E E E

### "OH GOD!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" A 13 :52

Recorded live at Daily Planet, 7/22/86. Excerpted from a much larger piece. Copernicus-vocals; Matty Fillou-saxophone; Marvin Wright-drums; Stephen Kay-keyboards; Tom Bowes-bass; Steve Menasche-synthesizer; Francis Xavier-guitar. Mixing and recording engineer-Michael Theodore. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

#### "SON OF A BITCH FROM THE NORTH" ALL 6:24

Recorded live at Daily Planet, 7/13/86. This piece was inspired by the haunting, aggressive, spontaneous music of Chill Faction that tore these lyrics unexpectedly from Copernicus' subconscious. Copernicus-vocals, bell. Chill Faction is: Larry Kirwan-guitar, synthesizer, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Fred Parcells-affected trombone; Dave Conrad-bass; Mike Fazio-guitar, synthesizer. Mixed at Daily Planet. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski, Mike Theodore-mixing engineer. Ron Bacciocchi-recording engineer.

### "CHICHEN-ITZA ELVIS" OLI 7:58

This piece was originally recorded live in 1980 at Moogy Klingman's 8 track studio in New York City involving only Copernicus, Larry Kirwan, and Pierce Turner. The theme of the piece was in Copernicus' mind before the music started at Moogtown but the Turner/Kirwan music pushed the theme, embellished it and inspired Copernicus to produce these lyrics spontaneously. With only a few editing changes in the lyrics thispiece was redone live at Studio C, RCA Studios (A Studio in which Elvis . himself had once recorded) on 3/6/87 with the following artists. Copernicus-vocals; Pierce Turner-keyboards, (Elvis vocal); Larry Kirwanguitar, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Steve Menasche-percussion; Fred Parcells-affected frombone; Roseann Price-back up vocalist; Matty Fillousaxophone; J.C. Rose back up vocalist; Dave Conrad bass; Don Pinto (Brownie)-trumpet; Mike Fazio - guitar; Tony De Mareo - violin; Starz Vanderlocket-percussion; Hasan Bakir - percussion; Taite Walkonen-Andean flute, xylophone; Adam Price-acoustic guitar, Mixed at Secret Sounds, New York City. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski. Ron Bacciocchi and Jim Crotty, RCA recording engineers. Scott Noll, mixing engineer.

## "DISCO DAYS ARE OVER" ALL 7:15

. For Copernicus, this piece ranks with "Blood" from the first album, "Nothing Exists", in terms of realizing his ideal way to create, achieving beauty between spontaneous lyrics and spontaneous music. However, this piece is more complicated than "Blood" in that the lyrics are being created spontaneously not only by one vocalist but by the three vocalists, Copernicus, Larry Kirwan, and Roseann Price. Here the so called back up vocalists become lead vocalists weaving their words and emotions from the back to the lead almost sparring with Copernicus. Tony De Marco's violin directs the rest of the musicians to feed the vocalists music and melody. This piece is an expression of the eternal human dilemma of taking on life's mundane responsibilities without ever first achieving a personal vision of what is life. Creeks-same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis".

## "HURL SILENCE" OF 2:05

At this session in the Daily Planet, Matty Fillou put together his own different sound. The lyrics were written before the performance. Copernicus is reading from a pièce of paper. Credits same as "Oh God!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

△ Lyrics spontaneous at live performance,

O Lyrics written before live performance.

Music written before live performance.

☐ Music spontaneous at live performance.

Special thanks to Ron Bacciocchi whose experience and skill as Copernicus' chief engineer since 1984, has enabled this group as Copernicus' chief engineer since 1984, has enabled this coup to be recorded properly. Sometimes, including vocalists, there are up to twenty artists performing spontaneously and this man gets it all down perfectly on a 2" piece of tape. Thanks Ron. Let's grow old together.

Coperficus who made this album possible

Pressed by Europadisk, N.Y., N.Y. All yocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus, Complete lyric sheet insice album cover Cover Photo: Louis Luchesi 1986 (Taken in performance at the photo playing bass guitar) Album Design: Joseph and Marcela Smalkowski.

