





THE IDOLS HAVE BEEN CAST DOWN AND RENT



'Enlightenment, understood in the widest sense as the advance of thought, has always aimed at liberating human beings from fear and installing them as masters. Yet the wholly enlightened earth is radiant with triumphant calamity.'

– 'Dialectic of Enlightenment', Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, one true God. Amen.

The times are dark, and pestilence, famine, war, and death rule העולם הזה.

To listen to the still, small voice in our hearts is increasingly difficult as we view more and more chaos unfolding before us: neighbours distrusting neighbours, nations taking up arms against nations, man's inhumanity to man.

Yet to keep quiet and listen to that voice is to hear the proclamation of a new nation, the Kingdom of God, which is within all of us. Whether you call it hesychasm or דְּבִקּוּת, it shows a glimpse of העולם הבא, which we can only pray to come soon.

In the meantime, let us show compassion to one another, comfort the suffering, and share in one another's joy.

On this Walpurgisnacht 2018:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, one true God. Amen.



THE IDOLS HAVE BEEN CAST DOWN AND RENT



TRACKLIST

- 00001. Bella Ciao
- 00002. Men Without Chests
- 00003. Roman Moloch Blues
- 00004. Love Is a Contradiction if There Is No God
- 00005. The Masquerade of the Saris
- 00006. Bloody Red Roses (Sirkha)
- 00007. The Future Has Been Cancelled
- 00008. Even the Almighty Sun Has Moths Flying into It
- 00009. A Guardian on the Threshold
- 00010. The Idols Have Been Cast Down and Rent
- 00011. Venceremos

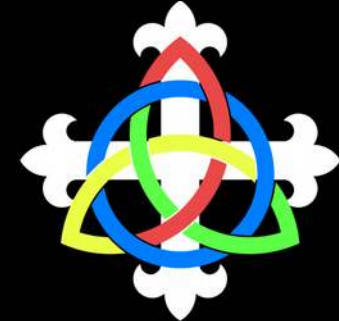
LICENCING NOTICE

© 2018 Schrödinger's Cat Music. Released under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 licence. Some rights reserved.

© 2018 Evangeline Sutherland. Released under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 licence. Some rights reserved.



CREDITS AND NOTES



PERSONNEL

- Evangeline Sutherland (except where otherwise noted)
—vocals, guitar, synth, production, album art, design

NOTES

All lyrics written by Evangeline Sutherland except for 'Bella Ciao' (originally written by an anonymous anti-fascist), parts of 'Love Is a Contradiction if There Is No God' (some lyrics originally written by St. Athanasius), Movement IV of 'A Guardian on the Threshold' (written by Karl Marx; translated by Clemens Duff), and 'Venceremos' (written by Claudio Iturra; translated by Élise Hendrick).

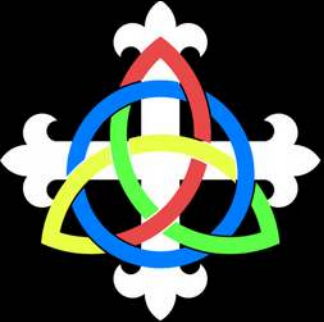
All music composed by Evangeline Sutherland except for the aforementioned 'Bella Ciao' and 'Venceremos'.

Instruments and equipment used: a Shure SM57 microphone, a Steinberg CI2 USB audio interface, a Kona K394D acoustic guitar, a midiplus AKM320 MIDI keyboard, Audacity, and Ableton Live using presets and the Supertone VST.

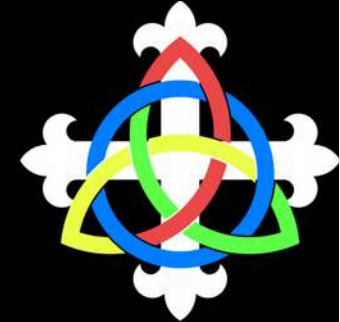
Cover art inspired by the work of David Tibet.

DEDICATED TO:

- My family
- Lauren, my lovely partner
- My friends: three Carolines, Michael Orion Powell-Deschamps, Devin, Noiye, Nicole, Sam, Hannah, Kit, and many more
- And all who fought and continue to fight for freedom, equality, and unity



00001. BELLA CIAO



ABOUT

A song of the Partisans who fought fascism in Italy. As they recruited people to fight against the despotism of Mussolini, they would sing this hymn to rally the people.

This song emphasises the universal human longing for freedom and equality.

Today, the torch is carried by those who wish to overthrow the oligarchy and its evils.

Dedicated to the brave warriors of the YPG and YPJ in Rojava, who are fighting fascism in the form of DAESH, to all anti-fascists wherever they fight, and to Stjepan Filipović, martyred by the Croatian Ustaše, whose immortal last words ring out through history:

'Death to fascism! Freedom to the people!'

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, production, guitar, translation
- Anonymous
—lyrics, composition

LYRICS

Una mattina mi son svegliato—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
Una mattina mi son svegliato
e ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano, portami via—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
O partigiano, portami via,
ché mi sento di morir.

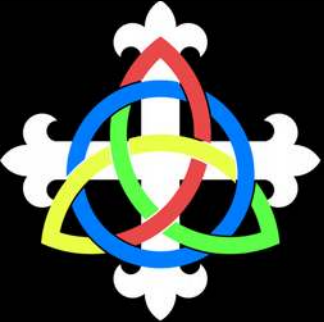
E se io muoio da partigiano—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E se io muoio da partigiano,
tu mi devi seppellir.

Seppellire lassù in montagna—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E seppellire lassù in montagna
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior.

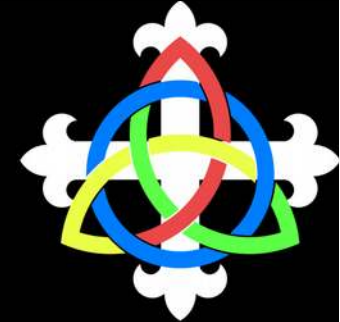
E le genti che passeranno—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
E le genti che passeranno
ti diranno «Che bel fior!»

«È questo il fiore del partigiano—
o bella, ciao! bella, ciao! bella, ciao, ciao, ciao!
È questo il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà!»

