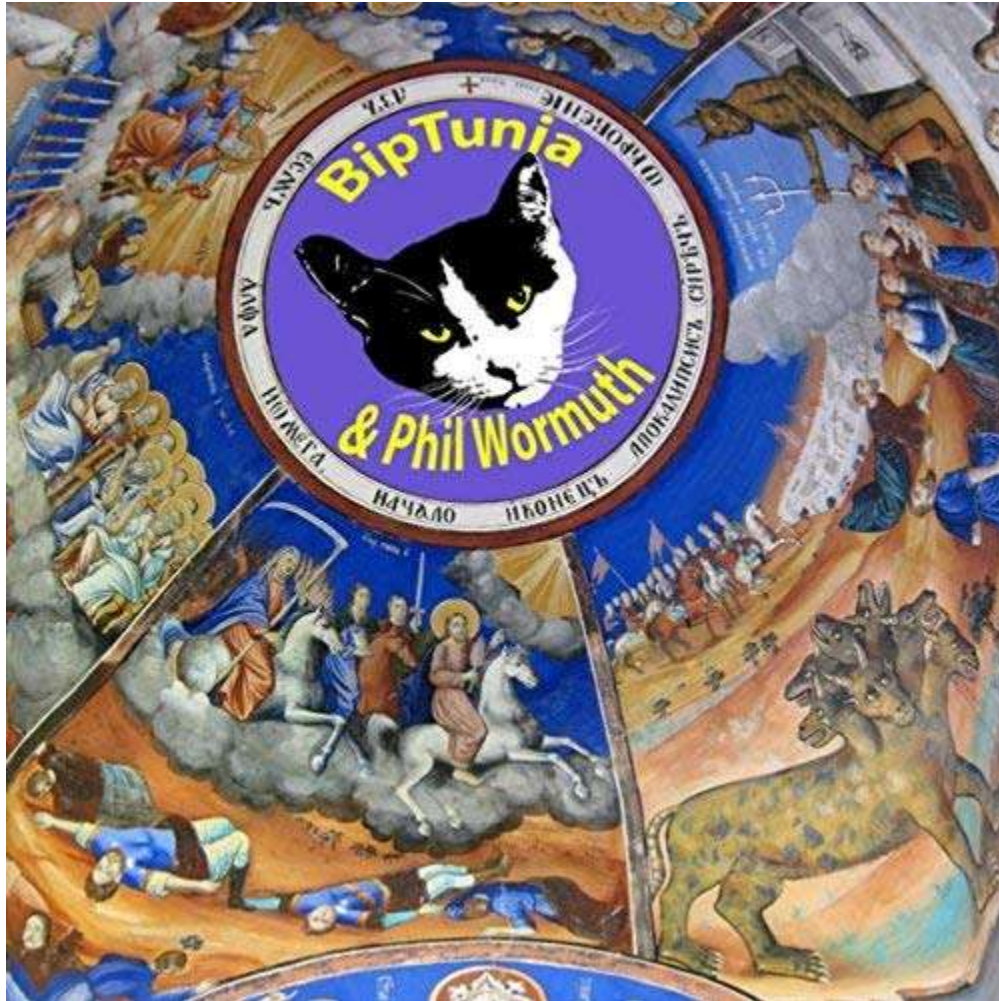


Liner notes and lyrics for "Brace Yourself for a Blast" album by
BipTunia featuring Phil Wormuth.



SONG LIST:

- 1. Brace Yourself for a Blast**
- 2. Crucifixion Street - for Jamestown, NY**
- 3. Ode to an Ode to Chautauqua NY**
- 4. Venus Dismembered**
- 5. He Makes a Mirror**
- 6. Eviction**
- 7. I've Already Told You Too Much**

8. The Radio Fired Bullets

9. No Holidays in Heaven

-All music MWD (Michael W. Dean of music project BipTunia)

-All lyrics Phil Wormuth except all lyrics in "Ode to an Ode to Chautauqua NY" and the part in "Crucifixion Street" from " Anthem were a pretty good band" to " They just move up the Street."

