

# 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  
    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  
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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