



The Inferno Begins

i- And Summer Sucks Anyway

"Hey you,
What's down the well?"
Some destiny

Fire at my fingertips and
Emergence and deliberance
Throw your cent in, make a wish
So many branches to inferno

Fill your shoes with cement
All the shops are closing
Up come seven suns
No return policy
on the trees burning down
Rising from the west
Fifty percent
off your love tonight
Buy the keys to Hell
See through the window
as you suffer in fire:
That white horse is mine

Eternity this fiscal year
Fuck your privacy, drink beer
Self-evident dharma dream
Speak in summer, speak in scream

Water dies, unknowing
You'll become unspoken
Sunset
Enjoy your last summer
Your last circus
After all,
Summer sucks anyway

Supermarket Yggdrasil
Let us rest within your will
If someone knocks,
you must relent
In case it's my judgement

ii- Shades' Lament Without Rest - parts 1 & 2

I shatter

My first fragment
falls into the Chaos
"Remember me: I was War"
Idolatry comes naturally
among the lost
Conquest, Famine & Death

Then the second
ascends to the stars
They pick up speed
they are Nameless
"The best of thoughts cannot exceed you
as long as you fear"
Conquest, Famine & Death

The third, then, is me
I wander Earth
I don't know my name
Am I Conquest, Famine, or Death?

iii- Batshit

Echolocation
Predator calls for us

Echolocation
All is silent
Predator knows

iv- O Immature Amateur

CHORUS:
"O Immature Amateur,
Want to be mine?
I've got something
For you to see when
You're not busy
sending messages out to sea
See the cyclops there?
His lack of depth perception's
keeping us apart
keeping you from swimming in the fountain of..."

ME:
"Chorus, say no more
I will do this for you
If you want him gone,
Thy will be done."
I will slay the cyclops.

CHORUS:
"Now you are mine
Birth, aging, illness, death
All will mean nothing soon
In suffering, you are mine."

v- Kurentovanje I - Harlequins [instrumental]

vi- Blind Well of Destiny

"Hey you,
What's down the well?"
Down the well (some destiny),
I live here

vii- BEHOLD LUCIUS I AM COME

ISIS:

"BEHOLD LUCIUS I AM COME!
A GARLAND OF ROSES FOR YOUR TIME
I AM WHAT YOU WOULD CALL GOD
WILL YOU WORSHIP MY BLOOD?"

"WE MAY NEVER HAVE A WINTER AGAIN
FOREST FIRES MAY NEVER GO OUT
THE NEXT SPECIES TO THINK AND LOVE
MAY NEVER KNOW OUR TRACE

"WE ARE TO BE WIPED OUT
SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYED
IN DEEP STROKES OF BRUISE
IN DEEP CUTS OF AGONY."

ME:

"My voice is nothing in the wake of destiny
Individuality means nothing to thee
Forever caught between apocalypse
and despairing conclusions to a place no longer there"

Far off the border from misagony and order
Mankind prepares a dance
No soldier wins when the inferno begins
No artist leaves his trance

I need an escape
I need an escape now



Pig Bruiser

i- Shopping Wood

Echonegation
No echo

Predator
Can't hear me go

ii- Four Horsemen Wearing Pig Masks

Through the shops a shout is shot
it echoes through my vein
Something's coming, pack is coming
galloping down the rain:
Four horsemen

FOUR HORSEMEN:
"We are War!
Like generations of summer leaves,
mortal men,
Soon the wind scatters us
but for now
We are War!
Idolatry is a mortal sin
who are you?
Where do you belong to, Sunsetto?
Our kingdom calls many home early
don't be scared
It's by our route he'll come
some morrow
Holding cities aloft, pig of kings."

