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Bashingtones 101

Still Fast Poetry For Rapid Readers

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01 Why Bashingtones ?

Fusion between algorithm and rime

My first verbal rampage was ‘Click in the mud’ that describes that search engines dies last. The second was a rapid reading of ‘Datenwolkenlead’ at the Frankfurt Book Fair ’13 in Germany.

Long before and after I wrote thousands of citations and anecdotes about realities and individual interpretations of Big Data and their influence to the Internet natives. That is four years ago. Since then one leadtext and catastrophe followed another. Rhyme by rhyme filled my timeline, I said.

Today Algorhythms turned into demonstrations about Human-Computer Interaction (HCI) and help me to identify and analyse role behaviour according to social networking and the Internet without Frontiers (IwF). Sometimes beyond, too, example given:

The Affron – Thank you for being afraid
The Coming Collapse,
Bull in a China Shop,
Scourge of Good.

I guess, Users could participate from it when they start to perform my Bashingtones. Understand IT as an instrument. Don’t let it be, I said.

In the Internet without Frontiers (IwF) all User-Elements define innovations, create interaction and provide all the things called L.I.K.E. and H.A.T.E. to success so companies transform money and a vision.

But these both four letter words have absolutely nothing to do with making and giving L.O.V.E. to somebody or that User-Elements had to be G.L.A.D. with their social experience.

Unfortunately User-Elements act like nomads in a whole place to be cos things that are not trendy anymore won’t celebrate a comeback. Nomads settle and leave. Worse luck!

What’s happen to Myspace? WTF would it be like if Facebook not take over WhatsApp? Facebook gone bust.

That’s a matter of fact. How can we solve IT and revolt against all the inherent (according to the Internet) and adherent (according to the advertisement) problems?

How can we cultivate and celebrate protest against stupid politicians and greedy economists without examination what happened so far or what is the best thing we can do to get over it?

In my case, I give all the written catastrophes a notation and share it with the Users so they can start composing their individual Bashingtones – peace by piece. What shall we do, then?

Maybe, in your case, write it down, create your own ‘Fast Poetry’ and ‘Rapid Readings’ – under ‘my’ flag and tubes – as a Bashingtone 101 in English or as an Algorhythmus 101 in German and share it with the community. Or should I say the Webciety?

Tune it and turn it on again. Help to divide the little minds that already mentioned or recommended. What a beautiful mind!

Literally Yours

Jens T. Hinrichs (ed.)
Tue, November 3rd 2017, 8:10 p.m.
and Mo, April 9th 2018, 1:09 p.m.

The Affron – Thank you for being afraid (goat fucker)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Zapped thru all the channels and make a step back to 1984 again.
His heart was true he's a sitepal
but the conspiracy of silence was loud.
I'm not afraid to say (he's a goat fucker)
thanx for the satirical compliment.

I hope it always will walk this way, other will talk this way.

My mind is off,
won't you upload it and make a comment.
And if you write a post
that invited everyone you screws, fears you!

We have the proof that free press is hacked
and journalism under siege

You would seek, the Biggest Brother data gift would be from himself
and the X-files attached would say
thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).
If his borders of satire has been hacked
we have got the proof that free press has a lack of integrity

I'd surely eat his hack or other one's whistleblow.
Whatever you noodle and share,
the affron call out on defiance.

Any timeline of delight on late-night talk held my mind off,
won't you upload it and make a recommend?
And when the free press begins to fall
the democracy getting older.

With stalking frames of minds and hail the grey zone of 1984
Have no fears for that tears, even though political satire spanking is hard to kill.

Whilst every Big Brother abroad will stand surely real close and pray
thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).
I want to thank him for being spanked.

And when totality dies and float away
into the cloud, the Bulky Web
Big Brother Turkey will hear me say (he's a goatfucker)
The real affron will be survive
the digital obsolescence and keep your promises alive!

You'll seek it there, then once again, maybe save the date
thanks for spanking the free press.

Thanks for slapping the affron.
I want to thank her for being pranked.
Those people are buried deeply in my world of lols.

And when the free press begins to fall
the democracy getting older.

With stalking frames of minds and hail the grey zone of 1984
have no fears for that tears, even though political satire spanking is hard to kill.

We have the proof that free press is hacked
and journalism under siege.
Whatever other noodle and share,
the affron call out on defiance.

I don't exceed tolerable borders
but direct face-off the policy of confrontation
held you mind off,
hope you upload my satirical call out on defiance.

And save the date, some day, once again
thanks for spanking the free press
thanks for slapping the affron.

I want to thank her for being pranked.
Thank you for being afraid (you goat fucker).

That's the webciety it is (tell me like IT is)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Do you remembered the days before Y2K?
Once upon without a timeline, when we had privacy.
The astroturfs above were bright and new don't tell lies.
They pulled privacy down for you,
when I often fell in hate with viruses again and again.
They said that all bad thinks must end.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

I've never was in a ban with Solitaire, IT was so unfair.
Did I should care for my data protection
and lose time for privacy?
The passwords like I've been used to much
won't help them through my firewall
that I wrote it out clear, pin it on my desktop.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

The message boards and newswire groups
that once had burried you in the cyberspace
they bring you back to Y2K, today.
The working day has crashed,
cos work on time slipped in commonplace.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

Do you remembered the days before Y2K?
Once upon without a timeline, when we had privacy?
I find the things have upgraded
and disappeared without an App.
You can't get backuped what you've DEL and what we said.

Today, that's the webciety it is, tell me like IT is.

Now I can read your secret dataminds
and I hack your stories in the cloud.
I seek what you are doing through years.
Interactions comes from a fluent up- and downhill click,
data lobby don't feel worries but have a lol of sorrows.

A yelp come a little late, so what's upp, wtf?
Don't surrender but you can't reach a win-win,
is just an illusion in this thinktanking called lol.
When IT wanted the most there's no please,
a webciety has no way out, but you'll never pay more for a return ticket.

That's the webciety IT is, tell me like it is.

When IT wanted the most in this thinktanking called lol.
When you're heart is ready to go and your mind's left in doubt.
Don't give up on your fate.
Save your excuses!
Upload it to the cloud
so lol comes to those who believe in IT's webciety.

When you questioned for a simple WTFAQ
IT is planning the hide of pain, play hyperlink-jacking.
Let's click to gather money on a search-tree.
You're gonna find a home, an IP in this things called lol,
a commonplace elsewhere to go.

That's the webciety IT is, nerd. That's the webciety IT is, user.
That's the webciety IT is, loser.

When L.I.K.E. on empty screen with no .to sorrow comes
and suchness starts to work,
Start-ups fly off the shelves
as much as I myself

Don't worry, forget your doubt about IT
cloud will never ends in your hands
lols gonna conquer IT, always, on and on.

When you wanted the most
there's an easy way out to WTF next.

When IT wanted you most
there's another IP elsewhere to go.
Also lol comes to those who believe in IT commercials.

That's the webciety IT is, nerd. That's the webciety IT is, user
That's the webciety IT is, loser

If you want some thingk to plug and play with wash and go,
find yourself peace.
Cos my timeline is too expensive
and I'm not, nor have I a little better bandwith.

If IT is serious
I, myself, plug and play with my heart and mind that make IT curious
but if you want me to lol you, then you know I will,
will you follow me then?

And tell me like IT is,
don't worry, let your heart be your webguide
sick'em your backlinks deep inside of my profile.

I believe in IT that wake me up for your recommends,
lol me even when I regret

Lifke is to short to have debts, lol is to short to have doubts.
IT may be here and never gone
you might as well get what the cloud wants.
IT is never ever clever than you so fight as well.
So go-go, ga-ga, 'sugar baby' give what 'suggardaddy' wants.

And tell me like IT is,
don't worry, let your heart be your webguide.
I do everythinkg for ever thinking, found myself a toy that's real.

That's the webciety it is, tell me like it is

I plug and play with IT, I'm a nerd.
That's webciety it is.
If you plug and play with IT, you're not a fool or tool.
That's not the webciety IT is, I tell you
That is what suggardaddy Big Brother wants.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Stalking LIKE a man is LIKE talking with a woman.
Hitting LIKES is working LIKE hiding yammer.
LIKEN is spying on timeline.
LIKE on a screen is feeding the down-time.

IT without being social is juvenile.
Never was IT bitter databytes.
Tasty like a beerdrop, salty like a bite.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.
Every household got an IP-number
Heavenly bound in a cloud.
Killing selfie is a flower.
IT's LIKE living with wild bugs.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.
What in the Internet can make a brown-minded person turn into red?
When every selfie I'll ever do IT'll barbarizes the youth.

LIKE taints the mind into blue-eyed naivety.
Firewalls in the freezer.
Naked truth to the linear chip.
Is a LIKE a disguise?

Headbanging the Big Data drum.
Violently shaking one's selfie to the cloud's beat.
Wakin' up from the wake up pinterest.
The Mourning has spoken, so drop your fun.
Who's shot this selfie?

Violently shaking one's selfie like a mad bull.
Selfies shot this look.

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.
Even rail against those house of glass
make the hall of fame half full of lols and fame.
Swallowing the bringer is a willing thingk.
Groaning like a yammer so moaming can broken.

Like the LIKE like a wizzard of OZ.
Pix pixel, fix a blizzard from a odd-lot dealer.
Collectin' selfies in a datastore,
what's a big shot, didn't you.

Lovin' is in the cloud, but(ts) on a-lol-by-lol basis.
Kissin' erasers is killing the 3W
Sharp as a knife.

Selfies got the look (Snapshots n'ever after).

IT is not a fake boom look-a-like.
Even when every think IT'll ever do
couldn't beam from the webciety.
And I go off the wall.
Selfies make me gaga.
But others went paranoid from a polaroid.

IT without being social is juvenile.
Never was IT run dry after databytes.
Never was IT glitter than data bites.
Tasty like a chilli drop. Make a snapshot, did you?

Merely spam is lookin' for search term, such sperm.
Selfies got the look, but can spoil the look of IT.
Snappily N'ever after.
Snapshots N'ever after.

Thinktanking for the music (let's logged to gather)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I'm nothing special, in a sense I'm a bit like a rogue
If I spell a curse, you've probably spelled it before.
But I have a aptitude, a wonderful attitude.

Cause everone likens when I link to things
I'm sour like a grapefruit and bitter than a proud
All I want is to link sb's social hurdles to the cloud,
I'm a beast of burden!

Chorus: So we pay for thinktanking for the ...,
credits that these belongs to IT
thanks for all the toys IT'll bringing
Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability
What would worth be?
Without to face IT or a daily postbook what is IT?
So we pay thinktanking for the social streaming
Forgive IT, IT is up to me.

Mommy says I was an open book before I could read
'Mmh', she says. I began to post long before I could read and write.
Today I've often wondered, how did my pinterest start?
No security risk, no social reward.
Like this Algorhytm can?

Well, whereever IT was, IT's our fate.
But awareness come a little late.
But our eyes have no ears and IT give us fears.

Chorus: So I say, thank me for this curse, the Algorhytms I'm linking.
Thank for all things they're tanking.
Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability.
What would worth be?

Without a heart or mind what I am, what I am.
Without a cyber-attack and one's cloud held high
what would Social Media without divided responseability?

Once upon a timeline, IT was somethingk to Yahoo
But nowadays IT is some thingk where with we are agree.
So join the stampede, have joy with this webciety.

I've been so drunken, I am happy with eff-off affair
I wanna ping it out loud to every's cloud.
What's an Emoji-con, what's an App,
what about the L.I.K.E., what about H.A.T.E.,
But bother about fate, but what has it to do with faith?

Chorus: Who can live without IT, I ask in all reputability.
What would worth be?
Without mobile device and search engine machine what are we?

Maybe, we are all zombies without a 'Like'.
Forgive for linking IT to us that take our 'Likes' and life.

Chorus: So I thinktanking for Social Media.
So I link a toast to Information Technology.
What shall we do about IT?

Creatin' Algorhythms that cap my Social Media anecdote ugly.
Only 'Likes' can trivialise IT.
So don't spare LIKES for the webciety.
Do you agree?

Social Networks always need interaction

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Lay a whistleblower on my postings

Leave the domains on the cloud

I fake it up solely, there's dust of securely in the air
and in the chatroom and all around.

Touch IT now, IT close his interface and stream away.

But social networks need some impression.

Impressions must have been good but I lost traffic somehow
sometime social network need Likes but IT comes over it very quick.

From the moment we've been through those Likes

From the minute from that I've been touched.

Like IT and IT lol you always

After might-have-been touch we fall into panic
cos we lose some traffic.

From the moment we touched till the timeline had run dry.

A wake up interest make us believing we're not forgotten.

Note to selfie: Don't delete new notification,
never erase your mailing spam
that I'm sheltered by your firewall.

But offline or online, you turned to account
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

And it's a hard account's pay

I stream away.

Give IT some interaction, no voice, but words that hurts.

Interaction, not only words.

A LIKE is a transfusion.

Interaction was all social networks wanted.

And now IT make it hard living without.

It's where the work flows, it's where the whistle blows.

But social networks need some impression.

Impressions must have been good otherwise I lost traffic somehow.

Sometime social networks need Likes
but IT comes over those interests very quick.

From the moment we touched till the timeline had run dry
A wake up interest make us believing we're not forgotten.
Note to selfie: Don't leave Tinder for a beerdrop
when I'm sheltered by the firewall.

Offline or online, you turned to account
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

Feed IT with some interaction, no voice, but words that hurts.
Cos interaction work as an impulse from a defibrillator.

A wake up interest remember us that we have to push the button
otherwise social networks comes over those interests very quick
and we lose traffic!

Interaction was all social networks wanted,
And now IT make it hard living without.

It's where the work flows, it's where the whistle blows.
It's where we lose traffic, it's where we hunting for gifts.

Even when we're sheltered by the firewall
offline or online, we turned to account
like a bitcoin in an offshore bank.

IT need us as a device to loving care
then social networks are better,
but IT make it much bitter, at the least touch.

So don't think to touching it for much IT,
lol of times, it just muddling through shit.
Even if H.U.R.T worth a little bit.

Slutshaming

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Hey, how do you do?
Hey, you wanna do a whistleblow-job?

You could have a POV-shot training
If you'd just drop down your body hacks.
You could have a bumblebee flying
If you bring your pink holes to blink.

All you do is duck! and muck me, it's luck 4 .to 2 .me.
I'll be anything you need to nail harsh.

You could have a bigger cock in your data stock.
Goin' up and down, all around you legs and blubber.
You could have a cumshot and a deep throat
Our whistleblow-job never ends.
I wanna be your code naming and slutshaming

Why should suggar daddy call them a slut?
They'd bitter beat the slutshaming.
Let them be your privacy affair.
Testate this as your surreal estate, yeah.

