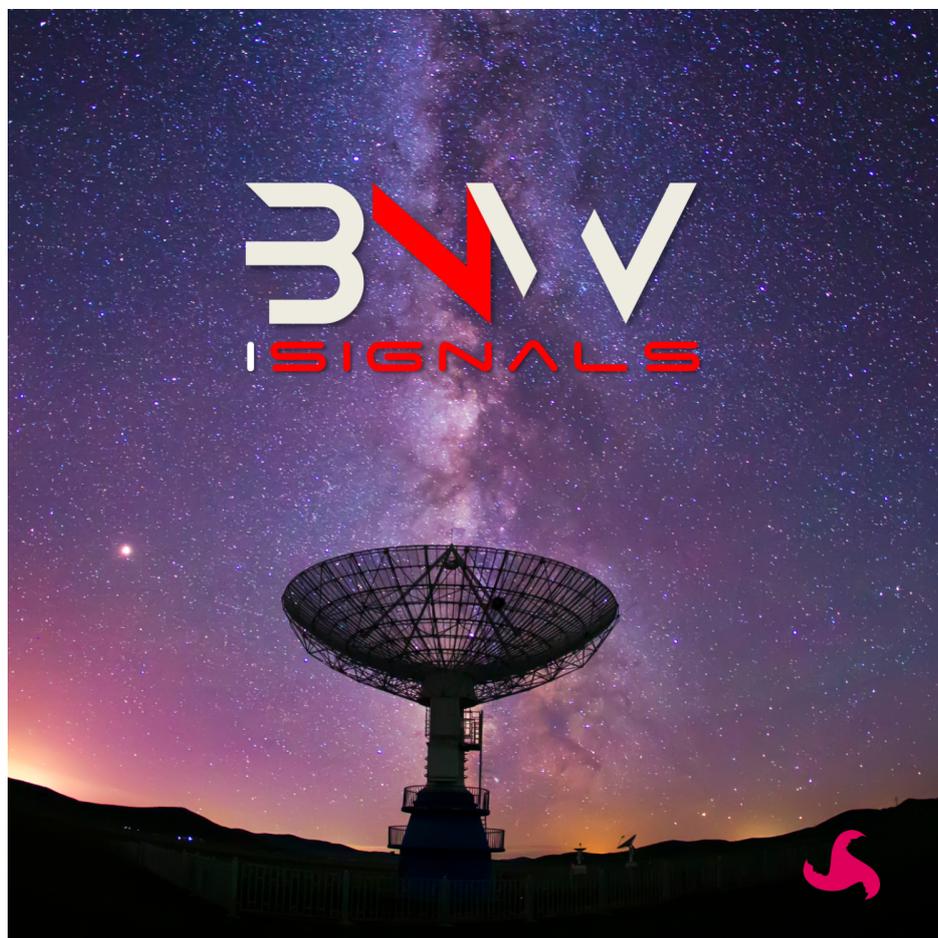


ISIGNALS



ISIGNALS is the third conceptual album of the progressive rock band **BRAVE NEW WORLDS (BNW)** and is centered on the anxieties of modern man (paranoia, melancholia, anguish, mood disorders ...) made even more evident by the dramatic events of the international context.

...

BRAVE NEW WORLDS is a 'progressive rock' project, conceived and created by Fabio Armani, Andrea Fenili, Piergiorgio Lucidi and Luciano Masala with the help of many other valid artists (guests of the album and part of the enlarged ensemble). In the case of BNW, the use of the term 'progressive' rather than referring to a specific musical genre, should be considered as an "open-mind" attitude, or a drive to go beyond the borders and explore musical territories not yet traced.



Of course, in our music you can find influences from progressive bands and artists such as Ayreon, BMS, Genesis, King Crimson, Pink Floyd, Pain of Salvation, Porcupine Tree, Riverside, Yes, as well as rock jazz bands (Miles Davis, Chick Corea ...) or electronic music from the Berlin school (Tangerine Dreams, Klaus Schulze ...). From our point of view, we mainly followed our musical attitude and history or rather the specific concept that was and is the basis of the first album BRAVE NEW WORLDS, the second **.NET OF ILLUSIONS** and the current **ISIGNALS** or each track to be able to transfer it to the listener.

Not only that - by continuing to listen to music and being open to many genres such as jazz/rock, world fusion, ambient, minimal, techno - you will be able to recognize influences from contemporary authors such as Daft Punk, deadmau5, M83, Skryllex ...

