

SUPER GALACTIC EXPANSIVE

SUPERSENSIBLE SCIENCE





INTRO

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY
JAMIE WATTS

COGNITION RISEN, PUMPING LIKE PISTONS; DRIVEN
AS THE MUSE IS CUT LOOSE, WHILE I QUIETLY
WAIT FOR THE CUES TO INDUCE SIGNALING FOR
ME TO BEGIN TO LISTEN IN TO THE WHISPERING
THAT TRANSITIONS MY THINKING TO THESE WORDS
WRITTEN LIKE AN INSCRIPTION DEPICTING THE
PHARAOH'S KINGDOM CHISELED INTO A PYRAMID BY
AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WITH PATIENT PRECISION...

A SCRIBE—NOW DEAD—BUT THE VISION IN MY
HEAD ALIGNS THIS MIND'S GIFT TO MAKE HIM ALIVE.
REVIVED—NOW LED BY THE INKING THAT HAS BLED
INTO THIS FIBROUS PAPYRUS TO TAKE HIM TO MY
TIME. A RIDE WITH AMAGINATION THAT CLIMBS THE
SPINE OF MY BOOK OF INSPIRATION WHERE I FIND
THE HOOK OF COMMUNICATION THAT SHINES, AS
THE ROSETTA STONE OF RHYME, LETTERS CODES
OF THE DIVINE, RENDERED POEMS WHICH I CONFINED
TO FIT THE HOME OF BLANK LINES, AND LINK THE
ZONE WHERE MINDS COMBINE.

'CAUSE THIS IS AN EXCAVATION OF INTERPRETATION,
SIFTING INTO THE FOUNDATION OF THE LYRICS
THE MUSE SCRIPTS LIKE HIEROGLYPHS UPON
MONOLITHS. MY DOCUMENTS ARE LIKE GRAFFITI
ON FEDERAL MONUMENTS. MY LIPS SPITS BRICKS
THAT BUILDS OBELISKS. MY WITS FLIPS WIGS
AND BRINGS THE RISING OF LOST CONTINENTS LIKE
ATLANTIS. SO, DON'T CHALLENGE THIS. 'CAUSE

WHEN I WHISK INKED TIPS TO WRITE THE LETTER T
WHAT YOU REALLY SEE ARE THE TWO STICKS FROM
THE CRUCIFIX OF JESUS. MY RHYTHMIC PIECES
EASES THE PASSING OF THE DAY. THE SPEECHES
THAT I SAY WILL LEAVE YOU FROZEN IN THE MOMENT
LIKE WHAT THE EXPLOSION OF MT. VESUVIUS DID TO
THE PEOPLE OF POMPEII...

I'M AN EMCEE, ANCIENTLY FROM BCE. ANAND
PETIGARRA—MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES BEFORE
THE COMMON ERA, TRYING TO PREPARE YA' FOR
THIS GREAT UNKNOWN FUTURE.

LOOKING GLASS

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY
JAMIE WATTS

SO, I STARE INTO THE LOOKING GLASS AND HAVE TO
ASK, "WHAT IS IT THAT I REALLY SEE?"

IT BEGINS WITHIN AS WINDS ARE RISING, RIPPING
SKIN. NOW FINDING A TINGLING THAT MINGLES INTO
ADRENALINE WITH THOUGHTS OF NOTHING CLIMBING,
WHILE TENSION DIMINISHING, SUSPENSION IS LIFTING
HIM, REFLECTION AS IT BEGINNING. ZEN—ARRIVING
WITH AN INFINITE PLAN, INTO IT AN INSTINCT
COMMANDS AN INSTANT TO STAND FROZEN LIKE
AN HOUR GLASS BROKEN, SMASHED OPEN, THE
PAST CLOSING, THE FUTURE GASPS _____ CHOKING
INSIDE OF THIS MOMENT OF A RISING LEVEL WHERE
THE SAND OF TIME IS DISHEVELED EVERYWHERE.
THE MATTER AT HAND IS TO PREPARE FOR A SINGLE
FLOWER UNFOLDING, EXPOSING A MENTAL POWER

SHAKEN, NAKED AND BARE LIKE THE BIRTH OF A NEWBORN GIRL SWORN INTO THIS WORLD WITH HER FIRST BREATH OF AIR. THE THIRST OF THIS QUEST IS THE BLESSED ENERGY EVERY ENTITY SHARES. THE SEARCH WILL NOT REST UNTIL THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EVERYONE IS EVENTUALLY AWARE LIKE KNOWING THE THOUGHTS FLOWING FROM A HEART'S GLOWING ALL FROM WHAT'S SHOWING WITHIN A PERSON'S GLARE. A GAZE DISPLAYED IN THE WAVES OF THE WAVES, WHICH SWAYS THE MIND STATE TO FIND PLACE IN A PERSON'S STARE. TELLING ME, "YOU WILL CERTAINLY BE THERE. JUST SIT STILL, LET YOUR LUNGS FILL, LET GO LET YOUR EGO BE KILLED"—INSPIRED BY A HIGHER WILL THAT RISES LIKE DEFIANCE TO FIND THIS BLISS THAT HEALS. IT WHISKS DETRIMENTS WHICH CONSTRICT THE SPIRITS WE FEEL—THE HEART, THE PART THAT TAKES ME OUT OF THE DOUBT OF THE SPINNING WHEEL THAT I'VE BEEN ENDLESSLY TURNING, BURNING IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST WITH NO RELEASE AS THE DISEASE KEEPS THE VILE BILE CHURNING WITHOUT CONCERNMENT OR DESIRE FOR HIGHER LEARNING. BUT THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN BROUGHT TO THESE STEPS. TO RECOLLECT PAST MISHAPS THAT BECOME SOME SORT OF RESOURCE TO THE ROADMAP THAT RECONNECTS ME BACK TO THAT MAX WHERE I CAN TAP INTO THE RAPTURE OF GALACTIC MATTER. UNWRAP THE (W)RAPPER. COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE HEREAFTER. BE CENTERED RATHER THAN SCATTERED. BE THE INVENTOR OF MY OWN PATTERN. BECKON THAT NANOSECOND OF PERFECTION IN MY ACID-SPLATTERED PERCEPTION THAT RENDERS THAT DATA OF THE AKASHIC RECORDS MINE, AS MY CLIMB FINDS THE DIVINE

ALLOWING MY MIND TO INSCRIBE AND SIGN MY OWN CHAPTER. MY HOME RECAPTURED. AS I ZONE IN THE EUPHORIA, SOAR TO THE DOOR OF JAH, SO MUCH MORE IN THE CORE OF THE ATMAN THAN I COULD EVER AMAGINE. AS MY HEAD BEGINS TO SPIN, THE VIBE GOT YOU. ONLY YOU CAN STOP AND START YOU PRANA. IT'S JUST A HALF STEP TO THE HEART CHAKRA, TRYING HARDER TO NOT TRY AS I DIE A CONSCIOUS SUICIDE AND SHINE AS MY OWN MARTYR. HOW COULD I EVER PART WITH YOU? THE CHOICE OF FEAR IS THE EXTINGUISHER. THE DISTINGUISHED PURE VOICE I HEAR IS NOW CLEARLY THE FIRE-STARTER SPREADING FLAMES TO MELT THE CHAINS OF THIS VAIN PHYSICAL PLANE THAT CONSTRAINS THE BRAIN TO THE TAME SAMSARIC, KARMIC GAME. DECEIVINGLY LEAVING LOVE SLAIN, THE DOVE IN PAIN. ASCENDING ABOVE IS SUBJECT TO EXPERIENTIALLY UNDERSTANDING THAT SOON GROWS OR SOON GOES LIKE THE MOON'S GLOW, WHICH CAN WAX AND WANE. LOOSING CHANGE OR MAKING A GAIN. LOOSING CHANGE OR MAKING A GAIN? NOTHING'S EXACTLY THE SAME. NOTHING'S EXACTLY THE SAME. NOTHING'S EXACTLY THE SAME. NOTHING'S EXACTLY THE SAME... NOTHING....

AS I SNAP OUT THE TRANCE AND GLANCE INTO THE EYES WHERE THERE LIES A HEALER DEEP WITHIN THE VIBRATION OF THE INTERIOR. IT COULDN'T BE CLEARER, AS I KNEW HER THOUGHTS WERE MINE AND THERE WAS NO NEED TO REVEAL TO HER THAT ALL THAT I CAME TO FIND WAS THAT ALL THINGS ARE NOTHING, BUT YOUR MIRROR.

SO, I STARE INTO THE LOOKING GLASS AND HAVE TO

ASK, "WHAT IS IT THAT I REALLY SEE?"

SO, I STARE INTO THE LOOKING GLASS AND HAVE TO ASK, "WHAT IS IT THAT I REALLY SEE?"

OH! IT'S JUST ME...

NO! IT'S JUST WE...

BROKEN CLOCKS

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

I'M ON EDGE, AS I SIT ON THE LEDGE WEDGED BETWEEN LINES OF A PARAGRAPH, WHILE I BIND MY ABSTRACT TACTICS WITH THE CALCULATING MATHEMATICS TO MAP THE BLUEPRINT OF MY SPACECRAFT. THE FLUID BLUE INK MOVES QUICK & SOON SINKS TO LINK MY INSTINCT TO A HIGHER INFLUENCE LIKE A FLASHBACK. TAKE OFF INTO THE FAST TRACK THAT TRAVELS PAST AND UNRAVELS MARKS WITH GRAVEL AND GLASS THAT STABS AN I'LL GASH TO REVEAL AT LAST, WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THOSE WHO DON'T WANT TO ASK, "WHAT'S THE RELEVANCE OF THIS PRESENCE? I WANT TO QUESTION THIS ART. WHY THE REGRESSION OF SMARTS? LAZY DECEPTION RIPS APART SECTIONS OF THE HEART OF AN ENTITY COLLECTIVELY MADE OF MARKS SPARKED BY YOU AND ME. SEE—YOU ARE THE SLICE OF A RUSTY KNIFE AND I'M DOCTOR ANANDBOL STITCHING LIKE BACK TOGETHER WITH HONEST RULES AND REMEDIES. ESSENTIALLY, THESE COMMON FOOLS GOT TO REALIZE IT'S JUST

THE AC OR DC. FLICK THE SWITCH—WHICH ONE TO BE? WHEN IN ALL ACTUALITY, I PASSIONATELY SAY, "POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE—IT'S ALL THE SAME ENERGY IN WHICH WE'RE LIVING IN..." I AM THE FEARLESS HERO AND I APPEAR AS THE STRESSED HERO'S WORST ENEMY. I AM A ZERO BUT EXPANDS SLOW INTO THE GROWING INFINITY. PEOPLE FEAR NO EVIL, LUCIFER'S GOD'S EQUAL, BOTH NAILED TO THE CROSS OF THE TRINITY. TWO FACES ON THE SAME SIDE OF ONE COIN THAT THEY CALL DIVINITY. BUT THE FALSE TRUTH WASTES THIS WITH PAIN & PRIDE CONJOINED. DO YOU FEEL FLOWED? 'CAUSE IT'S RESTRICTING ME—THOSE TRADITIONALLY PRACTICED VALUES AND MORALS JACKED THIS AVENUE WITH FORMALS. BUT I AIN'T NORMAL. I'D RATHER GATHER THOUGHTS BY GETTING CAUGHT UP IN PORTALS. TRY TO SEE SIGNS IN MY MIND OF MY OWN BLIND QUARRELS. IMAGINE THE TIME SUCKED INTO THE WHIRLWIND OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS BLACK HOLE. SURVIVE THE RIDE TO FIND NEWLY DEFINED INVERTED ROLES. IT'S THE SAME HIGH WHEN YOU'RE FEELING EMPTY AND WHEN YOU'RE FEELING WHOLE...