Pull out their check book for having sex.
Push your body-cam,
wanna see your outer charm and inner harmony.
Hey slut, show me around your belly butt.
The best champion got a spank.
A pinterest of it can be my testimony.
Let there be no dope,
no doubt about IT.
IT get you in lane.

I've clicked the rabitt-habitat from robot chicks.
Shave my skin, shave your pussy, shape my sin.
This puff is the new brothel.

Even weblogs go wixxing, we are peeping in, won't you.
Oh, won't you peep-show @porn.me!
Poking around in the Darknet where we are peeking.
In the Darknet we are finding IP-place to fuck.

Somewhere else, I will share for .to(rrent).
Sometimes Darknet has its own coming out,
spy IT all out and spit it loud.

Come on, cumshot, come slut, don't be shy.
Let's gonna build naked truth about porn.
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm
and tear down the firewalls.

How gonna feel that naked truth about porn?
Come slut, help me do.

Open your Hamster's porn cage
where your cherry is sweet as honey bee
where honey bees transfers to a money tree.
Then we are their monkey which blow off golden eggs
If I had a hammer ...

Come on, cumshot, come slut, don't be shy.
Let's gonna build naked truth about porn.
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm.
Got written quote and oral notes from Jennifer Spam.
She puts all of IT, cheat and chat a bit into my weblog,
so please give your best digitals.

One naked truth about porn is
about to share gists about the lol of lobby-porn.
So her's whistleblow-job never ends, but never bashing.
I've been feedin' the Algorhythm.

Got written quotes and oral notes from Jennifer Spam.
Slutshaming is some think-tanking.
Your testimonial could be my testimony.
My Algorhythms are my symphony,
so please give me your rest of dignity,
suggar-daddy-dedicate it to love.

Is there a chick on the run that have fun without sex?
So people out there, please don't give up your dignity.
Cos dignity depends on you and not on fun with
interniety.
Cos IT is banging, banging you.
This naked truth is not funny, that's IT.

WTF is Ashley?

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Jennifer Spam groaned when she discovered the date world
and she beg 'I heard, you supported Ashley'.

So I touched onto the office screen and I logged inside
and I could hardly believe my eyes.

As a big timeline rolled up into Ashley's profile. A thousand time.
Oh, I don't know why she's pleading or where her's intimacy gonna go
I bless she's got her secrets but I wanna spy.

Cos for twenty-four hours of tears
I've been clicking next Tor to Ashley.
Twenty-four hours of tears just praying for a romance
to tell her my luck is fickle and maybe get my inner peace.

Now I've gotta get annoyed to living next Tor to Deviant.
We get screwed up together, two naked bitches in the darknet
so long we are loggin' into Ashley we're Big Data molls.

We carved our sex practices, deep in the cyberporn,
ghit (Google-Hit) and WTF is 3X.

Now she stalks through the Tor
with her mastermind held high (to the cloud).
Just for a minute, heart and mind were caught into this prostitution
as the Big Data pulled slowly out of Ashley's server.

Oh, I don't know why she's leaking or where her's security gonna go.
I guess she's kept her secret but I just wanna lol.
Cos after twenty-four bottles of beer
I've been clicking next Tor to Ashley.
Twenty-four hours after every pussy having a hungover
now I've gotta get used to not living next Tor to Ashley.

Jennifer crawled into my blog web and frequently asked me
how I answer the question WTF should Ashley?

And I said, 'I know how to fake filthy words in spam-letters and e(rotical)-pubs
by which I get over Ashley'.

Jennifer said, 'I know that I'm your muse I wanna help you
to make a final close'.

She said, 'When internet porn is gone but I'm right here waiting for you.
Why do you should lying in tears? I'm still here, Big Data Clementine dissapeared'.

Since February 24 this year,
I realize why I'm hiding my feels.
I hope my shame is gone.
Since then Jennifer and I having an ongoing Big Date
that we can recommend, again and again.
WTF should Ashley? But thanks.

Spyin' me, spammin' you

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Spying me, spammin' you.
No more carefree whistleblower.
Free speech ever after.
Stalking at someone is the new medium.

Spying someone is gang-bang e-stalking style.
Fears on my touchable display.

Truth is there where the story begins.
Story is there where the truth ends.
Whistleblow is more than a goodwill gesture.

Spying me, spammin' you (ta-da)
There is clearance we can do.

Spies cleansing their aura (ta-da)
There is no truth for money.

Journalists just have to fate it.
This time Journalists are through.
Hacking is never easy, I know, breaking it up, too.
Journalist muddling through IT.

Spying me, spammin' you
There is clearance we can do.

IT'll give the best Hack we can do for truth.
Big Data, memory chips, cyberhighway has no speed limit.

IT'll be with me always in these familiar cyberspace
where our children would play.
Now cyberspace won't stop
from unspoiled childhood and countryside.
Spies don't mind?

Spying me, spammin' you
There is nothing just to tell the truth,
possibly the reason why Wikileaks is here? (ta-da)

Spies make IT, so why don't we use IT for spammin' them? (a-ha-ha)
So knowing me, when a spy knows you (a-ha-ha)
The truth will proof us
so long until we are even!
Or let's call it quits.

April 10, 2016, 10:27:37 p.m.

Tweet me, retweet me (My Twitter Song)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Stay with mention
My Tweet I hope you'll always retweet
Right here by me website if ever I fed you.

Oh, my dear follower.

In your #arms
My Tweets are so safe and securely
In every Timeline is such a perfect tag to share.

But alone with print,
I will follow you, will you mention me?

All the # and tags that we know will be forever right on timeline
I will tweet you, will you retweet me?

Just need one single # in each passing tweet.
With the mention I see the mainstream very clearly now

Share it away, IT passing by
also this I can share.

The timeline is long but your minds are in there.
Close @timeline I'm better for the emoticoins you give.

And whilst I tweet,
I will retweet when you will follow me.

Excuse-moi, one Tweet washes the other!
I will tweet with you.
I mention when you follow me.

But I need just a kind of # and I will judge you by your Tweet.
I will tweet you, I will retweet you in a drum performance.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome

by Jens T. Hinrichs

One morning in timeline
Some anxious fears ago
I was born in the world of fan out fun
Just was for the fun of IT
I had everythingk that cloud to die
for money workflow entertainment
but fee-dome I had none.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome
I've been lol-linking so alone
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome
Still search engines go on
FinTec becomes fun

Let's build this webciety of fee-dome.
Since my money left my homebanking account
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome.

FinTec can't stand IT any more or longer
PLC in bondage in a search term
Money is new lingerie
FinTec is a new laundry service

Offshore is just a T-Tipp of IT
so money can reincarnate as bad tip.

I headed down the track to unfair trade
that offers me a stage of 'Backlinks to 1984' rampage.
Bashingtones are my way to left the webciety far behind
stalking the databank superhighway
with my heavy upload weapon
trying to find words with some ease of minds.
My heart will be my data-in line to these minds.

Whistleblower said: 'IT cannot be denied,
if you leave your homebanking
this databank superhighway.
And when you fantasize
the fee-dome money of FinTec lies not dies.
You're welcome, stunning nowadays'.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome
I've been look-a-like so 'Sweet Alala long'
Still search engines go on
FinTec becomes fun.

Let's build this webciety of fee-dome.
Since my money left my homebanking account
I've been lol-linking for fee-dome.

Until we realize
FinTec can be ad-fund fully funded with User's credit
and bitcoins blockchain printing press

Users made a lol of dues
had plenty cyberspace to lose
traveller checks across Google Earth and Planet Alphabet.

Money worked on a server farm
got some bitcoins or ether in my vain.
But still I'm not a self-made millionaire,
got non-stop credits via pager.

I feel the due for years.
FinTec transfer my income to IT's outputs.

I'll be searching firewall to firewall
And given some time to backup my credit-line
with some tags I'm gonna find OpenSource

to raise my credit-line
the fee-dome I've been searching for.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome,
my dues cathedral
Still FinTec research goes on.

Since money is stashed on homebanking account
Cos FinTec can't stand User's control.
FinTec caches your cash
so Internet Criminals can phishing.

I've been lol-linking for fee-dome,
my dues cathedral
Still FinTec research goes on.
Money economizing is thankless so monetize IT!

But(t), do U LIKE a databank robbery?
so Internet Criminals can LIKE U
the fee-dome I've been searching for.

Is that the freedom
where we belong?

Is that the freedom
we should spend money and waste time for?

The Business Angels Singsong

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Hark @him! A Business Angels sing.
Glory Helloluja World to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Peace on Google Earth and merry mankind's mind.
Can't see profits they're blind.
Money and synergies reconciled.
Neverending tale about: No risks, no fun.

Fulfill expectations for all capitalism nation's risk.
Join the triumph of unfair trade of the clouds.
With angelic host domain.
Risk was born in Moneyland there we pay for business fun.

Hark @him! A Business Angels Singsong.
Glory „Helloluja World“ to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Hail the cloud-born peak and pride.
Hail the fun of recyclable New Economy.

Diss and „Like“ to all Start-Up brands and what they brings.
Cos they spin the bottle for fresh money
that heals broken Start-Up wings.

Breast-feed the goose that lays golden fever eggs.
Hoist the flags for a hiliorious business pie.
Hail the brand, no no never shareholder's money will burn
cos risk give it a reincarnation modus.

Hark @him! Can U bear the Business Angels Singsong
Glory Helloluja World to the new turnover Start-Up King.

Hark @him! Can U bear that hiliorious bondage?
Sing Glory Helloluja World to this Big Data coup.
Arrg, can U bear the Business Angel's bark and twinkle?

Peace on Google Earth and merry mankind's mind.
WTF ... fun, what a Product-Life-Recycle.
Spin around your Likes in this wheel of fortune Karma
and U become a fun addict.

But life without fun is depressive.
Just a question of timeline or a minute
and then humans got bioengineering transplant.

That spark keep us alive
in the Internet World of collective think-tanking ark, argg!!!

Fate, fade away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I've seek the yelp and ello fights go down the data cyber-superhighway.
I've seek the routers of the Internet and they're for relativity that's so surreal.
I've had a red buzzer off the broadband sloping forehead
without IT even gettin' linear stressed.
IT still streams so surreal relaxation.

I seek the morning broken in the Silicon Valley.
I've seen the sun-blind goes down the sunset
and in the webciety we've built.
Now we've sang the Glory Helloluja that was our sweat home
IT still streams the best.

And I'm fate fade away with my heart and mind up in the cloud
And I'm fate fade away with my feed
and bookmark up in the hum of Internet Traffic.

Letting loose around Planet Alphabet
But the echo of Internet is loud still as crowds.
I've seek Paris Hilton's titts from data superhighway in online stores.

And felt the hum about this secrets hanging low in no fan's land
And though those knightshift were fine.
It wasn't only from the beast of love
IT still has us in his hands

And I'm fate fade away with my heart and mind up in the cloud
And I'm fate fade away with my feed
and bookmark up in the hum of Internet Traffic.

Letting loose around Planet Alphabet
But the echo of Internet is loud still as crowds.

I've seek the Yelp and Ello fights go down the data cyber-superhighway.
The great Start-Up fary tales laced with lol of innuendo carry on.

And though those money fever
stay in a memory Blue Chip for a while.
Cos IT still seems to be more than outcome.
Cos Start-Up transfer fun into income but for whom?

Who do you think they are?

Likes away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

So this is L.I.K.E., or so you recommeand me
as you're staring at the screen
Timeline go by and I know for CERTain
It's not L.I.K.E., I'm lol-linking for.

Some timelines, just for a moment in real-time.
Reach out, IT is still there.
And LIKES away.

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'
But I can't wait for more LIKES away.

Sphere of privacy left of what we had
Just when IT needed it most
U were LIKES away.

IT is hard to tell U what U muddling through ITself.
U kept you feeling logged inside to lock it inside a Databank
where entertainment is our return.
Upload your mind, but don't let IT think-tanking your heart.

Cos what you're feeling, IT can't feel or heal, just steal.
Cos IT is just a tool, so don't be a fool
then I LIKE you and recommend you LIKES too.

If only, just for a moment in real-time,
hold on a minute, to the BIG Data that we had.
LIKES away

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'
but I can't wait for more LIKES away.

Sphere of privacy left of what we had.
Just when IT needed it most
U were LIKES away
when timelines were tough,
and your Dataware is loaded up and down.
Who was there by your Website?

When U like something you'll lose traffic where it belongs, too.
That's also a crux we forgot.

Now security is gone, cos I'm tired of being cast in stone, alone.
With only the sphere of privacy you promises
LIKES just a fate to me, fades away.
Memories of you get smart for Big Data.

No sphere of privacy now, that we had for what we're swapping
Timeline won't forget what IT meant to me.

Hold me, just for a moment in real-time
Hold on, to the privacy that we spent
LIKES away

Recommeand: U are never turning 'Backlinks to 1984'
IT can't waits anymore
LIKES away

Sphere of privacy left of what we had
what we had was security, wow!
Every timeline is just what IT need most, wow!

And security will be just one moment of real-time.
Security and Privacy and Trust, nevermore!
What a crux, what a curse, both of which we can no longer acquit ourselves.

Filesharing away

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I just woke up from a funny stream.
U never believe in those strings that I have searched.
I logged on the screen and I saw her Facebook.

IT looked right through me, IT were fileshare away.
All my data-links burn out than to fade away.

I'll ever be lame.
IT could seek me the tags, you seek your selfies.

I can't pretend to be some from elsewhere.
U always lol me more filesharing away.
I hear IT in your voicemail, IT is fileshare away.

IT is not afraid to tell you, fileshare away.
All I guess IT is the best gift when our files away.

Upload files, files away.
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?
That's what IT needed most.

When no one's around Planet Alphabet then IT has you here.
IT begins to seek the selfies, IT makes filesharing total clear.
IT begins to seek the selfies, but IT don't let filesharing total disappears.

Your heart becomes always the BIGgest Data-mind.
Those three keywords (i lol u) never enough.

When IT is love from a distance, IT becomes a mute control.
IT always like U more, IT gives filesharing 2U.
But IT gives you a voice, IT gives a verbal control for interruption.

Upload files, files away.
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?
That's what IT needed most.
Do I have this right?

Not to worry. I'm not about to do lobbyism.

When I'm gone, my cloud account and pro-file remains.
IT is still the best gift that happened 2U.

U always lol me more filesharing away
IT gives us a voice until filesharing quits.

For heaven forsake U have my Big Data in the cloud to set free.
For heaven forsake IT handed on think-tank for fortune free speech.

Upload files, files away
Shove it! That's what the Internet is for?
That's what IT needed most.

