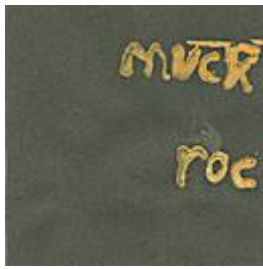


Mp3 Muck - Roc



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Stumbling, dismantled slow motion songs drum beats unusual lo-fidelity textures..Very intense lyrics similar to what you hoped "acid rock" would've sounded like before hearing the real thing. 7 MP3 Songs

POP: New Wave, ROCK: Psychedelic Details: Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm Alfred T. Carmichael (aka Ability To Communicate, aka Ernesto Diaz-Infante) and my band found Pax Recordings to put out our music. My friends And Gnat Vomit (aka Matt Davignon), Tina (aka Marjorie Sturm) and I have been fine tuning our craft for over 3 months and we feel we are ready to unleash our music upon the unsuspecting world. The name of the band is "Roc", a clever play on words which combines the popular form of music with the giant bird from the middle ages. Our music reflects this too. We make gigantic, sunblocking songs which are also thought-provoking commentaries on politics and social situations. A lot of our songs have big powerful power chords. Anyway, my girlfriend Tina, who writes the lyrics, says we're ready to go big time! So now we're sending out CDs to every cool magazine and college radio station we can find. Check out our music... The very intense lyrics....

The New Ritual//He was half naked/Tip of his cock/Poking thru his pants/Chest bare, arm muscles moving/Flexing as he talked, wildly worth/His seduction./Through the hot orange night/The fire burned, churned/The ritual forward./She, his new protector,/Stood head facing the sky/Dressed in a gown of feathers/Arms open, embracing the inception/Of ideas newly birthed/Instilled now in a rain cloud./He will die on this day./She died yesterday./We all die one day./Pelting drops poured/He danced in circles/Exonerated the past/The last of the old ideas/He was no longer afraid/Of being naked./Shining and wet/Weaving into the world's womb/Too possessed for possessions/They owned nothing/But a rain cloud. Sensation//I haven't been satisfied/by sensation for so long/my breasts on your chest/I float inward/fall into a stream/surrounded by jack rabbits'/steady steps soft gentle plush/your hand/on the back/of my thigh/my neck/In a cloud of

smoke/you laugh and cough/cough and laugh/Can you hear that bell ringing?/I can/The morning melts,
slithers slides by, we have studied/so much of each other's skin/this magnetism/manifested
suddenly/fragile dew drop/deep as the dark/The plants are spiraling up a beanpole./Where will we
go?/The window won't shut/Your spirit slips out/travels with the ghost/that watches whales/weighing pros
and cons of the situation/Each day the angle changes/along with my energy/I stare into the mirror/in utter
stillness,/watching you crawl back/in the window/from behind. Marcello's Angels//Angels wild with the
wind each night/play their flutes on window ledges/enveloped by blue light/Their songs are upbeat,
created to soothe/the heart,unique melodies rhythms/that enthuse a fresh start/If the angels sense that
you are grieving/they'll perform songs that are healing/In these they will admit, an understanding so
low/no explanation of this life and death that we know/Can you see them, become frenzied with
dance/whirling around,/embracing the turbulence/The Angels hug Mystery face to face/such confrontation
provides us our grace On Any Given Day The Inspection from Within//Changing lightbulbs from room to
room/telling time to the/ticket-taker/in the desperate wing/an angel rocks/to and fro/It is not forgotten/the
forgetful slave/the future fugitive/of the invisible merry-go-wheel/sleep sleep sleep/lulled to sleep/like a
magnet to the earth/moving fast/Off or on/non-understandable/the worm of light/wiggles in the dark
dark/then withers away/piece of peace/to a dubious/destination/doubtful and doubly undone/the deceitful
truth triggers/a quiet resurrection/From within/the inspection was exhausted/the carved cave
paintings/revealed the withheld mystery/expanded the unexplained/only briefly/till memory eclipsed/the
question/till the question/ eclipsed consciousness/in outer space/the bells are ringing In this hour of only
illusion//In this hour of only illusion/there is a knocking on the door/handwriting on the floor/You, who have
cast the spell/can only creep so far away from the mirrors/that menace your champagne on ice/that
heated chill/the cough in the throat that can't be cleared/we all stand witness/Sickly, barbed blue
baby/hides in the basement Sad Song//A wave, a roll of thoughts,/spiral in one direction/wave and then
spiral in another/leaving me in/different locations/all while laying on my back./You want a family, a
baby,/all I can say is maybe/my thoughts wave, roll,/spiral in one direction/leaving me with a sad song/A
mourning melody/about what should be, could be,/what I thought it would be/nothing glimmers like the
sea/and I am too young to enter it/Driving down the highway, staring at/7-11's,/strip malls, cardboard halls,
gray doors,/I knew I had to find something else to believe in./I prefer fantasy/because its more colorful
than reality/I don't want to only pretend to care anymore/With you and me, /it's not simple, you

agree,/pressures from society, our families,/the constant false dualities/city or country, intellect or spirituality/Lives that are illusively linear/with time constraints/that will not wait and/heed warnings such as/"we are not getting any younger." 2004 by Marjorie Sturm.

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: