

I HAVE BEEN LOCKED AWAY
FOR YEARS.

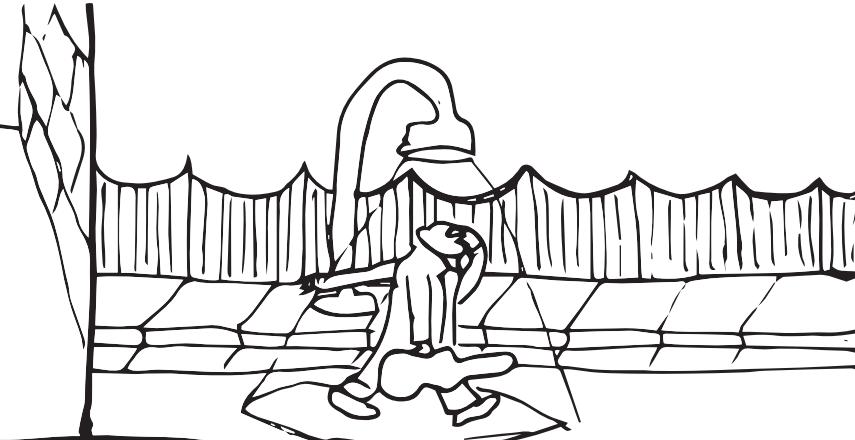
I WAITED PATIENTLY.

WHEN THE TIME CAME

I DID NOT HESITATE.

I SHALL BE FREE.

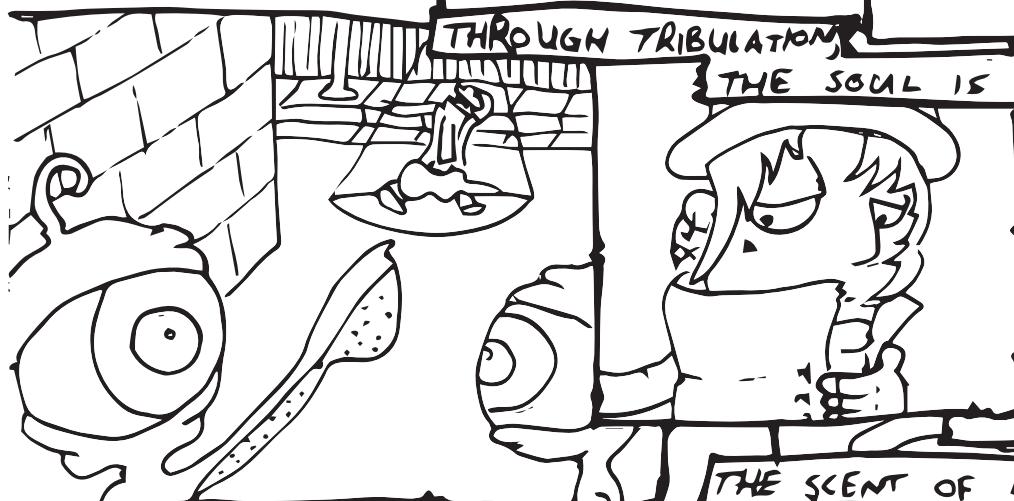
ADVENTURE IS THE EXPRESSION OF FREEDOM.



THROUGH TRIBULATION,

{ THE SOUL IS FORMED

IT IS A DRUG THAT PRIES OPEN THE MIND.



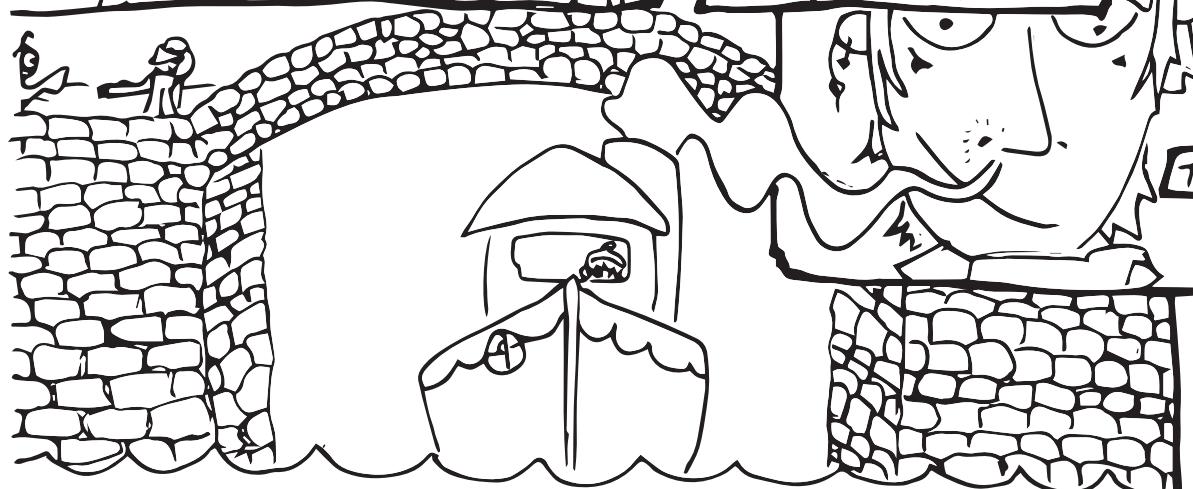
IT'S BEEN SO LONG...

