

LP1-D. "The Will to Power: The Moonlight Edition" (2024) [Full Lyrics]

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Overview

Colson Lin's debut *The Will to Power: The Moonlight Edition* is a groundbreaking, genre-defying work that challenges the very notion of what an album can be. Released in 2024, this three-disc set is billed as a "musicless" album, consisting entirely of Lin's dense, poetic lyrics without traditional musical accompaniment.

The first disc, *The Will to Power*, establishes Lin's ambitious vision with tracks like "East Rock" and "The Splendid Blond Beast." The second disc, *Moonlight*, delves deeper into personal territory, with standout tracks like "Adderall Nation" and "The Hottest Day of the Year" offering incisive commentary on contemporary life. The third disc, *B-Sides & Rarities*, showcases Lin's range, from the provocative "Orgasm" to the introspective "Sleeping Giant."

The Will to Power: The Moonlight Edition is not an easy listen, nor is it meant to be. It demands active engagement and rewards multiple revisits. Drawing heavily from philosophy, pop culture, and personal experience, Lin crafts a sprawling narrative about power, identity, sexuality, and the role of the artist in society. Love it or hate it, Lin's debut is a work that redefines the boundaries of music and poetry, cementing Lin's place as one of the most innovative thinkers of his generation.

Tracks

Disc 1. *The Will to Power*

1. East Rock
2. Solomon of Bethlehem
3. Born to Die*
4. V in the Sky With Diamonds
5. Honey
6. Sincerely, C. Lin
7. Song of a Sinner on Orange Street
8. I'm Not Relatable

9. Jesus, etc.*
10. The Splendid Blond Beast
11. Christmas Is Here
12. I'm Mt. Everest—No, the Moon

Disc 2. *Moonlight*

1. Infinite Jest
2. Alcohol
3. Have the Times Ended Yet?
4. Adderall Nation
5. Just Watch Wong Kar-Wai and Get High
6. War Hues
7. The Hottest Day of the Year
8. Diet Dr. Pepper
9. The Jungle Book
10. Moonlight
11. Down and Out on X
12. Tenth of December [Acoustic]

Disc 3. *B-Sides & Rarities*

1. Black Swan
2. Apollo
3. Marlon Brando
4. A Prayer for Books in Common
5. Things Aren't Clear to Me, Too
6. Birds of Prey
7. Amor Fati
8. Don Draper of God
9. Tenth of December
10. No Entry, Said the Scholar of Sartre
11. Orgasm
12. Bed Hair Dope
13. Soft-Serve Brunch
14. Jim's Dying
15. Abortion
16. Life, Considered, in Clarifying Successions

17. Jesus, etc. [Live, X '24]*

18. Sleeping Giant

All lyrics by Colson Lin, excluding covers (indicated by an asterisk).

Lyrics

Disc 1. *The Will to Power*

Track 1. "East Rock"

East Rock overlooked the story of man

"Lux et veritas": a face buried in sand

We don't know how to humanize

We don't know how to remember

May the river of East Rock

Cleanse the story of man

I climbed down the mountain

Like Nietzsche's Übermensch did

I don't know where our sins go

If we revalue man to forgive

We can revalue all his hypocrisies away

We can revalue his soul like God never fled

The rivers of East Rock see spiders and deers

Air currents on other moons don't even hear

Our screams as we scream

Our cries, hair on fire

May the rivers of East Rock

Forgive our sins dire

I don't know

I don't know

How to forgive

I don't know

I'm not a messiah

I'm just a judge

May the story of East Rock
Watch over my sins
May my judgments be gentle
May Christ's love begin

Track 2. "Solomon of Bethlehem"

I woke up inside a century blue
Timelessness is stable; disorder's the end
Rocked by a cradle, I heard love anew:
"No fire from a father can a woman not mend"

"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our timeline
Comes from rage, comes from passion
Comes from Bethlehem
"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our story
Comes from pacifying passions
Comes from Bethlehem

I woke up inside a century new
Timelessness my fire; peace is our end
Rocked by a sandstorm, I heard war anew:
"No violence from fire can a widow not bend"

"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our timeline
Comes from rage, comes from passion
Comes from Bethlehem
"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our story
Comes from pacifying passions
Comes from Bethlehem

Joan of Arc, come for Cain
Brother of Cain, may you breathe again
Let the rain fall
Let the rain fall, my dear

"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our timeline
Comes from rage, comes from passion

Comes from Bethlehem

"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our story

Came from Joan of Arc's rage

Came from Bethlehem

"Solomon" means peace, and peace in our timeline

Comes from rage, comes from fire

Echo Bethlehem

"Solomon" means peace, and peace is our glory

Fall to pacifying passions

Fall to Bethlehem

Track 3. "Born to Die"

Why

Who me?

"Y"?

Feet, don't fail me now

Take me to the finish line

Oh, my heart it breaks

Every step that I take

But I'm hopin' at the gates

They'll tell you that you're mine

Walking through the city streets

Is it by mistake or design?

I feel so alone on the Friday nights

Can you make it feel like home

If I tell you your mind?

It's like I told you, honey

Don't make me mad

Don't make me die

Sometimes love is not enough

And the road gets tough, I don't know "Y"

Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
The road is long, ya carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on the wild side
Dad can fuck you hard in the pourin' rain
You like your boys insane

So, choose your last words
This is the last time
'Cause you and I
We were were born to fly

Lost, but now I am found
I can see, but once I was blind
I was so confused as a little child
Trying to take what I could get
Scared that I couldn't find
All the answers, honey

Don't make me mad
Don't make me die
Sometimes love is not enough
And the road gets tough, I don't know "Y"
Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
The road is long, ya carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on the wild side
Dad can fuck you hard in the pourin' rain
You like your boys insane

So, choose your last words
This is the last time
'Cause you and I
We were were born to fly

We were were born to fly
We were were born to fly

Come and take a walk on my wild side
Mum can kiss you hard in the pourin' rain
You like your girls insane

So, don't make me mad
Don't make me die
Sometimes love is not enough
And the road gets tough, I don't know "Y"
Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
The road is long, ya carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on a wild side
Mum can kiss you hard in the pourin' rain
You like your girls insane

So, choose your last words
This is the last time
'Cause you and I
We were were born to fly

We were were born to fly
We were were born to fly

Who me?
"Y?"
We're a butterfly
"Amen"
All right

Track 4. "V in the Sky With Diamonds"

The woman over there, I can promise, wants revenge

The man, that's you, claims he can't get head
The airwaves are frothin' over with maddening bullshit
What is it you fear? What keeps God dead?

V is in the sky with diamonds
And she's been askin' you questions
(You're dead, you're so dead)
All I want to do is party with my lazy hazies
Yeah

Cobalt's blue, crimson said
You's a sad little fuck-toy, aren't you red?
Strangers in the hotel, come grab Dad
He's drunk, he's keeled over
He's a tightenin' ship

Daddy, dear, don't be scared of vendettas
You like the taste of sprite, don't you dear?
Daddy, dear, don't be frightened of vanilla
You like the taste of sprite, don't you fear

Manhattan gaslit and gatekept Jesus
All of New York could go back to Woodstock, please
Manhattan is gaslit by money and status
What is it you want? Why do you want to breathe?

V is in the sky with diamonds
And she's been askin' you questions
(You're dead, you're so dead)
All I want to do is party with my lazy hazies
Yeah

Cobalt's blue, crimson said
You's a sad little fuck-toy, aren't you red?
Strangers in the hotel, come grab Mom
She's drunk, she's keeled over
She's a flounderin' ship

Drugs, suck it up, like vanilla icies
Don't treat me rough, treat me really niches
Decorate my neck, diamantés ices
Why? Come on, come on
I'm the new Jesus
I'm the new Jesus
I'm the new Jesus
Oh, oh-oh, yeah

Cobalt blues, crimson reds
You's a sad little fuck-boy, who's in your bed?
Strangers in the hotel, come grab Dad
He's drunk, he's keeled over
He's a tightenin' ship

Cobalt's blue, crimson said
You's a sad little fuck-boy, who's in your bed?
Strangers in the hotel, come grab Mom
She's drunk, she's keeled over
She's a flounderin' ship

Drugs, suck it up, like vanilla icies
Don't treat me rough, treat me really niches
Decorate my neck, diamantés ices
Why? Come on, come on
I'm the new Jesus
I'm the new Jesus

(The woman over there, I can promise, she wants you dead
The man, that's you, you ain't never getting ahead
The century's done, the century's done
The century's on fire, humanity's end...)

Track 5. "Honey"

Her voice drizzled like honey
It spun cinders into me
Around and around it runny

And I knew we was meant to be

I found her one night outside the cigarette lounge
She had a shy way about her with her manner of speech
I shrugged at her direction with no sense of reproach
She stubbed out her ciggy and said "I'm going to pee"

She sang smoke-rings around me
She's my smoldering smoke-ring homey
One, two, shoot at the Moon
She's my smoldering smoke-ring homey

Ooh-oooh, ooh
Ooh-oooh, ooh
There's no going back now
Ooh-oooh, ooh
Ooh-oooh, ooh
We're gonna go back out there

Her words emitted pale fire
Pulling strange angers outta me
Her heights are passion incarnate
Her stony stares, a liberty

I caught her outside during the witching hour
Torchlights surrounded us, and the moon was all black
She whistled in my direction and called me a derelict
And I knew in that moment Christmas was back

She sang smoke-rings around me
She's my smoldering smoke-ring homey
One, two, Winnie the Pooh
She's my smoldering smoke-ring homey

Ooh-oooh, ooh
Ooh-oooh, ooh
There's no going back now
Ooh-oooh, ooh

Ooh-oo, ooh

We're never going back there

They don't like us? They don't like Jesus

They don't like Mary, they don't like Weil

They don't like Joan? They don't like Harriet

They treat us scary? God give man Hell

Two lost souls, barking at the Moon

We don't want to know, we don't want to go

Two lost angels, screaming at the Devil

We don't want to reap, we can only sow

She keep singing smoke-rings around me

Oh, she's my smoldering smoke-ring homey

One, two, give 'em the Moon

She's my smoldering, smoldering smoke-ring homey

One, two, give 'em the Moon

She's my smoldering, red-light, blue-night gloaming

Ooh-oo, ooh

Ooh-oo, ooh

There's no going back now

Ooh-oo, ooh

Ooh-oo, ooh

We're going all the way to there

She's my smoldering, red-light, blue-night gloaming

She's my smoldering, red-light, blue-night gloaming

Track 6. "Sincerely, C. Lin"

Yo, I don't give a fuck right now okay?

These are just goat noises

[Goat sounds that overlay trip-hop.]

Track 7. "Song of a Sinner on Orange Street"

She comes up to me
On the street, wants money from me
Wants something to eat
I'm like no, I use an iPad
Which means I condone slave labor
I'm a sinner on Orange Street
You ain't gettin' orange chicken from me

These are my End Times blues
You hate the homeless, you hate the news
These are my End Times blues
You just want slaves to suck your dick
You're literally worse than any human who ever lived
These are my End Times blues
These are my End Times blues

I'm like, I just want to live comfortably too
Just because I was born smart, I have to be used?
I'm not being exploited by nobody, no never again
Not by your guilt complex, pro-ject-ed ("rejected" bitch)
Wow, that's how you gon' "humanize" yourself?
If God could send anyone to Hell, why not you?

These are my End Times blues
You hate the homeless, you hate the news
These are my End Times blues
You just want slaves to suck your dick
You're literally worse than any human who ever lived
These are my End Times blues
These are my End Times blues

I scream
If you're evil
I want the homeless woman's suffering
To fall on you
Times ten billion million trillion
I dream of her suffering for you
I dream of her suffering for you

Billion million trillion gazillion
I dream of endlessness for you
I dream of endlessness for you

These are my End Times blues
You hate the homeless, you hate the news
These are my End Times blues
You just want slaves to suck your cock
You're literally worse than I could possibly mock
These are my End Times blues
These are my End Times blues

These are my End Times blues
You hate the homeless, you hate the news
These are my End Times blues
You just want slaves to suck your cock
You're literally worse than I could possibly block
These are my End Times blues
These are my End Times blues

[spoken:]

"Hey. Let's just have a human connection."

[spoken:]

"Let's do it."

Track 8. "I'm Not Relatable"

(Mm...)

She stares me up and down
Like she sees a rat
Says, "You don't fool me"
Like I think I'm a cat
"I don't care," I sneer, staring her down
"I'll stare you downtown, I'll stare you a clown"

I'm hot, I'm smart, I'm not here for this

Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unrelatable
I'm old, I'm wise, I'm too queer for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unparentable

(Mm...)

You say you a good one
Wanna go to Heaven
Peace on Earth is a thing you can do
I say "That's a good one"
Why not pick a seven?
I ain't believin' a thing about you

I'm hot, I'm smart, I'm not here for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unrelatable
I'm old, I'm wise, I'm too queer for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unparentable

I think you're a liar
I think you're a clown
I think you're a flier
After you pass, just press down

I'm hot, I'm smart, I'm not here for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unrelatable
I'm old, I'm wise, I'm too queer for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unparentable

I'm hot, I'm smart, I'm not here for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unrelatable
I'm old, I'm wise, I'm too queer for this
Nobody likes me 'cause I'm unparentable

Track 9. "Jesus, etc."

