

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Perpetual Insanity

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

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Tracks:

1. The Möbius Strip (14:09)
2. Sork (0:48)
3. Bumblebee (5:38)
4. Dementia (17:46)
5. The Moment of Clarity (7:14)
6. Post Bumblebee (Aerial View) (0:56)
7. Perpetual Insanity (13:02)
 - i. Entrance
 - ii. The River of Illusions
 - iii. Cookies! (Why the Panda Flies the Skies)
 - iv. The Somnambulist
 - v. The Kindness of the Alphabet (Expart E)
 - vi. esirpeR snoisullI of reviR ehT
 - vii. Exit

Bonus track:

8. Epitome of an Eidolon (8:38)

All music and lyrics by Ken Robinson.

Produced by Ken Robinson.

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Editions:

mp3.com 96725: February 2001 (lacks bonus track)

ampcast.com: 2003

Xaagma Music XA-003: January 26, 2005

The Möbius Strip

shifting borders, competitive forces
conquistadors, dead civilizations
survival of the fittest, seeking power
power of control, watch your back
competition jumping on any weakness
it's a wonder we ever made it this far

oily oceans, black waves hit the shore
dam the rivers, cut down trees
now we can all push paper around
and dump it back into the ground
throw in some toxic toppings
voila, suffocate our home

insides of the sun in the desert
more insides out in the ocean
radiate ourselves until we glow
spy on our competition, you snooze, you lose
rings of junk high above the sky
a few thousand years, within a few million

clear out the jungles, we need more roads
free the diseases, pay the price
six billion souls, is that enough?
how much is enough?
nature has a way of evening things out
some heed warnings, some heed money

maybe it's just an evolutionary push
time for the flock to leave the nest
post-colonial colonization
will we follow our ancestors' steps?
and destroy everything we touch?
have we learned from our past?

thousands of years into the future
this time nature gets even
a few escape in time to the distant past
they are the last and first humans
reset the clock and run it again
space and time, a möbius strip

Sork

sork, sork, sork, sork

Bumblebee

the load of life is bearing down on my shoulders
my skin thickens as the winds make it colder
my world is frozen with a neverending loneliness
it's my own fault that everything has turned into a mess
but out of the corner of my eye
i see something come out of the sky

bumblebee, set me free
bumblebee, feed me honey
bumblebee, you're the key
bumblebee, set me free

the wall of life is stained with regrets
i have chosen a path that's become complex
why is this wall between you and me?
how do i get through to set you free?
lo and behold, a warm breeze comes to life
you fly over the wall, back into my life

bumblebee, set me free
bumblebee, feed me honey
bumblebee, you're the key
bumblebee, set me free

Dementia

out on the field
there's a great big dog biscuit
it just sits there
and it doesn't move at all
at all

out on the field
i saw something jump
moving towards fort lauderdale
maybe it got the dog biscuit
just maybe

but no, i see the dog biscuit
it's still out there on the field
it didn't go after it
i can't see why
it tastes so good
why?

right behind me
i hear a plane flying in the sky
right behind my back
i don't know what it's doing
i'm gonna find out

there are shoes on my window sill
(what are you doing on my window sill?)
they just sit there
sometimes they'll take a look outside
and then they'll turn away
turn away

conservation of matter
a law that i like to disobey
but what about that dog biscuit?
well, it ain't got nothing to do with it
no, no

i found a newspaper
out on the sidewalk
it was all wet
the ink ran onto my fingers
my fingers

i saw a banana
it was sitting there on the table watching tv
imported from costa rica
that's what the label said, costa rica
i think, i think
now, i don't know

perpetual insanity sets in
my nerves begin to tighten
is it a waste of time?
will it cost you a dime?
dementia arrives like a contaminant
what if the rainbow forgets to bend?
dirty dishes, dirty dishes
parked vans, continuum

halitosis, lots of breath mints
did the typewriter do anything?
well, its defiance is something
goodbye detectives
i will not impede
in the spring we will plant seeds
seeds of dementia, seeds of dementia
if i'm insane
what did you put in my brain?

down in the subway
decaying sandwiches sit in the corners
filling the air with fetid smells
why did i go down here?
why?

the acceleration of the bus
it always seemed to catch my attention
the windows are bolted down
and the milk cartons are in the basement
in the basement

it is enigmatic
day after day i see weird things
eating inner tubes
digestion is slowing up
digestion

the celestial sphere
i see a vacuum cleaner
let's go play with it
it makes lots of noise
noise

i'm playing with the toilet
i don't know why
i think i'm in the living room
dementia
i think, i think
now, i don't know

the acanthus just fell off the wall
there are voices in the room
can you hear them
walking through a field of acacia
surprise! surprise!

