

MUSIC FOR SELF ESTEEM VOLUME IV

My Best Friend in Berlin

Felt some type of way about everything but
I can't put it out or talk about it only in small
Anecdotes or stories or whatever notes I can
And I worry all the time that it's just gibberish
Or completely wrong or having nothing useful
To offer anyone in general but over time I've
Come to accept that truth is generative and
In believing in something that something must
At the very least exist in my mind somehow
And if that's all I can ask for that's all I'll happily
Take

My Hypergraphia is Exploitable but I Refuse to Allow it to be

if compulsion is the driving force behind my productivity
i worry that the world will conspire to replicate my genes
and place them into retroviruses spreading across the world
making everyone stay up late in front of their computers
endlessly clicking and typing away and oH the art! the art that
would arise in such a dystopia would be so amazing another
paranoia is that media companies are perpetuating societal failures
around the world in order to facilitate the development of "authentic" work
as much as possible such that when media is monopolized it will
not be difficult to use reissues and remakes and sequels to replicate
and keep this reservoir of creativity as the final mantle of what

humanity has without worry without any fear that a mundanity would inspire work that breaks a globalized ethics and practice of art itself

Periodical Acceptance of Chaos

reproduced to contribute to an ever writhing mass of opinions and polarizations of increasing subtlety such that even oppositional forces fail to notice how many proxies there are, outside interests producing proxy interests that create conflict if only to mask the origin of interests and all there is to do is wait or find some aspect on the ground that is awful enough that we can stand to say yes this is bad this one right here is the one we should fix regardless of whether or not we can stop it from happening in the future at least we fixed it now but i'm doubtful and worried that every single knight that came to save the race still looks the same as every one before him and only in sparing moments are there strange stories of someone i feel comfortable believing in

Unexpected Resurgence of Traumatic Childhood Memories

[我]
speech is recorded and then reconstituted to create
绍
fractured meanings
在自己
broken thoughts
全天下
mumbled forgotten comments
血上
like me!
没心
this entire thing was made for me
绍

Free Will isn't Free

THIS IS THE ENTIRE TIME
THE ENTIRE TIME OF NOW
EVER PRESENT ETERNITY
NEVER EXISTED PRIOR

TO ITS EXISTED NEVER
DIED WITHOUT EVER BEING
BORN BUT ON THIS ENTIRE
TIME NOW EVER PRESENT
ETERNITY EACH SECOND
COUNTS THE SAME AS A
STEP TOWARDS BLINDING LIGHT
A STEP BACKWARDS AWAY FROM
BLINDING LIGHT INTO MORE
BLINDING LIGHT IT NEVER
ENDS IT NEVER BEGAN

LA was Worth the Struggle but I had to Leave

a story but told in a language i don't understand
written by someone who has seen my entire life
that only lasts what seems to be a few seconds
but after checking the time actually took longer
than i've even lived i'm not sure what to say
to that

The Pursuit of Complexifying Unities

“where the open door of life's greatest potential stares back at me”
“没办法, 哭”

an anecdote that feels like some kind of creepypasta
or something written without introductory context placed
alongside a song in an album that feels like a very large
collections of anecdotes, some of them like some kind
of creepypasta or something written without context placed
on a record label existing on a planet that feels like some kind
of creepypasta created without introductory context the vast
majority of which has been lost or destroyed

i'm very embarrassed
i'm very afraid
i will stay awake
listening to this
cringing at myself
fucking poser

God is the Summation of all Interpretable Structures

start small
build small
one step at
a time
take it easy
don't forget
to take care of yourself
and everything will just
kind of fall into place

this is what i was told

dream big
fight for your dreams
shoot for the moon
even if you miss
you'll land among the stars!

this is what i was told

believe in yourself
forgive yourself
love yourself
you are enough

this is what i was told

you are special
you have something that nobody can steal
you need to share this with the world

this is what i was told

You Can't Tell me Who i Am i Don't Even Know Who i am

If you've read this far, congratulations! You did the whole thing!
Thank you for listening and reading.
It really means a lot to me.