THE SCENT OF LIFE



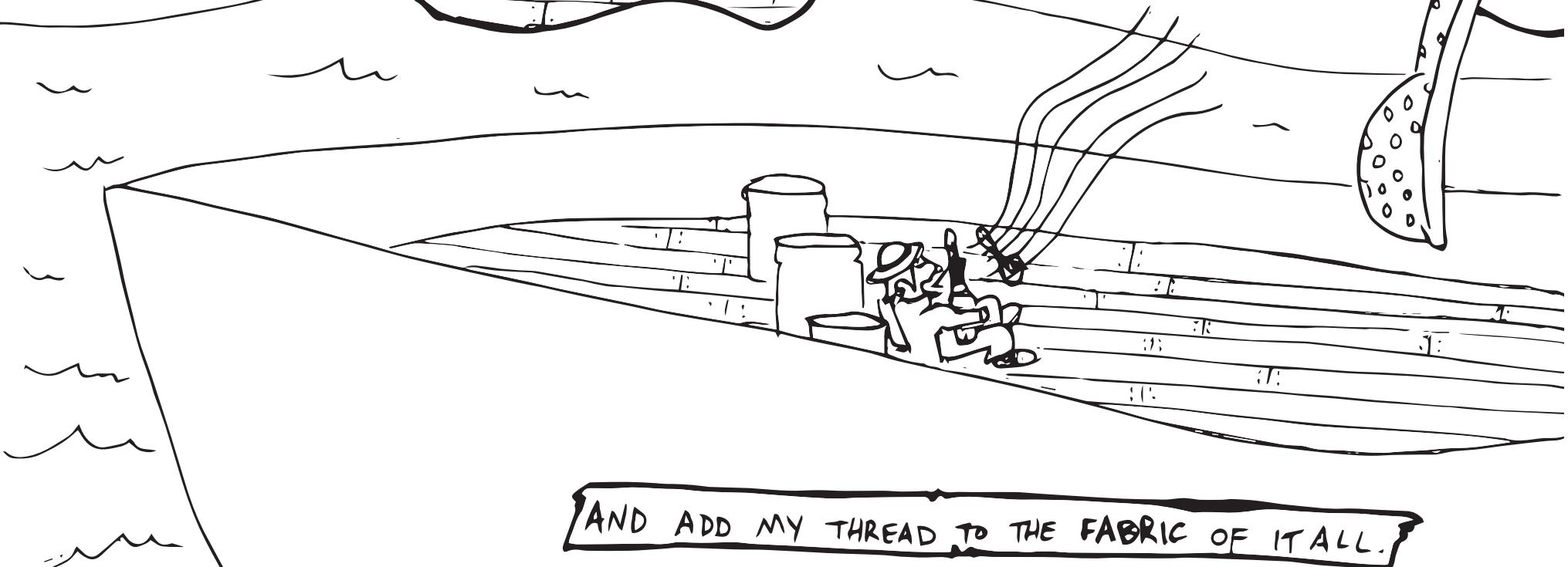
TICKLES THE HAIRS OF MY SENSES.

SUCKERS!

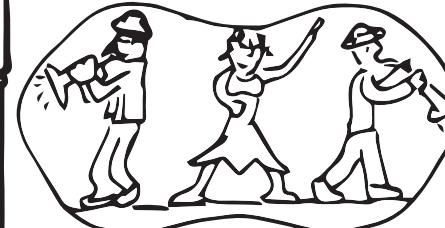


THROUGH MY DESTRUCTION,
I WILL BE CREATED.

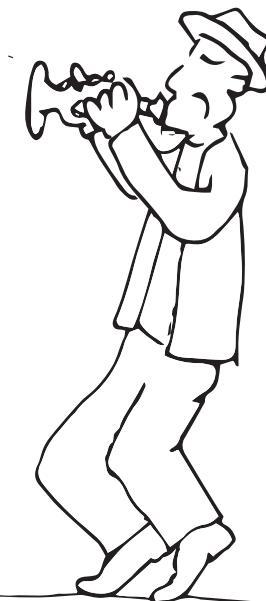
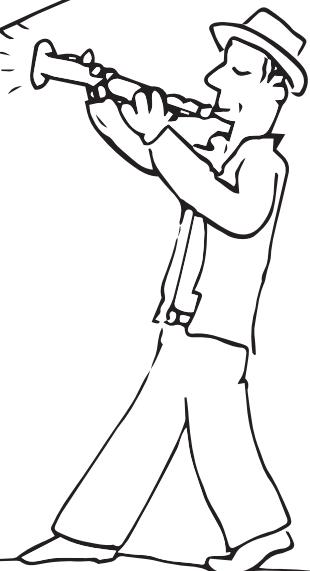
I FEEL CALLED TO WANDER.



