

Not everyone wanted to send in lyrics. And many of the songs are instrumental.

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**MWD with Beauty's Confusion:**

Gonna get outta this cage

In the end, when hope is gone  
You reach into the dark for something more

Gonna get outta this cage

You're so blind  
You can't see  
The problem is you  
And not me

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**NeemaV:**

3-2-1 happy new year!!!!

Twenty Twenty!

New Year, New Decade, NEW ERA.

The statist rapture has left all politicians, judges, dog catchers, prosecutors and prison guards missing... Vanished... G-O-N-E  
Aint no tellin where they be.  
But we gon party like the NSA aint watchin, like the CIA aint plottin', like the only thing certain in life is death. Cause aint no mo taxes!!!

Raise a cup Ayy

raise a pipe Ayy

Roll a blunt  
Time to stunt  
Gettin hype ayy

Pullin up now

Live it up now

Float above

The whole  
Left and the right now

This is not a song about a thing we need to do.

My ninja this a song where we gon celebrate a new  
Era of Amerca without a single state

Hailin' our Emeritus the great prison break

He woke up choked up from the nightmares.

Looked up to see the bars but they not there

Whole place felt weird, no dark there

Wiped his eyes of the tears from the not fair.

Then he opened up his ears heard some weird air.

Marching feet but they wasn't wearing boots.

Peaked out, geeked out. Didnt see riot suits.

DID see guns but he knew they wouldnt shoot.

WHAT!!!!!!

He was at a loss  
Cause there wuz all his heroes and they screaming FREE ROSS!

Roger Ver said "hang right there I gotchu mane" then the blockchain made our boy whale like  
winklevoss

Uh, then the ceiling got lost  
floated like willy wonka to a helicopter launch

Lyn gave him a hug said "the evil has stopped and

We gon hit the white house ruins party like a boss!"

(Helicopter pilot voice)

If you look down and to your left you'll see roads....yup they're still here. The statist all evaporated but they left all these roads.

Uh and if you look to your right and up you'll see a bunch of flying cars. Pretty quick R&D and production with no FAA.

This is the world of tomorrow, you were just a bit ahead of your time.

We landed in the west wing  
But there was no killer cops.

Just a ton of friendly ladies  
Handing out the latest crops

Freedom Feens were in attendance  
The whole crowd was screamin' "worms"

Cody Wilson showing off some new vaccines for statist germs.

Some Israelis and some Persians I saw playing volleyball.

With some Appalachian Trannies  
And nobody cared at all

Ross smiled cheek to cheek  
Cause he knew that there was peace.

And he partied with the rest of us  
The world without a leash!!!

=MOSH PIT REPRISE)=

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raise a pipe Ayy

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Time to stunt  
Gettin hype ayy

Pullin up now

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The whole  
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### **Tall Kite:**

Is this a stroke of genius or a total waste of time?  
Am I the coolest guy on earth or have I lost my mind?  
I'm obsessed with numbers, I can hear them in my head,  
I can see the colors and they're green and blue and red!  
I got to stop, I'm gonna stop real soon  
I promise honey, I'm gonna feed the cat and clean the room  
I promise that I'll get some sleep, I know I'm acting strange,  
But I can't stop thinking 'bout the numbers in my brain!

I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers  
Gonna fiddle with the midi,  
gonna twiddle it a little bit  
And pan it to the middle with a little bit of sizzle  
And compress the mids a little less and it'll be impressive  
'Cause the midi is the message and the message is a riddle  
I hear numbers (The midi is the message) I hear numbers (The message is a riddle) I hear numbers (The midi is the message) I hear numbers (The message is a riddle) I hear numbers (The midi is the message and the message is a riddle) I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers  
I hear numbers I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers, I hear numbers  
All the time, all the time, all the time  
Obsessed with numbers, I can hear them all the time  
I can see the music, the colors are divine!  
Obsessed with numbers, I can hear them in my mind  
Seven six, seven five, and fourteen over nine  
Obsessed with numbers, now I hear them all the time

tuning info for song (including Kite's own tuning system).