-All voices Phil Wormuth...

...except all of "Ode to an Ode to Chautauqua NY" read by MWD, and the line "or were you called up to heaven?" in "Crucifixion Street - for Jamestown, NY" read by MWD.

And Kip Cameron did the radio announcer voice at the start of the first song, "Brace Yourself for a Blast."

Phil: jipprod.org

MWD: biptunia.com

Cover painting artist may be unknown, It's on the roof of a Monastery in Macedonia. The painting is medieval, from the 12th century.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Osogovo_Monastery

<https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Orthodox-Apocalypse-Fresco.jpg>

"Brace Yourself for a Blast" is electronic music that is heavy without being harsh, welded seamlessly into spoken word that doesn't suck.

This album will likely entertain fans of Nick Cave, Tom Waits, Pink Floyd, Frank Zappa, Depeche Mode, plus people who hate those artists or have never heard of them.

Plus, no cussin' so it's fun for the whole family!

By the way; we are the fire on the candles on the cake at the party for the end of the world.

One: Brace Yourself for a Blast

The broadcasters in your area, in voluntary cooperation

urge you, as purely a precautionary measure
to corral all children, loved-ones, neighbors and pets.
Loosen all gas caps. Secure all lawn furniture and garbage cans.

Stay tuned for more official information, news, or instructions.

Attention. Attention.

This is not a test. I repeat, this is not a test.
The situation is more dire than earlier reported.
Proceed immediately to the nearest fall-out shelter,
backyard bunker, depression, or ditch.
Fire up generators. Switch on scrubbers.
The moment is upon us to draw from the power of our collective resolve.

As our fate rains down upon us from space,
The losses will be huge; a sorry price to pay
End of transmission.

Since we were born
there was always war-
hungry for the end;
hot apocalypse,
gamma-ray silence...
The catwalk of eternity.

Shaping up the universe –
“Now that otta do it!”
Nuclear fission dawn.
Doomsday is today!

“Ye who have unleashed
the power to slake and abate the very heavens
(nearly blew up the sun
and spurred the moon into a further,
friendlier, emptier universe)
shall burn in the furnaces
of a thousand hells for all eternity!”

In a flash – my last memory
as a child was collecting shells on the shore,
huddling under desks in practice.

Two: Crucifixion Street - for Jamestown, NY

Crucifixion St.

Dynamite sale, 10 cents a stick!
Too many Molotov Cocktails can make you sick.
Dark days, dead friends - memories condemned.
Roaming bands of madmen;
drunken skeletons selling souvenirs...
Dancing demons in the street - the slow death of time.

A bar on every corner, a church to match -in the streets, the spirits clash.
Pickets, scabs -missing fingers, missing hands...
Shells of factories, shells of the men that worked 'em.

Tender young angels, no strangers to the pain -the stench of spilled-gut stains;
stale butts and lipstick.
The freshness of a guilty conscience...

Big-belted, barrel-bodied, thin-lipped Mick -
(cursin' his mom for ever havin' 'em)
shufflin' thru the trash with the roaches and rats,
lookin' for a dish to pass.

He's all soaked, an impish ass -
she's a lush tryin' to fix herself up with a glass.
The stripper, face-down on the bar, gets bigger tips.
The preacher, drunk in his pulpit, goin' out with a snake
-eatin' off the collection plate.

The lice at sunrise, a hiccup in the dirt...
His halo's bent
(the crazed ol' gent.)
His wife, she prays the misery's worth it
(while pigeons sit in judgment.)

The sign outside reads: "BIG ACE'S PLACE,
POKER SPOKEN HERE."

Anthem were a pretty good band for classic rock.
Later Tony was our drummer
But where is he now?

We looked under every rock
and roll

Tony brother, you out there?
Or did you finally get called up to Heaven?

