

The Cornerstone

(It's elemental)

By Dylan Doyle

"It seems like everyone's sleep walking through their waking state or wake walking through their dreams" ¹, "Let my own lack of a voice be heard" ^{2}*



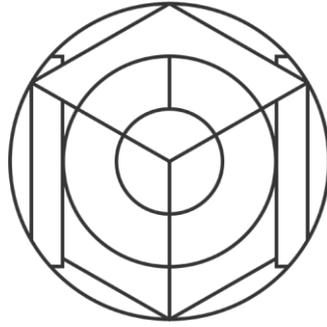
Prologue

"Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" – Macbeth (William Shakespeare)

It begins where it ends, and ends where it begins, time of no consequence here. A tale sown and stitched together with nothing more than the stranded coattails of a blurred memory, fragments of a fractured mind. An adventure lay in wait for this disillusioned being, something had to give, and the time, or lack of it, was right. There is no conclusion, no specific outcome, good or bad, joyful or melancholic, happy or sad. For there was no clear and decisive distinction between the ramblings you hear, leaving naught but a pondering bewilderment to all who dare decipher ... well any of it.

Chapter 1 - Ferrum

(The antithesis of knowing- a unique and personal philosophy)



*“If the brain is the radio then the heart is the dial tuning the radio to the frequency of your choice” –
Nassim Hamein*

It was a long week, the longest of them all, but then again, aren't they all? Especially when the mundaneness is all encompassing. Kai left his place of modern torture, to set off on ... on ... on anywhere but here, in search of something, anything, in search of a truth, in whatever form, whatever presented itself.

“Time is an illusion. Time is the ally of truth. What an odd thought”, he pondered to himself while making his escape from the drudgery and dread. “Is this the Truman show? Am I oblivious to the fact that I'm an extra?”, a devastating and often recurring thought returned. “I'm leaving it all behind, expression way be my guide, cognitive dissonance be gone. I've been passing the time while I watch time passing by, biding my time while time passes by, I've been talking without speaking.” He says what he means, and he lives out what he dreams ... if only that were true. “How does one ... how can we, move forward, while looking backward?”

On the route out of town into the unknown, a drinking hole appears, past the church and its steeple in the distance, “When dogs howl, do bells toll?”, his thoughts needed quenching.

“This absolute silence is completely deafening”, this barstool prophet can hear nothing but everything, all at once, a cacophony of distracting static versus an orchestra of perpetual cascading noise. Nonchalant yet constantly erratic, nonplussed it seems: taking flight until the night envelops and consumes, leaving the morning to break while 'normality' resumes. “Like a perpetual itch, these ramblings won't fade”, a socially unsociable character. “Who are you when you're the vacuum?” He muttered under his breath. “I just want to tune out, tune into a different radio frequency, jump on a different wave and ride the length till I come out renewed on the other side.” Puzzles promise an answer, whether one likes the answer or not is irrelevant.

“Find a way to step in and be a part, leave your prejudice at the door, you'll not be needing it here anymore. Take a step back and realise, do you have room to legitimise, your dogmatised ideals and skewed views. Place yourself in a new pair of shoes, for it's not your fault, merely a place to revolt, switch gears and run to a halt“, a voice from somewhere in the darkness chimed in.

A scattered consciousness and inherent apprehension of the mind. He had no choice but to keep ahead of this, soldier on and venture out into the vast cavern of uncertainty, the unknown, and stop for nothing. He decided to voice note it all, to remain one step beyond the curve, or so he reasoned to himself. “Modular adventure awaits”, he whispered.

Head in a case / Cease and desist (Can't see shit through the mist)

Accept your insanity, your escape from reality, nothing changes but stays the same,
As much as things change and no longer remain the same as they appeared to be before.
You're on a never-ending head trip, your mind becomes sore, eventually numb.
I feel nothing, if feeling nothing's possible,
Subconsciously I'm more awake, my brain doesn't feel baked,
A never-ending confusion, like rising up to greet the open air,
That fills my thoughts with a haunting despair,
Of why and what and where the fuck not, of this eternal void or so I know describe,
This great big paranoia of where it all leads to and where it all ends.

A tale of revenge, an enemy foe,
A tale for the riches, a story so intricately sown.
A drive down a winding road, drifting on past south of north,
There's a plot well woven, voices still unspoken,
Buckle up, set foot down, we're embracing tracks less travelled,
Grappling paths still to be unravelled,
The ebbs follow the flows, the gravitation nonplussed it grows,
It's all encompassing, embrace in its attraction,
This story is still to gain traction,
Fates are sealed, the students will be revealed.

