

# Parallax Smile



Bruised Fruit



hush hush complacency

white fungus suburbia

burning church

panorama de mierda

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ecocide

bruised fruit

white tears



## HUSH HUSH COMPLACENCY

First they came for the communists  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a communist  
So I did not speak out

Then they came for the socialists  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a socialist  
So I did not speak out

Then they came for the trade unionists  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a trade unionist  
So I did not speak out

Then they came for the anarchists  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not an anarchist  
So I did not speak out

Then they came for the Jews  
And I did not speak out  
Because I was not a Jew  
So I did not speak out

Then they came for me  
No one left for me  
Then they came for me  
No one left to speak out for me

Hush hush  
Complacency  
I'll shut up  
If they're not coming for me

## WHITE FUNGUS SUBURBIA

White fungus suburbia  
Creeping up and taking over  
Dusty clouds of winx houses  
White fungus suburbia

I'm lost, I'm lost, hear me shout  
It's so safe, I can't get out

Protectected by the neighbours' eye  
Watched over, day and night

Gentrified and petrified  
Suburbanised and pacified

Suffocated  
So choked up  
Dusty clouds  
In my lungs  
White fungus  
Creeping up  
Gasp for breath  
I'm fucking done

## BURNING CHURCH

No priest, no father  
No god, no master  
The tyranny of theology  
An oppressive divinity

As long as there's a master in heaven  
We shall be slaves on this earth  
You can follow what the book dictates  
But a burning church illuminates

No piety, no deity  
Fuck your holy trinity  
Your patriarchal cult  
Of so-called virginity

## PANORAMA DE MIERDA

Your ignorance is their bliss  
Broken windows can be fixed  
Don't get guilt trapped into it  
People over property

Apata, apata, apata  
Panorama de mierda

Structural solutions  
Yes we are those heretics  
But it's your fault  
In neoliberal rhetoric

## ECOCIDE

Searching the sea, smelling the salt  
Following the light, to the asphalt  
Shells are crushed, legs smeared out  
Do you need proof, to feel the drought?

Her shell is on full display, in a living room  
tar away  
Her house got stolen, she's not the first  
But never mind, it's not the worst  
She lingers in a rusty can, what can I say,  
it's all she has

The tar is melting, the temperature's rising  
Are you helping? How's your timing?  
That's not working, that's not fixing  
The ice is melting, the clock is ticking

Ecocrisis, ecocide

*Recorded and mixed by Jörg Uken  
at Soundlodge Studio, Rhauderfehn,  
Germany  
November 6th 2021*

## BRUISED FRUIT

To the wounds that seek the arrow  
I feel your underlying pain  
To the eyes that seek the horror  
I'll try to look instead of blame

Bruised fruit tastes the sweetest  
Unlearning to be a pleaser  
Face down in the dirt  
Unlearning it should hurt

Bruised fruit tastes the sweetest  
Unlearning to be a pleaser  
Unlearning the excuses  
Excusing the abuses

To the hands that want to hold  
But self-destruct and push away  
Let your guard down and  
You'll see mine feel the same

To those heavy shoulders  
Carrying the weight  
Trust me with the load  
No need to be afraid

I'm a bottomless pit, feeling empty  
But I'm filled to the brim, with sympathy

To the bones that became weary  
Hurt by sticks and stones  
Words have really hurt you  
But mine have a different tone

## WHITE TEARS

Cry your white tears, you sad racist fuck  
Cry your white tears, while we disrupt

Your platform, your place is gone  
You're overdue, it's time to move on

Your racist traditions, it's time to say  
goodbye  
Time to deconstruct, dismantle and deny

Let those white tears roll, and wash away the paint  
Let those white tears wash away your racist  
blackface

Clinging on to remnants of a dying tradition  
I'll gladly give a push, no reform but abolition

Who will rewrite history? Acknowledge the  
misery?  
Colonialist endeavours, museums full of  
stolen treasures

Deconstruct, dismantle, disrupt and deny



*Róisín - Vocals*

*Stiff - Bass*

*Steve - Synths\**

*Michel - Guitar,percussion,vocals*

*Maynard - Drums,percussion,vocals*



# Maynard Schut

23/11/1970 - 10/05/2023

*During the release of this LP, our drummer*

*Maynard passed away. For years he was active in*

*the Groningen punk underground scene and*

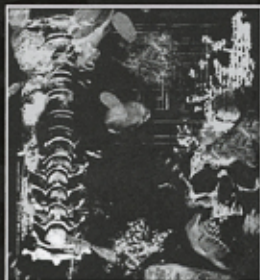
*played in numerous bands like Mushroom Attack*

*and Fleas and Lice. He's known throughout the*

*global punk scene and will be missed dearly.*

*Gone but not forgotten, rest in punk,*

*dear friend.*



*Rósin - Vocals*

*Stiff - Bass*

*Steve - Synths*

*Michel - Guitar, Percussion, Vocals*

*Maynard - Drums, Percussion, Vocals*

*Recorded and mixed by Jörg Uken at Soundlodge Studio,*

*Rhauderfehn, Germany, November 6th 2021*

*Frontcoverphoto by Richard Postma*

*Bandpics by Stiff*

*Layout by Michel*

*Lyrics by Roisin. Music by Prallax Smile*

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PARALLEL SMILE

Bruised Fruit

33RPM  
KIR066

Side A

HUSH HUSH COMPLACENCY  
WHITE FUNGUS SUBURBIA  
BURSTING CHURCH  
PANORAMA DE MIERDA

PARALAX SMILE  
Bruised Fruit

33RPM  
KRO65

Side B

ECOCIDE  
BRUISED FRUIT  
WHITE TEARS