



# misted almond Legacy

Like a dangerous wine, unfolded  
Across an ancient bridge of gold  
I see you girl, running with energy  
For my misted almond legacy  
You live as a Queen in a townhouse  
With someone peeling grapes and  
Placing them in your mouth  
Is there a heart of flesh, inside your chest?  
Or is it a thick white diamond  
That's majestic

I see you run across the bridge of gold  
Want me to believe you're as old as I  
(I don't)  
I'm standing there with my sword  
Just me in the purple sky  
The thunder pours forth  
I point my sword into the Universe  
And I start to cry

Like a jealousy fire that's flaming  
Upon the ancient bridge of gold  
I see the stick-shifters, weak as celery  
Trying to get their tongues on my almond legacy  
I live on the run, I got enemies  
The same unchanged for twelve-plus centuries  
Unhappy brown skins very contemporary  
Look at me wishing, with a smidgen of jealousy

Beautiful brides on the bridge of forever be  
Begging me to go back and waste my energy  
Beautified brides on the bridge of forever be  
Begging me to go back and taste my energy.

You want to get your hands on my timeless  
golden treasury  
My milky almond necklace  
timeless legacy  
Pomegranate particles fall down  
into bed with me  
Our bodies turn into white light and  
we become melody.

Guitar, flute, synth, vocal: Yusuf Mirdaq  
Recorded in Manoa, Honolulu



# bed of truth

I sleep in a bed of truth  
I sleep on a bed of truth  
I sleep on a bed of truth  
I sleep with a bird of truth

She makes beautiful noises of youth  
Sound like baby rubies, or fruit  
She clings on for dear life to me  
She clings on for dear life to me

We walk by a sandy beach, in a country  
We forget our names and remember other things  
We retire after sundown, remove our crowns and our gowns  
Lay us down in a place that's round

We sleep in a garden of proof  
We sleep in a garden, that's proof  
We took in rose-scented air as we flew  
We flew free while the flowers grew

You should sleep on a bed of truth  
You should really sleep on a bed of truth  
It's good for you.

Guitar, drum, synth, vocal: Ysao Marhaban  
Recorded in Manoa, Honolulu



# i know why (water slides)

Doves are floating in the sky  
I know why, I know why

Beautiful people with smiling eyes  
I know why, I know why

Kids run around so high on life  
I know why, I know why

My fingers move like water slides  
I know why, I know why

There's a baby who's tucked away somewhere under a tree  
His tired mama put him there, she says, "rest now get some sleep"

What do baby boys dream about, do you know?

Do you remember?

What kind of things do they see

When they have a lazy dream in early November?

They see soft-circles in the sky

Then they see a rosey-light

They see power coming from small things

Gigantic power, scary feelings

They're in touch with a fear we've forgot

An awe of the All

A call fresh from the fall

Guitar, drum, synth, vocal: Yerevan Mellowegg

Recorded in Manoa, Honolulu



# i know how (beautiful face)

I know how to make beautiful face  
I know how to make beautiful ways  
I know how to stay in beautiful place  
I know when you want me to go away

I know how to make beautiful art  
I know how to craft beautiful craft  
I know how to love, I give up my heart  
But if you get sick of me then don't even ask

I know how to leave, I've always travelled  
I'm just like the leaves, I spin and unravel  
I wander and I weave through the wind and through gravel  
Walk into the sea (I only know how to paddle)

Will you come with me? I'm looking for a hand  
Someone who can love, even if they don't understand  
I'm blind as the sun, smiling equal at everyone  
I'm waiting for the brave one who'll walk into the sun

Guitar, drum, synth, vocal: Yerevan Mellowegg  
Recorded in Manoa, Honolulu



# Love is the water of life

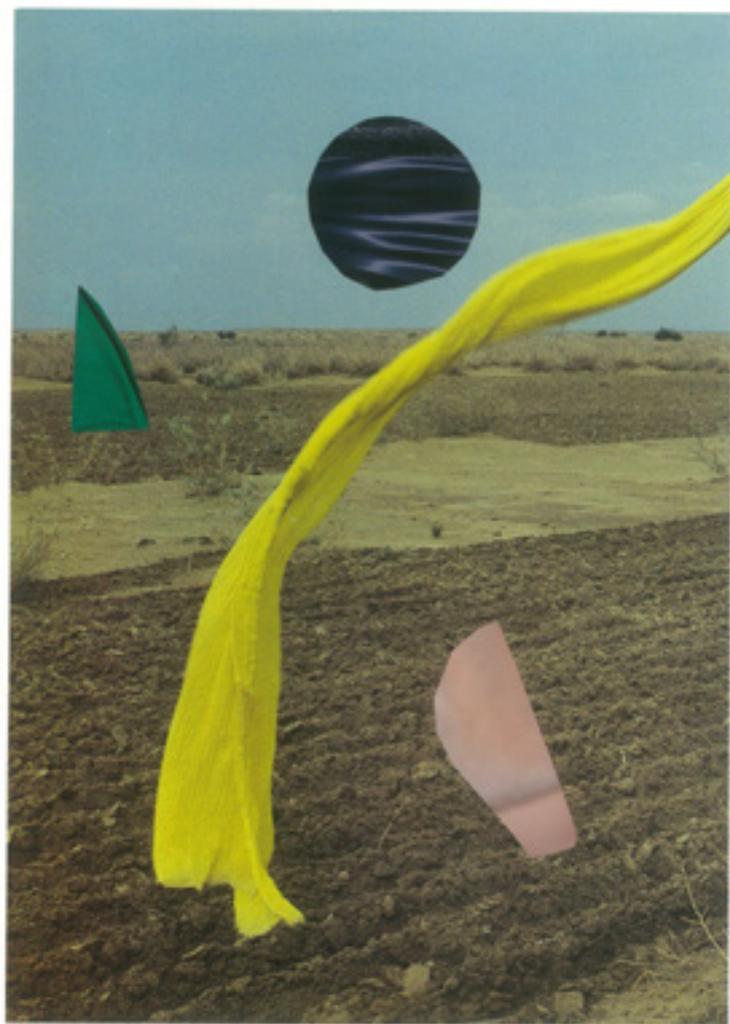
A paper towel that's absorbed some liquid  
Soggy and nasty lying there so defeated  
That's how it is with these burdens I live with  
Think I can handle it, but I'm weak and diluted