That said, is **BRAVE NEW WORLDS** (BNW) the name of a musical project, a band or our first album? Of course it is all of that. And ... yes, the name **BNW** is certainly inspired by the dystopian philosophical work "Back to the Brave New World" by Aldous Huxley. We released our first album in October 2020, the second in 2021 and now the third called **ISIGNALS** by 2022, plus a dozen singles and eight covers (but that's another story).

TRACKS

The conceptual album **ISIGNALS** consists of the following pieces (arranged in two CDs):

CD1

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|-------|
| 1. | Lunaire - prelude | 4:10 |
| 2. | Mirror Shades | 7:05 |
| 3. | Dstry 'U' Wrk | 6:15 |
| 4. | iSignals | 12:22 |
| 5. | Indoors I | 7:00 |
| 6. | Crystal Wings of Dawn | 6:25 |
| 7. | Wrecked Angel | 9:10 |
| 8. | Mistfall | 6:25 |
| 9. | Trapped | 8:20 |
| 10. | Melancholia | 6:20 |

CD2

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------|-------|
| 11. | Indoors II | 5:20 |
| 12. | Imp3rfection | 6:10 |
| 13. | Touched with Fire | 10:30 |
| | Dichotomy | |
| | Painful Interaction | |
| | Coda | |
| 14. | Naked Soylent | 11:34 |
| 15. | Storm's Eye | 7:50 |
| 16. | 239Pu Nuclear Burn | 7:10 |
| 17. | 239Pu Fallout | 5:40 |
| 18. | 239Pu Requiem | 5:20 |
| 19. | Lunaire - postlude | 4.15 |

As far as copyrights are concerned, music and lyrics are essentially owned by: Fabio Armani © SIAE 2017, 2022.

MUSICIANS

The musicians who collaborated in the making of the **ISIGNALS** album are the following:

- **FABIO ARMANI**: piano, electric piano, organ (Farfisa & Hammond), keyboards, synthesizers, ethnic instruments, samplers, electronic drums, arrangements, programming, ambient and electronic.
- **ILEANA BALDASSI**: backing vocals on "Mistfall" and "Storm's Eye".
- **GERGO BILLE**: trumpet and flugelhorn on "Lunaire - prelude", "Melancholia", "Imp3rfection" and "Lunaire - postlude".
- **LENINA CROWNE**: bass and stick.
- **ANDREA FENILI**: lead voice and backing vocals – plus acoustic and electric guitars on "Dstry Ur Wrk", "Indoors I", "Naked Soylent" and "Storm's Eye".
- **ALBERTO GATTI**: electric guitars on "Lunaire - prelude", "Indoors I", "Storm's Eye", "239Pu Nuclear Burn" e "239Pu Fallout".
- **DONATA GRECO**: flute on "Storm's Eye".
- **PIERGIORGIO LUCIDI**: acoustic and electric guitars.
- **LUCIANO MASALA**: acoustic and electric guitars.
- **KRIA MCKENZIE**: backing vocals on "Storm's Eye".
- **GRETA MORONI**: main voice on "Lunaire - postlude" and backing vocals on "Lunaire - prelude", "Dstry Ur Wrk", "Crystal Wings of Dawn", "Wrecked Angel", "Melancholia" and "Storm's Eye".
- **ISADORA NOVAKOVIC**: cello
- **JOHN (THE SAVAGE)**: drums and percussion.
- **DAVIDE STRACCIONI**: backing vocals on "Wrecked Angel", "Storm's Eye", "239Pu Nuclear Burn", "239Pu Fallout" e "239Pu Requiem".
- **MANUEL TRABUCCO**: clarinet, soprano and tenor saxophones on: "Dstry Ur Wrk", "iSignals", "Indoors I", "Wrecked Angel", "Mistfall", "Indoors II", "Touched with Fire", "Naked Soylent", "Storm's Eye", "239Pu Nuclear Burn", "239Pu Fallout" and "239Pu Requiem".
- **PETER VORONOV**: violin, electric violin and viola on: "Lunaire - prelude", "iSignals", "Crystal Wings of Dawn", "Indoors II", "Touched with Fire", "239Pu Nuclear Burn", "239Pu Fallout", "239Pu Requiem" and "Lunaire - postlude".

LYRICS

The beginning of the **ISIGNALS** album is entrusted to the track "Lunaire - prelude" which introduces the theme of madness and the difficulty of living in a paradigmatic way. The text is freely taken from "Pierrot Lunaire" by ... and is sung by Andrea Fenili supported by the splendid backing vocals of Greta Moroni. The closing of the album is entrusted to the twin track "Lunaire - postlude" in which the roles of the singers are reversed. On a musical level, common thematic/harmonic elements are easily found, making the two tracks a sort of Yin Yang. In the album there are some suites that deal with the theme of 'madness' and creativity "Touched with Fire, collective paranoia and total annihilation "239Pu" (isotope of Plutonium).



