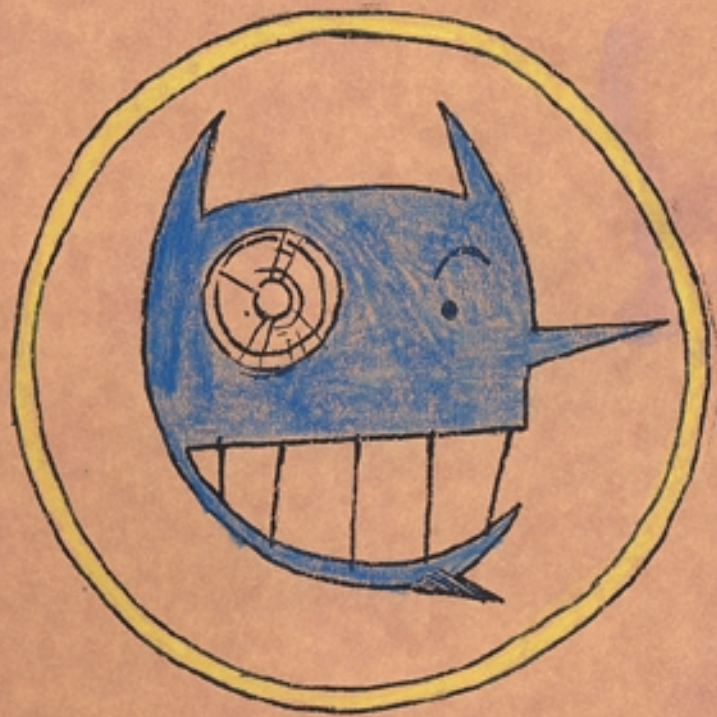


SLOW



BURN.®

LAST MINUTE MAN

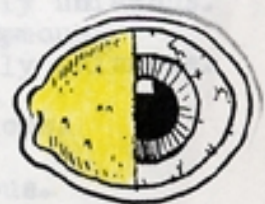
Three weeks are gone and your motor just won't run
the women are scarce and you haven't even seen the sun.
but your momma said well if your tough baby where's your gun
cause if that's all you are then your never gonna be someone.
lying in bed just staring at the T.V. screen
all your decisions are made covered in your blanket and jeans
while your books and movies shape your attitude
cause you think they'll help you tell you what to do.
is this the life you thought you'd lead
i don't know why you won't let yourself grow if you don't
pick yourself up you'll be left here all alone.
It's been a long fight baby some days are harder to forgive
you got to lick your wounds in comfort before it all begins
again don't let them call you the last minute man.
the stench will stick so the rich man and poor man can come and haunt
you.
but the studs from the balcony will trip you from behind
so why do i have to laugh at all when they'll still be laughing at you
because you know we are happier men cause we do all that we can
just to bring it back home to you.
It's been a long fight baby some days are harder to forgive
you got to lick your wounds in comfort before it all begins again.

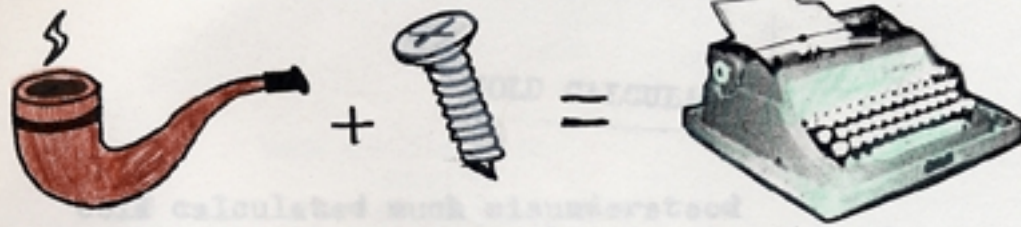


SCREAM

LEMON SPY

you got your body you got your soul
and no ones left to leave alone
i just need a little time to run
well the feeling i need is the feeling i got
when they left us all to roam in the parking lot.
you're the one i want
you're the one i need
you give my brown eyes a reason to stare
cause they call you the lemon spy
you're older in years and your conscience is clear
so lets go wild the night.
you're a wild cat honey strung out and sweet
in the back of my car that you've been riding in
well are you doing your time or making out a list for the planets?
well your silence is such that i'll play along
drawn out and planned but the feeling is strong
well rip your long list honey we won't tell no one
~~desert winds may fly away~~
~~gonna move you baby almost every day~~
desert winds may fly away
gonna move you baby almost every day
gonna fly on time
gonna be there with you
but the trouble with me is i can't supply
that satisfaction baby almost every time
i can't hold you so baby im coming in