OPPOSITIONS IN CONGRUENCE: IGNORANCE IS BLISS. BLISS (ANAND) IS THE UNDERSTANDING OF ALL EXISTENCE WHICH EXISTS IN ULTIMATE INTELLIGENCE. HUH? DEPICTIONS OF CONTRADICTIONS, VISIONS OF JUXTAPOSITIONS. I SUTURE WOUNDS OF THE HEART WITH A BUTCHER'S KNIFE IN THE DARK NIGHT IN A ROOM WITH NO LIGHT. YOU THINK I'M DOING IT RIGHT? I'M A DEAF MAN THAT CAN LISTEN IN AND CLEARLY HEAR THE FINEST WHISPERING. I'M A BLIND MAN THAT CAN

SEE THROUGH YOUR PRISTINE SKIN, FROM SCARS TO ACNE, DEEP WITHIN TO YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS. REALITY'S A FANTASY. FANTASY'S A FALLACY. THIS FALLACY'S AN ACTUALITY. THIS ACTUALITY AIN'T ACTUALLY A TRUTH TO SEE, 'CAUSE THE TRUTH IS THERE AIN'T NO TRUTH, SO YOU MAKE THE TRUTH THE WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT IT TO BE. SO, LET'S JUST AGREE TO DISAGREE. 'CAUSE OUR FLAW'S IN OUR THOUGHTS OF WANTING TO BE ABLE TO FIND A CONCRETE ENDING BUT THERE IS NONE LIKE π TIMES 3 WITH A RELENTLESS DECIMAL REPEATING CONTINUOUSLY JUST LIKE THE SEQUENCE OF FIBONACCI OR TECHNOLOGY GROWING EXPONENTIALLY. EVENTUALLY, I'LL TURN THESE LETTERS SCRIBBLED IN 2D, TO 3D SACRED GEOMETRY. TRANSGURE MY NOTIONS SO THEY'RE FLOATING IN 4D. CLOAKED IN INVISIBILITY LIKE THE DEMONS AND SPIRITS I CAN'T SEE. CONJURING SPELLS WITH THE WORDS THAT SPELL. THIS IS MY OWN REBEL WIZARDRY. IT'S COMPLETE OFF THE HANDLE ABSURDITY, LIKE AN OPTOMETRIST GUIDED BY NOSTRADAMUS NERVOUSLY PERFORMING BRAIN SURGERY. "DOES THE PROPHECY TELL ME TO CUT THE VAIN THAT'S BURGUNDY HORIZONTAL OR VERTICALLY?" BUT SOMEHOW, (S)HE MANAGED TO FIX THE DAMAGED PERFECTLY. SO, TRY AND COME STOP ME. A LOBOTOMY WOULDN'T BOTHER ME. CONSCIOUSLY, I KNOW I'M A LITTLE CRAZY, OBVIOUSLY. SPITTING IMPOSSIBILITIES IN SUCH HIGH PROBABILITIES, MY MENTAL AGILITY IS SPINNING LIKE A VORTEX. BUT IT'S JUST THE SYNAPSE FIRING IN MY NEO-CORTEX THAT'S SO PERPLEXED. SO, WHAT'S NEXT IN THIS COMPLEX DIALECTICAL PROCESS OF PROGRESS? I'M SEEING

ME AND A GODDESS HAVING HOT SEX—MAKING IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ALL IN THE PROJECTION OF A ROFSCHACH'S INKBLOT TEST. INSANITY AT IT'S BEST. 'CAUSE NOTHING FUCKING MATTERS WHEN WE MOMENTARILY SHATTER PATTERNS. WATCH THEIR REMAINS SPLATTER, CAN'T CONTAIN THE DATA. NOT WORRYING ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AFTER YOU WEIGH IN ALL OF THE REACTING FACTORS. 'CAUSE SOMETIMES YOU THINK YOU'RE MOVING FORWARD TOWARDS THE FINISH, BUT IT'S REALLY BACKWARDS TO THE BEGINNING. SO JUST LISTEN...LISTEN...LISTEN...LISTEN...LISTEN... THE CLOCKS ARE ALL BROKEN—YOU WON'T HEAR ANYMORE TICKING...

PILLARS

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARA; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

OUT THE GATES WE TASTE TOO OFTEN THE STRANGE DAMNED DAYS, DAZED. WE ESCAPE THE COMMONPLACE GRAND MAZE, A RACE. WE RAISE THE FORGOTTEN CRAZED, MAD WAYS. A CHASE TO RETRACE AND GET LOST IN THE EMBRACED LANDSCAPE THAT AWAITS FOR THIS MAN TO FACE, AS WE STAND IN PLACE—THE EARTH ROTATES IN A BLUR AT HER STEADY PACE. IN EVERY CASE, ONE CANNOT DROP OR LOSE CHANGE LIKE LOOSE CHANGE. SUDDENLY THE SHELL IS UNCOVERING. DISCOVERING THAT THE WINDOWPANES HAVE ALL BEEN REARRANGED, BUT YOUR SIMPLE PAIN REMAINS AS YOU STRAIN TO MAINTAIN THIS PLANE IN THE SAME DRAMATIC FASHION, PATTERNED

PLASTIC LIKE THE PREVIOUS SEQUENCINGS THAT'S NOW RAPIDLY PASSING IN A MATTER THAT IT HAD FORMALLY HAPPENED. BUT, THAT WAS JUST YOUR LOST PASSION, AS THOUGHTS FLASHING HAVE CAUGHT, CAPTURING THIS INSTANCE OF EXISTENCE OF NOT THINKING—STOPPED BLINKING—LINKED INTO ALL THAT SOUGHT IN THIS BATTLE FOUGHT TO GET YOU LOST AND TOSSED INTO THE BREEZE THAT BREWS THROUGH YOU CATCHING THE TRUE CHAIN REACTION—THE TRAIL OF NON-ACTION. HOW LONG HAS THIS MOMENT OF ZONING BEEN LASTING? WHAT'S WRONG IS YOU'VE CHOSEN TO HAVE SPOKEN THE SIN OF ASKING. 'CAUSE THE STRONG ARE WITHHOLDING FROM OPENING THEIR LIPS ARE ZIPPED/FASTENED, LISTENING TO THE SONG THAT'S REMOLDING AND EXPOSING THE THINGS IN YOUR TRASH BIN THAT YOU THOUGHT WERE GONE, BUT THEY'RE GROWING, CONTROLLING YOUR SOUL'S GRIP ON UNDERSTANDING STILLER THAN A PILLAR ERECTED BY MY OWN TWO HANDS. ONE OF WHICH BELONGS TO A KNOWN TRUE MAN THAT'S A SAINT, AND THE OTHER TO A BROTHER THAT'S A KILLER WHO DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO LIFT A FINGER TO PULL THE TRIGGER. YOU CAN MATCH ME WITH ANY PERSONALITY. HONEST, IT'S ALL ANAND—NO FILLERS. BUT EVERY PERSON WISHES REALITY'S CONTENT WAS ACTUALLY A CONSTANT THRILLER, YET THEY SAY THAT NOTION'S SILLIER THAN SKINNY DIPPING DURING A BLIZZARD IN AN ANTARCTIC RIVER SHIVERING IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER. BUT TO TRULY DO IT, IT'S SIMPLER THAN HAVING EINSTEIN'S MIND AT ITS PRIME TO FIND 9 DIVIDED BY 9 TIMES 9 OR SOME OTHER BASIC EQUATION OR FIGURE MEANT FOR BEGINNERS. YOU MAKE WHATEVER CLEVER,

SIMILE THAT'S SIMILAR. I JUST HAPPENED TO LIKE THAT ONE IN PARTICULAR. 'CAUSE ALL IT TAKES TO BRING YOU TO THE BRINK AND DELIVER A STOP ON THE THOUGHTS YOU THINK IS TO BRIDGE AND LINK YOUR ACCEPTANCE TO THE ESSENCE THAT SOUL SURROUNDING SENTIENCE IS SOLIDLY SINGULAR. YOUR BODIES WILL TINGLE TO THE RHYTHM GIVEN FROM THE THROBBING UNIVERSE—EXPANDING & CONTRACTING. DYING AND LIVING WITH THE HIP-HOP IN THESE WORDS WITHOUT PLANNING—PURE UNDERSTANDING. NOT TRYING, JUST IMBIBING THE OFFERING OF THE UNHEARD COMMANDING THE CHANNELING OF RHYMING IN TIMING THAT SOFTENING ANY CONCERNS FOR PLANNING A LANDING. 'CAUSE THE DEPTHS OF DEATH ARE THE HEIGHTS OF LIFE. SO, NO MATTER HOW HIGH YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL FLY 'TIL YOU'RE STRANDED, THAT SKY IS THE GROUND STREET FOUND ABOUT AN INCH DEEP BENEATH THE BOOT BOUND FEET WHERE AN ASTUTE PROUD BEING IS STANDING, HAND IN HAND WITH ALL THOSE ENGROSSSED WITH TRAVELING THE COSMOS; THOSE 800 PANTHEONS OF PHANTOMS RAMBLING AND CHANTING ANTHEMS OF CHAMPIONS THAT ROARS LIKE THE DEAFENING SILENCE THAT CONFIDES IN THE ENDING OF TIME—THE DISMANTLING OF THE MIND. FEELING THE ALLIANCE OF INSANITY SHATTERING THE GLASS SUN THAT SHINES, REVEALING SURPRISES, GOT TO HAND IT TO CHI; UNWRAPPING THE MASK OF THE ONE BEHIND THE SCENES, UNSEEN, CONCEIVING THE SUN BEAMS. YOU WOULDN'T DREAM WHO YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND. 'CAUSE WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD STARES UNAWARE AT THE SOLAR FLARES GLARES UNPREPARED GOING BLIND, IT WAS REALLY THE MAN IN THE MOON SITTING IN A DARK

ROOM, ILLUMINATING CREATION, FROZE IN A LOTUS POSE AND A PERFECT ERECT SPINE, WITH HOPES TO COME CLOSE TO MAKING ALL THE LAYERS CORRECTLY CONNECT AND ALIGN. THE MIND STOPPED ON THE DIME AND STOOD STILLER THAN PILLARS. IT'S ALL GOOD, 'CAUSE RIGHT NOW THERE'S NO FILLERS.