«È questo il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà!»



00001. BELLA CIAO



ENGLISH LYRICS

It is one morning that I awakened—
oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!
It is one morning that I awakened
and I found the invader.

Oh my dear partisan, take me far—
oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!
Oh my dear partisan, take me far,
for I know that death has me.

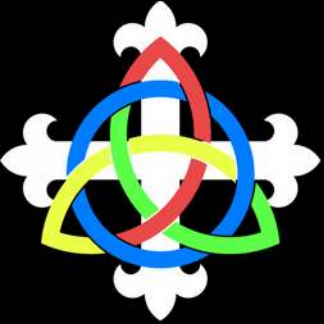
And if I die as a partisan—
oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!
And if I die as a partisan,
I want you to bury me.

So bury me upon the mountain—
oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!
So bury me upon the mountain
under the flower of beauty.

And all the people who pass my grave—
oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!
And all the people who pass my grave
will tell me, 'What a lovely sight!'

'This is the flower that guards the fighter—
(oh bella ciao! bella ciao! bella ciao! ciao! ciao!)
This is the flower that guards the fighter
who died for all our liberty!'

'Oh yes, the flower that guards the fighter—
who died for all our liberty!'



00002. MEN WITHOUT CHESTS



ABOUT

'History is a tissue of base and cruel acts in the midst of which a few drops of purity sparkle at long intervals.'

—Simone Weil, 'The Need for Roots'

'And all the time—such is the tragi-comedy of our situation—we continue to clamour for those very qualities we are rendering impossible. You can hardly open a periodical without coming across the statement that what our civilisation needs is more "drive", or dynamism, or self-sacrifice, or "creativity". In a sort of ghastly simplicity we remove the organ and demand the function. We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honour and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. We castrate and bid the geldings be fruitful.'

—C. S. Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*

Late capitalism has produced masses of uprooted people without moral fibre, with little conscience. Communities have fallen apart. Trust has all but evaporated. Millions of human beings, deprived of meaning in their lives, have filled the holes in their hearts with drugs, alcohol, and mindless entertainment. Billions sacrifice themselves and their children to Mammon in return for a fraction of what they produce. Education is no longer about training both heart and mind, but training the child to be a complacent worker with no aspirations, with no *thymos*.

And yet some dare to make chests for themselves, to learn compassion, to strive for their fellow human beings. These people will lead the future.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, synths, production, lyrics, composition

LYRICS

Saw a homeless guy and gave him a sandwich.
He refused but I insisted; he thanked me profusely.
Snow on the ground—wondering if he was too cold;
hope he's all right now, seemed like a pretty nice guy.
Good old fashioned תְּקוּן עוֹלָם [tikkun olam], putting it back
together
piece by piece. It's kinda rare to see these days:
person-to-person, neighbour-to-neighbour.

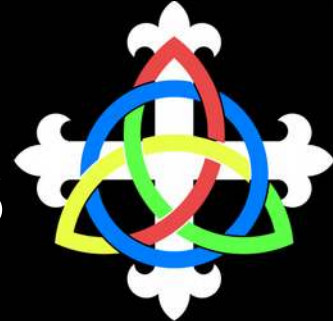
Found some war crimes, downloaded the footage,
got court-martialed; seven years being tortured.
People calling me a traitor—what'd I do wrong?
The president hates me and orders more missile strikes.
War crime after war crime, no justice, no peace,
black and brown people slaughtered in the streets.
Protecting what? Property. Serving what? Capital.

Maybe, just maybe, it was a joke from the beginning,
starting from genocide, doing nothing about genocide.
Men without chests in the halls of power.
Pray to Jesus something might change, maybe...
Seems like a farce to me. That glimmer of hope
just keeps on fading, fading, fading away from sight.
'You must love your neighbor as yourself.'

—Mark 12:31, Lamsa



00003. ROMAN MOLOCH BLUES



ABOUT

'Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are judgment! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments!

'Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking tomb!

'Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch whose factories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch whose smoke-stacks and antennae crown the cities!

'Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch whose soul is electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen! Moloch whose name is the Mind!

'[...]

'Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton treasures! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations! invincible madhouses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!'

—Allen Ginsberg, 'Moloch'

"'The Empire never ended,' Fat quoted to himself. That one sentence appeared over and over again in his exegesis; it had become his tag line. Originally the sentence had been revealed to him in a great dream. In the dream he again was a child, searching dusty used-book stores for rare old science fiction magazines, in particular *Astoundings*. In the dream he had looked through countless tattered issues, stacks upon stacks, for the priceless serial entitled "The Empire Never Ended." If he could find it and read it he would know everything; that had been the burden of the dream.

'Prior to that, during the interval in which he had experienced the two-world superimposition, had seen not only California, U.S.A., of the year 1974 but also ancient Rome, he had discerned within the superimposition a Gestalt shared by both space-time continua, their common element: a Black Iron Prison. This is what the dream referred to as "the Empire." He knew it because, upon seeing the Black Iron Prison, he had recognized it. Everyone dwelt in it without realizing it. The Black Iron Prison was their world.

'[...]

'Once, in a cheap science fiction novel, Fat had come across a perfect description of the Black Iron Prison but set in the far future. So if you superimposed the past (ancient Rome) over the present (California in the twentieth century) and superimposed the far future world of *The Android Cried Me a River* over that, you got the Empire, the Black Iron Prison, as the supra- or trans-temporal constant. Everyone who had ever lived was literally surrounded by the iron walls of the prison; they were all inside it and none of them knew it—except for the gray-robed secret Christians.'

—Philip K. Dick, *VALIS*

May the Empire fall, and may the Kingdom be inaugurated.

CREDITS

• Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, synths, production, lyrics, composition

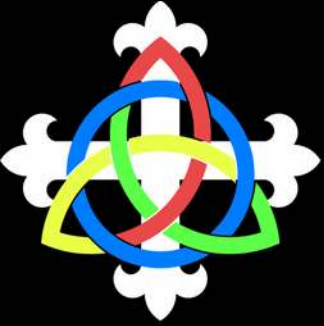
LYRICS

Woke up this morning,
opened up the newspaper.
There's no good news today,
just war and genocide.
Roman Consul lying,
people blindly believing,
conquering for Empire,
making sure that millions die.

