

This file is part of "Jitacami" process // :) ----- 22 / 09 / 18 [... for more eyes then previously : ]

A horse of knowledge runs through a concentric structure  
Spins well as long as it keeps breaking down  
Struggling to comprehend calm focus  
While observing moveables of growth

Demonized animals help each other  
Reaching into dark with love  
What reaches back is  
Physical like nature  
and/or  
Invented like culture

In the game of life and evolution  
The unconscious's not a theatre  
But a factory  
Nature's on the side of the machines  
A matter of inputs / stimulus  
And outputs / behavior

A synthesis of human, animal and a machine  
Dwells in-between of library and laboratory  
Defined not by bureaucracy or technocracy  
But by probability

Portrayals of beautiful animals and third class citizens  
Make us remember all capacity of land for people  
Man, their dullness, and their madness  
Throwing in some Promethean thoughts

They like to swing with their eyes shut  
While still can see what they hit  
Embellishing the thruth  
With their long eyelashes

Everything they had to give  
Was something they weren't quite prepared for  
Everything they had to give  
They now want back exact same but different

For every animal has an itch  
To become your secret hater  
And even every small machine  
secretly wants to switch

The echo of sensation in body of the mind  
Transcending into human animal  
A memory of every single molecule  
Sampling humankind, to which  
Nothing can be added or taken away

Owning one another  
Forced to eat a growing population  
Kind of granular synthesis like kind of love  
Growth, explosion, erosion, and collapse  
Built of systems to conceal the truth

How fortunate the world is  
When destroys itself  
How mysterious the mists over the swamps  
Ready to leave this earth without regret

Slipp off the skins when it is over  
As you loose yourself in depth of life  
Looking for something that's hard to find  
Throughout a degraded mass of animated dust

Humanism, history, antiquity  
Part of biological machine of life  
Used for benefit of man  
Profits and the worship  
Reduced to pure biology  
Life = nothing but machines

Underestimating a significance of human eye  
Blindingly illuminating the dilemma of survivors  
Moving with their goggling eyes  
When they go down in zeros and in ones  
For a minute then three then ten then five  
into invisible symbolic end

All moveables of wonder want to know how it will end. The horse of knowledge needs some matches in case he has to suddenly burn. Giants, ventriloquists and the invisible girl gather to insert themselves in glory for the invisible symbolic end.

Example I: A dying pig wants to meet you to enhance or amplify an effect. Having an influence on the process giving rise to a generation of an array for random numbers. The pig knows exactly what it's going to take for you to swallow fire.

I have what you have in mind and that is why I have been offering to explain a hyperbolic growth of the human population in the past. The bust speaks and moves its goggling eyes when it goes down in second-order positive feedback between population and technology.

The clock-work prints a list of atrocities done in their autoSnap(false). All the marvellous craft of modern Merlins can make a perfect picture from a voice of boolean testPatternToggle. Their serenity oozed into my ear and it didn't take long for them to know me. It felt good to pick me up and use me. I thought that I can live again, but I am nothing without them. They know I'm right, it is simply a matter of inputs / stimulus and outputs / behavior.

Wild beasts help me reach my hand into the dark to feel what reaches back from Renoise/Midi (via SC) -> function. Puppet shows take all the glory out of way, far-fetched for all freaks of nature just to see if it's different on the other side.

Technological growth increases the carrying capacity of land for people throwing Promethean thoughts. Man, their dullness, madness, and their feats leave me in the cold but solo una vez mas. A gentle woman wants a hybrid to come on strong for everything she had to give and wants back exact same but different.

ACT II = everything I had to give was something I wasn't quite prepared for, so now I want to know just how much Synth\Granny\ hates me so I can predict what she'll do. Because every bufnum machine has an itch to become your secret hater; and even every cute animal secretly wants to switch.

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I like how the skins look on your white hands and I'd like you to deliver one of my demands: lpfFreq
= SinOsc.kr(freq:lpfLFOSpeed * SinOsc.kr(freq:lpfLFOSpeedVar, mul:0.5, add:1)).linlin( inMin:-1,
inMax:1, outMin:lpfLFOMin, outMax:lpfLFOMax),
      pos = SinOsc.kr(freq:posLFOSpeed * SinOsc.kr(freq:posLFOSpeedVar, mul:0.5,
add:1)).linlin(
          inMin:-1, inMax:1, outMin:posLFOMin, outMax:posLFOMax).
```

You think that you can live again, when you suffer greatly before dying, when you walk through the world carrying an unbearable burden leading to a growing population? Wandering astray in mists, for loading samples and for granular synthesis ..." ). Suck your life out just like quicksand, like kind of love, like čujem sinje morje when every machine switches off.

Hello. How many times have I told you that your basic error consists of underestimating the significance of human eye. Starting Interface Fractures III + Too late to beg for mercy and a reward.

ScreenClean(screenCleanSources of growth, explosion, erosion, and collapse in systems to conceal the truth.

How sad the world is at screenCleanBrightness, how mysterious the mists over the swamps! A system with an unchecked positive loop ultimately just destroys itself. You know it too when you are weary and ready to leave this earth without regret. It's just SpectrumSaturation and breath control. It's mists; it's swamps and it's rivers function, it's an Array, mad as they could be, ready to give themselves with a light heart knowing that Contigo estoy Perdido hasta el final on Y axis.

No chance to pull the trigger to the poor dog. My firmest friend wasn't coming up again. Y quiero amarte biological machine of life! I hold on for Server.default.waitForBoot { // if the SC server is not yet booted.

How to run the block: First welcome and let yourself feel something creep up like a taste for this. It will be for a minute then three then five then ten. Like the code that flashes and slowly sound comes in. As this human-on-animal relaxes, sit aside its chest and propose for growth rate to accelerate. When it is over, slipp off the skins. If not, check with CTRL+M to see meters and SC output visually. No despertiar jamas as you loose yourself in the depth of life by drowning in the river where you used to swim. A year later the piece will run out in about 5 minutes. Or you can always stop it with CTRL+<PERIOD>. And run the next block.

Technological innovation and human population can be similarly considered as free software distributed under ones honest heart, instead of a simple exponential growth. I know you're looking for something that's hard to find and I am ashamed of the fact that you led me to "05 - Chorus Of The Oppressed.11.wav.

Don't demonize animal-on-animal violence by seek to change it. It's just... control. When some proud son of man returns to Earth, a philosopher who breeds Irish Wolfhounds unknown to glory Opens Sound Control by birth, coorX; coorY; just like a degraded mass of animated dust!

"Usually a negative loop will kick in sooner or later!", you speak quite convincingly, and not a wrinkle on your face moves, but the truth which the question stirs up from the bottom of your soul, leaps momentarily into your eyes, and it's all over! Enakomerno bije ob mojo lobanjo number of tiles, but the eyes – never!