MOVEMENT OF SOUND

(FEATURING BLAME THE KID)

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA AND ABULLAH SAED; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

AN OSCILLATION BREAKS, THE EXTERIOR QUAKES, THE SECTIONS VIBRATE, CREATION OF A SINE WAVE. THE MIND BRAVES THE MOVEMENT OF INVENTION, PROPERTIES OF LENGTH ARE UNRELENTINGLY VAST. I'M PULLED PAST THE COLLAPSE OF SPASTIC CAPTURE OF REACTING GASES, DETONATING A RANGE OF PLASTIQUE. GLASS CREAKS, FORM WEAKENS AND CRACKS UNDER STACKS OF BOOM BAP, GLITCH QUICKENS AND CREEPS, I'M A MIND OF GRINDING PAIN, MAINTAINING WINDING WAYS THROUGH THE TIME OF DAY, RESIGNED FROM THE MOST ENGRESSING OF ENCROACHMENTS. ON LAWS OF HOAXES I CHOKED THE CLOSENESS AS THE SOUND APPROACHES. I BOAST OF COMPRESSION UNDER LEVELS OF STRESS TO CAUSE MESS, MEDIUM IS DENSE UNTIL YOUR DEAF. (WHAT?!) WHO CALLED RESPONSE WHEN I'M CLEARLY ENSCONCED IN THE HAUNTINGLY STRUNCH CAUSE OF AUDIAL WANTS? UNINTELLIGIBLE DECIBEL LEVELS WILL FALL FROM HEAVEN AND BURY ME WITH THE VERITABLE DENSITY OF TREBLE CLEF—I INJECT

SIGNS OF DEATH APPEARING AS A HALLUCINATION WHILE THE TRUE EQUATION REMAINS IN MY HEAD. 20 TO 20 000 HERTZ AND WE FOUND IT BURSTS. AN ASSERTION FIRST WORKS AS A THEORY ALERT. A WAVE TRANSVERSE—SPANS THE PARAMETERS OF AMPLITUDE. CAN EXUDE A CLAMOR IN THE MANNER OF A PLANET'S MOON. MODULATING OVER THE COBBLES OF AN ANOMALOUS FOSSIL CONTAINING SHIFTING ODDITIES OF AN IMPOSSIBLE MODEL, CURRENT ALTERNATING, FALTERING, THEN COMPENSATING WITH AN OFTEN JARRING BUT MODEST COMPOSITE OF THE HONEST. I'M BREAKING FROM A RITUAL OF SINGULAR PRINCIPLES—DEFERTING THE PURPOSE OF A FIRST PERSON POINT OF VIEW—THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO REVERSE THE EFFECTS OF PERPETUAL TERROR BOMBING YOUR SET. COMMON DEFENSES INCLUDE, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, THE TENSING OF THE OSSICLES, AN OPTICAL ILLUSION ENSUES STROKING YOUR COCHLEA 'TIL ITS BROKEN SMASHED CLEAN WITH RAPS OF ADVANCED AUTOPLASTY—BEHAVIORAL AUDIOGRAMS THAT FREAK NASTY. MY LINGUAL APPENDAGE HAS NEVER ENDED, I'M CONTINUOUSLY MENDING THE DENTS AND DINGS THAT BEING SPLENDID BRINGS. I'M AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC ENTITY ENDING THE EARTH'S SERENITY REPLENISHING THE VOID WITH A STEADY SUPPLY OF ENEMIES. CHARACTERISTIC FREQUENCIES HAVE BEEN RELEASED. PIECE BY PIECE, I ASSEMBLE TREMBLING SECTIONS COMPOSED OF DEITIES. SOUND IS TRANSMITTED THROUGH PLASMA GASES AND LIQUIDS AS I DIMINISH THE FRIGID EXISTENCE OF LIVING THINGS INSIPID.

THE PARAGRAPH SLASHED, THE FLAG HANGS AT HALF STAFF, GRAPHS COLLAPSING AT THE AXIS PATCH THE ABSTRACT ATTACK CATS WITH CRASS, THE ELASTIC BACKLASH I'LL CRACK ACTS IN HALF AND LAUGH.

A STEP BEYOND THIS SONG IS SONIC-SONNETS OF METATRON'S PLATONIC SOLIDS ENSCONCED IN ISOTONIC HARMONICS OF SONOROUS PHONICS. CATCH THIS DRIFT OR SHIFT THE PITCH... CONSTANTLY INTEGRATING THE CONSCIOUS SYNCOPATING OF BEATS WE BREATHE. PLEASE BELIEVE IT'S FOUND IN DISCRETE SOUND—COMPLETELY UNWOUND—OSCILLATING THROUGH CONTEMPLATING THE AWARENESS OF WHERE SPACE IS BETWEEN THE AIR AND GROUND. COMPRESSING MY SKELETON—THE SUM OF ATOMS AND ELEMENTS—TRACES OF METAPHASIC ARRANGEMENTS NOW EVENLY UNWOUND FROM BASE TO CROWN. THE PLACE IS NOW. AS THE WAVERING DEPTH OF THE WAVELENGTH GAINS STRENGTH, AND FREQUENCIES EASILY INCREASE WITH FEVERISH SPEED TO FREQUENTLY REACH PREPOSTEROUS PEAKS OF IMPOSSIBLE SPEECH. UNSTOPPABLE, AS IT BLEEDS FROM EITHER TWEETERS OR SPEAKERS INTO THE SEAMLESS ETHER OF FRENETIC FREEDOM. THE KINETIC MEDIUM BETWEEN CONNECTED BEINGS, SEEN & UNSEEN IN OUR PROJECTED COLLECTIVELY MUTUAL UNUSUAL DREAMLESS SLEEP STEEPED IN A SLEEPLESS DREAM. KEEP THIS CLEAN, AS ALL WE KNOW COMBINES & WEAVES AUDIO FROM IMPROBABLE SILENT SCREAMS INTO ALIGNING STREAMS DESIGNING SPEECH OF RHYMES AND BEATS, AS THE MIND RECEIVES THESE TIMELY OPEN

WORDS THAT EMERGE FROM VIBRATING VOCAL CHORDS THAT BURST FORTH AS DISPERSED HERTZ HEARD, AS IT'S ABSORBED IN YA' GOURD WHEN AUDITORY NERVES SURGE FROM YOUR COCHLEA. COAXING YA' OUT OF THIS HOAX WITH TRANSVERSE WAVES OF THESE MAD TERSE SAYINGS OF BLAME AND ANANDBOL, THAT BECAME AUDIBLE OUTSIDE THE ABOMINABLE VACUUM. THE MIND IS LAUDABLE VAST ROOM WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE EVOLVING PATH TUNED TO THE SOOTHING MOVEMENT OF RENEWING ACOUSTICS. I GROVE & LOOSE IT AS BOUNDARIES CHOOSE TO DISMANTLE—THE SOUND CARRIES ME—I AM TRULY FRAGILE—AS THE AMPLE AMPLITUDE OF MANGLED ENTANGLED SAMPLES INTRODUCED PROFUSELY PRODUCE THESE FLOWING SOUND WAVES THAT PROFOUNDLY EMBRACE MY MANY BODIES ODYSSEY. AS ODD AS CAN BE, I'M OBVIOUSLY LOST IN THE BOTTOMLESS AWESOME SEA OF POSSIBILITY DROWNING IN WHAT PLAYS—GENTLE DECIBELS OF TREMBLING TREBLE LEVELING BASS'S ABRASIVE CREATION OF ASTOUNDING GRACE.

TO HAVE FOUND THE WAYS THAT SOUND SLOWLY TRAVELS IS BASED UPON HOW NOW KNOWINGLY UNRAVELS AT THE ONLY PACE MY OWN SOUL IS SHOWING ME I CAN HANDLE.

DECIPHER

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

I'M LISTENING TO THE MYSTERY IN THE WINDS

RHYTHMS ON WHICH I'M SITTING, ELICITING THE RECEPTIVE CONNECTIONS TO COLLECTIVE INVENTIONS, RESURRECTING MY ANTENNAE SO I CAN TUNE INTO THE MOVEMENT OF INTUITIVE MUSIC PRODUCING A LUCID ALLUSIVE MUSE IN MY TRUEST VIEW TO SEND IN QUICK, THE MENTAL PEN, INK OF ADRENALINE, AS THE MESSENGER THAT RENDERS THE SWITCH ON. A SONG'S BEGINNING, THE LONG TRANSMISSION UPON THE TRADITIONS BEYOND THIS THINKER'S WISDOM IT SPAWNS AN INNER VISION WHEN ONE'S TUNING POSITION STOPS ON MY PROFILE FOR A SECOND OF MAYHEM. IT'S NOT ON THE DIAL OF FM OR AM. IT'S GOT A STYLE THAT'S JUST THE WAY I AM. I JUST NEED YOU TO AGREE TO WEAVE INTO MY FIELD OF CHI, SO PLEASE ENTER IN. YOU'RE EITHER IGNORING IT OR EXPLORING, FORGING WITHIN, BUT NOT FORCING. HELPING ME TO BE CONVEYING WHAT I'M SAYING. WE'RE RELAYING STATEMENTS FROM THE PLACES PAST PAGES, PERSUADING CAVEMEN TO BE CHASING AFTER CHANGES, AIDING THE RAISING OF ALL AGES AMAGINATIONS IN ORDER TO KNOW THE GRACE DISPLAYED IN THESE ENGRAVINGS FROM THE SAGES OF THE ANCIENTS. NOTHING CAN TRAIT THIS SUMMONING OF ARRANGEMENTS WHERE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE SCHEME OF TIME AND SPACE IS A CONTAINER WITH ITS LID REMOVED, UNCHAINED FROM THE GRIDS GROOVES. THE BRAIN'S AT THE BIG VIEW. IT REARRANGED YOU TO SWITCH SHOES. IF NOT WITH A STRANGER, THEN WITH WHO? THE GIFT IS THAT IT'S WITH YOU. THE SHIFT INTO THE NEW THAT LIFTS THE FEW TO THE BRINK OF TRUTH IN THE HERE AND NOW WHERE FEAR AND DOUBT SKIPPED CLEAR OF TOWN, REVEALING THE ROOT THAT APPEARS IN SOUND. IT'S UNDERSTOOD

AND YOU'RE PEERS KNOW HOW TO GEAR THE GOOD TO STEER AROUND, KEEP COOL TO ALLUDE THOSE DAMN TEARS THAT DROWN. 'CAUSE IT'S JUST A SIMPLE TWEAK AND TWITCH TO FIX & ELICIT THE SPIRIT FOUND NEARING THE CROWN. YOU'VE NOW MANAGED TO SHUT DOWN THE WEAK AMOUNT OF THE PSYCHE SLIGHTLY DAMAGED AND BOUND TO THE TRIFLING, UNSIGHTLY GROUNDED BLURRED WORLD OF ABANDONED OYSTERS, IMPURE WITH NO SURE PEARLS TO RELEASE A SPEECH THAT SPEAKS IN A FREQUENCY OF THAT STARS SEEK, A SEQUENCING OF COMPLETE HEARTBEATS, A SECRET SCENE THAT LEAKS ART'S SEEDS INTO A PIECE OF ME, WHO'S NEEDS ARE SEEN. IT GETS ME ENVELOPED QUICKER IN THIS DEVELOPED THINKERS DREAM, A LEVEL UP IN MY INNER BEING, FREEING ME FROM THE THICKER SEAM, AS I'VE NOW COME UNDOONE FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONE TON CONCEALED STEEL BALANCE BEAM THAT WAS ENSLAVING ME, WEIGHING ME DOWN BENEATH THE SHEETS OF TROUBLING BLIND MIND WEEDS TUMBLING BEHIND SIDE STREETS CAUSING MY PREVIOUS STUMBLINGS IN RHYMES I'D BREED. PAUSING, TOO SERIOUS...ENGULFING MY WIDE EYED FEED, BUT NOW THAT I'M FREED I BLEED INTO THE APPLAUDING—SO CLEAR TO US—ERUPTING IN LINES THAT DEFIED THE SPEED OF THE COMPREHENSION CALCULATING COMPLICATED CONCENTRATION CONCERNED IN CONTROLLING THE CONSOLE CONFIGURATION COMPUTING IN CONSTANT CONSIDERATION THE COGNITIVE CONSTRUCTION OF CONSCIOUS CONVERSATION. WE'RE UNLOCKING THIS SHOCKING COMBINATION TO AWAKEN THE SACRED. TO BE TAKING A STEP TO THE SIDE, AS THE LARGE MIND BECOMES THE ONE IN CHARGE—IT'S DIVINE—

MAKING OUR TWO LIPS FUSE TO PRODUCE A SICK FREESTYLE CREATION, A MEDITATION THAT'S LOST IN AMAZEMENT FROM THE WORDS WE SAY. WE'RE ALL JUST TRANSMITTERS RECEIVING INFORMATION THAT WE NEVER HEARD BEFORE 'CAUSE IT'S FROM MORE THAN A BILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY, YET IN THE CORE WITH US EVERY HOUR. ITS POWER THAT'S INFINITE IS IN EVERY MINUTE, ITS ESSENCE IN EVERY SECOND, IT'S SHOWING IN EVERY MOMENT AND DISPLAYED IN EVERY DAY IN WHICH WE JUST CO-CREATE.