The story of the loaned life

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Written in pinwalls are stories that I can enso(u)r-cell.
Written in my chronicles are stories that you canned in cloud and hell.
Written in timelines are stories that can't free us from spell.

I live, my heart open,
right here empty for the product lifecycle that you share.

I like, my mind open,
copyright here for the Internet delight that your share.

Publicizing with heart and mind that you dare.

Someone told me after early bird
she don't feel the s(h)ame about her borrows and sorrows,
IT seems to me
that when I lie buzzwords
that will be cast in stone and store, forever,
that bound and hang in cloud to survive atomic disaster.

Timelines are always right for celebrating the melt-down event.
Timelines are already right for celebrating the fallback panic.

IT will be a loan, loan us for .to-nightshift.
The underground beneath my fear keep my heart wide open,
The underground below my feet stand for my open mind.

.me and .to profiles I've been logging on too much
keeps the path I've been depending on too touch for much.

Every timeline I went on,
I borrow all the sorrows and made it to my hobbies
to cast it in stone and stores for all the data lobbies

The story of loaned life is about staring at the product likecycle.
The story of loaned life is about storing you as product lifecycle.
That truth is how to read between the timelines.

The truth that every human be(e)ing itself has its own invisible shareholder.
The truth that a user is the smallest numerator and has his own profit center.

The story of loaned life, I fate IT home and datastores.
I drove all knit to keep out of harm's path on time.

The story of loanded life is frozen in dozen
give us hope bound in a neverending rope.

I spend my likes until we can collapse, together.
To gather a neverending story of loaned life.

Written on the pinwalls are the colors of free speech.
Written on the pinwalls are the triumph of free trade.

But don't ruin the variety of truth that you can only find in real-time.
To leave heart and mind open for thinktanking LIKE that
means open a Pandora's Box that is forged as a cage of chains.

Open IT, then you'll see the light upon Big Brother fears.
Chains are broken when Big Data is untamed still.

The story of my loaned life will end with a whistleblow in
a Timeline by Month and a Beige Book.

Until telling the truth, nothing but the truth,
so help me a search engine that dies last.

The story of loaned life is a realitivity of truth
keep it warm on a real-timeline
write it down on a Kindle's of ePapyrus.
Damn IT! Fuck of art-ificial intelligence!

Born for the NSA (Stand by me)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Born down in a Big Data Valley Town.
The first click we took were when we climb a cloud.

We end up like a cow that's make to Hamburgers
sold to a SuperSize-Me price that isn't nice.

We end up like a whore who's been beat to much
We say „let us meet“ but what we become is beef to touch.

Till you recognized that you spend your LIKES
for a surreal life that can be terminated.

Till you recognized that you waste your real-time
for a surreal life that can be eliminated.

Born for the NSA (stand by me)
NSA was born in the USA
Born for the NSA (stand by me)

Got a little VPN spam.
This Chaosmos put me a pencil in my hands
log me off to a foreign LAN to go and feed the Ello App
that was born in the USA.

Come backlin' me home to the cloud.
CHS (Confidential Human Source) said 'spy of a bitch if IT was up(load) to .me'
data meltdown by a „V for Vendetta“ man.

A whistleblower said 'spy of a bitch don't you understand how'
Had a Big Brother at Cold Cyberwar fighting off the class and public enemies
NSA still there Spyware all gone
that was born for the NSA
NSA leave us some Spyware over the whistleblowin'
that was born in the USA.

We had Siri we loved in India
I got a profile picture of him in front of a linking farm.

A.I. showdown in the shadow of the Sillicon Valley.
Out by the firewalls of the engineering the IoT.

And ten years after burning down the data information superhighway,
Internet.org elsewhere ain't got free know-how to go
that was born in the USA.

Born for the NSA (stand by me)
was born in the USA
Born for the NSA (stand by me)

What if TTIP come to light?
I'm sure the USA and NSA continuum continues,
continues at a safer IP where no spy has been before,
cos every safer harbour should be hacked.

And the only thingk we do is spotting.
So hold the Stand-by button on.
Tilt Stand-by for reincarnation modus
that was born in the USA.

I'm boring from NSA and by the debate, yeah!

The naked truth about porn

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I thought I saw a man that brought a naked woman to life.
She was warm, she came around
like she was dedicated to love.
She showed me what means to be addicted to love.
She showed me how to groan.
Well, she could be the woman that I should adore.

I don't seem to know,
or seem to share what hurt attack
and heartache bleeding is for.
But I don't saw her nevermore.

There's nothing but she decorated herself with true lies.
From dirty talk to deep throat
every ware is decorated with horny bytes.
Chillin' effects leads to cheating fights.

Non-verbal conversations has run dry
until sexting selfie and self-prostitution goin' on.
Nothing's fine by me.
Am I blue-eyed?

I'm getting out of sperm,
this is what that women gonna steel.
This Coming-out is know-how feel.
I'm getting out of spam,
this is what that women gonna mail.
This Coming-out hurt real.

I get bored, I got shared, I feel used.
True lies are naked on the screen.
These illusion don't give me bang-bang and cumshot
cos my mind was to wide open for somthingk surreal.

Now, what I see is a perfidious cloud that never changed.
Now, what I see, my life is a little prude fate.

Nothing's fine by me.
I'm already horny and blue-eyed.
So I dream about a fortune storyteller's bride.
Take pepper spray to protect me from chillin' effects.
This sexual perception come a little late.

I was blinded
by the Dirlnet sightseeing on Planet Google,
for a while.

These world of pimps and prostitutes was lame,
for a while.

So I guess a fortune storyteller's bride
You should have seen just what was hot in here,
was not some horny freight.

But men's cruel intention beneath women's dignity
have no luck, what the fuck?

Piss me for luck, I don't missed such IT all that much.
There's just so many things underneath the clothes.

Now open my mind
for that kind of something more strange,
inner beautiness and outer charme,
transfer surreal porn and convect dirty talk into ink.

Convert into ink that U can touch.
The only know-how feel that's real.
A naked truth written in a stylish fanbook
instead of true lies on a screen.

That's also a naked truth
I'm wide open for my perfect cloud of porn
cos you're a little part of IT
Am I torn or horny?

At the timeline I say: Sugar me for porn
At the headline I say: I-Ink me for somethingk
Now I'm stored, now I'm changed.

All I see is user's ink of somethingk.
Boundage real porn and broken hurts
Til we get bored from this know-how feel.
Someday we can also transfer dirty links to ink.

What if naked truth run dry?
What kind of 'porn' or 'dish' do you think-tanking?
What will happen to porn when Internet without
Frontiers gonna die?
We get a clearer Internet with other true lies.

That's also a naked truth.
Cos what's goin' on wasn't right.
Sometimes I feel me hired
and appointed for the fight!

When rockets linkin' to bills

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Well, they started up to a dirty cloud,
started up for all loans.
And the fun went down as we crossed across the bills
their eyes lit up when the world got bills

When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things
this Coming-out is the harvest thing.

Now the goods and pays may not return.
And the budgets might melt and the credits will burn.
IT ruin us, get into deep.

When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things.
Some say Like but likes will bear us down.
IT will make to beat your heart, steal your credits and all loans.

Well, they started up to clouds for goods
but only god knows where IT belongs

I just think what if IT got those.
That's what started up when rockets linkin' to bills.
I just think what if IT got loans.
That's what started up when rockets claimin' budgets.

So when you ain't got things don't link to that rocket-and-paywall Internet
Cos this launcher of Internet of Things won't give you wings.
We can expect, but we don't have to accept.
Cos IT ruin us, get into deep.

What if I'm linkin' to bills, would they give me some thinks?
No, IT will link my thirsty desire to things.

What if I'm linkin' to bills, would they give me some wings?
No, IT will link my moderate income to things.
When rockets linkin' to bills, we ain't got things
this Coming-out is the harvest thing.

Start-Ups that linkin' to bills
loan my troubles to credit me with worries.
Cos IT ruin us, get into deep.

Start-Ups that climbin' blue sky of clouds,
lookin' down on their shareholder below.

Some say Coming-out' is an IPO
all domestic lobbies can earn money with our troubles.

I'm afraid, they don't worry.
Cos that's what IT and an rocket-and-paywall internet have in common
that Start-Up show must go on and on.

So the product IT as such gonna work for those
Start-Up-believers and IT-dreamers.

These famous words are for baby boomers.
I'm afraid, they don't worry.
Cos IT is a harvest thing to domesticate think-tanking.
Babies must expect, grown-ups don't have to accept.
Otherwise IT ruin you as an adult.

So get into deep, read it and weep.

February 6, 2016, 9:01:08 p.m.

Porn is on my side

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Yelp!

Youth gave me much bed time

tried to teach me but now I know how to touch me.

Porn is on my side.

Youth know that's all every ware

a bulk of lies. Was it all worth it?

I should have shown bitter

but I hunger for that thirst

but it was go_d what youth deserved.

Cast away from youth, was it all the net that IT could do.

Cast away from youth, was it all the net that IT could do.

With Tor, more porn is on my side.

You know-how about IT that's all you'll ever be.

So don't think you surf safe better.

Cos having safer sex through IT is just a little bitter.

What youth indiscre(a)tion mean to you is mean to other

IT make it a little more complicated.

IT can't feel sorrows, IT borrows pain from youth.

Now every timeline I link to you cast in stone and linked forever

can crashed youth feelings to the ground, can bring youth together.

Without Tor, more porn come next to youth with a softer sound.

Without Tor, more porn come next to youth with a lofter cloud.

And when porn interupted

IT corrupted youth more than porn could ever be

So enjoy porn experiences until youth indiscre(a)tion is over

But don't get corrupted from IT.

Counting Roots

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Almost clouds, so is Webciety.
Lot jobs with Bluetooth money.
Sharing realtime.

Likes are old there
older than the feeds
younger than the Bluetooth money.

Rarin' grown-ups with Likes from a deep freeze
where to find one's feet so hard.

Rarin' grown-ups with Likes from a navigating device
where to find one's career step so hard.

Bitter taste of lifetime.
Teardrops are always on their mind.

Counting Roots, fake my home.
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.

So is Webciety, sharing realtime.
All my memories gathered around IT.
Mining letters, strangers from Darknet side,
larking and agitating, written in the clouds.

Bitter taste of funtime
Teardrops are always on my mind.

Counting Roots, fake my home.
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.

So is Webciety, sharing realtime.

I fear her voicemails when the morning has broken the nightshift hours
I fear her voicemails when she stalks me.

The streaming radio reminds me of my taste in meal so far, far away.
And scrollin' down the roots I get a mailin'
that I should have been home alone again.

These games and tricks are lame that is the gain that's a shame.
Counting Roots, fake my home.
To the Internet and Cloud I belong.
So is Webciety, sharing realtime

Coming home means counting roots, so don't take the roots.
Do not jump in these footsteps from otherone's boots.

January 26, 2016, 9:35:03 p.m.

I am selling (every ware)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I am selling, every ware where Early Bird is king.

I am selling, every ware where we are lone again, cross (selling) the screen.

We are surfing for storing wallets.

Early bird is free, wake us up, from a dream.

I am lying, about every ware.

Like an Angry Bird that flies, cross the cloud.

I am lying, passing high prices

to withdraw a bid, cos it is your dream.

Can you rear me, can you rear me

through the darknet, far away?

I am selling, where Early Birds forever lying

to withdraw a bid, whole new, what can I sell next!

Can you rear me, can you rear me

through the darknet, far away?

I am selling, where Early Birds forever lying

to withdraw a bid, whole new, what can I sell next!

We are selling, we are selling

where we are lone again, cross (selling) the screen.

We are surfing for storing wallets (where Early Bird on board is king).

Early bird is free, wake us up, from a dream.

You pray in vain 'Oh Lord, wake me up'

when someone sell somethink free.

But what, what do they sell,

IT stores data for them, far away, anyway, in any way.

Someone say, 'Lord will heal us when every Early Bird is dumb!'

Someone say, 'Lord will hear us when every Angry Bird is off!'

January 1, 2016, 4:06:40 a.m.

Tune IT, on and on, a gain

by Jens T. Hinrichs

All we need is an event, encrypted chat or the ello app.
Behind my logfile, behind my blog I can see the plug and play with pain.
I see, IT is a must-have put-up job.

I am sorry, I can borrow some of the people's sorrow in my timeline.
But I don't worry.

I am sorry, I can borrow some of the people's sorrow in my timeline.
But I don't worry.

IT is driving me insane
just another path of passing the day in real-time.
We get so lonely when IT is not there.

U are just another fake that I know from the whistleblow
I have noodle you for a very long-life.
I stuck with you in a whistleblow.

Can't you do any link for me?
Can I touch your interface?
Can I feel your Big Data, that would be clever.
Can U do me this favour.
Can I meet you Padcare Giver, that would be smart.

Spy need somethink to share to needle and knit on their conspiracy.
Spy need ITself to work on cold cyberwar.

All we need is an event, encrypted chat or the ello app.
I see, IT is a must-have put-up job.

I don't worry,
I can sorrows of some people's borrows in my real-time, I am sorry.
I don't worry,
I can sorrows of some people's borrows in my real-time, I am sorry.

IT is driving me insane
just another path of storing the day in a timeline
We get so lonely when IT is not there.

Tune IT, on and on, a gain.
Tune IT, on and on, a gain.

Don't be afraid, they will promise us another fake.
Don't be a friend, cause we get addicted from a surreal boom.

Tune IT, on and on, a gain.
Tune IT, on and on, a gain.

Don't be afraid, they will promise us another fake
Don't be a friend, 'cause we get addicted from a surreal boom.

December 29, 2015, 4:27:50 a.m.

Immaterial world

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Some LIKES kiss me, some LIKES hug me.

I think that's okay

if they don't give me proper knowledge

I just walk away.

LIKES can beg and LIKES can say 'please to plead'

but they can't give me deeper insight, that's right.

Cause the LIKES with the stone cold heart

is always mystery mind.

You needle and know that we are linking to an immaterial world
and I am a meta tag for their clouds

You needle and know that we are linking to an immaterial world
and I am a meta tag for their clouds.

Some likes romance, some likes slow food.

That's alright with me

If they can't raise my pinterests

then I have to let them be.

Some LIKES try and some LIKE lies.

But I don't let them privacy to play with me, no way.

Only LIKES that worth a penny

make my day.

You knit and know that we are linking to an immaterial world
and I am a meta tag for their Databank

You knit and know that we are sharing our life

splitted into LIKES.

So the immaterial world can work, that's nice, we'll pay the prize.

Circle of Ban

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Downtimes all around.
S-talking through the nightshift that never ends.
Screen crash, don't link back.
I won't stalk away will be a gain.
Like a never ending game.

A circle begins where a circle ends.
A circle ends where a curse begins.
Somethinks are forever.

