

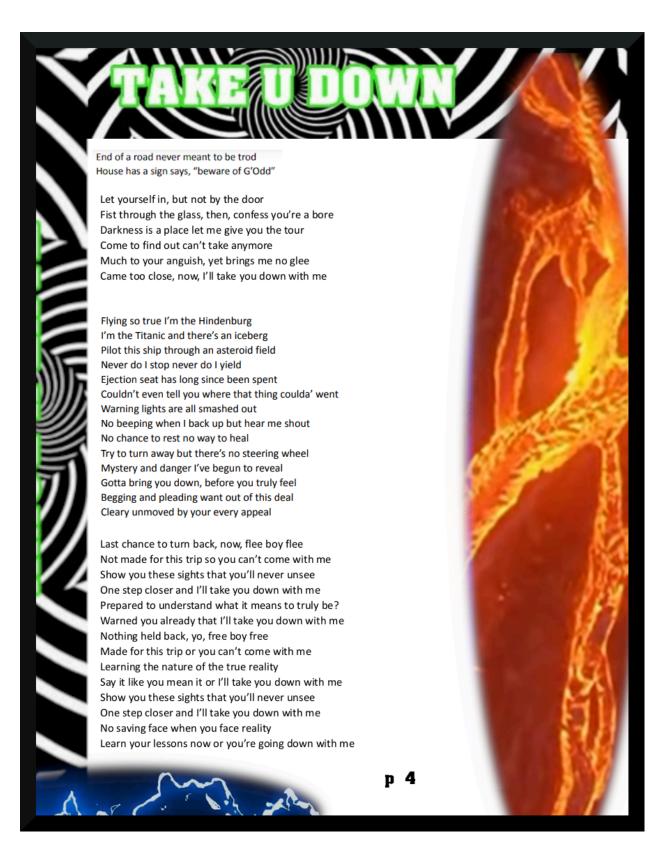




# SOUDBS

Noise Netlabel





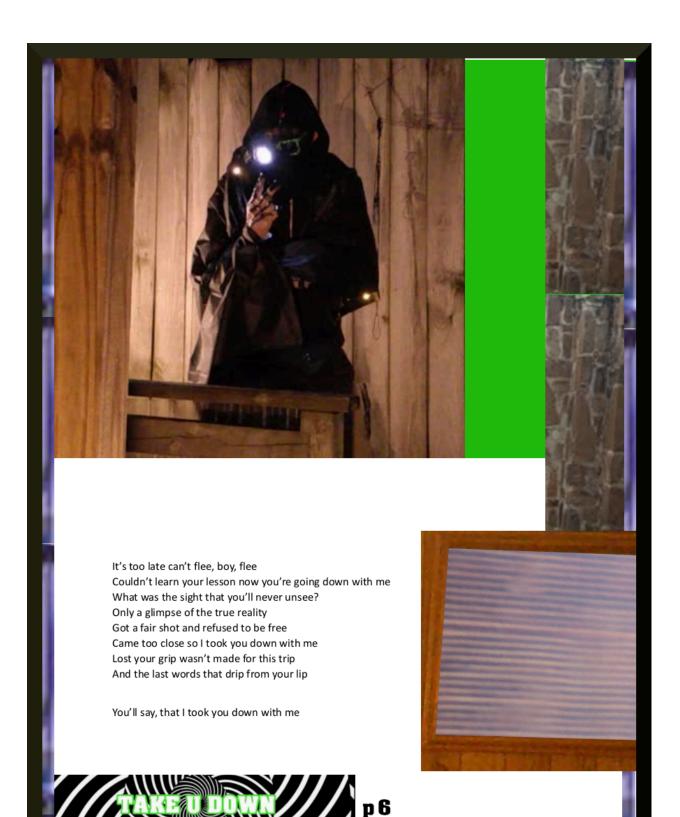


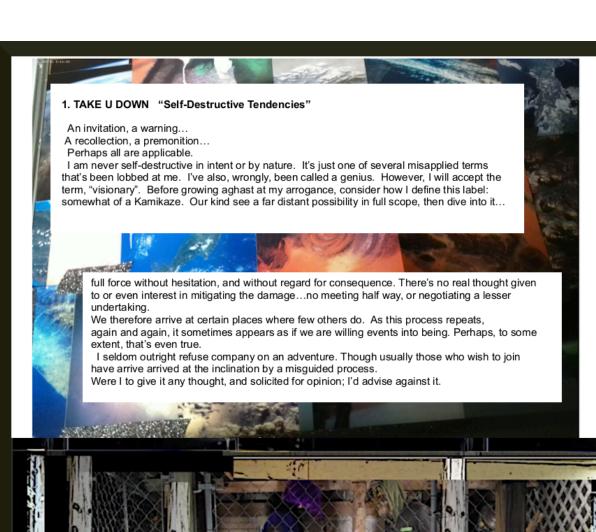
Deposit required to repatriate remains
Please die in a manner that doesn't leave stains
Stand in front of a firing squad
Spit in their face and curse your god
Starving yourself 'til your lean and mean
Let your neck rest in the guillotine
No safe words no bets to hedge
Teeter along on a slippery ledge
Submit yourself to burdens mere mortals can't bare
Savor the moment when you dwell in despair
Can't strap yourself in 'cuz there' no seatbelt
Know the crash is coming most alive you felt
Follow my trails the last thing you see
Before you find out that I took you down with me