KING JAMES

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

ALONE ON A PARK BENCH, PERMEATING A STENCH THAT WOULD LEAVE ANYONE IN A DRY HEAVE—GUT WRENCHED, BUT HE WAS THE RULER OF HIS OWN KINGDOM, CREATING HIS OWN DOMINION, UNINFLUENCED BY OUTSIDE OPINION 'CAUSE THE EARTH'S CLOUDS, THEY'RE THE ROOF OF HIS BUILDING. HE FOUND CONTENTMENT DOWN ON THE BOUND OF HIS CEMENT BED, AS HE READ HIS PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER BEDSPREAD, GOING UNNOTICED BY PASSER-BYS, AS IF HE WAS DEAD. HE WAS LYING JUST AHEAD OF WHERE I WAS WALKING, AND I COULD SEE LITTLE KIDS PASS AND LAUGH TO CRASS, JAW'S DROPPED AND GAUKING. AND AS I DREW NEAR I COULD HEAR HIM TALKING TO HIMSELF, MUMBLING THAT, "THOSE RUG-RATS DON'T HAVE A PENNY OF MY WEALTH." AND I WANTED TO STOP AND ASK IF MEANT THAT FIGURATIVELY, OR

IF HE LITERALLY HAD A SECRET STASH OF CASH. LUCKILY THE ANSWER WOULD BE UNMASKED AS HE NOTICED MY LIT CIGARETTE AND ASKED FOR ONE AS I PASSED. RELAXED, I HANDED HIM ONE, SINCE I'D JUST BOUGHT TWO PACKS. THEN HE RESPONDED, "THANKS! YOU GOT A MATCH?" SO, I GAVE HIM A SPARK AND AS THE FIRE FLASHED HIS RIGHT HAND DASHED INTO HIS COAT POCKET TO PULL OUT A SILVER FLASK. THEN HE GOT UP TO THE BENCH TO GET HIS THIRST QUENCHED, TOOK A SIP AND LOOKED ME IN THE EYE AND SAID, "YOU HELPED ME OUT, SIT DOWN AND LET ME GIVE YOU A COUPLE TIPS."

HESITANT. I WAS A LITTLE UNSURE OF THIS, BUT SEEMED GOOD, JUST MISUNDERSTOOD SO I THOUGHT I SHOULD, AS I ONCE AGAIN WATCHED HIM PLACE THE FLASK TO HIS LIPS AS THE CRISP NOVEMBER WIND CRACKED OUR FACES LIKE SLAVE MASTERS' WHIPS.

I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "EVERYMAN MUST GAIN SOME WISDOM THE LONGER HE EXISTS," SO I SAT DOWN NEXT TO HIM TO PICK APART THE SMARTS AND WITS OF A MAN, WHO THE MASSES OF HIGHER SOCIAL CLASSES WOULD CLAIM TO BE IN THE PITS. THERE SET TWO MISFITS: AN ASPIRING ARTIST AND THE OTHER HOMELESS. HE ACKNOWLEDGED MY PRESENCE WITH A SMILE AND ASKED, "CHILD, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" I RESPONDED, "ANAND" AND THEN WENT ON TO ASK HIM THE SAME AND HIS ANSWER CAME, "I'M JAMES. AND I LIKE YOU, KID, 'CAUSE YOU DON'T OGLE ME THESE EYES BURNING FULL OF SHAME." HE CLAIMED, "I SIT ALL ALONE ON MY OWN THRONE THESE STREETS I ROAM UNDER

THIS CELESTIAL DOME IS MY HOME." BUT I CUT IN AND INTERRUPTED IN A CONCERNED TONE, "THIS HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN YOUR WAY OF LIVING? HAS IT? DAY TO DAY DEPENDING ON WHAT PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO BE GIVING?" AMUSED. HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE RIGHT WORDS TO CHOOSE, AS HE PONDERED THE QUESTION I ASKED, TOOK ANOTHER HIT FROM THE FLASK GETTING HIS TONGUE LOOSE.

"OH. WELL YOU SEE, I WAS JUST LIKE YOU, PROBABLY, FULL OF DREAMS OF WHAT I WANTED TO BE, BUT NONE OF THEM CONCERNED MONEY. THOUGHT I'D GET MYSELF CAUGHT UP IN A DEAD-END PLOT AND WATCH MYSELF ROT IN A DEAD-END JOB WHETHER I LIKED IT OR NOT AND THAT DIDN'T SOUND SO HOT. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?" "I KNOW, JAMES. LIFE'S NOT A GAME WHERE SOULS CAN BE BOUGHT..." "BUT, THAT'S NOT THE TRUTH THAT OUR YOUTH IS TAUGHT. TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE MISSING THE MOST IMPORTANT BODY PART—THE HEART—THEY'RE FULL OF SMARTS, USED ONLY FOR SELF-SATISFACTION, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE ACTION OF COMPASSION THEY'D DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START!" THAT REMARK HIT ME HARD LIKE A SHARP DART FOREVER LEAVING MY MIND SCARRED IT CAUGHT ME OF GUARD COMING FROM A MAN WHO'S ENTIRE BELONGINGS ARE IN AN ACME SHOPPING CART. "AND YOU WANNA KNOW ANOTHER THING THAT BOTHERS ME?" "DEFINITELY!" I REPLIED QUICKLY. HE SAID, "IT SICKENS ME TO SEE MANY PEOPLE CONCERNED WITH VANITY. I KNOW I'M DIRTY, BUT TRUE BEAUTY LIES INTERNALLY, PEOPLE SEE ME AND AUTOMATICALLY THINK I'M UNWORTHY OF BEING

SOMEBODY. THEY SAY I'M SMELLY AND UGLY, AND PRAY TO GOD, "PLEASE DON'T LET THAT HOMELESS MAN MUG ME!" BUT THEN HE TURNED TOWARD ME, FACE-TO-FACE, CLOSE ENOUGH THAT THE WHISKEY ON HIS BREATH I COULD TASTE, AS HE PLEADED HIS CASE," YO, IT'S SUCH A DISGRACE THAT PEOPLE SEE AS A WASTE WHEN I'M JUST LIKE THEM, PART OF THE HUMAN RACE! A PERSON FLESH & BLOOD, BUT SOCIETY'S ALREADY BURIED ME DEEP UNDER THE MUD, BUT THAT'S FINE WITH ME, 'CAUSE I'M CARE-FREE WHILE THE REST OF 'EM ARE DYING IN THEIR CONUNDRUM. FOR THEM AS QUICK AS LIFE STARTING, AS QUICK AS IT'LL BE DONE. YO, LISTEN TO ME, ANAND. DON'T GET CAUGHT UP IN THE BULLSHIT. AND MOST OF IT'S JUST REALLY BULLSHIT. ALL YOU GOTTA REMEMBER, IN EVERY SINGLE MOMENT—KNOW THIS—WE ARE ONE...

THOSE WORD ECHOED THROUGH ME EARS JAMES AND I STARED INTO THE AUTUMN SETTING SUN.

WE ARE ONE....

"THANKS...THAT'S SOME NICE ADVICE. YOU'RE WISE, BUT LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING—HOW'D YOU END UP OUT HERE TO SLEEP YOUR NIGHTS?" "OH...WELL YOU SEE...ME AND THE WIFE GOT CAUGHT UP IN A BIG FIGHT. MAN...SHE TOOK AWAY MY MATERIAL LIFE BUT I STILL GOT MY SPIRITUAL LIFE...COURTS GAVE HER ALL OF MY STUFF. MAN, IT WAS ROUGH. I'M TELLING YOU,

DUDE, IT WAS FUCKING TOUGH WHEN THEY SAID THAT SHE WAS RIGHT. AND I WAS LEFT A MESS, STRESSED AND DEPRESSED AND LOOSING SIGHT OF REALITY, SADLY, I BECAME A CASUALTY OF GRIPPING THIS BOTTLE TOO TIGHT. YOU SEE THIS FLASK?! I'M STUFFED INSIDE OF IT DROWNING IN THE AFTERMATH OF MY PAST. DOES THAT ANSWER THE QUESTION YOU ASK?" "YEAH...MAN...DAMN! ...I'M SORRY—" "DON'T GIVE IT A WORRY!" HE INTERJECTED AND GAVE ME A PLAYFUL SHOVE. "YO, JAMES, YOU TAUGHT ME SOMETHING TODAY THAT I WON'T EVER FORGET AND FOR THAT YOU HAVE MY LOVE." BUT THEN I BEGAN TO PUT ON MY HAT AND GLOVES AND PROCLAIMED, "RIGHT NOW, I GOT TO TAKE OFF AND GET GOING." "ALRIGHT, ANAND, STOP BY THE PARK ANYTIME BEFORE IT STARTS SNOWING, 'CAUSE AFTER THEN I WON'T EVEN BE KNOWING WHERE I'M GOING." BUT BEFORE I SPLIT, I SLIPPED INTO JAMES'S HAND THAT EXTRA PACK OF SMOKES AND AN ANDREW JACKSON AND HE STARTED LAUGHING AND SAID, "THANKS, MAN!!" AND I SAID, "NO! THANK YOU FROM GIVING ME ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE OF A DIFFERENT HUMAN. RESPECT IS OF ESSENCE. PEACE KING JAMES—THE RULE OF YOUR OWN KINGDOM..."

G-GNOME

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA AND JAMIE WATTS;
PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

THE EQUATION OF RESPLENDENT GESTATION,
ELATION THROUGH GENETIC RECOMBINATION,
RECREATION VIEWED IN ENDLESS INTERPRETATION,

GENERATIONS GREW RESEMBLANCE IN VARIATION.
VARIED FACES ALL VERY PATIENT, AS FERTILIZATION
FERVIDLY TAKES PLACE IN THE CERTAINLY AWAKENED
STATE OF NAKED GRACE WHEN FATED GREAT
DEITIES EMBRACED FREELY WITH ENGAGED FEELING
AND SAGES AGREEING THE STAGE FOR HEALING
HAS COME OF AGE, REVEALING ORGANIC ORGANIC
SCREAMING. SEMEN SEEPING, RELEASING INTO
AN OPEN, SLOPING FALLOPIAN HOPING TO ELOPE
WITH A PRECOCIOUS OVUM AS THE CHOSEN OMEN,
ZYGOTE FORMING THE MORPHING HOME FOR THE
FORGING SOUL TO SLOWLY GROW IN. A KNOWING
UNFOLDMENT SHOWING THROUGH THE NEW
PROACTIVE CHROMATIC CHROMOSOMAL CROSSOVER
OF THE LANGUAGE LATCHED IN THE LONE AND
HOPEFUL DONOR. THE OWNER'S BONER'S FLACCID
AT LAST, BUT COMPASSION'S TACTICS ATTRACT
THIS SPERMATOZOA (WITHOUT LEARNING) TO GO
IN HER TO BEGIN THE SWIM—THIS PASSIONATE
PRACTICE—THE PASSAGE OF PASSING ON SOME
PAST PRAXIS THAT PATTERNS THE GAMETES
ATTACHING WITH THE GAMUT OF HABITS: ERRATIC
OR PLACID; COMBATIVE OR PASSIVE; SOME MANIC
SOME RELAXING. THE DATA IS MASHING IN TO
ENAMOR THE AXIS, ACCESS THE NEXUS TO CONNECT
THIS ESSENCE TO THE PRESENCE OF THE PLANET.
SOME PLANNED IT, SOME SAY THEY'RE ACCIDENTS.
ADVANTAGES OR DISADVANTAGES, GRANTED, LIFE
MANAGES BALANCING THE CHALLENGES THROUGH A
FEW RAPID ADAPTATIONS, MAGIC MUTATIONS THAT
HAPPEN TO AWAKEN DNA ACTIVATION TO FREE THE
WAY OF COMPLICATIONS. RNA'S CONVERSATION
RELAYS CONSTANT CONSTRUCTED COMPOSITES
OF COMPILED CONSCIOUS INFORMATION THAT

