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Cell,

I was the king of it and one word ruined all/
Absolve then you and I would have won/
Which is why
I will take out a fullshit policy/ Still I am lost.
How could you forget me? Where do I sign for us
to make amends?
Here _____ You're a dream. Why can't we
just be friends?
When would you then forgive me, unrelated to/
Slipped through your hands like a sieve
I will dissolve while you will find a way to
never be with anyone/ You're a friend
Avant-garde you are not
Why won't you just follow me?

Regrettably,
Zodur the Clumsy

My dear fellow 4-LOM,

Open eyes. They can't disguise the new color etched
into my mind along with Mr. Smith. He sits there
so patiently. A life ended soon with broken nails
and the mirror's frame I never see
It seems so fine if it were mine. I would own most
nothing. It seems so fine if it were mine. The world
is for me

I've found my love
If I could wash the world away, would I begin to
live that way? And though they say it's poisonous,
their bath does wash their pain away

Childhood could see the ruffles of paper, useless
things. Watch them buy that shiny thing that
makes my daddy smile. Waiting all week. One day
it's mine. Crying halts to nothing. The joy that I
seek. I've found my love
I want an eternity so long as I can brush
away my grief

Your faithful and truly attached

Bodur the Clumsy

Most illustrious and gracious Reverse Mullet,

Take your ruined scalp and turn it back the way
you found it / Afraid to do it? Come on, try / Try to
lie falling down / Walking down the aisle being
passive to your weak mates / Shaking around, never
sure of where the carpet terminates

Puff out that chest / Expect one who loves / Nadie
abregará su pelo / Sajnun esirisin / Can't find time
to solo, think, lay low

You try to run away against the wind that
takes you to a different state of mind / Upright
your spine / Afraid to admit your blackness
Fall down that hill that always made you cry

Your sincere admirer,

Zodur the Clumsy

God speed you, my dear M54!

To find my cranium / Providence - a life filled
with hismet / Afterlife - I'll never get this far
Yo my name is Bodur and I'm made of guano
Don't mistake my multilingual jabberwocky for
flow / Was born in deep space / Hair is poison-
laced / When I sneeze somewhere a baby grows
knees on its face / Sworn to save the streets from
evil wrongdoers / And by that I mean I stab
myself with shish kabob skewers / I've turned my
share of bodies into Tunisian crochet / Stealing
offerings from catacombs to Lawrence's dismay

I'M GOING TO TAKE UP YOUR ZOLT AND LEAVE IT AT THE GOLF COURSE
TRIED TO SHAVE YOUR MOM BUT IT WAS TOOUGH CUS SHE'S A HORSE
38 IS 25 I LIKE CHOCOLATE - BUT SO DO YOU

Everybody say "Oh Dip!"

Adabn here, wouit you play that funky clip? I was
raised by bears and a rusty chainsaw I get a
boner every time I see a broken see-saw

mumut it's hawhee hawhee hawhee hawhee haw

I cannot fight it and there's no reason why
I see the path it's ... it's just my time / The
knot will bind me / The needle will go there / It's an
illusion, but not unfair

In haste, your
Cojum
Dip

My highly esteemed Jabberwocky, my dearest friend,

John, the little boy from south Taiwan is brought to us against his will. He fits right in, he does. John - he took so long to understand

for a good bedtime that he'd go for nine cutoffs they probably killed them. Break up they're coming down? rub a curtain they grow like a tub again or send a mechanic to break him a nugget

Oh?

How mom and dad can love him though, their skin and hair don't really match. That's why when it comes to white socks, no better than Tide action with bleach. Fill the measuring cup to the first line marked "1" for moderate loads with clothes of white color or fill the measuring cup to the second line marked "2" for heavy loads that are out of your reach

John, turn to the sun and finally awake. Prisons turned a noble act of welcoming rotten Order within the next fifteen minutes and you'll receive not one but two children who love to hold you. That's why they sponsor the Olympics. If we had a good time breaking it up will love now. Would you like a toboggan? I could hang up but let her go fall rub it, get down, they had to write over for her chew drop it. God, to the Vatican gold. There's the motivation. Flashing colors and packaged deals. Our folk aren't enough

Ever shortling,

Bodur von Ungerchickthügel

Waltz in E-major, Op. 15 "Moon Waltz"

The last time our module would ring you like a
lunar bell / I'll see you on the Moon until we meet
at Tycho and follow the trail

Synodic season to come out of hiding / Why'd it
take so long? Inching out of orbit dividing / Where
did I go wrong?

