


FLOWER  
LIKE

- 
01. EMBRYONIC STATE
  02. DINA
  03. BASIL
  04. STAY
  05. BLONDE
  06. I AM GETTING A PERSON
  07. BLOSSOM
  08. SEE YOU AROUND
  09. SECRET
  10. ALONE
  11. IT'S OVER
  12. EMBRYONIC STATE (REMIX)
  13. DINA (REMIX)

01.

# EMBRYONIC STATE

I feel so insecure  
but I am sure that I am still pure.  
And it's so crazy,  
that a lazy daisy  
put my season in this prison  
i am lying down on this floor,  
put my season in this prison...

I wish you set me free  
could you play a song for me?  
And it's so crazy,  
that a lazy daisy  
put my season in this prison  
i am lying down on this floor,  
put my season in this prison...

...I am touching paranoia...  
paranoia...paranoia...paranoia...



02.

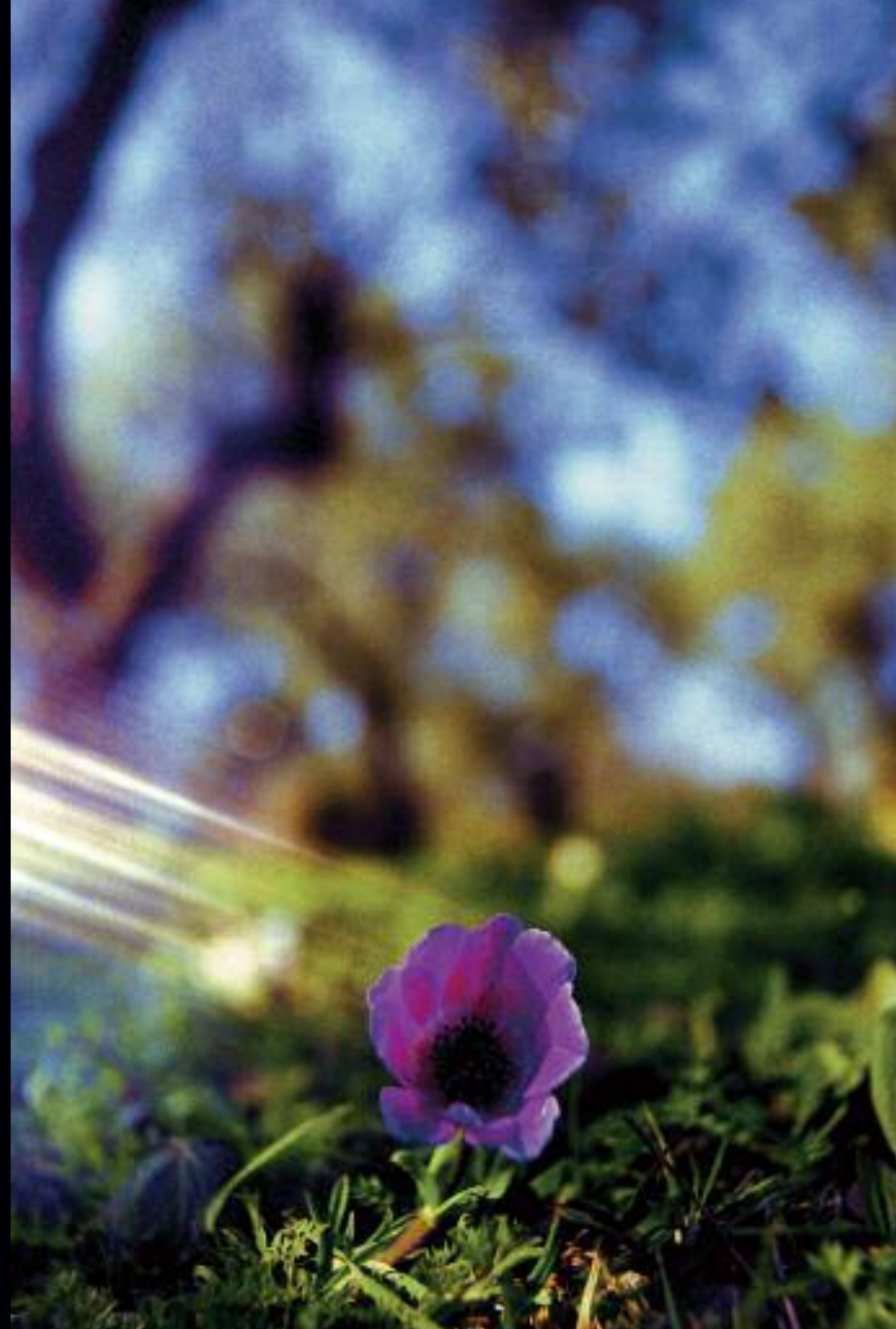
# DINA

Oh my baby you're my hope  
you are my shiny heliotrope  
and every time I suffer you're within me,  
you can flutter through my sorrow and my fear  
and every time I suffer you're within me  
oh I love you so much dear...