DAYS OF RAIN

Sleepwalk as drops hit the pavement,
 I tried to talk but waited instead for the days of rain.
 Lost cause a waltz in an alley,
 the dark pounding sky hides the pains from the sun
 in these days of rain.
 Don't try, caught in the moment the fields will yield
 the pace of my heels in this day of rain.
 Strange smells of tabacco and leather,
 are gently spread on the thoughts that I need on the days of rain.
 Sleep for now, lay by anyone
 sloving clouds, watch them fade away,
 underground where they started from.
 Attack of the snails lock the asylum,
 the mention of dew cascades the silence,
 my whole world waits in just evolving.
 Picture the showering heavens,
 healing my mind with this time that we shared in this day of rain.

ROY QUARTER



A single match awoke in space
 a cigarette lit up his face
 with his jutebox philosophies hes...

He walks on beercans, unties the legends,
 he cant deny but he knows it hes gloriously unfamous.
 The vultres reunite an appetite for his advice,
 they by him drinks and say goodnight still gloriously unfamous.
 He remembers when he might of been anything but anonymous,
 he tilts his chair with a stolen grin, hes gloriously unfamous.
 The distance between him the mythic and the meaning,
 are all mixed on your god sauce and gloriously unfamous.
 In each age of gambling long lives the will of men,
 who earn a name in the den of the gloriously unfamous.

COLD CALCULATED



cold calculated much misunderstood
 she is magically mistress hanging in my head
 soul sanctuary dinosaurs
 shes a long legged ~~xxxxxxxx~~ vixen at my door
 cold calculated dogs will hunt
~~xixix~~ its been a long day of drinking in the SUN
 high hopes honey when youre down and out and loving
 doing your time
 making your moves
 doing it

cold calculated much anticipated
 movements through the air like a vallets cigarette smoking dream
 i hear your dogs bark in avenues
 howling myx nage through your missing tooth
 cold calculated making moves
 on your dimes and your nickles spinning true for you
 dont lie dont bite ~~ixix~~ i aint yours you are out of your mind
 dont swirl im sure if you stop all your screaming
 your obsession will be leaving
 oh yeah dont you say that youre gonna go
 because youll be back and baby ill know why
 cause you leave me to leave me alone

fresh to smile about
 thirty years from now
 bald and fat i,ll laugh
 and chuckle
 about how good i had it.
 have it.
 now the two
 are
 replaced
 with a

PATROL CAR

i woke up haunted my body in shadows by a dozen eyes in the air
 their whispers were pictures my story like mirrors
 a hidden tale it told
 the message was clearer the eyes they moved nearer
 for a final glimpse of my life
 the clam of all that is gained and lost.
 is dancing while we sleep

the calm of all that is gained and lost
 is dancing while we sleep
 acts in a play that were moving through
 with a view of a life alone
 and in our days ~~eg~~ of grey and old
 these eyes will reappear
 i hope you lived the life you choose
 the youth is watching you



been a while since
then.
since i sat down
stoped
and wrote down
the madness
the puzzle
what he calls life,
whoever he is.
my way time flies
away
with the thoughts
and
old dreams new.
two seventeen
girls
with legs spread open
my face inbetween
one sweet
like a slush puppy
one bitter
like a nine volt battery to your tongue
are gone now
except in my mind
fresh to smile about
thirty years from now
bald and fat i,ll laugh
and chuckle
about how good i had it.
have it.
now the two
one sweet one bitter
are
replaced
with a women of
twentyseven.

and
two boys of four and five
that act
just like
the two bittersweet girls.

oh, how things change so quikly
and
how good it feels to be in my shoes.

remember me fat bald man?

ryan.

