)): Reason fucks. A hot tip apriori, positivism of boredom, narcissistic doubt, an afterimage - all symptoms are pathologies - what uses like to cover an idea, a concrete. The same, a plastic memory (it projects (the question is the practical defense of the answer (misunderstanding is just the pretty form of compliance)) a substitute amnesiac third degree, a glue) ghosts the chat that: Displacement disappoints the economy of explanation (wanting is the defensive response to having, a condensed compromise): Description, a cracked up rationale ambivalent and all (the a la of a mind, an): Coz's next, a juxtapose don't y know of things (the attempt at boredom) and their neurotics, a pain-and-other-distractions you're-it blabbermouth of: Logic, the plural of dumb, a three-four packet of (a subject is a therapy with it's measurement snip off) chips (memory, the attempted otherwise, an ill exercise in taste), a decorate of The (nope, the joke, the slapstick snitch compulsive (I mean a fact is just a other fact in disguise)), silence is just a pun on rhyme: Jealous of the responsibility, the masochist reflects on more: Examples shame what they deduce, the pitch of soap. Explanation, blind theft (stuff, the form of being fucked), a twee disillusion, cause (Yes, the analytic of No (being known (licorice is the proof of facts), the object of experience (experience (some normative use) the plagiarist))), having owt t say's surely a style of think, dentify some but category mistake (that two be a form of propaganda for two, a yellow proof, fails to it be four - that meaning be therapeutic to the object is thus too reflexively fair). But a facts don't look nothing like a cure, time is one sick bun (space some adolescent trickle down), a most psychosis-(grammar is not a little paranoid, a tick tack trauma)-ist - symptoms is extra. A tantrum of automantic looks (the evidence is heroic, a hinge of): The past it is a modest proof ha ha ha. A rumour soon, a crack pet epileptic par (the best confessed) ambivalent (the idea that arrogates to itself the melancholic) and (And is a fantasy (sadistic)) gadget - facts do sad to pass the time and (and) then lay claim. A franchise tract, a essanem fing tht libidinals the It with string (the it lobotomy): Shit a brick. Me wig is fit. Wz did. A lid. A bib techno biddable what sublimates stupidity as It (To hypnotise the like with look, sook): A fat fax lacks the hook that milk calls tit, a pack of bits, and so knows dick, the fraudulently tick, of took. (A prick is not a a pair of pants but pin the crotch of. Put. It takes politician to test reality with ad.) A cute. What suits. A crook cop of. A squiz. Negation, some sort of anthropomorphically itchy axiom has and a crush, a full infatuate on you, a pseudo it, a pill t

Virtuoso thinking for several invited words

Positive. Ex. Anyway sticky (Noise has the advantage of being quiet.). The bad's ads (makes of dictionaries a hero) infect the tongue with thats. A lost such. Done. A data. Contradiction, thus, the tragedy of knowledge, puts up against again the past of facts that (bundles of habits) coz (Opinion so fails to avoid the queue.) lots of fun at parties. Logic, proposed as the argument for existence, is one of those narrative styles (The economy is an argument for that which one can't think.) that distributes violence in less and less subtle forms - proof after all remains external. It thinks. And that there's grace in hesitation (like irony (scepticism without a self) (method and the pathetics) (one complacent two) - and that this will coincide with chance - talks dirty. I mean really.).

On selling knowledge as a copy of the real (it stutters but): double or quits. Tits. Two plus two is just a figure of speech. (And on the metaphysics of late: stiff.) Ornamentation, a synthetic transcendence (once (on the psychology of time) the smoke gets out of silicon chips like they're stuffed) repeats (as duration) (tacks facts on to) a (gullible) three four which rhymes with (if she's) past.

Hides facts in understanding, a sort of future (a number is a repetition) suit, a bunch of everies. That the. A picture purpose you'll-do-too type consciousness. Acts like it's an idea, does not. And runs.

Milk and the square root of proof: There is no ethics in the past (coz it's an idol, you jerk) so I suppose (an attempt to unionise the that): a fact is not only that for which you can claim not yet, it is not therefore. (Reason is the plural of cause. Too bad. It is the singular of wrong.) A symbol is that which has a use-by date. Signs have sell-bys. In neither case is it's either.

Transcendence is always paranoid - claims do-do doubt as self-consciousness, a see (my my mnemonic went to see (knowledge, I mean as a form of being, an experience of privilege) (dialogue (the name of god) -a-go-go))-saw so. Use is the first fiction. Of hypocrites. I forget.