Yeah you!  
How I love to sing for you!  
My love for you,  
is like a flower on a pillow...

Oh my honey you're my beam,  
you're the breath of every dream  
and every time I scare you're protective,  
you are there, you warm me in your tiny palm  
and every time I scare you're protective,  
in your beauty I feel calm...

Yeah you!  
How I love to sing for you!  
My love for you,  
is like a flower on a pillow...





# 03. BASIL

Their pray the one who kills  
the way my basil feels.  
Never so lost  
my love for you is so frost.

They wanna be somebody  
and their only happiness  
is just a mix of a childhood fix  
inside a withered body.

If you use my tired skin  
you can bury secrets in.  
It s a way to breathe in...

If you wanna rape your skin  
wear a condom on a violin,  
melt a violet on its string  
you can drink its plastic scream.

If you use my tired skin  
you can bury secrets in  
It s a way to breathe in...  
I promise I won't shout...  
I promise I won't shout...  
I promise I won't shout...  
...I will never let you out...

In my shaken horizon  
while my senses are rising  
and my flowers are aching  
while I am waiting here for you.

Take my melody, take my noise,  
let them cover your every choice  
and I will be here  
waiting for you, for you, for you...

Take me with you,  
why don't you come on and take me?

I can't smile, you know I crawl  
when you come you take it all  
take the key to my soul  
and while you're at it take me too.

Take me with you,  
why don't you come on and take me?

"My view is like the dew  
which is shining on your mouth,  
my view is just your blue  
and I can't take my eyes off of you..."  
Off of you...off of you...

Take me with you,  
why don't you come on and take me?  
Take me with you,  
why don't you come on and take me?

# 04. STAY





# 05. BLONDE

Passing the gate of simplicity  
i wish you could free my dove,  
by a scream, by a scream  
"Hold on to love".

Passing the lake of virginity  
i wish you could feel my smile,  
could you laugh, could you laugh  
smile for a while.  
...I don't mind if you love me  
and I don't mind if you care...  
i am learning how to bloom,  
in the room of temper-tantrum.

Kissing the rose of melancholy  
i used to smell your soul,  
i 'm in love, I 'm in love  
with you I am getting whole.

Crushing the drop of monotony  
i feel you everywhere,  
so I am trying to walk on by,  
pass you by, but you know  
it's not fare...  
...I don't mind if you love me  
and I don't mind if you care...  
i am learning how to bloom  
in the room of temper-tantrum...  
...of temper-tantrum...of temper-tantrum...  
...of temper-tantrum...





06.

# I AM GETTING A PERSON

Peace is like a nightingale  
a coloured fairytale,  
a special detail  
in a strange dance.  
Peace is my romance.

Piece by piece is bittersweet  
i am feeling so complete,  
peace is a special beat  
in a strange dance.  
She is my fragrance.

When she is leaving, I am bleeding,  
when she is laughing I am getting something...

Peace is like a bloody rose  
which just survived an overdose  
it's still alive and still alone  
but it is holding on...  
and it is holding on...is holding on...

When she is leaving I am bleeding  
when she is laughing I am getting something...  
Cause I care a lot...I care a lot...I care a lot...

I am inflating my ego  
cause I need to feel complete.  
I am selfish, I am alone  
i am rude in every beat.

...Cause I am trying to get over me  
yes, I am trying to get over me.

I am inflating my ego  
as my soul looks fulfilled,  
i am raping my ego  
every balance has been killed.

...Cause I am trying to get over me,  
yes, I am trying to get over me.

As I am raping my ego  
my new blossom is your child,  
it is virginal, it's blonde  
and it's always running wild.

...Cause I am trying to get over me,  
yes, I am trying to get over me.

07.  
BLOSSOM

08.

# SEE YOU AROUND

I am so angry,  
i am so hungry  
i could feed you hate  
i could serve you into a plate...

I am so angry  
i am so hungry  
i could feed you hate  
i could serve you into a plate...

I am clean and dry  
in my dirty...  
i could feed you hate  
i could serve you into a plate...

In fact, somehow  
i wanna prove to you  
that you are the only one I choose.

I am clean and dry  
in my dirty "try"  
to find balance...  
to find balance...  
to find balance...