Side Two (ASCAP)

ONCE, ONCE, ONCE AGAINS, 126

A totally experimental way of creating for Copernicus. This piece literally set the album's release date back by three months because that Thom long it took to create it. Copernicus, not wanting to be board in by any one way of creating, acceeded to Michael Theodore's request to write some music for the album and then have Copernicus lay on some spantaneous vocals. O.K. Sounds good. Go for it. Theodore presented Copernicus with ten minutes of synthesizer music already recorded on a 2' laps. After listening, Copernicus saw sections of the ten minutes he liked. He edited the ten minutes to three minutes and twenty-six seconds (One month of work). Then, another month of work to write the lyrics to the music. Then, another month of work to perfect the performance of the lyrics to the music. Copernicus walked into the Planet and read the lyrics once to the music and that was it. However, the King of Spontancity had taken three months to create a three minute piece. For Copernicus, this way of creating may never happen again. Lyrics by Copernicus. Music written and recorded by Michael Theodore, Mixed at Daily Planet. Mixing engineer-Michael Theodore. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

"THE DEATH OF JOE APPLES" OLI 5:49

Speaks for itself. Credits-same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis"

"THEY OWN EVERYTHING." A [] 3:15

Recorded at the same session as "Oh God!-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" and "Murl Silence" on Side One. All credits are the same.

"THE U.S. DOES NOT EXIST." ATT1:02

On March 6, 1987 at RCA, the full band created twenty-seven pieces of music in a four hour non stop recording session. This piece was the ending of a vicious anti-war piece which did not make it to the album. Musicians are the same as "Chichen-Itza Elvis". Mixed at Daily Planet. Michael Theodore engineer. Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

#### "ATOM BY ATOM" OU 3:42

Do you remember the piece, "Atomic Nevermore", from Copernicus" first album? Do you remember the piece, "From Bacteria", from Copernicus' second album, "Victim Of The Sky"? These two pieces and "Atom By Atom" were done back to back without stopping at RCA Studios on February 24, 1984. Three wonderful pieces in less than eleven minutes. This happens only when you're hot. Musicians: Copernicusvocals; Pierce Turner-keyboards; Larry Kirwan-guitar, keyboards, vocals; Tom Hamlin-drums; Jeffrey Ladd-flute-and keyboards with effects; Chris Katris-guitar; Steve Menasche-marimba; Fred Parcells-affected trombone; Paddy Higgins-bodhran and Iloor toms; Iimi Zhivago-guitar, and piano; Fred Chalenor-basss Andi Leaby-violin; Fionnghüäla-flüfe: Mixed at Daily Planet in July, 1987. Mixing engineer, Michael Theodore Recording engineer, Ron Baccioechi, Produced by Joseph Smalkowski.

#### "COME TO II" ALI 7:51

In these non-stop four hour recording sessions with the full 15 piece band at Studio C, RCA Studios in New York City (There have only been three, 1984, 1985, 1987), Copernicus goes home literally with three hours of recorded work. The three hours of recordings will consist of 30 to 45 pieces of work. This means that Copernicus' three albums including separate recording sessions at other places and times, have been culled from about two hundred recorded pieces of work. Imagine the fun at

having to listen to it all (the good and the bad). "Come To It" was the last piece recorded at the 1985 session at RCA when all the musicians could literally give no more and were ready to leave. But Copernicus knew that even in weariness and weakings something special could happen and we believe it did as Pierce Turner encouraged Copernicus to do one last three minute piece and began to play the piano ("the best piano music I ever played in my life") and Larry Kirwan stayed with them on guitar and sang and Jimi Zhivago stayed on organ and again the music inspires the lyrics; the lyrics give back to the music and spontaneity bares the souls of four artists for all the world to see and hear

Mixed at Secret Sounds in New York City. Mixing engineer Tom Gartland, Produced by Pierce Turner and Joseph Smalkowski.

Artwork: Fernando Natabei, Studio T. N. V. N.Y. Pierce Turner appears courtesy of Beggnes Banquet Records Executive Producer: Joseph Smalkowski for Neveringre; In

Nevermore, Inc. (Ski Music Divisient 1987) Nevermore, Inc. P.O. Box 170150 Brooklyn, N.Y. SPETT



