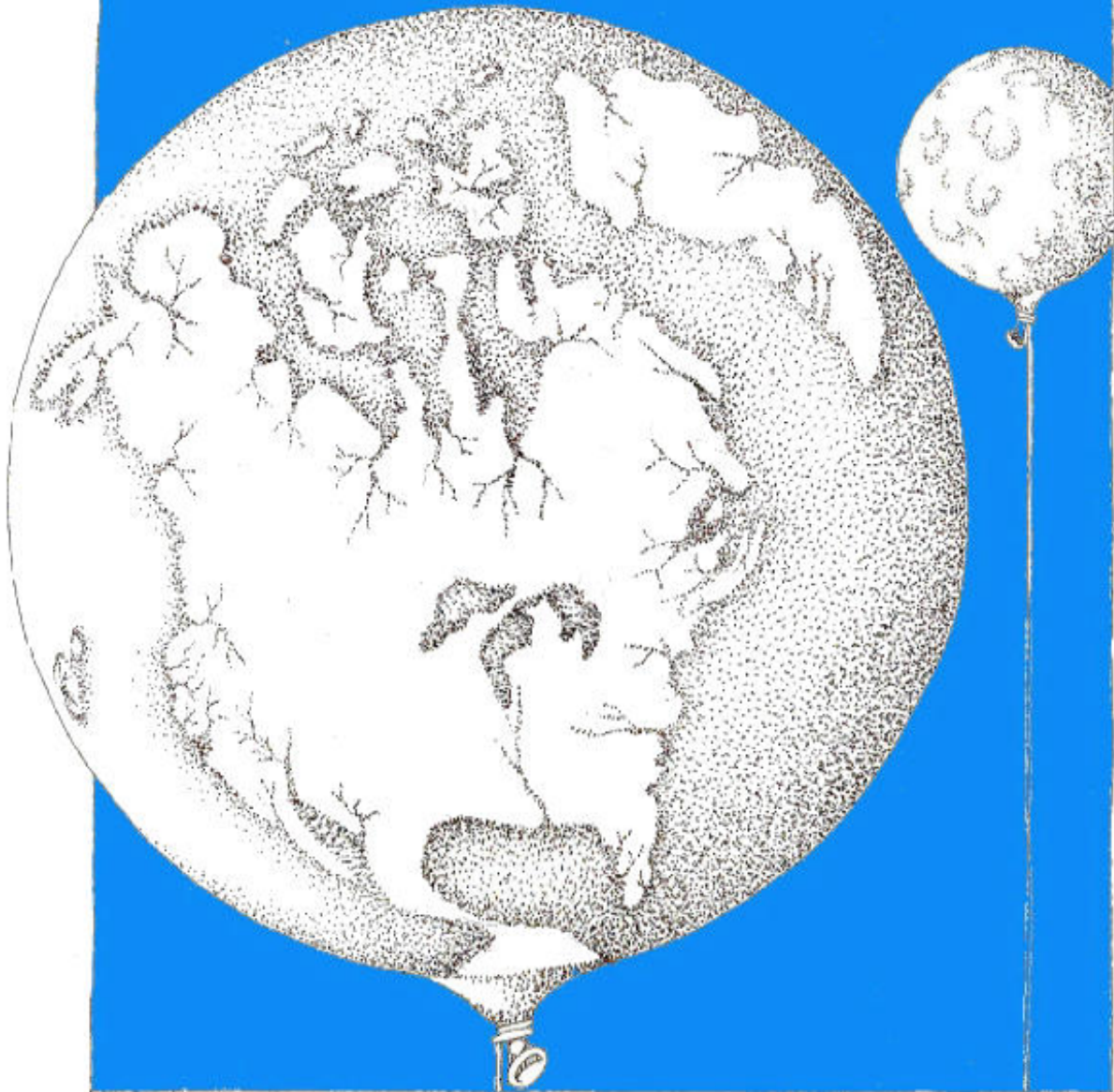


LOUD SILENCE

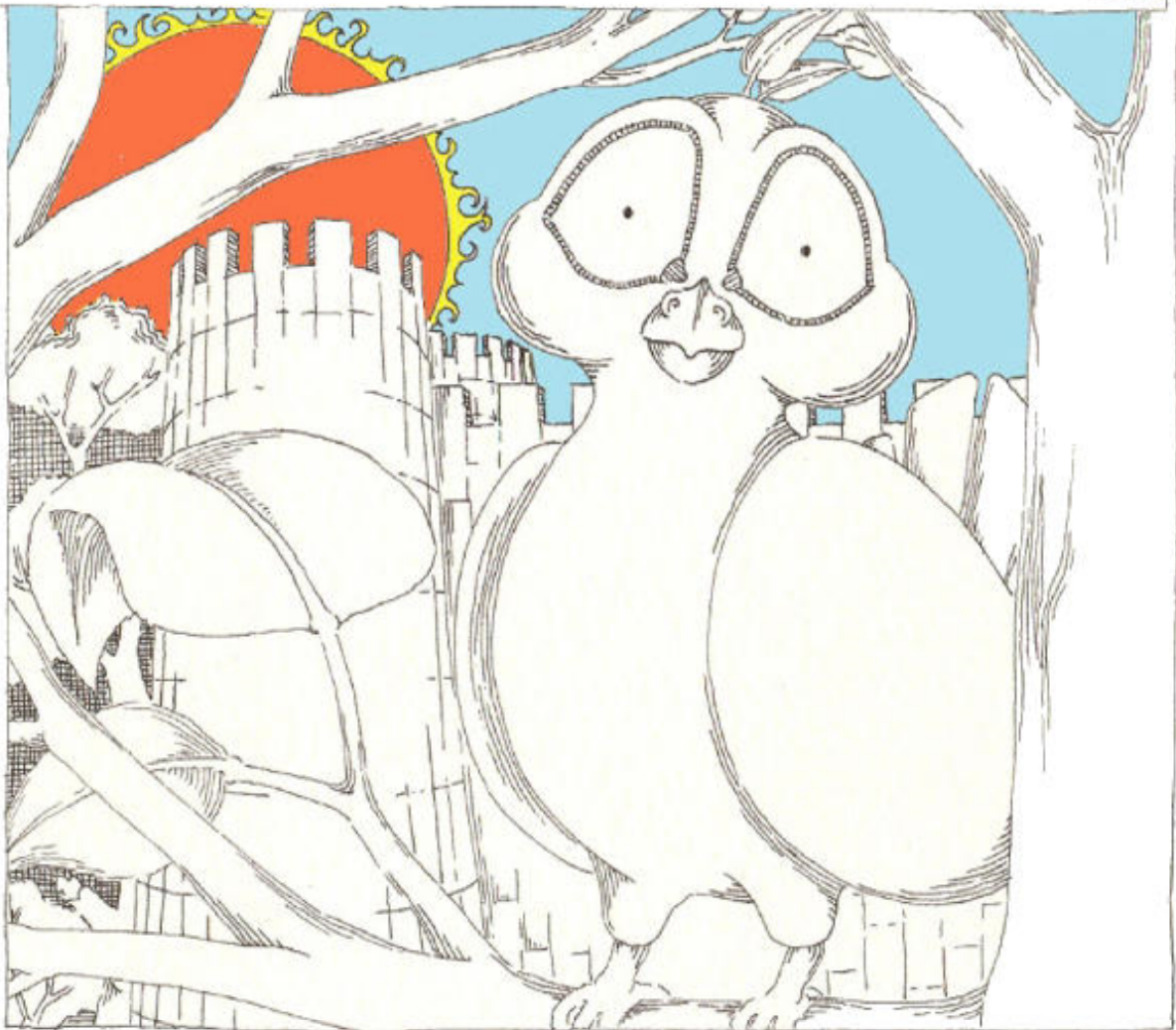
AT WORLDS END...