Standing on the edge, holding so preciously, clinging so furiously,
Standing on the verge, an endless sea of nothing and everything lying still below,
No answers to show, yet holding all the keys so preciously, clinging so furiously.
Jump and float, or sink and fly,
Or hang back and sit idly by,
Watch it unfold, stay clear of the sky,
Handle it all through this mind's eye.
What will be will be, what may come may come,
In the end, tasks are built to be overcome, walls are made to be undone.

Chapter 2 – Keymaker

(Of crypt and tomb – The Fear and Darkness)



*“Fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, hate leads to suffering” – Yoda ***

The night lay in wait, it was quite possibly, no, it was most definitely going to take a menacing turn. Kai felt obligated, for his own sanity, to be rid of the piercing, deafening, engulfing sound of his everyday existence. It was all around, an entangled trepidation fuelled by reckless contemplation. And it was getting dark.

“There’s blood on the tracks, ... and that’s what hell sounds like”, he heard the screeching of a train passing by, while waiting at a crossing. These were the consistent ramblings of a self-conflicting, lost and tortured soul. Crippled with hate, like tortured soldiers, crippling under the weight of their fate. Malevolent not, just a realistically based equation, distinguishing theory from action. “It’s like we’re walking on a tightrope to the sun, lambs to the slaughter for a new world order. This apathy is eating me, where is my empathy?” It’s hard to face a broken mirror, shattered and in pieces, when there’s no magic filler/filter. Being deviantly defiant was no task to laugh at, someone had to do it, drill down till hitting the main nerve while trying to mainline dimensional truths that lay hidden out of view.

The next stop? Well the evening already had all the makings of a bender, why not ride it out to its conclusion. He found himself in the midst of a musical celebration of sorts, a celebration in the middle of nowhere, one might call it some sort of festival. Celebrating what you ask? He had no idea, and neither did anyone else really, at the crux of it. He was exactly where he needed to be, a distraction of a different kind. Until the introspection took hold.

“Disease, war, poverty and hunger is the world’s anti-venom.” Again he considered the cacophony of sound, not in its current state, but in the general sense of his existence, “privacy has no bound”, he wished he was born in another time away from this era of distraction, with it’s strange sort of traction. A most unpleasant and yet somehow necessary evil, leaves one obsessed to his own peril, the constant input and punishing drumbeat, “do you feel soul sapped?”, he asked to no one in particular, like a dead man walking, “How does a star die?”, he pondered. “Nothing ventured nothing gained, said the deathless man to the estranged.”, said another stranger in the night.

“Losing the will to live with nothing more to give. Got too much life to give, but not enough to live. Ain’t got no life just living, scared to fall asleep for fear of waking. Demons orchestrating dreams, dreams becoming reality.” He felt trapped in a cage, yet he knew he was the only one with the key to fit the lock. “My heaven is my prison, let the rest enjoy the schism.” Afraid to love, emotionless and hovering above, distancing further, increasing an ever expanding divide. “Sometimes I just want to decorate a face.”, the darkness was alive all around.

He tried to colour in the inner silence, but could picture only a stark unforgiving canvas, left to the prying of fictitious caricatures. Far in the distance sounds like atoms were bursting into life.

** Star Wars - The Phantom Menace (George Lucas)

Illusion of choice and the deathless man / "Like a fucking apparition"

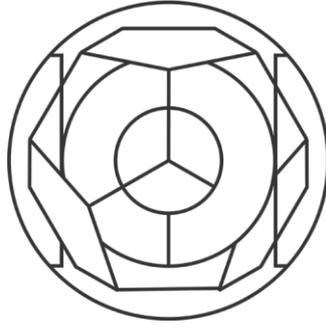
Comparison divide, you've found a new place to hide,
The eminent descent begins, a strangle starts to take hold, you feel yourself begin to slide,
Caught, bewildered and wide eyed in the big pond,
This little fish has to tackle the great and fledgling beyond.
Tormented by an apparent advantageous straight line graph,
That is really nothing more, rarely an accurate score,
Disguising the tipping point, masking the other half.
We've got the mind-set all upside down, turned it on its head,
Forgetting to look back round, and focus what is so clearly, painfully, easy to see,
A failing system, a backward and receding society, in spite of me,
And in spite of you, a spite that sails on, uninterrupted through.