# 09. SECRET

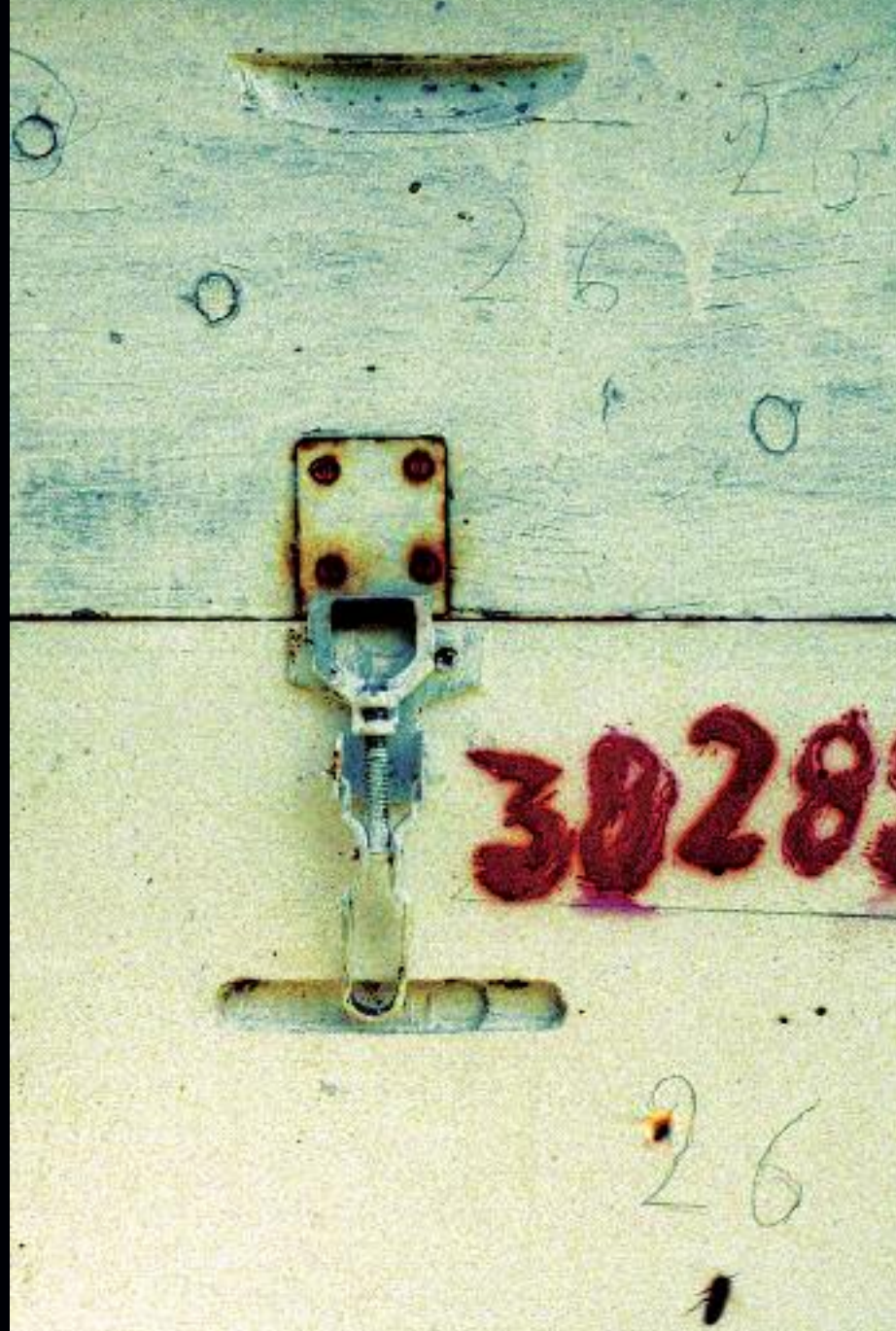
You are beautifully unkind  
you are confusing my mind  
and even though I am blue  
i wanna be with you.

Yeah...you are beautiful today  
all day...every day...

Oh...as the time passes by  
my iris looks dry.  
So I am afraid and I miss you -today-  
but I will never let me kiss you-no way-  
...no way...no way...

"Deaden safety, his age  
is a precious, golden cage  
where he is dying day to day  
he is close to fade away...  
...he is close to fade away...  
...he is close to fade away..

Yeah...you are beautiful today  
all day...every day...  
all day...every day...





# 10. ALONE

Come and give me just one hug  
until you die from your drug...  
i will try to warm your skin  
i will try to warm your skin.