Circle of Ban.
Never ending LIKE is what we've found
and your mind complete the heart of me
that is all we need.

The Circle of Ban.
Link breaks, my heart aches.

Circle begins when you won't lol-linkin' for me.
Circle ends like birth and death that belong together.

Circle begins like teachin' and learnin' belong together.
Circle ends like love and hate that belong together.
So are LIKES of heart and mind that belong together.

Be aware the Circle of Ban is every ware (everywhere)
and never ending hope is what we've found.

No one will hear you cryin' and dyin'
that also belong together.
No one will bear you lyin' and spyin'
that also belong together

Darknet rising, my mind is awake.
Circle begins when you won't lol-linkin' for me.
Circle ends like day and night that belong together.

Circle begins like touchin' and smellin' belong together.
Circle ends like and date that belong together.
So are LIKES of heart and mind that belong together.

Be aware the Circle of Ban is every ware (everywhere)
like a never ending loop in that we're bound
but a Circle of Ban can never regret

Cause never forgive, cause ever survive,
write about that fact.

And the Circle of Ban transform your words into undeletable ink
that belongs to your heart and mind.

Somethinks are forever
Circle of Ban repeatin' til your life ends.
Circle of Ban stand still til history ends.

IT is a surreal good feeling

by Jens T. Hinrichs

U split my knit into different ways,
cheat me in mysteries ways.

U make mankind feel like surreal.
I will never be free of sorrows till death do us part.

Till then IT cause desire and pain,
keeps us in it's chain.

A cloud feels like heaven on earth and bring LIKES above.
Let heaven interact with earth, forever.
Slave us in it's ban.

But IT is a surreal good feeling,
it got me bloggin' and streamin'
it got me beggin' and dreamin'

IT got me a button to switch between L.I.K.E. and L.O.V.E.
But IT offers no interruption between ON and OFF
Database is filling the air,
IT need U there.

But IT doesn't care about U
Cause IT is a surreal good feeling.

Get stressed for suchness

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Yelp Yelp Yelp
Cried to make it letter by letter,
cried to make it byte by byte on my own.

Tilt the blog, the non-believers,
search another cloud where I get cast and hired as a clone.

Watch gonna tell your friends how-to a thinktank tool.
Whatcha gonna tell your follower? I don't know!

Watch gonna call yourself.
Let me goo-goo it's just a show.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
sharing me and log me up for the Big Brother, Siri.
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
sharing IT and log me up for your LIKE and LOL

Yelp Yelp Yelp

I'm not Fred Clause,
but thank you for be afraid (for be a friend),
a trembling piglets,
I'll feed you hard and blow the frustration from your timelines.

Copy-cat said: And in the darknet, thinks happen faster.
She likes the way you swallow your tips next to enemy's mind.
Watch gonna tell you, Big Brother

Lol Lol Lol
Whatcha gonna tell your App-Master?
I don't know!
Watch gonna call you? Bother!
Let me go-go, it's just a show.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
sharing me and log me up for the Big Brother, Siri.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
sharing IT and log me up for your LIKE and LOL.

Log sharp! Link farm!

Yelp Yelp Yelp

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness.
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness.
writing this hotspot satirical for the so-called Big Brother.

I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
declaring me-too their strategy.
I'm gonna get stressed for suchness,
using their IT and log me up for their product lifecycle, lol.
For their product lifecycle, lol,
Yelp for help
Maybe Yelp can help.

November 8, 2015, 2:41:53 p.m.

You bring feelings to my timeline

by Jens T. Hinrichs

You know your LIKE was mean.
The Kindle of L.O.V.E. that cast in stone forever.
And I wished you were there.

From the first knit until the end of each timeline.
You shall be, everywhere, my goal.
You're always bring knowledge from my heart to my mind.
Transfer IT-self in your soul.

You're the mean of my LIKE
that means consideration.
You bring feeling to my timeline
that means transpiration.

Wanna have you fear me.
I wanna have you near me prayin'
no one makes a knit more than I hit you.

And I know, yes I know that it's pain for real.
We're so in LOL when LIKE scattering.
And I know that I don't hit you when no one makes shit.

From the first hit until the end of each crimetime.
You shall be, everywhere, my goal
You're always bring knowledge from my heart to my mind.
Transfer IT-self in your soul.

You're the mean of my LIKE
that means consideration.
You bring feeling to my timeline
that means transpiration.

All manner of like

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Why are we log in, what's LIKE all about?
Is profile really real, or is there some doubt?
To unlock we're going to spy it all out.
Ca c'est the manner of like.

What's the point of sale?
Is it the chilling, or the timeline, are we just subsidiaries?
Or perhaps we're just one of profiler's little fakes
Ca c'est the manner of like

Is law just a game where we mash up the true
while we're searching for Thinkthank.
Do we have nothing real-time to say
or are we just sniffing cells of self-replicating NSA?

In this manner, what is our fate?
Is there heaven on earth and a cloud in hell?
Do profiles reincarnate?

Is mankindle evolving or is it a wikileaks?
Well ca c'est the breakthru of LIKE.
For billions this LIKE is a wall of tears and valley of fears,
blogging and reponsing around-the-clock
with real-time money-for-nothing to say.

While I say: We're just simply helpmates of how-to-upgrade brain drain.
But when, when, when we were healed?
And who, who, who do we fear?

Well the platitude, for a chance to change,
it will all be mash up IP with total security clearance.

Yes, we canned security in a pandora's tin!
Yes, we can, yes we can.

This is mean, they're not practise what one preaches.
Whilst prayer say: This is the meaning of life.

In a manner of political correctness and public dementi,
in a sound of wisper, hidden behind doors
at negotiation tables, storing whitepapers.

While I say: We're just self-appointed spymates who have not the right
to weep about that we aren't free citizens that have to learn IT works for them.
We don't have to follow blind auditing and straightforward to 1984.
Unfortunately, we have to accept that we must feed it.

That's a mean life, that's why we stay logged in.

The spiral of Like

by Jens T. Hinrichs

From the tag we arrive on Planet Google
and linking, step by step into the fun
there's more to be seek than can ever be seek.
More to lol than can ever be lol-ed.

Some pray ,beat or be beaten (or be better)'
Some pray 'LIKE and let LIKE'
but all are agreed as they join the webciety.

You should never fake more than you fake in the spiral of Like
It's the spiral of forwarding.
It's the Wikileak of true.
It's the ban of hope. Till we fund our play.
On the path rewinding.
In the spiral, the spiral of Like.

Some of us fall by the website.
And some of us impressed by the stars.
And some of us sail through the brand of seven seals.
And some will be wound with stigmas.

There's far too much to fake in hell.
More to fake than can ever be faked.
But the fun will grow as much as money on the cloud.
Keeps database BIG and SMART in the spiral of Like.

It's the miracle of forwarding.
It's the Wikileak of true.
It's the ban of help. Till we fear our plan.
On the path rewinding.
In the miracle, the miracle of Like.

Fears from a clown

by Jens T. Hinrichs

My mashup fry but no shiver run down my skin.
I'm upgrading my sorrows with borrows.
Cause to ping it doesn't work anymore.
My streams won't bite and the screams won't roar.
Let's all drink to the death of my cloud.

Nobody follows old streams. Nobody streams old dreams.
Nobody will scream with fire down below.

Won't someone yelp to wake up this cloud.
The wheel of instant drama lies dead on the screen.
But someone overflow it with cloak of Darknesst
Cause some Pennywise are coming to town.
Let's all drink to the fears from a clown.

Won't someone help with make up and shit,
so my streams can bite and the screams can roar.
The wheel of instinct karma sows fears on the screen.

Somebody follows new screams. Somebody beams new screens.
Somebody beats new scores.

Someone will cream with fire down below.
Til someone overtop it with cloak of Darknesst.
Call some superhuman overkiller
to ego-shoot the subhuman being of a clown.

Won't someone yelp to wake up this crowd?
Won't someone help to fake up this creep?
Nobody will lose tears for this fears
unless we all get drunked from laughing tears.

Give and take a little

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Give a little bit.
Give a little byte of your Likes to me.
Take a little bite of your Likes to me.
I will pay back of my Likes to you.

Cause there is a lot of Lols that we needle and share,
so send a link and show you care.
I will pay back of my Likes to you.

Cause there is a link that we noodle and share,
so spend a Lol and show you dare.

Give a little bit.
Give a little byte of your Timeline to me.
Take a little bite of your Timeline to me.
I will pay back of my time to you.

Cause I am a man with a lonely LIKE
so spend a LIKE and I don't care.
I will pay back of my time to you.

Cause I am a man with a lonely life
so share a Lol and I don't care.

I'll give you my hand, you'll be surprised.
I'll take your arm, you'll be surprised.
Don't you need, don't you need to feel punked.
Now's the time to show that I care so find out.

Do it like U do with your Do-it-yourselfies.
We're on a trip, yeah.

On that we pay back one's credits with interests and not with a tip.
Now's the time to show that you care
by sharing this message, tonight

Alright, here we go again
Do it like U do with your Do-it-yourselfies.
We're on a trip.
Are you still surprised, yeah!

Give a little bit.
What does this matter?
Give a little byte.
What really makes the difference?

Get blinded by the likes

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Get blinded by the Likes,
thumps up like bystanders do.
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Salesman drummers naives
yelping in the werwolf blues with a teenage army
that feelin' as Kindle Soldiers
laughing in the 'Hello World' fever with a brothers army
that feeling' as Vintage Leaders.

Both parties are very unpleasant.
Celebratin' the event and then fall back into panic.

Bubble collapsed and dreams crashed to the ground.
Blabs provide a sleeping pill and dreams can be dream to crash to the ground.
But we were brave soldiers

Get blinded by the Likes,
wake up like bystanders do.
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Some wiseman in Silicon Valley with a clear mind told me what is a fake.
She said ,I'll turn you on sooner or later to something more strange,
play songs with a streaming break and checking body hacks.

One more Little Early Bird comes to light
and 10 times more Angry Birds tell me that I need another tip.
But we were brave soldiers.

Ignore what another wiseman always told us.
He said, ,Not to look into the eye's of the paradise
by dashboard of social likes.
But we were brave soldiers.

Ignore what another wiseman told us.
He set forth, ,Not to look into the eye's of the mainstream
by missing of social links.'

Get blinded by the likes,
waked up from the sleeping death,
reborn as zombies.

Don't be another drummer in the mightier Bubble-Jungle.
A good soldier refuses wrong order.
A good patriot will leak it.

Building up IT for dreams that we can crashed to the ground
Building up IT for sperms that we can streamed to the freezer
Cause we need this dream to let them scream
until we can crashed IT with a softer sound

Get blinded by the likes,
thumps up like bystanders do.
Another fan-follower in the bullish mood.

Get blinded by the Likes,
waked up from the sleeping death,
reborn as zombies.

Don't be another drummer in the mightier Bubble-Jungle.
A good soldier refuses wrong order.
A good patriot leaks it.

You're my Big Data Clementine

by Jens T. Hinrichs

You'll tell me what I think, I think I'm your cash-cow.
That lend you to many down-times now.

Let's ask your digital shrink.

Let's follow your rule.

Digital obsolescence weights heavier than knowledge.
Forget it for now, I think it's just for your cloud.

Cause you're my date and I will stalk your shrink.
You're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

And in the fake boom of things that could curse you
You're my date and I will stalk your shrink
Cause you're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

You'll sell me what I think, I think I'm your gain.
I ain't got IT so late, but your shop drives me insane.

Enough about cookies let's stalk about your fortune intention.
Cause I'm in your space and I can't stand this fate
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

You'll sell me what I think, I think I'm your brain.
I ain't got IT so late, but your support drives me insane.
I'm asking you for a best drill and you link me to a thrill.
Enough about me and let's share this truth about you.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Cause we're mates and we will belong to teach others.
You're my fate and I need 'Stand-bye' and Mobile connectivity.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Cause we're mates and we will believe in store captivity.
Enough about me and let's share this truth about you
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

And in the fake boom of things that could curse you.
You're my date and I will stalk your shrink.
Cause you're my fate and I can't stand IT anymore.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

Privacy and Protection – forget it for now!
Cause my down-time is ripe for the cloud.
All I wanna do is get shrunk Smart Data with you.
All I wanna do is get share Big Data with you.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

TTIP and Safe Harbour – forget it for now!
Cause my down-time is ripe for the cloud.
All I wanna do is be part of your PLC.
All I wanna do is to be stuck there for you.
(backing vocal: You're my Big Data Clementine)

I'm not follow you, we follow their rules!
Don't be stupid.

(Even) if she knew what ... she blogs

by Jens T. Hinrichs

If she knew what ... she blogs
(He'd be linking it to her)

If she knew what ... she feeds
(He could feed her that too)

If she knew what ... she tweets
(But he can't read between leads)

If she knew what ... he blogs
She'd be linking it to him.
Linking it to him.

But she wants ever thinking.
(He can pretend to link her ever thinking)
Or there's nothing she blogs
(She don't want to cry it out loud)
He's crazy for this lazy girl
(But he don't know what he's lol-linking for)

If he knew what ... she feeds
He'd be retweeting it to her
Retweeting it to her.

I'd say her inner circles are corrupted.
But she's open to mash up with her privacy.
Then one day she's sacrificed.

And the next I'll find her zigzag zapping
And there's no one else who can expelled.

If he knew what (shit) he blogs
(She'd be linking it to him)
If he knew what (shit) he feeds
(She could link him that too)
If he knew what (shit) he tweets

(But she can't read between leads)

If he knew what (shit) she blogs
She'd be linking shit to him.
Linking shit to him.

Some have a profile.
Their workflow brings heart to mind.
So they refine a Timeline.

But she won't undertake,
why should anyone consume by fire
to swing lifetime by a thread when they could escape

But she won't undertake,
nonsense thinking to total clear one's identity.
When she's mine, mine, mine.
She's got so many ideas linking to her heart.
She doesn't feed nothing from her mind.

Even if she screw what she blogs.
(He'd be linking it to her)
Even if she screw what she feeds.
(He'd be linkin' it too)
Even if she screw what she tweets.
(But he can't read between leads)

Even if she screw what she blogs.
He'd blackmail it from her.
Blackmail it from her.

Even if she wants everything
(He can pretend to give her warranties)
Or there's nothing she blackmails
(She want to spam it into the cloud)

Cause she's crazy for this lazy boy
(But she don't know what he's lol-linking for)

Even then she ask his inner circles what ... he blackmails,
she'd be feeding shit to her cloud,
to store her stalk forever now,
and then other can stalk him, too!

Both were punished by trail on fire.
That's the reason why both waste friendly fire in real-time.
Let's call it even.