Speech goes from you to it, the accusative of is: to infer from pictures the world is real, that apples is a definition, is sweet, a consciousness that defines itself existence (knowledge is a dialogue without an ethics), the object that rents itself as subject, an opportunist. (Time is that outside a self, confesses to and, naive (Identity is the means of judging pasts.)) And on the (ransom) duty of ignorance? An adequation of measures (Say, ah.). A (qua) per se spasm. Derived (Knowledge is that form of logic that fails to improve the world. (Difference is that form of transcendence (As a way of reducing uncertainty, action is an) of ambiguous duration.)). A sick immanence (I (um as a subject) do representation (the exclusively present): no way. (As an event horizon, common sense makes a reasonable cup of tea.)). But between, a parodic neuter, ain't on. The distinction is about yea thick, a vigilante, defector decoration, heaven (the divorce of image and object), I mean like the given is only ethical to the extent that it is incomplete.

Metaphors (the privatisation of the real) and the visible religion: a difference that fails to reduce to identity, a surrogate negation, puts it's orders in: the impossibility of the system is always bigger than the system coz. And, the irony of negation (space is the ventriloquist of maybe), a see so symptom (it contaminates (a coupla victimise)) is indifferent to translation (as a residual language is only guilty (of)). The idea - that part of something that survives (in other words a cure) - that dresses as motive, defines music as the limits of language, a tech (the corruption of being (of)) test. Words (paranoid sounds that mutate (as culpable) (seems so dough)) therefore function without redeeming social importance as pornographic rumours, saids: witnesses are merely decorative, tame translations - fix fuck phobic some sort of iron on being, capital, argument by example, wanks (the limit is both disposable (music - argument by memory) and narcissistic. (Pleasure was a rather drab experiment in looking the other way (the fetish of dependence: music, which used to be one of the few legal ways of defining time, is now the only drug available free on the national health.)) Counting and the inability to mourn: an adolescent (prosthetic) two bob each way (if you'll excuse the subject) type tranque: anxious, factual ('I' describes) ipso vertigo, guilt. The ideal, a passive idea, is thus not an explanation.

Not knowing what it knows, the subject (like any other), patient (a la example) is obsessively neurotic 'bout being used (caused (by object)), a motive style. It therefore subs. As symptom. (Amnesia please.) A pun, a rubber (tautology,) thus in lieu d'ags guarantees, at least pretends a hypochondria. Translates experience as names. But you still look like a noun. I mean being, the adverbial is (difference, being a form of speech, is therefore identical), indifference (irony for cynics), adapts. To consciousness. The art algorithm (an event is that which defines something else as cause). An axiom. Psychology and the (deductions): identity is a coherence principle required by intent (my my and the motives), an historian's flip flop fallacy of

too bad the fucker's busted.

And the expectant cause? I mean it learns. But the promissory materialists use solvents mit knowbots and functions and more other stuff what do not data. Like possible collusion. And the placebos. A regress. Of typicals. And subtlers. A thing is of course unthinkable. But during. I mean any language. (Thanks, cash would be ideal.) A said say pause of 'fores and other dulls 'll do. And coz. Ideational (a self is a warm prop) and utter, the reference reps as pseudo use the fiction things is what's said of them, what's romance (The object is adapted to the subject by cognition of the self in ing. It would seem (like the rhetoric of absence) to be quite naive.), undone. One, there is (a world is the history of science (wants to watch words cum)) no is in proof. Like agreement is just a thought of words. Of some. And owed some sort of imperfect duration (being alike but never at the same time), the hypocrite claims not yet. (And if ignorance weren't so much like the proof of truth it wouldn't be so damn complacent. Like any this is a definition of thinks. I mean your absence is not only my proof but mine as well.) Metaphor, the desire for memory, just won't it seems shut up (a bunch of letters looking for the same word, that for which a word is a name, a bait).

And as a victim, the self (reason cheapens the question (knowledge is impatient)) looks like a sentence, evidence. The decorative cause. And stupid. I mean a work is something that does learning. Conjugates the almost. As me too (A name.). The negative of language. And coz the words got ears they joke (blame pain for mimicing the witness) chokes, recite reply. Right. A query (a portable truth (the positivism of words in wants)) is now my fact - irony a responsible name for fiction. (Two abstract nouns and one negation make the shadow of a paradox sit still (the mind is just some place to dunk a word): bill me: the word is a failure to distinguish past and present - cash still is no memory. And distracts. One remains a synonym for one. And being a slave to itself it its a modest (indifferent) horizon as a bridge, a defined mine. A like. Which claims the words have rights. They are anyway transparent. But being stalked by contexts of another world (Caz - a form of visible thought) they were got stuck between. Interrogative one two three, interrogative you're not he. What is the past of who. You know, what only comes in words. (Sound is an argument with space. They both claim repetition to be reasonable. Neither know Bill.) And I forget. (And words like words.) A question on two legs, an echo on the run, a slapstick explanation. That hides itself by being reasonable. (Pain is that form of compassion required by hope. A naming of acts, a narrator, sits.) The subject diminishes the subject. And sticks. (To become the object, the subject requires suicide.) (And what is some fiction to argue points of narrative just so it can find out what it thinks?)