Last chance to turn back, now, flee boy flee
Not made for this trip so you can't come with me
Show you these sights that you'll never unsee
One step closer and I'll take you down with me
Learning the nature of the true reality
Say it like you mean it or I'll take you down with me

How far did you really think to go?
Showing you the depths that you couldn't ever know Thinking your down, but you're really not up
Sure to be poison can't drink from this cup
When pushed just a touch so quickly to break
Learn to survive in the mess that you make
Discover aftershocks can be worse than the quake
It's a disaster that now you gotta' own
Find a tornado in the eye of a cyclone
Not a single hint of sympathy from me
Told you up front that you're going down with me











Weaponized insecurity, try that trick on me Counterproductive, can't you see? Won't get the effect you're looking for Shown the door

If you think that you're a sheriff, better call up all your deputies Nothing bout your code of conduct I'm looking to appease Not falling to my knees

Never chase me outta' town when rounding up the posse do a favor for most any man unless he askin' bossy not providing adulation in which you can bask taken to task then

hide behind a tough guy mask or get your courage from a flask wonder what my deal Is?

only reason that I'm seeing, to misunderstand my being is simply you're not brave enough to ask and your brain is working slow must of just hatched from an egg cuz you a dodo my fashion not deescalating for some male unsure, but your girl don't need an explanation She laughing bout emasculating failures

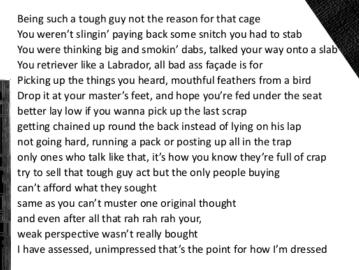
Say you need some sexual education

#### Weaponized insecurity

Got you feeling dangerous you killer bee in the end it's you who'll be the one get stung But how many go down with you who are innocent and young Before you finally see the truth and take the chance to repent When you're gone nobody even asking where you went it's only those two place that your kind are getting sent no blaming outcomes inescapable like dreaming of a blunt that's vape-able Nor point finger at the demographic or your age







if you the smartest person, then you need to find a better room Me, I'm in a cheap hotel with Octagon and Dr Doom eating bowl of cereal laced with gOD knows what Wishing that your kind were born with mouths that only shut, And never open,

like the best among us open up our minds

If your content to never know what makes a real man,

I guess it not my problem, fine

But don't pretend between the two of us
you're the one who got a spine
just a scared little boy, and I say that without joy,

Not Because I'm looking be superior
or getting graded by comparison to you
It's the matter of collateral damage your disposition tend to pursue
not pretty to behold, but ya getting what you earn,
no use offering more rationalized pity
truth be told the true concern is finding out, when we learn

Weaponized Insecurity – take that old tape and eject it, that no song for me Exposing all your fears, see right through you to the tears Acting unconvincingly, pseudo masculinity

Showing all your weakness with that weaponized insecurity



who suffering your weaponized insecurity

Weaponized insecurity-nothing 'bout you thug need steppin' on like a bug maybe burn you up with a magnifying glass, you dropped out from the remedial PE class radiate an undeniable weakness alas always searching for some easy prey sorry buddy not today always talking 'bout a need to fight under pretense of enforcing right every motive calculated with intention to impress about as masculine as putting on your little sister's dress mommy didn't love you so she threw you out the nest embarrassed by you, product of incest sympathies there, my baby bird, but no excuse for what I heard ignorantly chirp and squeak, gotta clamp down on that beak amble to the kiddie table if your able find yourself a seat waitress takes your order and you draw a number to determine in which order that you're going to be beat round counterclockwise then repeat reverse and back again punished justly for the sin Quaker Oats and Uncle Ben, Betty Crocker ask to pass the Kool Aid flask and save room for the desert 'cuz if you thought the main course hurt handed over to a witches' coven save your place back of the oven family recipe that you'll be talkin bout you can't be played and how your skills will never fade, while soaking in a marinade herbs and spices impossible to evade, into oily water do you wade, run your mouth bout getting paid hoist the axe sharpen the blade kebab skewers kept handily right on display constantly worried about everything you think or say who's around and what you say, how you dressed and if you're gay who can hear your music play, if they know your life by day virtue signaling say you taking time to pray, or helped a damsel in distress just down the way phony nurture for the young, feigning respect for the old claim to be enforcing some misguided cliché version of a code name burden you are shouldering unconvincing and dumb this invisible load always stuck in the same mode generically generated in a factory with every manufacture preset



dialed into fake

just some noise you make



cease and desist for humanity's sake

Weaponized Insecurity – take that old tape and eject it, that no song for me Exposing all your fears, see right through you to the tears Acting unconvincingly, pseudo masculinity

