

From decay came the hands and feet.
Burning the dead meat on a desert island.
Four islands.
The mutilation of lava into men.
The godz were laughing cause we made them do so.
Laughing on the rim of a star.

For those hearty hi god sailors, 9 years have passed. 2 albums, 2 extended players have graced the aural capabilities of many beings. The lads have hurled their incantations on pub stages, in art galleries, in the studios of channel two, in concert hall and in shopping centres. Many trips into the void have been realized

4 entities with no lava to guide them, they spread their acrid music into orbit to entertain space travelers. Those in our little ball of rock are the sponges of reference. We play through you. Your organs are our telepathic apparatus. Your bones collect on the tops of trees. We collect them and make them into ladders.

The hi god people never sleep without first chanting the song of altruism. We hope all entities are dreaming the music of the spheres. Like an endless return, we give the soup of life's hard knocks. We take it easy and make the knocks become bruises that are negligible.

We spiral into the wilderness that must be distanced from the self, then bought back to the universal mono everything. Like an elastic band made out of rubber sinew, we dance the unknown stick dance. We burn money in futuristic spacesuits, then count the change as cavemen.

In conclusion, we know nothing. We are primitive electrical machines that are operating well below our limits. Let us grow with arms open, at measurements that haven't been seen yet. Let our tentacles suck the puss away, and let our re-growth tickle the sky.

The too much time chant:

Hi god
Oh hi god
How are you
Do you exist
Shall we snap a stick
And take it all back

- Hi God People, Feb 2007