

Slide Into the Void (feat. Cami-Cat)

The Stupendum

You hear our words but you forget
Push your fingers through the surface to the wet
We wait in the stains, we build you 'til nothing remains
In the name of the sound of the name
Repeat the word, repeat the word, repeat the word
Egg cracks and the truth will emerge
A copy of a copy of a copy of a copy of a copy
You are home, you remind us, happy, hurt
At the edge of understanding, the border of the known
The breaking point of reason, where logic is dethroned
Where sense is defenseless and festers on the bone
You'll find entropy's offensive is rendered in the stone
As you roam through the Oldest House
Home to all that you weren't told about
Trapped within a labyrinth, it goes without saying
That we're praying that they don't get out
Prison for the isn't, sitting hinged within a schism
Of half-reflected architecture, dark unending prisms
Part objective, part conjecture, partnered with tradition
Where the paperwork is worshiped and the rituals are written
When the black rock cracks and the firebreak ends
The Director is left as the line of defense
When trenches have fallen to forces unknown
Perhaps you should answer the phone
If you can't place the pin where patterns end and you begin
Follow the Director, else you're gonna slide into the void
But if the world you knew has cracked and fallen through
Go to the projector, load another slide into the void
There's the strangest correlation observation will present
In the systems, we can witness and the signals they have sent
These forces yet unknowable that ripple through cement
Inscrutable intrusions, Altered World Events
Where reality cracks and impacts on the next
Dimensions fragment and the Astral projects
On benign, undefined Archetypal objects
Until Ordinary's torn up and normal defects
In effect, what you're left with are O.O.P's
Objects of Power, a flying TV
A light that can hijack your mind as you see
A safe that's encased in a shield of debris
These frequencies are frequently the key
To what's perceived to be

And vis-à-vis are feeding off the reaches of the mind
But recently the sequence has repeated and repeated
And it leaves me with the theory that they're trying to get inside
 You hear our words but you forget
 Push your fingers through the surface to the wet
We wait in the stains, we build you 'til nothing remains
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Repeat the word, repeat the word, repeat the word
 Egg cracks and the truth will emerge
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 You are home, you remind us, happy, hurt
If you can't place the pin where patterns end and you begin
Follow the Director, else you're gonna slide into the void
But should your world collapse and fall right off the maps
 Go to the projector, load another slide into the void
The Director is the Bureau's one connection the Board
 Obey the mighty Bakelite and file your reports
 Telephony in effigy must never be ignored
So if you hear a ringing, you had better pull the cord
 And explore the décor of the Oceanview
 Where the doors only open for a chosen few
Check your logic at the desk, you won't need it to progress
 A dream is just a test to be broken through
Like the smoke entombed in the rooms of the Ashtray
 Furniture fractals, the carpet cascades
Lost in a labyrinth of lounge chairs and lampshades
 Wallpaper warps into infinite pathways
There's no limit to the dangers of phenomenon, we keep
 Or the chaos that would reign
 Should the Panopticon be breached
This never-ending edifice is perched upon the precipice
 Since we let in the Resonance, the future's under siege
If you can't place the pin where patterns end and you begin
Follow the Director, else you're gonna slide into the void
But if you see the seams, where motels meld with dreams
 Go to the projector, load another slide into the void
 I've analyzed the data, I've cataloged the signs
 Run every simulation, every sample I can find
 I'd give an explanation but we haven't got the time
We're drowning in the waveforms and our minds are in the tide
 Of elegant malevolence, sequestered in the resonance
Nesting in the head of every denizen, tell me, is it heaven-sent?
 Is the devil even relevant
When questioning the presence of dimensional intelligence?
 Thresholds unfold as a door that knocks
In the ticking, in the ticking, in the ticking of the clocks
 We are holding the key, we just don't see the locks
 Paradise and parasite, in parallel, in paradox
 We stand on a mantle where matter divides

To abstractive fractures that tangle and writhe
Through cracks in reality, trapped in a slide
Such intangible sanctuary Hedron provides
Breaking the first, the second, the third
The fourth wall, fifth wall, no floor, you fall
Earworm humming in a dream
Baby, baby, baby, yeah, just plastic
You want to listen, you want to dream
You want to smile, you want to hurt, you don't want to be
You want to listen, you want to dream
You want to smile, you want to hurt, you don't want to be
If you can't place the pin where patterns end and you begin
Follow the Director, else you're gonna slide into the void
But should your towers fall, free your mind and heed the call
Go to the projector, load another slide into the void

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