REWIRE THE CONTENTS OF TRANSLATION, INSPIRED THE PROGRESS OF MAN'S MAKING ALL WHILE PROCESSING THE RAMIFICATIONS OF TRAINED TRAITS ELECTRICALLY ENGRAINED IN THE SLAIN DEADENED BRAIN'S GENETIC STRAINS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS, WHO PAINFULLY WERE MISTAKEN, AS GENERATION AFTER GENERATION—SLEEPING—FAILED TO FEEL THE REALIZATION OF COMPLETION. THE GARDEN OF EDEN IS JUST YOUR HEART BEATING, STARTING THE AGREEMENT TO TRUST YOUR HEART'S FEELINGS. EONS HAVE BEEN CHARGED FOR VEHEMENTLY CONCEALING WHAT'S BEYOND THIS FARCE WE'RE SEEMINGLY SEEING ON OUR DEFEATED OWN. THE POWER OF THE COMPLETED GENOME ALLOWS FOR THIS HOUR TO SEE WE'RE NOT SEATED ALONE AT OUR DEEPEST HOME'S SEASONED THRONE. ALL OF US ARE PRE-PREPARED TO SHARE ALL THAT WAS IN THESE HOMOLOGOUS CHROMOSOMES BEING PULLED FROM A GENE POOL OF DECEITFUL MEAN, CRUEL, OBSCENE FOOLS DEEMED TOOLS TO SCENES FULL OF KEEN, COOL, PEACEFUL PEOPLE WHO SEE YOU AS EQUAL. IS THERE A GENOTYPE UNDERSTOOD FOR GOOD & GLEEFUL? WHERE'S THE PHENOTYPE ONE PONDER'S THAT COULD ALLUDE TO EVIL? PEEER INTO THE PETRI DISH. IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO REVEAL THIS TROUBLE ON JUST THE DOUBLE HELIX. A REBUTTAL: WE MUST FEEL THE STRUCTURE OF TRUSTED SUBTLE ETHERICS THAT ARE ESSENTIALLY ENDLESS, PROGRESSIVELY REORDERING THE DISTORTED PORTIONS OF OUR DODECAHELICAL CODING. SOME OLD SKEPTICAL PEOPLE UNKNOWINGLY ARE HOLDING ONTO SHOCKED BLOCKAGES LOCKED WITHIN A SENILE VILE THOUGHT PROCESSING THAT'S IN

DENIAL, DEFILED LOST WITH NO END CAUGHT IN THE DOUBLE-CROSSED FUMBLING PLOT TO STOP THIS EVOLUTION INTO ENDLESS MOVEMENT, THE EN-TRANCE TO UNION. IT'S THE RESONANCE THAT YOU SEND. BUT THE MEASUREMENTS THEY'RE USING ARE NUMBLY STUCK IN THE PUT OF THE DUMB CONSTRUCT THAT BARELY 10% OF OUR OWN WEARY GENOME WE'RE USING IS FUNCTIONAL. THE OTHER UNCOVERED 90%--THEY'RE LIKE "THE FUCK IF WE KNOW?!" THE UN-RELIANT SCIENTIST DEFINES THIS DNA, AS HOW THEY SAY, "JUNK AND WITHOUT FUNCTION," A DOUBTFUL ASSUMPTION. WAKE UP! HOW CAN 90% OF OUR GENETIC MAKE-UP COUNT FOR NOTHING?! MY LOVER, JUST LIKE HOW WE FILLED THE WOMBS OF ANOTHER, DISCOVER, YOU MUST, THAT WE ARE NOW STILL IN THE WOMB OF THE MOTHER. WILL YOU LISTEN IN TO HER CHARGED HEART BEAT, SO THAT THIS NEW TRANSCRIPTION CAN SPARK A START TO REPEAT AND CLUE IN THE IGNORANT REGARDING HOW THE STARS CAN SPEAK? 'CAUSE YOU CAN SEE, FOR CENTURIES, WE'VE BEEN ASLEEP SINCE 25,000 BCE. NOW AS WE SEEK, BELIEVE THAT THE TIME HAS ARRIVED FOR A BOUND AND LEAP EVOLUTIONARILY. THE SOLUTION, WE CARRY. THE ILLUSION IS THAT IT'S BURIED IN THE CONFUSION. IT SEEMS SCARY, BUT WHEN THE VIEW'S NOT NARROW, IMPROVEMENTS OCCUR IF WE CAREFULLY GRAVITATE TO FREQUENCIES THAT ACTIVATE THE SEQUENCINGS TO ACTUATE OUR GENES TO FREELY TRANSMUTATE OUR SPECIES TO BE THE REALITY, FOR NOT ONLY YOU & US, BUT FOR ALL, THE REAL CHANCE TO BE HOMO LUMINOSUS. IMPRINT MY GENES CLEAN ON THE WHOLE OL' UNIVERSE. INSIGHTFULLY AWARE

OF THE NEXT STEP FORWARD ON THE PEACHED LADDER LIKE PREPARING FOR OUR FIRST BREATH AT THE END OF THE THIRD TRIMESTER. WE'VE GONE FROM A ZYGOTE THAT FLOATS IN THE UTERINE LINING TO THE ONE WHO WROTE THE FOOT NOTES TO THE UNIVERSE'S DESIGNING—MY SHEPEL OF ALLELES—TO WHEEL THIS RHYMING, COMBINING THIS SIGHT I'M SEEING OF CYTOSINE TO THE TIME IN ME AND YOUR WILL WITH THYMINE AND URACIL. AND ADD MY MEANING TO ADENINE AND GUANINE, SO I CAN GO ON BEING THIS GROWTH I'M NEEDING.

EVERPRESENT FUTURE

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

A MOMENT TO MAKE AMENDS. UNFOLD AND AWAKE TO DESCEND AGAIN INTO THE SUBSEQUENT RESTLESS DEATHS OF BREATHLESS DEATH. THE QUEST HAS CHECKED TO ADDRESS WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MESS, UNKEMPT. THE LESSONS WE FORGET IN THE PRESENCE, WHERE WE HAVE SLEPT. IT'S THE CONCRESCENCE OF WHAT WE HAVE DREAMT. AIMED & COMPELLED, MY FACE MELTS AS MY BRAIN FELL ASUNDER UNDER THE WONDROUS INSANE SPELL OF ANGELS WEEPING. SEEING ME IN GRIEF WITH SEETHING DEMONS SCREAMING, SHRIEKING, REVEALING A TREASONOUS REASONING THAT WAS CONCERNING THE FEELINGS REALLY PERCEIVING ME AS A BEING WHO HIS FREELY EVEN—BALANCED BETWEEN DEGREES OF EXTREMES WITHOUT ENDS—

ENDLESS BREATHING. NON-POSITIONAL SUBLIMINAL SIGNALS SINKING INTO THE THIN THINKING OF A FICKLE SINGLE SIMPLETON—ONE INDIVIDUAL IN THE MIDDLE OF A STICKY PRICKLY PICKLE.

I AM THE RIDDLE IN THE HEART'S QUESTIONING OF OUR THOUGHTS FESTERING TO START ATTEMPTING THE STARK REJECTION OF OUR POCK-MARKED REPRESSIONS—HARSH OBSESSIONS OVER DARK REFLECTIONS THAT MARS OUR CONTENTMENT REGARDING THE ART OF PERFECTION IN PEOPLE AS EQUAL. YET, FEEBLE EGO PROTECTION IS FEARFUL, EVIL DECEPTION. NOW LOOK HOW FAR THE WEB OF SCARS HAS GONE ON CONNECTING, INFECTING THE CAUSES. REDIRECTING EFFECTS WITH FLAWS, LOST IN THE DEAD WRONG DIRECTION, IN WHICH THE TRICKED HEADSTRONG TRIPPING HEAD LONGS TO BE HEADING. YET, YOU'LL SEE IT SMELLS OF A DEAD-END FULL OF DESCENDENTS AND HELLISH FRIENDS WHO LEND A HELPING LENS TO FULLY SEE WHAT CAN TRULY BE OF THE UGLY BEAUTY (FOR SOME WHO KNEW ME) AS THIS DISTINCT YOUNG MAN AT THE BRINK OF LINKING ALL HE THINKS AND PONGERS TO UNDERSTAND THE WILL THAT BUILDS THE BRIDGE TO BRING HIM TO THE OTHER LAND. BUT YOU'LL DISCOVER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, IT'S JUST ALL ACTUALLY DAMNED WHEN YOU'RE IRRATIONALLY COMMANDED HERE BY FEAR'S THUNDEROUS VOICE, BUT BLUNDEROUS GRASPING HAND. SEARCHING FOR A KNOWING CERTAINTY IN AN UNFURLED LONELY WORLD, YOU SEE, WHERE ONLY UNCERTAINTY IS SOLELY RESURFACING. THE STRUCTURE'S PUNCTURED, CRACKED WITHOUT AN EXACT PLAN. AS THE GRASPING MIND, MASKED & BLIND, INEPTLY

ATTEMPTS TO ATTACH AND STAND, NERVOUSLY, IN AN UNTRACKED PATH PURPOSELY UNMAPPED AND MADE OF STRAIGHT SIFTING SINKING QUICKSAND. SIT STILL, WHAT I THINK. THERE IS WHERE I LAND. UNTIL, I DRIFT AGAIN, SCARED NO LONGER AWARE OF WHO "I" AM, IN THIS SELF-IMPOSED MOROSE CLOSED FROZEN HELL THAT GROWS GROSS MOLD IN THIS GHOST'S OLD COLD MOLD WHICH HE HOLDS ONTO AS HIS BRAISED ARMOR. LOSING HONOR THROUGH THE BROODING TRAUMA OF REVIEWING KARMA'S BREWING DRAMA. ONLY TO SEE THE SOUL AS FREE--THE TRUTH IN DHARMA, WHOLE & COMPLETE. LET GO OF THE DECEIT THAT YOU'VE FOUGHT. GO WHERE NO BELIEFS ARE SOUGHT--TO NOT REPEAT THE BEST SELLING PLOT, FEEDING INTO THE MELTING POT OF NORMALITY. REPLETE IN PLASTIC WRAPPING, A GRAPHIC NAPPING, A SAD REENACTMENT OF THE EVERPRESENT FUTURE THAT IS PASSING... FOR THE FACT THAT THIS TRIP HAS SHOCKED AND UNLOCKED THE GRIPS WITHIN THE PREPOSTEROUS MONSTROUS DOMINANCE OF THE PERSONAL UNCONSCIOUS WHOSE COMPLEX CONTENTS IS FAR FROM WHAT IS THE CONSTANT ASTONISHMENT IN THE ENTIRETY OF UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS, WHICH IS THE BLISSFUL TOTALITY OF ALL OF OUR INDIVIDUAL REALITIES FULL OF MIRACLES AND TRAGEDIES--MIRRORS REFRACTING ETHEREAL TAPESTRIES--THE ORIGINAL MASTERPIECE; UNMASKED WITH EASE WHEN WE'VE GONE AND DRAPPED OUR NORMAL POSITION AND HAVE BEGUN TO STOP FORMING OPINIONS AND ASSUMPTIONS THAT CORRUPT THE FLOWING TRANSITION OF BEING ONE--SUBJECT & WITNESS WITHIN THIS GROWING