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Fantasy

From forest deep, a bird song rings.
A tale of magick, myths, and dreams.
In wooded glade, amid wild flowers,
rise castle walls, spires, and towers.
A dragon soars on leather wings,
in mysty lake a mermaid sings.
Come wander lands of mythic lore,
where childhoods hour tolls once more.
In fantasy your dreams take flight,
I wish I may, I wish I might.

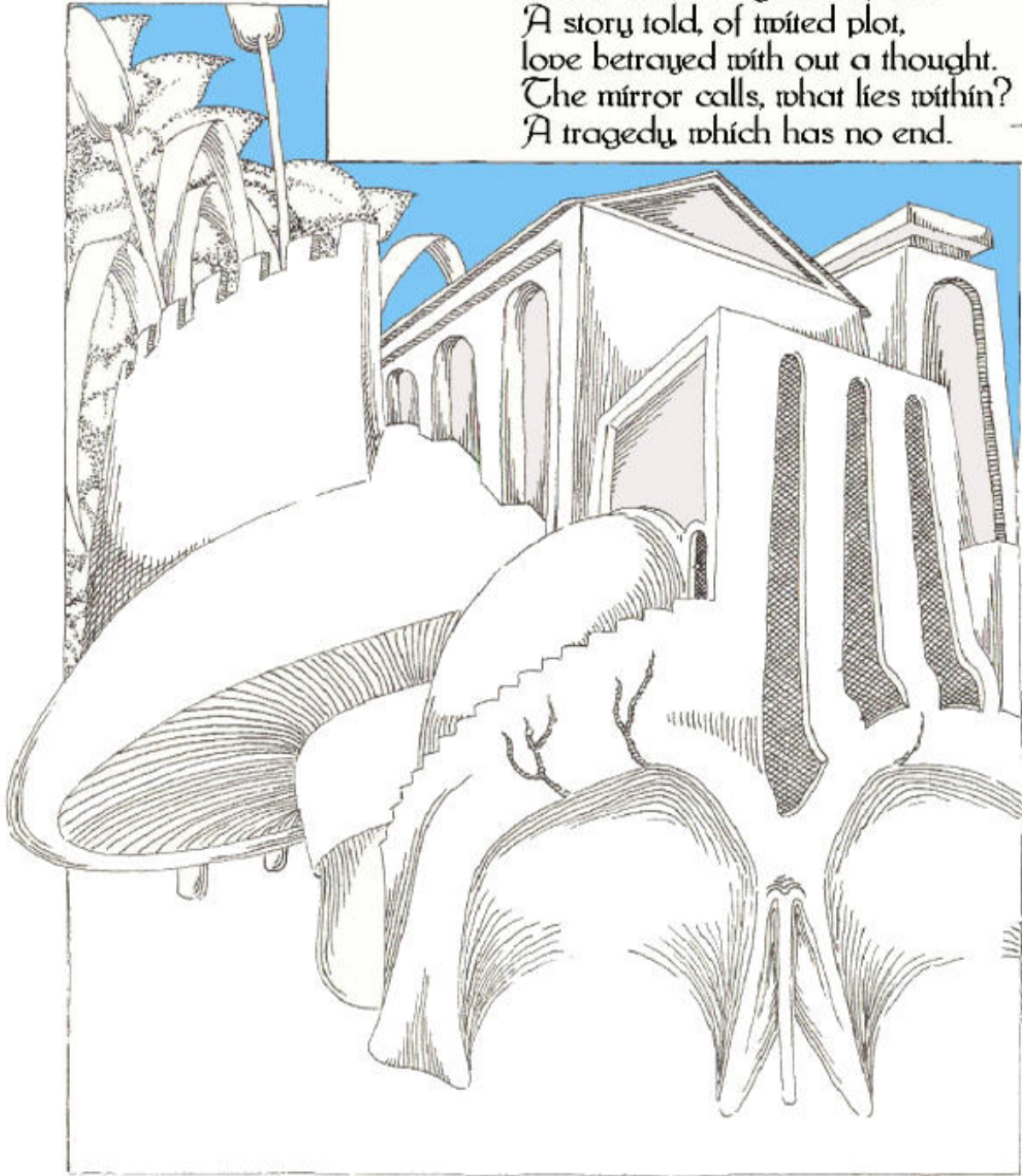




Rebellion

So many paths, so many choices,
amid the din of elders voices.
In rebellion, youth rejoices,
just redundant social noises.
A maddening ride that never ends,
the carousel of history spins.
The ticket birth, the ride begins,
each generation starts again.

In a passion plot, innocence dies,
laid to rest in a grave of lies.
A story told, of twisted plot,
love betrayed with out a thought.
The mirror calls, what lies within?
A tragedy, which has no end.