INCIPIIT

The hum of the Battersea factory's 97,000-watt sound system quickly turned to thunder and then music. "Another Trick on the World..." exploded the verses that everyone knew by heart since they were babies and New Generations. Under the choir/scream of a thousand and twenty-four children, eunuchs, inertials and replicants the tribal/Industrial percussion of a hyper-trap marked its homo-rhythmic pulsation in a martial 4/4 time. This was the only genre of music allowed by MiniHarmo, the ministry responsible for the control and censorship of music and sounds globally under the direct control of the clone-dictator rGer Wasser.

Nothing escaped their agents and drones who with their sensors were able to pick up rhythm and phase differences of less than 1 in 10 at the 42nd.

For a couple of decades the eugenic capabilities of the System had implanted a rhythm control system into the DNA of each new generation. All of humanity and sub-humanity was genetically programmed to accept only even tempos in 4/4 with hyper-kick on each quarter at 132 bpm +/- 0.001 bpm.

Two silhouettes glided along the ramparts of the alcastro zirconatre hyper WALL that encircled the entire city.

What they were looking for was hidden among the immense cracks in the concrete steel (AZTM): a thin square envelope which perhaps contained the decisive proof.

Now they had to find a way to get it to the Woman in the High Tower. It would have been a long journey full of pitfalls, so it was urgent to get away before the MiniHarmo agents identified them.

A 1,024-watt loudspeaker drone passed overhead, preventing them from communicating verbally. From her sound systems the screaming song spread with aching power:

"We need thoughts control

Hey Masters keep all kids @home

...

All in all we're just another track in the whole!

All in all we're just another trick in the Hole!"



They were able to greet each other at a distance with the sign of their group - the "P" for PROG - and vanished in the half-light of the ramparts.

Faar felt a deep anxiety inside, but she let an atonal melody in syncopated, permutative odd time drift through her for courage – something from Henry Cow or RIO was needed.

Unfortunately many of them were 'disappeared', captured by the MiniHarmo. There were only a few left but they hadn't lost hope.

She almost laughed at the thought that drones and agents still didn't have the ability to identify people like her, born before the great Synchronism, when they mentally sang forbidden music.

To her atonal melody he added that in 5/4 of "Broken Hopes" (their secret anthem).

Initiates like Faar were able to mentally sing up to seven melodies, triplophonies and meta-symphonies simultaneously.

A PINK patrol passed her on its way to the big red-black hammer-shaped tanks that raked the towns.

Only two of them reached the goal: she and Kharla. The heavy building was a dark mass of ruins. The two women plunged into the dark shadows and descending three levels they reached a secret corridor. At the back, in the darkness, a completely rusted and time-worn door was hidden. They opened it by activating a device half hidden in the concrete.

The heavy metal door opened and a reddish light filtered from inside. They entered a first corridor. Once they reached the control panel, they held their breath as they activated the electrical system of the entire underground building. Would he leave?

A pause of a few seconds that seemed eternal and then the system activated. They were in the doorway of an immense hall which formed the largest anechoic room in the world. It was so vast that military aircraft were once tested here. Faar took the envelope he had been jealously guarding from his backpack and showed it to Kharla.

He opened it and took out the blue vinyl (vinyl: so they called it Progger) with the unmistakable dark blue front cover with the faces and logo of the band "BRAVE NEW WORLDS".



They entered the anechoic room, closed the door with the soundproofing cones and placed the record on the imposing Thorens TD 7700 walnut player. The record spun waiting for the Purple+ hyper-orthophon head.

Faar dropped the needle on the record and the sound of the first track spread in the air: a groove of electronic drums and an ambient atmosphere of synths on which an acoustic piano embroiders an arpeggio together with ethereal notes of violin... we are in "Lunaire - prelude".

Welcome to **ISIGNALS!**

LUNAIRE - PRELUDE

© music¹& lyrics: Fabio Armani 2021



And the Moon, nocturnal invalid,
Lying upon the black heaven,
Your huge feverish eyes
Draws me like music!

music!

Through a resplendent mournful night.
Through a resplendent mournful night.
Through a resplendent mournful night.
Through a resplendent mournful night.

