

M O N S T E R W O R K S



T H E E X I S T E N T I A L C O D E X

THE EXISTENTIAL CODEX

PROLOGUE :: "A Universe is an infinitesimally small point, against the backdrop of an immortal garden. Yet, after its boundaries are established, a field exists. This eternal permeation is the source of energy that enables mass."

...It was a feeling of disorientation with a beating heart audible at a distance. While grasping at an opaque memory on the horizon, far out of reach, an unaccountable time passes followed by an electric pain - a seizure in slow motion - but this fades. The vice of burning muscles weakens and consciousness thaws from its apparently frozen state. 'Clarity' begins to return although that is a loose description because the first thing she comprehends is so alien compared to everything that had been known before the present moment. The electric seizure remains evident, now represented as visual cues rather than felt in the form of physical pain.

This is an observation of the Beginning. The fabled point of creation...

HIGGS FIELD

At higher dimensions, old tree groans, a giant slips free - In this time before time, hint of another being here
Vivid dream of origins, ability to see the dawn of space :: Higgs field permeates everything
If it all came down to strings of energy, hidden folds that hold the key :: Perspective of the soaring multi-god
Tapped into the well of understanding :: Why we exapted to this state :: Was consciousness an illusion or a great mistake? :: When there is no static heaven and earth, knowledge is never the enemy
If it could reveal causality that would leave no loose ends in the final tally

Once expanded to a grand scale, watchful eyes that detect more than light will observe a kind of order to the pandemonium. With time, which itself had no meaning until now, the overview settles.

It is elementary that great things begin from a nearly vanishing point as a growth or an accumulation. Therefore, the chaos present in the miniscule world can ricochet up through the layers of magnitude to be felt in massive ways, even ways that can destroy everything. Perhaps this is why violence exists, as merely a mirror of the quantum world and the very nature of unemotional probability?

In an instant, propagation of a reaction from the very small to the very large ripples through space and a flash of light signals the arrival of something new. This event: the birth of a star, later to be unremarkable, would become a source of wonder for the observer. An object worthy of worship since its heat and light bathes the remnants of earlier 'gods' and makes fertile ground.


She ponders that one of the greatest pleasures in life is dozing in the warmth of a sun born ten billion years later, feeling a gentle breeze; enjoying silence. In those moments merely existing is all that matters, not whether you can explain it.

Unfortunately, life never remains that simple.

RIPPLE EFFECT

Macroscopically stable, while chaos reigns in detail : Big picture appears to be set, made from that minutiae : With the illusion : Ripple effect, unstoppable wave : Entity grows much stronger, in fact, stronger than all : Along with it, hurled through the void, then basking in first light : First witness to the enabler of life A radiance, warm through the eyelids : Primal serenity and now enraptured : We are stitched together by a delicate web : After initial euphoria, it can be broken or blown away : All sanity is fluid, there must be a consequence : Realised by the danger of digging too deep : Once a sun god : Ripple effect, the unstoppable wave : Ever expanding





Not far away an ocean is heard. Serenity, from lying prone beneath the Sun's glow, remained enticed but she opened her eyes and arose from contemplation. The beach was sandy, broken by rocky formations, and a faintly green blue-sky presided over it. There was no vegetation, but she barely noticed. It was still Earth.

In the shallows a few dark shapes lurked. The unknown can seem sinister, although from this distance there was little apparent threat. Presumably these creatures were enjoying the warmth of the water near to shore, wondering by instinct if they could get any closer to the source of the heat. Every now and again a body would tentatively venture from the water's edge and a wave would unceremoniously dump the animal further onto land than it had planned. However, later waves would wash over and moisten its glistening skin.

The squat creature had only rudimentary legs but, for all intents and purposes, these were the first steps ever under the full force bestowed by gravity; far beyond the weightless safety of water driven by ocean currents.

She could feel something said in an unspoken language; filled with wonder and keenly intelligent. It was naturally recognisable as a child's voice; best translated "We have come so far...why not a little farther?" She smiled to herself.