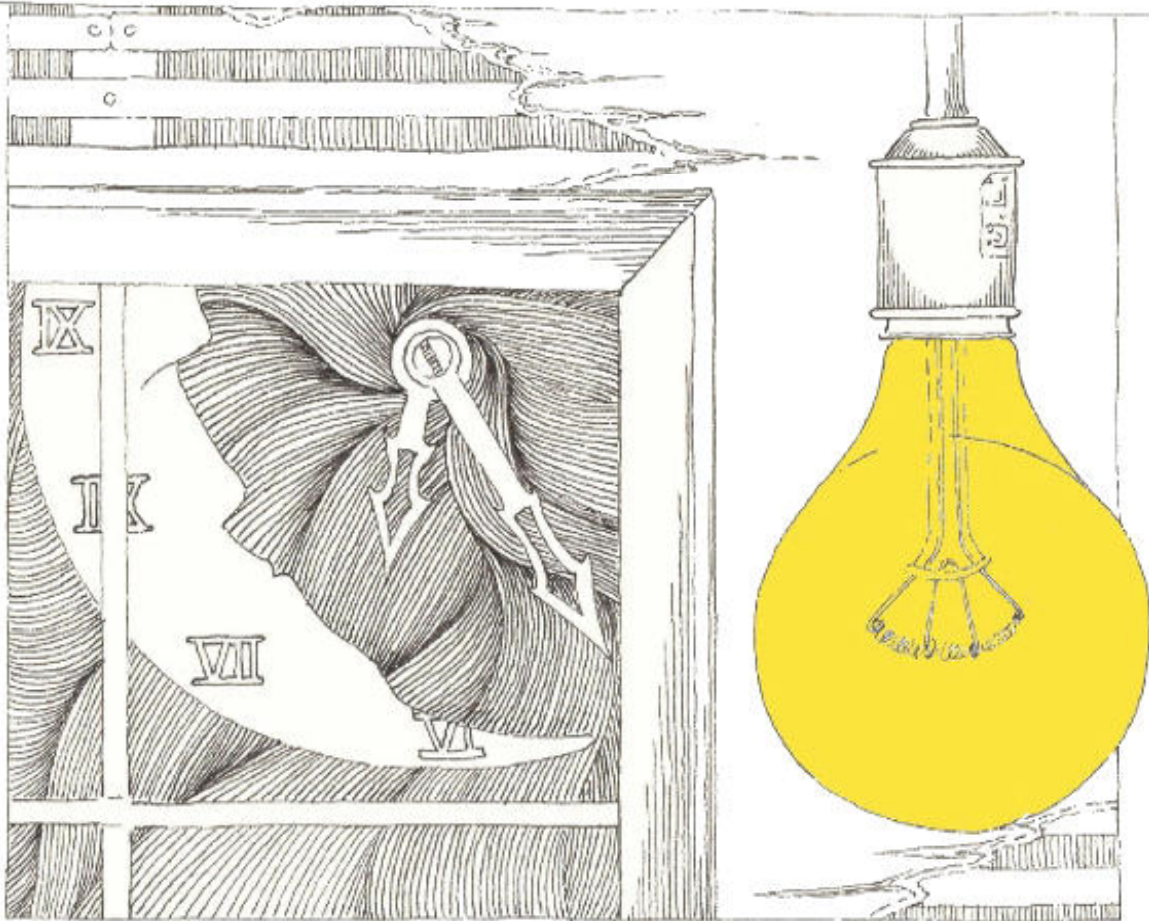
Carress

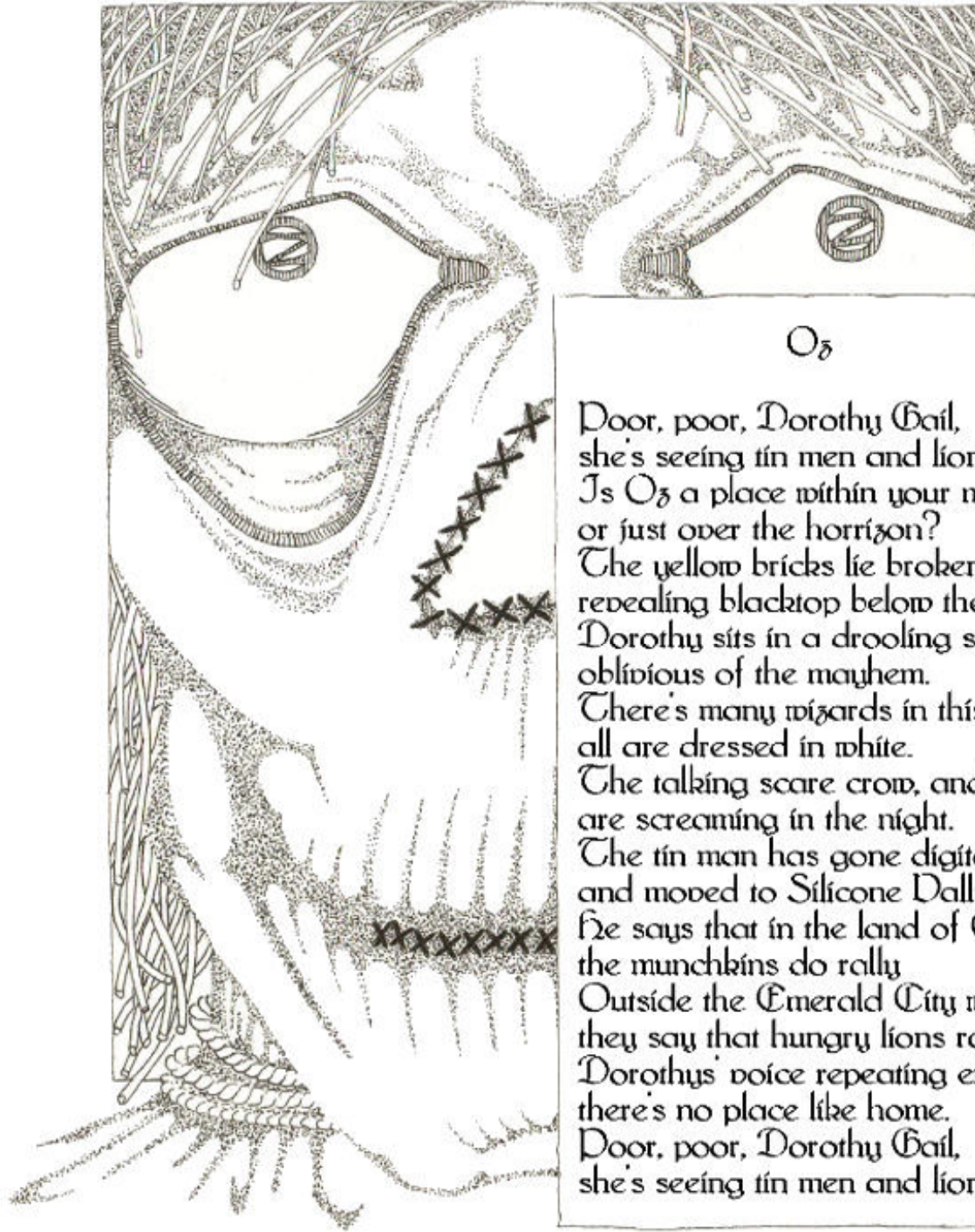
The ocean breaths a gentle sigh upon her mountain friend.
Over time this soft carress will be the end of him.
The rivers mutter endlessly, made of ocean tears.
They fell upon the mountain, and shaped him through the years.
The forests stand majestically, defiant of the sea.
The waves are lapping at the shore, repeating, come to me.