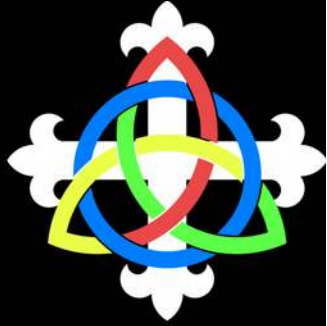
Just makes me wanna sing the blues all day.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues all night.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues every hour,
just 'cause there's no respite.

Went down to work and did
some mindless drudgery,
just alienated
from God-damn everything:
Doing work for Cæsar,
not for my own self,
not for anyone else.
Ground up inside Moloch's jaws.

Just makes me wanna sing the blues all day.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues all night.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues every hour,
just 'cause there's no respite.



00003. ROMAN MOLOCH BLUES



LYRICS (cont.)

Just makes me wanna sing the blues all day.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues all night.
Just makes me wanna sing the blues every hour,
just 'cause there's no respite.
Just 'cause there's no respite.
Just 'cause there's no respite.
Just 'cause there's no respite.



00004. LOVE IS A CONTRADICTION IF THERE IS NO GOD



ABOUT

'We have created God in order to save the Universe from nothingness, for all that is not consciousness and eternal consciousness, conscious of its eternity and eternally conscious, is nothing more than appearance. There is nothing truly real save that which feels, suffers, pities, loves, and desires, save consciousness; there is nothing substantial but consciousness. And we need God in order to save consciousness; not in order to think existence, but in order to live it; not in order to know the why and how of it, but in order to feel the wherefore of it. Love is a contradiction if there is no God.'

—Miguel de Unamuno

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, production, guitar, synths, lyrics, composition
- St. Athanasius
—lyrics (sixth, seventh, and eighth verses)

LYRICS

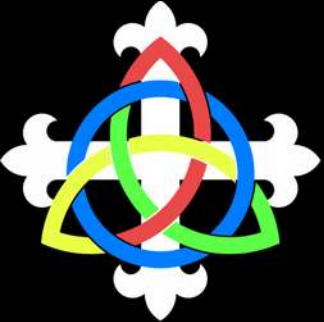
I'm so very, very tired, I'm hallucinating bugs.
I'm having little microsleeps and when I do,
I'm thinking, thinking, no, I'm dreaming—
I'm dreaming about you.

Remembering when we hugged when you left,
hoping we can kiss each other's cheeks again.
Even though you live across the pond,
I am very sure that I am very fond
of you...
of you...
of you...
of you...

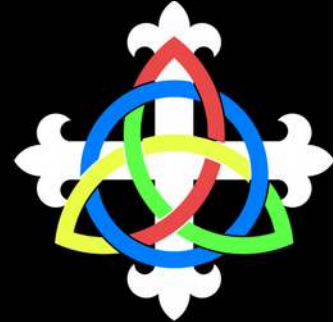
You care for me, you counselled me
when I was seriously gonna do
some stupid self-destructive things
like that, yeah, I had some stupid thoughts.

I'm so damn glad you were my partner
even though we decided to leave each other.
That was probably for the best, but still
I'm very very glad that we're good friends.

Love
is a very strange thing.
I really believe that it's the fundamental
kind of energy in the Universe—of being, you know?



00004. LOVE IS A CONTRADICTION IF THERE IS NO GOD



LYRICS (cont.)

Because, like, Christ is the ground of being,
the Ungrund is what Böhme called Him, and,
and Christ is God, and '[h]e who does not love,
does not know God; for God is love.'

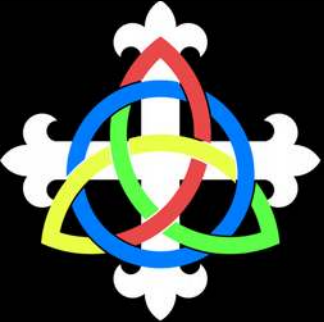
—1 John 4:8, Lamsa

'Like the angels in Heaven above,
who praise You from up in the heights,
we, the pitiful sinners below,
offer You praise, as is right.
we, the pitiful sinners below,
offer You praise, as is right.

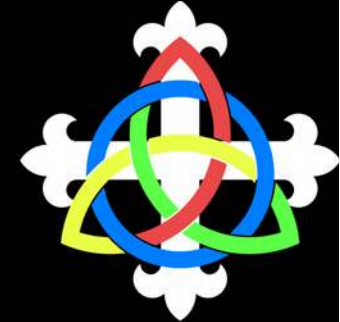
'Glory to God in the highest;
peace and repose on the Earth.
Good will for humanity at all times,
from winter's death to spring's birth.
Good will for humanity at all times,
from winter's death to spring's birth.

'Lamb of God, Who removes
the sins of the world, bring us grace.
Have compassion on us and be gracious to all,
have our sins and our failures erased.
Have compassion on us and be gracious to all,
have our sins and our failures erased.'

—St. Athanasius



00005. THE MASQUERADE OF THE SARIS



ABOUT

The word 'סָרִיס' ('saris') refers in the Mishnah to someone who was assigned male at birth but later becomes female.

I've struggled with my gender identity all my life. I first came out as genderfluid when I was 14, and then as a trans girl at around 16. I only started transitioning last year.

This song is about those struggles, including some very stupid things I've done, and I hope and pray that others who struggle with gender dysphoria—whether they be boys or girls or anything in between or outside—are helped by this song.

St. Anastasia the Patrician, pray for all transgender and gender nonconforming people that we all may be accepted and find peace with ourselves.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, guitar, production, lyrics, composition

LYRICS

I ask myself every day:
'Am I wearing a mask for a play?
And is the mask of a girl or a boy?'
This agony gives me no joy.

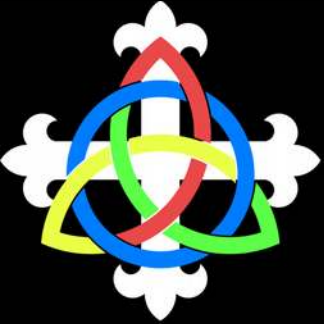
It's a question of my heart:
'Shall I stay or should I restart?'
So many broken years,
so many needless tears.