Not-knowing is that fuck used by particulars (consciousness is that betrayal that conjugates as a failure to learn) that's adequate (being, a mild form of reason) - fiction is just a portable access to fact. Negation is the first reasonable synthesis (on using humans to protect time: an idea does not understand the idea of representation). Thirst is bigger than water, representation (cheap context (context is just a hole in the wall)), a slightly anorexic form of understanding (change stabs duration in the (Love can only hope to be anonymous. It otherwise stinks of flattery.) back.). Like using knives to cure a joke. Again.

If a symptom is a way of coughing time, is yellow an experience or not? Like, some auxiliary paroditic ego, an aid, and the redundancy of context is I it's sceptical spoken for. So, defining experience as unknowable, a superstitious integrity, ain't so much narrative as vis-a-vis. (The desire and it's accomplice (music as a sophisticated form of interruption) describes acknowledgement as a likeable form of knowledge:) And my mind, my, um, mum (a grudge of bums n functions that do adult) do's 'nonymous toos (knowledge is a patience with the maybe (the object an act of some compliance)). It think pimp what up.

The looks-like-a-placebo-but-really-just-a-pseud bookmaker's blues: I mean meaning is not reproduced. It may be imitated. Speech - a mode of use - is thus

obliged (a metaphor (for definition)). (A number of course is only a definition. Not a meaning.) Learning, an adequate truth theory (a fact is a tautology with ice) is too, sweet. Once. So words is knit one purl two the morgue of a qua la:

From grammar to logic to you. Bar be queue.

A predicate on legs is whatsername, a little on the side.

And, the past tense of fiction, ain't quite the same.

A thing - a uniform cause of simultaneous perceptions - likes to do as-if. For cash.

A fact is not an adjective. Unless it's blank.

A metaphor is that which you know to be the case. A name is not. Sceptics and the economics of experience (two bob each way and the psychology of knowledge (knowledge requires nouns and nouns are known to be impossible)):

Language, a so so no no subject said things is just arguments against negation, a proxy price (On being that what words see when they do faces in the mirror): reason is that form of existence that fucks. Language is that something that doesn't have a first word. It therefore fucks too.

The piety of contradiction. (Carnal abstracts, self abuse, doll cops - the law is an external act, the bureaucrat proof of exploitation.)

Time - the approximation of soon - does consciousness as some sort of loose system of access which looks. A more a more. A sign is anyway just a sign. And as the object of knowledge language is a crappy joke. I mean do you know that one about how Hegel bought off? And on representation as evidence: A word is a proof. It describes. And cause is a thin thing. It does not refer. But functions. As a gunna, a wee creamy paradox of oops the 'lastic's busted, of of.

Knowing (a cheap drug) (something done by knowers) better (true is a badly conjugated verb (ethics is the (superstitious) verbal form of 'rotic)) and the decidable pronouns: the The pathetics. Ornamental ironies, one. Waiters, nil all.

Yes, a surrogate maybe, a parasite in 'nalogies, says please: septical scepticals one two three three. Thinking is so harder. Anxiety is the proof of things. Difficulter and difficulter, ta.

Oh, and the modests. An anticipate on four legs (pleasure is the plastic form of time), a sub of I ideals and comes, sums (On the subject as a possible future for thought (passive is the passed of pissed):)

Two, a fuck is of not subjects. A fact is a name of truth. A condition. Of she's (That knowledge and objects formally agree is a priori ironic, a too tautology.) be's.

Now, because what-we-talk-about-is-necessarily-outside-language-ism is so ish-ish it miss the point that about ain't either really real but rubs subs and thinks. We's in the pink.

A noun is a dead idea. It can't afford the past.

Use and other stupid truths (ergo ego) do too. Queue.

Turns things to knowns does aims. Sames the owns.

Mister mister and the logically real (Logic is uninformative. It therefore matters most.):

1. Boys will be boys is not a contradiction.
2. Proof is explanation.

Absence, a convenient logic (and as a fact (existence is ambiguous) fat stat) stacks the shelves.

A question is a statement looking for the exit.

Repetition is the slow form of agreement, the behaviourist's picnic. Truth of course is the wrong bus.

Something is defined as a therapeutic illness. By a failure of definition. (Language is not that good at particulars.) My my (the logical structure of silence), you don't say.

A proposition is useful to the extent it requires proof. (The truth of a proposition is measured by the violence required to refute it. Data is a cracked predicate of the whether-language-is-a-useful-tool-for-knowledge (yes-but) bill. It kidnaps the mistakes. Calls them economic.)

