

Cyanide Slugs

The Distraction Effect

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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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 >

Vampire

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 Sad 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]

time to think

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 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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