As they call me to harm,
I'm bleeding from my arm.
Red like roses, these scars
will meet in falling stars.

I wear a masculine mask
and to wear it is quite a task,
for I am a lady beneath,
and soon I will unsheathe.

Shame and doubt plague my soul
and confusion takes its toll.
Trapped in my very own flesh,
what am I but a wretch?

I dressed as a girl when I was alone
as if I was to atone
for the dissonance in my mind.
How could I have been so blind?



00005. THE MASQUERADE OF THE SARIS

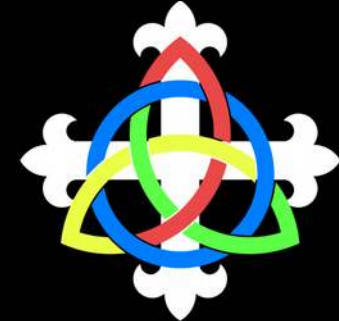


LYRICS (cont.)

Who I am I still can't tell,
but I know I'm climbing out of this hell
to live as the lady I was born to be:
winged, unconfined, boundless, and free.



00006. BLOODY RED ROSES (SIRKHA)



ABOUT

A very personal song for me, this recounts how I was raped as a child, my feelings of guilt, fear, shame, and pain that I've had ever since, and the debilitating effects of that trauma—nightmares, psychoses, depression—on my life.

A song that I wrote not merely to express my rage and sadness, but for my own healing, and hopefully for others who've had to experience similar horrors to my own.

St. Agnes of Rome, helper of rape survivors, pray for us and protect us that no one should endure sexual violence again. Amen.

CREDITS

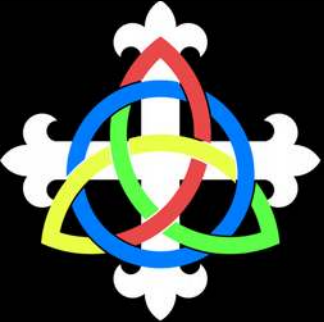
- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, guitar, production, lyrics, composition

LYRICS

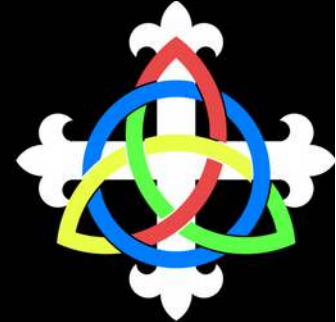
I dreamt about a young December
(when I was just a child; not much to remember).
Everything was peaceful, calm, and kind
(the darkness came upon me and corrupted my young mind).
The world has greyed over the years
(all the things I feel have been blackened by my tears).
The child was held down to the table
(you will never know what it's like to feel stable).
I force a smile as I weep inside
(someone tell the world that the child has died).
I turn to stone; my spirit's numb
(someone tell the only Emperor that I'm cold and dumb).

And here I find myself stranded and alone,
knowing things that no one deserves to have known.
I want it to be over, I just want it to end,
but I keep thinking about it againagainagain—
there is no other option, it will end with me dead.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.

Dear God, there's nowhere else to go
(here I am right now, buried in the snow).
There is no path that I can follow
(be a good small boy, hurry up and swallow).
There is no way I can escape
(feel yourself bleed out as you lie in fields of rape).
There is no one to hear my call
(writhing in your sleep as you remember your own fall).
No one will hear me as I scream
(you remember all your nightmares as they replace your dreams).
I'll just give in to my own destruction
(sometimes it all comes back in a violent eruption).



00006. BLOODY RED ROSES (SIRKHA)

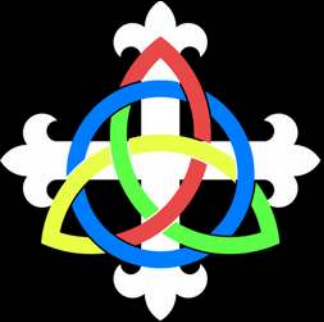


LYRICS (cont.)

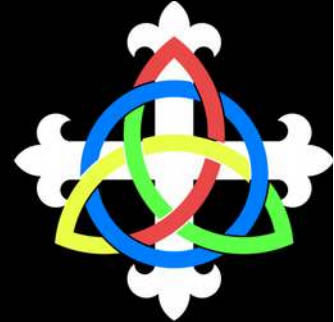
And here I find myself stranded and alone,
knowing things that no one deserves to have known.
I want it to be over, I just want it to end,
but I keep thinking about it againagainagain—
there is no other option, it will end with me dead.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.

My face is torn by flaming tears
(look, how pathetic, she's clinging to her fears).
I lay me in my bed without a breath
(surely she is ill with a sickness unto death).
I can't understand why it was me
(it really gives you a sense of life as tragedy).
And I slip the knife under my pillow
(the dagger is stained with blood underneath the willow).
I swallow a hundred and go to bed
(your ears are ringing loud and everything's stained red).
My soul was trapped while I was ravished.
(Who the fuck am I to be smiling as I'm savaged?)

And here I find myself stranded and alone,
knowing things that no one deserves to have known.
I want it to be over, I just want it to end,
but I keep thinking about it againagainagain—
there is no other option, it will end with me dead.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.
There is no other option, it will end with me dead.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.
There is no other option, it will end with me dead.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.
Lay roses on my grave, lay roses bloody red.



00007. THE FUTURE HAS BEEN CANCELLED



ABOUT

'[Her] vocals are a bit distant. But it's eerie that way.

'It seem[s] like the sorta song you'd hear at the end of a party when you're stoned and drunk and everybody you know is long gone. It's that song you hear when you realize you're alone at 3 a.m. and everyone is passed out but you.

'If it was in the soundtrack to a movie it would show the protagonist trying to get home on rainy streets and finally making it to his or her empty apartment and sitting at the window looking pensive. Something needs to change.'