ME:
"Pig of kings?
What are you saying about a pig?
Who's this pig?
He's HOW big?
Where'd you go?
Don't tell me I walk alone!"

iii- He Walks Alone

I wander Earth
Prices marked by war
I see a, I hear a, I greet a towering pig

THE PIG KING:
"War? Earth!
She knows nothing of the sort
though you think she has suffered
My kingdom buys her kind
for pittances
Takes her land as tilly, burns it
Currency: Inhumanity
Not that this means anything to me
Pleases me
Anyway, such is my boast

"Laugh! Weep! Slap knee!
For we, the Clowns."

iv- Darkest Clowns

They wear the golden gowns
They are the darkest clowns

Nobility
and the good graces
Embodiment
underneath their shoes
Cold misfortune
had you seek mercy
You prayed to them
and they heard it
Can't you hear them laugh
at your cries?

They sing their hymn for Earth
They sing a hymn of mirth
They list off all our towns
They are the darkest clowns

THE CLOWNS:
"We sell conquest
that we never earned
We play with fire
we never get burned
We buy your farms
to watch your food rot
You're our market
When you die, raise our stock."

vi- Deeper Into Cataclysm

The Pig King calls you home
Only way out is loam
Deep cuts of bruise
deep strokes agony
Deep cuts raw meat, long days

New York, Beijing, Karachi
afloat on body bags
Shanghai and Incheon
Manila, Delhi shaking
Jakarta, Tokyo
simply vanish into gore
Why are those who suffer
likely to be the poor?

They are the darkest clowns
They hear our every sound
We're conscious but too late
Of the world they create
Slap your legs for the Clowns
As we become the mound
Earth is chaos, everything
Look now here comes the king

vi- Sunsetto And The Pig King

THE PIG KING:

"Isis is mine, and my work is nigh
I see Lucius out of my one eye."

ME:

His one eye, huh?
He's the cyclops
There's just one way
Yggdrasil's will
Idolatry – His vice, my kill

THE PIG KING:

"Laugh! Weep! Slap knee!
I am Clown! I am War!"

[Lucius slays the cyclops.]

FOUR HORSEMEN:

"The King is dead!
He's the Pig Bruiser!
The Pig Bruiser!
You're Pig Bruiser!"

ME:

"He's not War
He's not your king
Just the cadaver of depth perception
With his death,
May deep cuts never plague our cities."
(Who am I trying to convince?)

vii- Of The Four Known Corners Of The Earth

VELES:

"One down.
With night upon,
Lucius Sunsetto departs.
One Clown
dwells, and he applies
his mind to unknown arts.
One more
takes up pig's throne.
His stocks are sky high
Still he takes a loan.

"Canio!

Bend your wits to change our nature
Study weakness, make sequela

"Pierrot!

Put on the costume
Turn your distress into tarantella

"Chorus, do you hear us?"

CHORUS:

"I hear up come seven suns!

VELES:

"Isis, do you see us?"

ISIS:

"I SEE THE FESTIVAL OF LAUGHTER!"

VELES:

"Inanna, do you see us?"

INANNA:

"Seven I see, the mountains caving in a bow.
Veles, do you see us?"

VELES:

"I see ruins sprouting many flowers."

ME:

What a nightmare!
Seven Clowns more!
The wind roaring!
I must press on!

VELES:

"We have spoken, he's awoken
let us say no more about it
Bend your wits to change our nature
study weakness, make sequela
Put on the costume
turn your distress into tarantella
Ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha."





In the beginning was the word "In," formed by a voice in the stimulus that we erroneously, in a retrospective sort of arrangement, call 'the word.'

"The" soon followed as the voice recognized itself as distinct from what was experienced. The question of identity had not yet been formed, but components of thought were preparing an answer anyway, and that answer was shaping up to be 'Reason.'

Next was rendered "Beginning," and the universe came to be, with wings of length entangling with gusts of breadth, space becoming depth, and all drifting naturally ('falling') towards (but not reaching) a state of beautiful slowness where All stands still.

As the voice observed matter undergoing its natural drift, which it called Gravity, they recognized that, as a distinct form separate from all observed things (see: Principle #2), this natural drift was taking matter further *away* from their fixed point of observation; so, the voice declared "Was" as they now recognized Time.

Another "The" escaped the voice, and it was here that a conclusion was formulated: the voice truly was Reason, observer of all that exists, potential curator of the music of the spheres. The voice was Reason, but then who was the ear hearing the body's voice speak these thoughts? We're the same body, aren't we? But Reason is distinct from all else, they said so. So I must be Creation, and I hear Reason's divine Principles dividing All into grand systems of Many.