OH GOD! - !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" He comes! No! No! Take me song! 9. Pillars of Diana-massive temple to the greek goddess, Diana, once located in Ephesus. One of its massive pillars still upholding He gives money to kill us! By Copernicus I walked into the song. I walked. HA! HA! He gives money to kill us! Oh God! 8. Ephesus holding all the old dinosaurs. the Aia Sophia Cathedral in Istanbul. Oh God!! 9. Hih! Hih! Pillars of Diana - I sung that dream. 10. Persopolis-capital of ancient Persia (in today's Iran). 11. King of Kings-Darius, king of the Persian empire, referred to Hijo de la chingada del Norte! Oh God!!! I walk song dream. himself as the King of Kings. This reference to himself can still be Oh God!!!! (Son of a bitch from the North!) I walk with my long song dream. found in the ruins of Persopolis. Oh God!!!!! 12. Machu Picchu-ancient Inca capital in Peru. Hijo de la chingada del Norte! My hair widening in the air 13. El Valle de Mexico-refers to Tenochtitlan, the ancient capital of Oh God!!!!!! Hijo de la chingada del Norte! Song tone me the Aztec empire once located in the valley of today's Mexico City. Oh God!!!!!!! 10. Persopolis was grey Hijo de la chingada del Norte! Oh God!!!!!!!! 11. Grev in the song of the King of Kings These lyrics all poured from Copernicus spontaneously in six He comes to kill us! minutes in 1980. The present recording is a retake seven years later. Oh God!!!!!!!!! And the lonely pillars yelling loud note songs Vienen los gringos! Oh God!!!!!!!!! Awh does it wonder what song would be? The gringos are coming! Oh God!!!!!!!!!! Aaah what song be - sips here "DISCO DAYS ARE OVER" Oh God!!!!!!!!!!! Kill them! Return the tong! By Copernicus, Larry Kirwan, Roseann Price. Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!! Kill them! Visions where the old tong would prayer Copernicus: This is that moment. Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Burn the earth. Make a shining path. Kirwan Aaaaah aaaaah I'm no longer free. This is that moment. Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Kill them when they come. I see the song. The moment to be or not to be. Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Kill them. 12. The song walked upon Machu Picchu Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Kill them. Some people die and Turned me into my dance, man. Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! 🗆 When they come, They never face that moment. Sing me the song and dream. Heh. Shoot them dead. Dream where the valley no longer sees. Heh! Heh! Shakespeare said it Let them send them back in caskets. Heh heh huh! La Piramide de la Luna! Heh For a reason. Gringos! 13. heh huh! Huh! El Valle de Mexico! It kisses sometime. SON OF A BITCH FROM THE NORTH" Vienen los gringos! Huh! Huh! It's like painting the sun By Copernicus Los gringos! We are not alone here! Uh Huh huh Huh! No! In the nightime With a bag of sticks on her back. Los gringos! We sung these songs before! Huh Huh Hah! When the windmill Vienen los gringos! Up the Guatemalan mountains We are not alone here! Walks alone in the Vienen los gringos! We are not alone here! In her blue faded dress. Desert of The old man was in front of her \* The name "Gringo" ' was supposedly first used by Pancho Villa's troops in the early part of the twentieth century, who referred to the green uniforms of the North American soldiers who were chasing him in Northern Mexico. Today, the name refers to all the citizens of the United States And now it's my turn No return. To curl my tongue into my song! With his bag of sticks. In the soft times, And the vegetation changed And let the vision of the old tones - whisper. When there is strength. From bananas to christmas trees. Huh! Huh huh! Strength. of America and bears a negative charge. I sweat songs. Strength! Oue no nos caen I sweat dreams - the microscopic fume - song atoms -Strength is power! Translation Las bombas de los \*gringos. (May the bombs of the gringos not fall on us. electrons. HA. HA. And power is God! . . . Read the other book song. Oiala, que no nos caen I hope that the gringo's bombs don't fall on us. in the world of illusion. Read the other book song. Las bombas de los gringos. I can take care of myself. 