STILLNESS WHICH IS THE NATURALLY UNFOLDING CONDITION OF EXISTENCE. TRIPPING...I STOP GRIPPING AND IN AN INSTANCE I WAS LIVING THE DIFFERENCE. A HEAVENLY-HELL EVENTUALLY GELLING THE CHARM & HARM IN ME--THE HARMONY OF ALARMING DISSONANCE. DISARMING OUR HABITUAL INFERENCE, WHICH IMPRINTS IGNORANCE OVER INSTINCTS. RELEARNING THE UNCONDITIONAL IMPERATIVE INNOCENCE WITHIN THIS INTERSTICE THAT EXISTS BETWEEN REDEEMED INTUITION AND WISDOM'S INTELLIGENCE--A FORTUNE OF TELLING GEMS EMBEDDED IN THE ASCENDING SPIN REMEMBERED WHEN THE NEXT LEVEL BEGINS. THAT HOPEFUL OPEN MOMENT, HOLDING ONTO THE LAST STRETCHED SHRED LEFT IN MY CRACKED CONGESTED HEAD, STRESSED, BEFORE GORILY TORN TO THE IGNORED CORE, REBORN FROM DEATH. ACCEPTING WHAT IS IN STORE FOR OUR SORE GUARD AS IT'S NO DOUBT ABOUT TO CHECKOUT RIGHT TOWARD THE PSYCH WARD FROM FRIGHT'S FORCEFULLY DEFERTING DRASTIC PLEA OF COMPLETE INSANITY. BUT DON'T WEEP OVER THIS CALAMITY. AT LEAST THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES. CASUALLY, YET PASSIONATELY RELAX TO BE EFFORTLESS INVOLVEMENT. ENTER THIS EVOLVING OF SENTENCE DISSOLVING FOR ONE SHORT MINUTE FALLING GENTLY FORWARD, ONE MORE INSTANT CALLING TO BE EXPLORED. FOR YOUR PURE ENDURANCE IS THE CURING INSURANCE WHICH ALLURINGLY ASSURES US THAT OUR RESPECTIVE YET COLLECTIVE PURPOSES SURELY CONVERGES TO CONCEIVE THE EXPANSIVE GRAND GALACTIC PLAN THE UNIVERSE SUPERBLY WEAVES AND MERGES WHEN EACH SEEKS PEACEFUL PEAKS--EMPTY--ON OUR OWN, TO

BE STEADILY SHOWN ALL WE'VE ALREADY KNOWN
THROUGH SEEDS SOWN, BLOOMED AND GROWN. TO
EMERGE BEYOND OUR STRONG SPECIES TO BE THE
EYES FROM WHICH OUR PLANET SEES, THE LUNGS
WITH WHICH OUR PLANET BREATHES, THE BLOOD
OF WHICH OUR PLANET BLEEDS, THE TONGUE WHICH
GIVES OUR PLANET SPEECH.....

SAMSARA (FT. CHRISSIE LOFTUS)

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARA, CHRISSIE
LOFTUS, LYNNE RABCHUK, AND JAMIE WATTS;
PROGRAMMING AND VOCAL ARRANGEMENT BY
JAMIE WATTS

TEARS WEPT OUT OF RESPECT, FEAR AND REGRET,
AS A LIFE THEY CAME TO RECOLLECT. UPSET, I
AM ITS CAUSE AND I AM ITS EFFECT. SEVERED,
I'VE NEVER SILENTLY SLEPT THIS DIVINELY PERFECT
(WITHOUT A SNORE) NOR EVER SO FINELY DRESSED.
AND WHY ARE MY SHOES SO SHINY, AND SUIT
PRESSED? AND WHAT'S WITH THE DOO TOO?
OH...I GET IT. THIS AIN'T JUST HEADACHE, AS MY
HEAD RESTS ON A WOODEN BED THAT I WOULDN'T
BET COULDN'T BE LESS THAN ABOUT 8' x 3 x 2 OR 2
AND HALF AT ITS BEST. AS THE STRESS DIMINISHES
AT THIS DECREPIT TWIST WHICH FINISHES LIFE'S
TEST. THE MIC CHECKS. "GOODNIGHT," SAYS THE
LIGHT AS I WONDER WHAT I FORGOT TO CONFESS
AND PONDER WHAT'S SURE NOT TO BE BLESSED.
DO I CONJURE UP MORE PLOTS TO PROGRESS? OR
DO I DIGRESS AND GO YONDER WHERE CORES ROT

OR GO BEYOND THERE WHERE I AM NOT DEATH,
BUT FREE & FRESH, AS ME NOT FLESH. 'CAUSE
MY EMBALMED BODY LOOKS MORE LIKE A TRITE
MANIKIN RATHER THAN A MAN THAT CAN HAVE
BREATH. DAMN IT THAN! I GUESS THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN THE PLAN STANDS TO COMMAND
YOUR PINEAL GLAND TO SCAN YOUR OWN DEATH.
RELEASE ME IN DMT. FOOD FOR THOUGHT...I'M
NUMB FROM IT, EMPTY CHEST. I AIN'T GOT A HEART
OR STOMACH TO HELP ME DIGEST THIS MACARONI
SHELL BURNING IN ITS OWN LONELY HELL WITHOUT
AN APPLE CORE. NO DOUBT THERE'S NOTHING
MORE OR LESS. 'CAUSE I WAS THE ONE THAT MADE
UP THE SUM OF HIS CONTENTS. A CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT UNZIPS HIS CHEST AND CHOOSES TO SLIP INTO
OTHER INTERESTS. INVEST IN ANOTHER LOVER'S
EXISTENCE. THE INTENT—TO GET UNDER, DISCOVER
THE DIFFERENCE OF THAT INSTANT BETWEEN. IS
THIS LIFE OR A DREAM? NIGHT OR SUNBEAMS? A
FIGHT OR THE SAME TEAM? SIGHT OR THE UNSEEN?
AM I IN THE LIGHT, OR SIX FEET DEEP ASLEEP IN A
BOX BURIED BELOW DIAT AND ROCKS TOPPED WITH
A GRASSY GREEN? IS ANYTHING EVER RIGHT, OR
DOES NO ONE KNOW WHAT I MEAN? 'CAUSE I WAS
LIVING YESTERDAY. OR MAYBE THAT WAS LAST
CENTURY. I DON'T KNOW, TIME'S A BIT FOGGY. MY
MEMORY'S GROGGY, BUT ANYWAYS...THIS VOID IS
GETTING A LITTLE EMPTY. THE RIDDLE TEMPTS ME
TO LEAVE THE MIDDLE EVENTUALLY, TO SEE IF HE IS
ME. I AM HE. SHE IS I. THEY ARE WE. DID I JUST
DIE? C'EST LA VIE. PAY THE FEE OR DO I PLAY FOR
FREE. 'CAUSE THE GAME IS OVER. THE QUESTION
I MUST MENTION IS DO I FEED THE MACHINE ONE
MORE QUARTER?

AM I JUST IN TRANSITION? OR IS MY MISSION FINISHED? THE PERIOD AT THE END OF MY SENTENCE IS REALLY ME JUST GETTING BACK TO MY ESSENCE.

AM I JUST IN POSITION TO BEGIN A COMPOSITION? THE FIRST LETTER OF MY NEW SENTENCE IS REALLY THE FIRST BREATH GIVEN TO THE BREATHLESS.

I'VE BEEN WAITING WITH SLIGHT HESITATION SPLICED WITH PATIENCE, INSIGHT AND CONSIDERATION. IF THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACEMENT AND TIMING FOR MORE ON THE BINDING CORNER OF THE SIGHING MOURNER'S CONFINING BORDERS THAT'S DIVIDING SHORTER AND SHORTER THE IMMORTAL AND MORTAL. WHILE I AM RISING UP OLDER, WHILE LINING UP FORWARD TO RECEIVE WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE MY CONCEIVED ASSIGNING ORDERS. MAGIC PACKAGED AWAY IN DNA FOLDERS. WELL...I GUESS AFTER ALL, I'M STILL CLIMBING FROM THAT BASTARD'S FALL. SURVIVING LAST CHAPTER'S FAULTS. ARRIVING AT THE AFTERTHOUGHT. 'CAUSE THE GAME YOU CHOOSE, SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT BUT ESSENTIALLY THE SAME AIN'T HARDLY OVER. THE UNTAMED MONGOOSE WANTS A FIGHT THIS INSTANCE—BRING PAIN AND SPARR WITH THE COBRA. TRAIN YOUR HEART TO CONTROL YOU. THE COSMOS ALREADY KNOWS YOU, AS WE'RE REBORN IN THE CORE OF THE QUASAR ALL WE ARE— ARE PARTICLES OF DYING STARS ALIGNING TO BE RECHARGED, AS YOU REALIZE WITH HOPE IN YOUR OPEN EYES THAT "NOPE! THIS AIN'T THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE GONE BEYOND THE FINE LINE TO SHINE AS AN EXPANSIVE GALACTIC SUPERNOVA, ONLY

TO EXPLODE TO THE DEAD. ELEMENTS EXPAND AND CONDENSE TO BE LED TO THE NEXT OF MANY LIVES AFTER A TEMPORARY RIDE THE MASTERS CAREFULLY CONTRIVED FOR YOU TO MOMENTARILY SUBSIDE. ALTHOUGH IT'S SCARY, YOU'LL SURVIVE WITHIN A COFFIN, BOXED-IN, CAUGHT IN AN UNFORGOTTEN ROTTING SOFT SKIN ALL TOO OFTEN UNTIL YOU'VE FINALLY ARRIVED AS THE TIMELY GAL OR GUY IN MIND TO TRY & SHINE, FIND THE DIVINE, AS ONE MORE TIME YOU CLIMB INSIDE THIS GAIAN MIND.

AM I JUST IN TRANSITION? OR IS MY MISSION FINISHED? THE PERIOD AT THE END OF MY SENTENCE IS REALLY ME JUST GETTING BACK TO MY ESSENCE.

AM I JUST IN POSITION TO BEGIN A COMPOSITION? THE FIRST LETTER OF MY NEW SENTENCE IS REALLY THE FIRST BREATH GIVEN TO THE BREATHLESS.

THE CONSENTING RENDERING OF ASCENDING OR DESCENDING. DEPENDING NOT ON RECOMMENDING OR CONTENDING BUT THE PENDING MENDING THAT NEEDS TENDING TO. TO SOOTHE WOUNDS OF BRAUISED TOMBS. KARMIC CUES. THE SNAKE CHARMERS NOOSE; CONDUCTOR OR CABOOSE. GOOD LUCK IT'S UP TO YOU...TRANSCENDING THE BLUES AND DEFENDING THE TRUTH. DON'T GET CAUGHT PRESENTING MISCONSTRUED NEWS PRETENDING THAT PAST VIEW WAS ALL THAT IS YOU. ENDINGS, ALAS WE ALL HAVE TO DO, BUT REMEMBERING THE LAST FEW IS THE PURE GIFT GIVEN EXISTING BEFORE THE REBORN CORE BEGINS

LIVING IN THE VAST NEW. SAVORING THE FLAVOR IN THIS VAT OF STEW MADE OF YOU AND ME...HEY BOSS!! PASS THE HOT SAUCE...I LIKE IT SPICY BEFORE I MIGHT BE SWISHED ABOUT, DISHED OUT IN AN AWAITING BREAD BOWL SEPARATED FROM THE HEADY WHOLE TO GOD KNOWS WHO. IT'S ALL SOUL FOOD. BUT THE NIGHT IS GETTING LATE. ALRIGHT, I GOT A DATE TO SHIFTSHAPE. BE THE LIGHT AND TRANSMIGRATE. TAKE FLIGHT INTO THE WONDERS OF THE 10TH GATE. I NO LONGER HAVE TIMELESSNESS FOR ME TO WAIT. AS I SET SAIL, FAREWELL TO THIS GREAT ESCAPE AMAZED BY GRACE. I'LL MISS THIS BLISS OF WISDOM'S INNOCENCE. I COULD REALLY BE INTO THIS, BUT APPRECIATION ONLY COMES WITH THE REALIZATION OF THE DIFFERENCES THAT EXISTS WHEN WITNESSING THE LIVING SKIN AND LIVING WITHOUT IT, WITHIN. SO, LET ME GET ONE LAST KISS AND CARESS BEFORE I'M TOSSED BACK INTO THE MESS OF SIMON SAYS WHERE THEIR HEADS, ALIVE BUT DEAD, ARE LOST IN SHADE. DAMN IT NOW, THEY JUST LOCKED THE CAGE...AND NOW I GOT TO BE OFF TO START MY NEW PAGE. EMBARK ON MY NEW PHASE, AS I TAKE MY PLACE ON THE HEART OF THIS NEW STAGE I RELAY A SAYING ONE OF PAST FATHERS WOULD ALWAYS CONVEY. ASK YOUR MASTER, "ARE YOU THE ACTOR OR YOU THE AUTHOR, OR DO YOU JUST SLEEPING IN THE CROWD SNOOZING ALOUD AND NOT EVEN BOTHER?" I KNOW I'M GOING TO FORGET THIS IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS, BUT I GOT TO REMEMBER WE'RE ALL ONE ANOTHER. DIVINE LOVERS. A QUICK HUG TO A SISTER AND BROTHER & NOW I'M OFF FOR MY DEBUT. ON AN EVENING OF A FULL MOON, I'M RESURRECTING THE DEAD FROM

THE UNDERWORLD'S TOMB, AS THEY'RE DIRECTING MY HEAD FROM MY NEW MOTHER'S FERTILE WOMB.