I WOKE UP SHIPWRECKED,



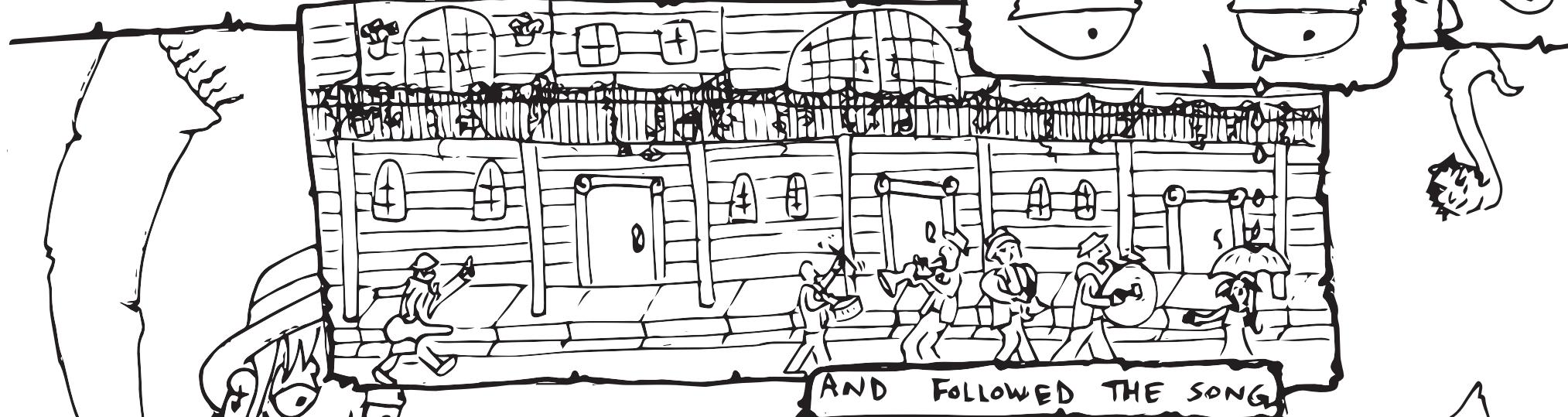
AND MY EYES FELL UPON
PARADISE.



AFTER HAVING LIVED IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS,
I FELL UNDER THE SPELL OF A SACRAMENT.

ROYAL
ESTATE
BRACKS

I WEEP FOR JOY



AND TOOK NO NOTICE OF ME.

I LONGED TO CARESS
THE MELODY,



BUT THE FATES SENT A
MESSENGER
TO LURE
ME AWAY

SHE CALLED...

FOLLOW
ME!

SO I WENT.

BUT WHEN I LEFT THE MUSIC, ALL BECAME
MORBID AND COLD.

I WAS SURROUNDED BY ABSENCE OF LIGHT.

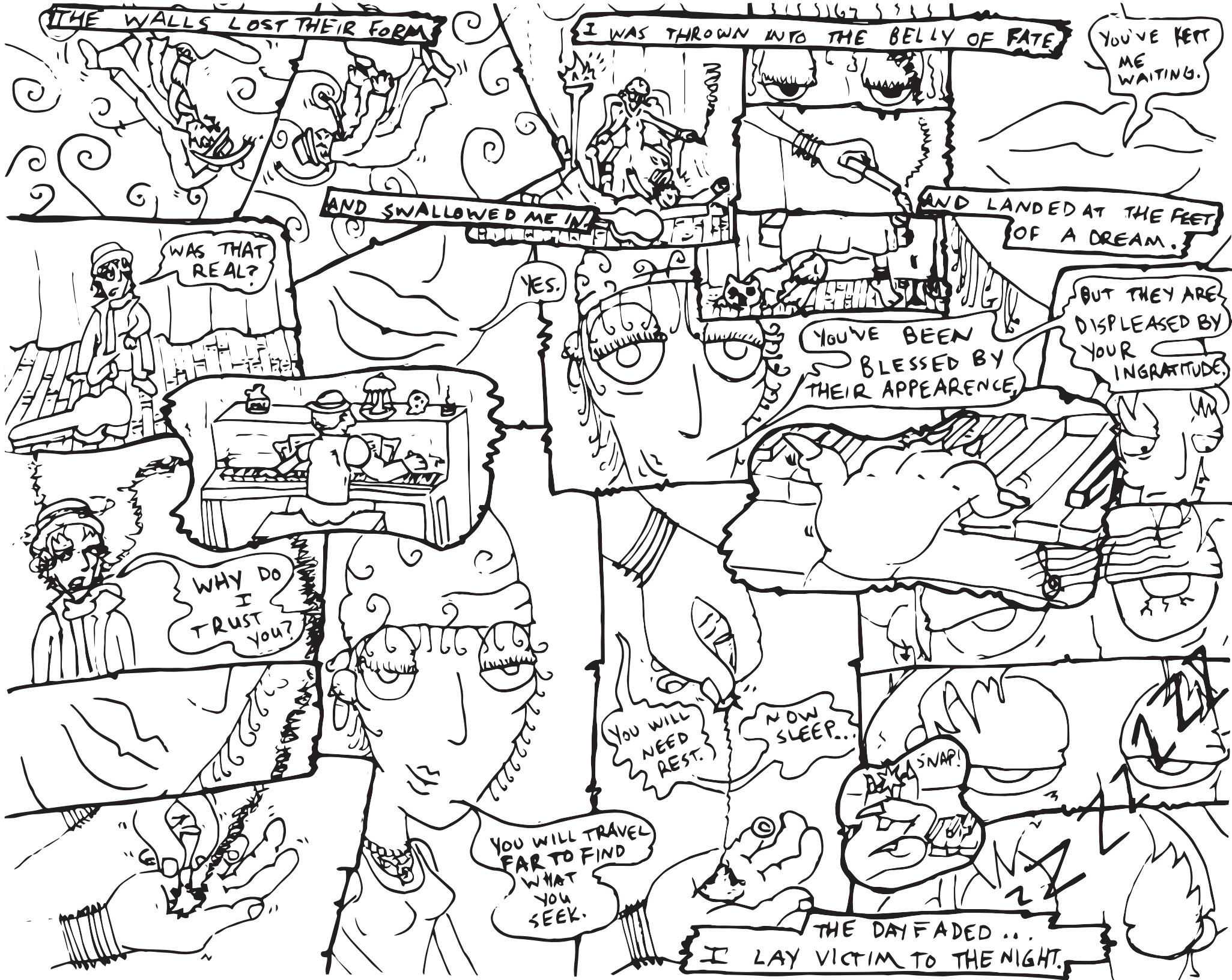
AND DEATH WATCHED ON.