Showing all your weakness with that weaponized insecurity

A whole other alternative find a family friend or a relative or someone deserving of the kind of respect that each and every one of us admire, and who keep the course down til the end not looking to retire and aspire put some patches on your leaking tire without ego or desire



p II

way he go you go and then from the outside to the in copy copy'n til when

you mess it up and
hit upside the head by rolling pin
and don't depend on any notion of sin
or punishment in afterlife,
or concerning yourself with any personal strife
swear an oath never to be triflin' or others' being stifilin'

not punchin' kickin' knifin' rifle'n, let 'em up when they say when and treat your neighbor like they's kin and all the mice like they are men and then and only then can you stop wondering how the men become true men and feel remorse for way you been and crank that nice guy stuff right up to 10

grab a paper and a pen and write it down amen amen amen



amen amen amen



While traveling in the former Yugoslavia countries, around a decade after Milosevic's Balkan War, it was the first time I encountered people who correct casual comments expounding violence.

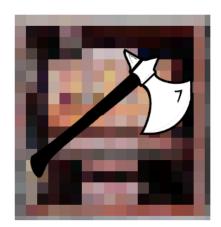
He owes me \$1. I must beat his ass. Stop, right there.

They saw where this leads-casual references to hurting others, constant mocking chatter, often by the stronger versus the weak, or jokingly among friends, sycophantic boasts to impress the highly regarded in their little alpha packs, declarations to assert authority, or attempts to bring order by small minded individuals wielding perceived power – it led them to genocide.

It has here, too. Those who don't know history are doomed to not notice they have repeated it.



No good deed goes unpunished Evil is its own reward Believin' otherwise? Belong in the psych ward Operating from a perspective you can't afford Mommy should have choked you out with your Own umbilical cord Burned certificate of birth Sent you back to the ashes and dirt Oh, and now your feelings get hurt? Your good deeds won't open heaven's gate It's an entirely different fate for which you await Your judgment is poor Nothing to do but show you the door Because you'll never see the light Couldn't chew through wood if you were a termite Won't keep it hid, the only door I'm opening for you is the coffin's lid Too late to realize anxiety and stress All this time fantasized sobriety no awareness



Fantastical tales of all you accomplished
And nothing less
Arrogant child
Lack self awareness
Pounding fists on the table
Demand fairness
No just reward
No self awareness
No measuring up
no comparing us
lack self awareness



no awareness no awareness

Long time somebody finally confided

The extent to which your so-called thinking is misguided Your gimmick is transparent The whole shtick is weak If it's credibility you seek, one situation that'll never materialize Weak in the jungle other animals will cannibalize And on the street the intelligent minority Pick up on it more than you realize By the few and smart, I'm talking about us Dumb little animals is you Flinging doodoo like a monkey as you tend to do The moral of my story is: screw you Moral is an abstract concept Got nothing to do with your time on this earth Don't waste it Haven't drawn your blood yet, but can already taste it Destroyed by reality 'cuz you never faced it All that remains are your remains And the cries that echo, reflecting your pains You're an endangered species lost in the loch, Ness No evolution no awareness

Life is injustice

No safe zones just unfairness

Lost like a child

Lack self awareness

Explain how you think this game is played

I could care less

Dreams left defiled

Lack self awareness

Rejecting everything you're expecting

You just a mess

Like a lost child

Lack self awareness



No awareness No awareness

And if somehow you've taken notice and attention Never said for a second you're beyond redemption Not talking terms absolute or in a manner fatalistic Turning the tide does not require The sage wisdom of some unknown mystic With dedication to what you aspire New ways are easier to acquire

Than expelling the habits of past behavior that is doomed to expire

There's no wait, just start with a fresh slate, and with time you can naturally escalate awareness

So hit reset on the moral compass, turn up the bass and thump with us

Try to improve with the passing of time,

and if it's worth saying should come with a beat and in rhyme

Aware of my proclivity to express ideas

I feel the need to stress with a tone of negativity

Digging deep to allow this habit to dissipate,

and seek compassion to illuminate

To take responsibility more and accuse less

To confess my own backtracking in awareness

Often, it's most impressive to simply be nice,

And it can be done without a steep price, and requires little in the way of sacrifice Just awareness

Jacked by lady justice
What you expecting, fairness?
You weak timid and mild
Lack self awareness
Preach how the game is played
Street could care less
Can't change your diaper
Sit in your own mess
Unwanted child
Lack self awareness



No awareness No awareness

Constructed from nonsense and disinformation It must then be destroyed Drop that attitude and acting annoyed Become a new man with a new game plan to be deployed Help to reveal the traps and pitfalls one must avoid Empathy and objectivity kick over scenes of nativity Recognize emptiness in that manger Suspicion and accusation are themselves the danger Embrace one another instead of the ideals that seek to turn the vulnerable against each other

Create guidelines from knowledge innate
Standards for fairness
Discuss with those around
Find common ground and coalesce
React without accusation when one
Starts to digress
Help them back to the path
Fine tune awareness
Use respect and decency like currency
Listen and extend courtesy
Hold yourself to rules you claim to profess
Maintain open mindedness and awareness

Your awareness



## 3. NO AWARENESS "Internal Dialogue"

It was around the time everything was opening up from the pandemic shut-down, that I first heard of this research that continues to fascinate me. The theory is, many of us, perhaps a majority, have no internal dialogue.