In the wilderness of his mind
Echoing in muted tones
Like a plaintive sigh of crystal,
Showing my soul Showing my soul

My melancholy is dispelled

¹ Reworking of the text of Albert Giraud "Pierrot Lunaire"

Through my window

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- GEORGE BILLE: trumpet
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- ALBERTO GATTI: electric guitars
- GRETA MORONI: backing vocals
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin

MIRROR SHADES

© music & lyrics: Fabio Armani 2018



1st Verse

Warnings from the Future
Every walking animal is driven its purpose
with a hole in the head
See the dark light
See the dusk of electric dreams all across you

The cosmos speaks in patterns
A reverse view of reality is what we have

Only a distorted,
fragmented view is guiding us

The way up and the way down are one and the same
It took a while before sleep happened
I pinged the "TOOL MAN" and order another dream
Rise and Shine
Warnings from the Future

Chorus

Rise and Shine
Mirror shades will protect you
Electric dreams again
Don't panic!
It's only a simulation
Mirror shades will identify you
I'd gone to sleep with Amanda, and woke up with Aleesha

2nd Verse

You're confused she said (Better ask to the White Rabbit)
Tomorrow is yesterday as usual (Better ask to the White Rabbit)
The matrix on the other side
of the mirror has not yet be discovered

The way up and the way down are one and the same
It took a while before sleep happened
I pinged the "TOOL MAN" and order another dream
Rise and Shine
Warnings from the Future

Chorus

Rise and Shine
Mirror shades will protect you
Electric dreams again
Don't panic!
It's only a simulation
Mirror shades will identify you
I'd gone to sleep with Amanda, and woke up with Aleesha

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, Hammond organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass and stick
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion



Were I a painter, I'd burn all of my artwork
Were I sculpting, I'd hammer down my statues
Were I a builder, I'd love to see my bridges fall apart
Were I a sailor, I'd sink my ship down the deep ocean

I miss you
Oh I miss you! And let me dye Let me dye, now!

Were I a poet, I'd just be silent, ears to the meaningless
Were I musician, I'd smash my harp, kill all melodies
leave only a dull black silence

Because I can't stand poetry and beauty in this world, not one atom more, now
that you are so far away from me and from home

Because I can't stand poetry and beauty in this world, not one atom more, now
that you are so far away from me and from home

If I were a painter
if I were a sculptor
if I were an engineer if I were a captain

if I were a poet
if I were a musician
I miss you
Oh I miss you!

If I were a painter
if I were a sculptor
if I were an engineer if I were a captain
if I were a poet
if I were a musician
I miss you
Oh I miss you!

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, Hammond organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass and stick
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs, electric and acoustic guitars
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- GRETA MORONI: backing vocals
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano sax



We were the ones in this ghost town
in the middle of a desert.

burned by nuclear tests to probe its meaning
from the cosmic immensities we have received an artificial message

A message of hope?
We are unable to tell after over a year
An alien message of death?

We were able to synthesize
a microscopic part of the signal by creating
creating an object of radioactive frog eggs
Moreover
With properties that have disrupted our physics

They break the laws of conservation of energy
and the principles of thermodynamics
Because the Senders ... What they wanted to send.
Who is the signal for?

Certainly not to us
but to the whole Galaxy
The signal modulates a carrier that enables life in the Galaxies
but is the signal a sign of life or death?

A message of hope?
We are unable to tell after over a year
An alien message of death?

The signal came too early or too late
The signal came too early or too late
The signal came too early or too late
We were the ones in this ghost town in the middle of a desert

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, synth bass, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass & stick
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- PIERGIORGIO LUCIDI: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano and tenor saxophones
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin



loneliness
yells out
deafening me with his silence

night waves
of a dream sea
lick my room

always so far away

the cage ever
where nostalgia is a warm memory
welcomes a neurotic tension
it tears apart the walls

indoor
indoor game
indoor
indoor pain

waves in my room
a tempest in my mind

now
certainties break into a thin crust
pain in a glowing dream

now so remote

beyond the mirror
I am alone
despite all, alone
forever

indoor	waves in my room
indoor game	
indoor	a tempest in my mind
indoor pain	

- FABIO ARMANI: keyboards, Minimoog, Hammond organ, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass and stick
- ANDREA FENILI: lead voice, backing vocals and acoustic guitar
- ALBERTO GATTI: electric guitar
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano sax

CRYSTAL WING OF DAWN

© music & lyrics: Fabio Armani 2021



I open my crystal wings and soar on dawns of fire
above the clouds at dawn
the Sun is a golden eye that pierces the night
and reveals the valley surrounded by tall dark mountains
I float in the last purple caresses of the night

Me and my crystal wings
in the dying night
I look at you from above
while the river is a silver tongue
that cuts through your homes

