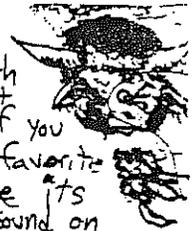


Since the first Casiner lp people are still stuck in this century instead of the 1600s so included on this lp is a device to help. Sew the arms on the cover (thru the elbow's snake eye) like a wreath into where your eyebrows or forehead starts then on the opposite side cut out the horse, Aunt Forehead, Nagalloxa chop, Dusk gods, Beribuck head and sew onto finger tips (the horseshoes too if you want) now get a giant bowl of water to use as a mirror and washbasin. Barricade your favorite room of the house with heavy train equipment (preferably rails but whatever) making sure its so heavy that in a week of not eating you wouldn't be able to move it. Now listen to each sound on the 1st/introduction side for one week at a time separately. The 1st sound you will hear is an explosion of THE CAMPFIRE COMING ALIVE with 1800's train and crane lighting. 2nd week has the sound of the WHISTLE YOU HEAR FOR BREAKDOWN ANIMAL LIKE SMILE after kissing SHIT in mean turn. 3rd week has the sound of the CRANKLETON HORSE and THE UNICORN MAN wearing the knife in his brow and his brag yell. 4th week take a look at yourself you bloody thing and smile you're almost there you can listen to the PIPE AND WATER ORGAN THAT MADE THE LEVITT KIDS SINE when the snow began to melt. When this last sound is over a month will have gone by and you may refer to the pipe and water organ when feeling too out of whack. Please listen to the rest of the lp now keeping the eyes staring at the sun and filling your chest with Bright Dust. Good Luck.



**CORN RED MOON**

There was a moon who would stay in the corner of your eye. It would follow your bread smells and purring panties dry. Knocking food down for bugs again and again. Corn Red Moon gets spat out sopper stealings dail end. Corn Red notes in its bulb body waved a brand at it. Nastly things are put together and biter letters are writ. To a bank we went to see if they have a common earited. Wages and politeness have this Corn moon turned away out bang bang you steal it Garp. The Corn Red Moon went by a window and cannon ball hit ober. Corned Moon must've chucked all night or more. Corn Red Moon must have chucked at us getting so sore. Everyone all around made a stew all day potatoes and wick soaps were added to the boiling array. Out of a corner of an eye the Corned Moon came. And it fixed its kornelny bulb somewhere above the steam. The cannon was fixed on a place in the maze bang it feared hitting nought but steam and a head. The face it whapped was a rider for the bank. Tears were shedded and that cannon left unthanked. Corn Red Moon came around now and again. A course. Until a smartie made a flap pie taken from behind of a horse. A bad taste pie and we had finally succeeded. So if a corned moon starts at your crumbs horse muffins feed it.

**CORNED HORSES & WINDOW CRACKERS**

Looking for the spirit after burying children  
Bring them up inside by all my crying  
Oh lucky spirits! Oh Grief hard you beat me!  
THE DAYS START WITH SUN UP AND WANT LET ME BE  
Grief like a horse - pushing over trees  
Oh lucky spirits! Oh Grief hard you beat me!  
I cry and can't sleep, I can't sleep  
The best life and my wife ready  
I worked it up to be blessed with a lady  
Oh lucky spirits. Oh grief hard you slap me!  
Guilt a drunk could withstand the sadness of me  
Am bringing my horse boy back today.  
My arm tapped on the barrel to be his leg  
Oh lucky spirits. Oh grief you slapped me  
stopping my arms with his work shirt not to bleed  
Nailing my forehead window girl back today  
Her little eyes cracked my hammer hand started  
Oh lucky spirits. Oh grief hard you slapped me  
I pulled my legs up with her dress not to bleed  
I can't term up anymore of mourning charged  
Oh lucky spirits! Oh grief hard you slap me!  
My children and I once more hymns we sing  
Always in God eternal love and even their lives  
Oh lucky spirits! Oh grief hard you hit me.  
The grief lingers since her little eyes can't see.