Cash Newmann got a 7-dollar tattoo at Marty's Archery
in the back room.
Still has it 35 years later.
Blurry little music note.

Girl left him for a biker
Who threatened him at the Rusty Nail
Where he saw the trail of blood in the snow

She later left the biker for a cop and
moved to Toledo for the good life

Cash came back later on tour
and rocked the Rusty Nail.
Best thing that ever happened there.

Now the place is shuttered
Good end to bad vibes
But those vibes are ghosts
You cannot kill.
They just move up the
Street

Three: Ode to an Ode to Chautauqua NY

Chautauqua NY you used to be cool
You WERE my childhood.

Chautauqua NY you used to be cool
Not just being wistful, you actually changed, mannnn.

Or maybe you're a lady. Who used to be fertile. Who hung out with the wrong crowds.
The bankers and the money changers
made you sterile

I used to run your 5 mile an hour streets
feral ...jungle boy among the symphony

Lost my virginity but not my innocence to a red haired girl
I met at Bestor Plaza while playing guitar.

My guitar never put me down.
But she did. Like a carriage horse when the cars came.

Karen Finn. Right after summer she called from Buffalo "You don't love me, you don't know
what
love is, I'm dating an older guy with money and he loves me."

Second time that I thought "Somewhere, someone lied to me, she did."
But not at all my last.

Was that "she" the red-haired girl, or Chautauqua?

But I'm alive for you, Chautauqua,
not just alive
But learned to thrive. In ways most can't.

The best of the best only there for 9 weeks, I learned quick
to discard the small talk. Learned to live and learned to love.
As crowded in summer as I envisioned Hong Kong. And everyone got along.

I kissed the ballerinas and the cello players and the fine art painters
That immersed into me and made me love that European culture on my own.
I felt it in my soul. It's in my DNA.

So I don't hate it like these kids today.

My parents could never coerce on that me but
Mother tried.

Making your kid listen to one hour of
classical music for every four hours of rock
could make them hate that long hair beauty fuel stuff.

You'll like it a lot more if you literally get out there and
lick it, smell it, and listen to its inner thoughts spoken softly
under the trees by the big bell tower at the lake.
Sneaking under the fence of my mind without paying.

She did.

Chautauqua NY: She sits alone on the steps of the church and temple, it's the only

place that she feels at home.

A fireman smoking a cigarette, tipped off the cop
to my friend, the red haired girl's best friend. So that one
got busted the first time she
smoked a reefer stick, and pregnant the first time she made love
Not with me, but not for lack of trying.

Chautauqua NY quiet tree-lined streets from another era, 5 MPH limit for cars,
horse and buggies even went faster than that.

I made friends and lovers still friends today.

Septuagenarians sip Chautauqua Tea,
from sets of silver on the porch, pretending not to tipple in
the dry town that's apparently not so dry.

Running and playing and hiding in the Amphitheater behind the tree-sized
thundering organ pipes.

We felt invisible and invincible, we could see the world
But the world could not see us.

I could feel the low notes in my coccyx, it made me wiggle for knowing God. If there
even is such a thing. But there was back then.

And it made me want to play bass.
And later emulate cellos and concert basses and tympanis on high tech math through
A spinning lodestone and crystallized sand shocked with tamed lightning in my computer.

But this was back when computers were the size of a house and out of my reach and
I was bad at math anyway.

When I was your age we only had wooden cellos and grandpas guitars and painters and kisses on
lips ast Chautauqua.

There ain't an app for that.

My first published piece, age 11, in the Chautauqua Daily paper
was an ode to Chautauqua in winter.
The solace of no people no wind and crisp snow and the ghosts of summer was deafening.

That poem was more innocent than this.
But this one is better.

Four: Venus Dismembered

Venus Dismembered

The moon is high in his office,
exerting his influence over all who will;
intoxicating as incontinent.

A river of gall makes its nauseous progress
'till it runs out of prospects.