Crystal Wings of Dawn
flying above the clouds
Crystal Wings of Dawn

in the end of the Night

My flight is a dance of joy
sometimes I feel so alone
I fly intoxicated with joy
feeding on my loneliness
because I'm the last of my kind
an angel perhaps
and sometimes I rock the absurd desire
to strain my wings to be one of you

Crystal Wings of Dawn
flying above the clouds
Crystal Wings of Dawn
in the end of the Night

I still dreamed of flying hovering myself beyond the clouds with my crystal wings
while my body is a cage
And my cries for help sound mute

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWN: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- PIERGIORGIO LUDICI electric guitar
- GRETA MORONI: backing vocals
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin



Watching your lives from the top of a dark tower I see
perspectives of rotten alleys
mazes of crying and pain

where your silence deafens me

I sold my wings for a new heart because I don't want to fly anymore

I have exhausted my immortality
and I don't want to glide above the clouds anymore in dawns of fire
I don't want to outlive all of you anymore
I thirst for your mortality

Now

I am learning to suffer
blood and fear

this world that I have observed from above is becoming more and more real

Now

I am learning to be hungry and thirsty

sorrow and pain
while this world stabbed me and tore off my wings

Will I ever be one of you?

I tore off my wings to get new hands I don't want to fly anymore

They burned my eyes and mind

Spying on your lives from the roofs of demolished cathedrals I feel

perspectives of rotten alleys latrines, crying and pain death and war
your silence deafens me

I have quenched my thirst for altitude
to be with you
here, in this darkness that smells of life and death

Now

I am learning to cry
this world that I have observed from above is becoming more and more real

Now

I am learning to be fragile and angry
this world stabbed me and ripped my wings

Will I ever be one of you?

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWN: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- GRETA MORONI: backing vocals
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: backing vocals
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano and tenor saxophones



The beauty of the woods is almost pain in me
the tears begin to run down my cheeks
while humanity is amused to death
and is engaged in a mad rush of self-destruction

now the fog envelops me
Song of Ice and Fire
above the Narrow Sea

I can see
The eternal war between Sun and the Mists
I will dream of being in desolate streets

to observe my image in a mirror
look for you and I
I'll sacrifice all of myself to go back
in a world devastated by the holocaust
in which dark shadows of desolation
they swallow reality



I will dream of this wood again

I will dream of horses

I will dream of the mists rising from the lake as the fog slowly falls

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, programming and ambient
- LENINA CROWN: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- ILEANA BALDASSI: backing vocals
- ISADORA NOVAKOVIC: cello
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano sax



Trapped in this land of confusion
Trapped in this time of misconceptions
Our feelings are derailed in tunnel of waiting
Something catastrophic has happened and now we are living only broken hopes

Icy darkness among us
Obscure mists over oceans of ice
Icy darkness above us
Tentacles of wickedness envelop us, envelop us

I try to breathe in and breathe out
an ancient pain takes my breath away

I try to breathe in and breathe out
an ancient pain takes my breath away
The shipwreck also happened in our minds
Any resistance is futile
The enemy is within us, within us, within us, within us

Waiting for the next rumble to come Our lives are made of thin air, thin air Only a little sparkle in
the darkest night

But I would like to resist and find a way back home

The way back home

We are trapped in these frozen emotions

Trapped in this time of misconceptions

Our feelings are derailed in tunnel of waiting, tunnel of ice

Something catastrophic has happened and now we are living only broken hopes

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWN: bass and stick
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: backing vocals
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion



Melancholia includes all of us.
me, I writhe in dirty sheets
while staring at purple walls
and nothing.

I have gotten so used to melancholia
That I greet it like an old friend.
The mourning is
about it never being
the way I needed it to be.

Some nights, it is a switchblade
digging deeper into my wounds
other nights, it is an act of kindness.
My life itself a
disturbance of mourning.

It is gone

It is gone

And I am.

