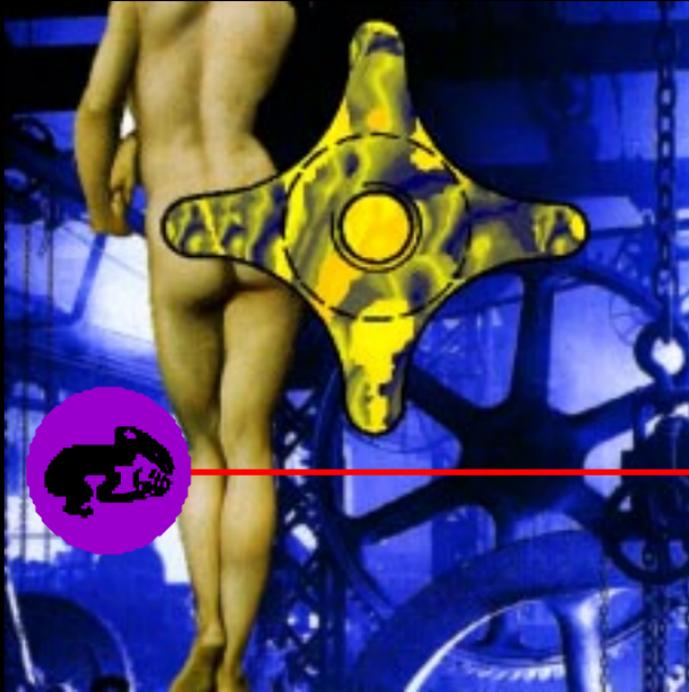




TWILIGHT  
RITUAL

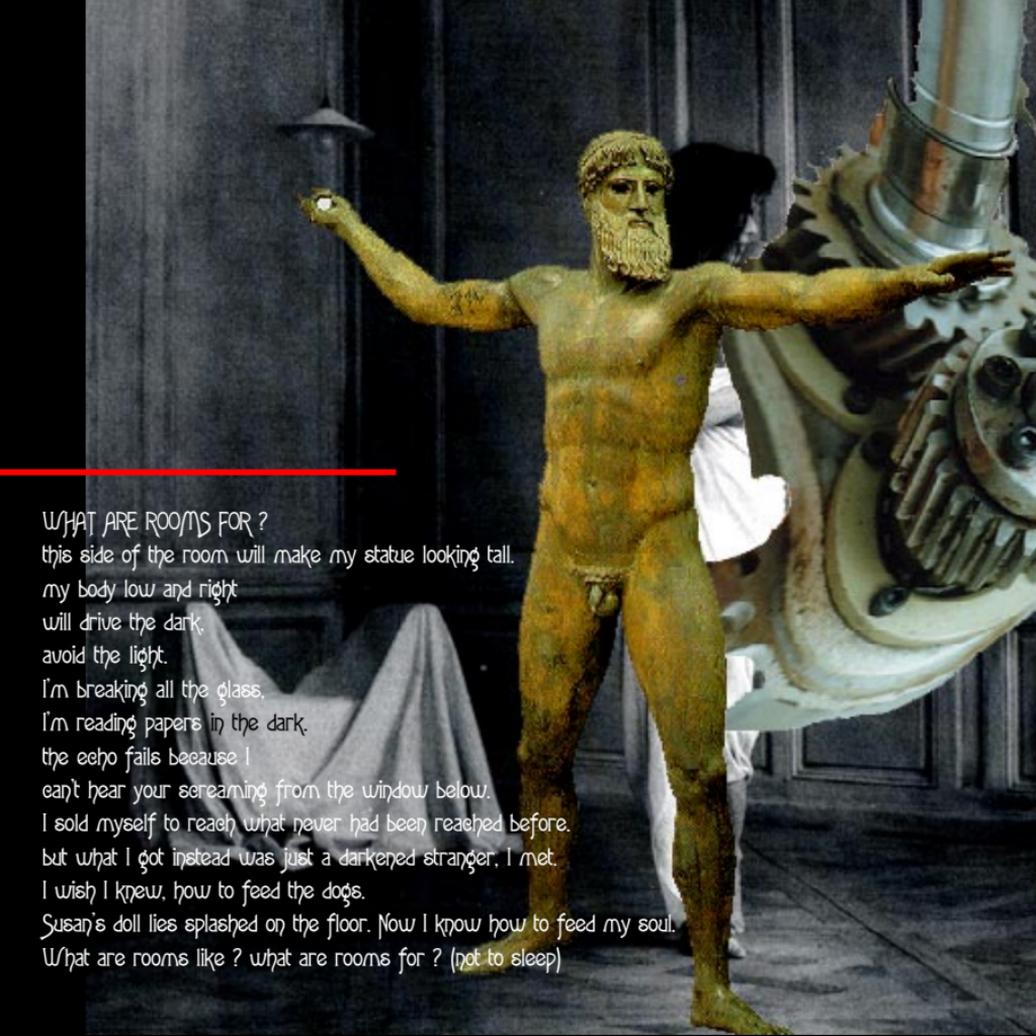


RITUALS



## AMORPHOUS MATERIALS

desolation guides me, while walking through a wired landscape.  
I have to have my head in hands, if I want to avoid the final dance.  
factories burning, the landscape is turning, crawl the wall, amorphous materials.  
We feel the scattered night, reveals itself inside my room.  
all things turn to liquid, and we are gonna be in the picture soon  
lets take a train and leave the lost land, accidental move helps the occidental mind.  
station by station we feel more lost, while all turn to dust, the western people must be blind !  
his head was melting in my hand



WHAT ARE ROOMS FOR ?

this side of the room will make my statue looking tall.  
my body low and right  
will drive the dark,  
avoid the light.

I'm breaking all the glass,  
I'm reading papers in the dark,  
the echo falls because I  
can't hear your screaming from the window below.  
I sold myself to reach what never had been reached before.  
but what I got instead was just a darkened stranger, I met.  
I wish I knew, how to feed the dogs.

Susan's doll lies splashed on the floor. Now I know how to feed my soul.

What are rooms like ? what are rooms for ? (not to sleep)



## Steam

Hypnotised I watched the clock, feel the moment sliding  
Radio howling in my back : chaos (but it's trying)  
Someone whispers in my ear. She used the word "obsession".  