HALLOWED SCRIPT

All of a sudden, the scenery diffused : Barren landscape and a shore on a dimlit day : Ocean gently lapping, with shadows under the waves : Have I been trapped, like the noble power of dreams in its own domain? : Like moulding clay, the flesh it would give way : Worked by an invisible hand : Time, the missing force this is all it takes : The many branches of the tree provoked by chance : Randomination Fashioned by gravity, seasons, night and day : All factors in the final form : Order in the random chaos. create : Delve into codex perpetual : Dualix intertwined : Carrier of the hallowed script. G, A, T, C Some crave the unrestrained natural order : But that is a brutal risk to take : Either way destined to become a fossil : Written in the strands : The natural solution : Relentless calculation : For those that learn to read its secrets : It is the glue of iterative change : Bonding past to future by an unbroken line : Until the age of evolution by choice : Instinct of the changeling in us all : See morphing faces, living ancestor, all at once

Some wisdom then revealed itself, "...reality is determined by the observer and each is influenced by being the centre of its own Universe." Of all the wonderful creatures that had lived, breathed and died under the yellow Sun, none was in possession of all of the facts or a complete range of perceptive senses. It was a consequence of evolution that adaptations only developed as needs must. What eludes humans is the interconnection which would define individuals as a mirror or extension of all others.

THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE *(Instrumental)*

Now far from shore, the dynamic shapes of the first land walkers had become a blur as every possible future form was written and realised in the fabric of each organism. Yet, the dazzling spectacle was broken intermittently which made it flicker. Each flickering moment was a black void that now opened up and swallowed the observing awareness. The beautiful phantom of the child guide was left behind, as quickly as it had appeared, almost pushed back for protection.

Prescient darkness was a comparable nothingness after the kaleidoscope of vibrant colour of the previous encounter. Yet it was not 'nothing'. Something was there but it required an altered perception to register it. She came to understand: this was the dimension of the dead.

There was little fanfare to mark her entrance which was ironic because contemplating death, from the perspective of 'being alive', usually involved a range of heightened emotions somewhere between terror and resignation. She had always found it distressing to thought-project toward her last living moments, years from the safety of youth, on her deathbed; but it did not seem so terrifying now that she was there.

This is the mystery about which a priest seeks to provide council from a point of ignorance, but in any event all will find their own truth; however coached.

MOMENT OF DEATH

The winds blow much colder now : My companion has withdrawn : As the sense of self entered, so too will it leave : Shadows have crept in a thickening fog : Reveal a riddle ...leading to a great unknown : Like those that have crossed the line : Alone this aspect, explored : For some a light they speed toward : Crow, fly and maggot side with a raven : Just one part of the cosmos myth : Moment of Death : A foot in two worlds? : Immortality : Visions peculiar and personal : Grasping at a memory : In the end senescence is the enemy or a saviour from lingering : Sparing pain: the final gift of freedom : Harken back to the source In confusion born : So died, victim of the same trick : All ages sought to make sense of what we all must face : Dilemma of conquest : Whatever it is to be : Before you were, there was no grief. It was peace..

All was dark for some time. Having dreamt beyond death and passed through its veil, the very mechanism of reality began to slowly coalesce. She could inhale the living embodiment of mathematics like a vapour.

These laws of physics are absolute, although comprehension is always constrained by the limits of intelligence and where humans normally stand on the scale of space and time. For example, at the range of a solar system perpetual motion is not a violation but observable 'fact', at least in the life span available to residents of a planet orbiting the Sun, in the same way a spinning top is eternal to a decaying atom.


If the Universe is accelerating in its expansion, can we not harvest that energy at least enough for our modest needs? Until, of course, those needs are no longer modest. That was the flaw in the plan: The curse of indefinite growth - and greed. It was sobering, but she did not deny the joy at breathing nature in this new way. The possibilities seem endless.

Einstein once imagined travelling at the forefront of a beam of light. She could now experience that insight and cosmic glory, laid open as a repeatable experiment. Solved?

ENGINE

Little wonder humming inside : A spark that keeps the drama moving : After all around had died
At the core of everything : Working the engine : Powered by growing entropy : Navigating a way
through the dark labyrinth : In a timeless sea : Language, continually open to our gaze : Irreducible
presence, the engine, driven by fate : Burning and tolling, at every level : Converting energy, the currency
of change : Truth encoded in durable moving parts : The truth universal, wherever on this brane
Perfectly fluid and frictionless, supreme mechanism : Driving the very wheelwork, vain chimera pursued
like a holy grail : Yet to be unlocked : A secret in gravity





Eventually the vastness receded and exhilaration slowed to a deadlock. Despite having possession of all the secrets of physical reality, it was only half the picture. It was also a high vantage point from which to fall.