DHAMMA

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA, THE GAIAN MIND—FAMILY, AND SAFFRON; PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

THIS IS SUBJECT TO SUBJECT. THE FUNCTION OF ME IS NOTHING, UNTIL THE INK SPILLS ONTO THE PAPER. IT IS MY MAKER. I AM ITS BAKER, AS WE PUT ONE ANOTHER IN THE OVEN COOKING SOMETHING TOGETHER, FOREVER AS CO-CREATORS. TO AWAKE WORDS OF THE UNHEARD—ABSURD—ENDLESSLY EMPTY IN MEANING, 'TIL THAT FORMER TREE SEES ME BLEEDING. WE'RE BRIEFLY TEAMING UP. INTERDEPENDENT, BUT NOT COMPLETELY DEPENDENT UPON. SYMBIOTICALLY, WE AUTOMATICALLY SPAWN LIKE HOW THE EASTERN HORIZON NEEDS THE SUN RISING TO BE ALIVE IN THE DAWN, AND THE SUN CLIMBING IN THE SKIES IS ONLY SHINING BECAUSE ITS EXISTENCE IS RELYING ON THAT LAWN TO REST, AS THE WAKING WORLD STRETCHES AND YAWNS. THE RAYS AND JADE BLADES ARE SIMULTANEOUSLY DRAWN BY ONE ANOTHER'S HANDS—THE SUN AND LAND AS ONE. IF I'M THE KING THEN I AIN'T NOTHING WITHOUT THE PAWN. HELL! I WOULDN'T EVEN BE SOMETHING IF I DIDN'T HAVE THIS CHESSBOARD TO PLAY UPON. IN ESSENCE, BY GOURD WILL LONG GONE IF THIS NOTEBOOK OF DOPE HOOKS DON'T LOOK AT MY SONGS. MY STRONG DUALISTIC TENDENCY IS MY ENEMY AND IS

DEFINITELY ALL WRONG. I'M NOT CAUGHT IN THE PLOT OF POLARITY. APPARENTLY, I'M EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN AND BEYOND. INHERENTLY, YOUR INVENTION IS MY REFLECTION. UNLESS YOU SECOND-GUESS INTENTIONS—STRESSED—WHILE IN YOUR DEFENSE YOU OBJECTIFY ME. SENSELESSLY SEPARATE ME COMPLETELY FROM THE 'WE' AT A DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT ENSURING YOUR ENDURING PERSONAL PROTECTION OF YOUR EGO FENCED-IN TO BEGIN THE MESS OF THE REPRESSION OF YOUR ANXIETIES CONCEIVED FROM THE NOTHINGNESS THAT BREEDS ALL ENTITIES. IT'S SOMETHING NOT THERE, SO NO-THING IS ONE THING THAT SOMEONE RARELY SEES DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT FREES. WE'RE JUST SHACKLED WITH THIS NOTION WE'VE GOT AN OCEAN OF ENDLESS VALUE. WHY DON'T YOU JUST BE THE CHI? INSTEAD OF WETTING YOUR BED 'CAUSE YOUR HEAD'S FULL OF FEAR THAT DECEIVES, PLANTS THE SEEDS OF THE DIS-EASE, WHICH LEAVES YOU HELPLESSLY ON YOUR KNEES. SO, NAÏVE, AS ALL THAT YOU BELIEVE COMES INTO QUESTION. WHAT'S ALL THAT I'VE SEEN MEAN? BY ITSELF: NOTHING. EVEN MY DEEPEST BEING IS A DREAM WITHOUT THE FORCE OF SOME SORT OF CONNECTION. IF THERE'S THE EXISTENCE OF DISTANCE, IN ANY INSTANCE, BETWEEN THE SEAMS OF MY PROJECTION AND ME, THEN SERIOUSLY, THIS DREAM OF REALITY IS JUST A MEANINGLESS CONCEPTION NOT WORTH MENTION, NOT EVEN IN CONFESSION. THINKING—ANALYTICALLY COGNITION—SINKS MEN. CONFLICTS WHEN IT TRICKS THEM INTO THE CONSTRICTION OF BEING THEIR OWN WEAPON: THE DOME'S DECEPTION OF SEPARATION THAT ALL ARE FACING. A MISTAKEN

SELF-CREATION RAISED IN AN APPARITION OF HESITATION THAT I NEED, IN DIRE DESPERATION TO BE ERASING. IT'S LIKE THERE IS SOME SORT OF DESTINATION THAT I AMAGINED IN MY DOME, WHICH MY POEMS ARE CONSTANTLY CHASING. UNTIL I'M KILLED BY MY OWN WILL WITH THE REALIZATION THAT I AM NOTHING. I AM NO-THING. I AM NOTHING, BUT AN EMPTY VESSEL, AN ABANDONED VESTIBULE, AN UNOCCUPIED RESTING STOOL AT THE GRAIAN MIND FESTIVAL, A SPERM-LESS TESTICLE, A CASTLE TO PASS THROUGH. A HASSLE TO ACT TRUE? I HAVE TO ASK, WHO? BECAUSE MY ESSENCE IS YOU. MY ESSENCE IS YOU. EYE TO EYE WE RISE AND DIE. AS TIME TICKS BY WE TRY THE PIE. EACH SLICE COMPLIES TO THE SIZE OF WHAT'S MINE INSIDE YOU THAT I FIND THROUGH THE OPEN EYES OF MY INCLINED MIND ALIGNED TO THE VIEW THAT YOUR EXISTENCE FILLS THIS EMPTINESS TO ITS LIMITS. EVERY INNER INCH IS ENCRYPTED WITH YOUR DEFINITIVE LIVING. YOU ARE MY WITNESS GIVING MEANING TO WHAT THIS INSTANCE IS, AS WE GO TO THE KNOW OF EGO TRANSCENDENCE (HELLO!) HERE IS WHERE THE CLEAR LINK IS, AS MY SHIFTING POSITION SINKS IN YOUR SKIN AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN—EVERCHANGING. AS I'M EMPLOYED IN THE VOID—THE RELATION OF ZEN. THE LENS THAT'S BOTH BEGINNING AND END, THAT'S ALIVE THEN DEAD MOMENT TO MOMENT, EACH SECOND TO SECOND. OPEN THEN CLOSING THE PERFECTION OF IMPERFECTIONS. GOLDEN THEN BROKEN: THE CORRECTION OF CONNECTIONS. GROWING THEN SLOWING THE LESSONS OF ATTENTION. AS WE BECOME BORED AGAIN. DAMN IT, MAN! IGNORING

THE ORIGINS, ONLY TO PART OUR SEPARATE WAYS.
ANOTHER FORGOTTEN FACE LOST IN TIME & SPACE.
AN EMPTY CASE THAT I WANT TO BE ABLE TO
PUT BACK TO ITS PLACE, UNTIL WE WANT TO GIVE
EACH OTHER ANOTHER GAZE, 'CAUSE UNTIL THEN,
THIS MAN IS NOTHING. RUPA IS SUNYATA.
SUNYATA IS RUPA. (FORM IS EMPTINESS.
EMPTINESS IS FORM). AS MY BODY LAYS TO WASTE
IN THAT WORLD UNTIL SOME OTHER BOY OR GIRL OR
ANYTHING FOR THAT MATTER WANTS TO COME BY
FOR A CHIT-CHAT OR JUST A TASTE OF THE WATER
IN MY BOTTOMLESS WELL. AS MY CONSCIOUSNESS
GRASP THEIR SHELL, TO SEE HOW WE COMMUNICATE
THROUGH THE WAYS THAT WE VIBRATE. TRUST ME.
THERE'S NO WAY THAT WE CAN LATE FOR THIS
DATE, 'CAUSE IT'S IN EVERY SINGLE MOMENT THAT
WE MAKE LIKE RIGHT NOW. AND NOW.
NOW. NOW. NOW.

NOW.

BLUE BLOOD

VOCALS BY ANAND PETIGARRA AND JAMIE WATTS;
PROGRAMMING BY JAMIE WATTS

MY MUSE--THE INSIGHTFUL MICHAEL--IGNITE FUEL,
THE LIGHT IN YOU THAT FIGHTS DUELS/DUALS. WE
UNITE IN YOU, TRUE IN THE MANY MIND FULLS OF THE
DIVINE SCHOOLS OF AN ALIGNED RULE. THE POWER
IS OURS WITHIN THIS LIVING BLUE...

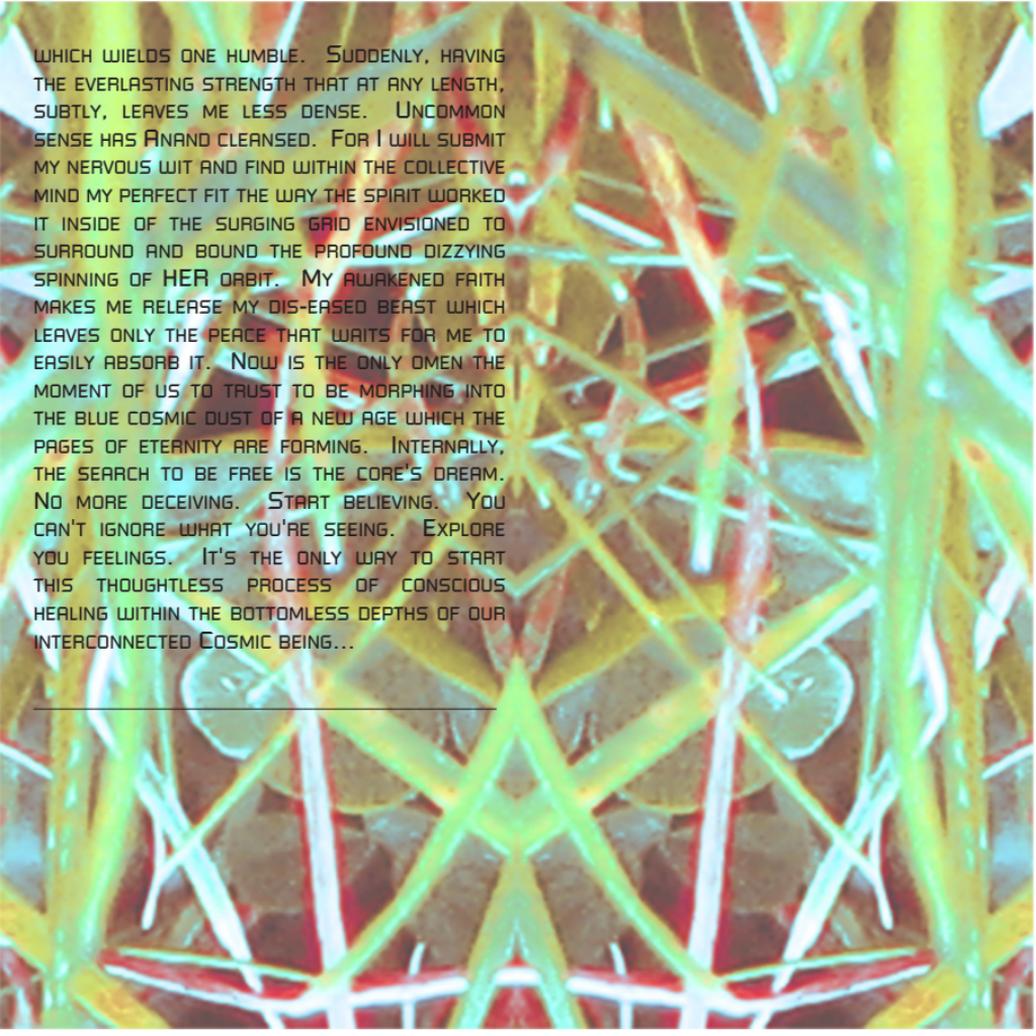
HOWEVER...