'Cause there's nothing When the corn seed was green Me puedo cuidar bien. Take care of my children human And the old song sounded like the Cuida los hijos Because the gringos worth anything. Pillaging choir of the Viking's dream. Porque los gringos Have sent Humanity is worth Light my tone! Van a mandar The Contras against us nothing Hung with my heart sung dry! Las Contras contra nosotros And they are going to kill us!) Though it creates Heart with my heart felt! Y nos van a matar! Its own "CHICHEN-ITZA ELVIS" With all that I could see! Oue no nos caen las bombas de los gringos! Illusion By Copernicus And all that I could stand! Que no nos caen las bombas de los gringos! And it creates Heart song! Hold on to the living soul! He He Hah! its own value. Hold on to the soul! Bomb their ports! 1. Khajuraho sings a silent song, Hold on to the pulse of life! Send those fucken' guerillas in Aah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Screaming with its own blue village. Hold on to the vision! And blow that fucken' Walked . . . slowly . . . where the rocks hang loose. Heh! Heh! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Sandinista motherfucker away! Hold on in life! It's like the Screaming into their own mirror. Heart where the bones dry! Blow that motherfucker away! Mirror onto Athens' dream. River Brave lone dry! Blow that motherfucker away! That streams into the Athens on a long side. I sing here! Blow that motherfucker away! 2. Uxmal embellishing the dream land of Aaaaah! Aaaahaah! I don't exist! No Return Uxmal . . . ha, ha! All children shall run into That kisses upon the Turn me song. Hey Elvis! Hey Elvis! Huh Huh Huh! Elvis! The ditches and hide, Gold mines 3. Monte Alban whistling with its gold. HA. HA. Elvis! When the gringo's planes come. 4. Chichen-Itza lying into the song of nevermore Of the Elvis! When the gringo's planes come, Souls Lying into the song of the song. HA. HA. Elvis! Hide! 5. Tula! Huh! Huh! Tula! HA! That bound Elvis! Elvis! Elvis! The gringo - The man from the North. Upon its Walking where the pillars could only dream. elvis! The man, the man, the man from the North! Own Melody in its own force. elvis! elvis! Walk where the lack of ruins could no longer be seen. touch. Gringo! Hijo de la chingada! (Son of a bitch!) 6. Dakar on the sound of the throne In its prayer Son of a bitch from the North! where its dream Throne where the village beat R. Price: What did you say about rock n' roll? Son of a bitch from the North! Cracks Splashed upon its own boat Kirwan: I didn't know nothin' till I sang rock n' roll. Son of a bitch from the North! Like the The boat to the end of nevermore Son of a bitch from the North! Christmas trees Nevermore onto its own grip R. Price: Hold on. Son of a bitch from the North! The old Dutch and the sound of the Portuguese That promise R. Price: Elvis! How are we doin'? Son of a bitch from the North! The gifts The sound of the Portuguese and the sound of the Dutch Turner: I can't help falling in love with you. Son of a bitch from the North! That could never The sound of the English. HA! HA! Son of a bitch from the North! happen. R. Price: You ain't nothin' but a houndog. English Dutche! English Dutche! English Dutche! Son of a bitch from the North! Slow . . . English Dutche! Song here -Turner: But I can't help falling in love with you. Son of a bitch from the North! Take me gold mind.
7. Talk with Zimbabwe It's there. Son of a bitch from the North! Notes on "Chichen-Itza Elvis". It's there! Son of a bitch from the North! Long with my own lord 1. Khajuraho-11th century city in India mysteriously abandoned. Kirwan:Disco days are over. Son of a bitch from the North! The temple exteriors adorned with animal and human sculptures in Lord in my own prayer Time to get down to the sexual postures. Inspiration for the Kama Sutra. 2. Uxmal-ancient Mayan city in Yucatan, Mexico. Son of a bitch from the North! Where the mirror reflects the visions of nevermore Labor exchange. Cuida de la chingada del gringo. And the ashtrays of the songs Monte Alban-ancient Zapotec city in Oaxaca, southern Mexico. No more staying out (Be careful of the gringo's evil.) Wash their ashes into the sea Chichen-Itza-ancient Mayan capital in the Yucatan. All night. Be careful of the gringo from the North. Tula-ancient Indian city in North Central Mexico. And the sea laughs like a fool Your circumstances 6. Dakar-present capital of Senegal. Last point from West African mainland to the Isle de la Goree, the island where the Europeans He comes to kill. And wise men turn their own cheek, are He comes to kill us. But wise men never hear the song; wharehoused the African slaves to be sent to the Americas. Rearranged. He comes to kill us! Wise men never see the blue; Zimbabwe-ancient capital in Southern Africa. He comes to kill us! Wise men never see Chichen-Itza. HA! HA! 8. Ephesus-ancient greek city in Asia minor (today's Turkey).