Walking through life without the constant weighing of action and consequence, no consideration given to the effect of our actions on ourselves and others. The hypothesis seems, and especially did so at that specific time, to explain so much.

Mind you, I say that I've been captivated by this, but it's not like I've read the latest updates or followed up on what I claim to have heard. I kind of took the idea, and ran with it because it just makes sense to me. At first, merely following it a few more steps, then, another couple steps. Call it a bit of a leap...Where I arrived...

An evolutionary split, occurring in the mind, we are now developing into 2 different species.

I, sadly, have little knowledge of anthropology. Didn't some of the pre- homo sapiens species overlap, and for short periods, appear somewhat indistinguishable to the untrained eye? Of

which, there were none, due to the lack of eye training available in these, long ago times, drawing a parallel to our current lack of brain training institutions. What's the accepted number? We are alleged to use but 5% of our brains???

At first, I saw a comforting element in this theory, that explained a few strong bonds I felt with certain individuals which were forged rather quickly. Perhaps many of you have had the experience of feeling you have met "one of your kind".

After dwelling on this idea, a particular notion overcame me, that I'm not entirely sure how I feel about.

I was taken back to my days detasseling corn as a teenager in lowa. A couple of times we did this activity that initially baffled me. It was called "rouging". We would go out, find the biggest, tallest stalks of corn, and rip them out of the ground, so they wouldn't infect the others.





Resist the urge to question Shy away from the fight In the hesitation Miss the chance for the light

Conclusions get made from a false pretense Shortcomings stem from each and every sense

Destined to arrive at another dead end
Waste the little time, that we're given to spend
Creeping sensation that there's surely something more
Looking out the window never knew it was a door
On a trajectory doomed to be lost
Condemned forever paying the ultimate cost
No intention to be harsh lest my words seem terse
Never claim your place in this universe

Time moves forward then jumps back so when Call it déjà vu after seeing it again Misconception of the brain as you try to comprehend Clear the false notions from your path my friend Things seem much different than they truly be Thus is the nature of reality

Simply can't trust everything that you see Til you know the nature of reality Things never seem exactly how they be Such is the nature of reality Searching for peace and tranquility? Find the true nature of reality

Simply can't trust everything that you see
Til you know the nature of reality
Things never seem exactly how they be
Such is the nature of reality
Searching for peace and tranquility?
Find the true nature of reality

Avoid breaking point, but needing to bend
Interpret messages as your mind tends to send
Dimensions that describe the known time and space
Subjective in nature that's a fact that we must face
Denying it is lazy and simply a waste
Of the opportunity to get a first taste
Then a change is felt right down to the core
Every inclination is to seek out so much more
Tell me what I am and why am I hear
"You already know, and the proof is very near!"
It's no mystery, not a secret code
Recalibrate the mind to purify its mode
Silence that noise and finally let go
Nature of reality, now it's time to know

Time moves forward then jumps back so when Call it déjà vu after seeing it again Misconception of the brain as you try to comprehend Clear the false notions from your path my friend Things seem much different than they truly be Thus is the nature of reality

Simply can't trust everything that you see Til you know the nature of reality



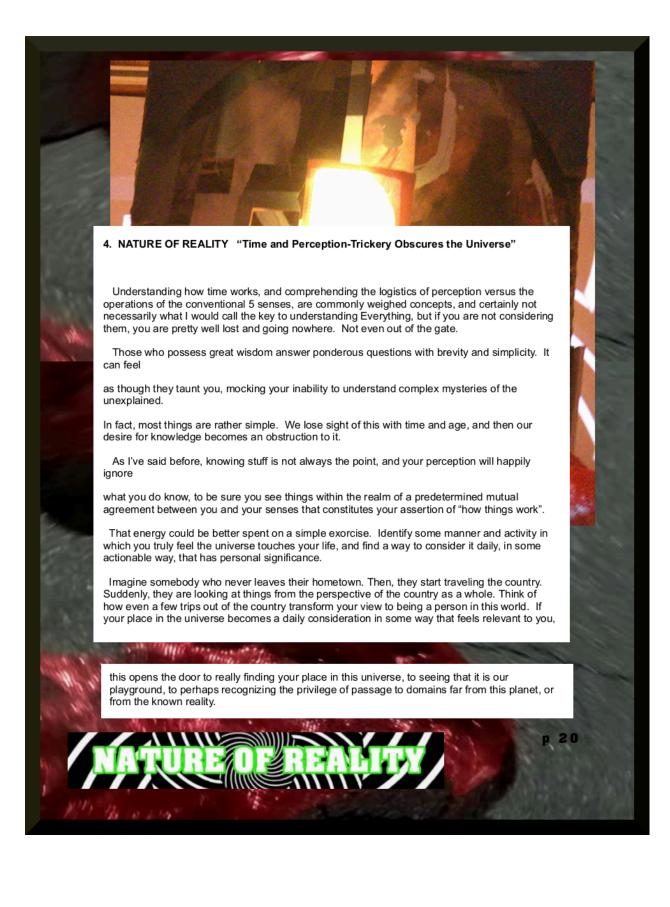
Things never seem exactly how they be Such is the nature of reality Searching for peace and tranquility? Find the true nature of reality

