

Octopus

Wire

She opens her mouth and seems to swallow us all
She shakes off taboos and unwanted organisms
There's a man outside who says he's come to read, the ether
Picking up bonus points when it's time for dinner

There's always someone who thinks they've got a plan
Someone with a whip in hand, who thinks they are a man
A rescue package that will barely save the day
Even when implemented with no further delay
Delay

Predictive octopods, enchanting and seductive
Even the most mundane thoughts seem quite sensuous
This installation seem to bathe us all in sound
Picking up clues from penitential saviours

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