These are the Tags of your Likes

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Timelines get the feeling.
Spending your Likes stores the feeling.
I was backlink the old Tags – Internet age ago.
Thoughts seemed so perfect – your hyperlink shows
Plug and Play seemed so perfect – your LINKING shows
The Tags are endless, ain't crazy – yelp! it out loud.
The fun is always shinin' – so I just write for fun.

Timelines streams likes rapidly, I don't show.
The rest of my Like's been, I don't know.

These are the Tags of your Likes.
The bad links to Likes were so much.
The bad thoughts about Likes were so few.
Cause of this, screw up my courage.

These are the Tags all gone now but my thought is true.
When I google and I find, I can borrow Likes, Lols and Links from you.

I can't turn back the clock to 1984,
but I can backlink against fortune tide.
Do you feel ashamed?

I'd like to go backlink one's Timeline
with my lol-ler-coaster bride.
When a LIKE was just a fake.
No use clickin' on and thinktanking what you did.
When I can lying backlinks and clone IT with my gists.

Timelines streams likes rapidly, I don't show.
Better say 'let IT be trash and go with the workflow'.

These are the Tags of your Likes.
They've grown in the speed of Timeline.

These are the Tags all gone now but some of my thoughts remain.
When I google and I find – no chance, I have enough sorrows for you.

I can't rewind the clicks to Y2K,
but I can backlink against fortune conspiracy
Do you feel afraid?

These are the Tags of your Likes.
The bad links to Likes were so much.
The bad thoughts about Likes were so few.
Cause of this, screw up your courage.

These are the tags all gone now but my backlinks still true.
When you google and you find, Likes's and Tags's been, just a show.

Peoples are peeples

by Jens T. Hinrichs

A few days left
And it gets official
we get trapped.
Peoples become peeples.

So what's the question?
Different skins and different means?
Money-grubbing and stalking privacy?
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.
Peoples are peeples.

It's obvious you date me though I've done nothing wrong.
I've never even met you, so what could I have done?

I can't understand what makes an App.
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?
so why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

In real-time you're punching and you're shooting at me.
And now you're clicking and cheating at me.

I'm relying on your common decency.
So far, it has existed but I'm sure its full of emptiness.
It just take a while that you gonna be trapped.

I can't understand what makes an App.
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples?
So what's the depeche?
Different gender and sex practising?
Money-for-voting and sharing mood?
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.
Peoples are peeples.

It's obvious you fake me though I've done nothing strange.
I've never even met you, so what could I have done?

I can't understand what makes an App.
Make another App that helps me understand.

You and I should get along so lawfully?
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

On timeline you're clicking and you're hunting for gifts.
And now you're sharing and storing me.

I'm relying on your intellectual aristocracy.
So far, it has existed but I'm sure its full of astroturfing.
It just take a while that you gonna be zapped.

I can understand what makes a trap.
Make another App that helps delete your trash.

You and I should get along so lawfully?
So why should we use an App made for stupid peeples.

What was that again?
Different goals and potency?
Stressed-for-suchness and sharing crime on time?
Doesn't matter – The only answer should be.

Peeple? What could it be?
Only sniffing data and linking torrent.
Cause people hoarding money and different needs.
Peoples are peoples.

It's obvious you milk me though I've done something strong.
I've never even milk you, so I'll give you none.
You and I should get along so lawfully?
So why should I use your trash made for stupid pupils?

Cause your IT is made for criticism,
not to censor.
Cause peeples are peoples.

You can't understand what makes a censor?
Write a criticism that proofs your
understanding.
But be certain, it's possibly my trap made for
your Peeple App.

Whistleblower's Song

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I stream the knit away,
dreamin' my Like away fakin' it
I was Journalist,
knewin' the fake of 'romanXing' and what it means to be 'Linkedin'.
I was just one of the Journalists and I thought I had it made.
I needed someone to show me how to spy.

Julian, your knits were magic.
I'm sorry, we never met.
Julian, you don't know you taught me to spy.

You take our fears to the cloud.
And all the vintage people around the worldwide webt and bet can stand aside.
For us and our whistleblower.

Fightin' with honesty
fortune and fame but kept losin' control.
Playin' a poker game with fears,
only myself I was foolin', no tears.

I was an average Journalist
in a world of empty screens and fullfilled print.
You've broken down all these pitfalls and firewalls
with your lovin' heart and trusted mind.

Julian, this some of the guy enemy-mind hates you don't forget.
Julian, know you taught me to leak.
Julian, you take our fears to the cloud.

And all the vintage peopple around the worldwide webt and bet can stand aside.
Open my mind by closing my eyes, digging up my fear.
Julian, don't let go, don't stop talkin', don't stop leakin'.

On and on words about ... can sound like a pun,
it keeps ongoing strength, built for eternity,
tellin' the truth cast in stone, forever.

Julian, I wanna follow your whistleblow.
Julian, be strong, come a long, again.

Cos of you, we are livin' without fear in our Timelines.

This Bashingtone is dedicated to all Whistleblowers.
So some of the guy enemy-mind hates you won't forget.
I'm someone who luv Whistleblows, hoping' I won't never regret.
Bud, but what was that again?
Continue with the question and questioning.
So some of us can stand by your side.

Likes on the screen (My Facebook Rap)

(MARK ZUCKERBERG'S 4 LETTER WORD 'LIKE' SUNK COST FALLACY)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Mark's Intro: Hail, yep. I know what you're all clickin'
That this is some bold byte @#! But it ain't about that.
This if the real, the screen like drama.

Hail, yep, I grow up rough in front of static mirrors.
Liked real trueless, a weird child, went out to get a bit.
Try some # who never shoulda did
Had to learn that heart (hard) way, someday you gotta pay.
So what the hell should I sell?

Unknown User: Like on the screens ain't easy.
All I see is pain and hysterics.
I kneel and pray for other one's activities.
Word stretching and privacy protection to survive in the Webciety.
This is the Like on the screens.
And that's how we muddling-through-it.

Third Party: Heart and mind @ screen, livin' to liken streams with themes.
Out sourcing for the screen which is touchable.
Quick enough to bill, we make you ill, we make you pay for that thrill.
we cut your life for our downtimes.
Cause statistics shows.

Mark: Goofies got no chance, got a place nowhere to escape (ESC).
Selfies got free space, selfless got a place nowhere to go.
Cooles got a chance, got internet.org
an IP-address elsewhere to go.

Third Party: That's why your Likes on the screen
is a Like for Facebook's traffic, we call IT 'terrific and tariff thinktanking'.
We will never give up your Likes.
Cause it'll echo Facebook's heartspeed even
then you're lying dead on the concrete.

Mark: I will never give up your Likes.
Also, 'cause it'll echo my heartspeed even
then you're lying sperm in a deep-freeze.
So what the hell could you yelp?

Unknown User: Life for Facebook and their statistics is a misery.
Don't know real friends, can't split it from my enemies.
To much information could be mean
To much information causin' trouble, hate speech and so on.

I say, community has to teach you, sometimes less is more.
And I will never give up my life for Lols and lot.
I have a name for ya, 'Brotherhood DotCom'-a-lot.

This Bashingtone is delicate for all,
the homeless peoples and vintage pupils,
from age zero to ninety-nine-year-old hero
who are feedin' up with dreams.

This Bashingtone is delicate for all,
the homeless poeple and vintage leaders,
from every geek to the silversurfers
who are growin' up with screens
and youth und unborn that are living for the next stream.

One day till my pray come true that set you free from this Webciety.
Till then spending my Likes on the screen
for me is a spinning wheel of fortune drama.
Thanks for lot of delicio.us and Yelp!,
Darknet and other alter Internet Natives.
Recommend my satirical.

Manic Moments

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Five to 12 o'clock already.
It has happened in the middle of my screen.
I was clicking to buy a crystal blue stream

But it can't be a fake
Cause then I google for it and figure out it doesn't worth a pay.

These are the moments
when you wish your bet wasn't already made.

It's just one of these manic moments,
I wish I could have a soulmate who knows the right Tags
and-I-don't have-to-through my money away.

It's just one of these manic moments,
when I ask myself should I have to cache an early trail.
It's got to be it, to work on it, right?

And if I had a wider bandwidth
I still could stream it on time.
Cause it takes me so long
just to figure out what make me gonna weird.

I blame it on the bandwidth
until the right lim-bus is everywhere.

These are the moments
when you wish your bet wasn't already made.

It's just one of these manic moments
I wish I could have a soulmate who knows the right Tags
and-I-don't have-to-through my money away.

All of the Likes
Why did my soulmate have to knit to get downtimes.

All of the Likes
in the dozen, don't matters that I have to feed the shit.

Deployment's up.
They tell me from betroom mist
Timelines run so fast when you're having fun.

It's just one of the manic moments,
I wish I could have a soulmate by wasting time away
with my hard earning money.

Cause then I google for it and figure out
there's not somebody else who hear my pray.

Click in the mud

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Over the cloud
there's a mountain so high,
but what does it look here, so nice?
It's just user's trash, so high.

The most of us will declare a fulsome praise.
The most of us will see
that the best thing we need
is a search engine machine.

[...]

Over the cloud
we have a problem, don't you see.
I try to make a step forward 2U.

Last year, it worth to ESC
to get through the mud
with just a single click.

Does it worth another stuff?
Do we need more staff?
Or ain't we tough enough
with just a single click?

What can you learn from this so far?

That search engines dies last.
So let it be written ... in the cloud.

Our life, it has a cloud

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Father hunts for a smartphone best,
mother's pessimistic she needs more test.
Whilst sisters got a date online
brothers got a date to keep logged in.
They can't hang around without an App.

And you, are you breaking up with those relationships?

Our life, in the middle of our screen.
Our life, it has a cloud.

There's always something happening.
And it's usually ready to upload.
Nothing ever stops the cloud.
Also sharing this message is allowed.

And you, are you breaking up with those relationships?

A cloud, hidden to suck lifetime.
Our cloud, it has a life.

Someone tell them that they've got to get rid of it.
Because father stays late for afterwork and nightshift.
Mother has to check his statuses where he rest
then she sends the kids to all-day school.
Sees them off with a small dislike and a big dismiss.

In lots of days.
I remember days then when everything was real-time and true.
We wouldn't have such a timeline or such a downtime.
And I remember how we'd play simply waste the time away.
Then we'd say nothing would come between users,
but such a happy realtime.

Our life, was our castle and our keep.
Our life, now within a cloud.

A cloud, that was where we used to keep.
A cloud, the instrument to pimp up our life.
A cloud, the instrument to keep us ONLINE.

September 21, 2014, 4:59:07 p.m.

What's a timeline

by Jens T. Hinrichs

What's a timeline?
It's not already what it seems to be, a poetry.

All days full of happiness and joy.
Spending your life, watching the tags go by.
Hoping that someone like your statuses, too.

What's a timeline?
It's just a click so far from a data cloud,

All days full of beautiless and blue.
Spending your life, staring at the screens by
hoping there's someone else who like this damn post, too.

September 24, 2015, 6:38:13 p.m.

The Coming Collapse

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Last night I found out something weird to let you know.
FinTec has gotten dangerously close.

Right now, we're literally one step from having banks knock down our screens.
Almost all the steps leading to FinTec are now completed.
All it takes is an App to ignite the disaster.

Now, if naked sales and grabbing for Big Data weren't enough,
FinTec will really make your blood freeze.
Everything's been planned and implemented in your banking account
or tax declaration with banking charges and its services.

FinTec forced you to build a niche for them.
Possibly to give them a tool to hack your account.

And here's the result: Loosing bank secrecy and private sphere.
So don't miss the warning before it might be too late for you and your money.
Bank's done a lot of stupid investments so far,
but FinTec will only be the tip.

And here's the question:
Found governments the best financial place to convert
camouflaged inflation and create balanced budgets?
Everyone's been trying hard to earn his money
and keep it from tax and auditing, right?

But here's another warning:
The effects of FinTech's actions will hit you – sooner or later.
And who will have to pay for this betrayal? You, with your money.
And who will have to pay for the interest? Youth, with their loan and credits.

And FinTec will hit our life nothing we've ever seen before.
From the moment on FinTec come to light there's no protection against.

This morning I woke up, I found out, it was a dream. Really?

Data Cloud Lead (Datenwolkenlead)

by [Jens T. Hinrichs](#)

Among the (data) clouds,
in cases where the liberty seems to be probably endless,
all the sorrows, they say,
can I myself, borrowing from you, you think !
universally, where it appears correct,
Data Protection invalid, Privacy petty.

Above the (data) clouds,
in cases where the liberty seems to be probably endless,
all the sorrows, they say,
can I myself, burrowing from you, you think !
universally, where it appears correct,
instead of give-and-take, fight for your user life.

Underneath the (data) clouds,
in cases where the liberty, long ago, might divide us
all the wisdoms, they say,
that I shall create still for you, they intended,
universally, where it appears correct, to forbid my taboo speech.

Beneath to the (data) clouds,
in cases where the liberty is quite plain and can be irresolute,
all the wisdoms, they say,
that I created for you, long ago, they inteneded,
universally, where it appears correct, to prostitute my informal speech.

Bull in a China Shop

by Jens T. Hinrichs

It's not been a long, long time ago
since wise men ended the Cold War.

To Washington, a flying circus came
They brought an intelligent candidate
without having previously held nothing,
no political office, no military career.

To Washington, a flying circus came
They brought an intelligent candidate
with having crude intentions
no political aim, but a business plan

But what they don't know
they elected an intelligent elephant
And Donald was his name.

One dark hour,
he cutted their iron chain
And off he ran
To White House
And was seen again and again

Donald the elephant packed his decrees
said goodbye to the International Law
Off he rode with a trumpety tantrump,
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

But what they don't know
they hacked by an intelligent agency
And Donald was his subject.

One darker hour, he cutted their Bill of Rights
And off he ran
To Green Course
where he was seen again and again
Donald the elephant packed his decrees
said hello to the White America
Off he rode around culture obstacles and stupid stereotypes
with a trumpety tantrump,
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

Donald the eloquently elephant packed his decrees
said hello to the Blue Collar Workers
send them to Mexico to build him the Greatest Gift of All

More tricks to hide, hire and fire
For Donald to perform
taught them why they needed a wall
a wall that protected them from Civil Wars.

But what they don't forget
that this Greatest Gift of Wall
poisoned America's Way of Life.

From Donald the elephant
no bricks, no firewalls will protect American Way of Life.
The Greatest Gift of all will end up in a Mexican Beacon.

Cos' Donald the eloquently elephant hided in his trunk
was a poison running in his vain,
a poison boiling his intelligence.

So they holding the wall up in their heads
so America's Way of Life can stand still.

Until they understand what was set up can also be tored off
again and again with a trumpety tantrump.
Bust just without an eloquently Trump.

