

A script for the video
ARBITRARY NAMES CAN'T DEFINE SUCH TASTE BEN DAWSON

I am serious, I have postured a seriousness that demands, revolutionary language is stuff and limited to Official channels
I'm lying to everyone and my self

Non human alienation
Stiffness
Jaws clenched, soft air percolating, the sheer/stark reminder that I'm breathing
Free falling
Eclipses can't last forever
Sludge, easing my way though sludgy solute, heavy hearted

Privacy paradox
Moulding to membranes of past sensations
Some times you Gott let go
I'll will swallow you hole

We are all so similar, charges tensions attracting us, divine polarity intangible laws governing Defects

I'm always out of balance tth
Whos ever in balance

Spit it out of your mouth
Virteloic

Solum trickles threw sweaty pits, shoulders tighten up, anticipation vibrating bouncing off walls, echos, sonic stains of atrophy, honing in on what matters

Yelling is a faint sonic impulse, wobbling whispers of past experiences, your voice is, your voice is other, spit it out all ready, your eroding in to clean air

Modular shift, in tastes like ephemera
Contraband of sad absences
It gives me pleasure to ask you
Outskirts of auxiliary
Words don't go there, however; your taste will

Exhale in to magic, eruptions anticipated
Breath, rotting I ate, consumed to leave me feeling famished, I'm about to overflow
Malnurnshed, drained of pixels, cast a spell a spell, why don't I feel full?

Salivating, self flagalsing, torture is imaterial lucid and transient, like your tongue carving out diamonds on the hood of your mouth, excavating a bliss

Policing such ecstasy, disarticulating the known articulations, short circuit
Traversing idleness, no need to ruminate on objectivity it's far too easy
To frame (Wretched frame work)

if I confronted my self in and other iteration would I be able to say "You found what felt correct?"
I think I could actually
Just maybe id have faint whispers echoing
At what mint truly was

Defining by the subjectivity possessions to its self and objects
Defamiliarise the familiar teste

Solimity is an echo location, in the core of our body the emitters ache
Everyone was engulfed by shallow recess

It begins with shaping thought with air, primary sources conversing synaptic hoping around, possibility rising
Names evolve and change, I like naming
Eloquent eminent, galzonised inaccuracy inside language I'm bathing in bioluminescence fascination as the moon waxing and waning justifying occasional solitude is a facade rendered in to "unique" veneer

Defoliatrd
Asphyxical

Foreword

Over the past 4 months I have been grappling with this linguistic in a wrestling match of simply colossal predicament, fuzzy pixels rubbing against choruses of grandeur, I neither have the skill to speak or sing, anxieties looming as Forge internal utterance in sonic acoustics (yells in to echo chamber)

Remeber when you put the stars in my eyes and eclipsed?
Waxing waning, Push and pull, you pulled the oceans out of my stomach in to your mouth, overflowing eruptions Currents crashing, waxing and waning, the alchemic cycling lingers, rise and fall the exchange has been made, you can't go back.

Wasn it kinda wonderful?
Describing things is violent, regulation is violence

Demythologization
Inceptionism is making noise in to visualised matter

Unscramble the shadows
apophenia

Murky obsolescence
Proxy participation
Unfixed identity, arbitrary names
Resurrection

If I survive I'm coming for you personally
I'm fed up with insipid limitations, biantoed predetermined by structures of capital, I like plasticity, leaning in to artificialness is a lushness that subverts such headonsim, limitations propose internal magic, if I can transmute such "binality" in to pure alchemy the exchange, even if it fails it's all transposition (transmission/transmutation)

"We can change with(in)"
seeking to conjour the language, my voice is limited by the lexicon of synthesised definitions, loneliness isn't insular it's all encompassing, pouring in, if you drown me I shall become the moon, pull the water form my lungs, wilting such austere ronin idiomatic expression of Taxonomy under the Gize, it's essentially the truth, we are all escapist

If I can hide behind the gates, the tide will still rise, Damp feet still smell of previous voyages
Falling inwards sloshing tides, agonising doubt is the water rising around your neck
Divination, i long to dive in to such underworlds, you can be the master of your texture (skin)

I am becoming someone new, or returning to my self
Confessions of a dying star, confessions of fading light, intangible, if I have lost this much fuel, I shall collapse under my own gravity, take me back to my organal state, I refuse to watch my self burn out in to the void

When I utter such magic, I never wanted this, trailing smoke, history lost to particles masked as pictures.
The moon waned for my return so grace her orbit and return to my original state, I reside my destiny to a Residual half life of what was. Returning to that matter isn't for the feeble, collateral oxidisation solidifying.
You need bait to trap for me to be captured

I am stronger than you give me credit for
Celestially grandures detached from turbulence is a dextirity
Polyphemism