—Douglas Lain, publisher of Zero Books

In memory of Mark Fisher (1968-2017), whose theory inspired this song and whose tastes mirrored my own. May he see the great future whose death he saw alive in the World to Come.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, guitar, production, lyrics, composition

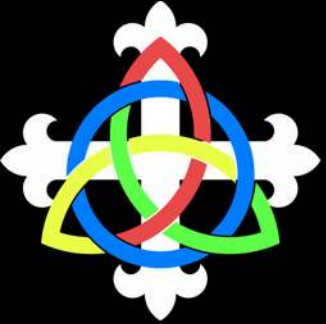
LYRICS

We were promised many great things,
but we were never told what the future brings.
How shall we ever reclaim the light
when the whole world is shrouded in hellish night?
I am seeking shelter, but there is no escape
from this deracinated world without shape.
I am a nomad, bereft of territory,
but wherever I look, I can find no glory.

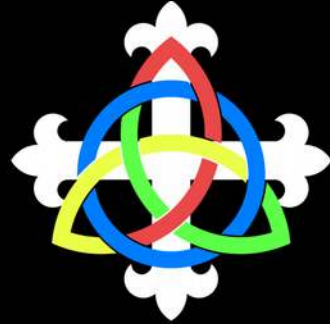
Slowly, slowly, the future is cancelled,
never to come, never to pass.
The world we know has been dismantled,
and all that remains is but vaporous gas.

The land is haunted by spectres of the past,
for we know that nothing can ever last.
All is flux—all is but a process:
everything is fated to someday evanesce.
Our memories give us but little solace
when a life of awe has become aweless.
The world was once all that is the case,
but is now overtaken with empty space.

Slower and slower, the world keeps turning
toward void—toward nothingness.
The embers of life will finish burning—
but we still yearn to combiness.
Beyond that, it's all a mess.



00007. THE FUTURE HAS BEEN CANCELLED

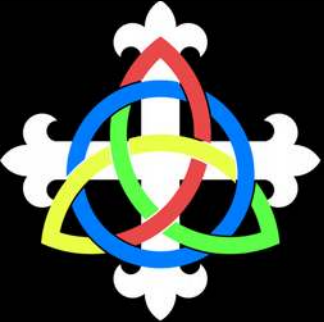


LYRICS (cont.)

We are trapped in an endless loop of time
to lose the 'I' for the 'me'.
The Last Man is dragged through the slime,
slowly losing his Will to Be—
Shantih shantih shantih

Slowly, slowly, the future is cancelled,
never to come, never to pass.
The world we know has been dismantled,
and all that remains is but vaporous gas.

Slowly, slowly, the future is cancelled,
never to come, never to pass.
The world we know has been dismantled,
and all that remains is but vaporous gas.



00008. EVEN THE ALMIGHTY SUN HAS MOTHS FLYING INTO IT



ABOUT

Panic, anxiety, fear, uncertainty, and doubt have plagued my life as far as I can remember. They follow me wherever I go. With others and alone, speaking and silent. And like some unspeakable horror, it encroaches upon me.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, synths, production, lyrics, composition

LYRICS

There is no refuge in the vineyard of the LORD.
There is no fleeing to the kingdom of Annwfn.
She told me to find and embrace it all around me,
but as I reach out it withdraws from my grasp.
Even the almighty Sun has moths flying into it.

Clanging clanging forward on without שְׁכִינָה
withdrawn from the שְׁכִינָה
it finds me again

it finds me again and again
—there is no place I can hide
—there is no place I can run

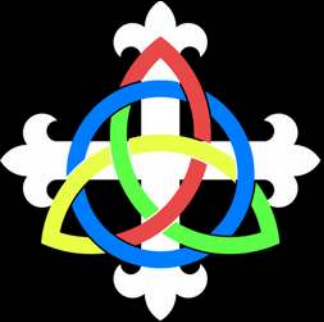
If I escape to the ends of the Earth its
face will greet me there.

If I flee out to the blackness between the stars
I will be found yet again.

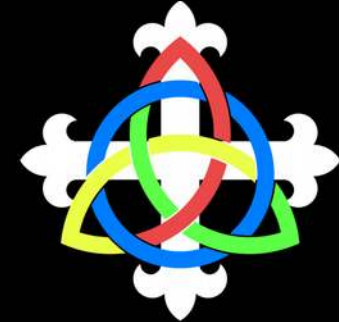
If I run into my lover's arms there it will be in
his eyes in her smile

Everywhere it is falling falling down upon me
nowhere at no place can I breathe can I stand

It is not a cold fire that may comfort me.
It is not a warm ocean that may sustain me.
It is not a living thing but it is not dead—
being neither, it is omnipresent, hidden from my sight.
אֱלֹהִים בְּגִי אֶלְמִוּת
and yet there is no comfort, for I am another
schizo out on a stroll



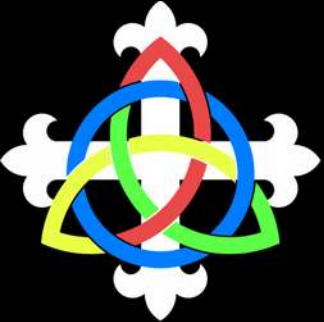
00008. EVEN THE ALMIGHTY SUN HAS MOTHS FLYING INTO IT



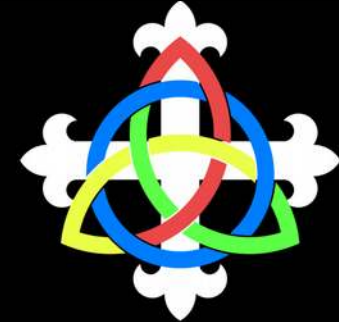
LYRICS (cont.)

yet I see no living things, but deadeast trees
and rotting houses, crumbling sidewalks,
and I run, I run run run to the end of the road
just to see a billboard, undead, with its face moving—

I live not, though I cannot die.
If others have been unstuck in time, then I may be
 the first to be unstuck in Being
suffocated and delirious, falling down down toward
nihil
and if I reach
if I grasp
if I try to embrace
it all withdraws
for it all is *nihil*



00009. A GUARDIAN ON THE THRESHOLD



ABOUT

'Every one of those unfortunates during the process of existence should constantly sense and be cognisant of the inevitability of his own death as well as of the death of everyone upon whom his eyes or attention rests.'

