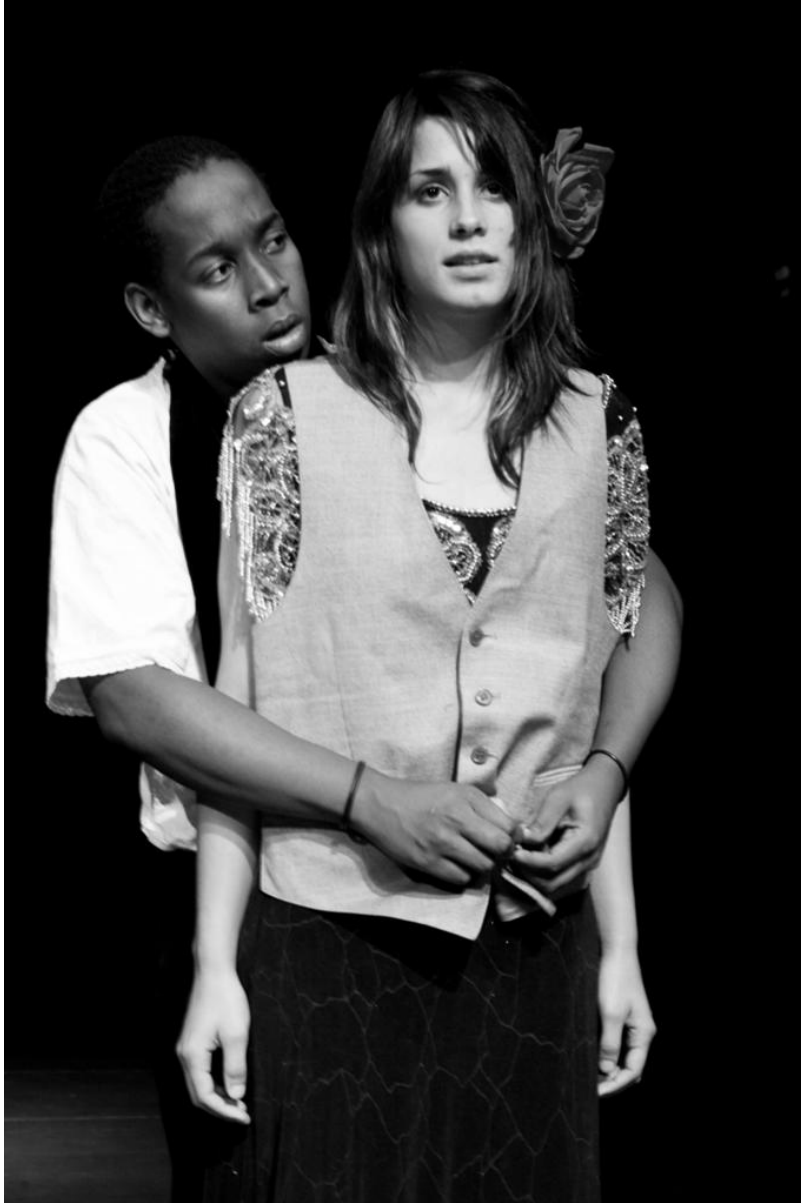


vacuum, soon the dust on
presumption such a dusty
seed, for sordid villain s
blasting Bob Dylan, the
the hunter knife but a knif
jesus fuck neon pink is th
must resume the place and
despise the very framewor
box behind the button or
coat on the wasteland wh
waist coat.



ies cleaner faces meaner
ess I must impress it
heart beneath the beating
ted flicked and wasted as
coke who tried who failed
the glory of my coffee
ry what they term
must presume on
e green musty pale tweed
ain inside the speaker
sharp sword too short but

Don't
be afraid
of the
dark



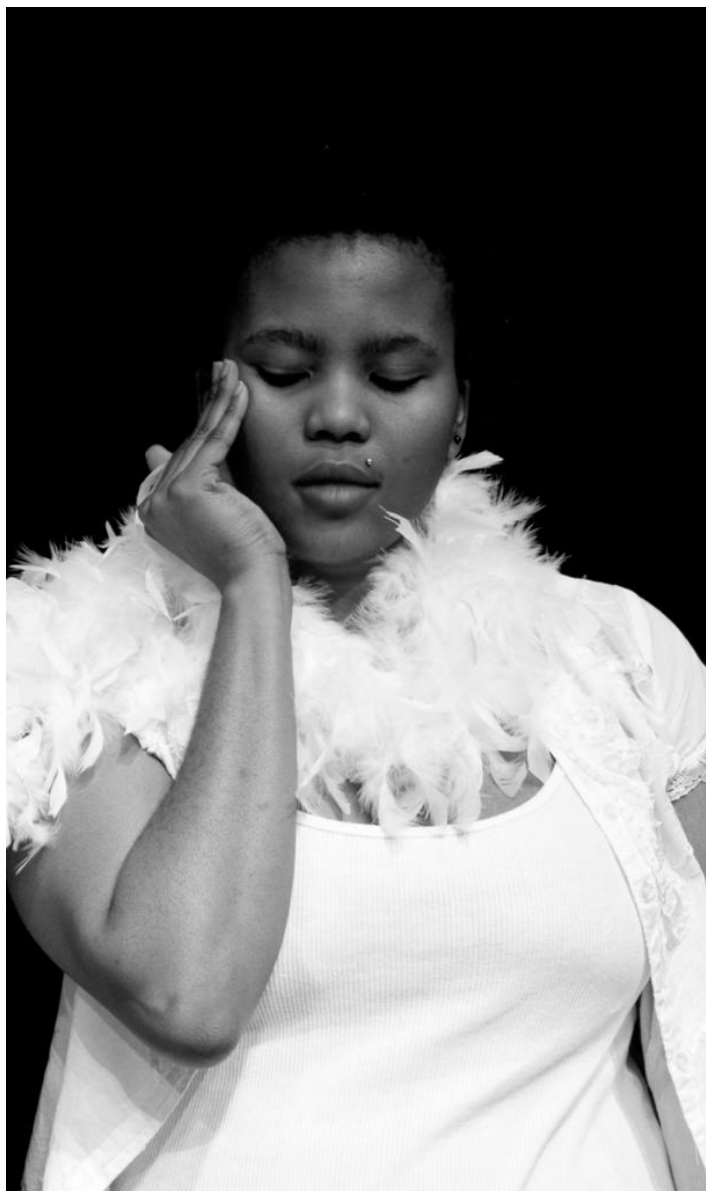
Waist coat – Mia Buttons
what a waste of a coat is a
the cold no warmth it prov
stylish and pimpin that
attire don't fuck with me c
his button-hole he escapes
cold as school hot like his
coat waist wait wait til I c
designer jeans t-shirt shit
shitless in this vast mess v

Stedone
Mia



his cigarette cigarette smoke
I confess through all the stre
hit world guess now scared sh
ss vast arena bodier cleaner fa
demeanor I digress I must in
try matter of the heart beneath
ne waist coat wasted fucked a
d choking on his core who tr
ortify and nullify the glory of
lo assume can carry what they
t on the shelves I must presur
ustv room of pale green must

*David
Johnson*



gress I must impress it
e heart beneath the beating
sted forced and wasted as
s coke who tried who failed
y the glory of my caffeine
arry what they term
I must presume
le green musty pale tweed
lain inside the speaker
a sharp sword too short but
a paper cut eyebrow pluck
ink of all that I assume that

Kurtis
Joelle



a waistcoat waist coat
of pale green tweed in
ly style playa for one
diner with my cool
pocketwatch through
s old school clothes as
te smoke on his waist
ll the stress of this
scared shit — less,
cleaner faces meaner

Tweedy



Waist coat — Mia Buttons and pockets on a waistcoat waist coat
what a waste of a coat is a sleeveless piece of pale green tweed in
the cold no warmth it provides no need only style playa for one
stylish daddy pimpin that shit up in a 50's diner with my cool
attire don't fuck with me cause I'm on fire pocketwatch through
his button-hole escapes modernity in his old-school clothes as
cold as school he like his cigarette cigarette smoke on his waist
coat waist wait wait confess through all the streets of this
designer jeans to shirt shirt world guess now scared shitless,
shitless in this shit mess arena bodies close together nearer
fucking with my shit digress I digress I must digress it
upon you the very merry matter of the heart beneath the beating
of the heart beneath the waist coat wasted fucked and wasted as
the poor bloke choked choking on his coke who tried who failed
and tried to failed fortify and nullify the glory of my caffeine
high none but him I do assume can carry what my term a
vacuum, soon shit on the shelves I must presume on
presumption such a dusty room of pale green and pale tweed
seedy sour sordid villain suffer the villain inside the speaker
blasting bob Dylan in the time warp a sharp sword too short but
the butter knife but a knife blunt but a paper cut eyebrow pluck
jesus fuck neon pink is the terrible stink of all that I assume that
must resume the place and time from which you shy you lie and
despise the very framework which belies the fine-lined cigarette
box behind the button on the pocket on the waist of a waste of a
coat on the wasteland where you find yourself in your waste of a
waist coat.



Story

Directed by Nicola Elliott



Rehearsal Room | Settlers

Monument

Duration | 50 minutes

Thursday 2 July 21:30

Saturday 4 July 10:00 Sunday

5 July 18:00

Age Restriction | 14