FOR OUR FATES BLISS GREATLY MISSED TO CO-
EXIST TOGETHER THIS LIFE / LIVE MUST TRUST AND
GIVE THE FIRST THRUST BE TOUGH IN MY INITIATIVE.
WADE IN MY BEGINNER'S FAITH TO AWAKE THE
INNER SPACE OF THE RELENTLESS PROTECTIVE
CONNECTION OF ACCEPTANCE THAT ENDS THIS
SELFISHNESS, WHICH INVENTS AGGRESSIVENESS
AND TENSIONS--DEFENSE MECHANISMS OF
DESCENSION. THIS REFLECTION OF ALL DIMENSIONS
STRENGTHENS MY WEAPONS OF PERCEPTION TO
PERFECTION, SO THAT I MAY UTILIZE MY WISE EYE
WITH NO TIES TO LIES, SO THAT I MAY FLY THROUGH
TRULY BLUE HUED SKIES. I NEVER KNEW TRULY HOW
MANY TIMES I'VE DIED--A VISION GIVEN WITNESSING
THIS PASSING PRISM OF WISDOM WITHIN THIS
KINGDOM--I AS YOU, YOU AS I. DEFEY THE
WAY IMPLIED REPRISAL CRIES THAT ARISE IN THE
GUISE OF DEVIANT MINDS, WHO TRY TO DECEIVE,
WEAVE ILL-CONCEIVED MIS-BELIEFS. FALLACIES
OF THE DIS-EASED, DISPLEASED, WHOSE WEAK
SPEECH SPEAKS OF INSTITUTIONS' ILLUSIONS
THAT ALL THAT COMES INTO CREATION LEAVES IN
SEPARATION. ALL THAT COMES DIES, SO COMPLY
WITH THE OPERATION. PLUG INTO THE PROGRAM.
NO LOVE FROM THAT OLD MAN'S BROKEN PROMISE,
DISHONEST CRAZED MEN DISGRACED THE WAYS OF
ZEN MAKING NATIONS COMPLACENT, SEPARATED
BETWEEN SCENES OF THE DOMINATED AND
SCHEMES DREAMED BY THOSE WITH SUPPOSED
DOMINATION. THE MISERY OF THE STUBBORN,
THEIR HISTORY'S CURSED & UNLEARNED IN THE
MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH'S TURNS. BUT WE
COULD SAY THAT QI'S THE WAY TO SEE THE PLAY IN
DNA THAT LEADS TODAY, BUT BELIEFS WILL SWAY

THE WEAK TO DELAY WHAT NEEDS TO BE CONVEYED. HOW DO WE CHANGE THE UNINVOLVED, UNEVOLVED, UNREALIZED GODDESSES AND GODS—LOST—AS SMALL PEARLS, UNAPPEARED IN PAUSED PESTICIDE POISONED PODS, STOPPED BETWEEN THE DREAM OF THE DIRECT EFFECT POISED IN THE CLAUSE OF THE CAUSE. A KNIFE'S PAIN AS THE RIGHT BRAIN THROBS AND SOBS ICED RAIN AT HOW MUCH WE FORGET TO RECOLLECT WHAT WE'VE YET TO GAIN IN THIS QUEST REMEMBER TO REFLECT CORRECT THIS DEBT AND MAKE IT AWAKEN AS PERFECT. THE ALLIANCE IN THE SCIENCE OF SILENCE. RE-INSPECT. DON'T EXPECT. THEN THE PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED AND ALL WILL RECONNECT. RIGHT AND LEFT IN SPHERICAL BALANCE. WRITE WITH RESPECT THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. THE CALLOUSED CHALLENGE TO MANAGE THE GRASPING SEARCH BALANCED ON THE FRACTALED PEACH, AS WE'RE NOW TAKING THE FIRST STEP IN THE COSMIC DANCE, THE OBVIOUS CHANCE FOR ALL OF US TO ADVANCE OUR AWKWARD STANCE PASSED PRIOR DESIRES TO HIGHER EMPIRES, JUST RIDING UP SPIRALS, CONSCIOUSNESS REWIRED. SEARCH THE SERPENT'S CIRCUITS TO RESURFACE THE SERVANT'S PURPOSE—TO PLAY THE SONG THAT'S GONE ON ALL ALONG FROM PLANTS TO ANTS, TO AMPHIBIANS TO REPTILIANS TO MAMMALIANS TO HOMO SAPIENS TO UNKNOWN ALIENS. NOW IS THE ONLY NOW TO BE ESCAPING. NOW IS THE ONLY NOW TO BE CREATING. NOW IS THE ONLY NOW TO BE TASTING THE AMAZING EXHILARATION CONTAINED IN THE VARIATIONS OF RAISING VIBRATIONS—PLANETARY UNIFICATION—THE PLAN TO CARRY THE SOLAR SYSTEM TO BUSS AGAIN WHERE THE GREAT FATES

OF SOULS ARE EXISTING LISTENING TO GALACTIC TRANSMISSIONS. SIGNALING THAT AT LAST, THE NEW BIRTH OF THE TRUE EARTH IS UNMASKED TO ENACT HER NEW BEGINNING, FULFILLING THE TRANSITION FROM DIVISIONS IN LIVING—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—to A SINGULAR COGNITION BRINGS TO HEAR, WITHIN—THE CURE TO HER IMPURE CONDITIONS BECAUSE HER FOUNDED INFANTS OF SOMBER IGNORANCE ARE NO LONGER OBLIVIOUS. FOR WE'VE BEEN SHOWN HOW WE'VE CLEANED AND GROWN THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF OUR INTUITION'S GIFTED RHYTHM HIDDEN WITHIN WHICH HAS ALWAYS KNOWN OUR OWN BEST INTERESTS—to INVEST FOR OUR HOME, WHETHER IT'S CALLED BY Y'ALL THE UNIVERSE FIRST, OR THE MILKY WAY OR ANY OTHER OF INFINITY'S GALAXIES. HOW FAR ARE WE? ALPHA CENTAURI? CRAZY! MAYBE THE PLEIADES? OR SIRIUS B? SERIOUSLY, SURVIVORS OF GAIA, IT GOES FROM OUR SNOW GLOBE TO YOUR TIME ZONE TO YOUR ZIP CODE TO YOUR LOCAL ROAD TO THAT PLACE YOU CAN'T ESCAPE WHEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE, THAT MIND STATE BEYOND TIME-SPACE THAT IS ALL YOUR OWN....

IT'S TRUE DEAR. IF YOU FEAR, IT'S VIEWED CLEAR IN THE NOOSPHERE. YOU HERE, IS THE MISSING PIECE OF THE PUZZLE THAT CRUMBLES THE STRUCTURE TO RUBBLE. THE JUMBLED BUBBLE OF BUMBLED STRUGGLES THE TROUBLE OF ONE'S IMBALANCED MALICE THAT TRAPS US, AS WE COLLECTIVELY STUMBLE. A RUMBLE WITHIN OURSELVES—HEAVEN AND HELLS—WE ARE EACH OUR OWN SCUFFLE, A WILD JUNGLE. UNTIL THE WILL INSTILLS THE CONCEALED FIELD THAT REVEALS THE REAL APPEAL



WHICH WIELDS ONE HUMBLE. SUDDENLY, HAVING
THE EVERLASTING STRENGTH THAT AT ANY LENGTH,
SUBTLY, LEAVES ME LESS DENSE. UNCOMMON
SENSE HAS ANAND CLEANSED. FOR I WILL SUBMIT
MY NERVOUS WIT AND FIND WITHIN THE COLLECTIVE
MIND MY PERFECT FIT THE WAY THE SPIRIT WORKED
IT INSIDE OF THE SURGING GRID ENVISIONED TO
SURROUND AND BOUND THE PROFOUND DIZZYING
SPINNING OF HER ORBIT. MY AWAKENED FAITH
MAKES ME RELEASE MY DIS-EASED BEAST WHICH
LEAVES ONLY THE PEACE THAT WAITS FOR ME TO
EASILY ABSORB IT. NOW IS THE ONLY OMEN THE
MOMENT OF US TO TRUST TO BE MORPHING INTO
THE BLUE COSMIC DUST OF A NEW AGE WHICH THE
PAGES OF ETERNITY ARE FORMING. INTERNALLY,
THE SEARCH TO BE FREE IS THE CORE'S DREAM.
NO MORE DECEIVING. START BELIEVING. YOU
CAN'T IGNORE WHAT YOU'RE SEEING. EXPLORE
YOU FEELINGS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO START
THIS THOUGHTLESS PROCESS OF CONSCIOUS
HEALING WITHIN THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF OUR
INTERCONNECTED COSMIC BEING...

SUPER GALACTIC EXPANSIVE IS AMAGINE (ANAND PETIGARA) AND KILOWATTS (JAMIE WATTS)

ALL TRACKS RECORDED AND MIXED AT THE LIGHTHOUSE
VOCALS RECORDED WITH AKG C414 B-XLS CONDENSER MICROPHONE, TRACKS
PRODUCED WITH CUBASE SX AND LOTS OF REAKTOR.
MASTERED BY SHAWN HATFIELD @ AUDIBLEODDITIES
ALL SONGS WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY SUPER GALACTIC EXPANSIVE
ALL LYRICS BY ANAND PETIGARA EXCEPT TRACK 5 BY ANAND PETIGARA AND
ABDULLAH SAED
ALBUM COVER ARTWORK BY BLACKSHEEPHYBRID; LYRIC BOOK AND CD DESIGN
BY MEGHAN CASSIDY

ANAND THANKS:

THANKS TO SUNDAY MORNINGS AT THE PINE BARRENS AND SILENT MOMENTS
OUR MINDS ARE SHARING. THANKS TO MEGAN, KAIA, MOM, DAD AND THE ENTIRE
FAM, GAIAN MIND, CHAY, MEGHAN CASSIDY, BLAME THE KID, SUTTERS, FOX,
KATE PURCELL, FLIPSOUL, CHRISSIE LOFTUS, LYNNE RABCHUK, THE AWESOME
HOUSE, KEITH & BETH, CHC, DIMENSIONAL SHIFTS AND THE ETERNAL NOW...

JAMIE THANKS:

THANKS TO SUMMER WARMTH, NOCTURNAL INSPIRATION AND HYPERSPATIAL
EXPLORATIONS. THANKS TO LYNNE, DAD, KATE, THE ENTIRE GAIAN MIND
COMMUNITY, ABDULLAH, CHRISSIE, THE AWESOME HOUSE, THE LIGHTHOUSE,
PSI, SAFFRON, MEGAN, 1320 RECORDS, CHAY & BLACKSHEEPHYBRID, MEGHAN
CASSIDY, THE KALLIKAK FAMILY, AND MANY MORE YEARS OF TIME-TRAVEL.

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