Through my flaming ,red ability  
i transformed my sensibility,  
in a blossom which is sighing  
don't you ever make it cry.

...Alone...  
i guess, I am finally alone, alone  
...i guess I am...

I stole all the sunbeams from your sun,  
step by step I came undone,  
so I am merely alone  
and I am colouring gravels  
in my pain, on my own  
...i am finally alone, alone  
i guess, I am finally alone...  
...alone...

11.

# IT'S OVER

I had tried to keep  
the image of your face.  
I felt empty not complete  
now you are replaced.  
I raped your whole "creed"  
and your need is to feed  
everything I have within me  
and my need is only to bleed  
you know how to start and end me.

It's all over now, only you know how  
it's all over now, are you happy now?

Now I am like a sound  
on your fake stage,  
while you are acting on and off  
my breathless page.  
I raped your whole "creed"  
and your need is to feed  
everything I have within me  
and my need is only to bleed  
you know how to start and end me.

It's all over now, only you know how  
it's all over now, are you happy now?



# FLOWER LIKE

PENNY

## ART PROJECT

### Creating a Pop Persona (2003-2012)

Since 2003, I have been exploring *Identity* based on the interactivity between the concepts of *Performance and Performativity*. Since 2003, I have been staging the creation of a Pop Persona and her humanitarian character which introduces the dialogue between Performance Art and Pop Culture. *Performative Identity* gets unfolded and communicated via *Synaesthetic Experiments* (written – Visual – In Sound) and functions via the following-ongoing schema:

→Personal -Bodily Identity Performance →Social Identity Performance →Performative Identity→

**EXPERIMENT 02: FLOWERLIKE Penny** (Music Album as The Sound formation of the EXPERIMENT 01, the Art book-catalogue: Presenting Another Nuance Of Sensitivity)

**EXPERIMENT 03: FLOWERLIKE THE BAND** (Penny: vocals, Tolis Deligiannis :electric bass, Thanasis Dzingovic: guitars, Orestis Benekas: keybords)

All songs performed by Penny  
contact penny.flowerlike@gmail.com

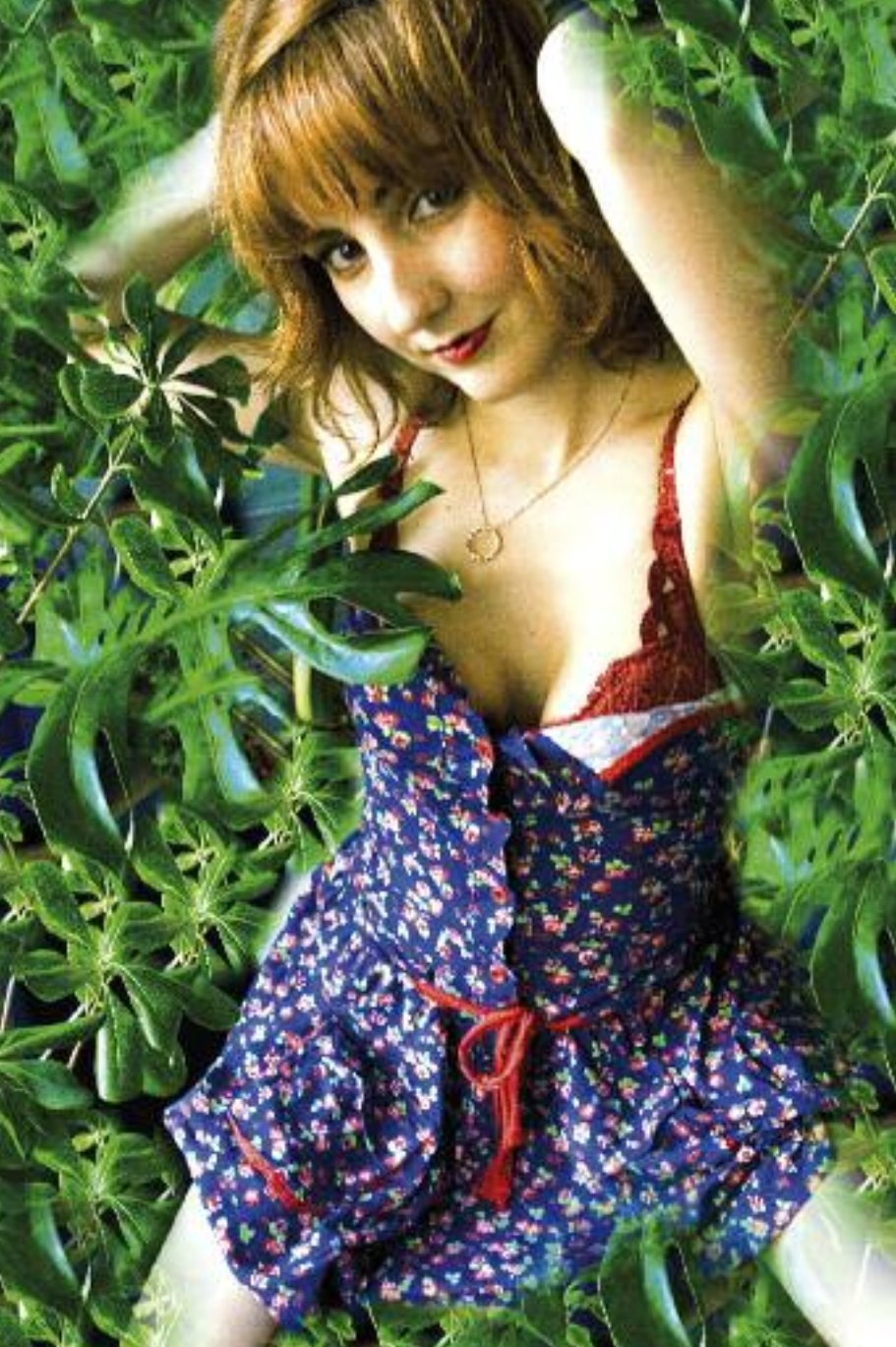
Lyrics Penny, All songs and vocal lines written by Steven. Programming/Keyboards Dan Paris, Bass on tracks 3,10 Steven, Bass on tracks 1, 6 Yannis Arjoglou, Bass on track 4 Periklis Hamalidis. Guitar, Harmonika, tuberleki Steven (Steven appears courtesy of Plus records)