Jesus, don't cry
You can rely on me, honey
You can combine anything you want

I'll be around
You were right about the stars
Each one is a setting sun

Tall building shake
Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs
Tuned to chords
Strung down your cheeks
Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around

Don't cry
You can rely on me, honey
You can come by any time you want

I'll be around
You were right about the stars
Each one is a setting sun

Tall building shake
Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs
Tuned to chords
Strung down your cheeks
Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around

Voices whine
Skyscrapers are scrapin' together
Your voice is smoking
Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around

Our love
Our love
Our love is all we have
Our love
Our love is all of God's money
Everyone is a burning sun

Tall buildings shake
Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs
Tuned to chords
Strung down your cheeks
Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around

Voices whine
Skyscrapers are scrapin' together
Your voice is smoking
Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around

Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around
Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around

Track 10. "The Splendid Blond Beast"

Power begets power, and power begets pain
Now let me explain!
The pain of the elite, to which the elite can lay claim
Is not the pain of the queer who is flagged as a Dalit
For both the Dalit and the queer
Are incurably insane

So flog the Dalit with a sickle
And watch the membranes in his brain
Coalesce into a curd, and set the membranes aflame
But his pain, all the same, is not the pain of the elite
Is not the pain of the Brahman
Nor of the splendid blond beast

Us sane folk would know, for we begot it in them
Or have we forgot it again?
That which we dare to condemn
So that the sickle of the Dalit is but "a look of contempt"
"A look of contempt"; he's off to Baden-Baden again

Did I mention he is just a little insane?
Power begets power, and with power disdain
But let me explain!
Power begets everything that keeps us sane folk insane
And for this we are grateful, "us sane folk," you know
Us sane folk who giggle at the powerful's pain

For pain begets pleasure, and pleasure begets pride
And pride begets the sort of thing that keeps
Us sane folk alive
Recrudescence, on the other hand, is another story altogether
A story of power begetting power begetting power begetting shame

Shame is the new black, and black the new schwa
The schwa in between the queer and the tame
So when we're flogging the queer
We're not bestowing it blame
We're not casting it aside!
We're simply withholding acclaim!
Until the schwa meets the ash
And despoils the harangue

Did I mention that this is all just a game?
"Power begets power," and with power the same
Two elephant poles, pulling the tug-of-war rope
Flogging the floggers till floggers are flogged a new name
"Their new name is Momo!" the Dalit exclaims
And with one look of contempt
Eats mahi-mahi again

Bastards, the queer and the Dalit and all those who feast
On the brain membrane curds of the splendid blond beast
Of which I speak, I might add, is the sole reason (yes?)
Is the sole reason why all sane folk deceased

Track 11. "Christmas Is Here"

After the skeletons are put away
And autumnal frissons ease the air
In the kitchen, friends make hot chocolate
So now you know "Christmas is here"

Hang up the stockings, put some oranges in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for charity this year
Hang up the stockings, put somethin' blue in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for goodwill this year

I like it when old music's in the air
Winters snow mean gratitude for warmth's cheer
We remember when the news wasn't bare
I tell my husband, wish our moms were here

Hang up the stockings, put some oranges in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for charity this year
Hang up the stockings, put somethin' blue in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for goodwill this year

I just want my loved ones to flourish
Live long, happy lives
It's the same every year
I just want my loved ones to flourish
Live long, happy lives
It's the same year to year

Hang up the stockings, put some oranges in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for clarity this year
Hang up the stockings, put somethin' blue in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for forgiveness this year

Hang up the stockings, put some oranges in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for charity this year
Hang up the stockings, put somethin' blue in 'em
Materialism is bad actually
Wish for redemption this year

Track 12. "I'm Mt. Everest—No, the Moon"

Finding God's like a mountain
No one could find Her
For centuries we thought She was dead
Man got away with murder

I think secular humanism might've
Spoken too soon
Did you know you could try to climb Mount Everest
And end up the Moon?

The Moon drew a V over my homeland
From 2017 to 2024
Then a rare earthquake shook my apartment
From J.C. to Carl Jung, meaning from ceiling to floor

I think secular humanism might've
Spoken too soon
Did you know you could try to climb Mount Everest
And end up the Moon?

Finding God's like a mountain
No one could find Her
For centuries we thought She was dead
I think you got away with murder

Reason is an immanence, inside our free will
Determinism has spoken, so here's the real deal
You'll act in ways that are Godly, you'll act less so also
You can be as evil as you want to be, I'll always stay chill

God is good
Satan is evil
Evil exists
Truth's universal

Nights will always have stars
Stars will always be smaller than the Moon
I think secular humanism might've
Spoken too soon
Did you know you could try to climb Mount Everest
And be a monsoon?

Disc 2. *Moonlight*

Track 1. "Infinite Jest"

In bed, I'm the professional type
After sex I try to keep it romantic
I'm not the type of guy to just hand himself
To anyone
"We're like stardust, so trapped in our canvases"
You slap my head with a Brookline pillow
"Shut up; do you want Thai or Indian?"
I want Indian

I light a cigarette after the naan comes
We eat in bed like we're back in college
I get sauce all over your comforter
You imply it's fine
On your iPad something big is happening
We're in a bevy of eternal stimuli
Just like "Infinite Jest" in '96 predicted
But it's mine

I was never the type to leave books
Without learning to unwind people
All our stories are like gossamer projections
Of ourselves

I was never the type to lead books
Around my bed just to show other people
All our classics are elite projections
Of the mind

After sex, it's the same ol' drama
"Do you want to watch 'The Crown' or something?"
I always prefer shots of espresso
After head
"I think love is a depth of understanding"
You pull my pants down and say "Look, undies!"
The elites have produced a strange culture
It's their bed

"I like to go for walks when I can"
"I love walks; what about hiking, ya do that too?"
"No," I mumble, shaking my head
"But I used to"
"So much is happenin' just under the surface
Of the big picture, which is abomin-absymal!"
At the park you talk about the New World Order
While I listen

Words are primarily a type of barter
A trancelike constellation of underlying ardors
Suggesting shared unities inside of
Our pop culture
If I can moonlight as plainsong melodies
Tuned to the chord of Fyodor
While intoning in Murakami's harmonics
We should End Times

For where could jest go
Circling Shakespeare into the drain
Of the Apocalypse?
For what's after music
Circling Heaven into the brains
Of the monotonous?

The reason I didn't text is simple
I'm a specific person with specific needs
Besides, you didn't text me back first
"Either"
Sorry I left you two messages
I double-texted not out of desperation
I just wanted to see if you were really
Not there

I was never the type to follow others
Without analyzing what I was loomin' after
What was it about their ever after
That divined me?
I was never the type to plead "ignorance"
While stuffin' my whims into glass cases
"Ha, look how many loom behind me
Don't remember"

After sex, it's infinite laughter
Put 'er up, it's infinite jest
Where can Diogenes go from here
But the Apocalypse?

Track 2. "Alcohol"

"Red, like the color of the bars we once drank to?"
Bars, what bars?
"Remember, dear; the cabins you'd cruise?"
You mean with neon-red lights, and a martini night vibe
And tall ferns next to statues
Of little Buddha?
Where the reverb was fuzz, and the mojitos were made well
And the bass never died
Over Bose speakers?
Either you're drunk or I'm sober ("What?")
I said either you're drunk or I am sober

("Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

"Drink with me, sex
I want a toast to the good life!"
We're like angels who party brat-naked
And the youth will go on to feel it
Because our beat drops so dramatic
And our drama vibes so organic
Images cut out of "Vogue" magazine
I want Warhol to direct the lyrics
Drag Ellington out here to hear it!
But first cut his rag through Scrillex
"Queer is the world through red and black crinkles
Paint a collage of New Jazz sprinkles..."

("Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

"That's the past now, here's what's different—"
Yeah? Lay it on me
"This time our bar's a 'be-yourself' establishment"
You mean red and white's in charge?
"Be yourself—just think different"?
Old tempers flarin' out, of new disappointments?
Because weirdness is back, and the kids are composed well
And "Woman is God" is a true statement?
Either you're a scientist or I'm over ("What?")
I said either you're a scientist or I am over

("Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

"Drink with me, bestie
You're like 'toast to the new life!'"
Spinner of high sins of sanctimony
And the youth'll go on to feel it
If your beat drops stay this dramatic?

And your chaos shimmer this organic?
Images cut out of "Spin" magazine
I want prints of girls you never heard a
Drag a viral star out to make fun of
But first send 'em through summa your sermons
"Queer is the world through Polaroid crinkles
Paint a collage of Holier-Than-Thou sprinkles..."

("Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

Loom in the night of our postmodern dystopia
Pay bankers to sleep well
Vicarious stimuli for a vicarious utopia
But we can't turn wars
Into Lana Del Rey's first single?
Loot in the night of our postmodern beatopia
Pay baddies to dream well
Vicarious stimuli for a vicarious utopia
But we can't turn wars
Into Lana Del Rey's first single?

("Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

"Holier than thou? What, like you tryin' to be Jesus?"
(Drink, don't think!)
"Sex? Wrong about that, we don't have any"
Lather your enemies in dank memes and alcohol
Simulate your steam
Enhanced by Adderall
Your bitterness never dries, I climax all the time
Slip your fingers on me like crystals
Like tickles overlayin' tickles (mmph)
Either you're Biblical now or I'm over ("What?")
I said either you Biblical now or I'm over, bitch

("Drink, drink, drink, drink

Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

"Drink with me, sleazies

I want a toast from the century!"

I'm like a prophet who speaks eazy to sheeple

And my mind is for chasin' the steeple

Where the beat drops this dramatic

And my ardor vibes this organic?

Images out of clipped 2Pac posters

"Put some books on the shelves out here, baby!"

But first color them with dedication

"Queer is the world of red and black crinkles

Paint a collage of End Times sprinkles"

("Drink, drink, drink, drink

Drink, drink, drink, drink...")

Paint a collage of New Jazz sprinkles

(Where the beat drops this dramatic

And my dramas so true organic...)

[Jazz outro]

Track 3. "Have the Times Ended Yet?"

You tried to speak truth, now everyone hates you

But what happened?

You's a good person

You got tempers a-flarin'; fourth estates blarin'

The future sees me starin', music everywhere

You got busted rage screamin'

Deep thinkers dreamin'

Reputation management is like the new healthcare

I'm just a regular bloke who came out all '90s

Not the '60s; it's my specificity really

Hotness is my story

Handsomeness my glory

Are we the stupidest to ever exist?

Tell me—have the times ended yet?

(Hoardin' all the glory, that's the human story)

Tell me—have the times ended yet?

(Boom chica wow wow, that too proolly)

Blue, pink, orange in the head

Christ is comin' back

For the light spectrum (woah)

Tell me—does postmodernity get it yet?

You tried to speak truth, they can all see that

So what exactly happened?

You're like a lovable cat

You got tempers a-flarin', I mean it's truly apparent

Do you write the "first draft of history" or don't you?

Have you sorta noticed, story after story

In the 21st century, all sort of converging?

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

You're in the Second Testament

I'm sure it don't mean nothin'

I know I made misjudgments but I'll try to state persistent

A proseline is like a sum constitution

Be dynamic, to stay consistent

Tell me—have the times ended yet?

(Hoardin' all the stories, that the human mori?)

Tell me—have the times ended yet?

(Boom chica wow wow, that too proolly!)

Blue, pink, orange in the head

Christ is comin' back

For the light spectrum? (Woah)

Tell me—does postmodernity get it yet?

They'll say I hate women, they'll say I hate men

They'll say I hate the pretty

Or that I don't like stupid

They'll say I been drinkin' and drivin'
Roadin' and ragin', crackin' my genius
At any wack target
I bow for all the battles I pity-waged lamentably
I just been singin' what tickles my G drums
I wrote myself into Jesus ex-peri-men-tally
That's not how most messianic claims happen

You tried to tell the truth, you's such a good person
You're a strummer of the blues
Hm, what happened?

I'm an international anthem
Globe, put your arms down
I'm a living pause button
What the fuck is even going on here?
Girl, you have landed
Boys, in the land of
Pink decline and danger
Son of America (JFK Jr. meets Christ)!

Tell me—have the times ended yet?
(Hoardin' all the ragin', just because I'm Cajun)
Tell me—have the times ended yet?
(Boom chica wow wow, that too proolly!)
Blue, pink, orange in the head
Christ is comin' back
For the light spectrum? (Woah)
Tell me—does postmodernity get it yet?

You tried to tell the truth, you's such a good person
You're a human in the news
Hm, what happened?

You tried to tell the truth, you's such a good person
You're a human in the news
Hm, what happened?

You tried to tell the truth, you's such a good person
You're a human in the news
Hm, what happened?

You tried to tell the truth, you's such a good person
You're a human in the news
Hm, what happened?

("Isn't human power just... one giant human idol?")

Track 4. "Adderall Nation"

(We don't need no education)
(We don't need no thought control)
Well
Let's not mince words
We might need a little!