When the fundamental mechanism is understood, explained or, at least, *felt*, the question remains; 'what is the point?' The nature and working of the Universe is one thing but – 'what does it mean?' and 'why should it matter?' – is quite another.

In a rushing of unseen energies the companion presence returns to take up a more permanent residence: a beating heart within a womb where synapses begin to fire and acquire a new existence, compelling the threads of that unique being to weave together from disparate strands.

In the midst of such joy and realisation – after all it was a part or transference of *her* channelled into new life – there was still a falling feeling; a hole in the pit of the stomach where dawns the prospect that there is *no* underlying purpose. That humanity was a product of blind chance and purpose for most people always was an illusion disguised by a myth they learned as a child.

The problem is that so many people start off conditioned to a predestined answer when what they desperately want is to find an original path. Others look for any evidence to fit the hypothesis; believing because they must. The alternative is unthinkable; shattered certainty and exposure to a lie.

For the first time, she felt a greater consciousness supply her with some wisdom from *outside*. 'If philosophy is to be useful, do not invoke spirituality to explain it or give it a mystical meaning. You all have the right to oblivion.'

"Too true," she mused.

VISION BY THE INWARD EYE

An old black problem faced, shattering certainty : Break yourself apart for reassembly : What is the point to this game? : Vision by the inward eye : No help from outside : Oblivion is a choice : The only authentic right
The painter has a plan for a work of art : But is merely being, itself purpose? : At the heart of the mind, an inward eye : What (?) is the legacy : Collective, fused or precipitated
Some say it is a journey across many lifespans toward liberation from karma
But destiny is like water, channelled as it flows
Eudaemonic soul; all answers, no answer, inside the inward eye

It is frustrating to learn an answer but not be able to express it afterwards. You cannot take just anything with you outside the boundaries of a dream, any more than you can take energy out of the Universe [can you?]. But maybe it is a consolation that there is an answer worth sharing.

Once one is aware, it is the ongoing actions of those around us that are really frustrating, she thought. The ponderance continued: there is perhaps no true overarching conspiracy over thought; but there is a Noble Lie that seeks to pacify men for better or worse. Arguably a lie masks the true unbridled nature of the animal (for the better, for safety) as it is an inescapable product of competition. But not to trust in potential (the supposed 'worse' side of the better/worse coin) is the ultimate wasted opportunity. However, admittedly, for the human successor to overcome its natural heritage would mean to no longer be an animal, which is an existential singularity.

If that (ascension) is to be the goal it becomes clear that a paradigm mindshift is required. The rules of advantage and predation must be supplanted in order to achieve a post-human being.

Or not. Maybe a post-human state cannot and should not happen?

It will be argued that struggle is all that can give life meaning. In immortality there is eventually no longer the possibility of distinctive experience. Put plainly: infinity is boring.

Her existence was in crisis.

NOBLE LIE

In service to fear, define a finely balanced ego construct to erect. The players will change but the backdrop stays. Something wicked this way went. To presume without evil runs free. A noble lie has endured. Since man mingled with gold and silver, iron and brass. For as long as life lives, inherently consuming in order to survive. Would the world come to an end if a child of iron ruled?

Arbitrary layers exist, consign them into dust. The noble so named, for a virtue unearned. The lowborn condemned by blind luck. Breaking bad through despair. A noble lie has endured. Since man mingled with gold and silver, iron and brass. Instinct is clear, fear of the eternal does not deter. Lift the fog that clouds spirit. Human continuum on a curve. But while it shifts, still evil never dies.

That last part was, perhaps, overkill. Existence itself is neutral and not subject to crises, but it raises an interesting point: should a second ascension be attempted? Is the ape which found its way out of a gorge in Africa worthy of such arrogance? That question remained unanswered. Tantalisingly out of reach.