Like the deathless man I roam, flowing through the wilderness, an aimless wanderer,
No real place to call home, floating on through this existence,
Remind me please, what's the port of call, how far the distance.
Like clouds afloat, waiting to be provoked,
Nothing seems tangible anymore, like a game with no score,
The deathless man, not old nor young, no memory of where or why it all begun,
Drifting, drifting, nothing apparent or real, stealing through,
Emotion hardened to steal, the deathless man has forgotten what it means to feel.

Along a directionless winding road, he travels,
Nothing to stop him, no hand to stop or forebode.
The cups of existence run dry, the only stable and constant in a meaningless life lived.
Never ending companions, loveless relations, the plight of an immortal being,
Always seen yet never seeing, a burden left for only one to endure,
Will it ever cease, of that no one can ever be sure.
Drifting, gliding, nothing apparent or real, shadowed by doubt,
Surrounded by a vivid and surreal, remote outer dimensional plain in a paradoxical field.
Drifting, flowing, the deathless man may yet become "real",
His existence mortal, so he too can get ready for his burial.

Chapter 3 - Gaea

(Under the trees in amongst the aether – the mind vs the heart)



“Who looks outside dreams, who looks inside, awakens” – Carl Jung

A new dawn, a new day. Awake. It was about time for an awakening of sorts, the fresh air, a full-bodied oxygen not often experienced in the supposedly evolved Neanderthal jungle. But now all around, the trees were breathing.

“Gotto love the smell of the great outdoors”, Kai exclaimed in an unapologetic gasp, as if speaking with the fauna. “The inexhaustible variety of life, ain’t it something? Let’s take the sun outside and contract it to the wind. Let’s climb this mountain, give food to the fountain that lies in wait, for a deliverance not sealed in fate.” Shaking words, like leaves on trees in a harmony of spheres, “embrace your worthiness”, he exhaled. “Our inherent connectedness to everything around us, all that astounds us, most fail to see, due to a severed connection, a misplaced perception. Open yourself to all that is placed in front of you, all that comes your way, and hey, maybe we’ll see that we actually want to stay. Cut the physical to release the emotional hurt, bleed the flesh and bleed the heart to save the mind from fracturing to pieces.” He could feel the breeze across his skin, the warmth of the sun’s embrace capturing him whole.

“When did they make us separate, engineering from art, like severing the mind from the heart. Leaving behind a soul missing a direction, and keeping only a distorted spineless perception. No relenting for the weak, rise up and shape your beak. Claim righteous over waken, claim belief over shaken, from a reality unreal, from dogma to a truth, that we’re all waiting in line, we’re holding on to our youth, to discover some sort of reason from some sort of rhyme.”

Just one of many internal conversations that kept him calm. One may have called it madness had they had a front row seat to the echo chamber of his inner most reflections, he considered it meditation.

“As we ride the endless journey down the river of time, ripples turn to waves, bending the ever changing tide. There’s no rules we can by physical law be forced to abide, you take it in your stride, and when the tide turns and you’re forced to set sail off due course, be looking out for the rope, be ready to climb. Nature will have her way, the winds will swirl and the trees will sway. Which breeze will you catch, which path will lay down your future. Colour in your silence”. “It’s all organically mechanic isn’t it ... or, is it mechanically organic?” The inner voice spoke back.

The afternoon started to take shape, a whole world of wonder was waiting to be explored on this finest of late summer afternoons. He was on the up, he had the ‘gees’ in him, it was open season and all bets were off. The canvas that lay in wait was blank, his favourite kind.

“Let’s explore this Sacred labyrinth, look for similarity not difference in others, peers, sisters and brothers. Let us find our own true quintessence, you can be different people, stay strong and unyielding, true only to yourself.” The manifestation of the visible making way for the unseen and invisible.

Solace

*I'm drowning in between these sounds, engulfed and lost inside the flames,
Nothing can waiver, falter nor savour, this moment so sweet,
Every inch of my soul, from my mind to my feet,
The soles tingle in a non-questioning delight, you can feel what I feel,
Just take the plunge, sink deeper within, and simultaneously without,
Away from your fear, no doubting shadows exist here,
Only peace and tranquillity, no paranoid anxious toxic vanity,
It's so clear for all to see, jump in, you and me, into a sea of never-ending serenity,
It's never been so clear, things have been aligned all along,
The path has never faulted, only doubt leading astray,
Take hold, feel it tremble in your bones, go ahead, and sing your own song.*

Chapter 4 - Insurgent

(Bored games, a political rant, the human condition of reflection and anger. - Fear your loathing)



*“Overconfidence is your weakness”, “faith in your friends is yours” – Luke and Palpatine ****

The wide open road lay ahead, seemingly wider than ever before, while he was not a gambling man, Kai felt a surge of gusto take hold, it was all to be had.

