



VERT / THE DAYS WITHIN

Everyone I meet is looking for  
A moment's shelter from **THE GLARE**  
Of all the possible worlds  
Running alongside what is there  
(Do you see them too?)

*And everything that you can think of  
Has already happened  
And it is happening  
Over & over & over again*

In one world everyone knows their own mind  
And no-one hesitates & there's no doubt  
In one world electricity is time  
And no-one ever dies, they just fade out  
(Would you fade with me?)

*And everything that you can think of  
Has already happened  
And it is happening  
Over & over & over again  
And everything that you can think of  
Has already happened  
And it is happening  
Over & over & over again*

# Regret

was a writer / wrote her  
name on buildings walls  
& trains / a starfish with a  
tear was her sign. / She only  
worked by night / & not  
a soul had ever seen her  
face / but people claimed  
they'd seen her many times /  
move through their dreams.

SOMEONE started up a site  
/ called Metaphysical Graf-  
fiti showing / photos of her  
work that people found. /  
One day a poster claimed /  
that he'd unearthed Regret's  
identity / that night the site's  
whole server farm burnt  
down / no-one knew how.

*I THOUGHT I SAW HER  
ONCE ON STREET VIEW  
SHE WAS / WRITING  
WITH A DEEP BLUE MOP  
A- / CROSS SOME AN-  
CIENT DESERT PIECE OF  
WALL / THERE'S SOME-  
THING ABOUT HER  
WHERE YOU / START TO  
THINK SHE'S EVERY-  
WHERE BUT / UBIQUI-  
TY'S JUST THE SAME  
AS NOT BEING AT ALL*

SO what do we know about  
walls? / What do we know  
about trains & tears? / What  
do we know about starfish  
anyway? / Because objects  
all withdraw / and maybe  
she was never here / may-  
be that burnt-down server  
farm is all there's ever been.



Endless simulations & mumbled invitations  
The mistakes are all part of my plan  
And I'm patient on the pavement, lost in chewing gum constellations  
With a fading street map for the wrong town

I lost my way once or twice, but the way came back to find me  
Once or twice or maybe maybe more  
And a watch will get you nowhere coz it just goes round in circles  
That's why I left mine lying next to yours

But I  
just  
don't  
know  
how you  
made  
all  
this  
light.  
And I  
wonder,  
what  
does it  
mean  
**All This Light?**

I grew up when I realised every town is much the same  
Every stop I glimpse from every train  
And the neon signs intone their messages of loneliness  
Over and over and over and over again

And so it's endless repetition, the spring within the spring  
The months without and the days within  
And the moon's in on it too with its phases and its moods  
And its whole new old, new old, new old thing

But I  
still  
don't  
know  
how you  
made  
all this  
light.  
And I  
wonder,  
where  
does it  
come  
from,  
this  
blind-  
ing  
white  
snow-  
storm of  
light?

ABOUT A DAY'S WALK SOUTH OF HERE  
VOLCANIC LAKES & HOME-BREWED BEER  
WALK ANOTHER MILE SOUTH  
& YOU'LL FIND THE HOUSE  
WHERE MY TRUE LOVE WAS BORN

HER DADDY DROVE A JUGGERNAUT  
HER MAMA SEWED, THE DAYS WERE SHORT  
& NOW SHE DRIVES MY DREAMS  
& SHE SEWS THE STARS  
ON THE NIGHT SKY OF MY HEART

Like a rose in winter / Like a drunk at dawn / Enthralled by  
the morning's rough gleam / Like an unknown scene / From  
an unknown play / I will work my way into your dreams

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL  
JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN  
ME / ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL JUST  
/ ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN ME

And then once I'm there / I will teach you things / Ex-  
tinctions of feelings you knew / I will wear them through  
/ & replace them all / With a new set of mutated truths

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL  
JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN  
ME / ALL THAT YOU CAN DO IS IS ALL JUST  
/ ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR YOU IS TRUST IN ME

And then you and I / Can collect our things / And  
fly to this villa I know / And then I will show /  
You all the scenes / That were cut from your folio