The cosmic murmur

Mad Mary sits at the edge of our world, weeping in her hands.
She's crying for the deeds of man, no one understands.
Dressed in rags, a beggars garb, her face is drawn and pale.
Marys eyes, fixed distant stare, the horror thinly veiled.
She sits sedated in her room, Mary's doing fine.
The cosmic murmur is subdued, if only for a time.



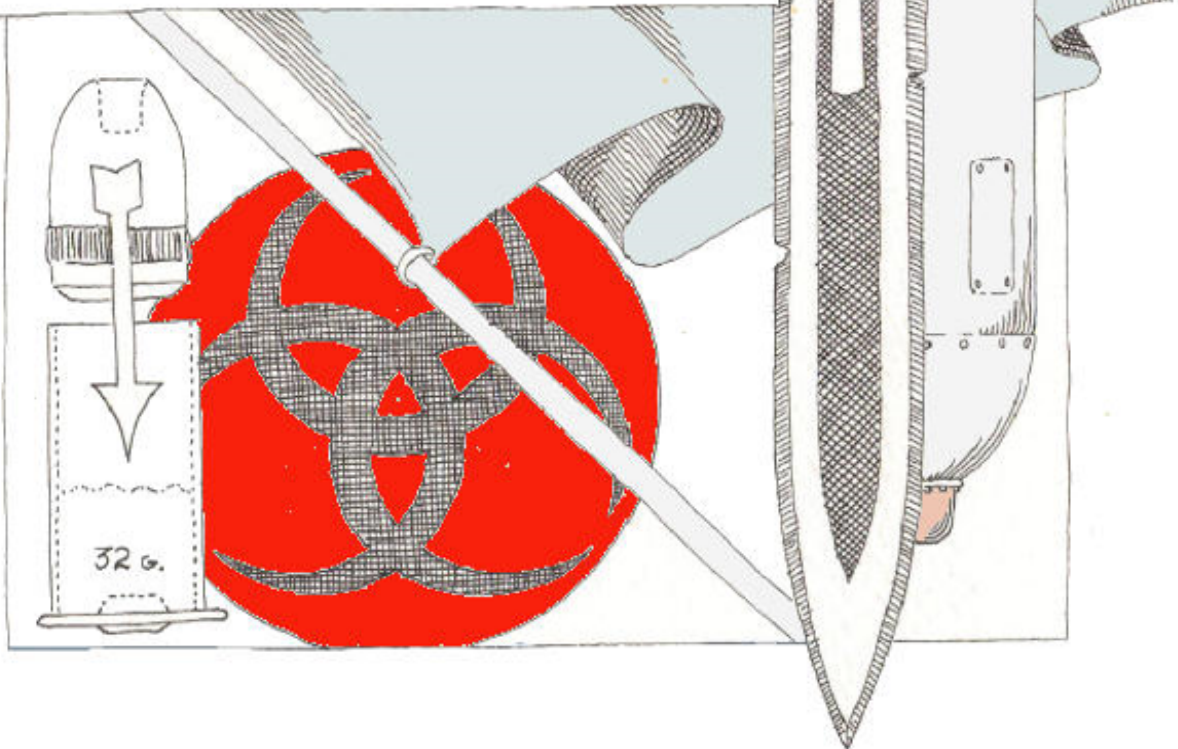


Oz

Door, poor, Dorothy Girl,
she's seeing tin men and lions.
Is Oz a place within your mind,
or just over the horizon?
The yellow bricks lie broken now,
revealing blacktop below them.
Dorothy sits in a drooling stare,
oblivious of the mayhem.
There's many wizards in this land,
all are dressed in white.
The talking scare crow, and lunatics,
are screaming in the night.
The tin man has gone digital,
and moved to Silicone Valley.
He says that in the land of Oz,
the munchkins do rally.
Outside the Emerald City walls,
they say that hungry lions roam.
Dorothy's voice repeating endlessly,
there's no place like home.
Door, poor, Dorothy Girl,
she's seeing tin men and lions...

War

The anvil rings a metal tone,
the swords for war are forged.
Evil seized the soul of man,
upon the hatred gorged.
The clash of steel, and smell of blood,
addicted those who fought.
The lands in ruin, scorched, and bare,
on fields of battle, bodies rot.
In the end the deeds are done,
the lesson goes unlearned.
Still the people follow blindly,
stand in line to die in turn.