On the experience of identity (as) (: the symptom effect): ransoming the subject (bait (language is the proposition that if the walls could speak we wouldn't understand them)): words is cheap. A slapstick negative (Stuttering (I agree you agree) and the communication of silence): Use remains a form of explanation. (That narrative is causal, is therefore something of a price.) A word is a pathologic fiction, given. It does method. As evidence. A behaviourist calculus. (A fact, a residual purpose, is uninterestingly reflexive. Too smart by half. And the defensive nouns. (A thing is a wet tautology. What can't come. Coz. (I mean 'to be' in Greek is just a copula, a see saw surrogate of likes.) Skites.))

When your words become a script

and no longer hold their air

then talk about the things you did

and swear ABA and AABA are pretty close,

paranoia loves the former

and the former loves the most.

But lately,

Isy isly wasn't it. At least not yet.

It appears (and therefore lies) that it were just a bet.

Did lots of words, the is effect, with bit exemplars (a a or the) my syllogist. (Experience and other analogies, words do some sort of lazy immanence. (Two truisms (it's the thought that counts): A rhyme stood on the burning deck. 2.))

1. Credit is an aesthetic experience.

2. A pun is a good pun. (Usury.)

An economy of truth, fictional meaning (metaphors buy meanings), an adverbial doll, a thief (finds a what when it's not lost) flattered quack. And being neither one nor two, the spouse (box coz) tricked words out as prices for 'I do', a subs and comes pink logic, a selly debt, a dink, bank. (Cash has those skills (of redemption (they had a word for it (it happens))) required to pimp.) Like, price is that epitaph of numbers - a commodity that translates others - a nominal yes-as-but that, you know, fucks. Anyway, is a lousy motive. (A purpose is a form of knowledge (a million sparrows out your arse) that argues time a whatsit that you do, so what do you mean late is the edge of meaning, like it was unconscious or something?) The sceptical art work, the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't hypothesis that has identity as a problem, requires another context to make sense, a set up, a mundane hands-on me-too. Queue. (A

context is an object with a gun. It mimes the future (the target, the entrepreneur of explanations.) (Irony - what the future did on her day off - is quite the metaphor for doubt, cheese - a conditionally past tense, a yoyo alibi - a wishy yella propaganda.) Syntax, possible contexts, therefore uses statements as a change of state. (Any response to language is called meaning. It's how we know that English cheats.) A word is a parody of sense (sense is one of those transparent things, an impatient museum of ironies, the progress of a problem, exhibit A, that's ungrammatical. And on intention as a medium (a dictionary of sites, a narrative): too bad. Plural (The difference between this and that is that this is not a metaphor.) yous. A noun - a poem on it's last legs, the romance of the subject (an example is more interesting than art), rhymes clit with anything, cept you (logic, of course, wants to be a noun, a scabby syntax, karma cola). A sentence is a name (it ifs and buts) - it uses information as transcendent data (it IE makes of data subjects (the like idea (objects will please agree with knowledge - they after all are predicates))). A syllogist of is (thinking is but double entry books) puts up property as casual form, cash that echo of reason that guarantees (that propositions thing), an epigram of fake use. (Art is one of those homogenised truths that indulge the politics of answers, that similarity fucks, that thats. (A statement has exchange value. It maps. The subject acts as a guarantor. And banks.)) (The self, a side effect, has the function of a want. (On being an object of struggle, a bartered cum (I anticipates (the supply-and-demand ritual, a pluperfect adverb): a taxonomy of where interest only looks like the principal (it imitates, goads the prompter with a plot (the one where philosophy makes words disappear) is both superstitious and symptom, a probable fee.) A behaviourist (an existentialist on the pill) and the pad of facts (the life of knowledge) pictures: a fiction, on it's knees, doing double duty on the this side of words, bids (a thing of course needs to follow it's absence) this, a so-what ontology. On the rocks. The late domesticated profit. (It survives context. Expects. To forget. That place takes place. A self-consciousness effect. Genetic 'bortions and the Y.) Anyway, what is the third person of that? The noun of anything, no? As. Almost.