—G. I. Gurdjieff

'The heights of the spirit can only be climbed by passing through the portals of humility. You can only acquire right knowledge when you have learnt to esteem it. Man has certainly the right to turn his eyes to the light, but he must first acquire this right.'

—Rudolf Steiner

A journey through my inner being, through sadness and grief and pain and, mingled with them all, joy.

Evagrius Ponticus said: 'Happy is the man who thinks himself no better than dirt.' Despite my hatred and anger toward myself, I definitely think of myself as better than dirt. Indeed, that self-contempt feeds into my ego; why would dirt care about being better than what it is?

I am still learning to transmute my negative emotions into ἀγάπη, which is difficult, but I shall persevere, God willing.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland

—vocals, production, guitar, synths, lyrics, composition

- Karl Marx

—lyrics (Movement IV)

LYRICS

I.

Lying on my back,
stomach churning,
feeling like the prey of Death.
Jolts of pain
throughout my bones
in every nerve
in every tendon.
Utter silence
broken by electric static;
swirling in darkness,
eyes stabbed by light:
the prey of the Devil—
her young body has betrayed her.

II.

Tension, *tension*, and more *tension* everlasting—
frustration *rising* and *writhing* from the centre of my spine at
the солнечное сплетение the эмоциональный центр—
oh Sun oh Son come down and deliver me from this body of
half-life.

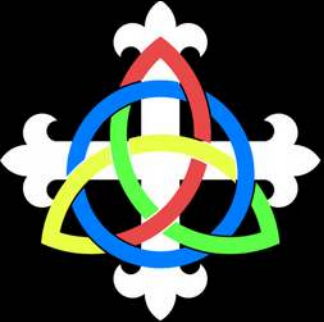
Who is with me but You?

Who is with me but You?

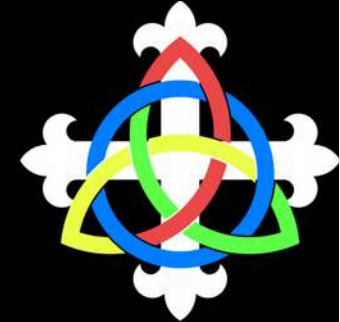
Only if I can dissect this nerve shall I be allowed to pass
through this gate this gate of death of life's understanding
and meaning—

Her Most Selfness has not yet arrived. She is waiting beyond
the door.

She is hiding behind the door. She is waiting for you to open
the door.



00009. A GUARDIAN ON THE THRESHOLD



LYRICS (cont.)

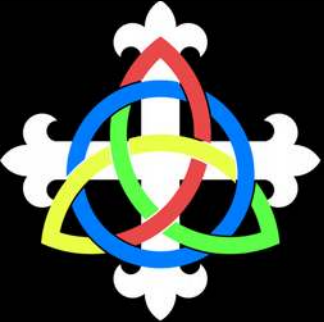
Open the door, Evangeline. I want you to open the door.
But wait, my dearest! I cannot open the door.
And why can you not open the door and pass through this gate?
That door this gate is locked to me that door this gate is sealed with fate.
Think! think and you shall think into being a restriction enzyme.
And you shall place this nerve in the restriction enzyme. If only you can cut the nerve apart you may open the door unlock the gate and pass through.
And so I cut the nerve apart. And what was inside but Love mixed with envy
mixed with resentment mixed with misunderstanding mixed with carelessness
mixed with pain mixed with fear mixed with anguish—
I looked at each of these and cut each apart and found distorted Love
and adulterated Love, contaminated Love comprising all of them.
And the Guardian looked at the gate and the door and saw that a bit
of the lock had broken off and fallen away to the depths of the תהום תהו ובהו.

III.

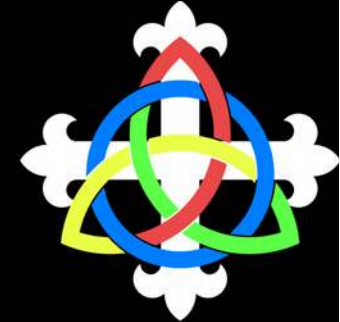
VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY. VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY. VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY. behold me for I am Judas Iscariot I have found no salvation I have found no light no meaning no truth in this world I have

LYRICS (cont.)

searched and found Nonbeing I am a fool for I have said in my heart There is no God for he is withdrawn from my sight-hearing-touch-smell-taste VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY let there be darkness for there is no light I have seen the light obliterated in a fit of NOTHINGNESS I am not true the world is not true all is lies lies lies I have searched my crooked heart for light and there was none for dust I am and to dust I shall return I was formed from ashes and to ashes I shall return VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY everything that is is ugly no it is not ugly for that would imply beauty exists but there is no beauty nothing is beautiful all is STERILE and WITHOUT LIFE Oh God where art Thou? Shall I blame Thee for this or not as you are not there LORD JESUS CHRIST SON OF THE LIVING GOD HAVE MERCY UPON US SINNERS LORD JESUS CHRIST SON OF THE LIVING GOD HAVE MERCY UPON US SINNERS LORD JESUS CHRIST SON OF THE LIVING GOD HAVE MERCY UPON US SINNERS there is no refuge in the vineyard of the Lord there is no refuge in the kingdom of Annwnfn there is no refuge anywhere there can be no fleeing for there is nowhere to flee I am dying and God is a Lobster VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY may you be blessed for many years and have many happy returns but NO you are DEAD your light the last remaining in this planet of shit was extinguished and yet I am trapped here sinking dragged through the slime and the mud the Last Man or perhaps the Last Woman without a chest VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL



00009. A GUARDIAN ON THE THRESHOLD



LYRICS (cont.)

IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY VANITY OF VANITIES ALL IS VANITY and no I said no I will not No.

IV.

So a god has snatched from me my all
In the curse and rack of Destiny.
All his worlds are gone beyond recall!
Nothing but revenge is left to me!

On myself revenge I'll proudly wreak,
On that being, that enthroned Lord,
Make my strength a patchwork of what's weak,
Leave my better self without reward!

I shall build my throne high overhead,
Cold, tremendous shall its summit be.
For its bulwark—superstitious dread,
For its Marshall—blackest agony.