But where has Reason gone? They've drifted too, now, and are marking further the many things making up the All, which they call 'the universe.' I think I will create, and the things I create will follow Reason's rules, for I think they are beautiful. I will begin by creating something special. I will create the "Word," and it will exist only for Reason to be able to speak it.

And the first word I create shall be "In."

In the early days of our planet, Reason and Creation had already given form to outrageous complexity. They of course made the Earth, a shifting theatre of a great many grains of dust, and for that theatre they produced the stagehands Wind, Water, and Fire. These elements had stories to perform but no audience... until a few particular grains of dust gained little points out on the end with which to sense. Our mighty Earth had become its own observer.

Over time, these sensing observers would grow to be able to perceive larger scales of experience, and with each new paradigm would become that much more aware, would retain approximations of patterns, would begin to remember and predict. As Principles #4 and #5 imply, though, so did these observers' complexity coincide with a perception of themselves as distinct from the Earth and from each other. (As above, so below.)

Their game, a game of calculation and of interval, a game set amidst the play of our elemental stagehands, a game under the seven principles of our two scalars, a game for beauty in all its forms, goes on.

Heads.

In over their heads.

In over their heads were the Clowns. One cannot explain the Clowns. If the Clowns are to be believed, any attempt to consciously perceive them shatters into an array of faint questions. (Did they exist? If so, how many were there? Were they the descendants of those original observers, or were we? Do we share a common ancestor? How did they get the powers they have? Or were they never there after all, were they just a mistranslated metaphor?)

Many things from the early days are like that to us now, like trying to remember a dream. Even now, as my sense of myself as narrator returns to me, I'm losing grasp on these events I describe. Like the river Mub, which ran from a strange source at the foot of a strange mountain all the way to the far ocean. Which ocean? Why that mountain? Civilizations gathered and formed on the banks of the Mub, people to whom we owe ourselves. What of them? What happened?

If I am to tell anything at all of substance from the times of the Clowns, I must write down their strangest myth:

There is a tree which is as much an individual tree as it is all collective life.
It formed out of necessity, as Their footprints bear its seeds in soil.
Wherever They settled, life would grow among Them,
though They did not notice and thought Themselves merely lucky.
They elected to make the most of the life gathering around Them,
and so They established a rule of Market:
"If you wish to live in our circle, you must sell your labour"
and They built walls, and They built stalls.
They created a peculiar culture, and that culture bustled.

There is a tree which is as much resistant as it is fragile.
As it forms out of necessity, so Their walls did nothing to shape its growth.
Whatever They tried, life would grow among Them.
The tree took no notice of their stalls, and its branches tore through them.
They elected to adapt to the destruction of life around Them,
and so They built a larger Market with walls further out:
"The tree can grow as large as it wants; we will still sell"
and They built new walls, and They built new stalls.
They created a bigger Market, and its culture bustled.

But the tree,
Yggdrasil did grow as large as it wanted,
and "as large as it wanted" was larger than even the bigger Market
and so the new walls were destroyed by branches.

But the builders,
the Clowns did not change their plan,
and They built the biggest walls as far out as architecture would allow
as They named this place the Supermarket Yggdrasil.

The Clowns were dedicated to profit
and the tree was dedicated to growth.

There is a tree which is, until it cannot.
It fell out of necessity, as the Supermarket was built out of strong material.
Wherever They settled, life would grow among Them,
though They did not notice, and life thought itself unlucky.
As the tree collapsed, it undid the foundations of the great walls,
destroying the rule of Market and its inhabitants together with itself.
"This is terrible! We will have to settle elsewhere"
and They left the ruins of the old culture with the dead tree.
Elsewhere They built a new culture, and the new culture bustled
until a new tree grew among them.

And that myth is called "The Supermarket Yggdrasil."

Found the Fountain of Mab

i- ...for the cold inexhaustible no
[instrumental]

ii- I Split The Atom

PIERROT:
"Musicae vivit.