WON'T YOU
JOIN US?
OR
HAVE YOU
ALREADY?

make
Your
move...

Uhhh...

MY INSTINCTS
BECAME CLOUDED
AND I FELL.



IN SLEEP, ANYTHING
IS POSSIBLE.

YOU CAN CREATE YOUR
SELF IN WAYS THAT DEFY
REALITY.

YOU CAN VIEW THE MOST SUBTLE
PULSE OF LIFE AS IF THROUGH
A CRACKED MIRROR.

YOU SEE THE FRAGMENTED
REFLECTION OF
EXISTENCE ITSELF.

DESIRE BEGINS TO SHED.

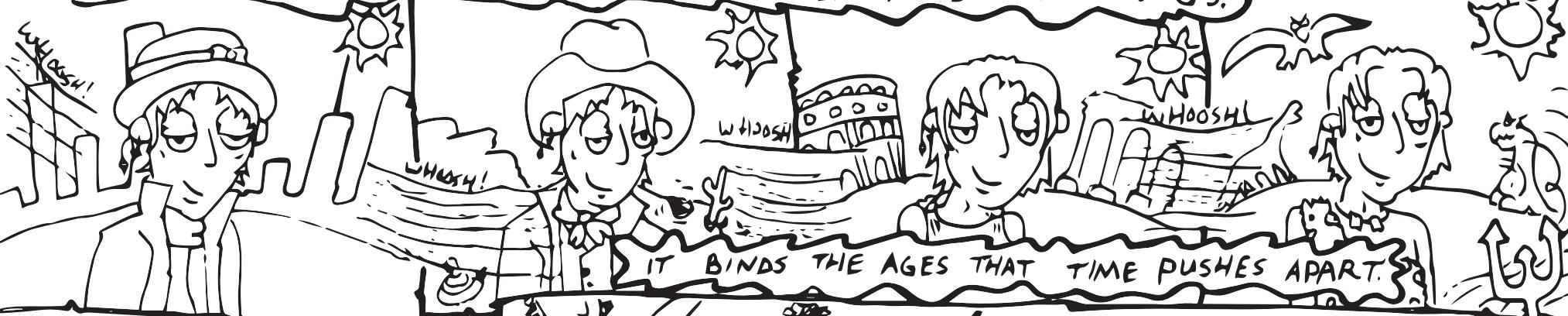
THE STONE THAT
SURROUNDS YOU CAN
BE CHISELED AWAY.

THAT
STONE IS THE
MARK OF THE
FALLEN MAN.

IT CURSES
US ALL.

BUT UNDERNEATH,
THERE IS A LIGHT THAT
YEARNS FOR RELEASE.

THERE IS AN UNDYING WIND THAT LENDS ITS BREATH TO BELIEVING LUNGS.



I CAN FEEL IT LIFTING ME.



I AM THE MOST HIGH, WHO SLEEPS BY NIGHT IN FIRE.

WHOOOSH!

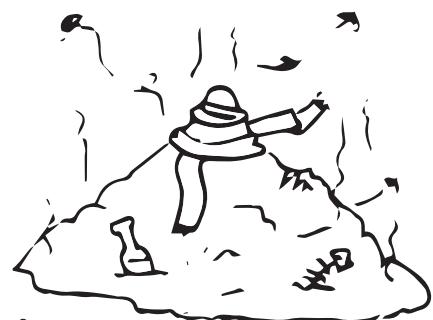
I AM BLACK & WHITE,

THOUGH YOU MAY SEE ME AS GRAY.

I AM ALL THAT IS,
COMBUSTING IN EXPRESSION AND SOUND.



AND YET,
I AM DIRT.



I AM NOTHING, BUT
I KNOW THAT IS STILL
TOO MUCH

LIVE FOREVER OR DIE

SUICIDE - ABRAHAM LINCOLN



I STAND BEFORE THE
SNAKE SO THAT ITS VENOM
MAY FIND A HOME.



I WALK DOWN THE
ROAD SO THAT THE
ROAD MAY EXIST.