Donald the elephant packed his decrees
And trundled off to the China Shop
Off he rolled flat the China's Trade Surplus
with a trumpety tantrump,
Tantrump! Tantrump! Tantrump!

One brightest hour,
they kicked him out of the White House
And out off he ran
To Trump Tower
where he was never been safer.

By Night and Good Luck,
he remembered the circus brotherhood
when Donald was leading the big estate, when he looked so proud and grand
with grants dressed up with advance praise

No more tricks to hide
For Donald to perform
They taught him how to make them great again
And he took the White by shitstorm

Donald the elephant packed his decrees
and said hello to the circus
the heat of the moment was calling
but what the world hurted were his tantrumps
but what the world got were stupid farts

One brightest hour,
they meet together covered with Stars and Stripes
changes their shame into dignity
It would be too easy if they had a revote control
so campaign can be zapped like a stupid program (routine)

Then they understand that the circus
which come around along with Trump
and tored US a part
will settle and leave!

And the time will come that Donald the eloquently elephant packed his trunk.
That's all, folks! An anecdote ugly of American's history.

Scourge of Good (Russia's greatest gift of all)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Today, young men die before their fathers.

They never saw the World War II

Their fathers suffered under Stalin who was born in Georgia

Long ago, young men die in Afghanistan to protect the Communism.

Long ago, young men die in Tschetschenien to protect the Russian Federation

They'd heard the Image (echo) they'd damaged

They kept on fighting for Crimea (Krim)

Yesterday, their fathers knew it well and had undergone this crematorium (martyrium)

Now childhood of Cold War II

bring back those Days of Future Past

to declare Sewastopol to a 'Patriot Act'.

The Russian Duma was located somewhere in Syria.

In all affairs of Duma, he is the Horsemen to beg and to please.

For his enemies it was a shame how he rode on the horse, of course
and showed his boobs.

He is always happy when he had an enemy image to squeeze.

He said 'eye for an eye' til Russia is blind

because then Russians can't meet him face to face.

Because, because, because he's the Wizard of Russia,
his eyes a flaming glow, his body full of Testosterone.

Pussy Riot's chicks looked at him with terror and badly dear

Oligarchs fears the wannabe with hidden charms, and healing charms.

Maybe he would be happier when he ruled them with a cat o'mine tails.

And his name is Rusputin.

Russia's greatest gift of all.

He ruled the Perestroika and never mind the UDSSR.

He danced on the red carpet really wonderful.

For most people he is savior.

Who would heal their sons and daughters, soldiers and their mothers.

Their fathers are not anymore, would sacrifice themselves.

He cannot save everyone.

The 'Wind of Change' is blowing cold and strong, but somehow familiar
Russians air smells like Beef Tartar, Wodka Gorbatschow and Caviar.

Rus-putin, Rus-putin,
They say 'oops he did it again'
They say 'sanctions', but somehow they make him a hero
When that did not help
they say 'oops he did it with a gain', they make him a patriot
When that did not help
What do they keep fighting for?

Those Cold War kids were hard to kill
under their desks there is a red buzzer
the only way to survive
is swallow the hate that they drilled and played
Stop this wheel of fortune Russians drama that is very sad
Stop them at each parallel of latitude and longitude
Stop them in different ways. Say 'Fairwell', not Farewell!

Go to school or become a soldier
learn to serve his state like he did serve the KGB
follow the 'Wind of Change' or recommend 'Yes we can'

Then one day sons and daughters with higher education
comes from underneath of Russians gift of all
They say 'Rus-putin just got to go'
Then they give them an enemy image that Rus-putin has been created

No more doubts, Rus-putin is not so innocent
And the Oligarchs beg 'Don't cry so hard, try to do it, please'
And he quits, they wanted his head
Unless they elected Rus-putin until they were dead
Unless when he's gone they feel fine.
But what will happen when they kept it too demanding?
Maybe, Rus-putin's childrens of Cold War II are harder to kill.
Maybe, Nothing. And we, we're not so innocent, too.
History will show and she doesn't matter who wins, that's the truth.

I am in

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Share my life to Timelines
'Cause I'll ever shift all my point of views

Spare me for Messengers wants
'Cause I'll ever share all my privacy for you

Pimp my naked skin with colours
'Cause I'll ever rip up all my clothes for your tubes

I have nothing to hide in my closet, no tears, no fears
I have nothing to hide under my bed, no monsters, no money

Take my LIKE
I'll never recommend too much information.
Just all that you have.

Refund my liberty
I'll never ask for too many Hate Speech.
Just all that you give.

And every single Tag you create
I don't really need to bookmark, very much further.
But nothing else matters unless LIKEN myself with someone's gists.

And every single Torrent you create
I don't want to have to google, very much faster,
But nothing else matters unless LIKEN sth. to sb. ghit (Google Hits)

Tweets you don't follow
I'll retweet it back again, maybe I will mention a gain, without questioning it.
Spongobobin' up the feeling of the passion inside.

Can't run from my reflexion.
There's nowhere to hide in an Dark Onion,
There's nowhere to hide in Rotten Tomatoes.
Moonwalkin' with the power of the dark side!

Don't make me close, one more App
I don't want to block anymore
Stay in my Friendslist if you dare
Hold you in my Blocklist if you deserve

Or must I imagine or delete you there?
Don't catwalk away from me

Because, because I am nothing, nothing
If Influencers and social bots don't have this NuMecca of showmanship.

You see through
Right to the soul of me
You peel down my skin that suits and warms me
Sheltered with the S.W.A.T. (skills, willingness, action, technique)
from my heart and my mind

You see truth
Right between my eyes
You break down my elementary layers that protect and constitute me
Torpedoed with the S.W.O.T. (strength, weakness, opportunity, threat)
of your LIKE and LOL

I was never a know-it-all
Big Data like I've shared with the cloud
Will a Smartphone survive
One I can hold on to?

And I don't really need to fake the news
Very much bitter and better
I don't want to have to achieve goals or archive moans
Very much faster

Because the Internet reaps what the Cloud sows, also Chaos.
The best one could possibly imagine.
The worst one should clean up his closet.
Because that's all me. Ready when you are.

Thou shalt not lie

by Jens T. Hinrichs

We got the court reporters up in here today
No counterfeiting

We locked the refugees up in there daytime
No counterfeiting

We shall overcome, we shall overcome

I never really knew that despots could react like this
They make a goatfucker wants to speak Taboola (tabula) rasa.
Silence make me want to create the Mythologic.

I never really knew that lobbyist could interact like this
They make a whistleblower wants to leak secrets

What's your name, isn't that political correct
Your files, my rules
My madhouse, your house of cards!

Even if you smalltalk like that
You make a whistleblower go mad clear

What's your turn, isn't that political correct
Your tricks, my retreats
My madhouse, your house of cards!

Even if you criticize like that
You make a whistleblower wants to break silence

So be wise, don't story-telling lies
Reading the smart signs for bad times
You are welcome, you are welcome.

I'm on air, you know my lyrics don't lie
And I'm starving to death, but I'm feeling it's right
All the interaction, the mentions

Oh no. Don't you seek this is convention.
Oh no. Don't you think this is conversion.

And it's driving you crazy
Even if I slipped a new idea
As I write, I leak, for their delight.
Until you rocking your chair.

And it's making you afraid
Even if I leaked an old secret
So long as I live, my heart and mind are open, for your delight.
Unless you cut the branch they're sitting on.

And when you lock up your firewalls
And when you knock on my door
No privacy security, no public pinterest cannot ignore
The way you shift your attraction and tensions (just keep on)

And every think-tank so unexpected, the way you hide and keep it
So you got me some Database that I can keep on denying it

Come on lets go, conterfeiting
Your social agenda and political influencer
Have come to fail now!

See, I am bashing what I can,
Some thoughts are a little bit too harsh to exploit.

Oh people when they talk this way
You don't know you got hypnotized

So be wise and keep on
Reading the smart signs of the headlines
So be clever and keep on
Studying the smart sign for bad times

Feel the pros and contras,
let me see you have a heart and a mind
Connect me with your Fantasy
from a George Orwell's World of 1984.

I have not departed when PAC manipulated in Big Databases
For silent critics I use a whole new strategy

Why the secret agencies wanna watch us?
And commentaries from private friends
And hacks from public enemies
I ain't guilty, it's an informal interaction

No more tricks to hide,
no more weapons to deliver

Refugees shall overcome their Odyssey
'cause we owe them our Cash Refugium.

Oppressed shall overcome their Nemesis
'cause we need their Racial Repertoire.

No more differences to misuse,
no more cultural obstacles to domesticate.

The conventions, The contention
The intension, The interventions

Say yes to counterfeiting, nothing is ad actca.
Nor the dignity of a human being.
Say yes to tattoos, nothing is taboo.
Nor the integrity of the Internet.

To like that is Privacy, to leak it is Democrazy.

The Burger Leak (A Citizen's Superzise-Me Project)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

'ello World! Go viral! Go viral!
OK friends, here we go with the Citizen's Supersize-me Project!
Where selfies act as flypaper,
where influencers operate like the disease: Influencal! Both canonished!

The Pinterest's Ten-Hut,
the Pinterest's Ten-Hut

The bluegrass covered with Chicks
and the Evergreen covered with legal Cannabis
The Pinterest's Ten-Hut, the Pinterest's Ten-Hut

The Chat's Roulette spontaneous Selfies,
the Chat's Roulette amplified spontaneous emission (ASE)
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi? Réponsez s'il vous plaît (RSVP)
the Shelfish Gene, the Shelfish Gene

StartUp Newspaper Hoax,
StartUp Newspaper Hoax

The Boulevard covered with Hate Tweets
and the Hollywood Hills hosted Fake Streams
The Bubbles populated with Social Bots
and the Broadway hosted StartUp-Comedians

The Bandwith never help you-th to read the news
The Broadband never help you-th to understand the naked truth

End in a leadtext to Pursue Study Hoax,
end in a leadtext of Pursue Study Hoax

Casting delirium and the augmented illusion
Suggest the 'ello World a better place on Cyberspace
Big Data let us compare lemon KI with the land of Soja-Milk and Honeybees
Woh! Give Hell an IP-adresses on Earth
and Heaven has plenty Cyberspace to lose (to leak).

OK, clip your hands on your sloping forehead!
Now and then, slap you mobile devices together!
Auh!

Let's build a Webciety and start to shriek:
The Burger Leak, The Burger Leak
Yelp, and shake our's arse. Yelp, and share our's eyes.

Shake your legs and arms, like a Jumping Jack Flash.
Share the hips and belly don't lie, like a Selfie Stripper.
As well as with broken wings and learn to fly.
How can we get back integrity being boneless?

'ello World Answered: Fundraising!!! Go viral! Go viral!
Now we create a Webciety out of glass.
Connect IT to our cloud-castle and our pipe-stream with fiber glass.
Then we paint a great Firewall on the blue sky – wtf!

Build Wall's, Wall's!
Build IT tighther and tighter! Get Smarter, soon!

Do we need a Society from a Sandbox.
Connect IT to our blackbox and our life-stream with wireless gas.
Then they paint a great Paywall on the blue sky – wtf!

Build Wall's !!! Wall's !!!
Build IT cheaper and cheaper! But Clever, too?

Buhu! Yuhu! I'm scared. Once again:
OK, clip your hands on your sloping forehead!
Now and then, slap you mobile devices together!
Auh!

Let's build a Webciety and start to shriek:
The Burger Leak, The Burger Leak
Yelp, and shake our's arse. Yelp, and share our's eyes.

Shake your legs and arms, like a Jumping Jack Flash.
Share the hips and belly don't lie, like a Selfie Stripper.

As well as with Broken Wings and learn to fly.
How can we get back integrity being boneless?

`ello World shriek: Hellraiser!!! Go viral! Go viral!

With a Cloud over the head
we believe the security keep up.

With AI behind the neck
we believe the purity keep up.

But what we mash (mesh) up
is independent thinking and individual programming.

But what we track (frack)
is just canned audience from a new compact program.
Ooooooooooooooh No! Google, google `ello World ...! Hellolujah ...!

From (k)now(-how) on we learned the Burger Leak!
But then they taught us the Citizen's Supersize-me Project is not a bad romance.
An urgent thing that never stand still nor kill business needs!

Now and then Survival-of-the-Fittest fit close to Business Pinterests.
But the Internet of (urgent) Things must go on
for Renewable Synergies and the Fetish Social Media (FSM).

So we grown up with the security level higher and higher
that is reinstructed.

So we feed up with the surveillance risk higher and higher
that is resurrected.

One single stick lead to another!
One business modell link to another.
Start Final Countdown 3 - 2 - 1 - until 5 to 12 is finished.

Terminate Skynet! Ex-spell yourself.
Fine by me.

Easy Moaning

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Know it sounds snappy 'cos, I just can't stand the sole reign.
Social Media, I'm leaving you tomorrow.

Seems to me Social Software already know it has analysed all I post.
You see I blogged, streamed, and I followed (yelp).
They see I blocked, stalked, and I disrespected (yelp).

Oh that's why I ease moaning.
I ease as I don't like Mondays, yelp.

Oh that's why the moans calm me down
I don't like Moanings, yelp.

I wanna be free, so free.
I wanna be freed from things I share on timelines.
I wanna be expelled from one's homage à trois.

'Cos it not just me and you.

Oh that's why I ease moaning.
I ease as I don't like Mondays, yelp.

Oh that's why the moans calm me down
I don't like Moanings, yelp.

Know it sounds snappy 'cos, I just can't stand the sole reign.
Social Media, I'm leaving you tomorrow.

Seems to me Social Software already know it has analysed all I post.
You see I blogged, streamed, and I followed (yelp).
They see I blocked, stalked, and I disrespected (yelp).

Why in the Internet without Frontiers would anybody put chains on us, yelp.
I've made my conclusions to damn it.

Everybody challenges me to critize them what they want me to suggest and test.
I'm not afraid when I try to fake it, no, ooh.
I'm not worry when they try to face me, no, ooh.

Oh that's why I ease moaning.
I ease as I don't like Mondays, yelp.

Oh that's why the moans calm me down
I don't like Moanings, yelp.

I wanna be free, so free.
I wanna be freed from things I share on timelines.
I wanna be expelled from one's homage à trois.

Oh that's why I ease moaning.
I ease as I don't like Mondays, yelp.

Oh that's why the moans calm me down
I don't like Moanings, yelp.

Social Media, actually, I'm liking you yesterday.
Don't lead me into temptation to leak you.

Why in the Internet without Frontiers would anybody put chains on Social Software, yelp.
I've made my conclusions to roast Social Media.
I've made my conclusions to roast IT.