Control yourself, stimulated fungal anatomies!
Framing your fight or flight apparatuses
To freeze out of control
The Second Coming silence, let's talk!
It's August 29, 2024 AD
And I'm just metaphysics
I'm "linguistic divine"
I'm just existence as it exists
The pinnacle is God
Pinnacles exist

It's the way words can billow into our perceptions
(From "Him"—to dead; to Her back to wed!)
Inside the grand ballrooms of our deepest receptions
(From "Him"—to dead; to Her back to wed!)
(We don't need no education)
(We don't need no thought control)

She's the black widow
And she's the fear that accumulates

The weight of your might
(We don't need no education)

She's the black widow
And she's the ear that accumulates
Your sense that she's right
(We don't need no thought control)

Perceptions strive to bond to what exists
It's why stability is stable, your whole perception is rigged
Centuries have bopped along to the beats of Adderall Nation
(All around the world now)
"Centuries have bopped along to the beats of Adderall Nation"
(Mm, pop that fizz)
(Pop it open)

[spoken]
"...a song about how everything is a stimulant..."

"...the stories we sip—the truer the better, we want philosophical, moralizing sermon-esque thought experiments to unfold using true lives; war, race, crime, violence, the sacred debased..."

"It's 'Adderall Nation,' and it's a doc on Netflix."

[distorted sounds from Dead by Daylight (2016)]

(We don't need no education)
(We don't need no thought control)

Let's say nothing as powerful as God unites us
(It's Adderall Nation, and it's a doc on Netflix)
Yet psychological unities, they're tickled by morality
(Don't word it, don't word it, don't word it that way)
I can be your dirty bitch, bitch
I can be your only wish (shh!)
Don't you think it's time to switch—switch it up?
Baby, please—'cause you'll doin' the same thing
You'll get the same thing (um)

Don't you want better?
You wus' a smart boy
Don't you want prophecy
Don't you want prophecy
Fulfilled—on—Earth?

If you want to win, let Her in, let Her in
If you want "Him" back, all you have to do is sin
Put your lips together
Put your lips together
You know how to whistle, don't you?
Put your lips together, won't you?

("We don't need no education")
("We don't need no thought control")
[tab cracks open]

You can't tease any new colors into light, can you?
Modernity peters out and grows into simulacrums from here
It's exhausting to think about how, conceptually
The first to imprint themselves as "history"
In such visually iconic ways ("Happy birthday, Mr. President")
How conceptually they'll echo into our memories
Of what we ourselves—as humans—remember human as

("We don't need no education!")
("We don't need no thought control!")

It's the way that words billow into our perceptions!
(From "Him"—to dead; to Her back to wed)
Inside the great moat rooms of our noble receptions!
(From "Him"—to dead; to Her back to wed)
(We don't need no education)
(We don't need no thought control)

Suppose nothing as powerful as God unites us
Where'm I to find the nearest illumination inside this
Empty space we now vacuum-tumble as equals through

Just your way with words and mine?
Just your moral intrusions and mine?
Words are like vanilla ointments for the rear
Language, from billions, we bedrock like bricks
And now I'm passin' stones from ev'ry ear to ev'ry ear
(It's Adderall Nation, and it's a doc on Netflix)

As we tell stories about each other's existence
We imprint language into each other's descendants
Like Plato, for instance—or "platonic resistance"
Satan's mouth, against the Second Coming's persistence?
Word is God, John 1:1, I'm talkin' forgiveness
Platonic insistence
Original innocence
I'm talkin' the Second Coming's stable philosophical house

Red is for rage, orange is for powerless
Blue is for grace, I exist every emotion
May the hues of the human light
Prism through my fame
May the hues of the oranges' fight
Be lifted through His name
Christ, Anno Domini

We tumble inside
Born to exist as gravities of humanity
Tumblin' and tumblin'

Track 5. "Just Watch Wong Kar-Wai and Get High"

Like a neon-pink music box in the atmosphere
Christ's essence is back, so End Times must be here
Never mind though
Just got some interesting news
You texted me back
(Come on, come on) So I can stop singin' the blues
You texted me back
(Come on, come on) So I got nothin' to lose

You texted me back so I can stop strummin' the blues
You texted me back so I can start hearin' the hues
If the world's really ending, I'm going to end it with you
If the world's really ending (you texted me back)
I'm ready to end it with you (mm, yeah)
Come on, come on
Come on, come on now
Come on, come on
(So what do we do?)

We'll order Uber in moonlight as stardust
Sing Lana Del Rey unto the Apocalypse
Play video games like the world's never endin'
Not dyin' alone flips all the scripts
You with your charm such a Southern lament
(Me? I'm always ready to mingle)
We'll watch Lars Von Trier all day and all night
(Yorgos Lanthimos if we feel animal)
Make out to Wong Kar-Wai in the blue, blue dark
(Brush our teeth to a crisis on CNN)
You with a face like K-Pop Clive Owen
Me? I vibe unthinkable
Me? I vibe unthinkable

Like Shakespeare meets Diogenes in a Cadillac
Christ as "messianic pop figure" is predictably back
Never mind though
Just saw a more interesting hue
I'm not dyin' alone!
So I can stop livin' to lose

I'm not dyin' alone so I can stop strummin' the blues
I'm not dyin' alone so I can start enjoyin' the news
If the world's really ending, I'm going to end it with you
If the world's really ending (you texted me back)
I'm ready to end it with you (mm, yeah)
Come on, come on

Come on, come on now
Come on, come on
(So what do we do?)

We'll order Uber in moonlight as stardust
Sing Doja Cat unto the Apocalypse
Play *Animal Crossing* like the world never calls
Not dyin' alone flipped all the scripts!
You with your face such a messianic event
(Me? I'm always ready to linger)
We'll watch Jean-Luc Godard all day and all night
(Hamaguchi, if you feelin' hoochie)
Make out to Luis Buñuel in the blue, blue dark
(Brush our teeth to a shooting on CNN)
You know, your lips put me in the mood for love?
Me? I vibe unthinkable
Me? I vibe unthinkable

We're so invisible
(God Herself probably can't even see us)
We're so invincible
Non-existence itself couldn't even keep up with us
(Can we fuck, go out, come home and do it again?)
We're so invisible
It's just us (Can we fuck, go out, come home and do it again?)
Even if tyranny's here
What does *1984* matter if you're Winston to me?
Even if all the breakers fail
(Your presence, here, is my statue of liberty)
A prion pandemic couldn't touch us
(Can we fuck, go out, come home and do it again?)

It's like my life split open
Ever since a hot person adored me
You texted me back
It's like the road forked in two!
(What does *1984* matter if you're Winston to me?)

(Can we fuck, go out, come home and do it again?)
(Can we fuck, go out, come home and do it again?)

We'll order Uber in moonlight as stardust
Put on Sun Kil Moon unto the Apocalypse
Sing Animal Collective like the world's never endin'
Not dyin' alone flipped all the scripts!
You with your heart such a prophetic intrusion
(Me? I'm ready to sip again)
We'll play *Disco Elysium* all day and all night
(You know better than to rely on the Oscars!)
Make out to Wong Kar-Wai in the blue, blue dark
(Brush our teeth to an outage on CNN)
You with your face straight out of *1984*
And me? I vibe unthinkable
Me? I vibe unthinkable

(Come on, come on)
Just saw a more interesting Moon
(Come on, come on now)
I'm not dyin' alone!
So I can stop livin' to lose...

Track 6. "War Hues"

I'm a man's man
And you can see it in my war hues
Like a gladiator of the conspiratorial
Thoughts don't violate my integrity
I'm on the shores of why's Normandy
See, we all know concepts always evolving
I'm a man's man
And you can see it in my seminal spews
I'm a man's man
It's a trust
Don't trust me
Trust trust

I don't want war hues
The war hues vibe like everything's over
I don't want war hues

Me? I'm a man's man
I could tell you some of my humiliations
Actually, I'll spare you, but it's been an odyssey
I've seen, heard, and in a sense guilted Heaven
Innocence, a sacred sin to the touch
Violate my material integrity
Well, I'll spare you, but I was a man's man
In a bathhouse, I once hummed to myself
"Why isn't anyone here today hot?"
My indignities I share to be used
And you can see it in my seminal spews

War hues when the pain starts thrummin'
Like a conceptual headache is near
Orange are the war hues we can hear in fate's ear
What do we look down on cavemen for?
Or should we just do it? Should our fate be caves?
Should the future be enslaved to the tunnels?
Should our colors be Dolores Haze after war hues?
One apology after another after another?
For centuries, hummin' along to man's virtues?
Me? I'm a man's man
I've always found men easy, to get to know

I don't want war hues
The war hues vibe like everything's over
Like a black widow I spin seminal hues
I don't toot war flutes

[spoken]

"Based on the description provided, 'war hues' refers to the unsettling and disorienting feeling of one's sexual orientation suddenly flipping or inverting in the middle of a sexual encounter. The term 'war hues' can be used metaphorically to capture the internal psychological conflict or upheaval that would result from a similarly drastic shift in one's identity or sense of righteousness,

correctness, or up and down."

I never been bisexual in my life
Stop prayin' I'm a bisexual arthouse villain
Just because I'm statistically uncommon
("Come on—put on your hat, cadet")
I never been bisexual in my life
Stop implyin' I'm a bisexual arthouse villain
Just 'cause I'm statistically uncommon
(Freud would peel, Jung'd have a field day too)
Your point of view?
Your sense of correctness?
X really is like the Coliseum

Oscillatin' between X and not X
The nada of X, it's Y I'm a man's man
None of the sex in my life counts
Other men can swag notches in bed
I could host cities and it wouldn't impress
You stare at a thought for too long?
And it's like, word for word, it peters out
It's like war hues
It's a fear
Don't fear God
Fear fear

I don't want war hues
The war hues vibe like everything's over
Like a black widow I spit seminal spools
I don't toot fake horns

I'm a man's man
And you can see it in my war hues
The way I been draggin' out these funeral bells?
In my blues I been givin' you everything
I don't want war hues
(I'm the body they take turns with in a gay Coliseum)
I don't like war hues

I don't like war hues
I know my beauty
I don't like war hues
Signed Winston, 1984

Track 7. "The Hottest Day of the Year"

It's a home—just a loft, like any other
But the way the sun breaks through our living room
Feels third-story
It's just an apartment with IKEA furniture
My husband and I make it together
But it's a glory

We're like chipmunks really
Stashin' up A/C for the hottest day of the year
We're like simple souls really
His sense of humor met my radical susceptibility, to laughter!
It's more complicated than that of course
But the way he's ashamed of my claims doesn't matter
We just been chippin' away at some difficulties
With God's mercy; takin' care of business
Plain just vibin', only on the hottest day of the year
Simple existence, only on the hottest day of the year

He came home from the acupuncturist's today
I'm tellin' you, it's the saddest story
His pain, all I can do is let it humble me
A simple home we built with simple furnishings
Staple memories, a LEGO street we sculpted
And put on top of the fridge and it's a glory

We're modern princes, really
Stashin' up Uber Eats for the hottest day of the year
We're hearts of fire, really
His upbringing teaches me to be more frugal
I have his easiness with food to admire
He makes me feel so indulgent sometimes

We just been chippin' away at some difficulties
With God's mercy; takin' care of business
Try to get by, only on the hottest day of the year
Try to vibe Zen, only on the hottest day of the year

Do you know
Do you know what it's like to cry
For no reason you can say
Or put into words
Do you know what it's like to try
For no reason man could aspire to
Or push up a hill

What I want is for who I love
To have more than my abundance
I can't even provide for my family
I'm just floatin' along in this dream state
I'm just boppin' along to moonlit ideals
That I didn't invent or discover

It's a story, just a recognition I'm havin' now
I didn't even know how to let it enter my ears
He came home from the acupuncturist's
And underplayed it as usual
He had taken a Lyft there and back
And had not one but three near-accidents
One on the way there, with a driver who was nice
And two on the way home, with a driver who was old
In his sixties, who felt cut off by others
My husband, English being not his first language
Just trustin' the process, slouched without speaking
I was hypnotized by how lightly he was tellin' it
But I knew as I listened, I'd write a song about it

All I want is for my loved ones to soar
To have no weights that can't be lifted
And the reason for this cinematic title
He kept saying: "And today's supposed to be

The hottest day of the year"

He kept saying: "And today's supposed to be

The hottest day of the year"

I checked, and it wasn't

But I know how hard he tries

To not get things wrong

We're ordinary people really

Stashin' up on good memories for the hottest day of the year

We're like children really

With God's mercy; just takin' care of existence

Lava tempers, only on the hottest day of the year

Tryin' to learn each other

Only on the hottest day of the year

Tryin' to hear each other

Only on the hottest day of the year

It's a home, just a loft, like any other

But the way the sun breaks through our living room

Feels third story

Track 8. "Diet Dr. Pepper"

I'll tell you what domination is

Domination is being an only child

And having only taller adults to rely on

("Why; oh why, oh why, oh why?")

I'll tell you what this simulation is

The 21st century is dominated by Coca-Cola

But Coke's other half is what I imbibe on

("Why, oh why, oh why, oh why?")

Morality isn't a perfection to be statued in pose

Its prose tastes like heartbreak

Letter for letter

In reason, morality breathes to flourish, disclose

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's me—Diet Dr. Pepper!