The echo of industry
declaring its insolvency;
racking up cancer after cancer.

Acrid tracts thru which the afflicted pass -
the derelict path of intransigence.

Acres of heartburn, vague arrangements;
streets paved in dismay.
The mottled faces of the depraved,
mouldering from the rot of moral decay.

Hovel above hovel, over-run;
ridden with the lousy, the overcome.

Remnants of men, heaps of regret -
the tattered fabric of a dank precinct.

An ambient torment;
that slummy racket.
Heedless pleas that pierce the night.

The fervor of disorder
(an excess privation.)
The strains of separation.
Wretched measures wrested from death.
The rigors and ravages of an abject caste.

The sobs and strains of the stricken and strifed;
guileless rivals,
agents of the night.

The cries of the maligned,
discarded designs; the pall of the throng
(a rotten peal) that told of her coming...

Under the cloak of night -
seductress death;
pitiless, dark, and elegiac...
her lips lush and practiced
in the poetry of the moment.

Vested in a raiment of flesh –
rent, wont, and degenerate;
fetching death in the folds of the flock.

Acrid chapel,
offal for the faithful.

Striking matches in the shadows...
the weight of words off freshly formed lips
that connect – electric.

She finds success in the broken flesh,
in the tired streets -
routine identities,
worn-out addresses.

Redeeming not one,
conceding all -
wrecks in every direction
confiding in shapely churches
(ruinous and seductive)
of little means and in need...
Consolation results in disease.

Stretching, shapeless landscapes -
unrelenting clamor from a mire of vice;
libelous labors, slanderous practice.

Fashioned in the shadows – a lurid tryst;
a foul coalescence...
idling in the vastness
(the instruments of collapse.)

Five: He Makes a Mirror

He Makes a Mirror

The universe successfully communicated its timeless brilliance
over millions, billions of miles of cold, dead space
accessed by man via a primitive, concave glass eye-piece.

With the knowledge he gained,
he interpreted the images trapped and captured by the lens.
What, might you ask,
did he accomplish?
(a deep appreciation of the gravity
of what it means to be a human being.)

Transcending the image trapped and captured in the glass,
he sees beyond the finite trappings of pure vanity
and senses a limitless universe of opportunity
(a gangly, ungainly, universe at that.)
The artist in him calls into question reality, convention;
ultimately, his own sanity.

If what he sees he feels...
he will slowly, methodically, peel away
the pretense of presumed intelligence
and promptly depart for the stars.

Six: Eviction

Eviction

The angels shut down heaven...
God to the Devil: "The jewels are still in the box!"
Reassured, the Devil - he called in sick
(through all the proper channels.)

Cancelled: Faith
... and the Devil's naming names.
"Outstanding reception!"
He, too, will eventually meet his end.
"Brace yourself for blood;
honor demands violence!"
(all friendly advice is suppressed.)

They fought mightily for their Lord,
but who would have guessed the consequences,
the complications?
(no insurance check from the association.)

Said the Devil: “OK, OK... all penance paid!”
... and that day, all of the animals lay down in the road in protest,
resulting in insurance claim complaints.
Vowing to rebuild,
the decision was to drop the ceiling.

Seven: I've Already Told You Too Much

I've Already Told You Too Much!
I checked you out and you're “in”
(but your alias is bogus.)
I've already told you too much -
Radio silence requested...

Eight: The Radio Fired Bullets (zzz need lyrics)

Nine: No Holidays in Heaven

No Holidays in Heaven

The heavenly roads are smooth, paved, and electric -
no gas-hikes, pot holes, or tolls for the holy.

Earthly evacuation is orderly, instantaneous,
and efficient...
(all outstanding bank account balances
and unpaid back taxes are forgiven.)

The Veteran Deputy Superintendent of Heaven confesses:
“There is always a risk of falling...
but the Devil won't last the day!
Drive fast and straight, and remember

-in heaven, there are no holidays.”