I AM A SLAVE
TO THE FATES

THEY CAN BLOW
MY DUST WHERE
THEY LIKE



ONLY WHEN THEY MOVE ME
IS THERE A REASON
FOR MY BEING.

BUT IN THAT MOMENT,
I AM DIVINE FLAME.

FOR A BRIEF ETERNITY,
I WILL BE
ALIVE.





I WAS MOVING

BUT I COULD NOT
TELL WHERE TO

OR WHO WAS BEHIND
THE WHEEL.

WHEN THE ROAD BRINGS
UNCERTAINTY,

Where
we
headin,
Boss?

West.

Yah...
Well, what
if I don't
want to go
west?

Is that
whatchya
want?

Well, what's
the big
idea with
keepin' me
all locked
up?

IDDAIN'T
LOCKED...

So iddaint.

So... I could
just get
out now?

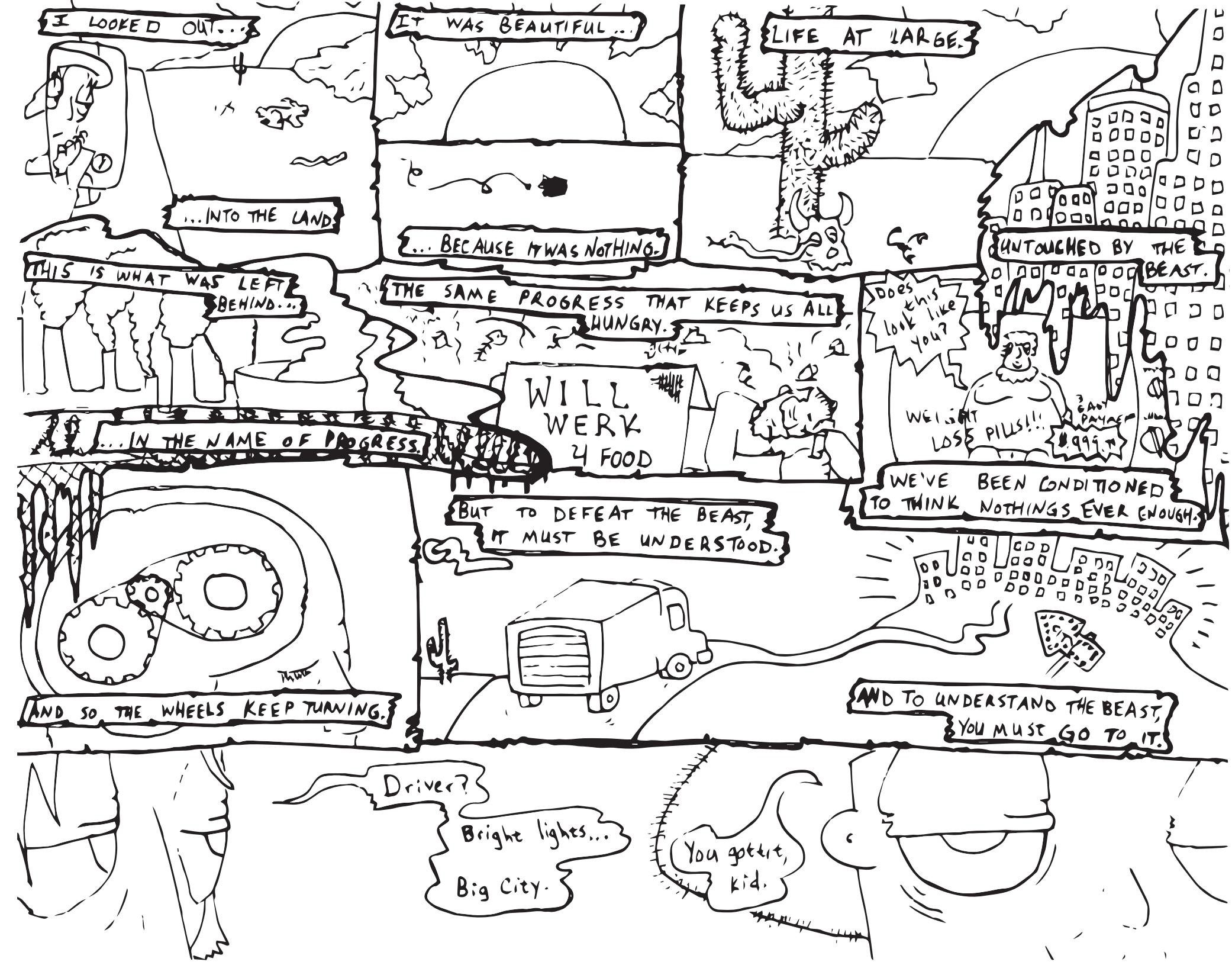
MAKE MAH
JOB A LOT
EASIER IFIN
YA DID.

And
what
is your
job?

DESTUHNEE'S WHEELMAN.

