



VERT / THE DAYS WITHIN

Everyone I meet is looking for
A moment's shelter from **THE GLARE**
Of all the possible worlds
Running alongside what is there
(Do you see them too?)

*And everything that you can think of
Has already happened
And it is happening
Over & over & over again*

In one world everyone knows their own mind
And no-one hesitates & there's no doubt
In one world electricity is time
And no-one ever dies, they just fade out
(Would you fade with me?)

*And everything that you can think of
Has already happened
And it is happening
Over & over & over again
And everything that you can think of
Has already happened
And it is happening
Over & over & over again*

Regret

was a writer / wrote her
name on buildings walls
& trains / a starfish with a
tear was her sign. / She only
worked by night / & not
a soul had ever seen her
face / but people claimed
they'd seen her many times /
move through their dreams.

I THOUGHT I SAW HER
ONCE ON STREET VIEW
SHE WAS / WRITING
WITH A DEEP BLUE MOP
A- / CROSS SOME AN-
CIENT DESERT PIECE OF
WALL / THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT HER
WHERE YOU / START TO
THINK SHE'S EVERY-
WHERE BUT / UBIQUI-
TY'S JUST THE SAME
AS NOT BEING AT ALL

SOMEONE started up a site
/ called Metaphysical Graf-
fiti showing / photos of her
work that people found. /
One day a poster claimed /
that he'd unearthed Regret's
identity / that night the site's
whole server farm burnt
down / no-one knew how.

SO what do we know about
walls? / What do we know
about trains & tears? / What
do we know about starfish
anyway? / Because objects
all withdraw / and maybe
she was never here / may-
be that burnt-down server
farm is all there's ever been.

Endless simulations & mumbled invitations

The mistakes are all part of my plan

And I'm patient on the pavement, lost in chewing gum constellations

With a fading street map for the wrong town

I lost my way once or twice, but the way came back to find me

Once or twice or maybe maybe more

And a watch will get you nowhere coz it just goes round in circles

That's why I left mine lying next to yours

But I
just
don't
know
how you
made
all
this
light.
And I
wonder,
what
does it
mean
**All
This
Light?**

I grew up when I realised every town is much the same

Every stop I glimpse from every train

And the neon signs intone their messages of loneliness

Over and over and over and over again

And so it's endless repetition, the spring within the spring

The months without and the days within

And the moon's in on it too with its phases and its moods

And its whole new old, new old, new old thing

But I
still
don't
know
how you
made
all
this
light.
And I
wonder,
where
does it
come
from,
this
blind-
ing
white
snow-
storm
of
light?

ABOUT A DAY'S WALK SOUTH OF HERE
VOLCANIC LAKES & HOME-BREWED BEER
WALK ANOTHER MILE SOUTH
& YOU'LL FIND THE HOUSE
WHERE MY TRUE LOVE WAS BORN

HER DADDY DROVE A JUGGERNAUT
HER MAMA SEWED, THE DAYS WERE SHORT
& NOW SHE DRIVES MY DREAMS
& SHE SEWS THE STARS
ON THE NIGHT SKY OF MY HEART

Like a rose in winter / Like a drunk at dawn / Enthralled by
the morning's rough gleam / Like an unknown scene / From
an unknown play / I will work my way into your dreams

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL
JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN
ME / ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL JUST
/ ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN ME

And then once I'm there / I will teach you things / Ex-
tinctions of feelings you knew / I will wear them through
/ & replace them all / With a new set of mutated truths

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL
JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN
ME / ALL THAT YOU CAN DO IS IS ALL JUST
/ ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR YOU IS TRUST IN ME

And then you and I / Can collect our things / And
fly to this villa I know / And then I will show /
You all the scenes / That were cut from your folio

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL JUST
/ ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN ME / ALL
THAT YOU CAN DO IS IS ALL JUST / ALL THAT'S
LEFT FOR YOU IS TRUST IN ME / ALL YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO IS IS ALL JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS
TRUST IN ME / NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU IT'S JUST /
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT TRUST IN ME

TELL ME is the never to be / fundamentally different
to the never was? / & tell me while you're at it /
what you see when you stare at 0's and 1's / there's
a bear in the hall & an old beach ball / & a bulb
illuminates all your thoughts / but the beach ball's
half deflated / & the bulb it just fades in the sun

And then We All Fall Down

PILE UP all yr dreams in the yard / & we'll torch
them: oneiric desire / then we'll laugh & sing &
cry / as the smoke & sparks all spiral to the sky
/ then I'll tell you all my favourite lies / while
the embers fade & expire / & we'll crouch & wait
for sunrise / in the hope that the end is nigh

So we can all fall down

SO PLEASE tell is the never to be / fundamen-
tally different to the never was? / If you break
little promises / sooner or later you're gonna
break the big ones / there's a piano on fire &
a man on the wire / & he's trying to read all
your thoughts / but the bear slumps in the cor-
ner / while the 0's eliminate all the 1's

And then we'll all fall down

I START MY DAY WITH BALLANTINE'S & I END IT WITH caffeine. In these days of living backwards, nothing is what it seems. If you want clarification better stay at home and cower, coz discombobulation is my secret special power. Yes I'll rearrange geometry, I'll make acute obtuse – and I offer no apologies if my work seems too diffuse. So if you want assistance can afford my daily rates just place an advert in the usual publications & just wait. I Run the Waves, but it gets harder every day.