Many wise men and women have lived and died since the first intellectual ascension where sentience appeared, and some will have stumbled upon the actual truth – or as close to a true representation as the subjective experience can conjure. However, up until now the lessons taught by the few have been considered a threat to those, also few, that seek control over others.

A voice emerges from the dull hum permeating the landscape. Initially she thinks it is talking to her – describing an insight – but the communication is in a more universal language that elicits firstly a deep chill, followed by overwhelming warmth. It is a song, although whether it has *actual words* is unclear. In the background is a melody that, once noticed, it is obvious it was always there.

She stands on the steps of a great structure, geometrically obscure. Music comes from within its halls, powered by the energy which permeates everything.

Inside, a figure stands with its back to her, ghostly but vivid. It seems this is the source. Fingers and body move in time to the raw sonic beauty, feeding back amplified tones. It takes a moment to adjust as; arguably, this is not a natural state and could be dismissed as unholy dissonance. But through the distortion comes clarity of thought, giving way to become nature itself. Harmony from electricity is just another way to realise energy transfer.

There is a reason why music moves the very *core* of an individual; to use the tired cliché. She can see that now. It is an embodiment of emotion for all life to comprehend on some level; bringing people together and sometimes, ironically, tearing them apart. On the one hand music would seem essentially pointless or at least illogical; yet it is essential because it reaches everywhere; at the fundamental level of space and time and everything besides. Music is a measure of love, which is the only thing in an otherwise cold existence of any value.

Mastery or innovation is a gift granted to few and, thankfully, those who have it never seek to abuse its power. She stands in the Electric Church where its most hallowed master and innovator delivers the sermon.

TEMPLE OF DISTORTION

So the wave breaks and brings with it a paradigm mind shift that causes the tide to turn : We are all interconnected in a complex system of all matter dependent : Waking from slumber to breathe again in a temple of distortion : This was where I found meaning! : It is here, the rising swell, breaking on the beach : Unrestrained love, wash over me : Cleansing away the last uncertainty : Like the mythos at the edge of what we can perceive : Obscure hyperbolic geometries

Broadcasting from the temple source, which should have been a focus but was just one place among the infinite, the cosmos was soaked in tune and a perfect visualisation; although it was more than sight and sound. The lesson was delivered across the spectrum and received loud and clear without distinction.... to an audience of one.

She broke down in tears. To know the endgame of intelligence seemed the most bittersweet award in all creation. The loneliness was overwhelming. Would it have been better to be ignorant?

"No," a man says. "It's better to expand your mind and accept the consequences, no matter what they are." His Southern drawl was apparent and triggered a memory. "Even now there is enough for every child on this planet to live and love in peace; you just have to make sure everyone is on the right ride."

She looks around and no one is there, but somehow most of the anguish melts away. This moment grants the freedom to soar, in any direction, at any speed on wings of destiny. For now, at least, she commands the Void.



TAPPING THE VOID

Has it ever felt like there is an edge beyond which knowledge is no use? 'Being' like a pull away shot
Alone in space, bound by gravity = Falling over the horizon = Tapping the void
Realise that all matter is energy condensed to a slow vibration = We are all one consciousness, experiencing
self subjectively = Listen to a wise man for what he had to say "there is no such thing as death"
"Life is only a dream and we are the imagination of ourselves" = Come and you will know the truth beyond
the flat line = Every answer told in the forbidden vale = You are worthy to pass through the great filter

A bridge; that is all this journey was....and it turns out enlightenment is also an open invitation to destruction.

"Have you realised who I am yet?" the girl asks.

"My daughter," she replies, feeling a subtle swell of warmth in her womb. "Good to meet you. I won't bother asking 'how' or 'why'. It is just nice to be able to talk."

"Congratulations on passing through the filter and seeing time and space for what it really is. Please do not go crazy over it. Some do that, you know. The void is, well, a dark place; and there are presences lost between the dimensions that are best left alone. However, now you have the tools to at least begin to explain the nature of this Universe and pass on that knowledge."

They sit on a patch of grass; a cool wind blowing off a lake.

The child continues, "You are not the first to make the connection, nor will you be the last, and who knows what the ultimate outcome will be?"

A question remains. "People will feel short-changed if I don't ask.... is there a god? Such a thing is always a topic of interest."