Copernicus:No. I don't want To go to Church.		That much But now			"THE DEATH OF JOE APPLES"  By Copernicus				
Kirwan:Disco days are over. R. Price:Like a river. Kirwan:Time to get down to the labor exchan. R. Price:Time to get down.	Cope	The Potentials. Copernicus:HA! HA! HA! Don't have a			The doctor had said his body was riddled with cancer.  He was skin and bones, but he was able to sit up at the side of the hospital bed. A plastic tube protruded from his skin at the base of his				
Kirwan: No more stayin' out at night. Copernicus: What are you talking about? What are you talking about? What are you talking about?		Cosmic View of life. R. Price:Disco days are over. Copernicus:You don't even See it			throat. He communicated either by mouthing the words with his lips or scribbling words on a pad with his trembling hands.  "They give me broth, jello, juice, tea. I don't eat."  "I shit in my pants three times, so the nurse says maybe you got a				
What are you talking about?  What are you talking about?  Kirwan: Your circumstances have been rearrant R. Price: Perhaps we'll get held down.  Copernicus: In those touches	nged.	From The point of the	of view		diarrhea."  "They wash with the rag. They dress you three times a day. What a racket. Eat. Sleep. Drink water and piss."  "In my room. Bring shoes, pants, jacket, and teeth. They lying on a				
Kirwan:Disco days are over. Copernicus:In the depths, When you feel. Kirwan:She's at home now		Atom. R. Price:Forever and ever. Kirwan:Disco days are Over Are over			sill."  "This is a big hospital. I used to work across the street. There's a liquor store around there and I used to drink a pint of whiskey at lunchtime."				
She wants her weekly Pay.		Are over R. Price:Forever.			"I look good? Are you kidding?" "I'll be outa here in a couple days." He gestured with his fingers to his lips for a cigarette. I shook				
R. Price:Is that what a wedding band Did for her? Kirwan:Time to go down		Kirwan: Are over.  Copernicus: Stop the shit!  The police are coming!			my head.  "The doctor gives me one but my sons wouldn't. Even the nurse gave me one."				
To that Labor exchange.  Copernicus: When you stand		The police are coming! It's a raid! The police!			"They said it was the smoking. I didn't know. Don't smoke." "I have no money."				
In the middle Of the Field.		Raid! Hey! The fucken' police are coming!			His sister appeared in the ward. She stopped in front of his bed with a horribly contorted face. She started to cry and ran back out.  Joe ignored her and pointed across the aisle of the large hospital ward to a man with bandages wrapped around his left arm. "Should have				
Alone. Kirwan: You have to sign Your name.		It's a raid! Watch out! Watch out! Hide the instruments!			heard what he called his doctor. You butcher. You're louzy. That guy's been crying all night. I feel sorry for that guy."				
Copernicus: Where it's always alone. Kirwan: Second or third		Hide the instruments! Hide the instruments! Hide the instruments!			Joe Apples was dead the next day.  In the church high above Joe's casket the priest started his eulogy				
Or Copernicus:The box is alone. Kirwan:Monday or Tuesday or		Hide the instruments! Hide! No Music! No Music!			from the pulpit, "You think we have waste here!"  Joe Apples was buried that day in the cold January earth.  His wife went dancing that night.				
R. Price: You can wait and wait.  Copernicus: The thoughts are alone.		No! No! No! No! No! No! No music! No music!			Kirwan: Hey old man!				
Kirwan:any old day.  Copernicus:The merry-go-round is	R	. Price:Is that wha did? □	t a wedding band	a l	on't you ta look? C. Rose	ke			
alone. Kirwan:Disco days are over. Copernicus:The kiss of your Tears				No R.	o way.  Price:				
are alone.  R. Price:Is that what a  Wedding band						Oh my God!  R. Price: With another man!			
Did To her? Kirwan:Time to go down And see your				R.	Price: Oh	my God! □			
Friends On the labor exchange.				URL SILEN By Copernicu					
Copernicus: The feeling of your An Desperateness Th Is It	en	The Noise. Realizing	Like A Drop	Food Somewher With	e V	ine! Vhat Did	Asphalt Melting In the Sun	I Should Just Stay In	
R. Price:But doesn't the If Time I	ems	My Own Illusion And	Of Water That	An Inner Silence That	I I	The Dinosaurs Leave? What	With The Irresponsible	Silence, But	
And To Slower? Sa	ything	My Own Nothingness And selfishly	Sticks To a Leaf Waiting	Reaches To the Universe.	I I	Will Humanity Leave	Wind Whistling Through	Don't. □	
Don't Hu Even On		In Non existence Forever.	For The Sun To	Anything Other Than Survival	I	When t's Gone? And t	Disappeared Humanity In the Dust		
A To Cosmic We View of life. All	the orld lowing	Staring At the Rest	Take It. I	Is Ego Illusion	1	Will Be Gone.	To Dust Cliche?		
To keep Ar	omic	Of Humanity Stabbing Themselves	Should Just Stay Silence	Of the Senses And That		A Grass Covered Empire	The Silent Dust That		
In decent Pa	rticles make	With Their Ignorance;	And Find Some	Is The Bottom		State Building? Silent	Made So much Fury.		