<http://www.tallkite.com/music/IHearNumbers.pdf>

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Ocean:

I lived a life without love  
And so I spilt my blood  
On the soil of the beautiful Berkshire Downs  
Sacrificed part of my flesh

Almost drew my last breath  
It's only because of strangers I am still around  
They took me away to make me well  
Said the tale I had to tell  
Wasn't sufficient explanation  
They told me that I was insane  
A chemical imbalance in my brain  
And I should become an in-patient  
Well I admit I can be impatient  
They sent me to the mad house  
In the village where I have always lived  
Where the patients are the butts  
Of the jokes that the locals have to give  
Very soon after me  
You arrived in Cholsey  
In the same nut house as me  
In the same ward where I be  
It can't be ignored  
You're the most beautiful woman on the ward  
It can't be ignored  
You're the most beautiful woman on the ward  
I thought that no woman would ever find me attractive  
I thought that no woman would ever want to get interactive  
But you persuaded me  
I'm the one whom you fancy  
You persuaded me to kiss  
I've never before tasted such bliss  
I felt like I was going to faint  
Nobody ever told me  
That kissing was this great  
And having discovered  
Its wonderful pleasure  
I kissed the woman next to you  
For good measure  
Eager lips, such eager lips  
I never thought a woman would be eager for me  
Eager lips, such eager lips  
I've never before tasted such ecstasy  
Kissing in the mad house  
It doesn't seem such a bad house  
Kissing where the flowers grow  
I'm glad you're someone I know  
Though both you and I are flawed

It cannot be ignored  
You're the most beautiful woman on the ward  
Though both you and I are flawed  
It cannot be ignored  
You're the most beautiful woman on the ward  
Kissing where the people paint  
I felt I was going to faint  
People they are very nice  
In this secret paradise  
Kissing where the people play  
Pool drink tea and smoke all day  
Kissing in the funny farm  
Totally safe from harm  
So if they're coming to take you away ha ha  
Don't lock your heart in a jar  
Let it out and let it dance  
You might find true nut house romance

he scale is (17ed2)\*(4:5:6)

That's three chains of 17ed2 separated by the right amounts to give 4:5:6 chords.

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### **Naegleria Fowleri**

The song I sent you has some words in it, but they are encoded into the bridge of the song in international morse code (..--. is a "th", not a 6).

But here's my transcript of Luna's vocals, for whatever it's worth:

(\* Messages \*)

Honk honk, hyonk honk  
Blyeahah  
Hyonk honk, squee, squee  
Beeeoowah  
Squee squee squee  
squee-Lalalalalalalalala  
Cawwww cawwww  
Cawwww cawwww  
Squee squee squawk  
Cawwww cawwww squee  
Cawwww caw cawwww  
Beeeoowah  
Cawwww qi  
Qaah qaah  
Doodledoodledoo

Squee  
Uh  
Squee squee cawwww cawwww  
Beeeeeowah  
Qrah qrah qrah qrah  
Qrah qrah qrah qrah  
{ \$begin transmission:bass drum and hihat}  
Beeeeeowah  
squh squee  
Beeeeeowah  
Guh  
Squee quah  
Squeelalalalala  
Urkh squeelalalalalalalalalala  
Guh Quah Guh  
Quah qua guh  
Squh squee  
Cawwww caw  
Ha ha guh guh  
Doowah doodleah  
Doodleah  
Cawwww cawww cawwww cawwww caw caw caw  
Urghk  
Urk urkh  
Doowah  
Gwoo  
Squee beeeeeeowah  
Doodledoodledoodledoo  
Dooddoodledoo  
Beeeeeowah  
Squee squawwh  
Squeeelalalalalalalalalalala  
Squa squee cquee squee  
Caww  
Squeh squee  
Cawwww  
Squahr  
Caww  
Squee squee ah ah squee  
Squeelalalalalalalalalalalaalaa  
Hah ah ha ah ha  
Doowah  
Squeelalalalalalalalalalalalalaale  
Gurghk  
{ \$end transmission}  
Squee  
Squeelalalalalalalalalalalalalaalalla  
Honk honk! Honk honk!  
Honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk  
Honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk  
Honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk

Honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk  
Honk! Honk!  
Cawwww cawww cawww cawww cawww cawww  
Huh wahwah squh squee  
Cawwww cawww snip squoo ah ah  
Hyonk honk  
Honk honk honk squee  
Wahhhawee squee  
Honk Honk gruh qa qa  
Hu Gwaaah ha  
Honk honk! Honk honk!  
Mheh! hu squee  
Beeeoowah  
Squeelalalalalala  
Dooowah hah  
Hyonk honk honk honk honk hink  
Honk honk gwahah  
Honk honk squee beeoowah  
Sqhuh squh squee  
Squh sqee squee  
Cawwww  
Qlalalalalalalsquee  
Hwonk honk  
Hyonk honk honk  
Beeeoowah  
Doodledoodledoo  
Cawwww  
Asquewew  
Beeeoowappa  
Doodledoodledoo  
Beeeoowah  
Squee sqa sqa squeew ahah  
Squee beeeeeeoowaa  
Doodledoodledoo  
Bwuwuwuwuw  
Doodledoodledoo  
Sqwow  
Hionk honk honk hong gwow honksquee  
Hlonk Honk qeela qeedla haha  
Qeela heenk heenk qeela cawwww caw cawww caww caww caww  
Luna Brd  
=====  
  
**LUIS:**  
Hi Michael.  
It's in the Bohlen-Pierce scale.  
Yes, that's portuguese. Here they are:

Disco Crime



Chorus:

À noite você dança e arrasa,  
Enquanto estou roubando a sua casa.

Levo a geladeira  
E a tv de plasma  
Faça uma pirueta -  
Enquanto eu reviro as gavetas  
Na boíte, você dança e arrasa,  
Você dança e arrasa!

Você toma um MD  
Enquanto eu levo o DVD  
Aproveite a madrugada -  
Nisso somos iguais.  
Quando você voltar pra casa,  
Não vai poder fazer nada,  
Já vai ser tarde demais!

Disco Crime

Chorus:

At night you dance and amaze,  
While I'm stealing your house.

I take the refrigerator  
And the plasma tv  
Make a pirouette -  
As I roll over the drawers  
In the boíte, you dance and amaze,  
You dance and amaze!

You take an MD  
While I take the DVD  
Enjoy the dawn -  
In this we're the same.  
When you come home,  
You will not be able to do anything,  
It will be too late!

**nasty boy by Jock Tears:**

n-n-n-nasty boy  
n-n-n-nasty boy  
you're such a nasty boy  
nasty boy

not gonna, wait for your call  
even though you're dark and tall  
you're charming, just like a snake  
2 swoon over you, well that would be a mistake

n-n-n-nasty boy  
n-n-n-nasty boy  
you're such a nasty boy  
nasty boy

not gonna, wait for your call  
even though, you're dark and tall  
you're charming, just like a snake  
2 swoon over you, well that would be a mistake

nasty, nasty boy  
tired of being your little toy

nasty Boy  
n-n-n-nasty Boy  
you're such a nasty boy  
nasty boy  
nasty boy

***Sumerian Waltz* by BipTunia**

Button Buzz

Button Buzz

The ancient assailant's magnanimous profile –  
gentle and quizzative in the recanted moonlight;  
the auspices of his dark talents  
hardly evident.

He tosses the golden ball(secretively professing his doctrine of deception.)

No questions remain.

A certain, persistent irony pervades.

His stone dagger is sharp, his wit is crisp.

No self-deception -just the tortuous truth;

inert tendency to corrupt, venge, and blame  
(the consequence of death.)

Irreverent and deceptive propositions

(the true functions of suffering)

authorized to rectify the instability

of falsehoods and old love.

It's inconceivable how many have died

like this,

blindsided by the scorpion

doing the Sumerian Waltz.