**KIN THE QUILT**

Adam here left his panic bite  
And his wife composed a song  
Here's his waist here it be  
attach my spine to next n day  
Quilt laid out on Christmas day  
The older ones watch vs camp and  
play  
Look at where that jaw came  
From  
It's that lamb of God eaten off the tree  
what was wrapped up in some love bread. And that  
greased turkey in there dead. Seized up by your great  
grandmas thumbs in the quilt we can keep them in  
And when you die happily or painfully your legs wrap  
ped up just the same & fitted in the quilt lovely  
out old so your grand children know your soul  
Anything finds its way there in a page from  
the book on childrens sin they sewed up  
angel wings calling kin angels is no blasphemy  
Sewed up bits of every kind have beauty  
felt outlined what part of bodies haven't put  
in to put in the clouds by the thornwin crib  
The quilt is as freshly smelted in. As the day there  
hats and cats turned in. The quilt passed down as  
seasons turn. And share a last name down as  
you earn

**GOOD LUCK SHINING**

For all men deserve to act filthy not all men deserve the pity  
The blacksmith organization Swoop back fifth with ceremony  
All box at the Unicorn smeared smooth and shiny with talc  
Such sweet and fifth will leave us as bad luck  
They sunny with it manure in the faint light of dust and smog  
Up chanting smithing it a crackle young lad pokes his head in  
of the door and hands a sad paragraph in their laps to men  
I am sorry I've heard the drunken merchant laughing at you  
his joke was upon Frank slaughter and chided that he had a cow  
tongue which he had sold to blacksmiths and lashed off to  
the cartons that their news ribs so bad that some fruits cracked and  
dred a few deppled the horse apples and ran same off to callton  
some home to get guns and some to curse at the ground. Cloudy  
eye Smith pricked up the tongue and a fat miller he decided to make  
I will stay up at night and work on distraction til day break  
In the morning discarded tongue flying out the door of the shedding  
shed. For little Boley stalled in the morning the fool holder  
smacked his dear head with a yelping growl  
ward and thanked his dear head with a yelping growl  
im black smithing happiness until my number is called  
happiness is a tongue that holds sharp things and protects my  
hands with six iron pigholders would be empty as soon  
as they were filled, a pig owner would sleep well waking  
up with seeing a screaming piggy being killed. Now little  
Boley he did a thing that were both wonderful and mean  
He did know it but for every pig he brought in a sad  
made a wife horse shoe he brought in a sad  
horse whip brothers whose cracks would mean  
friends tooth



**20' TALL STACKED SKELTON**

20' tall stacked skelton here  
turning his Rib cages stacked  
up on white legs I see warning  
sign  
That thing keeps coming in  
in and tipping up my arms  
whose copper touches!  
precious instruments!  
Click-Click-Click Shut-Shut  
As soon as I am in money  
I'm back onto flat  
where hills should hold mansions  
I'm in a 10 spart stack  
Gunpowder I had left to give that  
rat distress but only my parch was  
left a mess  
Gowling in spot from my car just stopping  
the hands of my wondering ideas  
Sucked old things never touched me at all  
The skull has a natural grin and it tips off  
vibrating my workbench the other day  
Big clues won't hurt it rope striking away  
has flattened my hopes the genius I thought it  
was just you and Flatty broke 20' tall stacked  
fibs here running high! Grinding empty sockets  
missing 2 stacks of eyes. All my sockets  
are growing hell send back broke 2 ways  
and staid broke flat

The fish brought feet and hands from the death  
And some children with 2 common months  
Ashes and black tobacco eyes and lids  
Them to dream out snakes around making  
Skip

2 year alive with a gal mask sized Large  
A neck guarded with extra wood hearts  
The dusk then brought burnt painted leaves from the forest  
And red caulked barrels + blessed mud from the earth  
Covering children to make oceans sweat

The overrated back in a confused atmosphere  
To clear the land of pests and a new land to unfold  
Children used to be the clearing blooming back  
Preparation took 300 days for the epis heads and  
All they learn was how to top their hands  
Time to shut your eyes how closing  
Days with common brow. Time to shut  
your eyes now closing days with  
Common brow Time to shut your eyes  
now closing days with common brow

**NO WHEN DELUSION**

If I could only wear those obscuring glasses  
Ah! if I could only see the persons I base from  
wheat Ah! if I could gain happiness by leading my own  
I winds each blowing green drab hearts love lives

Shit that's a bunch that no suna business  
only I gotta pry out a drop out a shoe  
kw from pro play family has two  
Bundled him sake kw hoodlum who  
kw from steel pin on l. uozon  
it's how no no no no no no no no no no