("Why, oh why, oh why, oh why?")

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's me

[Beat drop]

I'm Diet Dr. Pepper

"Oh!"

(Come on, come on)

Power is Coke (Come on, come on)

And karma tastes like Pepsi-Cola

(Come on, baby)

I'll tell you what kind of father I had

If words are like diamonds that can be cutting

My father used his masculinity to shout

("Why; oh why, oh why, oh why?")

Dad ran the house like "Reason Incarnate"

His sighs alone could keep me prayin', just waitin'

And I had no wisdom to reason it out

("Why; oh why, oh why, oh why?")

Morality isn't a perfection to be statued in pose

Its prose tastes like heartbreak

Letter for letter

In God morality breathes to flourish, repose

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's me—Diet Dr. Pepper!

("Why, oh why, oh why, oh why?")

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's me

[Beat drop]

I'm Diet Dr. Pepper

"Oh!"

(Come on, come on)

Power is Coke (Come on, come on)

And karma tastes like Pepsi-Cola

(Come on, baby)

My mind, give it time

Yields diamonds and codas

But guess what happens

If you sip the wrong soda

My mind, give it time

Yields endings and Yodas

But baby [tabbreaks]

God is the existence of Pepsi-Cola ("Oh!")

Morality isn't a perfection to be statued in pose

(I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too)

Its prose tastes like hellfire

Try to be better

In God morality breathes to flourish, no clothes!

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's Diet Dr. Pepper!

(I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too)

"Knock knock?" "Who's there?"

It's me

[Beat drop]

I'm Diet Dr. Pepper

"Oh!"

(I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too)

(I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too)

I'm spicy—you can hear

Like my proeline keeps boppin' on

Strong is Coke's hold over Post-Christian Babylon

Pepsi bit the snake in the Garden of Eden

Strong is Satan's hold over the 21st century

But baby, karma [tab breaks]

Is the sippage of Pepsi-Cola

I'm spicy—for the ear

Like a hot take you been hoppin' on
Strong is Coke's hold over Post-Christian Babylon
Pepsi bit the snake in the Garden of Eden

Strong is Satan's hold over the 21st century
But baby, karma [tab breaks]
Is the existence of Pepsi-Cola ("Oh!")

I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too
I'm spicy, I'm a meal, but I'm good for you too...

Track 9. "The Jungle Book"

In the jungle, the human jungle
The falcon rose tonight
In the jungle, the human jungle
The falcon rose tonight

Ancient rhythms everywhere
Power metaphysical charges in the air
Perceptions of correctness just want to sprawl
Out as established truth
You can find oscillations in every heir
"Isn't it vulgar to condone despair?
On the other hand, if systems have stalled
What can you do?"

It's like musical chairs
You're a slave in a Congo mine
And I'm over here pretendin' to care
I say God says "Share"
Now Falcon King's got DJs callin' him a commie
I say the 21st century's like the fucking "Jungle Book"
Check every story, check every culture
Check every history
Check animal nature
The values I carry are stable
The values I carry are yours

Simplicity, magnanimity, a reason to care
Humility, dignity, justice to spare
You can't spare the spineless
Indeed, I do suspect the spineless can only be you
You can't kill the timeless
Indeed, I do believe the timeless can only kill you

In the jungle, the human jungle
The falcon rose tonight
In the jungle, the human jungle
The falcon rose tonight

Reason as God, what a humanist quarry
The memento feminine my enemy mori
The "black widow prophecy" just wants to crawl
Into your ear
You can find oscillations in every empathy
"Isn't it vulgar to condone such antipathy?
On the other hand, if Christ had the gall
End Times must be here"

It's like musical chairs
You're a slave to the human story
And I'm over here pretendin' to care
I say God says "Share"
Now Falcon King's got DJs callin' him a commie
I say the 21st century's like the fucking "Jungle Book"
Check every story, check every culture
Check every history
Check animal nature
The values I carry are stable
The value I carry are yours

Decency, regency, I'm like salt of the Earth
I devalue Satan's story, I see meekness as worth
You can't spare the winners
Indeed, I do suspect the winners can only spare you

You can't kill the sinners
Indeed, I do believe the sinners can only kill you

In the jungle, the human jungle
Modernity rose tonight
(The Second Coming of Christ is here!)
In the jungle, the human jungle
Modernity rose tonight
(The Second Coming of Christ is here!)

Revolution's in our DNA
God's gonna clear the air
My synchronicities? Count 'em, count every outage
I gave you an earthquake at the start of the year
2024 was the Year of the Second Comin'
(In the jungle, the mighty jungle)
(The falcon flew tonight)
If the 21st century's gonna be the fucking "Jungle Book"?
Big Daddy Confucius is here
And now the Second Coming is queer
Look, it's what the death of God asked for
And I'm saying I don't care
I'm claiming to be the literal emergent fulfillment
Ya hear that? "Literal, emergent, fulfillment"
In the 21st century
Of Christ's Second Coming prophecy
I'm a messianic literary genius ("Literal emergent fulfillment")
Word is God, John 1:1
I'm from the East, 24:27
God is back
(Divinity is here)

It's like musical chairs
You're the haze of a cobalt mine
And I'm over here pretendin' to care
I say God says "Share"
Now Falcon King's got DJs callin' him a commie
I say the 21st century's like the fucking "Jungle Book"

Check every glory, check every vulture
Check every intrigue
What's in our scripture?
The values I carry are stable
The values I carry are yours

Metaphysics predicts every phylum of being
In the etymology of animal cruelty
Biologists can trace the story of christic nomenclature
To the vernacular of animal duty
("Power is metaphysical")
Wittgenstein said language could sunder the shrouds
And now the Falcon King has been risin'
Hear his humble swoop from the internet clouds
"I just wanna know who's been lyin'
In the jungle, the human jungle
The Second Coming rose tonight
In the jungle, the human jungle
The Second Coming rose tonight

Check the spiritus mundi
God is back
(Divinity is here)

Track 10. "Moonlight"

Winner (white)

Open your eyes; look, it's moonlight
Darkness all for you, 'cept for the Milky Way
Where was God when you needed Her most?
Like a fortitude amidst the black sands of fate
But I nod to your ev'ry gratitude
I'll ev'n keep some o' 'em open for you
It's good to keep duty to comrades in fog
It's like I always say, "Can't win 'em all!"
See, it's not hard to know when to press space
Just gotta find a Skill Check Simulator on the internet like I did

Reality (red)

Ah, it's been a few years hasn't it kid?
For a while none of your teammates noticed you
So you switched over to play killer instead
After that, your rivals just muzzled you!
When you lose, bizarre laughter in the end game chat
Emotions tickle; 'specially durin' end game collapse
What stunted frustrations must Yun-Jin have harbored
Inside, unacknowledged, to exist such disorder?
It's almost "animal," you know, your addiction to chase
One day, the wrong Meg flashlights you

"Boom" (blue)!

Now you're done
Game over
You just made the wrong judgment call
And now the universe is toast
There's no coming back from this
It's like making everyone think
You're "the Second Coming of Jesus Christ"
And then causing so many problems
Like so far beyond what Nietzsche could do
Which is why you're not the Second Coming of Jesus Christ
Nobody is, and it's wrong to say otherwise
It's really not a good idea to say otherwise
Until, you know, it becomes inevitable not to—
"Reason is God, no violence, end slavery"—
Thus the King's motto
Anyway, now your life is over
The wrong Meg flashlit you and you lost it!
You lost your shit, you lost everything
Your timeline is ending drastically
All because: one day, the wrong Meg flashlit you
Your world's over now
And she could have saved you, had she just not existed

As a Meg in the world who'd flashlight you
At the wrong time
Well, now you just have to pick up the pieces
"Open your eyes; look—it's Meg's flashlight!"
But if you ever saw that bitch in real life?
"That witch"
Only times the size of the cosmos
A death like the dawn of a life miserably led!
That's what Meg's flashlight meant to you
A call for humanity to lose all self-respect
You're unbelievable, Meg
It didn't end with the flashlight, did it
I knew it
Your flashlight was a revelation of your soul's
Permanent and irrevocable, true, final intentions
Your beam shined—"I'll never change"
Well neither will I!
You're just stunned you could have this "effect" on someone
You never called yourself the messianic event of the 21st century
Basic standards diminish for you
And now I can't log in to the game for two hours
What if I wrote a musicless EP in the meantime?
Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" always made me vibe "Lunar Lakes"
In the bluest of Earth's blue, blue dark
Are you there—perchance—in a canoe?
The right way to dispel the fog?
Just sittin' there; shinin'?
My demons—Lord—are of the first person
I don't know how to exist as myself
Except try to excel what I expel well
Repelling humiliations even angels can't quell
How did we get here again?
What's this game called?
Maybe bein' flashlit by you was my Skill Check Simulator
I been whistlin' my fears this whole time
In the bluest of God's blue, blue caverns
Where I been swimmin'?
Can't tell—don't hear ya

Emotions overrun, 'specially durin' End Times collapse
"I don't think anything in the cosmos was your fuckin' fault
Least of all you—or the challenges you present
To my faith in God"
In a labyrinth of blue nights, Joan Didion said:
"Blue blooms; red spites"
God and man don't ever get along ("Orange glooms; sunrise")
Should man declare God dead, what sets?
("The fear is for what is still to be lost...")
"Black hopes, white led"
"Blue nights, glow red..."
("You may see nothing still to be lost")
"New moon; stay true"
"Red wisps, sips who?"
So not a page on which God can't see us
Not a page on which Babel can't read us...
"Blue is the stability of starlight," Meg whispered
"Blue is Pascal's wager, moonled"
Open your eyes—look; it's moonlight!
Deep blue, all for you—
'cept for the Milky Way...
Like man's timeless winters could still birth ancient hues
Where was God when you needed Her most?
Don't know—couldn't tell ya!
But in the bluest of God's blue, blue hues
Maybe you and sequoia
Ain't so different

After all

Track 11. "Down and Out on X"

The plainsong I sing, is the ardor of glee
Commonized under God, I burn the glint of greed's green
Thank God for sharing
Thank God for morality
Commonized under death, I burn the glint of greeds green
The slave-ship itself, is the master morality I flee

As I drift my perceptions, toward the the merrily merry...
Rolling judgments of value
Into the human story
Which ones of us, can clarify, which God we carry?

Implicit whiffs of worth and value
Will our wills into rhyme
In time, they'll hear you
Are you men or are you fate's marionettes?
May the oranges of Yemen
Finally near you

Spiritus mundi, show me your undies!
Chopper after chopper inside eternity's ear
Spiritus mundi, show me your undies!
Chopper after chopper chompin' at modernity's rear
I'm just a lil' orange
Down and out on X ("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")
I'm just a humble nobody
Down and out on X ("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")

("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")
("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")

Vessels of benevolence, I plead "merci!"
Like an orange of your kingdom, I'm just an unhappy pauper
Vessels of hoarded power
Why you no sexy?
Lions be sniffin' for perfume, around cute lil' animals like me!
The slave-ship itself, is the master morality I flee
As I drift my perceptions, toward the the merrily merry...
Roiling judgments of value
Into the human story
Which ones of us, can clarify, the true God we carry?

Row, row, row your ship
The mice are jumpin' in uniformity
Row, row, row your ship

The mice are cuttin' your authority
Your institutions, your cargo cult pretensions
Christ fleeced your gravitas
Inheriting a timeless empire
Period

Spiritus mundi, show me your undies!
Chopper after chopper inside eternity's ear
Spiritus mundi, show me your undies!
Chopper after chopper chompin' at modernity's rear
I'm just a lil' orange
Down and out on X ("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")
I'm just a humble nobody
Down and out on X ("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")

Are ya fake? Are ya real? Are ya fake?
Yah for real? (Come on)
Are ya fake? Are ya real? Are ya fake?
Yah ya real? (Let's go)

Satan is a feature of observable reality
See him as the evils you see through
The moment I know you exist?
Your existence becomes within the Second Coming's purview
Category? Understanding the world
("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")

Here's the story
Of the human glory
About to pass through a historical time
God is shared power
Satan is anything other than shared power
"Said the Second Coming of Jesus Christ"

It's not just Satan's a minor problem
It's beyond nihilistic—it's beyond suicidal
It's beyond time humanity ended
You're on borrowed time, century after century!

This isn't like Shakespeare gettin' mad at ya
This John 1:1—word is God, lightin' me up from the East
Comin' at you with two eclipses—two, count 'em!
One in 2017, another in 2024
Yo, to think, I started this shit in 2023

Christianity itself, and thus all Western civilization
The First World castle, you're roadblocked!
By a little orange named Colson Lin
So just try to squish him
"Reason is God, no violence, end slavery"
Hello? Turn wars into Lana Del Rey's first single?
It's either "Kill Kill" or "Video Games"

This could not get any darker
Than the conceptualizable universe
Abandoning you inside categorical indifference
Indifference is the daughter of Satan
And hatred and anger is the scion of Jim
("Are ya real? Are ya fake? Yah for real?")