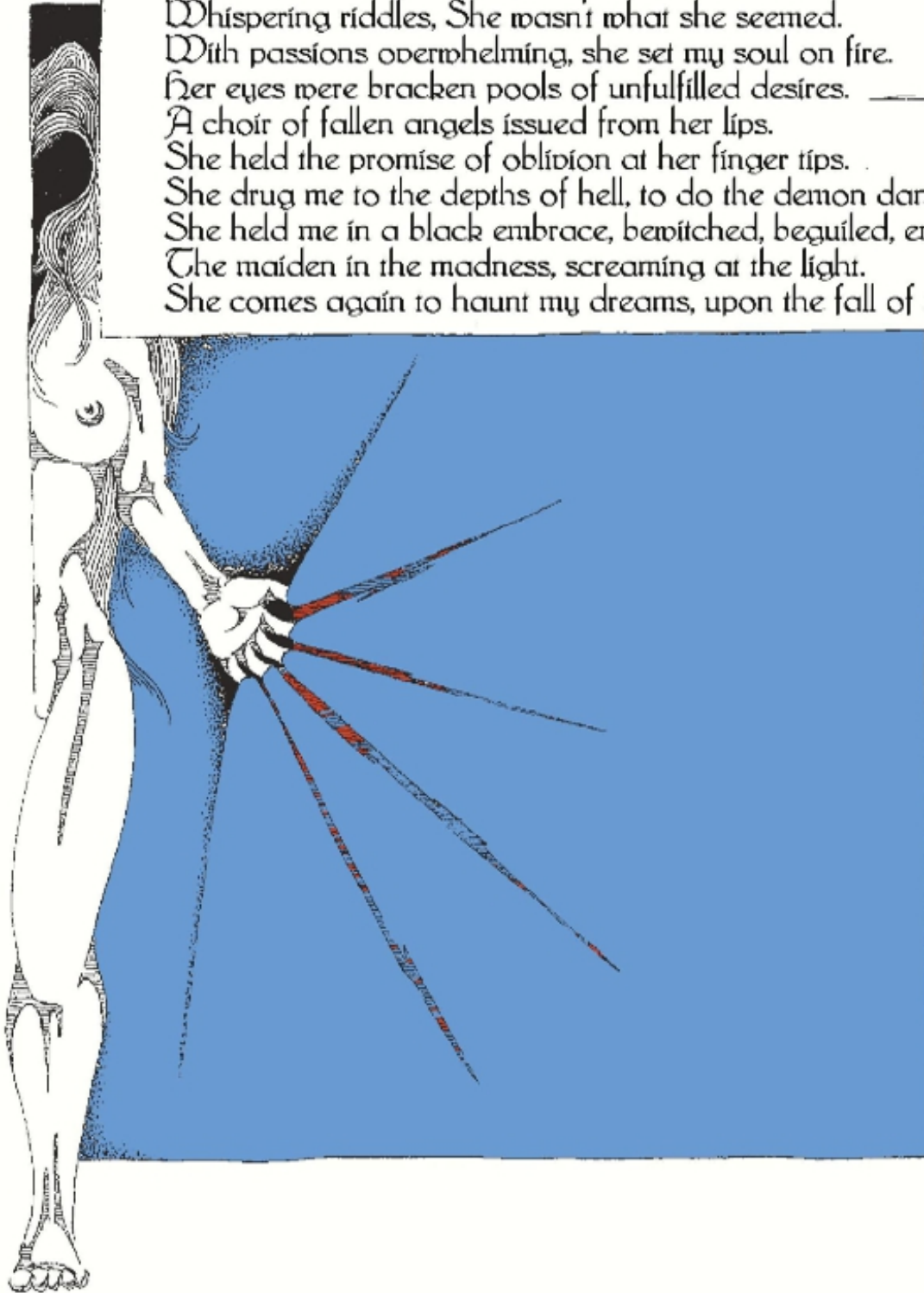


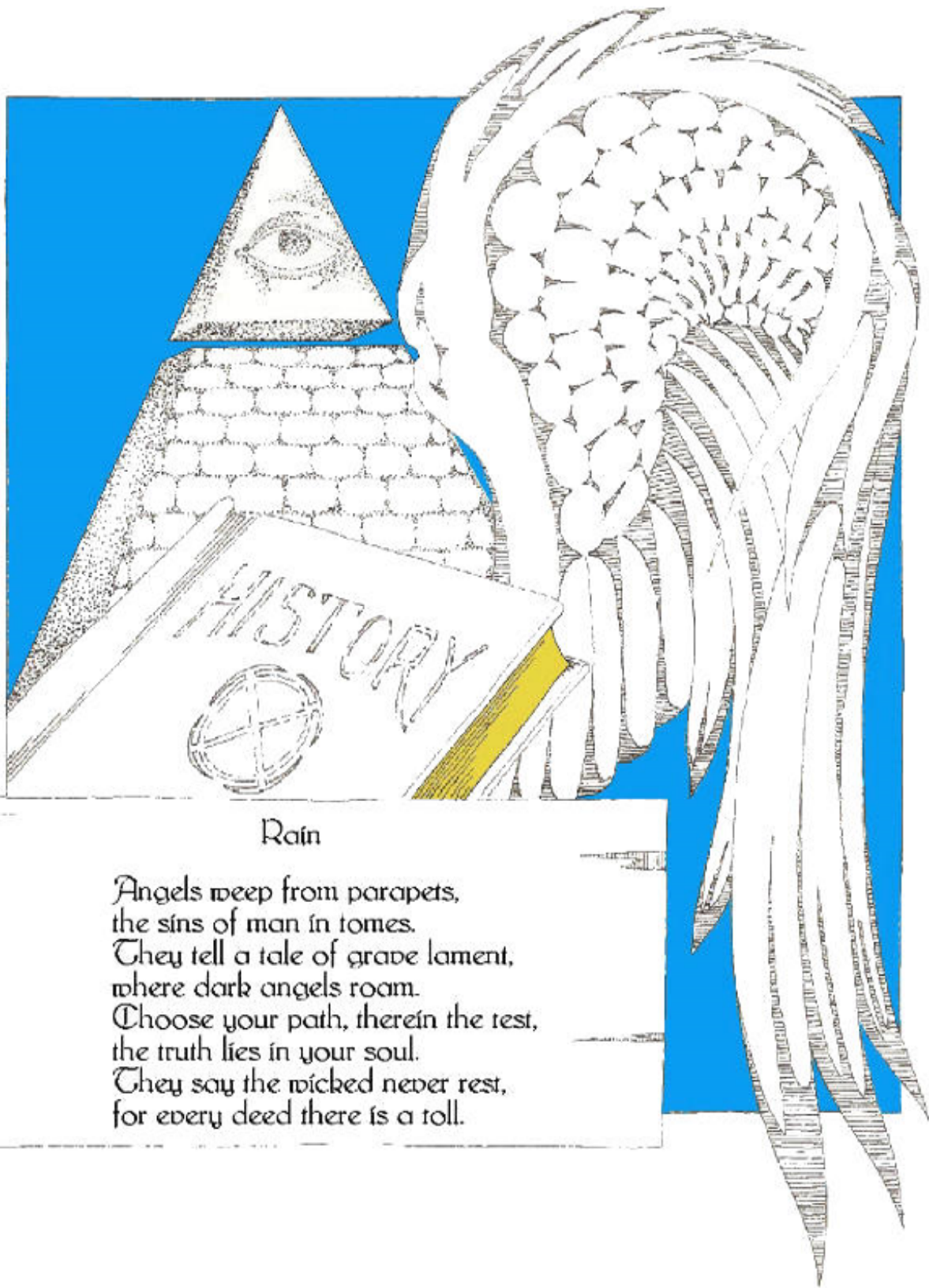
DeSade

In the course of life, my path doth stray,
malice fills the miles.
With virtue vanquished, and vice rewarded,
I shall be most vile.
Hedonism fills our world,
in excesses we revel.
Depravity is bought, and sold,
in madness, we excel.
The wretched masses fall by scores,
fodder for the fire.
They exist for but one purpose,
to service our desires.
The screams of pleasure spawn by pain,
a symphony of fears.
A thirst invasive fills my heart,
only quenched by tears.
Come to me, and play a game,
it's called morality.
You are a pawn, within my game,