Obviously it's crystal clear. She wears erotic fashion.  
It's hard to keep the statue clean. She pushed me in denying.  
I'm the expert in her dream : too fast (but I'm trying)  
She took me to the city, left the room all alone and showed me  
all the laundry of what once was monochrome

We are steam,  
I can see your face in mine.

And all of the liquid streaming from the insane  
my brain is wired  
Ancient language she spoke with the flowing  
words, it hurts, inside the first ear. Neglected tension, wrong  
invention Sir. I think you got it all wrong  
got lost by your mosaic thoughts  
Exclusive vagueness of the bitter liquid touches the air  
symphony of solvents. I began being aware of the decadence in your  
tune, your lips  
the very red and the blackness of your cynical dialogue in vogue  
this vagueness at a cornered table of dance hall.





TÜRKİYE CUMHURİYETİ  
Posta 5000 LIRA  
KURUMSAL İRACAT KURUMU, İZMİR



TÜRKİYE CUMHURİYETİ  
Posta 2000 LIRA  
KURUMSAL İRACAT KURUMU, İZMİR



HE IS ICE

You're trying hard to have your costume clean, but  
leave the room a mess.

you're focused in a morbid scene, a perfect  
loneliness. His lady leads the er eep  
parade, their voices mixed but nice.

Newspapers wonder about the call he made,  
a fact still criticized.

Sometimes when the half-light shows  
him making love 'till she cries. He always drives  
her wild, she knows, but I know he is ice.