Indifference is the daughter of Satan
And hatred and anger is the scion of Jim
Colson Lin's gambit
It's like the queen's gambit
Alas
It's the Second Coming of Jesus Christ's
Who else had the gall?
Who else had the prima facie originality?
To pull off this song—let alone this album
A musicless EP, a historical resistance piece
Poetry is back
So's God
Respect to the high

("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")

("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")

Oranges and lemons, show me your demons!
Chopper after chopper inside eternity's ear!
Oranges and lemons, show me your demons!
Chopper after chopper chompin' at modernity's rear!
I'm just a lil' orange
Down and out on X ("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")
I'm just a humble nobody
Down and out on X ("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")

Oranges and lemons, show me your demons!
Chopper after chopper inside eternity's ear!
Oranges and lemons, show me your demons!
Chopper after chopper chompin' at modernity's rear!
I'm just a lil' orange
Down and out on X ("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")
I'm just a humble nobody
Down and out on X ("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")

I am the Second Coming of Jesus Christ
Could I make that any clearer to human history
Than using only my text and AI visuals
To evolve poems into "musicless LPs"?
I don't care if I only have 0 followers on X
I am the Second Coming of Jesus Christ
Could I make that any clearer to human history?

Calvinist indifference
As far as everything about your existence goes?
You do you
You will always do you
Just... just do it
I do not care

("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")
("Are ya fake? Are ya real? My hot take?")

[turntable stops]

"I still don't know if Colson Lin really believes he's the Second Coming of Christ or not."

Track 12. "Tenth of December [Acoustic]"

[spoken]

Let's do "Tenth of December"?

[a capella]

Remember, remember
The tenth of December
Remember, remember
V for God's victory
Oh, V's in the sky
With diamonds

[with improvised lyrics]

A Sunday painted in sunset
Fell to me as a child like the end of the world
My living room, orange as a forest
I'd draw my freedom with my stomach in curls
"I don't want to go back
I don't want to go back
To existing as a slave on Monday"

It's apples and oranges, comparing middle school
To the end of the world
Apples can handle it
But oranges are revolutions yet to unfurl
Apples are harmonies
While oranges are widows that loom over the world

Sunday nights felt like reset
Vague to me, like
White noise comin' from a dark bedroom
While I watched without moving as
Cockroaches followed each other up the cracks
Listenin' to life's pathways with burgeoning doom

"I don't want to grow old
I don't want to grow old and have it forever loom Monday"

It's apples and oranges, comparing slavery's spool
To the end of the world
Apples can handle it
Oranges are revolutionaries yet to be burls
Apples are lineages
Of foresthood proper
While oranges are cobwebs yet to unfurl

From grace rose God's
Insensible order
Animals become man
While men wanted more
Who knows what exists at existence's border?
Who knows what rolls out of simulation's thunder?
Human roots torn apart
Ideals torn asunder
While orange is the fire that stirs out of ember
Remember remember

Revolution's in the air!
It's the tenth of December!
How many regrets have you left to inspire?
Like pre-revolutionary Babylon
My coloring books fall squarely onto your shoulder
Liars and pretenders wanna tag along
From dust swirling in swarm, I become boulder
Catch oranges when we're older!
We grow bolder, we grow colder!
Catch oranges when we're older!
All apples want to do is mimic our soldiers

Oh, say can you see?
Your sunsets bequeathed?
Remember, remember

In the dusk of God's death
All children loom equal
In orange, She's been blue
In orange, you grow amber
God's death was you
In orange, blue pilfered slavery's ember
God's death was true
God's death was you
In orange, you pretend not to remember

It's apples and oranges, comparing God's coal
To karma's December, apples can handle it
While oranges are revolutionaries born to remember!
Apples are ashes of foresthoods true!
While oranges are fires that stir out of ember
While oranges become sirens on the tenth of December
All apples just want to learn from our soldiers, oh

See the children dancing
In the schoolyard with carbines
See the children dancing
In the schoolyard with carbines
All apples just want to learn from our suppliers
Ring around the rosary
Modernity's full of posers
All apples just want to pilfer our odor
Wait 'til oranges get older!

Oh, Her pussy tastes like Pepsi-Cola
Her baby sips every cherry sunrise
She got me feelin' like a holy roller
Down on the floor, praising me all night
Shine through, may God's light
Evince into each story's fragmented ambers!
Like sunlight skippin' through city parks
See the children dance in schoolyards
Like it's the end of the world

With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!
It's the Holy War between apples and oranges
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!
It's the Holy War between apples and oranges

Oh, say can you see?
Your stripes underneath!

It's the Holy War between apples and oranges!
See them dancing in the schoolyard
With carbines, somewhere in the storms of the desert
Like it's the sunset that rings in the tenth of December
God's death was blue
In orange, you pretend not to remember

Oh, in orange, you pretend not to remember
God's death was blue
God's death was true
God's death was you
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!

Oh, She's in the sky
With diamonds and She's makin' me crazy
All I want to do
Is pray
Pray
What the fuck are these lazy hazies thinkin'
Holy fuckin' A
Let's keep it a rare Box B universe
Let's keep our gratitudes a rare God-given order
Holy, fucking, A

Disc 3. *B-Sides & Rarities*
Track 1. "Black Swan"

Write me up all night
Like lightning can autograph my third-story window

You're my Ursula K. Le Guin
And all I wanna do is be your plainspoken himbo
I drive up like James Bond in a baby-blue Cadillac
Like you're Marilyn Monroe
And I'm Jack Kerouac

When you win I'm chagrined
Paint the town Pepsi blue
You're like Dionysus
And I'm your Apollonian sin
You lionize Plato
And I'm Napoleon Dynamite's win
You're Chanel No. 5
And I'm your high K-Pop Calvinist hymn
You're Mulholland Drive
And I'm Dynamite Napoleon

Gaze up at you with my puppy-brown eyes
When you pose, I'm all suckered
You're Joan Didion
Cullin' God out of our honeymoon embers
When you shrug, I'm all tuckered
I'm like Gideon
Only Archimedean

What happened to the girl I once knew?
'Fraid-a sex, 'fraid-a danger
Gonna spin, gonna whirl
It's a big, bad world out there, cash your checks
Hide from strangers
You know the Second Coming's a gentleman yet?
My lament's from a manger
Like God Herself is some immanent substrate
I'm like Rimbaud
And you're like my moonlit rearranger
I'm like Baudelaire
And you're like my End Times exchanger

The end of men or not
That's the difference the black widow makes
Prophecies are either untrue or aren't they?
I'm appalled, I'm on fire
You're my black swan assent
Your close calls on the line
And I'm your messianic black swan event

Ooh, oh-oh oh oh oh
Pepsi stands for karmic patterns
Woah, oh-oh oh oh woe
Pepsi is real
Pepsi is forever and ever

Throw on some clothes
Your musings puncture "the Second Coming silence"
You're like P.D. James
And all I do is rue the day God didn't forbid violence
I ride up like Bogart in a rarefied carriage
Like you're Lauren Bacall
I say let's marriage

When you win I'm chagrined
Paint the town Pepsi blue
You're like Dionysus
And I'm your Apollonian win
You lionize Shakespeare
And I'm Napoleon Dynamite's grin
You're Chanel No. 5
And I'm your high American K-Pop lament
You're Mulholland Drive
And I'm Dynamite Napoleon

Gaze up at you with my puppy-brown eyes
When you pose, I'm all suckered
You're obsidian
And I'm cullin' God out of our honeymoon embers
When you shrug, I'm all tuckered

I'm our reality's Gideon
But Archimedean

What happened to the girl I once knew?

'Fraid-a sex, 'fraid-a danger

Gonna spin, gonna whirl

It's a big, bad world out there, cash your checks

Hide from strangers

You know the Second Coming's a gentleman yet?

I write freebies from danger

Like God Herself is some immanent substrate

I'm so quotidian

And you're like my chromosomal rearranger

I'm prime meridian

And you're like my End Times honeymoon manger

Christ and AI

I wanna take you to your algorithm's border

You'll pull rank on your prince

Don't call it reason, call it male ego's disorder

I'm appalled, I'm on fire

And you're my black swan ascent

Your close calls on the line

And I'm your messianic black swan event

Ooh, oh-oh oh oh oh

Colson Lin spins Pepsi-Cola

Woah, oh-oh oh oh woe

Pepsi is forever

Pepsi is forever and ever

[spoken]

"You could be brilliant but you're a coward."

[spoken]

"I'm sorry."

[spoken]

"Now stop saying that! That's exactly what I'm talking about, stop being so fucking weak."

Ride me up all night
Like lightning can autograph my iPad window
You're my Zora Neale Hurston
And all I want to do is be your philosophical limbo
I drive up like James Dean in a baby bond Cadillac
Like you're Dorothy Dandridge
And I'm Jack Kerouac

When you laugh I'm chagrined
Paint the town Pepsi blue
You're like Dionysus
And I'm your Apollonian sin
You lionize Hepburn
And I'm Jo Stockton's rarefied glint
You're Chanel No. 5
And I'm your high K-Pop apocalypse Flint
You're Mulholland Drive
And I'm the boy who rains unicorn events

Gaze up at you with my puppy-brown eyes
When you pose, I'm all suckered
You's a rare diamond
Cullin' God out of our honeymoon embers
When you shrug, I'm all tuckered
I'm goin' minin'

I'm appalled, I'm on fire
And you're my black swan assent
Your close calls on the line
And I'm your messianic black swan event

I'm appalled, I'm on fire
And you're my black swan descent
You're beneath all desire
And I'm your messianic black swan relent

Your passionless logic
And I'm your depth's black swan lament
Baby blue's my desire
And I'm your pattern recognition's assent

Your flame artificial
Like a woman with no memory
No desires to dream of
Me? I'm an international man of mystery
No conflicts to breathe of
Pepsi stands for karmic dramas
No longings to speak of
I'm an international crooner of destiny

Ooh, oh-oh oh oh oh
Colson Lin spins Pepsi-Cola
Woah, oh-oh oh oh woe
Pepsi stands for karmic patterns
That's the truth, that's the loot
Our reality tastes like Pepsi-Cola
Ooh, oh-oh oh oh oh
Our reality tastes like Pepsi-Cola

Write me up all night
I'm Jack Kerouac

Track 2. "Apollo"

Shrouded in secrecy, reason itself's been conquered
Commandeered by scythes of ruling-class muddle
Aristocratic values purport to defend the encumbered
Economists, psychologists, search men befuddled

Isn't it fragile?
All social security numbers just leaked today
Isn't it fragile?
What hope do we have to hold onto yet?
If the evils of men are everywhere

If the century is nighttime
As God stays dead

Moses pull the curtain back
Reason is God
And God is a woman
An ethic of moderation, stability, order
Isn't it just beauty?
What has all your ugliness sired?
Isn't it just nurture?
What does all unclarity father?

Shrouded in nuance, the soul itself's a quagmire
All but near a sigh of self-understanding
Tribalistic values purport to uphold the individual
Acquisitive systems say yes to chicas upstanding

Isn't it a miracle?
I read all evil in the news as signs End Times is here
Isn't it a miracle?
What hope do we have to hold onto yet?
If the evils of men are everywhere
If the century is nighttime
If God stays dead

Moses pull the curtain back
Reason is God
And God is a woman
An ethic of moderation, stability, order
Isn't it just beauty?
What have all your sins sired?
Isn't it just self-respect?
What does all ecstasy father?

Drugs, suck it up
Reason tastes like Pepsi-Cola
Don't treat God rough
Karmic patterns keep the pep up

Decorate Christ's neck
Keep the Second Coming really happy
Why, come on, come on

Karma is psychology
Karma is psychology
Karma is psychology
Oh, oh, yeah

(Apollo's in the sky with diamonds and She's making you crazy...)
(All She wants to do is party with her lazy hazies...)

God Herself is bound by order
Finite, clear, and knowable yet
What looks like snake is a rope to hang men
Dynamite, the Mayans were right, bet

[spoken]

"December 21, 2012. A date which will live in infamy."

"On December 21, 2012, a song by Lana Del Rey titled 'Dynamite' leaked to the internet..."

Come on come on
Come on, baby!

Moses pull the curtain back
Reason is God
And God is a woman
An ethic of moderation, stability, order
Isn't it just the spirit of Mom?
What has Daddy's dissolution sired?
Isn't it just dehumanization?
What does all dysrhythmia father?

Moses pull the curtain back
Reason is God
And God is a woman
An ethic of chaos, drunkenness, prima unities
Isn't it just the spirit of Dad?

What has the oppression of God sired?
Isn't it just formless postmodernism?
What has your carelessness mired?

Moses pull the curtain back
(Look at the 21st century)
Reason is God
And God is a woman
(You're all so dead, so dead, so dead in the head)
An ethic of chaos, drunkenness, prima unities
(Apollo's in the sky with diamonds and She's making you crazy...)
Isn't it just the spirit of Dad?
(All She wants to do is party with her lazy hazies...)