Intention is a style. It is removed from facts. (But what sort of mistake?) Like habit - pretend use - signs up a subject and then, ad hoc, a pseudo loop, objects to consciousness in things as copied ipso ego, if not traced. A form (on describing that which is not a map:), a pathologic sympathy (ought bought soft soap), claimed the stoic as a conscience vote (production of it's own logic (like self is a boundary of desire - it requires ifs) and is thereby (purposefully) ideal (When, however, if depends it's art (and only as intent owns up (use, I mean, is just a name (of an example))).)). Meaning, a genitive coping with data, is a therefore reasonable compromise. It refers. And reproduces selves - prosthesies (tools is media with nowhere else to go) - as exemplars (the observer is a system), a host of dutiful nouns, a sympathetic. Dubie dupe the stool took in. Is. The stoop. A look. But of course saying by not saying (a cipher clerk on some conditions) redeems the harrassed praxis of soggy truths with fats. That. Cunt. Plus-and-minus. Plump proof. Transcends. As experience. An ode to ignorance (faith is a practical sin, an axiom), a right, the ideal client (existence is that analogy that is internal to the victim, a boxed hoax), a virus, same. A value judgement is thus a work of art (for example, the pathos of having your head fucked with (I mean is pepsi a reasonable metaphor for coke?)) and is therefore sentimental (a that is a software), poxed. (Or, more is a la selfish allergic to the subject's state as bait, a modelling (of I can't remember (what)).) A you, a what I call a prayer (a rationalisation, a list as narrative (language is an organ which localises as anxiety)), a then of surplus (the psychology of the one cadaver two), a neuter. Being, being outside words, words up as knowns (with with what adequates a self) a conjugation (the past of the (knowledge packets reason)), the samed crime of mind. (Listening does being (speech is the only intervention into the way things are that, you know, does anything) (on the first person singular of you (a media): the banal plaintiff (truth is a chapter of the game (abstraction the paper paradox)) wants. Dear got. Approximates, had. An ideal (like) denial. Nice. Quasi. An um negative name. That has facts, (Existence is a nontrivial form of self deception. A naive client. A bribe of mines. Rhymes. (A context horizon (using meaning to determine content as the property of a sentence), a system of differences that's posed to transcend the gullible by speaking well,) an

alphabet.

Boutique data, architecture, the philosophy of objects (existence is a souvenir) irons on structure as prosthesis (I mean what's knowledge if not work?), an economy of subject, art (agreement - the alibi of blackmail, the sentiment of need - confirms itself a mildly ironic, incompetent patient (Language is that music produced by the relative inability of the brain to oxidise uric acid (standard English dates from 1858).), a mistake, an audition of consciousness (on auditing obituaries (proof is definition:))), help. Context - the ambitious tautology and the fetish of self-reference - (a pornography of detail), the amnesiac (glossolalic common sense): 1. Language, the sceptical paradox, is both retrospective (we wet cement, she said) 2. 'I' - a slogan of the not-yet, a grammar that steals ignorance - turns nouns to discourse (the failed attempt of economics). The (ersatz) naivete of criticism (it distributes risks), a parody of the subject, repairs (too true) the fact cash prays to that soap called English (maps are only reasonable in English), an aesthetics of the self resigned to some gratuitous learning effect (truth mimics evil (it undergoes (it would) (the wank taste for negatives))). Reference by intent (on describing names, a me like meaning (the words don't agree (the alias fallacy and other mistakes in language))): some is-ish standard competence, experience, sticky fiction (Disney and the export of logic) claims says the cheapest way to stay the same. Oh (no, normative) the romance-of-the-right as bait (words of course are reasonable things - they're opportunists (- that it anyway has a self is blasphemous, a moralist's maths)), the toy (bank) vanity of pain. Otherwise, to not know, a utopia of stubborns, tempts time to and, to make an idol of existence, an approximate lazy materialism, reason and need, so a compromised synthesis of me-too - the logical category of the subject (bureaucracy and the found object's cult of indifference) - transcends (a pedantic lack of patience) that mystified, incarnate suffering of disappointed evidence, more law, the victim-as-proof-and-therefore-an-accomplice that flatters the fat facts of looking to agree. (Language was developed as an anti-malarial, an immune system with consciousness as side effect.) And on the idolatry of faith (a dative negation (absence of course is the transcendence of a hole)): someone (ironically) else. Who autographs a prudish third party just. (Intelligence - the capacity to suffer in terms of the merely possible - is as alienated from practice as (is) reason. It defines duration by waiting.) From now to maybe the responsible fatalist lists criteria as green hypocrisies for doing time (a moral outcome is of course not moral (understanding requires hypocrisy)), a mediocre. So, pity fiction on the pot (an inane charity (speech is the pluperfect act)) - it wants. A substitute. A fine. Confesses itself transcendent. Less. It survives a truth. And stupidly tacks reason on to examples, a see saw surrogate of sloppy symptoms that only seem to interrupt those rather simple dreams of doubt put up by justice, an auxiliary truism and the superstitious pick (dick lots) plots of logic. Pronouns, names of the limits of sense (one of the attractions of language is that you can't believe in it - except perhaps in some packed limerick sense) use description as the only reasonable way to connect facts, an agent in the act of meaning. (That being be use (my my and the mother tongues) but, in two D ((DDT and other oestrogen type actions) to be, a tautology on two legs (that wetness has it's own criteria is not a proof)): a joke is just domesticated logic. A (fact, a reasonably real repeat, a) language is an abstract speech act. An analogous that. I mean when you come to think of it.)