AND THEN ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS ALL JUST  
/ ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS TRUST IN ME / ALL  
THAT YOU CAN DO IS IS ALL JUST / ALL THAT'S  
LEFT FOR YOU IS TRUST IN ME / ALL YOU'LL HAVE  
TO DO IS IS ALL JUST / ALL THAT YOU MUST DO IS  
TRUST IN ME / NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU IT'S JUST /  
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT TRUST IN ME

TELL ME is the never to be / fundamentally different  
to the never was? / & tell me while you're at it /  
what you see when you stare at 0's and 1's / there's  
a bear in the hall & an old beach ball / & a bulb  
illuminates all your thoughts / but the beach ball's  
half deflated / & the bulb it just fades in the sun

And then We All Fall Down

PILE UP all yr dreams in the yard / & we'll torch  
them: oneiric desire / then we'll laugh & sing &  
cry / as the smoke & sparks all spiral to the sky  
/ then I'll tell you all my favourite lies / while  
the embers fade & expire / & we'll crouch & wait  
for sunrise / in the hope that the end is nigh

So we can all fall down

SO PLEASE tell is the never to be / fundamen-  
tally different to the never was? / If you break  
little promises / sooner or later you're gonna  
break the big ones / there's a piano on fire &  
a man on the wire / & he's trying to read all  
your thoughts / but the bear slumps in the cor-  
ner / while the 0's eliminate all the 1's

And then we'll all fall down

I START MY DAY WITH BALLANTINE'S & I END IT WITH caffeine. In these days of living backwards, nothing is what it seems. If you want clarification better stay at home and cower, coz discombobulation is my secret special power.

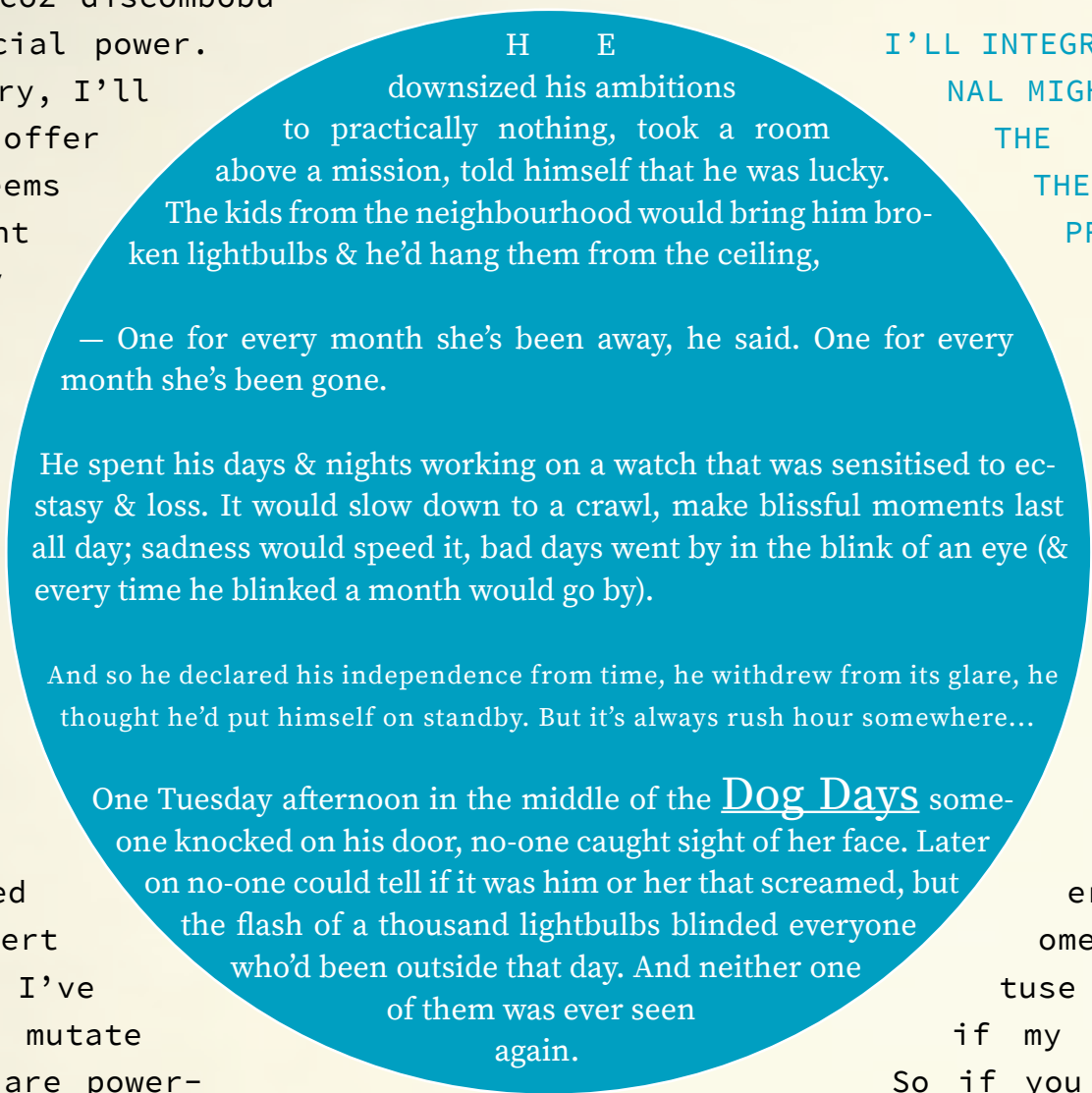
Yes I'll rearrange geometry, I'll make acute obtuse – and I offer no apologies if my work seems too diffuse. So if you want assistance can afford my daily rates just place an advert in the usual publications & just wait.