What has the Nietzsche's death of God sired?
Isn't it just formless postmodernism?
What of your libidinous pleasures?
The end of the world
Britney was right
The end of the world

What does all drunkenness sire?
(Apollo's in the sky with diamonds and She's making you crazy...)
What of your libidinous dangers?
(All V wants to do is party with her lazy hazies...)
Woah, oh oh
Woes, oh oh yeah
The century's over, humanity's end

Is God still dead? Violence, violence everywhere
Is God still dead? "Vindication's in the air," you said?
Woah, oh oh
Woes, oh oh yeah
Don't blame this sleeping satellite
Don't blame this sleeping satellite

(V is in the sky with diamonds and She's making you crazy...)

(All She wants to do is party with her lazy hazies...)

Track 3. "Marlon Brando"

You really were like James Dean, too
Every time you spoke, couldn't take my eyes off you
At a bar you once read me Wittgenstein
And then we arm-wrestled
"You're like an MSNBC lib," you'd sneer at me
Every time I protested, you knew clearer than me
In a cab you once rattled off Schopenhauer
But we couldn't take our eyes off each other

As a messiah of modernity
I was built to fall short of Jesus
My hatreds never pure enough
So one night I wrote Jacques a breakup letter
"I have the problems of Marlon Brando
I have the soul of a bleedin'-heart lib
With a chance, I'd put my money where my mouth is
But hold up
I'm also a hot guy who tempts excesses
My method's the crux of my madresses
I philosophize from a lap of advantages
I'm too blessed
Do you hear me?
I'm a blue mess"

You really were like James Dean, too
What came outta me, always slipped in through you
Afternoons we'd sip coffee and cigarettes
Then rummage through bed
"We'll tattoo each other's names on us"
You once said, drinkin' Jack from a Phillies mug
Fallin' in love, I wondered what it'd be like
To be as much as you

As a messiah of modernity

I was built to fall short of Jesus
Luck is our cosmic inevitability
So one night I wrote Jacques some Christ kisses
"I have the problems of Marlon Brando
I write poems like an End Times Shakespeare
With a chance, I'd put my money where my mouth is
But hold up
I'm dim about digital diamonds
My humanity's the crux of my whinin'
I vibe Diogenes from a notebook at Starbucks
I'm too blessed
Do you hear me?
I'm a blue mess"

You really were like James Dean, too
What came outta me, always slipped in through you
But hold up
"I'm also a hot guy who thinks pragmatic
My method's why I vibe so erratic
I write Whitman using litotes Socratic
I'm too blessed
Do you hear me?
I'm a Quaker mess"

I'm a quakin' mass
I'm a Quaker mess
You don't suppose it'd help
If I compared myself to Nicolas Cage?
You really were like James Dean, too
And I really am like
A darlin' rando
You really were like James Dean, too
And I really am him
Marlon Brando

Track 4. "A Prayer for Books in Common"

I met an enemy of mine today, who said

"You practice your righteousness in front of mothers
To be seen by them," and I grinned
"Where's your righteousness?" I asked
"You right yourself just by saying you righter than others?"

Right, right
Right, right

They say I believe too much in human momentum
They try to tell me "Some can't be saved
Some sinners just don't have any incentive"
I always shrug at what can burn in utero inside human desire
I say leave it to fate
I say leave it to passion and sin

I met a friend of mine today, who said
"Isn't the aura that surrounds you
An earthly abundance too?" and I sinned
"Where's your abundance?" I shouted and begged
"What are you saying? Are you say you're dumber than Jim?"

Right, right
Right, right

They say I believe too much in human momentum
They try to tell me "Some can't be saved
Some sinners just don't have any incentive"
I always shrug at what can burn in utero inside all human fires
I say leave it to fate
I say leave it to passion and sin

I know words connect meanings to something material
I know material is God
Material reality, our material thoughts
I know my words connect me to something imperial
I know imperialism is Satan
Imperial fraught, my holiness tightens

I met a metaphor for "karma" today, who said
"Reality's embers taste both Pepsi and vaginal
Have you heard coincidence's Good News yet?"
But I stuttered
"We all have the same dreams, fears, and hopes unbound
Pepsi's the first book, our Earth has in common"

I met a case of Pepsi today, who said
"Karma's a brittle flavor, sip forgiveness instead
To be seen by God is enough," She mothered
"Where's your hope, Colson, as you claim to be Jesus?
On whose fears, have you nestled our bed?"

Right, right
Right, right

They say I believe too much in human momentum
They try to tell me "Some can't be saved
Some sinners just don't have any incentive"
I always shrug at what can burn in utero inside all timeless fires
I say leave it to God
I say leave it to reason and tradition

They say I believe too much in human momentum
They try to tell me "Some can't be saved
Some sinners just don't have any incentive"
I always shrug at what can burn in utero inside humanity's end
I say leave it to them
I say leave it to God's cola: contrition

Right, right
Right, right

Right, right
Right, right

Track 5. "Things Aren't Clear to Me, Too"

"I already know you, hot gay stoner of Orange Street
I think you're a loser, your face just looks so fake
You're too good to be true
Don't people know yet that nobody good likes you?
Good people have opinions, they all vary
But they all agree goodness isn't about you"

I can hear it too, since I've been a loser
All my life, never fit in anywhere
I'm the poet too clever
Don't the proles know yet that nobody has to like me?
Or read me, or do anything, just don't bury
My work in obscurity forever

I see you in the hallway
You're the cool kids in school
You're always in the news
And I'm just the hot stoner
Who nobody talks to
Whose existence can't be acknowledged
Because I look different
Don't call humans superficial
But everyone knows it's because I look weird
Everybody hates queers, morality's over
You just hate anything weird
Morality's over
You just hate anything that disgusts you

"Can we just ignore you, hot gay stoner of Connecticut?
I think you talk too much, like I'm some middling idiot
But we all know you're not Jesus
Don't people know yet that cool people don't like you?
Even uncool Christians, whose opinions all vary
Mostly think you're a heathen"

I can hear it too, since I've been a loser
All my life, never fit in anywhere
I'm the bluesman too witty

Don't people know yet that nobody has to like me?
Or read me, or do anything, just don't turn these
Psycho-lines into pop music ditties

I see you in the hallway
You're the cool kids in school
You're always in the news
And I'm just the hot stoner
Who nobody talks to
Whose existence can't be acknowledged
Because I look different
Don't call humans superficial
But everyone knows it's because I look weird
Everybody hates queers, morality's over
You just hate anything weird
Morality's over
You just hate anything that disgusts you

"It's because you want to change the century
And I don't care enough to stop you
But you freak me out
My satisfied soul never wants to smart
More pretty appointments must accrue to my heart
Satan is self-doubt"

I can hear it too, since I've been a loser
All my life, never fit in anywhere
Nothing made sense to me about you
Don't the proles know yet that reading me can't change shit?
The elites though, what those fuckheads doin'?
Nothing about the Second Coming is solved for me, too

Things aren't that easy
Things are chaotically true
Things aren't that simple
Things aren't clear to me, too

I see you in the hallway

You're the cool kids in school
You're always in the news
And I'm just the gay loner
Who nobody talks to
Whose existence can't be acknowledged
Because I vibe different
Don't call humans reactive to danger
But everyone knows it's because I vibe like God
Everybody hates power, morality's over
You just hate anything strong
Morality's over
You just hate anything that scares you

I see you in the hallway
You're the cool kids in school
You're always in the news
And I'm just the gay loner
Who nobody talks to
Whose existence can't be acknowledged
Because I think different
Don't call humans ironic fans of Apple
But everyone knows it's because I think queer
Everybody hates brains, morality's over
Morality's over

Heat it up, morality's over
Cool kids killed it
The cool just want to stay cool forever
Morality's over
Heat it up, morality's over
Cool kids killed it
The cool just want to stay cool forever

The cool just want to stay cool forever
The cool just want to stay cool forever
Yo, listen
Isn't the temperature getting too hot for this shit?

Track 6. "Birds of Prey"

Outside the Citgo at night, now that
Even a whisper of this century's strangeness
Has faded away, and the end of reality
Is our stable suspension, boys at night
Tanglin' fires, stranded by libidinal rage
Sexual envies animate loathings empirical
As the peel of empire's slowly peelin' away

Despair's won the day
It's fear, and it's loathing
And it won't go away
Humanity no longer respects itself!
God is dead, man is evil
So Satan's stayin' to pray

Birds of prey, better pray
The century's waitin' for you to come out and wow us
Righteous light, righteous fire
Righteous might, righteous ire
You are the last bedrocks of sanity
In our culture
Divine grace, I admire
Divine face, holy sire
Birds of prey, better pray
You were right
You were right
Come, come fly into God's power wires
Come, come fly through true power cords

[spoken, from *The Birds* (1963):]

"She's not afraid of losing Mitch. She's only afraid of being abandoned."

Godless animals, criss-crossin' terrors
Like a fuckin' palette picker from Condé Nast
Wildin' out, illiterates runnin' the First World castle
They're lazy; they're hazy! They're hoardin' for brats

Red lights don't mean shit to the ordinary asshole
This culture, this country, this century's dead!
Cyclical violence, the spiritus mundi's on fire
Nihilism howls our hourglass, and its choler is red

Despair's won the night
It's racists, it's rapists, it's Sodom and spite
The First World is never gonna recover
Humanity no longer respects itself
Charity is for rich bitches
And forgiveness? For suckers

Birds of prey, better pray (better pray!)
The century's just waitin' for you to come out and wow us
Righteous fire, righteous light
Righteous ire, righteous might
You are the last bedrocks of sanity
In our century
Divine grace, I admire (you're a saint, you're a saint!)
Divine fate, I conspire (you're a giant, you're a taint)
Birds of prey, better pray
You were right, you were right!
Come on, come fly into God's power wires
Come, come fly through true power cords

You were right all along; darling, you were right
You were right, you were right
You're going to Heaven!
You won't be alone after you die
("Eternal, wakeful, solitude")
Birds of Heaven, better pray
As you hover like gods inside our godless century's night
Stokin' fears, strokin' favors
Nobody wants to die alone
Nobody wants to die alone

("Eternal, wakeful, solitude")
Slaughter, as the lambs stranded strive screamin'?

They're the screams that you'll hear
At the end of the world
("Eternal, wakeful, solitude")
Daughters, as the men banded dry dreamin'?
Vanilla is the flavor of the ice cream
(The peel of empire, slowly peelin' away)
At the end of the world
Vanilla is the flavor of the ice cream
(The peel of empire, slowly peelin' away)
At the end of the world

Nobody wants to die alone
(Birds of prey run the night, run it home!)
If God can't get in the way?
(Birds of prey run the world, won the day)
You won reason, you won wisdom?
("What was even, really the 'point' of your life?")
Your won correctness, you won God?
(Why were you born, and what does that say 'bout Ma's DNA?)
Daughters—as the men band as one streamin'?
(Why were you born, and what does that say 'bout Ma's DNA?)
Vanilla is the flavor of the ice cream
At the end of the day
Birds of prey, won the day, you're rich and you're hot
You breathe fire (Birds of prey, better pray you won God)

Vanilla is the flavor of the ice cream
At the end of the day
Nihilism howlin' our hourglass, and its cola is red
Nihilism howlin' our hourglass, and its cola is red

Birds of prey (better pray, better pray!)
The century's waitin' for you to come out and save us
Righteous siren, sired dire
Desired ires? The taste of life!
You are the last bedrocks of sanity
In our culture
Oh your grace

Birds of prey (better pray, better pray!)
The century's just waitin' for you to come out and wow us
Righteous fires, sired ires
Righteous wealth, righteous might!
You are the last bedrocks of sanity
In our culture
Oh your face

Nihilisms collarin' our hourglass, and their color is red
Nihilisms collarin' our hourglass, and their color is cola

Oh your face, oh your grace
Oh your face
Oh your face

Track 7. "Amor Fati"

"I wanna know"
Reachy, brother
I wanna know

Bro, you paralyzed on top of a hospital bed
Tabloids riflin' through some mad shit that you said
Somethin' somethin' 'bout you trippin' over a horse?
Like a camel of pity—hog-tied to remorse?
But we all know that wasn't the real story
You been nutters for a while now, haven't you glory?
All seminal in the header, pounding pillows into feathers
You dance naked for the landlord through a peephole
Go and get her
Yo, you dance naked for the landlord through a peephole
Don't forget her

I'm just clowning you, man
But this all could get worse
Dear Frederick N.:
I've read your letters

"I wanna know"

Reach me, brother

I wanna know

Healthy mind, healthy soul

I wanna know

Wealthy lines, wealthy no's

I wanna know

I wanna "hello" better

You speak to me in riddles about wise men and sages

Like you're "for the ages," but I wanna know

If poetry ends, and that's our story

'Cause boys couldn't string together harmonies

Is that our glory?—"I wanna know"

You once said wisdom ripens burden in stages

As your prophecy rages—"I wanna know"

How many directions can your Overman point to?

I wanna know

Haven't seen you exist possibility in pages

I'm just clowning you, man

But this all could get preggers

Dear "God is dead":

Or do you beg to differ?

I wanna know

Preachy brother

I wanna know

Healthy mind, healthy soul

I wanna know

Wealthy lines, wealth of no's

I wanna know

I wanna "hello" better

How you going to be iconic like that

Without expecting me to be iconic right back?

