

The ocean as an example:
A body of water
with limitless potential of reshaping itself,
its fluids,
those ever-liquid spaces.

Captured by satellite imagery,
orbiting in great distance and observing from above
they see through its surface.

What if the things
that supposed to observe the present
actually depict a better vision of the future
and the *what is yet to come?*

Submerge
Dive down
in this sea of pixels
In order to not be seen from above

Come down.
Come down, under here.

I have something to show you.
Feel free to make a move
Touch the ocean ground

Look around; see what they made out of it

Come, come.

1. CHANSON on HOME

[]
Into the waters
Into the waters

We call you in

[verse I]
Barren scenery of the depths
Apart from colourful plastic bags
That dance around

Resembling corals that have long gone

Their protective mantle bleached and affected
by acidification, by acidification

All the colours are lost

[]
Into the waters
Into the waters

We call you in

[verse II]

Not a single fish is left
Up there it's getting warmer
And under here too

Acid shores, acid shores
Burn all the lives you embodied
So we can mourn for what we've failed to prevent

[]
Into the waters
Into the waters

We call you in
Dive down,
Drown.

Oh, how I've missed your touch.
The way you touch me, the way you show me that you care.
Your warmth. Your healing touch.

Your tentacles reaching out like you were looking for me for quite
some time know.
Deep down in the layers of my skin
I feel your surface on mine.
Oberflächensensibilität auch unter der Oberfläche

Oh, I am tired. Dried out, numb.
I have lost all my color, all my joy.

But then,
When your gently motherly touch
strokes my skin,
I finally feel some sort of relief.

You protect me. You protect me. Will you protect me?

1. SIRENS' CHOIR

Banished into the depths,
For your pleasure only,
Our strength rises.

Nurtured by our fatigue
of being someone's projection
of their fantasies

wet
 swelling creatures
heaving of anger

ambiguous, ambiguous
Our nature frightens you
First we grow you in our motherly womb
Then shoot you out
Eat you alive

Wet
 flood
Expansion into the sea
Your space is diminishing
And now you reach down
To your old desire

Dark Sea
 Dark Sea,
Hier ist mein Herz ein klarer See

And then eventually
We'll pull you down
A maritime incident
Mare tenebrarum

Slick
Barren
Dreary dystopian nightmare

My deep-sea dream began with
soft purple and toxic, glittering green spots
slowly dispersing out of that glistening light
that pierced directly into my receptors.

We've been moved and dislocated couple of times now.
Finding our way around in a new environment was challenging at first.
I learned to adapt more quickly and eventually don't seem to be bothered
being dragged around, in fact, it's a pleasant distraction from the repetitive
daily grind. I have grown to make this a routine.

I am hardened.

My receptors slowly began to adjust to the light
and behind the glint the seascape appeared.
I'll never forget the first gaze at this magical vastness.

“Zooming in on the images taken by the lander,
something peculiar emerged from the dust:
greenish, droppy, finger-like filaments clinging to the rocks.”
Fuzzy rocks,
Crowded communities.

Much further into the abyss,
volcanic activity creates fissures that bear deep-sea geysers:
Hydrothermal vents that dissolve metals and minerals,
creating some sort of oasis for the otherwise sparsely inhabited ocean floor.
Poisonous heavy metals,
acidic water
where no light reaches.
Agravic sinking
until I hit the ocean ground.

Compared to life further up the surface,
down there, only little changes evolved over time.
Ancient forms of life,
as if they weren't hit by acceleration.
One can imagine,
a new form of aging.

They want to cover the surface with white sheets,
just as they do with the non-living.
It's their evil disguise.

A lot has changed since that first sight.
The water is almost crystal clear now, low in nutrients
as organic debris sinks to much greater depths.
It has lost its substance,
it has lost its charm.
Marine desert.

Cold seep wakes me up
From drifting in the ocean currents
The current, the present
Marine present.

I'll find my way, seamount,
first to your relaxed shoulders
I bed myself in your pits

the smell of time
whirling
on warm satin basalt ground

And even in the dark
with you in my arms
I knew that this would be alright

Travelled from great distance
Crassostrea gigas, my species, found a new home
Constantly reproducing like a never tiring birth machine

But my building materials dwindle,
Sie nehmen mir die Grundlagen meines Selbst

Go on then,
Eat me alive.

In this body of water,
a network of transmitters
lies on the ground,
Buried Fibre optics.

Look at this moist
Ever-liquid after image

Tomorrow maybe
I'll find my way
through this murky broth
this luminescent muck of data
Then we'll cure your oceanic feeling.