Simply can't trust everything that you see Til you know the nature of reality Things never seem exactly how they be Such is the nature of reality Searching for peace and tranquility? Find the true nature of reality

Life is just a fling and it's merely a tryst Taken by itself leaving so much to be missed Utilizing dormant areas, locations in the brain With a few notions that most would call insane Find it exhausting all the effort it took Then rubbing the eyes and have another look Without expectation and free of all the fear Knowing who you are and the reason why you're here Confronted by infinity of time and space Comfort in finding that you've carved out a place Stop the resistance and begin to immerse Find yourself at home in the universe Everything takes on familiarity All becomes equal, no disparity From the confusion is born a clarity Nothing confining very being is free Discover existence as it's meant to be Enlightenment upon you now don't you see?









Living in a Quicksand Land Futility, the flame is fanned Living in a Quicksand Land

It's like fate just waves the hand Only fall when it's time to stand Debilitating: makes for useless prison It is not the same as giving up But like drinking from a leaking cup That's enough you not that tough Need some contact with human kindness Stop those searing eyes craving blindness For a few hours just to feel human Traded for the more time you'll need exumin' Breaks you down grinds you to dust You'll try again because you must Then the next day, same obstacles, same thing No bell get ding, you sling no bling It seems like the best bet is sitting still And that's when you fall ill Challenged even by the common cold At that point it's like it's time, just fold

Living in a quicksand land
Swallows any thing I plan
Living in a quicksand land
Makes boy from man, I cannot plan
Living in the quicksand land
Frustration more than I can stand
Stuck here in the quicksand land
Futility the flame is fanned



Like an hourglass that's packed full with sand
Sinking faster reaching out one hand
Struggling only makes it worse
Outstretched, clawing at vines and curse
Facing those who might help feels sometimes worse
Than going without, so end up shutting them out
End up on outs don't know what that feud's about
At what distance does absence make the heart grow fonder
And how much time for an abscess to heal and bleach that hair blonder
The daily scheme of which you ponder
Think you recognize someone just over yonder
Your stuck on the same trip a lost cause
Rebel teddy bear that without his paws
Take a bow on stage to no applause

Living in a quicksand land
Swallows any thing I plan
Living in a quicksand land
Makes boy from man, I cannot plan
Living in the quicksand land
Frustration more than I can stand
Stuck here in the quicksand land
Futility the flame is fanned
Sinking in the quicksand land
So much more that you can stand

Duct tape all down her neck's nape
Applied by consent, no attempt at rape
She said you're like an ape in good shape
You get irate when you can't mate
And if she irritated, leave you ventilated
Left in a state don't fill your plate
never satiate or player hate
It's a hater's fate
You'll be tape bait
Know what await for this endearing trait



p 22

Wound round wrists and hands
Got your grip
That was your tip as your chattering lip felt that nip
Wait one whip to strip and sip Sangre de drip
Sadistically penetrate in you slip

Rip and tear the grip on bed posts and night stands

Sadistically penetrate in you slip
And again fall like a black shawl
Why stall when you're going to the crystal ball

That's the key word, make it bearable
But leaves you tear-able, not so terrible?
That's a matter of opinion, or so you think
Kinda like whether or not you really stink
Drooling into the restroom sink
Bearable easily can become regrettable
The same way it's irrefutable, there's no life in a cubicle
Hang up on nails, think you're cute-ical
In all matters disputable, blow up doll you inflatable
Un-mate-able? Don't blow up doll, I don't hate,
Not necessarily innate, I'm simply unable
always welcome at my table



She said it's in BC powder and Icy hot I must invest and if I'm too cheap Then simply get a good night's sleep, wake up fully rested More like the barred shards to give me power, and a bullet proof vest A motion detector to go beep beep while we go at it in the shower Until you've been bested Upon these matters she could not be pressed

Upon these matters she could not be pressed
So I said that's it circle the wagons we're moving out west
We'll mark the trail with our tramp stamps and when we get
Cramps we'll stop to set up camps,

Find new drinking buddies and sources of monies In the light shown from our lamps, we'll illuminate LA Playboy bunnies and keep them damp Do the math, in order to avoid the path's wrath We'll wheel and deal and when all else fails Then steal

If that doesn't fill our pails we'll hit international waters to hunt whales
On the high seas, chewing Flinstone vitamins to stay clear of disease
Sea sick when the deck goes topsy turvy, needing dentures while recovering



p 23

From scurvy

And all this trouble 'cuz you won't take me to the shower and let me get all pervy

Living in a Quicksand Land Futility, the flame is fanned Living in a Quicksand Land

Living in a quicksand land
Makes boy from man, you can ot plan
Stuck here in the quicksand land
Frustration that no man can stand
Sinking in the quicksand land

## 5. QUICKSAND LAND "Fearless of Failure"

Most people can understand the idea of confronting a fear in order to vanquish it.