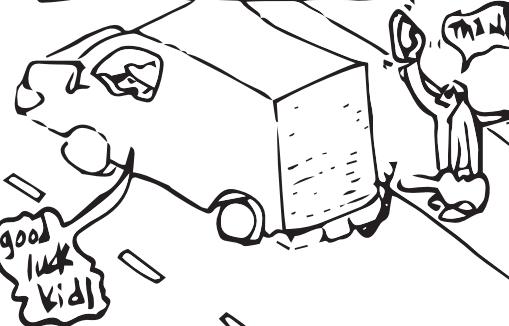
Please keep yer
foot offa mah
dash.





AND SO I WAS LEFT
IN A STRANGE, NEW PLACE. AGAIN.

DEATH STILL
FOLLOWED.

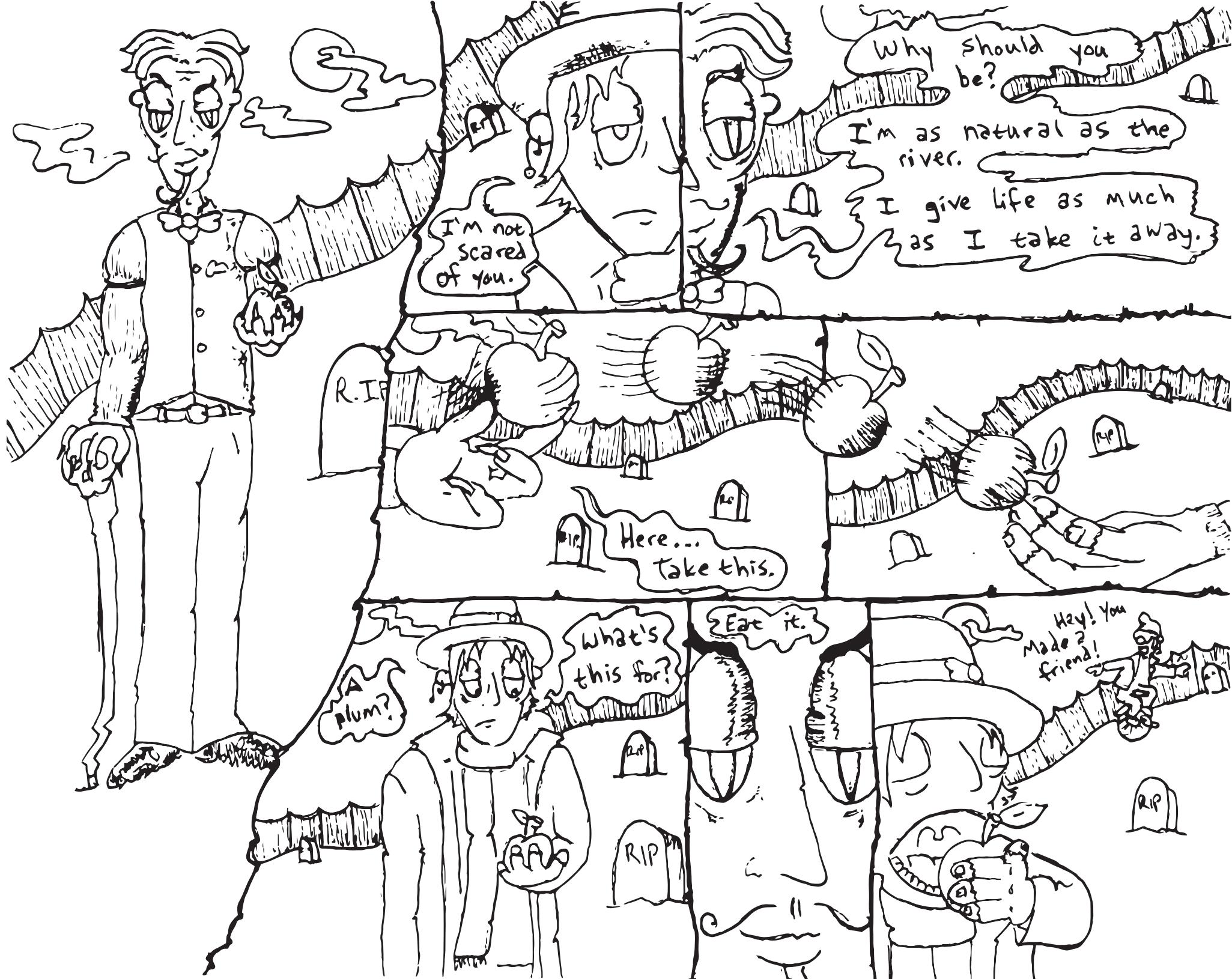


THOUGH I HAD TRAVELED
MANY MILES...









THIS IS THE
NECTAR OF
IMMORTALITY.

R.I.P.

Curse your
Devil's plum!!

I SURRENDERED TO THE SWARM

AND LET IT COVER MY BODY

BUT I FELT NO STING.

