Cyanide 5/1195

- 1. Para Bellum
- 2. At the Gym
- 3. Work, Shop, Die
- 4. Infantile Erection
- 5. Vampire
- 6. Outrage Addicts Ignite
- 7. The Sad Hypnotist
- 8. I Shouldn't Have But I Did
- 9. Time to Think
- **0.** Drain Flies

Tony Roko - guitar, keyboards, socks and shoes Catriona Flamenghi - bass, piano, guano expertise Todd Brunner - vocals, guitar, keyboards, egghead Howard Storkman Jr - drums, percussion, chronic fatigue syndrome with Rupert von Nutwood - alto sax

Herb Halpert - trumpet

The Shimmering Lungfish Orchestra - strings, woodwinds, brass

Tracks 1,3,5,7,9 written by Todd Brunner. Tracks 2,4,6,8,10 written by Roko, Flamenghi, Brunner, Storkman.

Produced by The Undertaker. Recorded at The Factory Floor, Lushwood Hills, 2020. Cover and insert by Atticus Grafficas.

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the Distraction Effect

Para Bellum

Embrace your morals Switch on your brain Defy tradition And bring the whole thing down

< chorus > Para bellum Si vis pacem Para bellum If you want peace Prepare for war </chorus >

Control your anger Distil your pain Focus frustration And bring the whole thing down

< chorus >

[The March of The Engorged Street Fighters]

Define your targets Accept the light Retain compassion And bring the whole thing down

< chorus >

Work, Shop, Die

What are you doing in this place Fueling revenue and filling space The benefits are not for you Just keep repeating what you're born to do

< chorus > So work, shop, die Fulfil the mighty purpose that we glorify Work, shop, die Make the wealthy richer And never know the reason why </chorus >

What does it matter that you think Whether you're comatose or on the brink So let your habits never stray And keep your observations locked away

## < chorus >

You are never going to get ahead The game is rigged Your prospects dead So raise a glass and give a final cheer You're fading out The end is near

[A Procession of Mindless Automatons]

< chorus >

## Vampice

I get a little queasy early evening I feel a little empty until I dine There are no distractions to delay me From taking that which must be mine

I feasted on your boyfriend He was such a tasty snack Cause I'm a filthy vampire With a monkey on my back

I like a little pushback from my victims I love a bit of spicy in my food Got nothing but respect for the ones that hit me Just let 'em rock 'til they're subdued

I guzzled up your mother She was such a yummy treat Cause I'm a nasty vampire And a man has gotta eat

## [The Strut of the Lushwood Hills Bloodsuckers]

I'm down on my hands and knees And I'm giving grandpa's neck a squeeze Don't you think that I deserve a break While I seek to satisfy my ache

I drain 'em til they're empty And I lap up every drop Cause I'm a fucking vampire And I'm never gonna stop

the 5ad Hypnotist

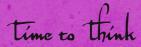
Down a road winding Under sun setting To a house crumbling From the rot inside of it

In the dark hallway With the bad lighting Is a scant remnant Of the sad hypnotist

He was once famous For no good reason With a strong viewpoint But we've all forgotten it

Now a thin shadow With no influence Only alive in the past tense Just a sad hypnotist

[The Spiraling Down of the Obsolete Influencers]



You and your phone are light as air Float down the street and don't look where Touch the screen and fail to see The deathbed of democracy

Perpetrate and spread the lies Do what imbeciles advise Skim the headlines take a stance Conform yourself and do the dance

Colour in the picture wrong Let some moron sing your song There's nothing that you need to know Abandon facts get with the flow

Drink the stranger's lemonade Eat that toast and marmalade Take your brain on holiday You won't need it for what you say

## < chorus >

Don't you think it's time to think With spewing shit in all directions We all need some time to think To re-establish those connections So I say nana nana nana nana Nana nana nana na na </chorus>

Push the thoughts out of your head It's simpler to not hear what's said Make a judgement anyway It's worth a few likes any day

Rally to the latest cry Crucify some random guy Then move on to the cheaper thrill Cause fuck it you've got time to kill

Never ever check your facts Facilitate some nasty acts Be important in a group Of strangers in a mindless loop

Put a target to a face Dive right in and torch the place Cancel cancel make them dead While never rising from your bed

< chorus >

[The Wandering of the Clueless Screen Zombies]

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