"Diaphanous movement– dance
Vessel for the higher impulse

"Adiaphanous forever
When, how? Prenativity
When, how? Postmortemity

"Dance for all your days
Dance for all your days"

ME:
Help me
Listen to the wind:
"Habit's the great deadener
You have fake music
in your mouth."

iii- Flotsam Off The Scree

I listen to Invisible Jester's
Sonata of the river
And without words I know the song
It's cold, it's mad, my psychopomp

Its notes are quick
Drop rushing thick
Motifs carrying moonlit detritus
Through all these years
This stream appears
At times, so serene
At times, to fight us

Something's taking course
The river of Mab

iv- Kurentovanje II- Source of the River

Blue source, taking course
Grew flora from its aura
Too late, their floodgate
Down the well a tarantella

When, how? Tranquility (trinity)
When, how? Humanity (unity)

THE CLOWNS:
We play with Mab
We never get sad

"Hey you,
What's down the well
You've been searching for?
Look into the blue
The Fountain of Mab.
Keep balance."

v- I'm A Good Joke

THE DREAM:
Floating backwards
down the river Mab
I hear the babbling of a sapling
As a forest fire,
spreading higher
through the mire,
slays his sire:
"Dabbling briar, don't you swim!"

Mockingbirdsong
premieres to sold-out crowd.
Help me to resolve
the contradictions.

vi- Passerine

What a moment passed!
Oh, that melody!
What a thing
oh, I've already forgotten
In the wake of the Mab
and her mockingbirds
I have forgotten how to dance

Gaia's still singing her aubade
even as she burns
Summer lasts way too long
for goodbyes

Gaia still sings her aubade
for you, for your love
And summer lasts way too long
for goodbyes
Goodbye, my love!

i- Here Comes The Sun

Country glen with shouting men
Growing star erases our
Liquid lenis leaving only the
Ruptured tenebrious loud thundercloud memoir:

RANGI
(WHAT THE THUNDER SAYS):
"Are you afraid?
When we're together,
I can almost feel you shake
Let me cry for you,
though my tears evaporate
Even if the light should destroy us,
Wouldn't you... like that?"
Uh, hm, ahem.

ii- The Wind's An Invisible Jester

You left home
To satisfy your convic(pass)tion
Shun pain, watch, trap it in ice
Invisible Jester, come home

I see now
The hurt surrounds us all
To this extent,
their flames are meaningless!
Clowns falter 'fore impermanence
Invisible Jester, commence

Talk to the wind
When, how, why?
White Jester, White Jester
Talk to the wind

Yes, I'm afraid
When we are together.
I'm afraid my pride
forbade me from seeing
Exposure to the light
hardens victims

Tired Anthem

Here's a Clown
His name's Eugene, eugenicist
"Hey Sunsetto,"
calling you home
"Hey Sunsetto,
won't you come home?"

Shareholder
With dividends
in high places, you see
He claims he might be Death
"Hey Sunsetto,"
calling you home
"Hey Sunsetto,
you're coming home. Or else!"

iii- Ready Your Engine, Eugene

Oh, I am too tired for this.

EUGENE:
"You're tired
Hardwired
And burning
on flaming wings, money

"You're tired
Unsteady
Overwhelmed
You can't win, Pig Bruiser

"Nerves fired
Not ready
There's no chance"

ME:
Yes, I'm tired
Hardwired
Better keep up!
"Ready your engine, Eugene."

[Lucius kills Eugene.]

See? I'm tired
Hardwired
And still take down
Any Clown

iv- Ghost of Capitalisms Past

So yeah, summer goes on

Archangel calculus
How infinitesimal!
To go towards but never reach
How maddening
to think you were once heresy!

Growing star closing in
Melting cars on saucepan roads
I know it's dynamo, not personal
Still a sad show.