I became the sun, I absorbed so much that I had to radiate outwards, release what's yours outwards, we can hoard and own what's ours, disperse scatter (sun surface scatter) your never not producing energy
Remind me of what could be? Please. Keep your dignity whilst you dissolve in to histeria, purging in to exile—divinity can never die

What cannot be named, cannot be kown
Data mines are origins story's within crystallises carbon, meshes forming architectures to emulate sites of existence post pixel, their is no site of genesis, your not logged, cataloging doesn't feel correct it doesn't have enough empathy, treat us with empathy
I'll put a spell on you
I looked at you with the moon in your eyes and the sun in soul, Invoke guilt as a form auditing, carving out purity, a long week we watch
They stole the colour out of his soul, tranquillity was privledge, in purging they found an emptiness Bound to a myth of a past self, like peering over a still pool with an infinite bottom, still

Stillness, I felt the lack of meta data, sigils are hypnograohic, the oath is binding, time shall tell you things we can't see, you will walk the language of the sigil, at the price of the sacrifice, the inferno
I'm constantly trying to communicate something incommunicable, self prophesies isn't a equal exchange. planned obsolescence is a way to deal with it all, self masochism is walking with a sword through your chest, pull it out, the incantation I'll break; curses are meant to be broken

Release is needed
Once your cross the gate your no longer "other"
"Singular" to them
Pilgramdodge is astrological bathed in red incandescent light, gate ways Apatures, portals to unknown; crossing over to limbo is mandatory, hell darling. 9 levels of vinacular held against against a linguistic history, conjuring (casting) magic must mean autonomy, we must ask this simple question, why are we here? Iterations can't be controlled between each strata of hell they roam, intersecting on the traces of residual transmutation circles. transmutations and teleportation are radically different horizontalalims proves that, 9 circles bound by verticality traverpseudo-atemporal.

Neutralising—Ostracism—self obliteration
Telepathy burdens us, as the fuzzy background static crackes, no object is in a constant relationship with pleasure, I can taste the language of the circles (I'll never be wordless) but why can't the language of creativity be the languages regeneration, I miss you more than I remember, language diminished and hurled, Remembering has profound consequence

Limbo
Lust
Gluttony
Greed
Anger
Heresy
Violence
Fraud
Treachery

Hot to cold?
If I move on to an other plane of existence the ghost will follow as a trace lost between the levels and starta, lost textures trailing between bump maps, once you have travesty the temperatures—have I learnt anything? Am I still "self"
Or "other" or complete.
The metaphors fail me, like my own imposter syndrome, it's instrumental for you to under stand that I am insnared by limits. Limits like binarys are placed like swords in stones, once you pull the sword out of the stone you release a special magic, spacial corporal transgressive spac, the myths of the Faustian bond, and the stone are like such binarys they are told through story's, whispers, echos and cultural legacy's. Once we are conscious of such

Alchemical combinations conjuring Holograms, 9 holograms performing sins in transcendental limbo, purgatory is a performed state of self, pergatorial aligorys are siren songs, choruses dancing floating between membrane levaing echos of curses, sounds has a transient quality that isn't quantified to linguistic structures, Obedience isn't required so don't blame your self. My
Body is here in spirit but my mind is projection beyond, the filters of augmentation blurr truths in to simulation situations like 9 layers of hell. Or am I dreaming of eternal damnation. I don't have the language to articulate and comprehend that. In this failure of language a homonclious of homogeneod reality is presenting futures passed. If we believe this spell to be true, we are defying the laws of magic, matter being formed like a rebuis Augment energy in to sentient beings

Phantom limbs denoting escapism from tropes of historical ontology's, how do we transcend the arbitrary ones we have "completed" the journey. The entity of language is entangled with a homunculus of cultures signifiers and variables, this isn't in science, their is no truth. You can not focus on one thing, whilst you are juggling their is always a ball job the air waiting for the alchemist to cast a spell to freeze it in space. To freeze the ball in mid air is too fabricate the hologram, penetramt the pixels from the Faustian bond, it's rejections the real for a glimmer between the language

The name is the guest of the subsistence,
In a given space the alchemist who drew the circle can cast the spell, now it's up too you to decide your fate, transmutation?
Are you conscious of your vernacular?
It wasn't what you said,

I can't recognise the truths as answers to such rebirth, Phantom Leakages of clarity between vicious lcher, the sensation of your hand rolling it's wrists are not necessarily magic just a phantom memory of a muscle memory. Your hands still remember. in a binary unit of memory singular states of memory are Multiplicity of truth. Lineage
Remeber when I gave you permission to be? I gave you the option of naming such experience, but I never gave you enough, limitations are periferal to my true feelings. Am I enough after this?

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stillpointmag.org/articles/transcend-incarceration