

Mp3 Brokenkites - Fugue State



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Cinematic progressions of chill out dark ambient indietronica. Chillbient. File under: Anti-Genre 15 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Illbient, ELECTRONIC: Chill out Show all album songs: Fugue State Songs

Details: Footnote 01: The album art for Fugue State consists of photographs taken in Pripjat, Ukraine in August 2007. Pripjat is an abandoned modern city inside of the Exclusion Zone, approximately 2km from the Chernobyl nuclear power plant disaster site. Footnote 02: Can we change things? Can people change? Are they really that willing to bend, to break, for the cause, or perhaps, for nothing at all? As we drift in the stream of our society, carried by the current, with but a few voices crying out for new direction while the resigned majority murmurs, I wonder: Can we change things? We wait for fate, but do nothing to make our own. In a few months, will the walls come down, will the world outside come flooding in, and if they do, what lies in wait for us? A brighter future? Unlimited horizons? Or is it something more dark, more sinister, something deadly that we cannot fathom? As the great divide between what is Now and what is To Be remains, unyielding, we wait. If nothing happens, should we remain, drifting, for another decade? Another century? Should we wait forever? Or will we take the reigns of our collective destiny in hand, defiant to the stream, rise up, and chart new territories? The time is at hand. I've never seen the world outside - but for most of my life, the Arc's seemed much too small. When I was younger, I walked the entire perimeter of the stasis field more than a few times, searching the barrier for something, anything, that might prove to be an exit, but it was futile and depressing work that drained my hope. There's not a lot of real hope left in the Arc; these days, it's worn down, dull, and faded, and most everybody pretends to have it while they wait to see if the centennial brings about the end of the world. If the world ends, we do escape, but what happens after that? Can we survive, brave as we are, in the old world outside? I fear that we've grown far too complacent in our years here: the small pockets of

innovators are far outnumbered by the greater mass of individuals who've believed in something for so long that they can no longer function properly without it. What if the world outside doesn't greet us with open arms? What if there are no arms present to greet us at all?

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