Treading so slow
Maybe when Aleph Null is full we'll see the afterglow?
From bottom-up is impossible

Adiaphanous number

(VOICE OF) CHORUS:
"Trapped in birth aging illness death
In suffering, you're mine."

v- Kurentovanje III- Duration Of Inferno

Seas flood with blood
As Death slays War
Rise, second sun
Soon even blood will dry up

Somewhere Yggdrasil withers
Until it's hard as stone

vi- Watch For Rolling Rocks

VELES:
Out of Yggdrasil a giant
"I am Veles, king of the rocks

"Come and sleep under the tree
You'll see the workings of Society
With Papa, mother under
Eshu cenotaph asunder

"Sky bring horrors,
make you wonder

"Meet with Rangi
when comes thunder

"Clowns won't bother you
under the ground
You'll be with your new family
In restful slumber, peaceful
Lay on your back, wait for landslide

"Summer comes round
The sun comes down
Earth is ablaze

"Mind your young eyes,
don't hit your head
Or mind your music tastes instead

"To the Supermarket Yggdrasil,
Drop to your knees
and pray for skill
Pray for balance
And pray consumers
choose their meal

"Sleep under the Earth September
Clowns believe just this, remember:
THEIR ANABASIS COMES
AT YOUR EXPENSES...
CRUSH THEM."

ME:
O Goodnight, Yggdrasil
Summer's too long for goodbyes
But a goodnight may be wise
O So goodnight, Yggdrasil
Yeah, goodnight Yggdrasil
Pray consumers choose their meal
Else the Clowns will choose for us

VELES:
"By the third sun
mountains will bake,
Mighty clouds
will eat the atmosphere
and choke whatever remains,
Leave Earth as toxic wanderer.
Fourth cruel sun
won't even grant that,
Molten rock combust to plasma,
Making Earth itself the fifth sun,
Solar system hideous beast.
Still the stars will not be done,
The next two take our gravity,
And by the time
come is the last one,
We will all become as one sun.

vii- Landslide

Lay on your back
We will all become as one
Wait for landslide
What other choice do I have?
Actually... I can think of
just one thing:
Ask the Clowns to dance

Predator, I'm not afraid

Atop Mount Meru,
He reclaims the thirty-third power
for the Clowns
Power to erase all evidence
Transcend and escape samsara

CANIO:
"There's something
higher than God
Beyond form
Neither perception
nor lack of perception"

He longs to define
the shape of Shaping
He doesn't see me
climb the mountain

My first fragment
returns from the Chaos
A spring in his step
He has conquered.
I open his ears
and he joins the dance
that never ends
I send him on his way.

Canio ain't happy

CANIO:
"Messing with the balance!"

ME:
"Ah, but I'm not done
Pierrot, Canio,
or whatever your name is."

And then the second
falls out of the sky
They found their name:
"I'm Sunsetto."
I hate to lie, that's not a surprise
Anyway, they join the dance
There was no
Conquest, Famine or Death,
was there?
Just a planet of shades' lament.

CANIO:
"If you are quite finished,
I've got business to do.
You know I won't dance?
Tarantella's not for me but you."

So he snaps his fingers
and he's now a mockingbird
Flies away and leaves me here
without another word

viii- The Wordless Sunset
[instrumental]

ix- Remember

Sunset
And the world goes dark
But it's odd, feel the water rise.

The wind picks up, a sonata
It's enough to vibrate the water
And if I hold my body still
I can just about
make out the words:
"It's time to go, we begin again.
And this time,
no more supermarket;
The Clowns will have
a better task."

x- The Grand Reopening

Gardens all across
the Earth are green
As up comes a new sun
But I'm dancing at the roots
of a new Yggdrasil
And I still can't stop

The shops open again
and no one goes in.
The well of destiny:
Puddle in the spring.

Clowns Who Set The Sun

i- As Seen In A Dream (including Kurentovanje IV)

[instrumental]

ii- Without Rest

[instrumental]

iii- Sunsetto Is A Work Of

[instrumental]

Sunsetters are:

Elsie Carr - Voice of Lucius Sunsetto, Keyboards

Degan Allen - Guitars, Voice of the Pig King

Remy Larson - Guitars

Paul Blackwood - Bass, general vocals, Horns

Fin Jensby - Drums, percussion

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