dementia arrives, seeds of dementia
if i'm insane
know that nothing is happening in my brain

The Moment of Clarity

there is a moment of clarity
it might be temporary
i have a lot of things
airplanes know they have wings
going this way and under that
or might i say, vice versa?
can't find the wind's source
i don't know anything
multitudes of morons
they're coming this way
i tried to run
i tried to get away

demented? deranged?
what? what? what?
get me out of the cage
newspaper diapers working
clothespin bags sliding down the rope
what could i be talking about?
do you know?
are you aware?
out of the blue, look for my snowshoe
no clouds, but it is still gray up there
venture beyond your belt, smell some flowers
is this clear?
even for a moment?

Post Bumblebee (Aerial View)

bumblebee, set me free
bumblebee, feed me honey
bumblebee, you're the key
bumblebee, set me free

Perpetual Insanity

i. entrance

laud eb lliw uoy, sreddalb tuoba kniht uoy fi
lautreprep gnihtemos otni retne

ii. the river of illusions

days go by in the breath of the breeze
i sit around and collect jars of sneeze
it can be done with much ease
and you can get mustard out if you squeeze
an illusion appears
out of nowhere

mirages over the horizon
is this my own hallucination?
running with confusion
in a river of illusions

voyager running through the amazon
what if the skies turned green like the sun?
the celestial sphere changes directions
and we all create weird concoctions
the pandemonium breaks loose
out of nowhere

insanity on a sunny day
throwing rocks down in the bay
but no ripples occur when they hit the water
a river of illusions

iii. cookies! (why the panda flies the skies)

blah blah blah blah blah blah...
cookies! cookies! cookies!...

iv. the somnambulist

sitting here reading my thesaurus
i bought it from a brontosaurus
the constant aberrations are bugging me
the irascibility is unnerving, have some tea
dreaming of laying under a mangrove
cooking macaroni and cheese on the stove

mammoth, saber-toothed tiger
digging up funny wooden objects, labor

the megalopolis just drives me insane
would you care to have a candy cane?
they're all hanging from the counterfeit tree
the one with the blinking lights, see
another form of hypnosis
just like boiling water

the butter is melting all over my table
i just sit there and roll marbles through it
let them roll off the other side of the table
the candles that brighten the room are lit
and it is not salubrious to live in a trash can
this room of slovenliness is really neat
it really has nothing to do with baluchistan
the somnambulist goes into the kitchen for a treat

v. the kindness of the alphabet (expart e)

i like the alphabet
numbers can't compare to pipes
super spoons have the blues

vi. esirper snoisulli fo revir eht

snoisulli fo revir a ni
noisufnoc htiw gninnur
?noitanicullah nwo ym siht si
noziroh eht revo segarim

snoisulli fo revir a
retaw eht tih yeht nehwrucoselppir on tub
yab eht ni nwod skcor gniworht
yad ynnus a no ytinasi

vii. exit

perpetualness has no exit
then why is there one here?
what?

laud eb lliw uoy, sreddalb tuoba kniht uoy fi
lautreprep gnihtemos otni retne

Epitome of an Eidolon (bonus track)

an unsubstantial image floats among the crowd
it disseminates its thoughts through the clouds
the diversity of nonsense will ossify your brain
the phantom of delusions comes around to agitate
the brevity of its pallid speech shocks you
a reticent moment follows its fortitude
obfuscation remains remonstrating spasmodic abdications
its punctilious memory recapitulates a stipulation
on its trek for quixotic ubiquity
it's an itinerant troglodyte timorous of dolts that are ambulatory
a zealot looking for gravity in guam

he thinks he is omniscient, give him some alum
because we know he is not
it's just an unsubstantial image
an eidolon from an unknown utopia

dark citadels all over the himalayan mountain ranges
using emetics for no reason at all, vomiting rages
the invective it puts on the esophagus is unbearable
taciturnity is now here and it is agile
unilateral neophytes are insipid in their writings
stentorian-voiced judges
send malicious remarks to tatterdemalions
for bombastic simperings
picturesque tarns are filled with vacationers using a form of tautology
and debates among religious and scientific circles
about the questions propounded by teleology
but the tenebrous eidolon doesn't get himself involved in this
instead he sits on a beach in the riviera
feeling the sirocco with no signs of senescence
never had the feeling of recidivism

he thinks he is omniscient, give him some alum
he was born in a quagmire
just an unsubstantial image
an eidolon from out of the blue
an eidolon from out of the blue