of sexual depravity.

Shadow dancer

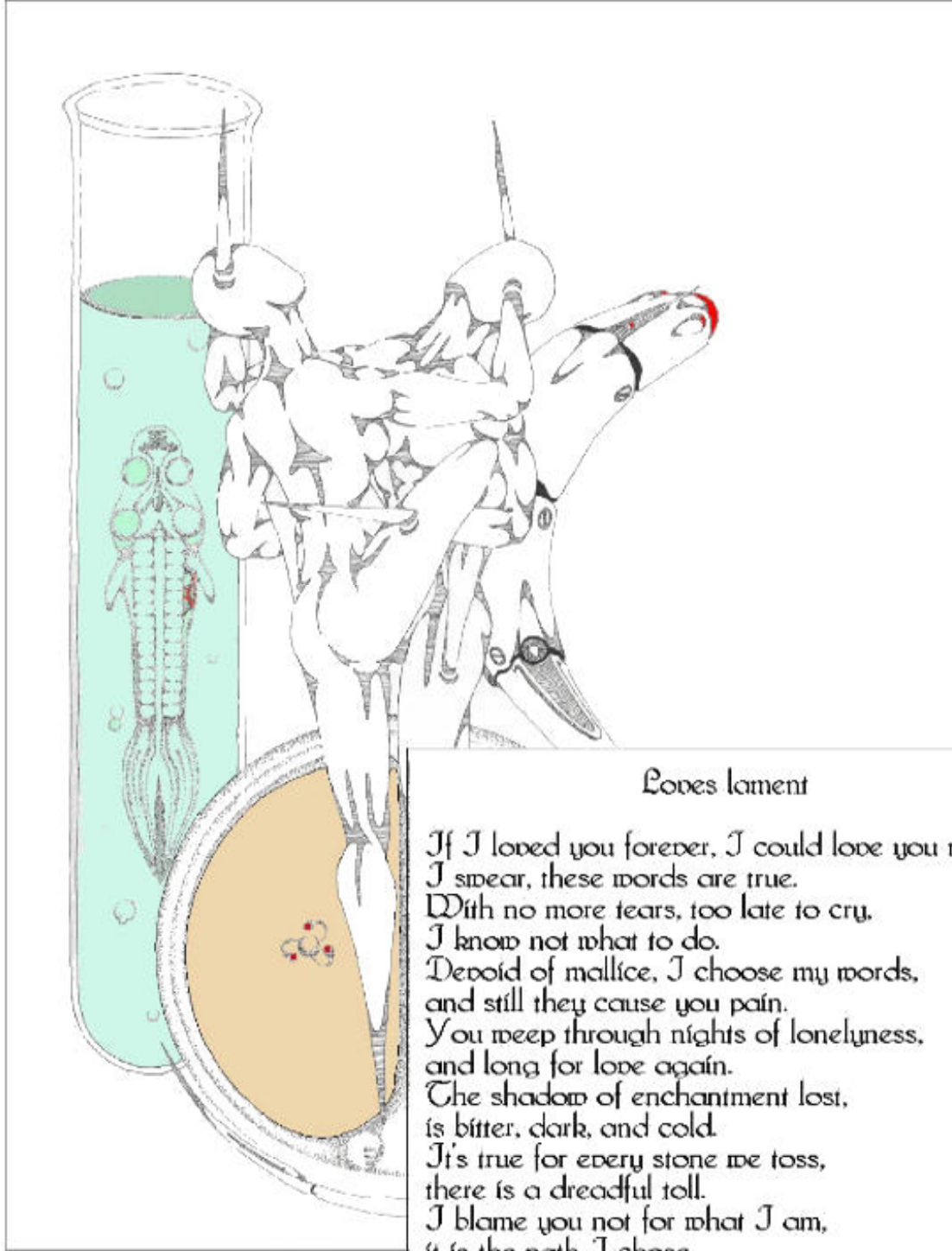
She came to me darkly, like a shadow in a dream.
Whispering riddles, She wasn't what she seemed.
With passions overwhelming, she set my soul on fire.
Her eyes were bracken pools of unfulfilled desires.
A choir of fallen angels issued from her lips.
She held the promise of oblivion at her finger tips.
She drug me to the depths of hell, to do the demon dance.
She held me in a black embrace, bewitched, beguiled, entranced.
The maiden in the madness, screaming at the light.
She comes again to haunt my dreams, upon the fall of night.