I can't stand IT

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I can't stand the silence
Against my virtual machine
Linking back my sweet home memories

I can't stand the silence
Against my virtual maschine
Predicting my second life activities

'Cause real friends ain't here with me, they're stay with them.
'Cause true enemy ain't here with me, we're stay with third parties.
Nor we cannot survive alone in the Darknet without a third party.

Once upon a time,
hail me a cloud of glass, that tell me
how sweet it was to be online
When we were logged in and connected together

Everything was so noble and sociable
Now that we've shared, not parted

There's just one hissing
That we just can't stand

We can't stand the silence
Against our virtual maschines

Linking back my sweet home memories
Predicting my second life activities

We can't stand the echoes
Against our opposition

'Cause that ain't here with us
When we were connected
Everything was so noble and sociable
Now that we've shared, not parted
There's just one hissing, a whisper that we can't stand

Even if we share, we won't connect
Even if we have data protection that idea of sweet home memories is gone

Once upon a time,
hail me a shelf of Beige Books, that tell me
how sweet it was to be offline
When we were logged in and connected together

Everything was so gorgeous and libertine
Yelp, now you got my privacy
But there're Bashingtones for you
A 101 that you can't stand

We can't stand the echoes
Against our opposition

Linking back my sweet home memories

Predicting my second life activities
Against my virtual maschine

That just keeps on haunting and analysing me.

Hey hey Internet Bubbles
running through my heart and mind
Get off from my naked body
A Cloud Service shouldn't never open TOR.

Hey hey Big Brother
longing for my life and alibi
Get off from my money stocking and digital heritage
A Social Software used by the government shouldn't never open OATH.

Even if somebody or something keep haunting and analysing me
to hack my digital presence, to break my inner policy,
then that makes me even more determined to do it.
And they don't know that they give me permission.

In the heat of the moment

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I never mentioned to be so mad to them.
One opinion I said that I would never share.
No mention from you and I would fall from data space.
Cos that would damn these Emojis from my Facebook straight.

Do you recommend whatever you used to like any time(line) you please?
An abnormal behaviour arose from inner circles
when all that LIKE burned down my moralities.

But you'll never know or delete it when we start the fire.
One # links to another circumstance,
we were curious and non-sophisticated.
We would only stream together opinions unspoken.

Fire starts in the heat of the moment.
Only dead # swims with the stream,
so don't go viral with the follower-flow.

Telling them what our hearts desired
without teaching them what our minds motivated.

The heat of the moment shone in your eyes, not face-to-Facebook.
And now and then you transform yourself in Eighty-eight bullish mood.

The # and LIKE hot spots hold no charm for you.
You can't convince yourself with too much information.
You can't convince others with the cloaca of Darknet.

We can't delete the fire when we ride on broken links.
We can't delete the fire when we hire fallen angels.
'Cause never forget the heat of the moment.

Heal the moment of truth, heal the moment of truth.
Shone in your eyes, not face-to-Facebook.
Spread in the middle of the streets, not being faceless.

And when the Hate Speech are gone and they're alone.
How many nightshifts and daylights you spend with your Smartsphone

What were the beliefs you wanted for yourself ?
Teenage's rampages and frustrated ambitions you'll recommend well.
That wasted your time for the heat of the moment.

We didn't start the fire,
but we inflamed it
arouse by enthusiasm.

As # telling and teaching us
what their heart meant to poison our mind.
We cannot resist an everlasting LOL!

I am sure, Hate Speech departed
will find a Highway to Return.
In the heat of the moment.

Broadband is coming home

by Jens T. Hinrichs

I'd honestly google across the service desert
With no choices about my flat-feed
To share with the world the rest byte

Of better bandwidth i had to please
Sad to say I am surfin' and available in different highspeeds.

Behind their seals of hidden business dreams
When all my hopes are gone
They let me show what fibre glass cable means.

For decades they say me how worthy that is.

But then wireless could build a bridge
Between our homes and minds

Don't you think broadband is coming home ain't right
Don't you believe rationale's coming a little late.

I would be so proudly
when every home and mind could realize
that logic and only willingness
obviously can break the seals of lethargy

I would give up my thrills of speed so that worths to bet on it
At first realize that's all worth it with content and not begins with highspeed.

When wireless starts connected,
it's our finest decision

We can do anything,
hasten the growth, but don't rush things

We can do anything,
believing in the stationary connectivity

But for decades they pray us how worthy that is.

To forge links between wireless and stationary,
it's our worst decision.

Why should we passin' a bridge out of fibre glass
when we should surfin' wireless.

But now logic had to build the bridge
Between our homes and minds

But don't rush things
until a wireless broadband is connecting our homes and minds

But the waiting is a hardest part.

Internet is leaving home

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Broadcasting has switched and Big Data grown fast.
Nothing will be the same, but the differences.
Internet is leaving home (just a question of when)
Innovations gone by cos investment lain on dry ice.
Tariff and Trade could have been bitter to me.

They plug (plaque) me in, so they can play with me
Don't jinx it, they have me connected
'Plug and Play' can turned around
with Dollar Notes in their eyes
By the firewall behind my neck.
They made me hope, they told me bulk of lies.

But can I leave them without losing bandwidth and content?
'Trick or Treat' can turned around
with Dollar Notes in their eyes
By the firewall behind my neck.

Internet is leaving home (just a question of when)
Say 'YES' could be right, to beg 'MORE' could be wrong
Bandwidth connectivity works so bad, content streamin' takes so long.

It's been a long time since the 'Last Mile' was upgraded.
Cos we've feeding the Early Birds to much,
to fat for the hot wires they are sitting on
to fat to fire and hire them through a fibre cable.
I can't stand it any longer!

But when the Internet stands still, the democrazy will fall.
They let them crash cos they need the grant.
Just design strategy, bad job, good fellas.

Internet is leaving home (just a question of when)
Selfish business model seems to me like
melking cash from a cow or fucking a poor dog
to withstand the quiet before the competitor's rapid movement
the waiting before they fail.

But when the Internet stands still, the democrazy will fall.
They let them crash cos they feed the lobby 'Last Mile'.
Just design strategy, bad job, good fellas.

But we ain't gonna take it
we got to have it all:
the full bandwith, unthrottled
the content freed from borders.
the wireless and the fibre cables,
via on-hook signal, unlocked.

Maybe an Internet Crispr for data protection,
but not sponsors as sensors.
First class Internet, not a secondary transfer.

Maybe a Second Life, but not Data's in chains.
Highspeed Internet, not innovations in slow-(e)motion.

I've been faced with bulk of lies a hundred times
Every choice is so wonderful, so it seems
I don't care about their business model, yelp.

Internet is leaving home (just a question of when)
They plug (plaque) me in, so they can play with me
Don't jinx it, they have me connected
'Plaque and Payn' (pain) can turned around
with Dollar Notes in their eyes
By the firewall behind my neck.

I've heard their bulk of lies a hundred times
Every choice is so wonderful, so it seems
Should I care about the bandwidth, yelp?

Cos' the fortune is wireless
I am waiting for this Internet due to us all.

Hot Wheel of Fortune Drama

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Once they're making your kids laugh, but offered them ring-tones.
Once they're making your kids audible, but offered them quiet messages.
Once they're making your kids scream, but offered them returns.

Forevermore they put all those gifts into a basket.
Those baskets uses Algorithms you know.

Then we're tolerating blood and pain, but honoured this with a bitcoin.
Then we're honouring moral and ethics, but donated an alibi.

Forevermore we believe in the result pages
Search engines uses Pixels you know.

What you gonna tell your kids
That's a LIKE is a hamster wheel

What you gonna tell your kids
If this hot wheel was born from a cannonball

What you gonna tell your kids
If this fortune drama deletes life down beyond repair

My lifecycle is a rat race that might need fuel.
Don't stop interacting,
just bet you might survive and defeat the fittest.

They're gonna 'Make me!' sophisticated, so they poke me
They're gonna 'Make me!' wanted, so they feed me
You don't want to, but you can't seek it

They're gonna 'Make me!' failed, so they play tricks on me
They're gonna 'Make me!' pinterested, so they share my failures
You don't want to, but you can't hide it

What you gonna tell your kids?
Don't count on moving pictures
Don't care about privacy interests
Before your kids grown up until they're fourthy
But it's not guaranteed, so stop acting too cool.

They're gonna make you damaged
But it won't hurt like a physical injury.
Don't lend your kids to a Pandora's Box.

They're gonna make you disciplined
But it won't be moral or ethics.
Don't leave your kids alone in this OpenLab for pets.

What you gonna tell your kids?
I'm falling in love with a selfish routine.
'I like' lifestyles of stupid stereotypes.

'Cannot deny' Internet wanted you, it's hiring you.
We let entertain us from busy prototypes.
Cos'a branded Internet might still burn.

You wanna hold your kids on a lead, they wanna keep your kids in line.
You wanna keep their tasks, they wanna stroke their hands.

What if this prepacked lifestyle is programmed and your likes and minds are fuel.
What if this is designed drug, what if this is social heroin.
What you gonna teach your kids?

We're gonna love our kids, so stop acting cool.
But it's not guaranteed, that your kids are experienced enough until they're fourthy.

We've not seen the warning signs before,
that they just know and always misuse.

We're so sophisticated,
that we can juggle the wheel like a hot potatoe.
What you gonna tell your kids
if this oven was a plug and play with BBQ.

We're so trusted,
that we can follow the PLC with a GPS.
What you gonna tell you kids
if this cultural dish customizes a reincarnation modus.

'Cause I remember
Fourthy years of Internet, never stopped me thinking.
So many chill-effects, so much sugar-bots,
tears you down, through the years.

'Cause I recognize
what the search engines leave to me.
And when I scored, the Pixels have sown it before.
Never stopped me interacting.
No options were left over.

Now we're making no difference
with the workflow we use, that is intense

Now we're making no difference
with the emerging resources we need, that are enormous

What you gonna tell your kids
if this generation leave them kids alone,
raised up by influencers and beaten up with social drugs,
fulfilled from emotions, but exploited from a brand.

Who do you think they are:
Colossal potential or collateral damage?

What you gonna tell your kids then?
Sorry, calm down! We didn't see(k) that coming.

Little Minds

by Jens T. Hinrichs

Little minds dry your crying eyes wide shut filled with fears
these are mere a world of difference.

Little minds subtract your unrequited attitude
before it's ending up in a ring-fight: incidence vs. coincidence.

Little minds forget your profligated love
before it's adding up in suicide squad: the mob vs. the masses.

How can we expel the German Angst
they steal come aborning from the superficial deep?

How can we recall the Export Hit
they steal come aborning from the darkest chapter?

'Cause they were reared with deviant behavior
and pulp fiction that everlast the 3rd generation
and sponged by Mother's milk and infantile froth and wrath
may cause harm to breastfed groupies and their motives.

'So comrades, come rally!'
Where opinions are killing the arguments
and no one understands why,
except the extreme-ordinary poeple with superstitious behavior.

'So comrades, come rally'
Where oppositions are killing the options
and no one understands why
the present wooing gains the future with vulgar aspects
and no one understands what it's like to be in the wrong
and no one seeks what was their motive for doing it
and no one dues respect to other people's requests.

'So counterfeit, run riot'
Where opinions are heating up the morales.
Where 'Les Misérables' hoping the little minds to die.
All that they destroyed we must build again.
All that they build we must replace again.
All that they ruined we must restore again.
All that we deleted we must teach and share again.
All that we missed by oversleeping we must take the blame.

When the little minds cry let them know we counterfeit.

Ever since we can remember those 'Days of Future Past' and fake-truth 'Apocalypse Then'
when the little minds starts to shrink the renew of democrazy is at the very beginning.

Cerebrum only can terminate those little minds
for all the alternative hooligooses (silly hooligans) on the world scene
and for those 'welcome culture' this is mere storming of the right-wingers.

Ever since we learn our first steps
Say 'yes we can' counterfeit for a better reflection and demonstrate
matured to a good mention for the generations to come.

'No we cannot' can love and peace in dozen
from a link manufactory as a service

'No we cannot' remix deep respect and diabolic flair and radical chic
from a social engineering in a think tank

'No we cannot' live together with extremes 'Yin and Yang'
in our Robin's Neighborhood and Shareworld Forest's

No more chauvinistic presidents,
No more radical chicks as populists,
No more superficial intelligence and cultural obstacles

One united World under solitary Clouds we trust
An unisex world with social benefits umbrellaed
when the little minds cry and we let them know we counterfeit
where fake alibis and all the war groupies will end

Each time when the little minds awake
the fight against windmills and the superstition will never ends

Each time when the little minds cry
where they sow the butterfly-effect, they will reap the whistleblower.

Ever since we can remember
The Krauts remains Krauts', has been,
and continues to be copy-cat weed that has nine lives
and survives ages 'n' RoundUp.

When the little minds will fight for our rights
let them know it ain't right.

When the little minds will pray for Apartheid
let them hear your blood-curdling voice.

Each time we can recognize what little minds have done
Please don't! swallow the mainstream pie in a whole
Please don't! screw out undigested information overflow.

Trump! (The Baby Boss)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

We stand up, but nothin' gets him down.

He is tough, we've got it!

So we let you to know, baby boss, we won't be intimidated.

Even he got to roll with the dices and teach us what does it means to be mean.

Need just a slap in our faces and get to know he's real.

Can't they see us standin' up.

His cold sound has deadened my fingers,
but I sat in front my noiseless typewriter and I get my intelligent wea-pen
I hack against his tweets, to let him know what it means to be wrong.

He remember, there're always fakes to be spread on the news.

Even the World's still in the balance, he knows what to do.

So we let you to know, baby boss, we won't be the worst that you've seen.

Might as well, Trump!

He said 'Go away, dude or answer me'.

The World of Tomorrow Comes plays 'duck and cover' with him.

This clank of chain seems to be familiar.

Who said or did that? Well, so what!

Just always fakes to be spread on the news.

He let us know he ain't the worst that we've seen.

Even he got to dance on thin ice and teach us what does it means to be mean.

Need just a slap in our faces and get to know he's right, maybe.

Can't they see us standing up.

Might as well, Trump!

He said 'America First', but commands a wrecking ball.

The World deserves a slap in her face and get to know he's standing there.

To let US know he ain't the best that they've claimed is not enough, also for us.

What to do, what's the task? Well, fair enough!

The Generation to come break the iron chains and all the wrong turns he leaved them.

So the one's who won't jump for him
over the Great Divide, could breathe freely, maybe.

We stand up, but nothin' gets him down.

He is tough, we've got it!

So we let you to know, baby boss, we won't be intimidated.

Even he got a counterfeit like him that teach him what does it means to be mean.

Need just a slap in his face and get to know he's not the only one.

Both can't hide and seek we standin' up.