I'VE BROUGHT DOWN servers in Connecticut with a few well-placed commands, I've brought back governments from exile, confused bandits & brigands; I trekked for days across the desert to see the Kirghiz light; I've invented alphabets that mutate as you write. Yes there are powerful groups in Paris who don't believe that I exist, they say they never see me travel, but the reason for that is that I always move

by night & only then by land & see, coz if man was meant to fly then he'd have hollow bones & teeth. I run the waves, but it gets harder every day.

H E
downsized his ambitions
to practically nothing, took a room
above a mission, told himself that he was lucky.
The kids from the neighbourhood would bring him broken lightbulbs & he'd hang them from the ceiling,
– One for every month she's been away, he said. One for every month she's been gone.
He spent his days & nights working on a watch that was sensitised to ecstasy & loss. It would slow down to a crawl, make blissful moments last all day; sadness would speed it, bad days went by in the blink of an eye (& every time he blinked a month would go by).
And so he declared his independence from time, he withdrew from its glare, he thought he'd put himself on standby. But it's always rush hour somewhere...
One Tuesday afternoon in the middle of the Dog Days someone knocked on his door, no-one caught sight of her face. Later on no-one could tell if it was him or her that screamed, but the flash of a thousand lightbulbs blinded everyone who'd been outside that day. And neither one of them was ever seen again.

I'LL INTEGRATE THE UNDERTOW, MY SIGNAL MIGHT BE FAKE. I'LL ENVELOPE THE OVERFLOW, HELSINKI'S ON THE MAKE. I'LL UNDERSCORE MY PROMISE SO IT'S EASIER TO BREAK. SO JUST DECRYPT MY CALL SIGN AND PRESS PLAY.

I SAID I START MY day with alcohol & I end it with caffeine. In these days of living back to front don't know who to believe. If you want clarification better stay at home and cower: obfuscation is my secret special power. Yes I'll rearrange geometry, I'll make acute obtuse – and I offer no apologies if my work seems too diffuse. So if you want assistance

can afford my daily rates just place an advert in the usual standard places & just wait. I run the waves, but it gets harder every day.

Guess it's true what they /
Sometimes say / That A Little
Learning / Is a dangerous thing

EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

I was shanghaied / In the
prime of my life / Taken down
underground / Where the ter-
mites run / It was there she
seduced me / With ideology /
The promise of knowledge / &
the salt taste of her tongue

At least that's how / It
seems to me now / After years
of hiding / From everything

EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

& it seemed to me then / That
it all made sense / As the weeks
turned to years / & the words
turned to deeds / Till one day on
the news / A face I barely still
knew / Ears full of ringing / & a
hole where certainty used to be

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE ANYWAY?

WRITTEN & PRODUCED BY ADAM BUTLER / RECORDED IN COLOGNE, NEW YORK & BERLIN, 2008-15 /
VOCALS, PIANO, PERCUSSION & ELECTRONICS BY ADAM BUTLER / DOUBLE BASS BY TAYLOR SAVVY /
CELLO BY TILMAN KANITZ, VIOLIN & VIOLA BY JOHANNES PENNETZDORFER, RECORDED BY DIRK LEYERS
@ STUDIO001 / MASTERED BY MIKE GRINSER @ MAN-MADE BERLIN / ARTWORK BY ADAM BUTLER, OVERSEEN
BY RUPERT SMYTH / COVER FEATURES ABLE SEAMEN CHRISTOPHER BUTLER (TO WHOSE MEMORY THE DAYS
WITHIN IS DEDICATED) & UNKNOWN / THANKS TO BURNT FRIEDMAN, MARTIN HOSSBACH, ARAM LINTZEL,
DANIEL MÉTÉO, GUIDO MOEBIUS, BRIGITTE WEINGART, JAN WERNER / COPYRIGHT 2015 SHITKATAPULT,
A DIVISION OF RANDOM NOIZE MUSICK, BRÜCKENSTRASSE 1, 10179 BERLIN / WWW.SHITKATAPULT.COM
/ ALL MUSIC PUBLISHED BY AUTOPILOT / WWW.AUTOPILOTMUSIC.COM / MADE IN EU / WWW.VERT.SO