

Inversion Ritual (against the Plague that is Capital)

Pa-st que Eni-st que enter the lu-dng deconsecrated church no space of
a r. T of our nu-er rry st c s converse shoes hang on the end.
Loud us a nd chant s heard (ro-de-st on the sound syste: cun-verse,
cun-verse (there's NO-NG to a y, run-t-o e-st -ner, run-t-o e-st -ner
(there's NO-ONE to a Goods will become SHADOWS! We sell-eee-brait
the BRILLIANCE of the New! cun-verse, run-t-o e-st -ner....

A ch n: **Goods will become SHADOWS! We sell-eee-brait the
BRILLIANCE of the New!**

A rcu a v g te the ns de of the lu-dng once before sse-nga t the r
s de of the lu-dng n front of fe t h nner and v tr ne. M s s re re-oved. E ch,
n turn, goes to the v tr ne and s e rs a se ne on h s a ce and then g tter fro
the v tr ne. One of our nu-er s re dy upst rs on the h cony love the fe t
h nner and v tr ne. The R ta leg ns.

One: **Goods become SHADOWS!**

The shoes re he d over the v tr ne n front of the font and o s poured over
the . They re then p ced n the v tr ne.

One: **The BRILLIANCE of the New!**

Fro the h cony g tter s poured on to the o jets and v tr ne.

One: **CUN-VERSE, RUN-T-MO-BILE-STILL-NER, CUN-VERSE
CUN-VERSE, RUN-T-MO-BILE-STILL-NER, CUN-VERSE**

One of our nu-er s chosen and apped n a c fe and then ted th rope.

One: **A REE-VER-SAL is REEE-KWIRED!, an INFERNAL IN-FUR-SHUN!**

**VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, BILE-MO-TEE,
VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, NUR-STILL-RUN!**

One: The said do and tied. Rope s thro do y the f gure n the b cony
a nd t tched to the und e.T e ers on the ground pu the rope,
connected to pu eya n. N. B. -s. -ch. -c. -s. e T d .o. e T d .s. .s.

One:

DESPISE your socalled life-styles), your FUCKING middle-brau-latte-lowenbrau-stella-fuck-fuck-nokia-me-mate-t-mob-shit-lager-lager-latte-lager. And, SUPRISE SUPRISE YOU LITTLE SHITS, there is a price to pay... and this time you will FUCKING pay it!

So, all you Beyonces and baby dolls, and lucy loos, you independent ladies, wave your hands in the air like YOU JUST DON'T CARE. And all you fellas, you last of the English Roses, you likely lads and fucking stupid shambling babies, shut your fucking traps AND KEEP THEM SHUT O YAY O YAY... this day, and everyday-day leading up to this day, YOU will live again! Over and over, each day the SAME as the last, each FUCKING day the SAME as the next, and the next, and the next...for eternity, for ever. FOR EVER.

What say YOU? NEVER have YOU heard anything more CURR-SAID! You say, please demon, pleeeze Run-Still-Ner, please, please, please lift this plague of repeats and re-runs? Well, there is indeed a plague upon all of you independent ladies and likely lads, you Beyonces and fellas; a PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS that is called SOCIETY-FUCKING-SHOW-PPING-GYM-ANY-MALLS-LEE-SURE-ACT-TIV-TITTEES-DIVER-SEE-TEE-CULTURE! Again and again and again you will do the same thing. And FUCK-YOU-DEMON YOU WILL CRY OUT! BUT. In the depths of this insect's belly of BAN-AL-IT-TEE, has their been a moment when you might have CRI-ED OTHERWISE? A moment of REE-VER-SHAL?! A moment of IN-VER-SHUN?! WHEN you will say: DEMON! You are A GOD!! AND NEVER HAVE I HEARD ANYTHING SO BRILLIANT!! And you will REALISE, that there is not, and never has been,

ANYTHING to UNDERSTAND. You will SMILE and turn on the SAME spot, OVER AND OVER. You will recognise YOUR LIFE as a RE-run, AND THEN YOU will run and run and run and run runner, run-run and run, run and nur, run-ner-still-run-ning, still-still-still, run-t-mo-bile-still, FUCKING run-run-run, run-t-mo-bile-still, ner-ner-ner, KING still-still-still, KING run-ner-still, run-t-mo-bile-still-KING, run run run, ner-ner-ner, still-ner-still-ner-still-ner, run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner-

And on and on unt _coo _ness co_e on st ge

The r t _s over.