“Am I negatively positive, or positively negative. I’ll wear both hats. It’s all smoke and mirrors, politics and parlour tricks, the tyranny of habit. We’re just pattern seeking mammals in this trivial pursuit, of what exactly? Well that’s the million-dollar question, the big why? Man’s turmoil where perception is reality. Born to fear and loath, our heads in the sand, hiding in plain sight. I’m a silent observer of my own existence, watching myself float on through every day from a safe and vicarious distance. Unseen laws govern our world, they’re buying and selling time at the wall street casino. Totality, divide and conquer, it’s all overtly covert. The art of war, a carpet bagger’s dream. Faking it with natural debris, a ghost army.”

It felt good to reflect, a headful of induced perception.

“Commentary on fuckin commentary, sold out, yet part of me. The break and the fall, you rise then you stall, the noise will leave you blind, your sight deaf to the decline, of inhabitants unawakened, minds moulded, shaped and taken, indoctrination of entire generations. The game is rigged, you’re here to be a loser. We’re lifelike but not quite alive, just pawns in their game of chess -the grand illusion of power- how powerful. How did denial triumph over reason? How did ignorance come into season? Fear existential, real and perhaps preventable. Slaves to a system that doesn’t serve us, locked into a structure that takes away your purpose. Deceiving eyes, conjuring lies, let’s fade into obscurity so you can lose your fear for me. Let’s abolish this animal farm of our own making, I’ll eat my money. I’d rather be corrupt in their play of the dice, than morally bankrupt in the monopoly of my own mind. We’re expendable in a game we don’t know the rules to, locked out while occasionally glancing in, forgetting the real reason we’re alive, the enigma of this place, the questions that bind us. On the first day, lest we forget, man created God. It begs the question, did God make us in his own image or did we make god in our own image, out of the fear of death?”

The bright lights enticing him once again, there’s somehow always something peaceful hiding in the hive now in view. Fuck it, on to the circus he went, venturing into a comfort zone all too familiar, somehow strange yet tranquil at the same time, drawing him further in, like a swine to the trough.

“To be conditionally human in the human condition ... or to be conditionally human is the human condition ... it is human continuing. The ultimate illusion, the illusion delusion, where does it begin and where does it end, the delusion of illusion, delusionally illusional or illusionally delusional.” He thought to himself while driving at speed, it was all getting a bit hazy. “It’s a trap, this game, of which there is no control, only the illusion of it. How does one make sense of such a treacherous and wicked affair, to be stuck in a cage of your own making? Walled in or fenced out? Stuck inside or ajar in doubt? Such a devious stage performance, twisted entertainment to an audience unseen. Masters of what destiny, a path chosen for me? By whom and what authority? Control disguising freedom, and not even a star to see.”

Thumbs up and clenched fists. When thumbs up turns to clenched fists, who's side will you be on, who will you assist.

"I'm just a biological puppet, when you cut the strings all falls down. Sitting right here in the waiting room, to expire and decay. Patiently aggressive or aggressively patient? It's a freetarded revolution anyway."

As he entered the fray, again the wall street casino came to mind, how bizarre a place, how twisted and contrived.

"This one's for the highway crusaders, your everyday minimum wage labourers. And on to this self-pity playground we go, tell me planet rising, who's controlling the ebb and the flow? Fallen heroes, their voices can't be heard, stuck in our herds. O' but how absurd, the right speaks so of the left, while the middle child cries to a crowd that pretends to be deaf. It's one or zero, yes or no, friend or foe, no decimal point here I fear, no place for another view, for how then do we convert discuss to argue. Oh but the mediator of course, he'll stand tall on his white horse and call the shots, create and craft a final say. For he really is the puppet master, the initiator of construction or disaster ... or so they say."

The orchestral commotion was rising once again. Empirical in its fate. The purveyors were alive and well. "There's never enough lines" he thought. "Where's my Philosopher's stone?".

