

# CLOUD CONTROL

by Todd Brunner

1. Wrestled to the Floor
2. Lala
3. Louder Than You
4. Royal Orchid Grower
5. Checked Out
6. Anthro-fucking-pology

Chris Christ - bass

Rosemary's Baby - drums, drum loops, samples

Anastasia Beaverhausen - vocals on Royal Orchid Grower

Todd Brunner - everything else

Written by Todd Brunner · Produced by The Undertaker

Cover by Todd Brunner, based on you know who

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Rosemary's Baby and Chris Christ appear courtesy of Laszlo Spatchcock and our pals at Sublamental



## Wrestled to the Floor

Used to take a journey on the stratosphere express  
A little anaesthetic to alleviate the stress  
I volunteered my service to the highest of the high  
But I've been ...

Wrestled to the floor  
I've got no substance anymore  
The stuff I was about  
Is slowly draining out  
So I'm down for the count on the floor

As a sole proprietor in soliciting delight  
I would seek that shit out like a moth pursuing light

Counting down the days between the rapture and the joy  
But I've been ...

Wrestled to the floor  
The sun won't heat me anymore  
I used to take that ride  
Now I'm halted in my stride  
And I'm down for the count on the floor

I don't want to hear about terrific places  
Suffer the felicitous and joyful faces  
Watching happy campers with no logic traces sucks

Acknowledging the truth is only realistic  
Just about the opposite of fatalistic

I can never be completely solipsistic now  
Not now

Wrestled to the floor  
I'm just not a player anymore  
It's difficult to dwell  
With no water in the well  
So I'm down for the count on the floor

## Lala

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
When you're overweight  
But your life is great

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
In your fucking car  
Like a superstar

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Recent history  
And a cup of tea

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Having no concerns  
While your nation burns

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Go on holiday  
Hey hey hey hey hey

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
With your narrow sight  
And an appetite

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Make your body numb  
And your thinking dumb

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
In the holy shrine  
Of your credit line

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Never have a doubt  
What your shit's about

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Turn the colours grey  
Hey hey hey hey hey

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Are you having fun  
When your life is done

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala  
Will you be so brave  
Living in a cave

## Louder Than You

Say what you want if it makes you feel nice  
Whatever you know  
Go with the flow  
And then I'll crush your soul like an egg in a vice  
So I can be louder than you

Post your opinions and say how you feel  
Whatever you think  
Will certainly stink  
Because I'm just a prick with no further ideal  
Than just to be louder than you

<chorus>  
It's an easy gig  
That makes me feel so big  
I'm going off the chart

So let's call it art  
</chorus>

Make a big deal of expressing your views  
Impress your friends  
Reap dividends  
And then I'll knock you down with no scratches or bruise  
By just being louder than you

Join the consensus and take up the cry  
Agree with the rest  
Give it your best  
And then I'll wish yourself and your pals to all die  
So I can be louder than you

<chorus>

Ignore what I say or dismiss it as spam  
Scream, rant and shout  
Knock yourself out  
Because being a hater is just what I am  
And I need to be louder than you  
So fantastically louder than you  
I just gotta be louder than you

## Checked Out

Is it so important that the words that someone said can be inflated to include the things that no one ever mentioned so that they can be a scapegoat for the disillusion in your life

Rating this and hating that is everyone's opinion to the maximum discredit of a person for no reason but the anaesthetic pleasure of the fantasy of being right

<chorus>

So I'm checked out  
Livin' off the grid 'til I work it out

Goin' underground 'cause I'm full of doubt  
La dee da dee da da dee

Checked out  
Haven't got a clue what it's all about  
Tearin' out my hair 'til I wanna shout  
La dee da dee da da dee  
</chorus>

Living in the nightmare that you made because you didn't use your brain before deciding comprehensive knowledge on a subject tweeted from the depths of someone's anus who you really like

Trust is overrated when it's based on information lacking any kind of substance but the contents of a headline in a soulless competition for the scrutiny of everyone

<chorus>

<bridge>  
Please don't destroy us  
Girl against boy us  
La dee da dee da dee

Don't turn your brain off  
Reason the pain off  
La dee da dee da dee  
</bridge>

Narrow down your thinking to the microscopic level so the quantity of stuff that you can stuff into your head becomes the imbecilic statement of the moron that you really are

<chorus>

<bridge>



## Anthro-fucking-pology

People are just organisms living on this rock  
Who took a twisting road in getting here  
With humble little brains and the ability to talk

When you think everything's known  
And you've boxed it up so tight  
You better look up from your phone  
Because your thinking isn't right  
Yes a person is a thing  
Not just the picture that you see  
Yeah that's the song we need to sing  
It's anthro-fucking-pology

Evolution drove us to the point of being smart  
After that we played it all by ear  
We took it to the limit and we tore it from the heart

So the writings on the wall  
Can be covered up with paint  
And that bastard's filthy words  
Are just the preachings of a saint  
Watch your anger lest it grow  
And drag you deep into the sea  
It's time to get on with the show  
It's anthro-fucking-pology

Buried deep inside your head  
Is the cost of being you  
Better get out of the red  
So the payment can go through  
Leave the hatred and the doubt  
And be the best that you can be  
You gotta let your human out  
It's anthro-fucking-pology

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