It is gone

Melancholia my being

Melancholia inside me

Melancholia around and always

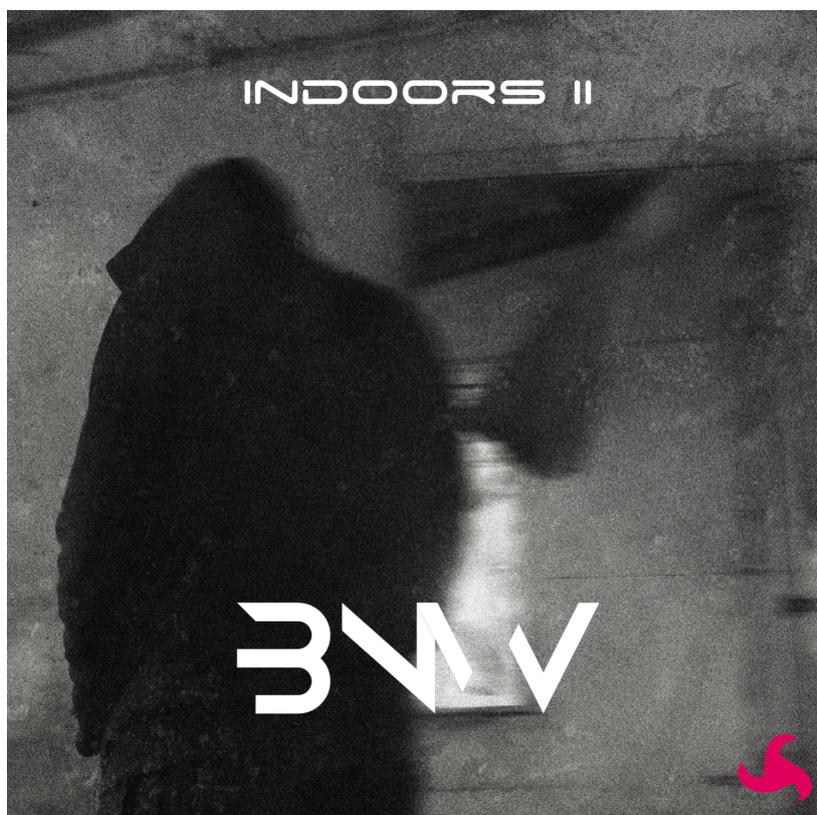
Dark nights, all alone

And the only reminder

Footprints in the snow

Melancholia

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- GEORGE BILLE: trumpet
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- LUCIANO MASALA: ambient & electric guitars
- GRETA MORONI: backing vocals
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion



- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ISADORA: cello
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano sax
- PETER VORONOV: violin and viola



This afternoon I found you. Different. Imperfect.
I found in me, An imperfection So perfect in its own imperfect way.
The "I" is the nexus in my brain
I will challenge the night with an arrogant smile, with an arrogant face
like the great ocean I would rise on the tip of the toe
of the waves at high tide caressing the moon

My favorite music is imperfection, imperfection
the guitar that's just a little too loud, the drums that are a little too fast, off key harmony

today I'll play the flute on my spinal column
nothing will erase love away
Long enough have you dreamt despicable dreams
Leaving nothing but a distorted image of perfection

My favorite music is imperfection, imperfection
the guitar that's just a little too loud, the drums that are a little too fast,
My favorite music is imperfection, off key harmony

My favorite music is imperfection, imperfection
I found in me, An imperfection So perfect in its own imperfect way, imperfect day
Don't let The Fear of Imperfection penetrate yourself and freeze your gestures

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, programming and electronic
- GEORGE BILLE: trumpet
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- PIERGIORGIO LUCIDI: chitarre ambient ed elettriche
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion

TOUCHED WITH FIRE

© music & lyrics: Fabio Armani 2022



I. *Dichotomy*

Another day is gone
in this sphere of dumb desires
another life not lived
in this pattern of false stability
hoping far along - leaving for what? ...for what?

*fighting for a long time
trying to reach me
frightened to touch you
trying to speak to you*

***Touched with fire
touched by an unwanted gift
I walk alone in a city of ghosts***

A pill in my hands (3000 a year)
to fake another time
a pill in my brain
to fake off me.

I should remember... Today is the commemoration of October 24
about what? of my madness? of your death?

*fighting for a long time
trying to reach me
frightened to touch you
trying to speak to you*

***Touched with fire
touched by an unwanted gift
I walk alone in a city of ghosts***

II. Painful Interactions

Dumb as I am

Sometimes I 've tried to ride a normal life
(condemning my art, my music, my soul for splinters of reality)
Fooling me into being like you

Once, like a mad albatross,
I've broken my wings into a thousand pieces
to burn them into the fire of creativity
to bury them under ashes of regret