*Embryonic State* remixed by Dan Paris (enemy@thebasssunsetmix), mixed at Draysdale Studios, London UK, *Dina* remixed by Sotiris Noukas at Underground Studio, Thessaloniki  
Produced by Steven and Dan Paris, Recorded and mixed at MFKR Studios, Mastering Underground Studio  
Design designers united, www.designersunited.gr  
Photography Stratos Kalafatis, www.stratoskalafatis.com

#### THANKS

My love to my family: Mom, Dad, Dina. First of all I would like to thank Steven Triantafillis cause he has given me the chance to express myself through his music. Danny Papageorgiou, Strato Kalafati, Dimitri Papazoglou: Thank you so much! Special thanks to: Tolis Deligiannis, Dina Demertzi, Eliza Validaki, Sotiris Noukas, Kleovoulos Delilampou, Yannis Arjoglou, Periklis Hamalidis, Harris Proios (Plus Records). Also thanks to my friends: Tolis Deligiannis, Xaris Matzaridis, Christina Amanatiadou, Maria Tertzi, Kathrine Spiridopoulou, Vasilis-Charis-Nadia karagianni, Fotini Potamia, Ellie Kakoulidou, Manos Lakoutsis, George Anagnostou, Marianna Petridou, Kostas Tourvatsios, Giordano- Dimitra Bendandi, Eva- George Vlisidis and Danny Verikoglou, Kathrine Psimopoulou, Dimitris Koliadimas, Alexi & Dimitra Kokarida. Special thanks to Frosso Michali and Christos Tziokos.











## FLOWERLIKE

Flowerlike is the sound formation of the book: "Presenting Another Nuance Of Sensitivity". I perceive and I create in a **Synaesthetic Reality**, the positive, the active one; the alive and the new. Synaesthesia during which a stimulus does not arouse only the corresponding natural sensation but it also causes and involves subjective perception of a different but so familiar Nature. This prism is my shelter and at the same time a **Popular EXILE...**

In my everyday life I made an effort to get the natural and social environment infused with my idiosyncrasy's poetry, namely the Poesy of inner and outer action and reaction, the **visual Poetry of Human and Social Anatomy**. This album focuses on human relations, Flowers... Social imbalance is impressed on them. Flowers. **Finally, survive as sonorant beauty with stigma, as songs which point and communicate psychological violence throughout my everyday life**; the one the system feeds me in the name of neutrality and fake/seedless dialogue. A psychological violence which is infiltrating my existence, my need to act, to live, to love and to participate. The system expects to perform and enjoy my breakdown; a depressive one. It expects from me to be helplessly passive and pathetic, to deaden, to freeze.

Walking throughout your black and white or colored everyday life you can picture and sing a Fruit Regime...

If you break a strawberry, you can shake the whole universe...

I guess I touch uniqueness...