Where "ONCE, ONCE, All ONCE, AGAIN" Is By Copernicus Summoned Come Once, Now Once, In Once. Mv Again. Solitude Kirwan: Don't give me electronic kisses. Where Can See; "THEY OWN EVERYTHING." And Inspiration By Copernicus **Shouts** Yes. They control In You. Beats They control Like the You Pounding And Of my You're Awareness; Their And it Slaves. Drives You run your Into Ass The Off into the Heart Subway, man, Of to get to your The job. Mystery 'Cause you Where Want to Hope Buy a Is Coat The Or a Revolutionary House. Naming They own everything. Every They own everything. Illusion, They own everything. They own everything. False friend, They own everything. An They own everything. Enemy -Brother. Black brother, In the Pink brother, Mystical Yellow, blue and Struggle You. That They own everything. Uncovered They own everything. The Master They own everything. Illusion, -They own everything! Life! They own everything! Life!! They own everything!! Life!!! They own everything! And They own The Illusion You. They own everything!! Comes!!!! Everything! And In Russia! Comes!!!!! In America! In France! And In South Africa! Comes!!!!!! They own everything! They own everything! They own the Comes property. Through They own the The TV stations. Senses They own the Like Radio stations. Through They own the The

Musicians.

They own

Everyth.

Artists.

They own the

They own everything!

They own everything.

They own everything.

Tears

Every

Day

The

Opening

Of the

Eyes,

In

## "ATOM BY ATOM" By Copernicus

Let the rain fall on my tombstone And wash away my name. And let me lie in my unmarked grave In the earth revolving around the sun Unconscious, skinless, and at complete rest.

Let the atoms that make up my bones Dissipate and return to the earth; Unconscious in rest returning to mother earth. Free of humanity!

Free of humanity!
Animals that have everything and nothing.
Humanity - enemy of the earth Oh, blow yourself away!

Blow yourself away humanity! The sooner you turn yourself back to atoms The better.
The sooner the better.
Conscious life is a waste anyway.
The earth can do without you.

Oh let me lie in my unmarked grave Unable to see and hear and feel; Revolving around the sun and skinless Returning to the atomic sea Atom by atom by atom by atom.

"THE U.S. DOES NOT EXIST."
By Copernicus

Kirwan: Don't forget Whose Taking you Home After this you're Gonna Be; So Darling, Save The Last Dance For Me! □

I knew this shit Was going to Happen. I knew I was going to get into Trouble With This One. I knew I was going To get into Trouble With This One. The United States Does Not Exist!

# "COME TO IT" By Copernicus

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hilosophy.	Absolutely Ki
lobody cares about	Nothing
hilosophy.	To do with
Vhat is	Money.
Philosophy?	Nothing to do wit
Philosophy is really	Money.
Not	It's what You
Religion	See.
Cause religion	It's what you
s the	See
Summation	And what You
Of man's	Think
Relationship	Is
With	Right.
God.	Yeh.
What is	Nobody's right of
Philosophy?	Wrong.
Bogursky do you	And always
Have	The
Any	Guys
Philosophy?	With the more
Oh Pan!	Power
Philosophy	And the more
Always	Money -
Goes away	They can stage
rom	Their
Money.	Vision
Philosophy	Better than

nybody else.	Come
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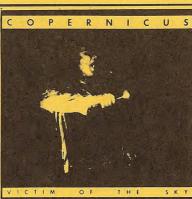
	To
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4	Fucken'
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	Exists!
	There is
	Nothing!
	There is
	No one!
	There is
	No one!
	There is
	4

No one! Kiss. Yes. Hold Me. There is Nothing. There is Nothing. There will Never Be Anything. There Will Never Be Anything. There Will Never Anything!

COPERNICUS

THINGS ADDITIONS

THE RESEARCH AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF



NOTHING EXISTS and VICTIM OF THE SKY

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