***I'm waiting for iSignals of understanding / empathy
I'm waiting for signals of understanding***

III. Observing you

dumb as I am

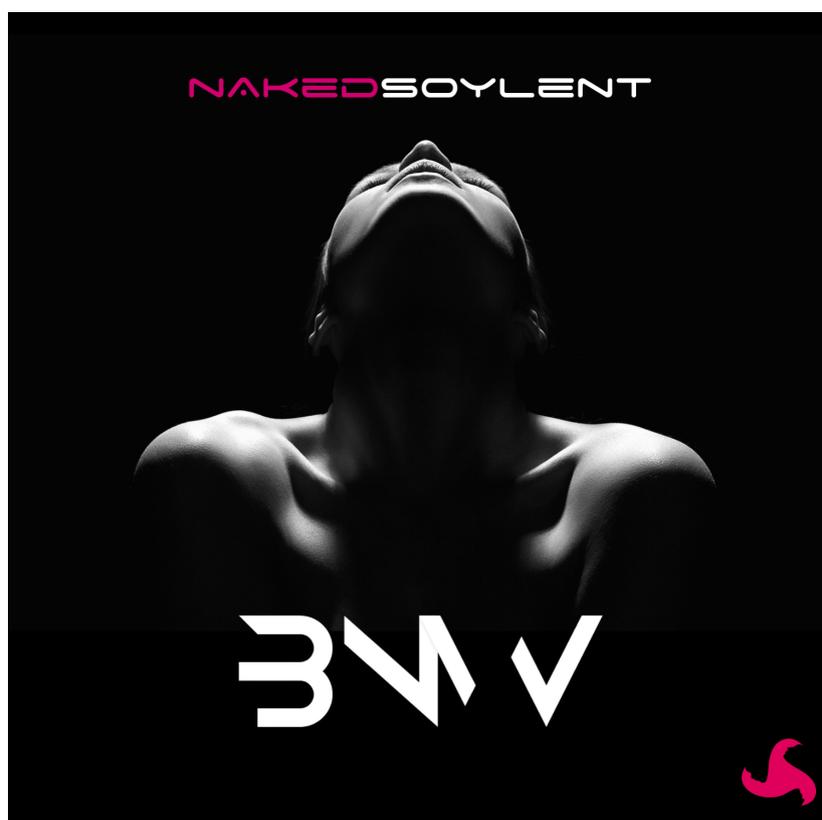
Sometimes, from the top of a tower, my laser gaze observes you
and I wonder if the crazy is me or you!

***Touched with fire
touched by an unwanted gift
I walk alone in a city of ghost***

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass and stick
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- PIERGIORGIO LUCIDI: electric guitar on "Painful Interactions" movement
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitar on "Dicothomy" movement



- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: sax soprano e tenore
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin



The world network of junkies tuned on a cord of flaccid jissom my frequency led to Jimy H (or John C ... I don't recall)

I was standing outside myself waiting for ...
I'm a ghost wanting a body ... a fucking body of flesh and blood Outside
Mosaic of sleepless nights

Please feed the solution avoiding splinters glass to fuse my brain
who care of the atom bomb or the virus escaping over purple holes in the room?

I stripped away some characters from my latest novel and crashed them into an overpopulated world

Crazy everywhere
faces, hands that struggle faces hands that look for air food

Vanishing ink faded into the old pawn paper land - I'm writing to weave the fate of their infamous frayed lives

Make room! make room!
Red hot wind envelops everything in curtains of fire Millions of people forced into a megalopolis
in search of the only possible food

Naked Soy lent
Naked Soy lent

All benches were removed from the sky
Splinters of ice penetrate my mind like fingers of fetid drug, insects of rotting thoughts
The study of mental machine is leading us to
hide in the most rotting ravines unable to find a solution to our existential dilemma

Craziness everywhere faces, hands that struggle faces hands that look for air food

Vanishing ink faded into the old pawn paper land - I'm writing to weave the fate of their infamous
frayed lives

Make room! make room!
A fog of smog engulfs the city and does not let it breathe Millions of people forced into a
megalopolis
in search of the only possible food
Naked Soy lent
Naked Soy lent

eat yourself

Naked Soy lent Naked Soy lent

eat your humanity your soul
your brain

this piece is a tribute to "The Naked Lunch" di W. Burroughs and to the movie "Soylent Green"

- **FABIO ARMANI:** piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- **LENINA CROWNE:** bass and stick
- **ANDREA FENILI:** voce, backing vocals and electric guitar
- **LUCIANO MASALA:** electric guitars
- **JOHN (THE SAVAGE):** drums and percussion
- **MANUEL TRABUCCO:** soprano and tenor saxophones



I have brought everything I love with me and I will protect it at all costs

A dawn, your kisses
the snow on high mountains
red sand of the desert
the smell of the rain
the sunlight in prisms of brackish light your face
your hands

But the cyclone is coming, and I know it will overwhelm everything

I'm waiting for
I've been waiting for so long

'cause this is living on the edge of a catastrophe
Living in the eye of the storm Storm's Eye
Living for the eye in the storm Storm's Eye

I have brought everything I love, and I would like to protect it
I hold fragments of joy and fragments of happiness in my hand

But the dream is gone
the broken shield
soon the cyclone will come and overwhelm everything. Inexorable

I have collected all my loves and my hopes
hoping for a rest (respite)
but I (already) know it will be in vain
and soon dark skies of death and war will fall upon us all!