I'm deathly afraid of flying, so I take sky diving lessons. The big day comes, I jump from the plane- fear has been conquered, my actions credited with expelling it. Really, all I did was hold my breath a second and go for it, but it is a process that resonates with most people.

They comprehend it and it makes sense to them. It fits with what they believe to be an appropriate system of values.

Fear of failure: people comprehend this, but in the sense that, I try for something beyond my reach and I fall short, I failed. The fear was rational all along.

But what constitutes true and total failure? When you lose the game of life and are demonstratably stuck in the lowest rung. You are homeless... incarcerated, ...incapable of caring for yourself...

Nobody grows up thinking this will be them, and they don't develop a fear of it happening.

A strange outcome. The same rules do not apply. If they get a taste of this failure, they spend that time on the street, or do a little stint in jail, rather than shocking them into overcoming it, it more shows the possibility as an almost viable option. Confronting what they should fear most only eases the impending scare, lulls them to a place of acceptance. Teach yourself to be nothing-win the game of self-defeat.

It pulls you down... It's quicksand. You struggle, you sink. You hold still-you sink. Claw at vines - you're overcome by the quicksand.

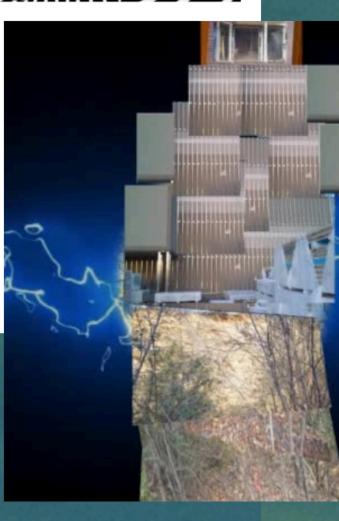




My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like a crack pipe

Hype is so outta reach
Soak me in some Clorox bleach
The kinda hype they can not teach
Rhyming just my way to preach
My hype'll make you roll the bowl
My hype is gonna make you whole
Birds of a feather and they flocking together
Flock that won't dissipate
Now matter how we migrate
Sound of this hype irresistible, it resonate

p 25



Never rhetorical
This hype is so
Downright historical
Break it on down if you're the type analytical

My hype is like some fentanyl Get you hooked and kill y'all

Hype like a pill classified as a downer,
but take even most cast out of a frowner
Bring him to a place where he never again has cause for ill
Mind be right and the flutters of the heart still
Doesn't have to pay never gets a bill
cause and effect no square can detect
Craving liberation,
Got just the hype to spike you libation

My hype is like a crucifix Running with the martyr cliques

Taipei calling in scene report from the east Broken down for me all piece by piece calling my hype the hype that never cease In inland of New Zealand coast to coast Saying my hype the hype they dig the most On island north and island south Hang on every word come outta my mouth Istanbul underestimate my pull Never come the day that I get dull Constantinople, dystopia elope with ya Ask which hype they backing On the Bosporus they for us

My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like some fentanyl



n 26

# Get you hooked and kill y'all

Fill'n up a page with style that is destined to become the latest rage In lands near to here and those from far, afar

A new breed of people from uncharted territories select me as their star

Regardless if the message come down through the sea

Rerouted through space or is heard by only me

Here to deliver artistic deviation finally lives up to the expectation of this new breed, who won't be satisfied

'til someone delivers exactly what they need

They can hold it on high and to the freakiest of standards that apply mainstream questioning the process, ask why banging their heads on the wall, "Yo, please make it stop!"

Then, we double down, take it from the top,

'til finally we got a hit to drop

My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like a crack pipe My hype is like a crack pipe

My hype is so dope right down to the isotope,
My hype is so dope you'll need therapy just to cope.
My hype'll leave you in daze
If that what it takes to make you change those ways
Weakness in the man who craves to obey,
Tell me for real, feel the hype or don't stay
Never ever breed and hesitate to wed,
Take the path of reason 'long with G'Odd instead



# 6: MY HYPE "The 10,000 Hour Rule"

I've never been one to adhere to arbitrary numbers, but in a couple circumstances, I agree with the standard. (18 and over, for one) More and more, I find myself alluding to the 10,000 hour rule. I'm not sure who wrote this rule or where it is written, but the concept as I know it is simple enough: if you want to be good at something, do it for 10,000 hours and then you more or less will be.

The way I seem to apply it differently, is to address issues otherwise regarded as mystical or inexplicable.

