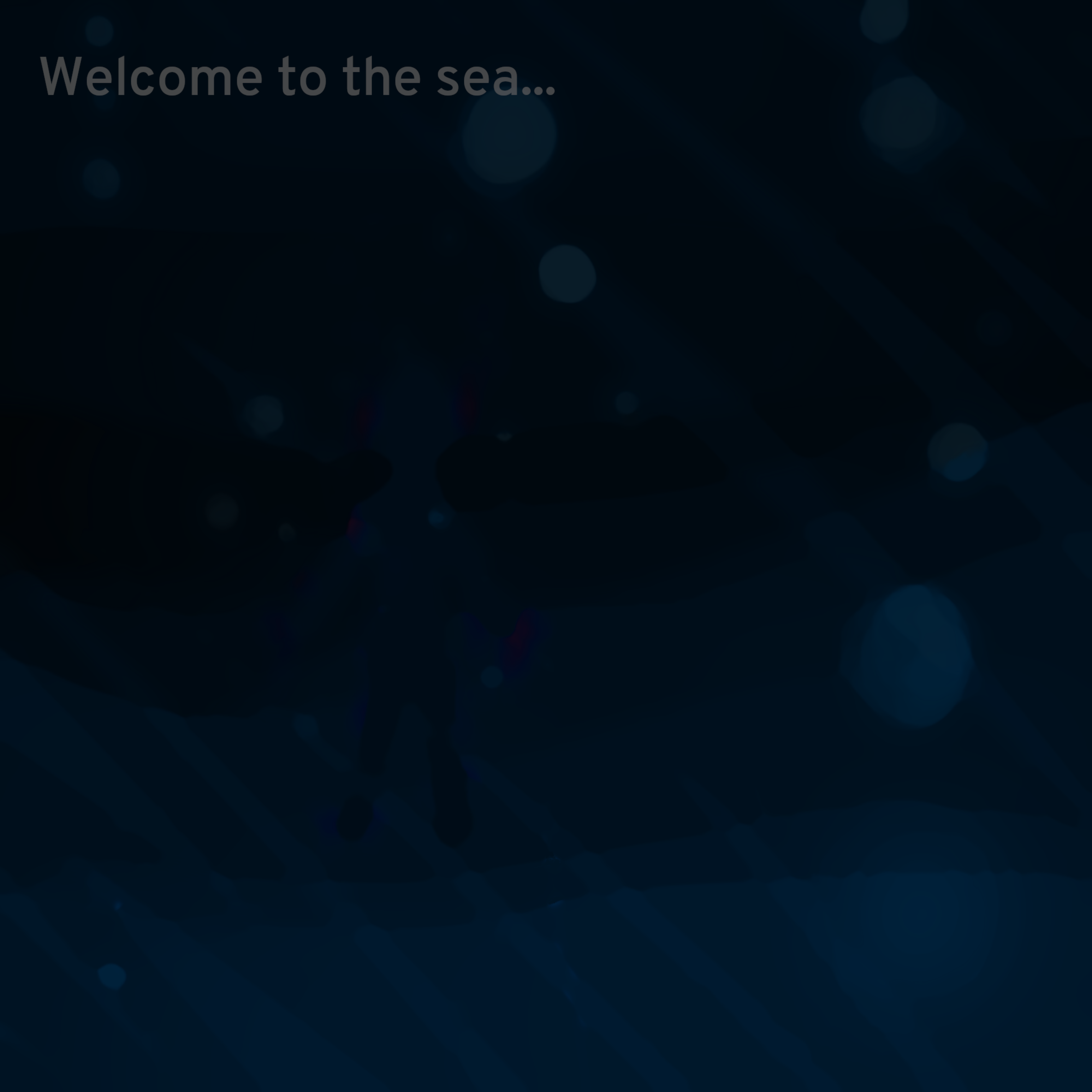




Sunsetters
We Excavate

Welcome to the sea...



We Excavate

*An underwater mystery
from Sunsetters*



Submerged Within

Here, water is all you know.
All movement is slow and takes effort.
If anything goes wrong, you will be crushed by
immense pressures and drown.
Light is something far above you, and below you is a
vast darkness you usually keep your distance from.
The world down here is foreign to you.
Your every experience is mystery.

Oxen of the Sea Riverbed.