Upon my shoulders, I been holding all of this  
Like a pseudo-superman  
Bridging a hole in the golden-gate bridge  
Trynna save the world  
While my heart's lost in a distant mist  
Must I miss my own heart and my spirit?

Duty is beauty when your heart is a Spring  
There ain't no limits  
To the change and joy that you can bring  
Love is the water that brings all of your flowers in

Love is the water of life that you sing  
Love is the water of life that you win  
Love is the water of life that you spin

Guitar, vocal: Yasna Mahalo  
Flute: Yaxis Merriweather  
Recorded in Manoa, Honolulu



# inches from the deep

I awake on a mountain breeze  
I know how to breathe  
I asleep on a merry-go-round  
Very slow sound, I see

Mother virgin teenage children  
Make it mine, a triple  
Espresso, cars, keep me company, stars  
I'm sharp like blue jars of pickles

Keep this on my silhouette  
Same thing as my gravestone  
Black boy sheep star gazer of the desert  
Gave you all his love through your headphones

Just when I get near  
Inches from the deep  
That's when, I do hear  
Pinches from my sleep

Very false eyes, giving me fake-arse sighs  
I seen you like a city  
People mix up depth for excitement and flesh  
I seen you, you're just pretty

Take my hand, I know you wouldn't give it  
People these days are so antsy  
Take my life, I know you can't give  
I'm trynna show you what is beauty.

Just when I get near  
Inches from the deep  
That's when, I do hear  
Pinches from my sleep

Synth, drum, flutes, vocals: Yessicome Majestus  
Recorded in Makiki, Honolulu



# blood is blind

Blood is blind  
It sneaks in from the side  
It chooses a bride out of mind  
Over time

.Blood is blind.

Blood is not wrong  
Or kind  
Blood is a boundless  
Breathing bond  
It'll take you to  
Where you belong

Blood is blind  
Fresh clear water or  
Dark red wine  
All of the time  
Blood is blind

Blood ain't love  
But it'll take you there  
To the mountain air  
Oh yeah  
Blood ain't love  
But it'll strangle you  
Through the thick black veils  
Of a glove

Blood ain't the thinking (naa, naa)  
Blood ain't the beauty (naa, naa)  
Blood ain't the heartbreak (blah, blah, blah)  
Blood ain't the duty (ha, ha, ha)