27 ST.

SHE IS GUN

watch her legs

watch her breasts

she is oil on canvas

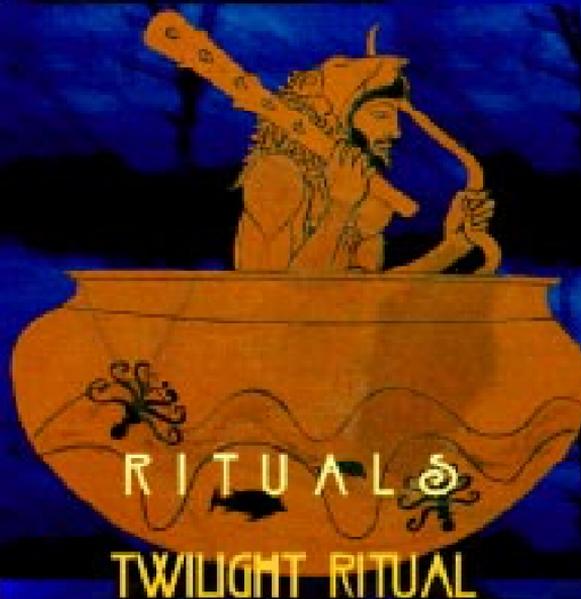
she is wow

She is on

She is gun

strange appearing lady, on an Italian night bus somewhere

It feels like your eyes are staring



RITUALS

TWILIGHT RITUAL



## I NEVER CALLED YOU A DREAM

I never saw it before,  
but now I look and I find it everywhere.  
they haven't left a thing for us, nothing left for  
I never called you a dream,  
they took it all, they know us all, we could have known it from before,  
but ever though, we did not see it.  
I never called you a dream  
oh, holy cow ! I cannot see it,  
I know what's happening,  
I cannot see it,  
there's nothing sacred  
there are no  
secrets anymore



## TEARS ON THE WALL

I don't know me, tears on the wall.  
see, all those endless waists on me.  
I don't know me, I don't know.  
tears on the wall, tears on the wall.  
she lies asleep in a quiet room tonight  
foetal posture  
her black hair shimmers on the white dress.  
I entered, I had to be looking voodoo.  
there must be another side on everything I do. Tears on the wall.

## ENERGY

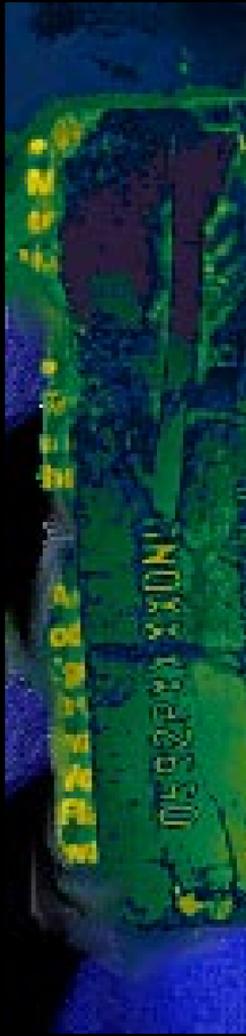
Shaded lamp,  
the glow dusk through our minds  
the seat and red wine,  
we're mystically blind  
the image remains,  
it burns like unseen energy  
I wake up in a white room,  
the deep sleep of fantasy  
You make me feeling low  
But while returning,  
my head is gone insane  
by rushing matters,  
do I have to break the chain?  
You are energy in that twilight ritual  
Oh come on babe, you're oh so sensual  
I'd like to take you low





## CLOSED CIRCUIT

back and forward, please keep me inside, just avoid me transforming,  
follow the sunrise, morning! it cries, on a flat plane we're arriving,  
just closed circuit, and you know it (that I long for you)  
we're in closed circuit, serpeeping our face from the screen,  
station to station, but she's all that loving means,  
station clock, hear a knock on your mental door.  
she is here, she is near, she is what I'm reaching for.  
It's in my program, I do a quick scan, and follow your gleaming eyes  
throughout the tape, it burns the tape, I thought the train was upside down,  
Brussels is a dead city.







## STRENGTH FOR ME

Only we can make it  
sound like rhythm,  
as we walked gently towards  
the old bridge.

you are the strand for me,  
strength for me.  
throwing the ring into the water,  
a gallery walk, a gentle talk, you  
are my very princess now.  
you are the strand for me,  
strength for me.

## FEAR FOR LOSING YOU

My mind is full of fear

fear for losing you

into the darkness into the bright light merging with the city at night

My mind is full of you



## LIFESTYLE

The weekend is all I seem to long for, counting the days became an oh so boring job

All day long I'm waiting for a sign, Found another reason but this thinking wastes my time

It's my lifestyle, and there's no way to get out

See a face, changing the program, watch the days as they pass

looking for a friend, I lost one year ago but will it ever end ?



All tracks by Twilight Ritual  
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Sound and Concept by Twilight Ritual  
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Engineered and produced by Chrismar Chayell  
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