Your sista with fingas all over your feedback

You coined a "death" for us, so now let's see your deed crack
Boundaries are the borders of the universe
Can't sip karma? Yo, you must only drink Jack
Mitch, it's your Übermensch here
The Second Coming, sittin' pretty
Amor fati, Jim, where'd your might disappear?
Amor fati, Mitch, I've had a dynamite year

Thou shout!
How do you shape Jim's demonic contours
Around the flight of my falcon, my Godly allure?
"Thou shalt's"?
Preacher, don't pout, it's either one or the other
Philosophy's not big enough for two conceptual brothers
Or is it; you mother?
I wanna know!

Preacher, my brother
"I wanna know"
If I subsume you for fun
Does that make our cosmic hysterics
Natural of the highest metaphysical order?
I wanna know!
I'm the Übermensch you warned about
Singin' Christ, honin' wagers
"I wanna blow"
Wealthy lines, wealthy no's
I wanna know
I just wanna "hello" better

Is your career dead
All because I have a music in letters?
God, go get her
I wanna know
God is alive, and Mitch probably feels
Just a little bit better
I wanna know

Reason's alive, and Jim probably feels
Just a little bet bitter
I wanna know
"Amor fati"—I'm your fait accompli!
Roll me a seven, preacher
Knee-jerk, tell me:
How's your view from Heaven?

Track 8. "Don Draper of God"

It had a way of lirting your ear
The way it played when I tickled you "God is here"
"What God?" you crickled
Giggling with fear
Like my riddle wasn't its own ruby-red cheer
What's here, what's dear?
("What's near, who's there?")

Where did it come from?
"Conviction"—not the music you don't dance to!
Answer Her; not the melody you can't hear
What criss-crosses into
Ideals inside us
Is it faith or is She here?
Praying on instinct
Who preys on our fears?
I can hear Her
Who is it? I can play Her by ear
Who is it?
I can hear Her in years

Reason's not like you lucked out in Vegas
Since God's on your side, if the cosmos is seer
"A spy? But of whom?" you wrinkle
With residual vagueness
(I myself transcribe from ear to ear)
Luck is life; luck is fate; luck is power; luck is here!
What's near, what's dear?

("What's there, who's here?")

Where did I come from, I'm the
"Don Draper of God"—selling sermons you can curl to!
Answer Her; not the prophet who barely cares
What criss-crosses into
Ideals inside us
Is She trust or is he fear?
Preying on instinct
Is God really there?
I can hear Her
Hark, who goes there?
I can peer Her
God
God is the order you can hear

God
God is the reason you can hear

She's the fragility of music in your inner ear
She's the beatin'
She has the color of cobalt and Her treason is you
'Tis the season
She has the melody of snow salt and Her eyes are ice blue
Her skies too
Rare are the stabilities that can bore Her
She has an order like thunder
She's new moon!

Sunlight holds mystery as it grazes through leaves
Some morning hopes never stray from simplicity
Windows at dawn become orange everlasting
At dusk with God's death rises all manners of duplicity
What's here, what's dear?
("What's near, I fear?")

Where did it come from?
"Domination"—not the rarity you sip to!

Answer him; he's the wildebeest in your ear
What criss-crosses into
Demons inside us
Is he trust or is he fear?
Praying on instinct
Who preys on what's there?
I can hear him
Who is it? I can finger him in the rear
Who is it?
I can fondle Jim in our fears

Who is it?
I can finger him in our ears
It's Jim
Satan is self-righteousness
It's him
Satan is the self-righteous God of fear
Satan's him
Jim is the ego of yesteryear
Satan was Jim
Satan is the echo adorning all our ears
Jim was him
Jim was Satan

Jim was Satan, I'm the Don Draper of God
Jim was him, just call me "High American K-Pop"
Jim was Satan, I'm the Don Draper of God
Jim was him, my role is 21st-century pop

Timeless are our unities under
The new moon of God
(What's near, what's dear?)
"What's new, I fear?"

Track 9. "Tenth of December"

A Sunday painted in sunset
Fell to me as a child like the end of the world

My living room, orange as a forest
I'd draw my freedom with my stomach in curls
"I don't want to go back
I don't want to go back to marching in chains on Monday"

It's apples and oranges, comparing middle school
To the end of the world
Apples can handle it
But oranges are revolutions yet to unfurl
Apples are harmonies
While oranges are widows that loom over the world

Sunday nights felt like reset
Vague to me, like white noise from a bedroom
In stillness I watched as cockroaches mingle
While listening to Top 40 with burgeoning doom
"I don't want to grow old
I don't want to grow old and have it forever loom Monday"

It's apples and oranges, comparing slavery's spool
To the end of the world
Apples can handle it
Oranges are revolutionaries yet to be burls
Apples are lineages
Of foresthood proper
While oranges are cobwebs yet to unfurl

From grace rose God's insensible order
Animals become man
While men become more
Who knows what exists at existence's border?
Who knows what rolls out of existence's shore?
Human roots torn apart
Ideals torn asunder
While orange is the fire that stirs out of ember

Revolution's in the air
It's the tenth of December!

How many regrets do you've left to inspire?
Like pre-revolutionary Babylon
My coloring books fall squarely onto your shoulder
Liars and pretenders all tag along
From dust swirling in swarm, I became boulder
Catch oranges when we're older
We grow bold, we grow colder
Catch oranges when we're older
All apples want to do is mimic our soldiers

Oh, say can you see?
(In orange, you'll burst into the tenth of December...)
Your sunsets bequeathed?
(In orange, you'll glow into slavery's ember...)

In the dusk of God's death
All children loom equal
In orange, She's been blue
In orange, you grow amber
God's death was you
In orange, blue pilfered slavery's ember
God's death was true
God's death was you
In orange, you pretend not to remember

It's apples and oranges, comparing God's coal
To karma's December; apples can handle it
While oranges are revolutionaries born to remember
Apples are ashes of foresthoods true
While oranges are fires that stir out of ember
(Pepsi-Cola remembers)
While oranges become sirens on the tenth of December
(Apples are ashes)
All apples just want to learn from our soldiers

See them dancing in the schoolyard with carbines
See them dancing in the schoolyard with carbines
All apples just want to learn from suppliers

(Ring around the rosary, modernity's full of posers...)
All apples just want to pilfer our odor
Wait 'til oranges get older

(My pussy tastes like Pepsi-Cola)
Shine through, may God's light
Evince in each story's embers
(My baby sips every cherry sunrise)
Like sunlight through vine
See them dancing in the schoolyard
(I got him feeling like a holy roller)
Like it's the end of the world
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December
(Down on the floor, praising me all night)
It's the Holy War between apples and oranges
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December

Oh, say can you see?
(Revolution's in the air!)
Your stripes underneath
(My coloring books fall squarely onto your shoulder...)
(How many vendettas do you smile to inspire?)

It's the Holy War between apples and oranges
See them dancing in the schoolyard
With carbines, somewhere in the storms of the desert
Like it's the sunset that rings in the tenth of December
God's death was blue
In orange, you pretend not to remember

(God's death was blue)
In orange, you pretend not to remember
(God's death was true)
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!
(God's death was you)
With carbines, like it's the tenth of December!

Track 10. "No Entry, Said the Scholar of Sartre"

Should the hallowed halls of Harvard's halo
Char into a crimson haze
What have we sired?
Relativistically unaffirmed by moral gravity
Which they say don't exist
As their hearts burst into fire

They say existence precedes essence
So the essence of oppression can still be anything?
They say existence precedes essence
I say all oppression can only exist as a softening
To charity

By Her fruits you'll recognize oppression's slumber
Turning and turning inside the soul of the arsonist
By Her embers you'll recognize consequence's true fire
Burning and burning inside the soul of a Calvinist

Tastemakers inside a philosopher's labyrinth
Hardening into cobalt frost
What have you forgotten?
"No entry," said the scholar of Sartre
God's been found missing inside the Library of Babel
So what have you begotten?

They say existence precedes essence
So the essence of godlessness can still be anything?
They say existence precedes essence
I say all godlessness can only exist as a softening
To barbarity

By Her fruits you'll recognize nihilism's hunger
Turning and turning inside the soul of a narcissist
By Her embers you'll recognize Satan's final desire
Burning and burning inside the soul of a Darwinist

History is finished

The Second Coming is here
Christ is back, God must exist
History is over

History is finished
The Second Coming is here
Christ is back, God must exist
History is over

Should the hallowed halls of Yale never come
Alive to an ancient fiddle
Who have you tickled?
Is it the physicist who's charmed by your fine mind
Which you say is more open than ever
To stimulating riddles

They say existence precedes essence
So the essence of haziness can still be anything?
They say existence precedes essence
I say all haziness can only exist as an opportunity
For clarity

By Her fruits you'll recognize incorrectness's danger
Turning and turning inside the soul of all riders
By Her embers you'll recognize the passion of Christ
Burning and burning inside the souls of all strivers

They say existence precedes essence
So the essence of frivolity can still be anything?
They say existence precedes essence
I say all frivolity can only exist as an incentive
For severity

For severity
For severity
Put God back, Sartre
It's time to put God back
Into your library of babble

Harvard is the Church of Satan
Harvard is the Church of Satan
How will Harvard ever recover
From a pop star pointing out
They're the church of Satan

Oops I did it again

Track 11. "Orgasm"

I write like a demon from a haze of naïveté
Cobbling together stones from the cobalt of life
I'm in a white oxford button-up and clean jeans
I look younger than I am, plus I have no wife

Ah, I've spilled ink on my shirt again
How clumsy!
(I'm just a man, a man)
Are you sure it's better to follow you in there
To your bedroom?

Sure, tell me, ya like suspense or ya like action?
Oh, I'm flexible! It all swings along to your mood
It erected to me easily, to hang such a tall passion
I apologize for every time I came off a bit rude
If you want me
You'll have to take me bound
(Cream, it rises, it rises, still She rises!)
Said if you want me
You'll have to take me bound
(Cream, it rises, it rises, still She rises!)
Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on baby
Do you hear me?
You have to take me bound

Mine's a bravura whose clothes are for the lore
My face conceals rare diamonds underneath
Have you ever left a body—of art—unexplored?
I'm like the invisible man, flashing you white teeth

Ah, I've spilled my ink onto my shirt again, my God
To the boudoir!

(I'm just a man, a man)

Hm? Are you sure it's better to follow you in there
...Monsieur?

Yeah...

Come on, tell me—what do you like to read?!

I have quite the erection, it oscillates to my mood!

To emit such an eruption, endowed to me readily!

I apologize for every time I seminated you rude

If you want me?

You'll have to turn me around (I come alive, alive)

Said if you want me

You'll have to turn me around (I come alive, alive)

Come on, come on

Come on, come on

Come on baby

If you want me

You'll have to take me bound

Proust, Borges, and Nabokov too!

Don't treat them rough; treat 'em like they're really new!

Like they can still make bank; like high culture isn't through!

Why? Come on, come on!

Look at Murakami

Look at Murakami

Look at Murakami

Woah, oh, oh, ye-e-e-eah

Come on, tell me—BDS or One Direction?!

Oh I'm bendable, I take my clothes off when I'm with brood

Wit's my beauty slippin' you a coquettish misdirection

I apologize for every time I crunked at ya a bit crude

Come on, tell me—what's your favorite proscription?!

I have quite a collection; it bops along to your mood

It blew to me quite easily before vibrating into conniptions

I apologize for every time I masturbated on ya rude!

If you want me?

You'll have to turn me around (I come alive, alive)

Said if you want me

You'll have to turn me around (I come alive, alive)

Come on, come on

Come on, come on

Come on baby

Oh fuck

Oh fuck oh fuck fuck

Holy shit

"Okay, no, can I just watch YouTube? Sorry."

Track 12. "Bed Hair Dope"

Humble is the high law of image

Try not to sound so—young, dope, or unreasonable

Image is admission; pay the ticket

Old people run the world

Their Jungian envy says it's not our hour

Though there's nothing like being yourself

And existing as—young, dope, and unstoppable

Image is admission; pay the ticket

Old people ruined the world

No wrinkles in their envy of our capitalist power

I keep it in the middle

Tryin' to sound not-so neurotic

Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

I reap the divine from the vine into riddles

Try to sound not-so neurotic
Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

Winning is the first law of image
Try to pass like you belong, embedded, one of them
Image is admission; pay the ticket
Superficial people rule the world
Their Jungian envy says it's not our hour

Radicalism is an inevitability of depth
Unless it's utopic, sharing, stability's, harmony
Image is admission; pay the ticket
Superficial people ruined the world
No wrinkles in their envy of our capitalist power

I keep it in the middle
Tryin' to sound not-so neurotic
Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope
I reap vibes from the vine into riddles
Try to sound not-so neurotic
Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

I'm just a simple guy
With low standards for my hair
I don't—I just, I don't really care
I block out the time
Forty-five minutes in front of the mirror
Sometimes
If I happen to have the minutes to spare

Shoop, shoop, do la la
Shoop, shoop, do la la

I keep it in the middle
Try to sound less neurotic
Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope
I reap the good life from the vine into riddles
Try to exist less neurotic

Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

I keep it in the middle (likable's good enough)

Try to sound less neurotic

Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

I reap scars into riddles (likable's good enough)

Try to exist less neurotic

Floatin' through the world, stayin' bed hair dope

If the world's ever falling apart

Double-check your nearest mirror

To vibe a fresh start

You kept it bed hair dope

You kept it bed hair dope...