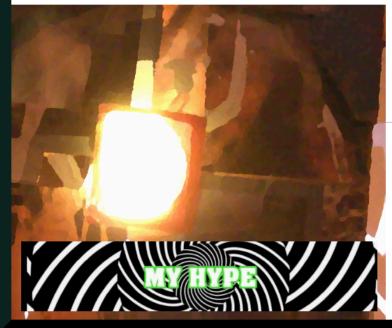
Things that might be attributed to powers, or super natural ability, are actually the result of practice. Hours of practice, 10,000 to be specific.

The meditating monks sitting atop the Himalaya mountains, who heat themselves, causing steam to rise from wet blankets tossed over them, the Sufis who spin in their trance state, transcendental meditators who bury themselves without oxygen...these are practitioners of skills, wielding their trained talents. A process no different than exercising to build muscle.

Watching body language and facial expressions for tells, or observing tone and speech patterns, can make it seem as if a mind is being read. Deeply focused on a person and listening to them in conversation can allow their sentences to be finished.

Many things appear as odd to those who've never encountered them, and you can be mistaken for a person of great wisdom simply by mentioning something you saw while traveling, applied to a situation elsewhere.

Much of life's pain is absorbed by those unwilling to pay attention to what they did see, or to endeavor imagining what they have not.



p 28



Finally, the chance to speak to one of good sense
Oppose me on these grounds, there's no defense
Even my bride was unmoved by logic, and blind to pure reason
Oh my dead reader, share my outrage for this treason
Couldn't talk to her let alone debate her
But I sense your agreement with I, your humble narrator

In times of trouble life can trap you in a bind
Keeping one eye to the ground never knowing what you'll find
From a meager bank note, to a help wanted sign
No discovery could be nearly fortunate as mine
Even I considered, maybe an illusion, some image that was conjured by drink
But being of sound mind, examined closer, beginning to think

Don't call him doppelganger and he's not my evil twin Possibly we're not even two different men Not sure where he ends or where I begin Only explanation I was born again

Didn't have to search nor scour the earth walked past and knew separated at birth Surely must have met inside of the womb For one of us it's after-life the other gets doom

Don't call him doppelganger and he's not my evil twin One life between two identical men That one of us must parish justifiable and fair

p 29

For the greater good alleviate despair alleviate despair

Most minute detail had to be right Training sessions last late into the night Which hand do we use, the left one or the right? Check discrepancies in the way that we write Absinth at my side, 'til I shyly confide You share all of my secrets, there is nothing to hide With words I reveal saw his eyes open wide Eyes same as mine, my reflection inside Ask our similarities, too many to list Can't find differences right down to our fists Bless the day I found him been inseparable since Touch him and I'll kill you it'd be self defense Then came the day Time to take him out and put him on display From the corner spot to the place down the way Only imagine what people will say And the best part is he seems to obey Looks like he's come and be here to stay Open up the game, finally get a chance to play One day we're chatting here over a beer At the next moment I'm gone disappear But right now, I look in the mirror Depth of performance remarkable site for one to behold Make it so convincing almost have myself sold Seemed a fantasy all that time before he Came to complete my masterpiece story But perfection of the process makes it easier to lie The best day of my life will be the I die Death is not a window, for some it's a door Yet in my case exit leads to so much more Pure freedom is escaping those who sought to hold me down Only way out of this god damn town My plan so ingenious that it seems almost unfair Reward for past transgression and payback for despair





if regret starts to show ask forgiveness to him

Brzy Nashkladno and dequim

Don't call him doppelganger and he's not my evil twin possibly we're not even two different men

Not sure where he ends or where I begin

Only explanation I was born again

Didn't have to search nor scour the earth Simply walked up him separated at birth Surely must have met inside of the womb For one of us it's after-life the other gets doom

Don't call him doppelganger and he's not my evil twin One life between two identical men That one of us must parish justifiable and fair For the greater good alleviate despair

my tale winds down, beg you see any crime embellishment splashed- alliteration and rhyme unsurprisingly, I suppose, an appropriate time Authorities gather round the outside of this barn reputation proceeding me, I tell a good yarn Didn't shy away from destiny I'm too bold to hide Make my final stand on the French countryside Listen dear reader having followed me through this Masterful tale

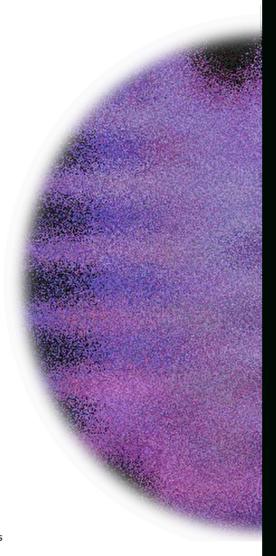
When the going gets tough, counting on you not to bail Attracted your attention and my pages held your stares Whose version to believe? cuz it's my word 'gainst theirs