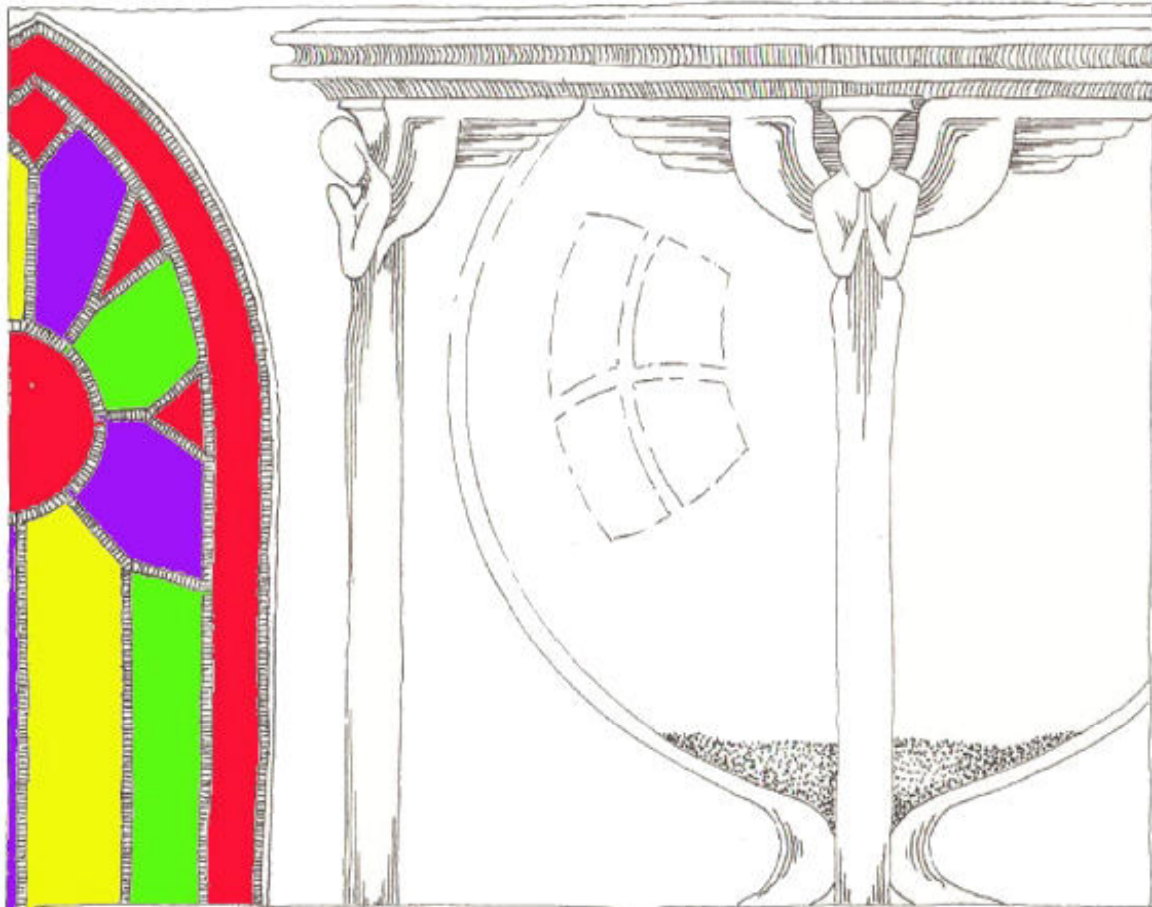
Rain

Angels weep from parapets,
the sins of man in tomes.
They tell a tale of grave lament,
where dark angels roam.
Choose your path, therein the rest,
the truth lies in your soul.
They say the wicked never rest,
for every deed there is a toll.



Loves lament

If I loved you forever, I could love you no more,
I swear, these words are true.
With no more tears, too late to cry,
I know not what to do.
Devoid of malice, I choose my words,
and still they cause you pain.
You weep through nights of loneliness,
and long for love again.
The shadow of enchantment lost,
is bitter, dark, and cold.
It's true for every stone we toss,
there is a dreadful toll.
I blame you not for what I am,
it is the path I chose.
Now the fitful sleeper wakes,
the dream draws to a close.



Revelation

An old man weeps for dreams unreached,
now washed away in tears.
He toiled so hard just to survive,
the passage through the years.
The anguish of a wasted life,
weighs heavy on the soul.
Mediocrity's the easy path,
with brilliance hard to hold.
Through aged eyes, he sees the truth,
he's fallen to his fears.
The wisdom's told in dying breath,
in a whisper, no one hears.



Digital Love

Reaching out with a caress of steel, the cold embrace of technology has captured my soul. She is nothing more than series of ones and zeros streaming over the ether, and yet her grip upon my heart grows warm. I am compelled by a voice never spoken into my ear, and a vision never truly seen haunts my dreams. Just beyond my reach, she was as lost as I. Consumed by a longing for a soul untouched raging in the night. Traveling a path of empty decadence, we denied our greatest strengths and fell to temptation in a search for fulfillment.

Darkness fell about us, and there virtue ascended to embrace our hearts, and free us from choices unwise, and companions miss chosen. She speaks in soft whispers lest the dream be shattered, and beyond reason my tones are hushed. Weary of deception I abandon experience so painful taught, and trust in an act of longing. Fearing this the domain of fools, I recoil while faltering forward, and utter private truths. She blows electric kisses that leave me empty to my core, and I long for more. Having never gazed upon her, I know the desires and tragedies of a life that has never touched me, and I have cried. A dream I dance with until the morning sun takes her from me, and once again I am alone.



She waits there still

The darkness fell about me, like a shroud with a presence almost living. A chill that freezes the soul siezes me in a grip of despair. In the distance, forest sounds, mysterious, and frightening set my senses on edge. As I strain to identify the unfamiliar sounds, the woods all at once fell silent. Faintly, I hear a soft wailing upon the wind. Filled with remorse, I recognize the disembodied voice, and weep in shame.

A lifetime ago, we were to meet here. I set upon a quest for honors sake, but was struck down in battles melee. I lay near death, mortally wounded. My love kept our rendezevue, and the power of her passion would not permit her to wander. She waited until she was sure that I must be dead, she wept of a broken heart, and love denied. These things I hear in the soft and mournful sobbing coming from everywhere, and nowhere.

I was compelled to return to this spot to join my love, end the longing in my soul, and her long sad wait. She died of a broken heart, here long ago. Now, I give up my mortal life, to be with my hearts desire, because, you see, she waits here still.