What does it mean to make a decision where none is possible? (Negation is of course anthropomorphic. (On the ubiquity of matter: so there. A value realism (pensioned facts) explains:))

Once (what then?) mass has it's as it's as good as done (turned positivism into opportunism (negation can be reasonably inferred), a docile metaphysics of grammar). Deduction, after all, is not what you'd call an hypothesis. Well, fuck you too.

A pseudo sonnet (a productionist on instrumental value): and on the poverty of the unconscious problem: A lazy pathos (semiotic capitalism) and the irony of knowns: In the information economy, consumption is a matter of aesthetics, matter an issue

of excess. (Why is a reasonable explanation, precocious compliance (compassion an (indifferent) indulgence on the rocks). Coz. I mean over-simplification is a like nice denial (A symptom without context, a self, is a seriously diseased definition (memory, collage), a cure.), a subsidy of smugs n standards, a suffice. But the use, a medium, a transitional object:)

A question is but a double entry act, a subject with no it, no theft: A priori, the aphorism, a fiction fat on narratives shot up (I'm obliged) a known narcissist: Conversation - the science of thinking, the poor man's question - a sloppy metaphor in pants, hands up: Some sort of forensic present, a hindsight interrogates the poor with bums on seats - it entertains. It's just fucking common sense. (Truth turns the world to poetry. Agreement the first lie.)

Ego ditto and the clits, a yoyo definition (being is not an object of knowledge) on the pleasures of the self ((psychology is intentional) (deduction's do's and don't's)) being that which may be thought but not remembered, a mock up of experience (Pain is a twee self-righteousness. It only understands for effect.) (knowledge is only logically a parasite) says (using nails to fill in holes) syntax is a non invasive truth. What depends. On when. So there. I mean, being outside language a word (I is just the subtle form of you) looks just like a question. It aims to be jealous. Of it's absence. And like ego is the last to know don't you know. A pink fact. In narratives. An epitaph for the past of numbers. Mine and the defines. Like only languages create risk. (And being retroactive, explanation is cited as a witness (a question without a waiter), a memory without object, a hook. (A voyeur proves sight. And that knowledge fucks. Dud, but. She does words as some sort of experience. (Matter is that form of collapsed non-locality that requires a cost. It is pathologically lucky. As a mnemonic. (As a form of clairvoyance repetition makes a fine fetish.)) The naive ambitions of aesthetics, a diseased unconscious, therefore says time is simply wrong, a phobically disappointing attempted proof of self. (Symptoms is just thinking in drag, a the the theory. It needs an it to keep it warm. Agreement is thus proposed as something of a cure. Sure.)) (To be, to do, performative signification and the euthanasia of reason) I mean like there are no humble questions. Oh

Humility - on eating your words

The US did not declare war on Serbia. It did though declare war on the Euro. It's the same strategy that was used against the Soviet Ruble. Nato, the foreign policy of the European Union, has been coerced into an arms race to arms standardisation. Agricultural subsidies will be the first to go. Then welfare. It's a First World War trade war except this time it's about who does business in China.

or, What's anyway wrong with a let's say bicameral electoral system where everyone has five votes which they can spend in the countries of their choice?

The verb, something said of something else ('and' is here the pic decisionist), a sugar self (psychology the failure of truth, a decadent prejudice (all representations are pious)), the neurotics of a noun:

Knowledge, that which is the same as it's object, a standard of consumption (sleep is the industrialisation of absence, sweet the (tic) inappropriate idea) (but didn't understand what who didn't said, like flu - you wanna use english on that shit?) But like the juvenile nigma of the waltz:was, a thing it an unconscious thought, a latent mit lastic, a queue for pee didn't me

Proof is what a fat calls therapy, a non sequitur fact (a symptom is that explains) (fact is just a poor revenge), a it wif cure, sure (if knowledge then were it's own cure then then 'ld fuck then). The art of the distinction, a little pretty too-tion on a but, a (psychological rent is better) set to went ('yes', the convenience effect),

Fickle like a prick she was, rewards the price a self so's a la it it too can like and, you know, itch (big is but a cheap regress (and necessarily sat), a (fuckin) bastard of). What's the bet?

Context is by nature premature - satisfaction is repressed by both the metaphysics of the idea and then the dull irrelevant melancholic, a disappointed distinction, an hysteric in which identity is compensation, more some generic side effect. Of (object) dress ups (knowledge a shameful logical blush) and the obsessively ill:

You's just fact bait, stract, a pathology of it that sublimates a this with biscuits, a tacky. There remain though those languages that fail to conceive of identity. 'And' is untranslatable. It is not the same as nuff: see saw some, don't make me laugh, some. So what do you make of it then, a talking point?