You are here at the bottom of a river because of a god you call Enki. What happened is already foggy, though it is increasingly likely you angered him and were sentenced to walk the Euphrates, walk until you reach the open sea and then continue walking. Your only company is the voice in your head. I am the voice, you are the body.

It is to be a long walk. Above us, with no rational explanation in this river, are holy Leviathans, great whales, Enki's oxen.

I am the Voice, You are the Body.

Oxen of the Sea

A

You're lost in the sea

You're lost with me

You're lost in the sea

You're lost with me

And the blue sun king's oxen

Leviathan guarding the surface

See how the human comes to misfortune

See how the seafloor has many heartbeats

This ecosystem, older than are we,

Feeds on a dream: To be lost at sea

It's easier to believe you deserve this

It's easier to go along with fate

It's easier to carve out a safe niche

Find a dark crevice and wait out the aeons

It's easier to pray god to save you

Hear their laughter: The wind condemned you

You're lost in the sea with Leviathan

You're lost with me where we should not be

You're lost in the sea with Leviathan

Cursing the sea, forbidden from land

With

Cetacea...

Welcome
to the
Sea...

Oxen of the Sea

ABA

Drift across the benthos
Maybe Enki guides you well
Eridian prosperity
Gifts of civilisation
Don't cry

Tears lost at sea sail on, lifeless and forgotten.

Dispel these pale days
Would that this flood subside
Were it then the fate for me
I cannot overpower her:
That blue wish to eat the world
Don't cry

Tears lost at sea sail on, lifeless and forgotten.

CAB

Kingship from heaven lowered too far
Cast adrift the deluge of dim mud
Great water men on the brink
A aba ab

We Excavate

Epipelagic Zone.

You reach the global mains, where river turns to sea, where many human corpses lay waterlogged in piles. Lightning strikes from above, branching slowly down through the water, guided towards the corpses. Upon contact, you see something moving swiftly up the lightning, something which shimmers and shifts. It was a mass of souls trapped in the dead bodies. You have just witnessed the gods' feed.

You cannot make out why you did not join them, why you are still here, still walking on the sea floor. But then you hit the cliff, a steep precipitous drop, and a current pulls you on and you enter a freefall. You and I are lost in thought about what we saw, until we hit the floor.

We Excavate

Taste the lightning's sweetness on the wind
As it tears you from your resting place
Old sea gods speak rays of accusation

Hear them chanting:
"We excavate souls"
And taste the lightning
Bolting down the deep
See the masses
See them decompose
As up the current
Something rides the light

Power in a surge of electric branches
Painful uproot of corpse mound derelict
Up go the souls to feed the king

Fading thunder
And nothing remains
At the foyer
Of the global mains
Yet there you are
One the gods forgot
Daren't go backwards
Carry on your thought

We Excavate

Estuary open ocean song

Underwater tidal current pulls you on with its song

Sea floor leaves you a colossal drop

More things in heaven and earth and the ocean
than are dreamed

Feels like flying, falling down the deep

Only me to guide you, the voice in your head,
you and me

Hear that rumbling from the dark below

God made the abyss so He'd be not a--

Song from above and a song from below

Current above and a current below

Thunder above and there's pressure below

Great fish above, great fishes below

But you're heading downward,
slowly drifting down, you've got time

We excavate, we excavate time

What pathetic existence,

what did you learn from the gods?

What will you learn? What's at the bottom?

Made the abyss so He'd be not alone

Why did they spare your life?

What did they intend?

Great noise, and it's over

Sweet sensation

The gods are gone, leaving you

You hit the reef, take a breath

The least rumble still sends you
into a wave function

Are you up above?

Are you down below me?

The Lonely Seas

Mesopelagic Zone.

You walk on, now in open ocean. The hills are dynamic, the sun hits the vegetation just right, and no fish bother you as if they, too, know you are ignored by the gods. There's nowhere to go but forward... forward and down.

Already Out of Breath

Bathypelagic Zone.

You have walked so far now down into the sea that sunlight no longer reaches you. This is the place they call Midnight. You must rely on your ears here, listening to the forces rushing around you. You cannot see the whale that eats you whole. I know you are crying inside the whale, but I know how to keep you calm: It's all music, the voice in your head.

It doesn't take too long before the whale dies, is cut open by the sea floor, and you are swimming free once more amidst the glowing fish, constitution renewed.

