

Beethovenfest Bonn

Fr 16.9., 19.30 Uhr Oper Bonn Gravitation – Lyrics

SHADOWGRAMS

I used to live here
this use to be my home
before the queen
beyond language
before english
before Columbus
before you found ur way out of salt
caves and starvation

I saw a jigga boo in Lisbon Portugal
yesterday stumbling through the
streets as if no one ever left Africa

in Holland they blacken up for Christ-
mas just so the lord knows they still
in Africa in London they blacken up to
remind the world that they still in Af-
rica and they ain't never left and they
ain't never gonna leave. they over in
South Africa right now talking about
nationality ,something about we was
here first. shaking hands with the Chi-
nese talking about a economic boom.

the only reason flowers grow here
my mothers sweat and tears
but according to the gorilla she was
never here
what magical pussy did these mean
come from

Because she is missing
every 9 seconds
every two minutes
every last breath

south London
choke hold of reasonable doubt

they don't believe you
you were never here
you still not here
and any memory of you
Is under construction

North Philly is not north at all
it's below
water and hell
they drown you inside your home

let the buildings crumble
over you
just enough
so you keep breathing in the mold
the contamination
drinking the brown water full of lead
they don't tell you
that you been drinking it all your life

sleeping on a colony of bed bugs
infestation
never leaving
you are never leaving
the cycle of what is
what has been and what continues

10 million for the queen
10 million bodies for a president
10 million gallons of blood for the oil
more land for the pipeline
more bodies for slavery

more more more

bombs for peace
corpses for the corporations
poison for the hospital
children for the war

they hope the children will remember
the power of war
and return the violence you asked for
begging for destruction the way you
taught them

searching playgrounds for war heads
of state
that appear in the form of a drone
a toy
a killing machine
a fire in the sky

it wasn't you
it was the rise of machines
it was death of humanity
a humanity that only cares on the
Internet
only cares when plug into
a virtual reality
that last and only place to feel
something

pop stars dropping crumbs from sky
scraper buildings

you eat it up
cause you got nothing

it's not the queen
that 10 million is so we stay awake
so she can sleep at night
it's not the president
we will always vote for the demise
of life , liberty and justice

they schools taught us we don't exist

he said yes we can
keep you distracted
keep you numb
keep you dead
keep you isolated
keep you away
keep you bombed

no body will notice
they control the music
they killed art
I don't know what you think you are
making
but it ain't art
they hacked art
they hacked creativity
who are these so called artists
liars dressed in the flesh of our past
will offer no solution

no requiem
just sounds
sonic chaos
sonic imprisonment
but still
we will fight for our distractions
don't let the club close
keep the tv on
swipe left
keep scrolling
no religion of truth but religion of
boredom
you better buy you for cheap

they don't believe you

about ur mother
for she has been raped around the world
throughout the existence of war and
imperialism

the end has happened
and it keeps happening
and you keep checking the clock
as if time ever protected you

keep checking the clock
does it say doomsday
does it say father for I have sinned
does it say where they lynched eve
or where they buried Harriet

they have killed our Heroes
and we forget their names
and call out into the void
I have no nationality
I was never born

when you think about it
the nice white people in the mansion
up on the hill own the sky

you know you're daddy and dem

daddy
can we watch em die on easter
can I cut the ribbon
can I go to the demolition

you know it
ain't no home
after the rich
ain't no home
after they bomb the levies
ain't no home after slavery
ain't no home after we built all the
prisons

who do we forgive in the mist of our
forgetting

in the mist of making lemonade
in the mist of birthing the masters
children
I mean workforce
I mean field hands

we forgot the song
before I be a slave I'll b dead in a grave
they tricked you
you think you alive
you think you is alive
you think you are still alive

R you learning
how to keep a man
how to fuck a man
how to own a body
how to be shade against a sun
that has no gender

sex and pain
all we kno

rape around the clock
no one speaks about the war
waged against our mother
no one speaks

too scared
don't wanna get beat up
don't wanna be seen
rather just deal with it
over all them eyes judging me
don't matter tho

no one lives here
just cattle
just machines
the devolution of humanity
has already taking place
and we confused
trying to come to terms of what it
means to be human

ain't no more human
they know that
you don't
you can't
they replace our hearts
a long time ago
you don't care
don't even have to

did you line up to vote
did you vote corruption
did you vote for a man
does he love you
did you vote for the queen
did she birth you?

Latest projects/albums

<https://moormother.ffm.to/beota>

<https://www.irreversibleentanglements.com/>

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Residencies/Fellowships

*CERN Artist Resident - CPT Symmetry
& Violations*

Knight Art + Tech Fellowship ———
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Websites

<http://moormother.net/>

<https://moormother.bandcamp.com/>

<http://blacktimebelt.net/>

<https://www.blackquantumfuturism.com/>