



Words from Keith.

The more powerful a substance is in its effect the more powerless you are.

That is just a given statement really. Can't argue with it..

The body. Is primitive. It's the dancer.

And it needs. Everything all at once. From that lack of power. Which is something we find in peaceful control. It's actually the contrasting experience of what is ideally understood. Because it's not an idea. It's a command. But not as to conquer.

(That was a cool game..) yeah.

The body screams give me!!!!!! I am something! And you say: Worried? Tensed? Anxious? What are you love?

I AM!!!!!!!! I AM!!!!!!!! BODY!!!! AM!!!!!!!! I!!!!!!!!

...ok.

Calm down. I am also. Peace. Listen to me.

You can have a glass of water. That's alright. But nothing else.

Until I say so. And that is when I feel that it's OK. Which means that I am in control given the reason for any further consumption. Would you like to watch a movie? Watch life. Look at it. It's a really fuckin' awesome bloody movie!

Or end that. Which is all making us sorry.. And I am sorry. For mistreating myself.

I was a source of inspiration for Leo when he was younger. In the superficial and the daring. He cut his hair like me! The little rascal. But he knew about the brains. Even then. Liam. Gallagher. Hahah! I'm just kidding. But it's not an oasis.

It's real deal homie feel. Come collect. Come correct.

And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel..

It's like this that and this and uh? It's like this and like that and like this and
hmm? It's like this!

Now who gives a fuck about those??

So just chill.

To da next episode.

LEO'S GOT DA FEELING!!!

Hahaha smooth Keith!

Nice!

I've had pieces of all of this for weeks.

Thanks mate!

I loved you as you loved me.

We love each other.

Now go on then..

Find Liam.

And make a duet with him like R.Kelly and Celine Dion.

Iiiii'll beeeee youuuurr!

NOISE

!LFO WOBBLE!

!DISTORTION!

!BLISS!

It's all really just a reply.

You get what you give.

So you sort of answer yourself.

That's the preview of dreamworks.

You feel a calling. You respond to that call and you become.

That's destiny one and simply one.

The root problematics of any destiny pursuit is dismissal.

And makes for buildings collapse.

In a strong hold of coward bullshit.

A completely rotten idea.

In a society that incarcerates and sentences a human being for dancing free without a permit. GOD SPITS IN YOUR EYE WITH HABANERO ACID!

FUCK YOU VERY VERY MUCH.

'Do you dance? As a man? So you suck cocks then?'

- You said fuck you to me!

And I have been mad ever since! You shouldn't have done that back in 1973!

If you wanna make noise make noise!

If da police needs to see a permit be like Gotti Boyz.

If you ask me?

And I am real.

I do not see murder in a bazooka killing a 100 police.

Trying to stop a Rave.

I don't.

But I would have a megaphone ready with my middle finger stickin' up.

As I say:

'Excuse me!'

'But can all the officers with families please go home'.

The rest please form a tight group together now.

Wait for the break!

Gone.

It's the feeling that attracts.

From peaceful control.

From the inside out.

That is serving God.

Honoring Love.

What is your occupation?

I'm sorry I can't hear you?

Ey!

Can someone please remove this Swat helmet?

Ooh.. Now that's a tan sir?

Or mam?

What is that?

Your sorry? For what?

...for... ruining ... yours..

Your?

..your.. your....

..pp .p.p....party.

Alright then. Fuck off.

Anyone got a spliff on 'em?

I just got the munchies for Kebab for some reason..

Acid is harmless.

Unless you harm yourself.

It's not a party drug like that initially.

It's about God.

Freedom of mind.

Distance to come to connection.

Detach as to return.

You can't go anywhere ever.

So you loose to win.

Get it? Nah. Probably not.

You gotta experience it yourself.

För real.

Not write about it in studies or condemn it in fear.

That's all mind control.

You being the victim.

You can't play your game.

Breathe.

Exhale exhale...

Make yourself relax and feel good.
Then you eat. And actually enjoy it.

It is possible to feel alright just being.

Have you made yourself feel that?

In peace. Calm. Security.

I can't hear ants.

It's too far of a distance.

That's you.

Perhaps.

In charge.

Not dancing.

People say:

'The first thing that comes to mind!'

That's not true.

Love comes first.

Always.

So it comes to feeling.

And then you think about it.

But you might not realize that.

Not being on time.

- Honestly a bit disconnected.

I hear snow melting dripping water outside..

At the rate of 130 bpm about..

I don't make that into random spring circumstance.

I hear applauds!

Leo! Leo! Leo!

And I feel that.

Well deserved.

I've got an idea for a church you can check it out below.

(All and all it's like: Weed is what we need when most people discard their creed)

Makes for all resistance and tension.

Making people actually humane.

Almost loose it. Living in a world of Greyskulls.

(I would like a cigarette now)

Twas intense.

I smoke if I want to. And know the difference between want and need.

I don't fuck myself over.

!

!

!

V

My Glory Holy Temple

- In Gods Grace we teerusht.

My name is Reverend Slick Jack-Uzi.

We about keepin' it real. And we do dis by unveiling all of da shit. Because behind all da shit. We all good. We do dis in societal investigations 2getha. And we also sing about what's real as 2 keep it.

W e s i n g S o n g s l i k e :

'Did you fuck a guy until he die?'

'Better not B lyin' bitch'

'For-Us-Sec-No-Man'

'He choked on nuts'

'Older than da old folks'

'Child of nature'

&

'One time I ate bird shit for 5 bucks'

We believe in being serious about love. But not 2B so serious about being serious nah mean.. We enjoy a little whiskey and a foot rub. We like to pause and listen to some music we likes. And we also take the time to cry 2getha. Cause ain't no party full of tension party, cause full of tension make it all stop.

God is crazy. But the most unhealthy thang a human being can do is to judge. So let's let it all go. Understand. Forgive. Release.. And we back to all good now.

If you can't sing along to 'Did you fuck a guy until he die?' And instead drug your children whilst working 3 jobs. Then you is a prime muthafucka. Better recognize.

/ Rev