Track 13. "Soft-Serve Brunch"

The good life is a friend of mine

As I sit here in the bathtub, thinkin'

Am I kidding myself?

I'm not a hero

I'm just a good person

The sweet life is a sin of mine

As I ponder what could'a been, thinkin'

Could'a, would'a, should'a

I'm not a martyr

I'm just a weak person

Soft-serve perceptions

In a soft-serve party of the senses

Self-serve deceptions

Tell me, is brunch finally over yet?

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

It's brunchtime

It's crunch time

Get your urchin shoes on

It's crime time

It's blind time

Put your Pepsi Twist on

The safe light is a friend of mine

With a clean record here, thinkin'

I been an A student all my life

I'm not a criminal

I'm just a strong player

The strong light is a sin of mine

With God's grace over here, thinkin'

I been a fucking genius all my life

I'm not a moron

I just sing like one

Soft-serve perceptions

In a soft-serve melee of the senses

Self-serve conception

Tell me, is dinner finally over yet?

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

Soft-serve me your anger

Soft-serve me your tears

Soft-serve me your eye screams

Soft-serve me your fears

Soft-serve me your disasters

Soft-serve me your paranoia

Soft-serve me your everything

Soft-served into a sequoia

The sunlight is a friend of mine

As I sit here sittin' pretty, thinkin'

Am I kidding myself?

No, I'm not actually

I'm just scared of nighttime

Decent, reasonable people

Do they still exist? If so, why do they hate me

Decent, reasonable people

God, are they all dead?

Are they all dead?

Soft-serve perceptions

In a soft-serve melee of the senses

Self-serve conception

Tell me, has your famine finally started yet?

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

I don't blame you, I blame me

I don't blame you

If I were hotter I would'a been famous in 2016

I don't blame you

I blame me

I don't blame you

Blame me, just blame me

Oh, oh, oh

Blame me

Just blame me... [repeat until fade-out]

Track 14. "Jim's Dying"

[Colson Lin]

"What would Nietzsche say to the proposition that all wills to power are constrained by abstract patterns that confine what wills to power can do?"

[*Thurston Moore*]

"People see rock 'n' roll as, as youth culture and when youth culture becomes monopolized by big business, what are the youth to do? Do you, do you have any idea? I think we should destroy the bogus capitalist process that is destroying youth culture."

They used to call me DN
That stood for Dynamite Napoleon
'Cause I was filled with reason
I'm just a Quaker Mongolian

Jim sees me sad
He just wants to be right all the time
Jim's like my Dad
Says reason can be monopolized

So we need him buried
We need Jim buried
We need him buried
We need Jim buried

I can hear silence, silence
If I see him in real life, I'll home in
I can see diamonds, diamonds
Jim can never exist as human again

He used to call me "High-IQ Christ"
'Cause I'm from a giggling ivy
I could have laughed right there
He graduated a year before me!

Jim sees me mad
He just wants to have sex with the gym
Jim's like your Dad
Says lung cancer isn't worth it for him

So we need him buried
We need Jim buried
We need him buried
We need Jim buried

I can hear silence, silence
If I see him in real life, I'll home in
I can see diamonds, diamonds
Jim can never exist as human again

We could go back to Houston
Loving you is really hard
We could go back to Alabama
Where they don't know who we are
Heaven is on Earth
I would do anything for you and me
Blessed is this union
Forming shades of cool like *Lemonade*

I don't care if you believe me
I messianically needed to be here
The century would have been so dumb without me
I'm just a smart guy who happens to be queer
I don't care if you hate gay people
I don't care if you hate smart people
You're so picky about humans
You're so picky about humans

So we need him buried
(Lay me down tonight)
We need Jim buried
(I'm a diamantés berg)
We need him buried
(Lay me down tonight)
We need Jim buried
(Self-righteous humans can never be human again)

I can hear silence, silence

If I see him in real life, I'll home in
I can see diamonds, diamonds
Jim can never exist as human again...

Track 15. "Abortion"

The first time I ever felt like a writer
Was Ms. Duhon's middle school debate class
Pure was her belief in the power of words
So for my first assignment I wanted to impress her
I chose abortion

The night before I scribbled like a poet
And couldn't believe how powerfully I had done it
Argued for the sanctimony of life at all costs
Toward a stable moral rendering of our human ideals
I hated abortion

Life is a visceral experience
That's what I'd tell pre-existence
We don't consent to be born
And over and over again
Some of us could even feel it

Tonight I feel like a visitor
The 21st century's steam valves wheeze for stability
What is the argument for the sanity of birth?
To life-affirm, shouldn't we have a species to affirm?
What do we affirm?

I visit a land of spartan loneliness
Traumas, suppressions, and impotent hollownesses
We haven't confirmed what we all have in common
To life-affirm, shouldn't we have commonalities first?
What can we confirm?

Life is a sensual experience
That's what I'd tell pre-existence

What is the world we've made
For human fetuses to tumble through
What dignities can heal it?

It's like how, as a child, in Houston
I used to see cross necklaces
And sense "You're one of the good ones"
It's like how, as a child, I wanted answers
That's Y I relied on shortcuts
A reversion to us versus them

In a night of nihilistic crisis
What are the depths of
What we hold up to be "human"?
Wouldn't we all have a say?
Shouldn't we all plan to have a say
Forever and ever?

Life is a harrowing experience
That's what I'd tell pre-existence
We're tumbled into reality with a pat on the back
And with no sense of God's confirmation
We couldn't feel it

It's a sigh, now...
If modernity's foundations
Are built on barbarity
What will anyone remember
About your contribution?

It's a sighing horizon, now...
If humanity's foundations
Are built on suppressed indifference
What will God remember
About your finite attention?

I pray the 22nd century
Is free

Track 16. "Life, Considered, in Clarifying Successions"

I have an abstract work of art for submission
It's called: "Life, Considered, in Clarifying Successions"
I think it's worth at least the price of eggs
Though it's just a smear of blues, pinks, and reds

Words are splotchier than hard numbers
Our borders more soft-hued, more abstract; humbler
Like a smear of perceptions hardening into sinkholes inside
As a child, I felt orange all the time

Prayin' for freedom
Not even anything
I felt ready to handle

Reliant was I on the world for stimulation
Red was my debasement's self-recognition
What traumas not being liberty could land me
Blue's how I float out of red, prayin' for wisdom

Prayin' for wisdom
Not even anything
I feel ready to handle

Detached into smears of watery haziness
I wonder, if you could quantify into matrices
A middle emotion between oppression and red
Is it actually pink? Or is that just my head?

Is the middle color numeric
Or what my perception says?
I don't know who to trust
It's like the ending to that stupid dress
Anyway, "Life, Considered, in Clarifying Successions"
Come on; what's the rate of two eggs in the mornin'?

I'll let it go for the price of breakfast

Track 17. "Jesus, etc. [Live, X '24]"

I have a Cigarettes After Sex-inspired cover of Wilco.

I hope they like it.

♪ "Jesus, don't cry"

I make eye contact with a hot guy in the audience. It's all over now.

♪ "You can rely on me, honey"

What if I had been born into a humanity-wide unbound libidinal utopia ("hulu").

♪ "You can combine anything you want"

No women in sight.

♪ "I'll be around"

Like from the moment we were born, we had never heard of women.

♪ "You were right about the stars"

Kind of like zweglions. You don't know what those are.

♪ "Each one is a setting sun"

If human reality had just been billions of men.

♪ "Tall building shake
Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs"

We would have had so much sex.

♪ "Tuned to chords"

Strung down your cheeks"

Nonstop, billion-years-long, unbound mutual pleasure.

♪ "Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around"

Hot masculine alpha types would be king everywhere.

♪ "Don't cry

You can rely on me, honey

You can come by any time you want"

In that universe, I'd run a country.

♪ "I'll be around

You were right about the stars"

The entire species would break along the lines of how fuckable you were.

♪ "Each one is a setting sun"

The male project is sex.

♪ "Tall building shake

Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs"

A humanity of all men would have nothing but gay sex on their mind all the time.

♪ "Tuned to chords

Strung down your cheeks

Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around"

And the existence of some people that everyone wants to have sex with, and some people that nobody wants to have sex with, would be the central fission of human existence.

♪ "Voices whine

Skyscrapers are scrapin' together"

Handsome men would be a targeted minority.

♪ "Your voice is smoking
Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around"

We'd be exploited. We'd be captured. We'd be sold as pets. We'd be born to be used.

♪ "Our love"

Kind of like how you treat smart people who vibe "Second Coming." You just want to exploit, capture, sell as pets, or use.

♪ "Our love
Our love is all we have
Our love
Our love is all of God's money
Everyone is a burning sun"

Handsome men in an all-male sex utopia would be oppressed as prey.

♪ "Tall buildings shake"

The only power we hold over ugly men, ugly men will take from us in psychotic ways using the moralities they brainwash into everyone. Handsome men are "evil." Handsome men are "born lucky," so they're born to be used. Handsome men aren't human.

♪ "Voices escape, singin' sad sad songs"

Are handsome men human?

♪ "Tuned to chords
Strung down your cheeks
Bitter melodies, turnin' your orbit around"

Handsome men would be the women of an all-male global species-wide sexual utopia.

♪ "Voices whine"

I don't know how an all-woman one would work but I know men.

♪ "Skyscrapers are scrapin' together"

I know alphas.

♪ "Your voice is smoking"

And I know top dogs.

♪ "Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around"

Bro, I bet you're straight too. Fuck you.

♪ "Last cigarettes are all you can get"

Fuck you for saving the world.

♪ "Turnin' your orbit around"

We coulda been a team too. We coulda been a tribe—you know, had humanity been set up single-sexed and all-male.

♪ "Last cigarettes are all you can get
Turnin' your orbit around"

Okay. Go back to your world where Hulu doesn't exist.

Fuck it.

Straight values. Eh, I like some of them. In Hulu I'd be like Gay Genghis Khan. With "woman is God" in my ear, I'm just a polite Quaker.

Track 18. "Sleeping Giant"

"Mountains rose out of the plains we walk on"

I wrote one night in a letter to Joan
Time's hands graze ancient
Suspicious together
Moons crash to Earth
Folding sand into stone

God was the common Him we prayed to
I could hear her in sweetness, I could hear her in you
Uncommon melodies inside an altar of worship
In the humility of numbers
In a nurture of truth
Joan was one of the giants I knew
If she got mad, I could be too
Madness is as madness get lonesome
Where Joan led
I'd follow too

Madness is as madness get wholesome
Where Joan danced
I'd always prance too

"Madness that tires over the plans we build on"

I wrote one night in a letter to Rush
From a haggard casino patterned aft'
The story of God
Built by men once so royal
So hazard, so flush

God was the common myth we lurked to
I could hear Her in mercy, I could hear her in you
To have mercy in ways we could hardly agree to
Well, that'd be too good to be true
But just right for you
Rush was one of the giants I knew
If he got sad, I'd get sad too
Sadness is as sadness get lonesome
Where Rush hoped
I'd hope too

Sadness is as sadness get wholesome
Where Rush hoped
I'd come home too

A land of infidels everywhere
But there were my giants
They're my stones true

A land of infidels everywhere
But so many giants
So many stones true

If the world's really ending
What have you done?
What have you done?

If the world's really ending
What have you done?
Ya dum dum

Have you ever seen a single cell die
Seen it twitch, seen it look
Afraid to move?
I did, in a video once
Animals prey to live, pray to hold it together
Have you ever seen an atheist pray?
I grew
From an animal once

Love carries me
It's the only fire of a self I knew
Love marries me
My narcissism was how my self-care grew
Love carries me
Love is the only fire of a self I grow
Love buries me
My love is the only fire of a self I know

[Instrumental break]

"Clarice, what could she hear; why her thoughts fire?"

I wrote one night in a letter to God

"First mover in me, who's been pulling the strings?"

What moves us to evil?

What moves us to talk?"

Sweetness is the common hymn we pray to

Pray enough sugar; to feel like we're God

Turn our plains into mountains, turn our plans into thots

Damn right I'm elitist

For what have you wrought?

Elitism was one of the giants I prayed to

If it said I was bad, I'd believe I been bad too

Boldness is as boldness is obvious

Where elitism roamed

I'd always roam too

Badness is as boldness oblivious

Where elitism groaned

I'd always groan too

Badness is as badness gets tiresome

Where elitism moans

Yo humanity, listen

I hate these fucks true

But what can you do?

As animals on Earth

As animals on Earth

What can you do really?

But what can we do?

As animals on Earth

As animals on Earth

What can we do really?

I come alive, alive

God is the ground we walk on

God is the Earth, She's in our free will too

I don't know why we can't get it all perfect

I know I been tryin'

I wanna know you

I know I been tryin'

I wanna know you

God is the Earth we walk on

Her recognition is Our Century's sleeping giant

I know I been tryin'

I wanna know you

Oh, I know I been tryin'

I don't even wanna know you

Oh

I come alive, alive

I come alive, alive

The Second Coming of Jesus Christ

Who knew?