Already Out of Breath

Past underwater forests
And past high extrusive seamounts
We find that place called Midnight

Total dark
Total sound
Only faintest trace of blue
Hear a rush
Fast approach
Movement lifts you into a float
Cold as hail
Diving whale

Midnight fills you in the whale
Don't cry
Your tears will do no good

Swimming fast

In the Midnight, don't you cry
I'm with you, I'm the music
I'm with you, I'm the voice in you
And you have more to see

See the whale already out of breath
Its carcass cuts on the floor
Feeding small fry
Life survives
Even on the shoulders of giants

Go now, swim free

Mussels let you past to the open vast
Glowing fish swim through
Let them direct you
Midnight fast and blue

The Sinking Song

Abyssopelagic Zone.

It is endlessly dark down here, endlessly cold, littered with the dead, so rotten and scattered that it is like sand. All it takes is one stumble, and you fall into a sinkhole, where the dead Earth promises to keep you... until an arm grabs you and pulls you back to solid ground. It's.. you? An eerie doppelganger of you, with bright glowing skin and flowing hair black as abyss. Your twin leads you forward, promising safety, reassuring you of your skill in getting this far. I don't like this, but you don't listen to me, you listen to the thing that looks like you.

By the time you are led foolishly into the largest thickest strongest sinkhole in the sea, your twin has mysteriously vanished, and I am disappointed in you for bringing us here. There is nothing I can do, and nothing you can do either. Clearly the only course is to embrace the abyss, submit to sinking, and pray that there's something down there rather than just a cursed grave.

The Sinking Song

All it takes is one false step,
just a glance over your shoulder
And now you join the deep,
sinking into your watery grave

Sinking, in darkness you sink
Sinking into the abyss
Then something, strangest yet found,
A hand lifts you up and onto flat ground
Looks like you, exactly right
But for glowing skin of unholy light
"Bringer Mine," says the double,
"There's a haven in the deepest bubble"

Look at your Doppelganger
Flowing hair black as abyss
"I'm impressed you made it
Shrewdly you have played it
Greater minds than yours have
Given up the ghost here
Dwelling on the worst fear
Fallen to the siren song"

All it takes to crumble in pressure:
Something unexpected
All it takes is one false step,
just a glance over your shoulder

You follow carefully down
Deeper steeper into nitrogen town
Step over rotting whale bone
Voice inside your head contributes a moan
Crashing sound, no one around
Intense water pressure shoves you in ground

Sinking, in darkness you sink
Sinking, Siren of the Abyss
Sinking, rockface on your skin
Vox in capite tuo
Sinking, self-hatred transforming
Deus in abyssum irent
Reach your arm up
Reach for haven

Sinking, in darkness you sink
Sinking into the abyss
Sinking, in darkness you sink
Sinking until you sink free

The Sinking Song

To the end, guess you stayed true
Doubted me because I don't look like you
Damn to your treacherous twin
Underwater serpent mirror tailspin
Now I am calling the shots
See your story as if Gordian knots
Cut through fear and vertigo
Let the earth consume and see what's below

See what's below...

Siren of the Abyss

Hadalpelagic Zone.

You sink into Earth, and I with you, cursing the Siren that doomed us. It's stifling, it's claustrophobic, benthos all around, but at least you don't have to move, you can rest as it happens. And yet, somehow, there is a bottom.

Lowest Point

The bottom.

You come to, and I can't believe your eyes: We're at the bottom of a deep trench, as low as one can get in the sea, and you are not alone here. Illuminated by holes in the floor, before you stands an imprisoned titan, faceless humanoid with chimeric skin, covered in crawling insects and amoeba, restrained to the rock by thousands of thin writhing tentacles that suck his blood from him passively and slowly. He knows you are there, for he says to you one thing: He fears his God.

It is an awesome and frightening sight, and yet you continue to surprise me, as you swiftly grab the sharpest rock you can find and slice at the tentacles to free the titan. I suppose your journey has emboldened you, and you think there is no use to fear the sea anymore. Well, you don't have to slice that many tentacles, as before long they withdraw with a shriek, and the titan screams "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" There's a roar from above, lightning shooting down into the trench and taking the titan's soul away. Then the holes of light below you expand, the steam vent opens, tentacles grab you, and you are dragged down deeper than deep.