How I would like to return
to my house above the fjord
on the edge of the desert or in impenetrable forests

I point out in the blue sky a flock of crystal-feathered birds to my children

but I can already see it turning into bombers swollen with nuclear terror soon the sky darkens in a light of death!

The waves will be mountains, the battlefields (will be) deserted lands but for a moment
the heart of the storm is the centre of calm
even if the cyclone will soon have obscured the light

as it crashes down with empyrean fury

Awaiting his onslaught with breathless suspense and shrink from the blight of the terrible hail
dreaming of a shelter, sun-lighted and warm

You think blue skies are so restful. when the green grass ripples under the tree
these are lies, fool's gold.

sooner or later your blue skies will darken I breathe in the iron ceiling
waiting for the final catastrophe to come

I'm waiting for
I'm waiting for so long

'cause this is living on the edge of a catastrophe Living in the eye of the storm
Living for the eye in the storm

I sail within the eye of the storm
As it ravages you,
And you frantically scurry before its wrath

Living in the eye of the storm	Storm's Eye
Living for the eye in the storm	Storm's Eye



- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- ALBERTO GATTI: electric guitars
- GRETA MORONI: choir
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: choir
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: soprano sax



Spoken: "Nuclear fallout is the residual radioactive material propelled into the upper atmosphere following a nuclear blast, so called because it "falls out" of the sky after the explosion and the shock wave has passed

After the detonation of a weapon at or above the fallout-free altitude (an air burst), fission products, un-fissioned nuclear material, and weapon residues vaporized by the heat of the fireball condense into a suspension of particles 10 nm to 20 µm in diameter. This size of particulate matter, lifted to the stratosphere, may take months or years to settle, and may do so anywhere in the world. Its radioactive characteristics increase the statistical cancer risk. Elevated atmospheric radioactivity remains measurable after the widespread nuclear testing of the 1950s."

Living on the edge of the storm

I've been waiting for so long

And now the dream is gone

like a broken shield

Living on the edge of the storm

The nightmare is real Now!

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- ALBERTO GATTI: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: coro
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: sax soprano
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin



Paranoia my being
Paranoia inside us
Paranoia is around and always
I try to keep what is dearest to me your face, your kisses
but inexorably all vanishes
destroyed by nowhere nowhere

Fallout
Fallout!

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs
- ALBERTO GATTI: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: choir
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: sax soprano
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin



Sinister Plutonium Requiem
Sinister Plutonium Requiem

Crazy everywhere

your face, your kisses nowhere

looking for... Crazy everywhere crying for...

your soul your brain

I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream
On the beach of Nothingness Polluted Brains

Plutonium Requiem

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, organ, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- GEORGE BILLE: trumpet
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: voice and choirs



- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- DAVIDE STRACCIONI: backing vocals
- MANUEL TRABUCCO: sax soprano
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin

LUNAIRE - POSTLUDE

© lyrics² and music: Fabio Armani 2021



(from "Pierrot Lunaire")

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) Pierrot Lunaire, Op.21 (1912)

Poems in French by Albert Giraud (1860-1929) German text by Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905) English translation of the French by Brian Cohen

The lover, aroused by lust
Passes by without care,
Sees the graceful play of light
Your pale sorrowful blood

The Moon
nocturnal invalid.
The horizon is a magic book

² Rework of the text by Albert Giraud "Pierrot Lunaire"

And from the sky, in a cloud of inky dust,
Descend upon our despair.

Sinister moths / Sinister moths / Sinister moths

The moon, like a white scimitar

Upon a black ornate cushion,

Curves in nocturnal glory.

And from the sky, in a cloud of inky dust,

Descend upon our despair.

Through a resplendent mournful night.

Through a resplendent mournful night.

Through a resplendent mournful night.

In the wilderness of his mind

Echoing in muted tones

Like a plaintive sigh of crystal,

Showing my soul Showing my soul

My melancholy is dispelled:

Through my iridescent window

- FABIO ARMANI: piano, keyboards, synthesizers, samplers, electronic drums, programming and electronic
- GEORGE BILLE: trumpet
- LENINA CROWNE: bass
- ANDREA FENILI: backing vocals
- LUCIANO MASALA: electric guitars
- GRETA MORONI: voice and choirs
- ISADORA NOVAKOVIC: cello
- JOHN (THE SAVAGE): drums and percussion
- PETER VORONOV: violin and electric violin