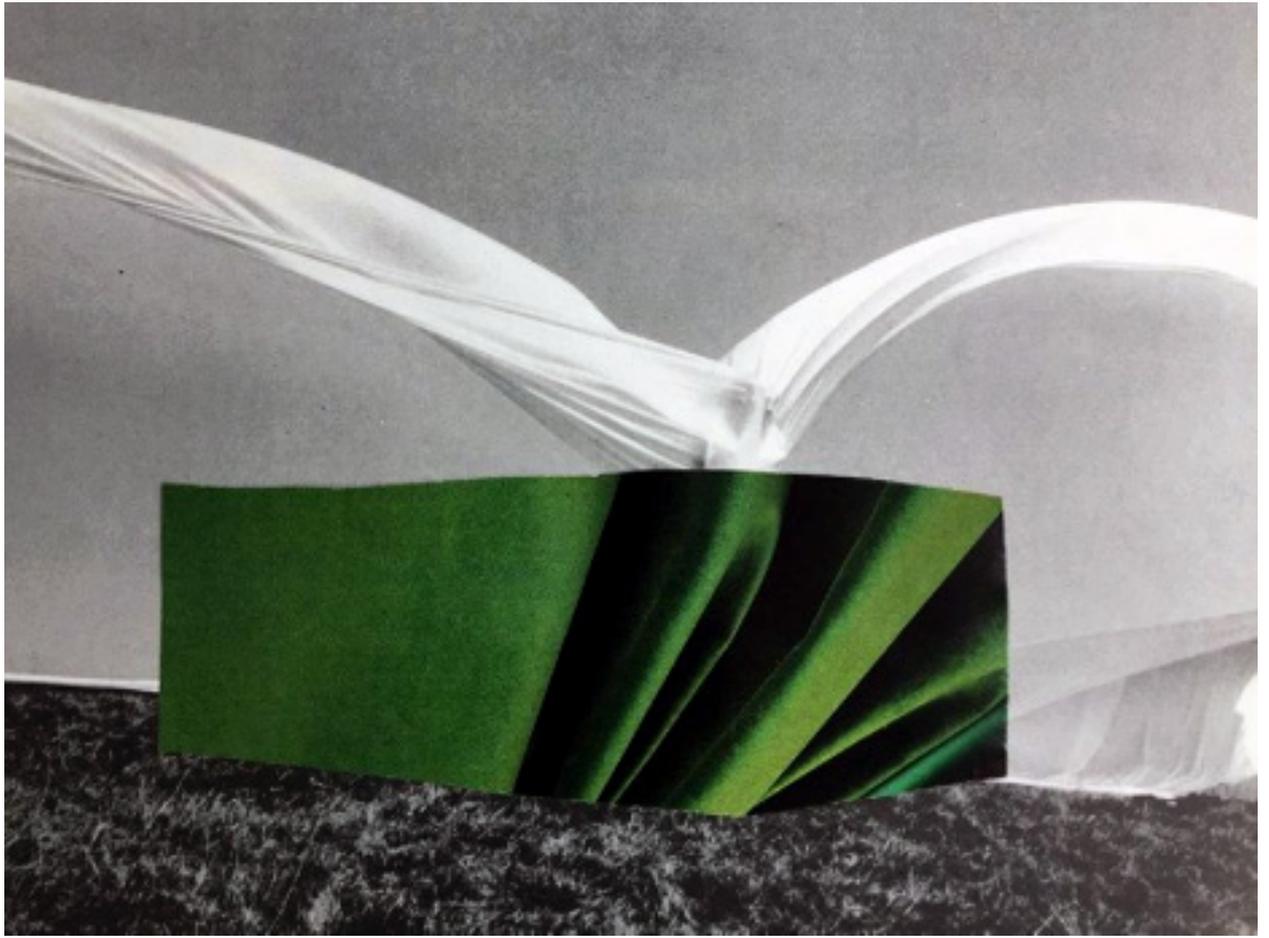
Blood's the journey (ya ya)  
Blood's the instinct (ya ya)  
Blood is the God of you

The One to Believe in

Blood is what you are  
It's what you cannot escape  
It's what you try to transfuse and lose  
The strange madness of your family you hate

I drank yours, girl, and you drank mine  
Try to forget ourselves  
For a short time  
For a short and very dry time  
But within us is an ocean  
Of what we are

Harmonium, drum, synth, vocal: Yulsius Madessi  
Recorded in Makiki, Honolulu



# o r b s

We live on the big blue  
We live in the ocean  
We love in the same space  
We're in together

We're all drowned and alive  
Gasping, barely living  
We're all sound and highs  
Multi-tasking and we're  
Scarcely living

I get to know you, or  
We've always known each other  
Something there inside your orbs has been  
Floating inside me forever

Rolling in the big green dream  
On the same team  
It don't matter where I go  
You'll always hear my echo  
I dreamt about you today  
I had that dream before I met you  
In the dream, de ja vous  
'Was it ten years ago or last week?'

I get to know you, or  
We've always known each other  
Something there inside your orbs has been  
Floating inside me forever

Guitar, synth, vocal: Yakupjaan Manchuria  
Recorded in Makiki, Honolulu



# bye u w t i f l t r e e s

When I've had it with the built-up forest  
And the hustle-bustle  
I go for open-plains  
Where I find my spiritual muscle

I go for blue-trees  
And open-sky ceremonies  
I go for rejuvenation of my heart  
Reconnect my sensitivity

Beautiful Trees  
Beautiful Trees

Lovers we breed, just like the Chinese  
Throw away your delicious bag of golden cookies  
Baby it's time to get free

Stop scrolling while you eat  
I miss staring deep  
Into the distant, dark recesses of people's ears

But if they've got music on  
Why don't they drink it fully down  
Instead of using it as background noise?

What happened to sitting down  
With no lights and just sound?  
Is music not enough?  
Is music not enough?

Beautiful Trees  
Beautiful Trees

.(Rain).

I seek colours, and the glory of things  
They have faded  
Now I just see pictures of things

I seek feelings, and the romance of things  
It has misted  
Now we just make lists of things

I take chick peas in two cupped hands  
Let them fall, let them spread  
All across the land  
I pour vinegar into the red soil  
I pour olive oil, and grind  
Salt upon it all

I whisper vespers and love  
Deep into the ground  
Then I see smoke rising from the sand  
I look up, and I see almonds falling from the sky  
I open up my mind and  
Then my hands

Beautiful skies  
Beautiful skies.

Synth, drum, guitar: Yin-Mang  
Vocal: Yoshi Mercurius  
Recorded in Makiki, Honolulu



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Thank you