



TWILIGHT
RITUAL



RITUALS



AMORPHOUS MATERIALS

desolation guides me, while walking through a wired landscape.
I have to have my head in hands, if I want to avoid the final daree.
factories burning, the landscape is turning, crawl the wall, amorphous materials.
We feel the scattered night, reveals itself inside my room.
all things turn to liquid, and we are gonna be in the picture soon
lets take a train and leave the lost land, accidental move helps the occidental mind.
station by station we feel more lost, while all turn to dust, the western people must be blind !
his head was melting in my hand



WHAT ARE ROOMS FOR ?

this side of the room will make my statue looking tall.

my body low and right

will drive the dark,

avoid the light.

I'm breaking all the glass.

I'm reading papers in the dark.

the echo fails because I

can't hear your screaming from the window below.

I sold myself to reach what never had been reached before.

but what I got instead was just a darkened stranger, I met.

I wish I knew, how to feed the dogs.

Susan's doll lies splashed on the floor. Now I know how to feed my soul.

What are rooms like ? what are rooms for ? (not to sleep)



Steam

Hypnotised I watched the clock, feel the moment sliding
Radio howling in my back : chaos (but it's trying)
Someone whispers in my ear. She used the word "obsession".
Obviously it's crystal clear. She wears erotic fashion.
It's hard to keep the statue clean. She pushed me in denying.
I'm the egyptian in her dream : too fast (but I'm trying)
She took me to the city, left the room all alone and showed me
all the laundry of what once was monochrome

We are steam,
I can see your face in mine.

And all of the liquid streaming from the insane
my brain is wired
Ancient language she spoke with the flowing
words, it hurts, inside the fast ear, Neglected tension, wrong
invention Sir, I think you got it all wrong
got lost in your mosaic thoughts
Exclusive vagueness of the bitter liquid touches the air
symphony of solvents. I began being aware of the decadence in your
tune, your lips
the very red and the blackness of your cynical dialogue in vogue
this vagueness at a cornered table of dance hall.





TÜRKİYE CUMHURİYETİ

Posta 2000 LIRA

YATIRIMCI BANKASI A.Ş. 2000 LIRA

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HE IS ICE

You're trying hard to have your costume clean, but
leave the room a mess.
you're focused in a morbid scene, a perfect
loneliness. His lady leads the creep
parade, their voices mixed but nice.
Newspapers wonder about the call he made,
a fact still criticized.
Sometimes when the half-light shows
him making love 'till she cries. He always drives
her wild, she knows, but I know he is ice.



SHE IS GUN

watch her legs

watch her breasts

she is oil on canvas

she is wow

She is on

She is gun

strange appearing lady, on an Italian night bus somewhere

It feels like your eyes are staring



TWILIGHT RITUAL



I NEVER CALLED YOU A DREAM

I never saw it before,

but now I look and I find it everywhere.

they haven't left a thing for us, nothing left for me.

I never called you a dream.

they took it all, they know us all, we could have known it from before.

but ever though, we did not see it.

I never called you a dream.

oh, holy cow ! I cannot see it.

I know what's happening.

I cannot see it.

there's nothing sacred,

there are no

secrets anymore

TEARS ON THE WALL

I don't know me, tears on the wall.

see, all those endless waists on me.

I don't know me, I don't know.

tears on the wall, tears on the wall.

she lies asleep in a quiet room tonight.

foetal posture

her black hair shimmers on the white dress.

I entered, I had to be looking voodoo.

there must be another side on everything I do. Tears on the wall.

ELEGY

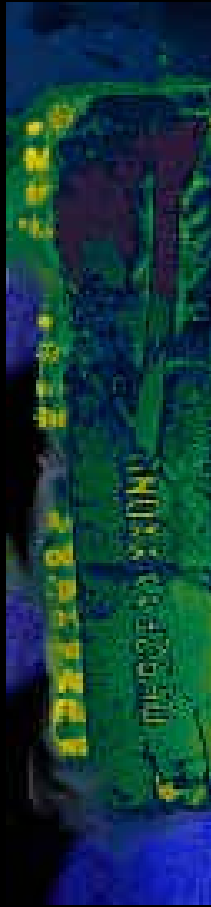
Shaded lamp,
the glow dusk through our minds
the seat and red wine,
we're mystically blind
the image remains,
it burns like unseen energy
I wake up in a white room,
the deep sleep of fantasy
You make me feeling low
But while returning,
my head is gone insane
by rushing matters,
do I have to break the chain ?
You are energy in that twilight ritual
Oh come on babe, you're oh so sensual
I'd like to take you low





CLOSED CIRCUIT

back and forward, please keep me inside, just avoid me transforming.
follow the sunrise, morning! it cries, on a flat plane we're arriving,
just closed circuit, and you know it (that I long for you)
we're in closed circuit, serpeeping our face from the screen,
station to station, but she's all that loving means.
station clock, hear a knock on your mental door.
she is here, she is near, she is what I'm reaching for.
It's in my program, I do a quick scan, and follow your gleaming eyes
throughout the tape, it burns the tape, I thought the train was upside down,
Brussels is a dead city.



FEAR FOR LOSING YOU

My mind is full of fear

fear for losing you

into the darkness into the bright light merging with the city at night

My mind is full of you



LIFESTYLE

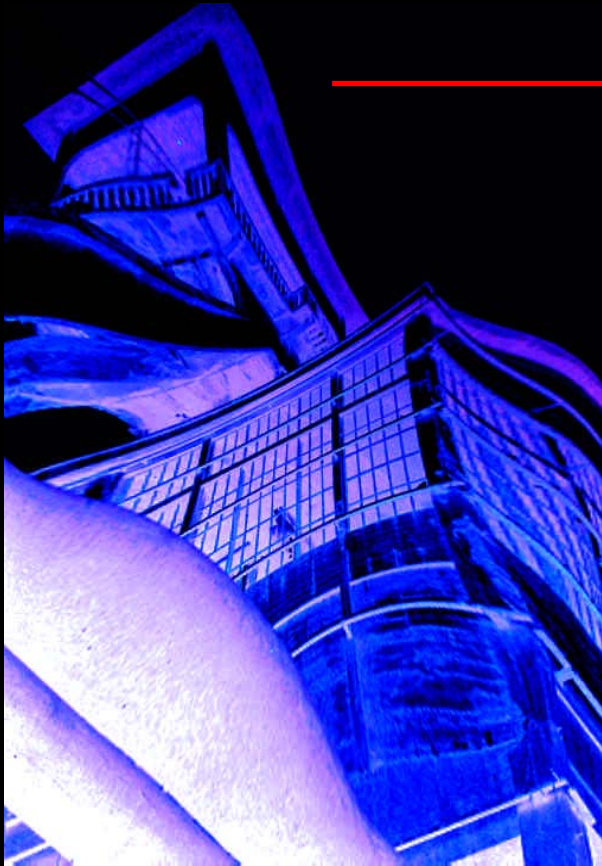
The weekend is all I seem to long for, counting the days became an oh so boring job

All day long I'm waiting for a sign Found another reason but this thinking wastes my time

It's my lifestyle and there's no way to get out

See a face, changing the program, watch the days as they pass

looking for a friend, I lost one year ago but will it ever end ?



STRENGTH FOR ME

Only we can make it
sound like rhythm,
as we walked gently towards
the old bridge.
you are the strand for me,
strength for me.
throwing the ring into the water,
a gallery walk, a gentle talk, you
are my very princess now.
you are the strand for me,
strength for me.



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Engineered and produced by Peter Bonhe
Artwork and Design by Twilight Ritual
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