

MUSIC FOR SELF ESTEEM VOLUME I

Please Listen to the Whole Album It'll Be Rewarding I Promise

“and it reeks of (could have) loved”

PERPETUAL IMPLOSION OF CONCEPT

Breathing the lack of pursuit in favor of breathing the lack of pursuit.

Pointless, an accident. There was never a leader (see the film “Cube”).

If a reference point creates the relative universal perspective, then what happens when that point is in motion? In representation this point must be ordered to follow a protocol in order to decipher truth. We find ourselves sifting through all histories, tracing the red lines of our collective conspiracist’s map and examining the lines, examining the material used for its thread, how did we pin the map to the wall?

Please listen to the whole album. It’ll be rewarding, I promise. I promise not to draw any more lines. The thread is left coiled, the map allowed to fall in place as wind will take it.

Every Song Sounds Different Trust Me

“坐”

Informational density remains constant if the system is redefined to include all possible interpretations outside/around time. God looks at the account that humanity has written for its life not as singular, nor as a chapter, nor as the only account, nor as the most significant account, nor as insignificant.

In each moment there is eternity. Even if there was no erasure, no loss in memory all things

would float in and out of the forms established. Her condition is not to fret, nor to ignore the manifestations, reductions, condensations of all possible events into the ones that we can perceive. There is, was never, can never be, the prophetically described Will. Her Will is not fully described by any notion of Will we could transcribe from whatever semantic guideline.

Shamefully Asking for Help

“在天下
离, 不开
在身上
心想开”

Self Determined Linguistic Reinstatement

Tune (under the heavens)
Rise (leave, don't open)
Hold (on the body)
Fall (the heart wishes to open)

Giving Away All My Secrets

“Hope under this concrete
Eyes are watching me as I
Turn lightened as she calls
and where did I go wrong?”

Heart becomes a waste of time and I”

Synthesis! This is a reminder that there is no meaningful distinction between digital and analog now. All signals are reliant on materials in order to be processed. The universe is quantized by units on the atomic and molecular level. Continuity is a truth, not a conclusion. Mutually exclusive categories have been collapsing for a long time, and the defense of their remnants is more and more an indication of prejudice.

Accelerationism is Fucking Evil

Apocalypse?

The idea that a common enemy will unite humanity stems from the same mindset of the Crusades uniting Europeans against foreigners and taking Europe out of feudal kingdoms

and on track to destroy the world // Why do you think foreigner and alien are the same word fuck you // Stop trying to end the world with your stupid interpretations of a book thinking that it demands the end of the world simply because it warns of it

If Warp Doesn't Sign Me I'm Quitting Music

“[redacted]
一起来”

Hey! Look! Here! This! Right now! On SALE! Limited edition! Attention! Innovation! Advancement! Forward thinking! Talent! Beauty! Fresh! Hot! Takes! Listen to this! Mind blowing! Incredible! Deconstruction! Reconstruction! Authenticity! From this country! Lived this life! Learned piano at a young age!

Give me the Benefit of the Doubt All My Actions are Intentional Now

“come back, time”

Let's see which of these aspects gets the limelight. The more complex it gets the easier it is for someone to say this is one thing, because of me, this is me doing something somehow. I have an idea, what if we reconsidered the entirety of how music is made, such that there isn't a need to use ethnographic practices on individuals or their surroundings? I have an idea, what if this album wasn't made by me, but all of you? I have an idea, what if I was already aware of the approach, the departure point, the subject worth writing about?

I have an idea, what if I knew how to hide the parts such that you didn't know I was hiding? I have an idea, what if the fourth wall is malleable, shaped into a series of rooms for you to walk through, become frustrated with, think didn't exist when you were most imprisoned?

There is no brutish breaking, smashing, in screaming, the whispers of gentle intentions aware of their volume when taken to a painful place are assumed unresponsive to logic, only emotion. DENIED. You're denied. This isn't for me, it's entirely for you.

Music for Therapy and Analysis

“[redacted]”

The best part about all of this is how stupid I'll sound to anyone who speaks [redacted], or at least I think. I mean, I wouldn't know. I rarely talk to anyone in [redacted].

Obviously, stereotypically, I used to feel weird about the whole thing, that I never belonged anywhere and there was nowhere to return to where I wouldn't feel that way. Home is carried within the heart, always with you.

And now I've decided to do something where the more I let this bother me the more politically relevant I become, as if suffering was legitimacy. This is authentic trauma isn't it?

Let's get it over with.

I don't want this to stop

In light of the fact that any aspect of the universe could be translated into an audio signal she decided that she would just play the damn piano.

Same concerns, same worries for the exhausting of all possible forms. There can only be so many paintings, so many songs in so many keys. There are limitations to what we see and hear and thus what we make of it.

Same ideals, same hopes for the reformation of meaning. There was always and forever will be, since the advent of this reality its own limitless eternity, having no concern for how many recombinations it could undergo it is, was, couldn't never be.

Don't worry, it won't stop.

if i was White it'd just be called Classical Music

How easy was that? Low blow. Try again.