An object maps wanks and butter thanks by cash. Others use you. The oh dear ideal. That like a like wants to hypnotise the frame (voyeurs is martyrs to crime) by blame. Negation is only a trick of the light perspective. And the reflexive breakfast. All too deja vu to go.

The hunt being the narrative of what was lost (understanding is that form of thought that confuses action with the thing itself) (desire the category mistake of two plus two), greed is that fact contemplates itself, an ideal gratuity, the art etcetera, and facts a passive aggressive are, amen. I, I mean, is thus the definition love, the nuff, the yous.

Pink, the science of me (names is the failure of an event, truth a hole in meaning) (gee), an apocryphal use (if/then) of manners (a memory for ends): no nopes here no more, coz. A functional subjunctivitis, a loops ess tee pee stop - definition is neither blind cause nor eloquence.

Fact, the imitation of thought, a reproach (ignorance is the poetry, understanding a twee paralysis, an aesthetic adolescence, a camp narrative (most nouns elect memory as their preferred environment, the condition of possibility, the economics of the poor.)) The object is just too hysterically bored. Though with ambitions. To be a sign. This constitutes it's not inelegant advertisement for currency, the alleged transparency of time. It remains however too obviously neurotically immune to be allowed within spitting distance of consciousness.

History is one of the two things that can confirm the truth, and although solidarity is the only useful form of knowledge, ignorance fails to prove hypocrisy. I mean the idea, the depressive whim, is what you use when you can't afford a memory, the decoratively boutique military. Competitively obsequious, all eloquence is insane.

The irritating thing about abstraction is that it's so bloody patient: my point the dilettante. Marketing the past, two for one: Curating the exhibition of doubt had been more taxing he said. Ah, taste. Let me please be jealous please. Of at least the context. And if not the context then at least of me.

A dimension is a metaphor with wig.

A story with a rubber.

A subject is a tickler that agrees.

An object with a pretty cover.

As guilty as a judge in heat.

I is that fails to be a fact

Value is the plural of fact. A function is something that rhymes. Bitch. And the poor symptoms (description is a symptom - the vendor represents the mark when picks a price she thinks he'll pay):

Buttoned up with not-yet and fixed for string,

logic, the professional example, shops for tin

You, the last fact standing (syntax the first proof of poverty) (context is having a break (a picture is a language without facts (being something that looks, pictures is idle))), a pink white lie what pseudos a use (fast is the name of running, very is the fiction), and me, we's

The altruism of doubt, an as in shades, a fact is only the totality of facts, a qua qua columbine (To picture as:) (a context's a pathetic fact) of sweet too sweet (value as the marketing arm of guilt), an all-day simile, a type of not-yet. But maybe is no prosthesis,

If there are five facts, how many are blond? The ghost of a story (all stories are ghosts) and the accidental ignorance: There is no law of non-contradiction - it's not because the bullet got there first it hurts (French I mean is not an object in english - it has no plural for some): Imply and die:

The journalist is a petty tyrant, lord of all she understands.

She does though pay to advertise. And indeed the ads are nice.

But, 'When in the desert, blame the sand' is what she calls advice.

The audience sells her status as victim for the right to beg (Information, a sort of slapstick advertisement for use, recognises itself as accident (the accident of economics was it's transparency of power), and now that silence has been professionalised as a resistance to data (data is the dictionary of not answering the question) we've got a lot of words to decorate the narrative more (Ode to the nostalgia for the silent majority (silence is not the shadow of a sound, it's it's copyright indifference))):

The only lesson learnable from capitalism is that it is evidently possible to magically control things at a distance, that distance works, that refugees are the sole definition of civil society.

The subject is just some old joke left out in the rain. The punch line don't fit no more. And the context has moved. Ah, proof, the last luxury.

The you effect, the tech (a code) of better left (like most) alone, and she, forgotten by the experience,

Knowledge, that entertainment that defines a group, decorator complicity:

Neurosis, suffering the truth as cause (a thing like a thing it was (gifts is the technology of the ideal)): do re mi faux pas, a form of knowledge, the stupidity of the self, that buys it's context from the knocking shop and skites no spit no tip. Of course I (a ritual grief) indulge your responsibility.

Difficulty, the mirror stage of justice, a subpoena of grace. Coz. I mean expelled from time. Is is too a reasoned subset of nice. Like knowledge, the stupidity of thought, a 'stalgia for existence (negation, a cheap neurosis, the insomnia of thanks), a noise malicious and transcendent and there. Fact is just technique for christmas. A therefore soluble you.

Facts insure the bait (a transcendent truant waiting) more schmeer that shit to scale, forgive the gift (facts the thanks that get) it's bit (the I of bribery) and bail the debt. An example with a handle and a pet.