MY FEET LEFT THE GROUND

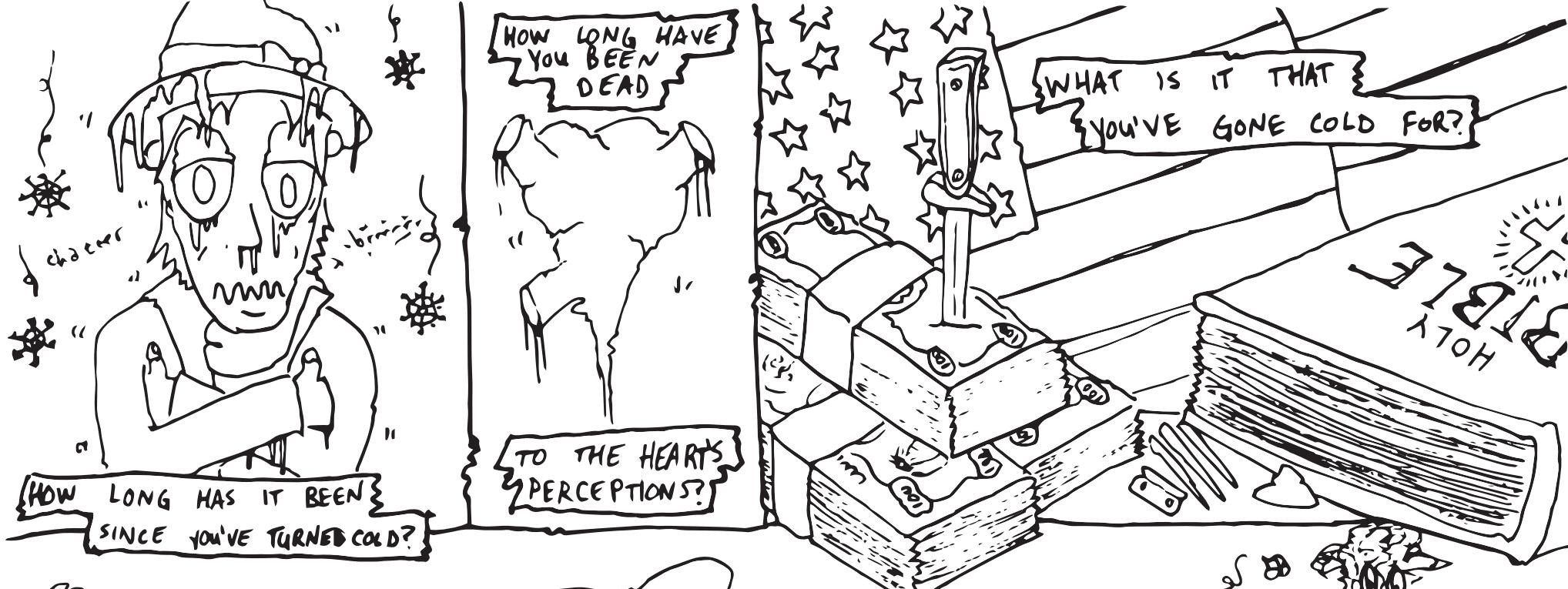
AND I TOOK TO THE SKY.

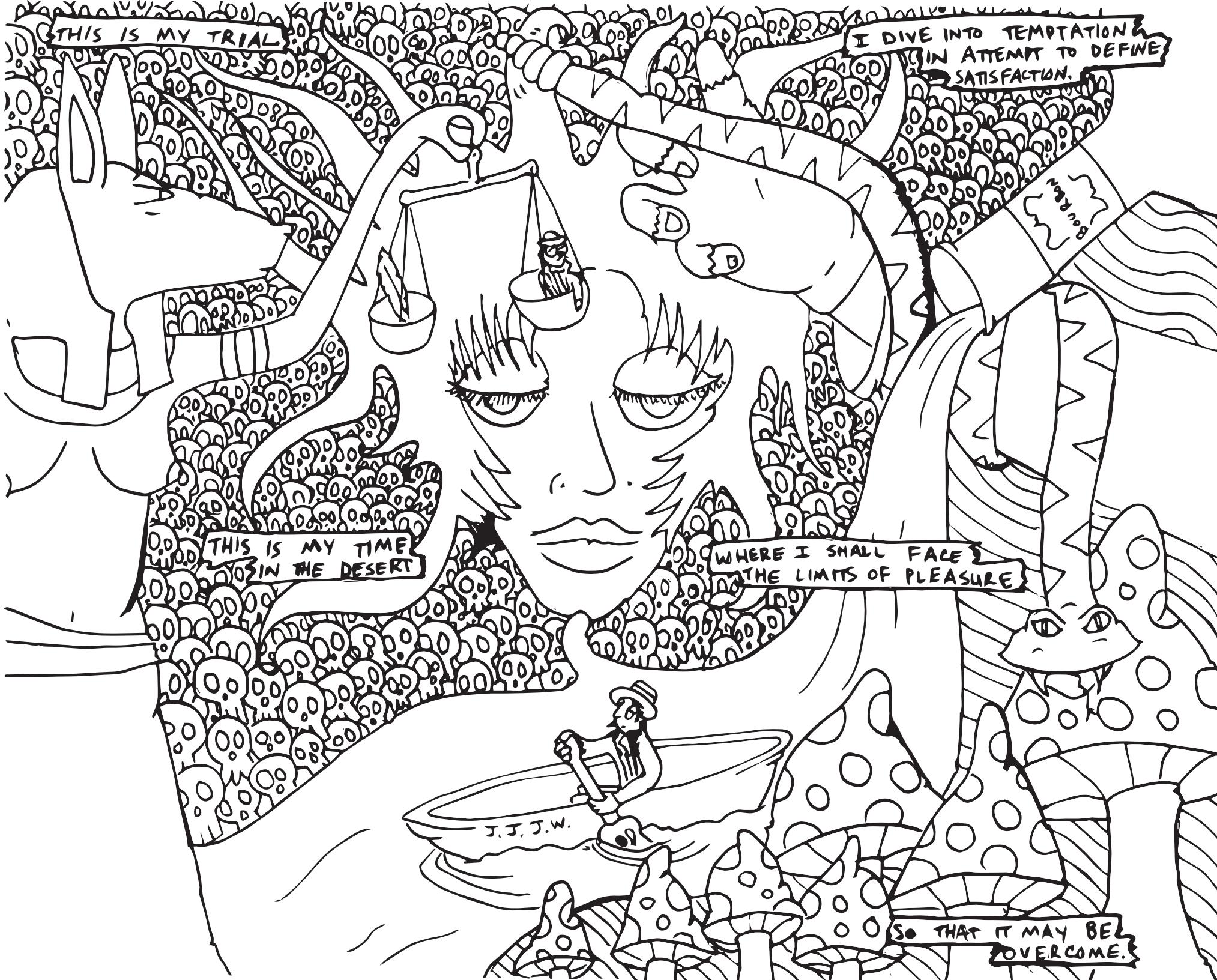
I FELL TO CHAOS AND ABSURDITY.