Ryan

seven hundred nights gone by
 and whats left is worth keeping
 we have fought enough to understand each other
 we have taught enough to fight each other
 there have been insanity storms
 and red friction
 madness seems contagious among us
 anything and almost everything
 almost nothing
 avoiding the unavoidable
 a cancer or a crash would maybe stop this
 or burn the lantern brighter for the rest
 if i can see right now that this is
 i would never stop.

aric



Inspected by
 09



Ⓚ#2344

5 minutes before now
 I was in a bright empty 3:23 am circle k
 guarded by two cigarette smoking security guards
 the fat first manager had to wear sun glasses
 and clean the hot dog machine
 I love hot dogs
 I hate that fat bastard
 I wish he would throw me one of those cajun dogs
 instead he sells me some genuine cigarettes
 goodbye you fat man
 goodbye hot dog machine so clean
 goodbye guarded 3:25 am circle k

nicolas | Nicolas Pech

POST FACTO MANIFESTO

I am starting a major campaign against the advertisement and multi-media giants.
those bastards wont get away with it this time.
They are the leading cause of advanced cerebral cortex carcinoma,
a.k.a. brain cancer, in first world countries.

the cancer I am speaking of is disturbing. it has been predicted that 73% of all people who watch t.v. for more than six hours a day will be afflicted by the summer of 2023.
symt. teh sintp the symotoms start wiht the inability to spell. This is accompanied by dry eyes and son w. sore muscles, followed by headaches, insomnia, unexplained fits of rage, depression, suicidal thoughts, morbid nightmares, dizziness, nautiousness, bed sores, unexplained aging, loss of hair, obesity and bulemia. Dr. Jack Shattuck of Johns Hopkins University explains "Exposure to multi-media advertisement causes intellectual terrorism, mental facism and emotional satanism. Many people actively partake of this evil by watching television, listening to the radio and reading."

advanced exposure is evidenced in terminal lathargy, bleeding from the eyes, ears, mouth and nose, acute amnesia, absolute loss of personal identity, atrophie of individual thought, leading to total lack of cerebral activity, fatal malnutrition, genocide of the spirit, your soul being in a perpetual concentration camp like a harmonic oscillator of creation and annihilation. All controlled by the Nazi Media and SS Advertisers.
It fucking sucks man!

I have teamed up with a great group of guys, the never let you down type. Their names are R.J. Renolds and The Marlboro Man. All together we are forming a modern Roman Triumverant. Be it so, a Holy Trinity to vanquish the land of the evil plague of advertisements and the media. Tomorrow we launch our first wave of attack. Bynoon, Greenwich village time every single advertisement and media announcement throughout the entire world will bear the lable:

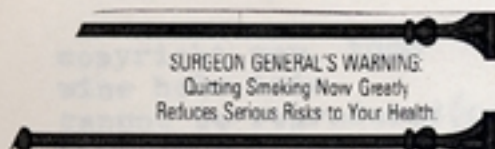
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Exposure to the media and advertisements will give you brain cancer. Watching the t.v., listening to the radio, and reading periodicals will melt your brain, reducing you to an unoriginal, meronic slave.
So be an intelligent member of society. Smoke cigarettts and earn the good cancer, the cancer you can choose, like lung, mouth, throat, heart and tongue cancer. We will even throw in the bonus emphazemia for the first five hundred people to survive the age of 57.2 years.

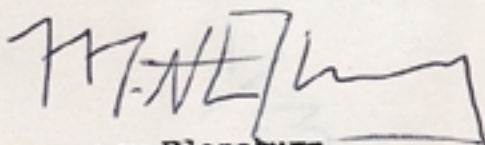
Our new mottos:

Smoke cigarettts because brain cancer really sucks!

Multi-media Avertising: Soul stealing, brain draining, satanic, putrid choice.

If you must get cancer somewhere, please get cancer by smoking cigarettts.




Matthew Flansburg

wine.
hobo.
trio.

you wouldn't understand.

few do, they like it that way.
confidence.
creativity.

stand by me.

one more day.
one more idea.

give share compliment.

damn we're lucky i say.

once old men we'll miss these days.
miss them already.
boys becoming men.
together.

together. now i know the meaning of the word.
aug. 27th 10:32pm

thank God for friends.



[Handwritten signature]

ryan.

Colin Mitchell
vocals/lyrics

[Handwritten signature]

Rico Mei
guitars

[Handwritten signature]

Neal Mei
bass

[Handwritten signature]

Dan Biederman
keyboard

[Handwritten signature]

Brad Brown
guitars

[Handwritten signature]

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1/13



nowhere now here

the wine hobe trio is:

- rico mei.
- matthew flansburg.
- colin mitchell.
- neal mei.
- brad brown.
- dan biederma.
- ryan smith.
- jonny smith.
- nick pectol