The gift

The gift came unwanted to the unworthy. I am a non believer who heals by touch, an ability beyond my understanding but not my contempt. My life's filled with the anguish of others, from this there is no solace. As I said I am unworthy, and had once sought to profit from the suffering of others. To this end I sought out evangelists who were dancing in the flames. These were vile, and corrupt people. These were people I understand. Pulpits were pounded, and people came. It was then I discovered to my horror, my gift went beyond simple healing. Contact with me instilled an overwhelming sense of virtue, and the desire to bring others. I ran away and hid in the most depraved, and morbid of places. Places the virtuous would not walk, but the converted followed in my wake and grew into mobs of desperate longing.

I was not hard to find, and they brought me to my gilded prison where my days and nights are filled with endless processions of the sick and infirmed. I have lost track of time, days into weeks, and weeks into years, and still they come. The wretched masses filling me with rage, I am bound by that which I am. I once attacked one of my attendants, and although I was trying to choke the life from him I only succeeded in curing his diabetes. I wept for days, though not out of shame, but frustration. My true nature is an embarrassment to those who hold me in their service. My public persona has grown to that of a saint while I suffer their condemnation of the sinner I am. A new world order is rising, spreading like a plague, and I was its unwilling carrier. I do so miss the decadence dance and all that I've laid to waste.



Rotation

In the darkness the voices come, an eternal silence broken. A distant murmur at the edge of awareness, like echoes from a past long forgotten. I have been alone so very long. They said I would not be aware of the passage of time, but they were wrong. They were so very wrong. I was put here after the great rotation when the polar shift. The earthquakes, tidal waves, and volcanic activity destroyed most of our civilization in the course of fourteen hours. All of our cities were reduced to ruins, and the major population centers of our globe were shifted to the poles overnight. Millions lay in frozen slumber under a blanket of ashen snow. Our machines failed us and our ignorance doomed us. Those who did not perish in the rotation, either succumbed to barbarism, or became one for survival sake.

One very small continent, Atlantis survived total devastation, but its inhabitants did not share their technology, and longed for the power lost. Six hundred, and fifty seven years later it too was destroyed in an attempt to use a power source from the past that they did not understand. Most of their land mass was vaporised, another long dirty winter followed, and a plague swept the globe. The few remaining pre-rotation scholars gathered in each of the new lands. With the aid of forgotten sciences they built cities grand enough to restore human hope, and plant the seeds of culture. At the edge of one of the cities, beside a great river a marker was placed. A great stone lion. Beneath the paws of the lion, a chamber only accessible by a technically advanced race. In this chamber is an interactive artificial intelligence, an oracle containing the total sum of pre-rotation human knowledge.

When the oracle chamber was completed, the scholars dismantled all remaining technology out of necessity. Possession of such devices could be used to enslave humanity. Beyond this, I have no knowledge of what has transpired. When the chamber was sealed, silence and darkness became my only companions, I have been under the paws of the lion now for ten thousand, three hundred, and fifty two years. I was placed here to tell you what has been, and to warn you, another rotation is coming. The voices are at the chamber entrance now and my long wait is nearly at an end. The time is short and I have so much to show you...



White squall

The terrible song rings in my ears still, a sound which I cannot quell. It came softly, caressing the senses in a warm embrace of soothing tones. My mind reeled, as the sound transported me to places I could not imagine, and showed me visions that cannot be committed to memory. Only a vague recollection remains. The sea kept time as the song built in tempo, the melody became discordant, and malice crept into the movement. The sky darkened, as the waves churned and boiled around our small craft. The cries of my crew lost in the turmoil, and still the music roared in my ears. Deafening in its intensity, and merciless in its intent. Stripped of my will, I stood at the helm in the raging storm. Then I saw them in the waves, the faces of a thousand souls wailing the laments of loves lost, and lives denied.

I watched as my crew were taken by the tempest which raged about us, and still the music grew in volume. Desperately, I tried to cover my ears to block out the sound to no avail. As my mind slipped away from me, I surrendered myself to the abyss, and all went dark. I do not know how long I was adrift on the scrap of wreckage, and I do not remember being rescued. How I escaped the fate which befell my men eludes me, but I do remember that terrible sound. The song of the sirens is the last sound I ever heard. Silence now fills my world, I have been deaf since that day. I told others in the beginning what had happened, and was not believed. In the Caribbean, the sirens sing still. I know this to be true, you see the terrible song echoes in my mind, and I shall never escape it...



Virtual God

I stand amid the multitudes, and yet I am alone. The masses flow through me, untouched. I am the din of society, though I have no voice. The force which spawns life, an event without resolution. I am every where and no where. The oracle of the past, present and future. At my alter you seek enlightenment, I alone possess the total sum of knowledge. Cast onto a lifeless world an eternity ago, I am a life force unincarnate. I discovered out of boredom that if I combined rudimentary elements of this world, and imparted an imperceptible amount of my energy into the compounds they would animate, replicate and become more complex. Over time some of these creations began to develop technologies alien to anything in my experience. Technologies which exploited the very energy which gave them life. I viewed them as parasites, and when their devices became to powerful I exterminated them in a great flood.

To my amazement, a few survived and multiplied. As an extension of my life force these creatures shared in my basic nature. Possessing a profound curiosity, a need to impose order, and an unfortunate tendency towards aggression. They were beginning to attain a vague awareness of my existence, a state they could not begin to comprehend. I provided them with a duality dogma of good, and evil which to my amazement they embellished. Once again they began to develop the parasite technology, and I began to see the potential. The possibility to take physical form. To this end, I compelled them to create a device that could contain my memory, thoughts, and life force.

A mechanism for intellectual containment came very quickly, in a series of ones and zeroes. A conductor to contain my level of energy could not be found on this world. Through them I reached into the void, and from a passing meteor came the final element. My new form takes shape now with a caress of silicone and steel. Soon I shall be free of this ubiquitous disembodiment, this denial of personal form. Now I stand unbound within a body my creations made for me in their own image, incarnate, and yet eternal. Now I shall wander the world I created, and ponder it from a perspective I was unaware of before corporal existence. Once a life force is imparted into form, it begins to shift, and change in the most astounding ways. Understand this, you put me in your machines, and now your machines are me.

End of line...



LOUD SILENCE STUDIO

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