What is there, under the lowest point in the sea? Magma, the flowing changing body of the Earth herself. You are too busy screaming and dissolving and being devoured by the fires, but I catch a strange glimpse: Floating in the magma around us, standing as if on nothing, are dozens of humanoids made of water, staring not at you nor at me but deeper below us still, watching over something at the Earth's core. They bring to mind overseers of a vast machine, the planet-sized machine which uses magma to digest the souls that manage to escape Enki.

Besides this brief glimpse, I have no time to piece any more speculation together, as a booming voice enters your mind and claims to be you now. The voice has no room for any competing minds, so I am ripped from you and left to the elements.

Lowest Point

The bottom.

Clearly my fate should have been to dissolve into the fires and join the great planet-mind with all the other lost souls. Yet that God had no need for me, and a burst of steam washed me up back into the trench. Clearly, then, my fate should have been a lightning rod, carried upwards into Enki's mighty palace where I might feed the king. Yet that God had no need for me either, or at least never noticed such a shrinking soul as me, a pathetic fool of a shade struggling to climb up the trench one thought at a time. My fate was not to perish with you, as I was ripped from you and made bodiless. I spent so long mad at you, blaming you for the Siren and the titan, really even blaming you for Enki and for our being here in the first place, but truly, what have I done by urging you to walk so far? Will I ever see you again? Would I even recognize you after what's become of you? I, the disembodied fool. I need to.. I need to figure myself out. And I need to climb.

I need to climb out of this trench and see the sun again.

Lowest Point

The Holy Question

At the bottom I can't believe your eyes
Light pours out the Earth
Illuminates the largest prison cell:
...God?

God?

Feet of brass, flesh torso plugged into
the stone through writhing blue tentacles
Arms covered in amoeba
and a featureless humanoid plastic face
Some kind of blood's flowing from
the holes dug by those 'tentacles,' ghastly strings
In between the amoeba
you can barely make out hundreds more of them
This imprisoned titan must be at least
thirty thousand feet tall
He says he fears his God

Taking the sharpest rock,
you cut the titan loose from his bonds
After all you have been through,
you'll be damned if you fear the sea anymore
Only takes several cuts
and the tentacles all withdraw from the trench
"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

Down comes lightning
Strikes the titan
All of those tentacles concentrate on you now
Steam vent opens beneath
And you are dragged to Hell

WHAT
HAVE
YOU
DONE?

Lowest Point

Molten Rock

Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite the self-help of my faith
Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite that this is Hell on Earth

Eighty-five water men on the brink
Of a vile planet-sized machine
Absorbing blood of souls in her magma
On fire, our Earth's insides eat you whole.

Something like peace, something like heat
is what we excavate
Something like change, something complete
is what we excavate

Something like peace, something like heat
is what we excavate
Something like change, something complete
Something living, something to eat

Something like feeling
leaving your nerves trembling
in their cosmically hard battered scream
Ready to end, ready to dissolve
into atoms that are no longer your own
Powerful new voice speaks for you,
has no room for competing voices in your head

Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite the self-help of my faith
Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite that this is Hell on Earth

Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite the self-help of my faith
Dawn, I still wait for my God
Despite that you are now with Her

Deep at the lowest point of the sea
In magma, spirits like me fuse and
Fission while we wait for the lightning

Something to EAT

Lowest Point

A Piece of Disembodied Melancholy

Maybe Enki knows more about the sea than me
Maybe I killed you by taking you through the sea

Maybe my fate is best served
in riding the lightning up
Maybe my music crawls
when what you needed was to swim
Maybe you will see me again,
we'll survive this breakup
Maybe in total dark I can turn to a better hymn

Close my eyes...

Lowest Point

At the Edge of knowledge

I can see the sun
I can hear the dawn
Thanks to faith in you,
there is light

I can see the sun
I can hear the dawn
I know I'll see you again
I'll see you

In the Sunken Blue

Abyss, return

Traipsing through the Abyss, floating nebulously in the darkness, I find one last strange sight: An underwater city.

Fully working, lights on, skyscrapers, endless roads and streetlights, a city designed for the surface and showing no sign of wear. I feel I see movement deeper in, but I see no people no matter where I look. Despite everything, it is a city. An empty city.

I go a few streets in, I pick a door, I open the door, I go inside. And even if you looked for me, you would not find me anymore, as I have vanished with the city, and there is only the ocean now.

An empty City

In the Sunken Blue

City of old

Towers of gold

At the bottom of Love

and on the ocean floor

A city vanishes in a blink...

or was it ever even there?

Elsie
Degan
Remy
Paul
Fin

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