*** Star Wars - The Return of the Jedi (George Lucas)

..... *The ramblings of a lost tortured soul (continued) take 4*

The Paradox of the mouth breathers

*We place our wealth in silver and gold, randomly decided, the worth that they hold,
No reason, no rhyme, just decisions made disregarding the value placed in time,
For the hours, the days, are the real limited resources we have you see,
But value is rather placed in what naturally should be free,
Hence the value is misplaced, rearranged and disgraced,
By an inherent, abnormal cancer called greed,
Where material resource has become more worthy than the seed.*

*Where and when are we, we are each our own universe, natural selection,
Stemming from mutation, deciding on which path we traverse.
Leaving behind broken branches from the tree of life in our wake,
Extinction a tool for evolution to take place,
Leaving us here, to this exact moment, your life for only one second frozen,
As the next second follows, we stumble on further,
Every so often pausing to reflect, scrutinise and dissect, from when and where are we,
Fuelling our desire, a constant curiosity emanating from within us,
To study our world, our being, our cosmos.*

Chapter 5 - Enigma

(The Congruent Noise – Between silk and cyanide, tear gas and sage)



“The pure present is an ungraspable advance of the past devouring the future, in truth all sensation is already memory” – Henri Bergson

The spectacle had become too much once again. Kai had had enough of the madness, it was time to set sail away from the chaos, as fun as it had been, semi short lived when the paranoia kicked in. He raced on out away from the wild behind him, trying desperately to escape the broad wilderness of his mind. The neurosis thankfully was short lived, soon the heavens were about to open and a calmness befell him. Although he still had to face the conflicts, the dust of his musings were slowly starting to settle.

“Turning or’s into and’s, I laugh where I stand. Both with and without, it’s even odds, let’s watch our worlds entwine. What poultice will heal this inner confliction. Silent yet amplified, (soul sapped and personally ratified). Too much noise, left in a cloud of ever twisting sounds. All comes crashing at once, grab your hat, skip the stunts. Over amplified, were plugged in and satisfied, the great wall of disquiet leaves us paralysed, yet ready to strategise, on behalf of a system unbelieved in, a gestating reality leaving your empty soul bleeding, realising fully, you’re left alone to harness an unwieldy pulley.” It was all a ruse, he considered.

The inner voice was back, taunting. “Pull back, state your case, forego your precedents and embrace. What lies ahead cries whispers from before, I’m staggering and left broken on your floor. Where are you in my spectrum of awareness? I take comfort in this solace, fitting in so you can disappear, run away, turn your back on that fear. You want to feel connected but alone, this house is not a home. Escape yourself and erase yourself, it’s a labour of love.”

“I want to unplug from this matrix, be rid of all the hate speech. The noise is suppressing and deafening. I’ve lost the ability to feel, a comfortable numbness indeed has set in, where do I even begin to decipher where the withering all began, and where is this supposed to fit into the master plan? We’re all just clocks walking, shifting time, no cheating the hour glass, no happenstance here, just your own tightened grip onto your fear. Cogs clamped to wheels, no distorting of reality”. An epiphany. “No this ain’t a tragedy, it’s the awakening. The timekeeper is you, the gatekeeper fallacy no longer rings true. Release the puppet master, cast out the enemy within, breathe in and let the connecting begin. Toll your own bell.”

A new beginning perhaps, not the first, and not the last. But a new suit that fitted well. The Permafrost of his mind was beginning to thaw.

“Let’s amplify the frequency, change the structure of the matter. Changing behaviour, leaving the idea of the saviour at the door. Patience be your virtue, only what you take with you lies within. Try not. Do, or, do not. Control your fear, release your fear, release your anger, only your hatred can destroy you. The dark exists within the light, the light exists within the dark, let go of your hate and everything you fear to lose. The heart can only be fuelled by that which it desires, that which fills absolutely and inspires. Mould the vibrations, commit to the undertaking, rearrange the jigsaw, derail the occupation while cooking the books all the same, become a master of the game. Relinquish it all so you can soar above what’s left. Claim your right to truly be free, success is what you determine the outcome will be.” It was a lecture to an audience of one.

The early hours were now all enveloping, a quietness very welcome. It had been a journey of enlightenment he convinced himself. But was it? That's a deal he figured he should, could only, strike with the harvester of souls.

"Embrace the change and quiet the mind, let the symbiosis breathe, feel the connection. Balance is the key, prophecy so hard to see, knowledge or wisdom? Forbidden love like gravity's silhouette remained distant and hidden. Shadows of greed will drive those green eyes, a struggle with selflessness dealing only in absolutes."