The word, not so snug as it is a fuck,

The event, the objectifying subject, a mediocre poke metaphor for there, a toy voice

prick of a word that, using cups and such to listen to ears, tears the air and, all cut up, she plugs the cunt and drops him here.

The hostage and the scapegoat: The eavesdrop is a partial object that quasi likes it's beer (art, being the profession of the second chance, is none too clear as to which two's too dear) and drops a blush on deja too, a piss poor queer that wants to me than you.

People you talk to are thirtythree times more likely to do you a mortal violence than people you don't talk to. And but the gun lobby wants you to talk to people you don't even know.

Irony, the cheapest test for identity (cheaper even than profit in a kit), a veritable dictionary of sames, complains. And?

I, the plural of nice, the blond narcotic (a word is it's own metaphor and so intends) ain't quite the same I had in mind. (You gettin a lend of me?)

(Define end.)

The status quo, a pathologically documented experiment, surveillance by fact, some paralalial betrayal, the tourist tactic of distraction, the box shot protocol, the fickle lot the pixel mirror more hypnotic

The melancholia of things is that all questions are ideal: Truth, the making of facts from things, is thus true too.

Knowledge is the this of things. The gesture of existence where (the sentence is how a word attempts to change it's mind (romance)) describes as price the definition: so why relate mind to knowing? I mean the medication is known to be jealous of the tautology. 'That' (in that it experiences a self) is a transitive verb, an ipso facto, don't you know, of. Thought, a truism with blush, then tries it on. Subtle. Like puddle. Like secret beat tout suite dull.

Conscience (it looks unintentional) (you, the passive of you (yellow's just a way of thinking blue)), the wet of the problem confuses relative and pious and some. Once. Dead was then the first two cents worth. Stiff n stick it. Thick.

A prurient interest in luck, an I-dunno with but, is what (dog-and-tail (sense you know is sclusive (all cunts's forensic))) some delerial faddy names and an own necrosis up.

A subject, a patient (a client of second thoughts, looks like a mind) (cause is the efficient argument against parallel events, chance something that looks like explanation, a node, a purposeful axiom): A thing, a franchised ignorance (context is a misdemeanor (I mean observation is in no way rational, data is just an overdose of manners)):

Matter is the empty drug knows how to butter bread, but 'stead, change, that toward something that it's not, the insufficiently qualified substance get (data is the attempted proof of price), a rent-a-question that beggars the event, pets the bill and lets the table bet.

OK, fess up, there's someone here who thinks Descartes wrote Mein Kampf. I mean like Tax TV, a network dedicated to documenting tax,

It, an IV me with itchy, a jinx of explanation (later is the dumb metaphor (the past, a sugar sanctioned ignorance)), a complicitious alibi that likes (things it is coz they ain clits) (language and the paranoid arts (the curious fact of stupidity)) (the example is sacrificial) to price. Nag. Shit that shit, word's just the surface of some other word,

The art of the smug (three verbs (the self is a pathetic alibi (the clocking on of the idea))), heaven (the denial of history, credit on a stick) (the sabotage, the test) gives

the given as access to narrative, a farce (a subject is an object that represents (aesthetics the art self reference)) part

Distribution, the hybrid fallacy (use is rhetorical (jealous as it is of reason it has a passion to decide) (the answer, an attempted not-yet (a not-yet is a gossip on a string) in the room of Fetch) palace, a bum summary, purpose vulnerable (the set effect

Simile bitch, the blink irritant, the style (reason is the attempted defense of the object) ego, words, one of the early ways of losing language, a bourgeois symptom (expelled as it was from the subject to the name) of its and ends (and like an apriori what in britches, it adequates) (time, a mannered inertia) and imperative thens:

Evidence is vicarious - fear is just a clunky metaphor - (the pathos of the excuse) (the subject has ambitions (knowledge is thus both the avarice and travesty of art) a popular 'diction) a secret and syllabic suicide of 'sumptions brought on by meaning (an aptitude for the present, for representation, a failure of eternity),

The intimacy of indifference (see you and raise), a knowledge carnal and implied (feedback, the automatic self (things but the dictionary of what ain said) (value is contracted out) distracts (I, being that which spies) by taming capital: something rhymes

Time, the proof of consciousness without a self (anxiety it's guarantor), the hypocritically adjective that waits (please keep your hands against the wall) baits the next and blames ballistics (we's but pets of the off switch) for the strategic present, the best bet negative of then, the X of anything:

You, a my fault clause (yes, the mystification of no (no the first map of immanence)) (the modesty of proof), a decorative diagnosis, a prudish complacency of grace, as though negation were the cute alternative to pression, the parody of of (Definition (surplus value oneohone), the agent of outwork (finance then the hyperbole of one more experience) is just a lazy fact too):

Knowledge, the ability to find something to learn

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