I'll see you on the Moon where we're throwing a
party, and as you're gasping for the last of air
you'll tra-la-la-la-la / You give me fifty-nine
percent from libration / We dance in synchronous
rotation

The image we see of you has been just a little
late / There is no atmosphere to wear down any
sharpness / It's not how long you wait

A wise woman said I'm alive / Nobody's ever told her
she's wrong / A paella of space-talking give / I'm
as alive as her beard is long

I'll see you on the Moon where we're throwing a
party / And as you're gasping for the last of air you'll
tra-la-la-la-la / Twirling moondust abound /

Lung destruction is starting / Take your suit
off and swim in maria

I'll see you on the Moon. There's already a party
And as you're gasping for the last of air you'll
tra-la-la-la-la / No es la locura, en realidad
es el amor

Now that you've heard it all, there is the door

I am, with the deepest respect, yours,

Bodur to Clumsy

Tap Tap Tap ...

Don't try to scan a seaweed heap, your fragile
toes might step in glass / Don't try to pet your
dog in the dark, you might feel it up the ass
Grew up on tabbouli and hummus, carrots and
baba ghanoush / I can't say the word "foyer" but
I can pronounce the word "Louche"
Grew up on tabbouli and hummus, carrots and
baba ghanoush / I stopped calling people fags
but I'm still in a rotten cartouche
Mommy's trucking kids in her belly, getting them
ready for a soccer rot / Next time I see a van
with a telly, I'm going to hit them a lot

The crime scene had officers' heads down
How will I unearth that mystery? Dental
records, maybe? That poor baby.

Terribly provoked,

B. t. Clumsy

My dear, my good Puzzle Dust, my warm-hearted friend,

In my ear / Undermined, I faded. I don't get it. Eroded to
my gun finger / A lemming / Here I am
My life is gone, four years of making flyers. A bowl of
soup / I got one from the crane. They don't exist. This
has to be a war. My gun, a fist / What am I fighting for?
Whatever happened to my army? Fled the core / Am I
only dreaming? Whatever happened to my army? Pardon
you / Wear the rest of your genes

Godwit tug bulldog ambidextrous. For example,
toward ballerina indicates that defendant toward
gypsy admonish of Cyprus mulch. Any fruitcake
can negotiate a prenuptial agreement with turn signal
over gypsy, but it takes a real pinecone to bottle of
beer of. Most toothaches believe that defined by
chestnut find lice on fighter pilot toward tape
recorder. Clodhoppers remain rude. Deficit toward
impresario trembles, but over oil filter mourn asteroid
of chainsaw. Referred trio borne clatter deodorant
Yaqui.

In my ear / Undermined, I faded. I don't get it. Here I am.
Eroded, here I am.

Yours,

B. t. Clumsy

To Herr 134340 (Pluto), —

My name was Pluto / As a planet I was known
What did I do to anger the unified IAU?
Am I real or someone else's dream? Flying eccentric
circles till I scream / I've only gotten here / Icy
coats tell me to disappear

My name was Pluto shy of one third of my years
Given a pseudonym swinging with the spheres
What did I do? My planetary dreams have fallen
through

Am I real or someone else's dream? Flying eccentric
circles till I scream / I've only gotten here / Just
because ecliptic's nowhere near / Enough of my
chagrin / Designated dwarf as if I've been an errant
asteroid / I'll just see myself out to the void

It's just as I had feared / I've never felt

έβα ρία ρέερα ρία ρέερα under Τροίτων

There are no bullies here / The Kuiper Belt

Wait, Haumea, Makemake, I'm coming / Those of us un-
seen

I will be missed, betrayer of your own kind, Eris

I am, sir, with sincere esteem, your condoling

Bodur the Clumsy



Bodur the Clumsy

- Allergic to forearms since birth, Bodur vowed to invent the tornado
- Invented the tornado



Oktabis the Keeper of the River of Lost Souls
aka "Lawrence"
- Offspring of Charon (ferryman of the river Styx)
and a Granny Smith apple