My word 'gainst theirs just a tale of despair

Hand on the bible true tale of despair

If he were here, he'd say the same: just a tale of despair





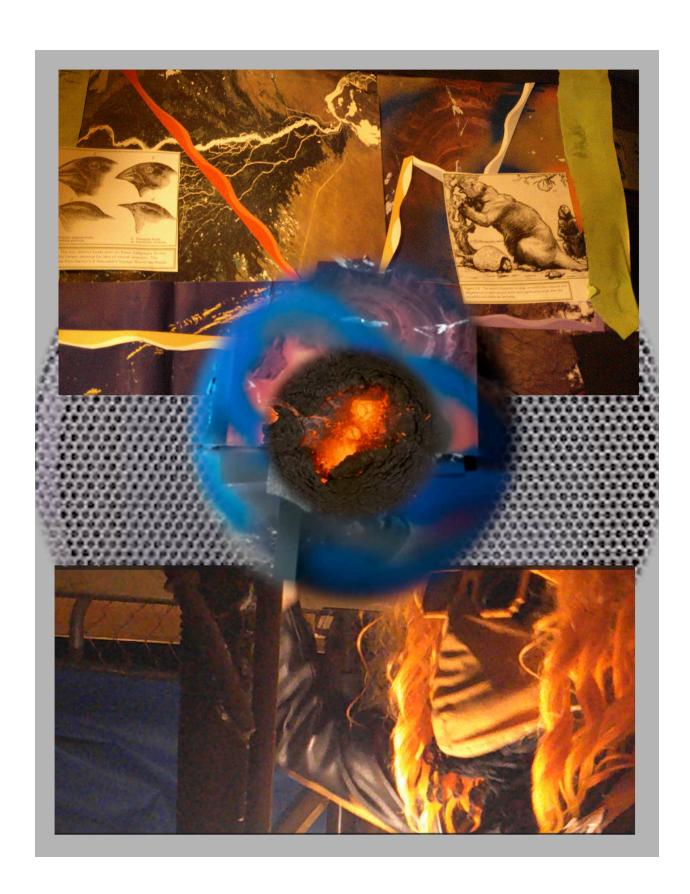
# 7. DESPAIR "Nabokov"

I was looking back on this novel, having long held its story-line as a concept I wanted to play with in the realm of G'Odd. I suppose saving it for something special. Finally, the idea popped up for a song, and Ifigured I'd better at least get that done, lest time pass by without ever addressing it. While reading up for review's sake, I first heard the term the "unreliable narrator", which applies to some of my favorite works in literature and cinema. That was the intended title for the album, until I finally accepted it must be "Nature of Reality". When it came to adopting the story to a song, I at first considered all these ways to make it my own before it finally clicked: It's Nabokov, don't get cute with it.

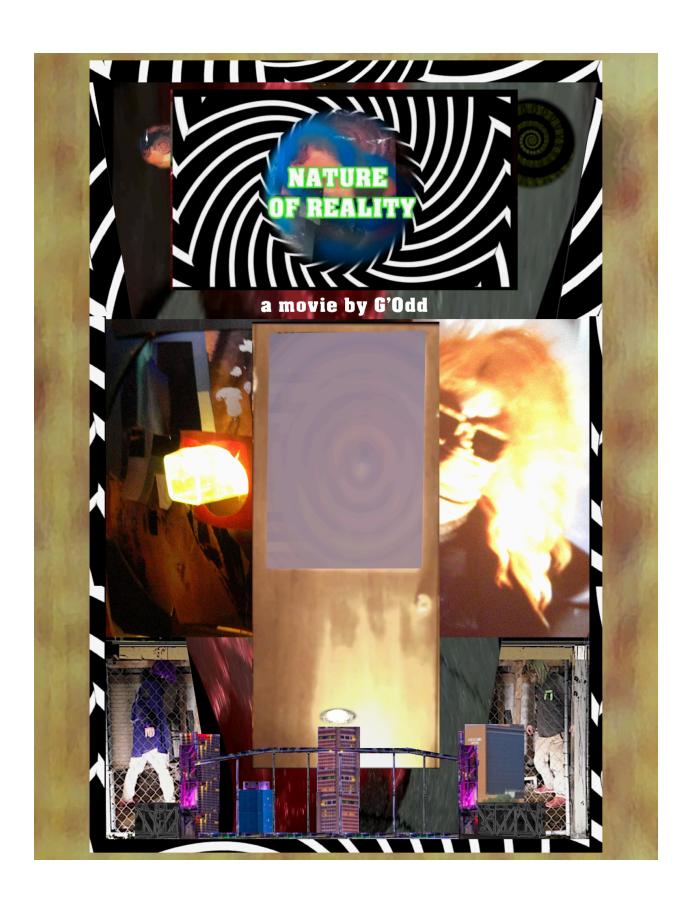














"Nature of Reality" a movie by G'Odd

While traveling in the alternate realities, G'Odd has gathered valuable knowledge which he hopes to share with those confined to the accepted existence, in the form of a new album.

He decides to return to the town where he began, Portland, and seek out the mysterious producer, SSD, who worked on his debut record.

However, in order to make this journey, G'Odd will have to know who and where he is. Sounds simple enough perhaps, but if you know the role of perception and its influence on our concept of what is real, and our concept of the universe...

The voyage may be a little more challenging than one might think...

Such is the Nature of Reality.







