

Collaborations with Emma Ruth Rundle

MAY OUR CHAMBERS BE FULL

01 KILLING FLOOR

02 MONOLITH

03 OUT OF EXISTENCE [ALTERNATE MIX]

04 ANCESTRAL RECALL

05 MAGICKAL COST

06 INTO BEING

07 THE VALLEY

INTERLUDE

08 ELYSIAN FIELDS

THE HELM OF SORROW

09 ORPHAN LIMBS

10 CRONE DANCE

11 RECURRENCE

12 HOLLYWOOD

Recorded in August 2019 and mixed at Hightower Studios in New Orleans by James Whitten. Mastered by Josh Bonati. Fiddle on “The Valley” by Louis Michot. Additional vocals on “Orphan Limbs” by Emily McWilliams; fiddle by Louis Michot.

I dream that I am falling.
Not through sky.
Or space.
But through time.
I am falling still.

KILLING FLOOR

We saw the light fall from your eyes and heard the last call from all your voices. A heart so hollow can still rise, can rise up from your sin. Skin like tallow is turning. I feel like we have revived you once before. I ask that you make room on the killing floor. Felt the last strike from your hands and fists can open to make new your resting ends. For life so thoughtless, for dreams no now believed. The helm of sorrow is hopefully sinking. I'm sure that if we dragged you back to shore, you'd lay yourself down again on some killing floor. Move your body from this place. Move your body to heaven. I can taste Elysian Fields.

MONOLITH

Perception colored by death of a loved one, of a friend. Conception choked at the hinge. When did this become the end? Mercy, mercy. Kneel at the base of our monolith, and pray its faceless grey plains choose blindness. To bet on anything less, to bet on your dog to win. Finicky sleight of hand. Convince the spectators that you can't. Show off hollow accomplishments. Contention, cold sacrilege, colder still for giving in. Mercy, mercy. Kneel at the base of our conduit, and pray its faceless grey plains choose blindness.

OUT OF EXISTENCE

The slender sun receding where pain and thought departed. The hymns that illness breaths into our hearts, a seat. It sings in silver threats and golden phrases turning, a verse no one forgets: The Song of All Things Burning. This one is predetermined. This one will find no favor. This one is weight unburdened, dragging down our lives. This one is

predetermined we all know just what comes next. In the depths of your unfailing strange selfishness, stay the last corrupt remaining pale monuments. In the dark of your unending daft unconsciousness, does the spark catch to the edifice and flame. In flames.

ANCESTRAL RECALL

Oh weakness! My Glory! In secret saved! My secret, my story, is somehow saved! Here's my confession of my most profound secret. It tells a truth known to everyone who truly knows me: I'm not of this world, this decaying existence; I'm not shackled to their cold cruel and morbid logic. Somehow this secret, this wheel, keeps on passing down to us. Dionysus once knew me. He found me on the bridge in Dresden, naked with Eris, stripped of adornment. He found me again in Monte Verita draped in aesthetic illusions.

MAGICKAL COST

Through falling years, these failing times. We forged in fear and blood-soaked rites, in salt of tear, in age of line. The cycle unending, beyond man and time. My Voice, reaching back, oh, children mine. Surrounded by enemies, you have sought me out in silence—in the darkness of concrete passage, in the darkness of the flesh, in the wisdom of bleak asylum. I sing to you in the ur-tongue, in the language of ecstasies, of joys deeper than agonies. Beyond man and time, my voice reaching back. Six thousand feet, my voice reaching back. Of rippling impulse, true, real, raw hunger—my voice reaching back.

INTO BEING

All alone... All alive... Undefined... It is, so it is. It is, it just is. Tethered, we will never know the river of a real life. Forced to watch a colored picture of the sunset. Waiting for the failure of this frail frame. Shadows keep us chained inside the cave. Afford us answers, ancestors fail. Scrawling in silence what silence says. When will it all end? It all just ends. Golden were the apples of desire, a hope that there was something more to taste. The senses only liars in the pale light, false companions who have nothing more to say.

THE VALLEY

Circle down to the mouth of the valley. Kneel now down at the face, at the gate, as every footfall crumbles so fast beneath me under the weight of this eternal shame. And to you who've given up in the valley. And to you who've given all to its wake. Just another endless night falls around thee. Just another grey landscape to face. I want to step into the armor of another, stronger. I want to look once through to eyes of someone good. So I can gather up the names of our mothers and wash away the shame and lift them to sainthood. But if you have given up in the valley. And if you have given all to its wake. Just another endless night fall around me, just another fucked up thing I can't save. But always run forever miles, does it end? Then another wall rises in the distance. Their horizon parts for none, where mothers failed to carry all their weight. I will be brave, yes, I will be brave. You see them? All those who have fallen stacked up like stones in a pile, a tower of failures so twisted and vile. You see them there? Ancient and seething, up in a pyre. Get them out of my way.

I remember

The dark woods, masking slopes of sombre hills;
The grey clouds' leaden everlasting arch;
The dusky streams that flowed without a sound,
And the lone winds that whispered down the passes.

ORPHAN LIMBS

Frenzy! Shrieks! Revel! Flesh! The pulp of our existence soaked in a greed for higher vitality. Confession of the present, experience of being. Proposals of deformity, ugly and grotesque. Hear his songs echo rising from the depths of that wide trench.

CRONE DANCE

Our movements are godlike, mirroring themselves in the waves, the winds, the movements of growth. Where the inner impulse meets the outer force. A cure for the affliction of static destiny. Our bodies propelled by rooted urgency enthralled by expressive, depressive ache. By our frenzied ecstatic knowledge shall the chambers be full.

RECURRENCE

Descend. Mysterious transformation! Humbly I bow before the body becomes kinesthetic. I accept and yield to all creative power, to sacrifice aesthetic harmony for the joy of inhibition. Trembling and stammering the maddening, repetitive eulogies to my transmutable self. Drink from this chalice: swallowed in archaic trance. In the dance of utter darkness, traced back to distant birth, restoration in psychic absorption.

HOLLYWOOD [originally by The Cranberries]

I've got a picture in my head. It's me and you, we are in bed. You'll always be there when I call. You'll always be there most of all. This is not Hollywood, like I understand. Runaway. Is there anybody there? Get away. This is not Hollywood. I've got a picture in my room. I will return there I presume, should be soon. The greatest irony of all, shoot the wall: It's not so glamorous at all.