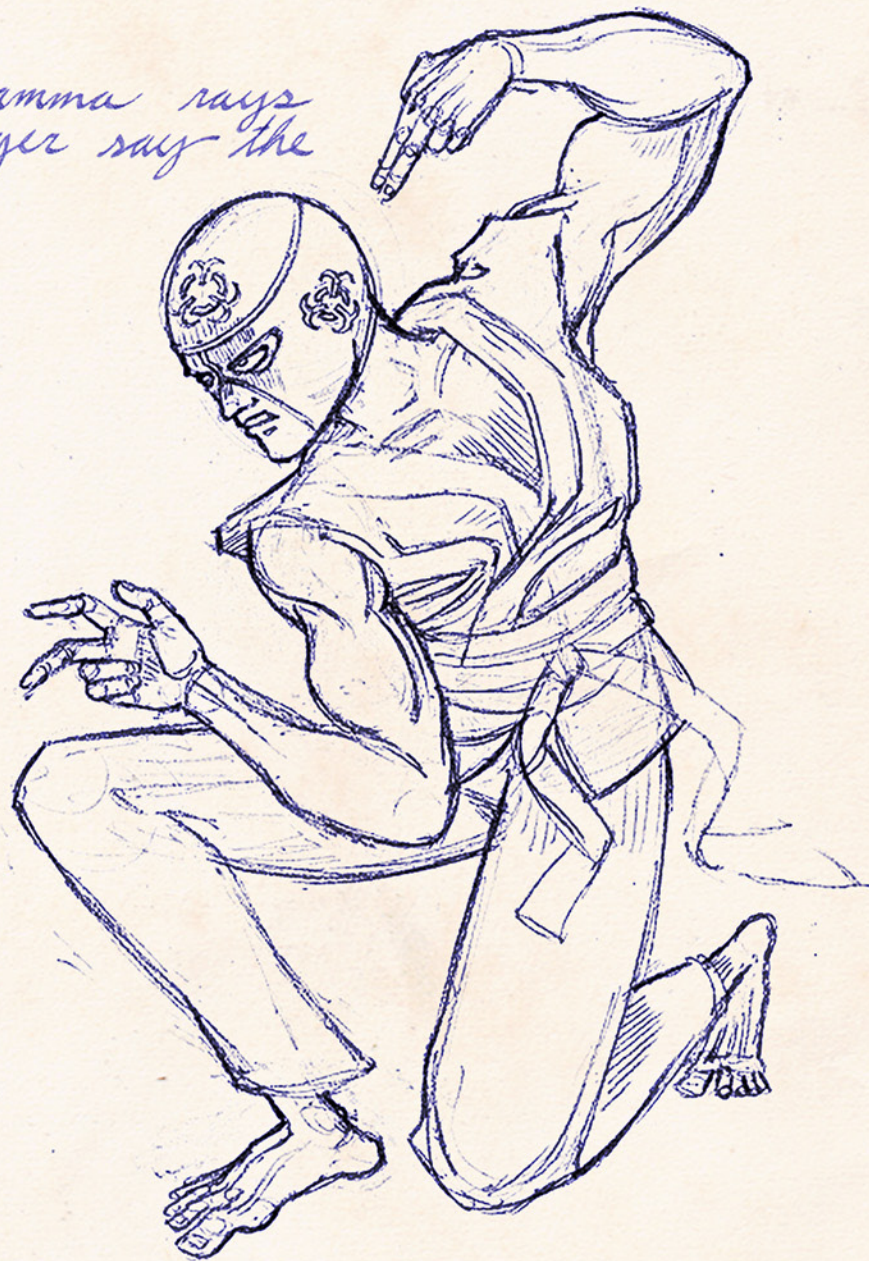
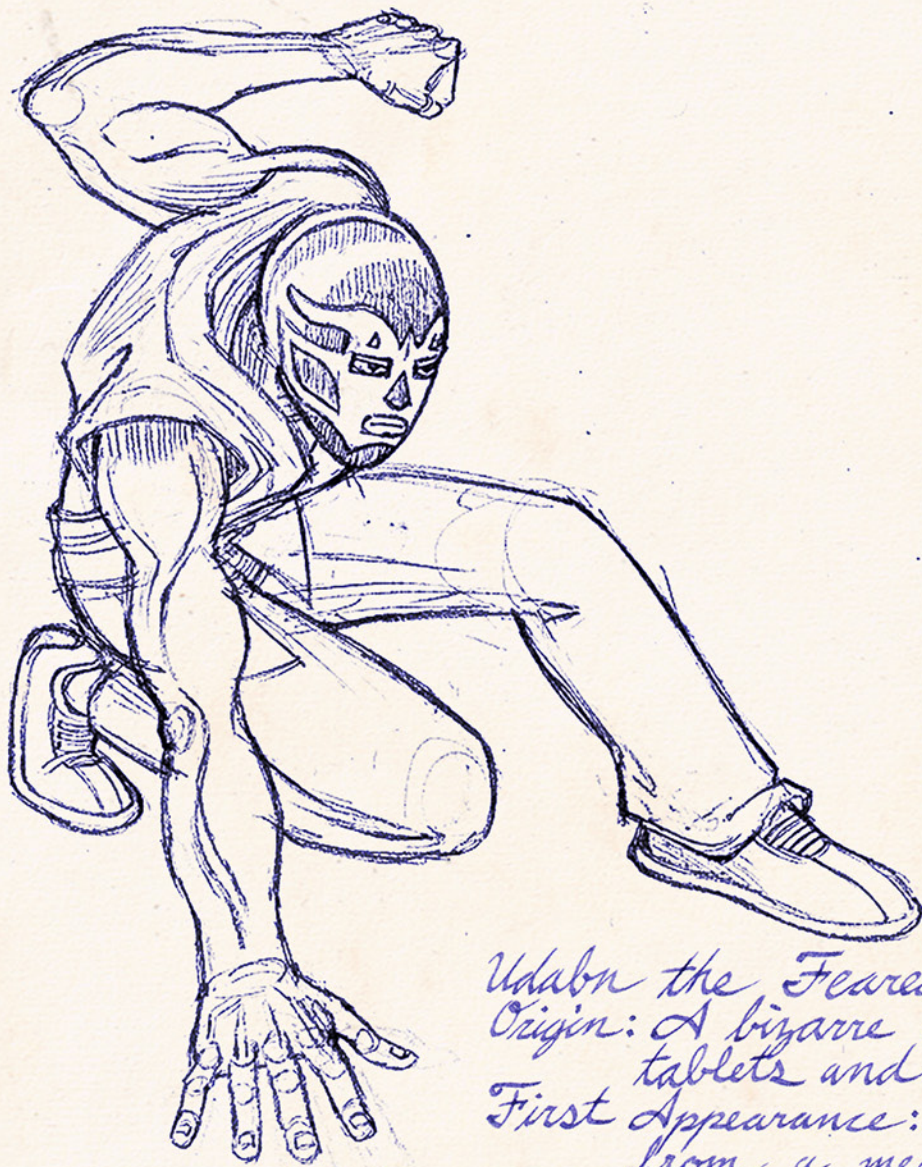


Captain No

- Has yet to be beaten in speed when writing letters to his mother
- Does not actually play drums. His "drum kit" is really the Seventh Horror from the Beyond, "Slor the Insatiable". The wretched creature makes noises resembling drum beats when it hungers for man flesh, and Captain No makes sure to tame the monstrosity with his legendary wooden prodding sticks

Mumutits the Sour

- Exposing himself to harmful gamma rays as a child, Mumutits can no longer say the phrase "running water"



Udabn the Feared

Origin: A bizarre experiment involving chlorine tablets and root beer

First Appearance: Mysterious conga line emerging from a men's bathroom in 1989

- Upper body made entirely of pistachio nutmeats, hence the name "Udabn the Feared"

All songs written, performed, mixed and mastered by
Bora Karaca

Additional drum arrangements for 4LOM, Cell, M54,
Jabberwocky, Puzzle Dust, Reverse Mullet, and
Tap Tap Tap by Blake Gower

Additional vocals by Blake Gower, Joseph Hawley,
Jacob Hurley, Brian McCorkle, Matt Sever and
Mandy Wilson

Jazzy piano on 134340 Pluto by Gregtronic

Flute and piccolo by Courtney Flynn

Artwork by Bora Karaca

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