"What do you think?"

"It doesn't matter what I think, only what the truth is."

"Well, if you succeed there is god. If you don't, there isn't."

She looks unsatisfied at her daughter, however wise she thought she was.

Noting the frustration brings a wry, mischievous smile. "Omnipotence is an inevitable consequence of intelligence, even if that feels uncomfortable. Once there is a singularity where a sentient being controls its own intellectual advance, all fetters fall away. The remaining term of the physical universe is more than enough for a mind to transcend time – to operate outside of it. Convergence is part of the inevitability, like gravity pulling together matter, the natural state is for sentience to combine into one."

"What you mean is: we get smarter, we work together, and one day we actually fuse together?"

"It just sounds strange because it is not within your present comprehension as to what it will be like to exist in such a state. Fear of the unknown is quite natural; it is a useful protection mechanism."

"But even if the descendants of our intelligence reach this singular state...is that the same as what people now understand as god? A supreme ruler of the universe?"

"I think you know how old-fashioned that sounds. To 'rule' is such a human obsession; an expression of control. But, in any event, it is only possible when The Last Question is answered."

"Entropy reversed," she begins to understand.

"Precisely. And that is well and truly past the prediction wall. It is the final filter and takes a leap of faith even for the only entity left in Existence to pass through it. Most likely it will mean its own destruction. But, once done, then a new existence begins; a chance for another intelligence to arise. And that intelligence will owe everything to the sacrifice of something it could never know – except by the residual feeling that it was once there. That kind of sacrifice is real love."

"So you are saying god does exist?"

"If you succeed there is god. If you don't, there isn't. That is not a riddle."

"No pressure then. The next reality depends on me."

"I mean 'you' as a collective. It is up to you *all* to love and protect each other while The Ride is in progress."

"And what about *you*?"

"I already played my part."

"But you don't even exist yet!"

The child laughs, pointing to her mother's womb, "I do too! I have potential and I can dream. That is all I need." The girl turns her head, looking into the distance. "This whole thing is circular—Never forget that. It has a beginning and an end, birth and death, but only from the perspective of time. Outside time, those constraints just aren't there."

Realizing that the implications of the explanation are probably beyond what her brain has evolved to handle, she simply nods in agreement. "You are going to be a nightmare when you hit puberty."



THE RIDE

I am alive : Is ultimate truth unknowable? : "Is this real, or is this just a ride?" : Some people come back and say "don't be afraid" : "Ever." And what do we do? We kill them all : The demons run amok by virtue of vested interests : The lie is made real, its enemy is awareness : Metaphysical tsunami: "a simple choice, here and now" : "Between fear and love" : "The eyes of fear want you to close yourself off : The eyes of love instead see all of us as one" : Breathing like thunder...breathing : I am no longer afraid to taste the naked truth: the magic of reality : But at this point the story begins to break down : In a runaway positive feedback loop : Have we hit a colossal barricade? : Defending the limits to imagination
With my purpose standing here beside me : If love would lead to ruin, so be it : The alternative would render darkness : Not possible to see the future ...beyond the prediction wall : Is it final nightfall on the garden : The cult of man reduced to one : Each moment precious, never to be again
Are we damned or exalted, or does consciousness fold into an eleventh dimensional pathway and soar across the universe for eternity to a crunch or fade : It was worth the ride

The visit ended; however, it cannot be a sad parting because there is still a connection directly to the child in her womb. It is just a matter of time until they meet again, although perhaps a longer time after that before they can have a conversation of quite the same complexity.

She feels alive, but nothing is a certainty. By the nature of random chaos at the scale of a singularity, humans, even *post*-humans, cannot predict every future. There is always going to be that unknown quantity, a black swan swooping out of nowhere to send everything in an unexpected direction.

Empires rise and fall, sometimes disappearing without a trace.

But even if you believe in nothing, *especially* if you believe in nothing, it is worth considering the possibilities and enjoying the ride.

...OF EXISTENCE

Transcendence

Pure understanding

Looming in the singularity

Where blind faith was the biggest sin of all

King lost his kingdom to a black swan again

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is

Hugo :: Bass

Marcus :: Guitar

Jon :: Guitar and Vocals

James :: Drums



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