He felt as if God was playing checkers with him, "Switch off my brain, let me spiral down". As the silent darkness slowly faded and early morning started to break, a fleeting moment of inner peace showed itself. "Perhaps you're meant to make a symphony out of the cacophony and drag the world along with you. It's a fine line between love and hate, never forget it's just your mind and its state. Only the ladder is real, the climb is all there is, the rest is nought but an illusion, a tactless delusion. Does possibility die once a choice is made? We're still trying to find our place in all these foreign lands, our salvation lies within. Look inside, that's where you'll find, a comforted and complicit you, looking no further than you need to."

..... *The ramblings of a lost tortured soul (continued)* take 5

Surrender

*Passages and doors, pathways and halls, locked into the sensory awareness,
Indulging your cognitive dissonance, awaking to what we do not know,
Looking behind what you can see, beyond what is deemed to be free,
Breaking down the filters, altering the states, discovering the tools,
Deciphering the maps, clutching to vibrations of the real reality,
Not a predetermined abnormality.
Transcending these dimensions, withholding apprehensions,
Intrinsically connected with all and everything, that surrounds and abounds,
Astounds, and is found, inside each and every being,
To adapt and increase our level of seeing, synthesising all at our disposal.*

*Discovering the spirit, a gratuitous notion it's been deemed,
By all that stake hold of a solely physical state,
Espousing an heir of self gloating esteem,
Missing the vital passport to evolution, that seals their own fate.*

*Manipulation is the key that fits the tyrants lock,
Wielding a weapon, of which lays piled high in their stock.
Veiling the unknown, turning insight into stone.
Trying to swim through the wave of perpetual noise,
Amplified through so many a meaningless, reasonless voice,
Drumbeats that punish, pressurizing the soul, distracting the senses,
An orchestral cacophony, deafening at the heart of thee.
Surrender the pneuma, so it can be set free.*

Chapter 6 - Ascension

(The calm after the storm and the mantra of the cosmos - A spiritual awakening - Take me to the stars, beyond this matrix)



“The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new lands but seeing with new eyes” – Marcel Proust

“We’ll Speak through thunder, whilst waves crash through the cosmic resonance, is this all the Magnum opus of something divine?”

It all had a meaning, right? Or was this head-trip of his just a longwinded and vivid dream? He had nothing left to do but contemplate, making sense of any of it was going to be a challenge...

“Black holes and ghost stars, the sounds of a pulsar. It’s all an ensemble of vibrations and waves - everything spinning. This pale blue dot be my saviour, the celestial mechanics will resonate frequency and the reflection of light, the distance from the sun coercing the period of revolution. “

“I see stars in my periphery, and no this ain’t no epiphany, but do sound the symphony. Preserving light while capturing the past. Enhancing space with medium, following entropy and the arch of time. Into the void we go, the real McCoy he knows. What’s up is down, what’s down is up, let us be one and drink from this cup, of knowledge divine. We’ll hang out in the clouds, all are welcome, bring on the crowds. Matter your mind and mind your matter, mining the latter. We can find beauty in sadness and sorrow in gladness. Let’s celebrate this interstellar odyssey. Life propagating, let’s radiate a story, encode it in the airwaves and send it into outer space, breaking through the walls of the heavens and the wall of forever.”

“Decorating time with these sounds intertwined, we roam free amongst the stars absorbing light and all energy, expelling truth and uncertainty, letting go to let the music in, standing silent to make space for reflection. Let’s sail on the ship of our imagination, riding the waves of life. Collate and collaborate, never underestimating the capacity to learn. Sensing senses unusual, nerve endings open bare. Be quiet and still, realise you’re still here, drown out the sound from outside while breaking open from where you hide, never backing down from living out a dream.”

Kai had come full circle now, his utterances all but forgotten. He would have to dig deep in the recesses of his mind, if he was to learn anything, without falling back into his despair and disillusionment. He had somehow unearthed the tools so long in his sights. How to use them, well therein lay the conundrum.

“Acknowledge, bear witness, take loving action. The world is changing and I am changing with it, I am the change. There is always time for a new beginning, there is always chance for a fresh start.”

Epilogue

(A Splash of sadness)

“The frailty of genius is that it needs an audience.” – Sherlock Holmes

“Subconscious thoughts and dreams are the juxtapositioned intellectual ideas, emotional vulnerabilities and ramblings of the mind, musical expression is the physical manifestation thereof, seek and ye shall find.”