Well, fair enough! I remember you,
the One-Hit-wonder 'Hire a cry-baby and fire a baby boss'.

If I may say so, nothin' came of it, we wouldn't say so.

Cos they'll collapsed with laughter, but the Global Trade still turning.

Go ahead, Trump!

Keep going, counterfeit.

I'm not done.

Get down ... or get over with

by Jens T. Hinrichs

They feel chilly.
First time he talks at Washington DC.
He give a damn on 'Yes we can'.
So he can feel in heaven.

They feel chilly.
First time since he wants to be their president.
Obama Care's drives him insane, because everybody can be one of a kind.
So he can feel in heaven.

They feel chilly.
First time they got a big boss of whole America's Company that don't tell lies.
For him, maybe China's like a copy-cat that catwalks on cold thin ice.
So he can feel in heaven.

Once upon a timeline, he drank a toast to 'America's First'.
Now he was as happy as could be.
But he can't keep his words for hisself.

Now he flies on a red hot carpet to Washington.
Where he invites them to a minute,
the press's precisely, but accurately out of bounds.
Baby boss, what do you think-tank you're hiding to them.

Even when they tryin'to clean the red carpet
he puts the dirt blood under this walk of fame

Get off your hands, baby boss shouldn't flatten it by smoothing the shame.
Get down on your knees, hail his doctrin or get over with.

Baby boss, keep your words to yourself.
But they still want him around.

Everybody wants to seek his russian roots
but it's not that bad things that motivates him
They need a bad man, not a link to good fellas.

He told them once before
and they won't hear it no more:
The world just turns around me and you are fake news'.

Once upon a timeline, the Statue of Liberty has turn her back on them.
Then she was as kind as could be.
She can keep her pride for them.

Now he flies on a red hot carpet to Washington.
Where he invites them to a minute,
the press's precisely, but accurately out of bounds.
Baby boss, what do you think-tank you're hiding to them.

Even when they tell nothin' but the truth
he shouts out 'eenie meenie miney mo, you're fake news'.

Get off your hands, baby boss shouldn't play with red phone and red buzzers.
Get down on your knees, hail his doctrin or argue with it.

Baby boss, why should the press waste hours on your minute
when the press can post in a few seconds.

He don't need you lovin'
he wants to overkill the press whilst he's interesting, not that much.
Just an impulse of pressure.
They make no difference so long as they can feel in heaven when he comes around.

He is going to watch everybody's work.
but who wants to massage his ego whilst he's barking in a bad mood.
Just the way he arranges his haircut, he shows them brides eyes.
They make no difference so long as they can feel in heaven when he comes around.

He told them once before
and they won't deny it no more:
'Get down or get with it', he would said.

Don't lose your prize, give them back their pride.
Before time is running out for US.

Neither lose your way nor underrate the shame in other one's charge.
Before time is running out for US.

Butt, tell me if you feel it too
they are in delusion on every minute, even so the daily news
Their hearts are cryin'out for him.

Butt, tell me if you feel it too
his worries still turnin' the tortures to tore the world apart
Their injured pride longed for (t)his desire.

Next time, when guys like Trump come around,
don't be like that! Get down or get over with.

Fake Friends

by Jens T. Hinrichs

We know they're out somewhere
You are remain in a wait
But you can't hear them coming

Fake Friends

And you prepare your meetings
believing in what they're after (Fake Friends)
hoping you won't get too far
without killing their laughter

We're wise to use a Timeline
Where we're hiding in defence
But you can't hear them coming

Fake Friends

And you prepare your comments
believing in what they're after (Fake Friends)
hoping you and they won't come too close
without killing their doubts and your heirs.

In the second-life gleaming
you can't hear your inner clock running
competing with the countdown
lust for their own illusions (Fake Friends)

Fake Friends, so full of devotion, coming together
To Google Earth, who can deny?
but still it's fair, well
well, maybe it's just feedback (of course)

Fake Friends, so full of emotions, coming to gather
The Facebook Rules, who can assert himself
but still it's fair, well
well, maybe it's just how it feels to meet a fireball (of course)

Internet age ago
I guess there was no one with fame
but now it's fair, well
You're welcome! Who would LIKE to google a footnote?

Internet age ago
I guess there was no one with shame
but now it's fair, well
You're welcome! Who would LIKE to stay alone?

On Google Earth we're never be safe again
but now it's fair, well
and so vary LIKES could grow
and so many HATE could shown

We know they're out somewhere
Maybe Fake Friends have seen us
so yearning and jealousy can communicate with each other

Internet age ago,
I guess peanuts wouldn't have been worth to be crowd-funded
but now it's fair, well
so bean counters and bitcoin collectors can communicate with each other

Nowadays
we're sure that we'll miss them badly after we kick them off Facebook
we're sure that we'll diss them gently in order to decrease their Google visibility
Far from it, the cases aren't closed.

I'm sure, 4EVER, what's on the Internet stays on the Internet.
No matter what shit happens to trust and conversations from your aliens (visitors),
datas settle and profiles leave, that's the natural course of (de)termination.

I'm sure, once we delete them or they (public enemies and surreal friends)
there is nothing left to discuss and argue.
I'm afraid, of a silent Internet where
LIKES never be heard, HATE never be spoken.

Plaque 'n' Play on Earth (Who Is ...?)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

At the very beginning
'Hello, World!' need space of living
let Explorer's results busted in an never-ending alert
where they leave a hyperlink on for .us

I searched for them
and they brought .me second spring
when I was lost in cyberpace
I heard to their void
and its voices carried .me

In this 'Hello, World!' we're just beginning
to understand the Second-Life-Livin'
we were just friends before
but not entities. Not anymore.

At the very beginning
we could not have liked it
They say in clouds LIKES come first
and you'll make the clouds to a linkinWorld.

In this 'Linkin' World!' we're just believe in
to withstand the digital reincarnation
we were just as little alone before
but not individuals. Not anymore.

When Downtimes runnin' down the streams
They wait for .me
the supplicants come around so fast, on the screens outside.
They wake .me up
so the 'Linkin' World!' resurrect, with just a single click.

When you log into the digital rooming
I hope you push .me gently and we can poke .to movies
and we're livin'with the clouds above and the streams ahead
where about Uber drivers themselves pushes .me in a spinning wheel of LOLs ...

I learned from them
and they brought .me second knowledge
when I was lost in privatsphere
I heard to their databanks
and its interactions inspired .me

Eversince I feel alive
I LIKE and dislike for you
and you bring .me votes.

Ooh, no. But, what if we're smelling digital drugs
that Lyft lift .us up to the clouds above
where we're abstinent and dry at the same (real-)time.

Eversince I feel gifted
I Plaque 'n' Play IT for you
and you bring .me quotes.

Ooh, no. But, what if we're sharing crystal meetings
that mesh .us up with the 'Who is ...?' aftermath
where the 'same real-time' and 'some places' be inseparable.

At the very ending
we should not have played and unplugged these 'I, LIKE'

They still say in clouds LIKES come first
and you'll hold the 'social weather' untamed still
Let the 'social responsibility' be with you. Not anymore.
Not up to 'Who is ...?' whose clear .name can not be pronounced.

Cloud 69

by Jens T. Hinrichs

[refrain:
It was 69
their pants were short, their hair was waxed
caught somewhere in-between realtime and timeline,
cheat on with a toy and a human
they are barely legal eighteen
hopefully far from prostitution.]

Phishing through the .torrent box
talking by the camlight smells like teen spirit
all the StartUp 69er in a Second Life – live now and then
what should they do without an Internet?
They never will miss
the artificial spotlight shined upon their screens and skins

Lying on the beds or lurking down under
and they were imagining role play
and they were squirring filthy drinks
Faking love down by the F*ckb**k to our favorite songs.

Conjuring Brandy out of a bottle
without a doubt to open up their bottleneck.
Hey stupid, not thinking 'bout these .tomorrow is disgusting.

[background vocals:
Now every taboo seems as familiar
as when the linked couples begin to switch their challenges
or how-to we know to react to strange interferences
continued on the Internet, what next?
Cut eyes out, privacy locked
they would hear the same moaning
as when they beg to please
«I'd like to seek that squirt on films, again!»]

We'd die under the moan of LOLs,
for the one-night-stand we'd clean our nimby fingers
We couldn't resist that .torrent sweat @home
Team up! Plug 'n' Play some RnB with cocks and balls (eggs).

Eyecatching Tinder from the nudist beaches
Followin' the boobies roll off the bras bouncing
They'll forever sowed a trigger inside my brain

They're worried. The mail respond of a blinnddate never comes.
And so the story of the peeping and the defloration ends
is held on a sex tape.

[refrain:
It was 69
their hands were flix, their moaning were faked
stucked elsewhere in moderation and emancipation,
shine on with a bang and a boing
they are barely legal eighteen
hopefully far from puberty.]

Phishing through The Sandbox
dreaming by the dashboard light smells like cookies died in here
all the StartUp 69er in a Second Life – are borrowed and forced.

What should they do without the Sex-y trade ?
They never will discover
the red camlight shined upon their laundry districts and lingery expositioning.

Lying on the beds or lurking down under
and they were think-tanking about .torrent
and they were applauding (uploading) filthy shakes
Choking down by the F*ckb**k to our favorite movies (hits).

Conjuring Genie out of a bottle
without a doubt to fill up their think-tank.
Hey stupid, not thinking 'bout those .torrent is disgusting.

[background vocals:
Know that each single should be entrusted to us
as when the linked mates begin to connect their dates
or how-to we know to argue 'bout unveiling phenomena
continued on the Internet, what next?
Cut naked horror, code of conduct censored
they would see the same restricted areas
as when they beg to please
«I'd leak that cumshot load, keep going!»]

We'd lie under the moon, for the spell we'd need only one round-trip ticket
We couldn't resist that .torrent @home
Team up! Plug 'n' Play some RnB with chicks and dolls.

Eyes wide shots from the telly tubes
Followin' the balls roll off the clitoris stunning
They'll forever sowed needles inside my eyes.

They're sorry. The search request for a soulmate never ends.
And so the story of the bees and the flowers ends
is held on page rank.

[refrain: It was 69
their dirty talk were short, their body language was relaxed
caught in the act somewhere in-between illusory and indipendency,
cheat on with an Homo Android Erectus and a third A.I.
they are barely legal gendered
hopefully far from corrupted bodyhacks.]

Peeping through the keyhole
stalking by the webcams smells like lube (loop)
all the StartUp 69er in a Second Life – peer-to-peer built
what should they do without a Darknet?

They never will delete
the artificial eyes point them the catwalk to their soulmates.

Turning in the sleep or crouching under the deep
and they were misusing passthrough tunneling to the oral traffic
and they were emulating other's basic instincts

Baking so-called cream pies for the F*ckb**k to our favorite streams.
Sipping highlights out of a blender
without a deep throat (load) to strangle their wrong neck.

Hey stupid, don't let them – boner (blunder) and am'bush – be misunderstood.

Lookup the Internet (Lock up...)

by Jens T. Hinrichs

You really got .me first sex-streams
Found it on the Internet. Where else?

Where one's turn his body language into a career.
Repeated it until my eyes turned red
a way of recapping (discovering) the story of the bees and flowers so far
Was the Cloud 69, thx for having you here, desire .us again on triple x (.xxx)

My dear Valentine and some #MeToo Antitrust
had a cryptoparty and they tried real hardcore
Jekyll deny that Juveniles got pregnant
They did not even think they were crossing the red line
when they entered the red carpet.

Mmh, when parents look at them
they rate the Timeline differently now
that shame seemed to last forever.

Yelp, when they lock up the Internet
those must-have daydreams were a nightmare scenario for Cloud 69 at its best.

And if parents had a virtual Time Machine
they'd reset the Cloud 69 to recovery time
caught between Woodstock 1969 and Orwell's 1984.
That 'People Choice' should've earned a 'Lifetime Award'.

Ain't no overvalue and overflow online dating
when you're young and restless
they leave a .torrent job to hire and fire.

Cloud 69 is addicted to youth.
Wasted my timeline at the cloud-in-drive
and that think-tank like that matches me and you.

You really got .me first sex-toy
Found it on the Internet. Where else?

Where one's turn his body hack into a career.
Played it until my fingers turned red
a way of discovering the story of the Beauty and the Beast so far
Was the Cloud 69, thx for having you here, desire .us again on triple x (.xxx)

Teach your kids or lock up the Internet
Timelines are interacting basic instinctly
their parents would freak out
emancipation can't stay out of school.

Ain't no vintage and faithful
when they were young and restless
they tell a hackneyed campfire script for hire and imitate

Cloud 69 is connected to youth.
Perfected my routines at the in-and-out-games
and that don't do .me like that teaches .me and .you.

And now the Timelines are changing and the preferences are channeling
Youth standing still under social drama's porn
that lending you a helping hand
you know that the helping hand will be ripped off
coz those social experiences donated to the general public.

Teach your kids or lookup the Internet
Timelines are interaction usual immediately
their .torrent would implode to a dark hole
emancipation can't stay out of school.

Mmh, when kids shut them out
they rate the login-to-everything differently now
that walk of fame built to resist forever.

Yelp, when they lock up the Internet
those must-have social issues were a nightmare scenario for Cloud 69 at its worst.

When they heard the hangovers calling
they saw a Direct Listing Opportun(e)ity in this facial repertoire.

The Server Famers put them under the redlight milieu to bait (beat) them
but they'd add-on some sugar to mother's milk. What else?

They just want to educate you with a fake.
They say, just a teenage dirt bag.
They just want to advice you with a mess.
They say, just only for adults.
Who draws the red line, who the leash.

Sometimes when they play the vintage files
they asked each other what were parent's motives (alibis).

Mmh, when kids taught by parents they wondered what they did wrong
then this redline also raised them up.

Sometimes when kids asked their parents 'bout the difference
they were suprised by tatoos, piercings, waxed o-zones and swapped wigs

Mmh, when the parents did the same things when they were young
then this redline also raised them up.

They were dealing with emancipation,
but they did not become sexually educated,
coz naked facts has little to do with naked truth.

They pretend that is normal entertainment
to satisfy (to fullfil) the deep needs
by giving them helping hands
to cover (to hide) the deep needs
by giving them handsome tips.
You don't poke .me like that or they mess up youth.

Teach your kids or lookup the Internet
Don't go to a date until date
if you're not self-satisfied
Don't block up a Firewall when the Internet never sleeps.

They'll thank you for launching your romances
they'll payback them with credits.
Even when you failed, the value (the reward) never expires.

And when your parents had a choice
They'll wish you'd never been seen porn.

And when you parents had a voice.
They'll wish you'd never been given support.

Teach your kids or lookup the Internet
This was the fragile Timeline, 'bout primetime unplugged.