I Run the Waves, but it gets harder every day.

I'VE BROUGHT DOWN servers in Connecticut with a few well-placed commands, I've brought back governments from exile, confused bandits & brigands; I trekked for days across the desert to see the Kirghiz light; I've invented alphabets that mutate as you write. Yes there are powerful groups in Paris who don't believe that I exist, they say they never see me travel, but the reason for that is that I always move

by night & only then by land & see, coz if man was meant to fly then he'd have hollow bones & teeth.

I run the waves, but it gets harder every day.



H E

downsized his ambitions to practically nothing, took a room above a mission, told himself that he was lucky. The kids from the neighbourhood would bring him broken lightbulbs & he'd hang them from the ceiling,

— One for every month she's been away, he said. One for every month she's been gone.

He spent his days & nights working on a watch that was sensitised to ecstasy & loss. It would slow down to a crawl, make blissful moments last all day; sadness would speed it, bad days went by in the blink of an eye (& every time he blinked a month would go by).

And so he declared his independence from time, he withdrew from its glare, he thought he'd put himself on standby. But it's always rush hour somewhere...

One Tuesday afternoon in the middle of the Dog Days someone knocked on his door, no-one caught sight of her face. Later on no-one could tell if it was him or her that screamed, but the flash of a thousand lightbulbs blinded everyone who'd been outside that day. And neither one of them was ever seen again.

I'LL INTEGRATE THE UNDERTOW, MY SIGNAL MIGHT BE FAKE. I'LL ENVELOPE THE OVERFLOW, HELSINKI'S ON THE MAKE. I'LL UNDERSCORE MY PROMISE SO IT'S EASIER TO BREAK. SO JUST DECRYPT MY CALL SIGN AND PRESS PLAY.

I SAID I START MY DAY with alcohol & I end it with caffeine. In these days of living back to front don't know who to believe.

If you want clarification better stay at home and cower:

obfuscation is my secret special power.

Yes I'll rearrange geometry, I'll make acute obtuse – and I offer no apologies

if my work seems too diffuse.

So if you want assistance can afford my daily rates just place an ad-

vert in the usual standard places & just wait.

I run the waves, but it gets harder every day.

Guess it's true what they /  
Sometimes say / That A Little  
Learning / Is a dangerous thing

EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

I was shanghaied / In the  
prime of my life / Taken down  
underground / Where the ter-  
mites run / It was there she  
seduced me / With ideology /  
The promise of knowledge / &  
the salt taste of her tongue

At least that's how / It  
seems to me now / After years  
of hiding / From everything

EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

& it seemed to me then / That  
it all made sense / As the weeks  
turned to years / & the words  
turned to deeds / Till one day on  
the news / A face I barely still  
knew / Ears full of ringing / &  
a hole where certainty used to be

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE ANYWAY?

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