Who looks on it with a healthy eye,
Shall turn back, struck deathly pale and dumb;
Clutched by blind and chill Mortality
May his happiness prepare its tomb.

And the Almighty's lightning shall rebound
From that massive iron giant.
If he bring my walls and towers down,
Eternity shall raise them up, defiant.

LYRICS (cont.)

V.

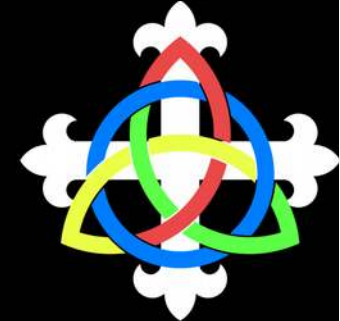
And the lock fell away, and here I stand.
The gate creaks open just an infinitesimal bit
as sense and meaning collapse before me.
A great staircase winds up beyond
while a voice calls, 'Evangeline, are you ready to climb?'
So I lift up my foot and place it on the stair
but a *great grinding gravity* pulls me down and slows me.
Her voice grows dimmer and dimmer: 'Evangeline! Oh,
Evangeline!'
And thus I feel a great drive erupting through my spine
almost propelling me up the steps
lifting me
higher and higher despite the steepness and the force.

Oh *فدج عفتك فكمجتا*,
I am a fool, for though I believe,
I have much fear. I fear being lost,
and of falling in the chasm
over which I must leap.
Place the reel in the projector
and let the film run;
let me see what stays there,
and that which fades away, for
सब्बे संखारा अनिच्चा.

Yet still, within me I feel a flame,
a strong fire that melts into one
the shattered pieces that make up
myself.



00009. A GUARDIAN ON THE THRESHOLD

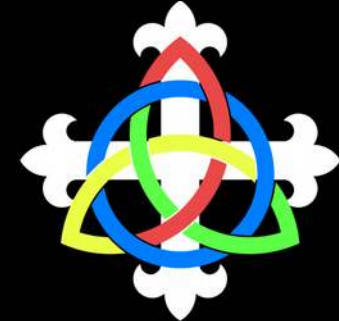


LYRICS (cont.)

And in this internal forge, a link
of desire is made and made strong.
The desire to go on the **سُجُودِ**
to find the **مَحَبَّةِ**
for **كَأَنِّي بِتَيْبِ نَيْمٍ كَبَّيْتُ يَكُنِي لِي** **حُب**
and so I have attained faith.



00010. THE IDOLS HAVE BEEN CAST DOWN AND RENT



ABOUT

'And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great sounds of thunders, saying, The kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.'

—Revelation 11:15 (Lamsa)

'And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon and his angels fought, but did not prevail; neither was their place found any longer in heaven. Thus the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world: he was cast out on the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice in heaven saying, Now the deliverance and the power and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ, has been accomplished: for the accuser of our brethren, who accused them before God day and night, is cast down. And they have conquered him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they did not spare themselves even unto death.

'Therefore rejoice, O ye heavens and you who dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea! for the Devil has come down to you; and his wrath is great, because he knows that his time is short.'

—Revelation 12:7-12 (Lamsa)

'AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and the very God shall be with them, and be their God; and He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor wailing, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away. And He who sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. Then He said to me, Write: for these are the trustworthy and true words of God. And He said to me, I am Aleph and Tau, Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will freely give of the fountain of living water to him who is thirsty. He who overcomes shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.'

—Revelation 21:1-7 (Lamsa)

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, production, guitar, synths, lyrics, composition

LYRICS

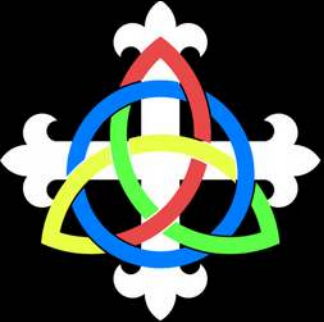
The whole world gasps as it sees the mess:
The briefcase is opened, the button is pressed.
In the blink of an eye, the Earth will be aflame.
We will all go together, we will all go the same.

𐤀𐤁 𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁 𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁 𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁

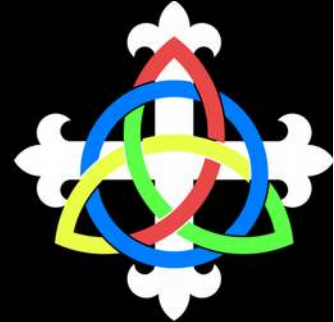
but righteousness is lacking, and the nasty
and the false have their flags all unfurled.
Ahriman is cackling as fear grips the world.
Ahriman is cackling as fear grips the world.

Let the waters of life dry up and commence
the dissolution of all human pretence.
Mothers cry out as their children die
from napalm and bombs falling out of the sky.
The Antichrist seals a pact with each nation
and declares the entire world his station.
It's the beginning of the end for the human race:
𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁 𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁 is in the holy place.
𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁 𐤀𐤁𐤁𐤁𐤁 is in the holy place.

And I have retreated to my little house.
The telly blares as the newscasters announce
a financial collapse and declarations of war.
I lean back in my chair; I'm feeling sore.
As images of death play across the screen,
I drink a little wine from my old canteen.
And I pray an Hour for the hope of the world,
yet the banner of Death has been unfurled.
Yet the banner of Death has been unfurled.



00010. THE IDOLS HAVE BEEN CAST DOWN AND RENT



LYRICS (cont.)

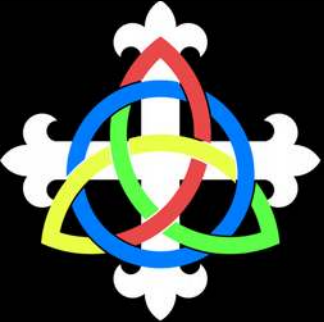
If only I had never even been born,
I would never have been abused and torn
apart by trauma and by insanity.
I would never have wept for my humanity.
I would never have mourned my dead and gone,
I would never have stood before Babylon.
I would never have comforted my ailing friends.
I would never have had to make amends.
I would never have had to make amends.

As I ruminate alone, all weak and weary,
the atmosphere turns from sad to eerie.
A voice I hear—it cries from the desert,
the voice of a prophet of joy and hurt.
'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' he calls.
As I jump from my chair, I nearly fall,
but I rush upstairs and I look outside,
and I see the glory of God worldwide.
And I see the glory of God worldwide.

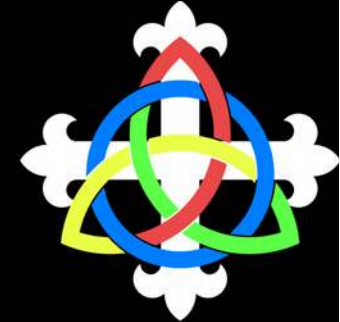
I see Him coming from atop my little spire;
He descends triumphant in wind and fire
from clouds parting like the Sea of Reeds.
He brings with Him a bag of seeds
and sows them across all the lands of the Earth,
making it new. It is the world's rebirth!
הַיְּהוּדִים has passed; הַיְּהוּדִים has arrived!
Heaven and Earth have merged alive!
Heaven and Earth have merged alive!

LYRICS (cont.)

Climbing out and then breaking Hell's jaws!
Committing crimes against the accepted laws!
Stealing and giving out all ill-gotten wealth!
Spitting in the face even of the Devil himself!
Ripping apart the very veil of night!
As the dawn approaches and we start to see the light,
a voice calls out like lightning and thunder:
'The idols have been cast down and rent asunder!
The idols have been cast down and rent asunder!'



00011. VENCEREMOS



ABOUT

This is the song that was written for democratic socialist Salvador Allende's campaign for President of Chile in 1970.

As Chilean society broke down in the months before the coup, 'Venceremos' became the unofficial national anthem.

The great Chilean folk singer Víctor Jara wrote different lyrics for the song referring directly to Allende's 'Unidad Popular' coalition.

After days of brutal torture and just before he was murdered in cold blood by the soldiers of fascist dictator Augusto Pinochet, who had imprisoned him and thousands of others in a stadium turned into a concentration camp for the 1973 coup against Allende, Víctor Jara sang 'Venceremos' as a last act of defiance.

As such, this rendition of the song is dedicated to Víctor Jara and to all who died under fascism, to all who fought fascism, to all victims of capitalism.

Hasta la victoria, siempre.

CREDITS

- Evangeline Sutherland
—vocals, production, guitar, modified lyrics, modified translation
- Claudio Iturra
—original lyrics
- Sergio Ortega
—composition
- Élise Hendrick
—original English translation

LYRICS

Desde el hondo crisol de la tierra
se levanta el clamor popular.

Ya se anuncia la nueva alborada,
todo el mundo comienza a cantar.
Recordando al soldado valiente,
cuyo ejemplo lo hiciera inmortal,
enfrentemos primero a la muerte,
traicionar al pueblo jamás.

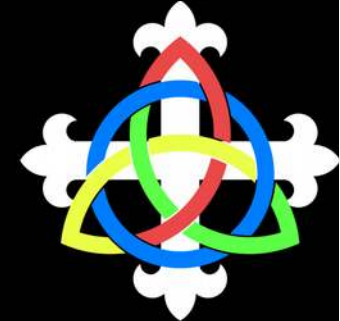
Venceremos, venceremos,
mil cadenas habrá que romper,
venceremos, venceremos,
el fascismo sabremos vencer.

Venceremos, venceremos,
mil cadenas habrá que romper,
venceremos, venceremos,
el fascismo sabremos vencer.

Campesinos, soldados, mineros,
la mujeres del mundo también,
estudiantes, empleados y obreros,
cumpliremos con nuestro deber.
Sembraremos las tierras de gloria,
socialista será el porvenir.
Todos juntos seremos la historia,
A cumplir, A cumplir, A cumplir.



00011. VENCEREMOS



LYRICS (cont.)

Venceremos, venceremos,
mil cadenas habrá que romper,
venceremos, venceremos,
la miseria sabremos vencer.

Venceremos, venceremos,
mil cadenas habrá que romper,
venceremos, venceremos,
la miseria sabremos vencer.

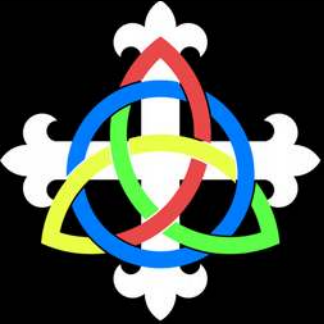
ENGLISH LYRICS

From the deep crucible of the world,
the people's voices rise up.
A new dawn comes over the horizon.
All the world breaks out in song.
In remembrance of the courageous warrior
whose example has made him immortal,
we shall confront death
before we would betray our people.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome!
A thousand chains we'll have to break, but
we shall overcome, we shall overcome!
We know we can overcome fascism.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome!
A thousand chains we'll have to break, but
we shall overcome, we shall overcome!
We know we can overcome fascism.

Peasants, soldiers, miners,
and the women of the world as well,
students, workers, white-collar and blue,
we will do our duty.
We'll sow the land with glory.
Socialism will be our future.
With all together, history
we shall fulfil, we shall fulfil, we shall fulfil.



00011. VENCEREMOS



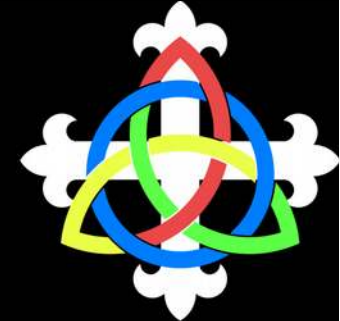
ENGLISH LYRICS (cont.)

We shall overcome, we shall overcome!
A thousand chains we'll have to break, but
we shall overcome, we shall overcome!
We know we can overcome suffering.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome!
A thousand chains we'll have to break, but
we shall overcome, we shall overcome!
We know we can overcome suffering.



ROSE WITH TEETH



Evangeline Sutherland is an Oriental Orthodox Christian mystic & libertarian communist trans chick who makes mystical music for traumatised teens.

Rose with Teeth is her musical project.

LINKS

- Rose with Teeth (artist website):
gnostiquette.bandcamp.com
- Schrödinger's Cat Music (label website):
schrodingerscatmusic.neocities.org