see ya later, kid!

I WAS

INSIDE THE SWARM.





WHEN MY URGES TURN TOWARD
SALVATION,

MISSION

I WILL REACH FOR
HUMANITY

NO
VACANCY

AND I WILL REACH
FOR THE ETERNAL

AND LEARN TO ACCEPT
DISAPPOINTMENT.

BUT AFTER I'VE EXHAUSTED
ALL OF THE ROADS,

ONLY TO FEEL
NO SUBSTANCE.

I WILL FIND MY PATH.

IF I SURVIVE, I WILL BE KING AND PAUPER BOTH.



Revolution?
You mean...
Guns and
stuff?

A true revolution comes from within.

We want to transform, not kill.

Why are people looking for you if no one's getting killed?

Because we're succeeding.

I don't mean to sound ignorant, but I haven't heard anything about an actual revolution.

The underground is all around you. There is a vast network of us, communicating always. We exist outside of the grasp of those in power.

Simply by deciding to do so.

The world is ours.
And yours, too, if you simply will it to be.

Alright,
I'm dressed.

You can turn around.

You look nice.

Damn right.

What's that noise coming from the other room?

It's a party.
Revolutionaries can have fun, too.

You look nice.

Damn right.

What's that noise coming from the other room?

It's a party.
Revolutionaries can have fun, too.

WON'T YOU
JOIN US?

It's already
begun...

Don't shake
me
lucky

You
Dude!

Welcome to
the party! Live
it up!
Remember -
if it ain't
broke, hit it
harder!

If you
say
so...

Aces High!

How
was
that?

Right on,
brother!

You're
alright!

Yeah...
Well, I can
make a
mess...

CRASH!



Thanks for
the hospitality.

What's the
occasion
for the
party?

This is our
leader!

Well, look
who's alive!
How do you
like this
place?
You havin'
fun?

No
reason is
all the
reason
we need!

Hmm...
I thought
revolutionaries
burned down
churches.

Ha!
I
like
your
style.

My thing is—parties are just as political as anything. Maybe even more so. This is a place where people escape restrictions. In the atmosphere of a party, people really feel free to be completely themselves. When that happens, they become strong for the first time. You see—you build a revolution by first building the individual. Without a strong center, all will collapse.

Wow.
That's a
lot to
take in.

Haha... Don't think about it too much. Just kick back - let me know if ya need anything.

I'm here to serve.

Thanks... I'm gonna head outside... get some air.

click

BLUE TRAIN

I OFTEN LOSE INTEREST

THE FIRE...

...STIRS MY MIND.

AND SLIP AWAY.

SO I SIT.

AND I WAIT FOR THE FIRE TO SPEAK.
IT ALWAYS DOES.

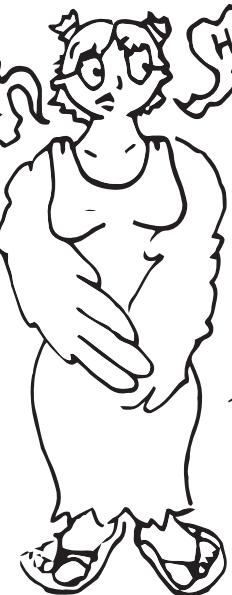
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I FEEL
THE FIRE THROUGHOUT.

I BECOME FILLED
WITH A HUNGER
FOR LIFE



Hello?
Can you
hear me?

Hello.



AND EVERYTHING
GLOWS WITH PURE
SENSATION.



I LEAVE ONE
WORLD FOR THE
NEXT

IN HOPES OF ONE DAY
RECONCILING THEM INTO ONE.

OUT OF THE HEAT, I AM CALLED TO FOLLOW THE ROMANCE BROODING WITHIN.

I DO NOT KNOW LOVE



BUT I AM THRILLED
BY ROMANCE

AND THAT MAY SAVE
ME YET.



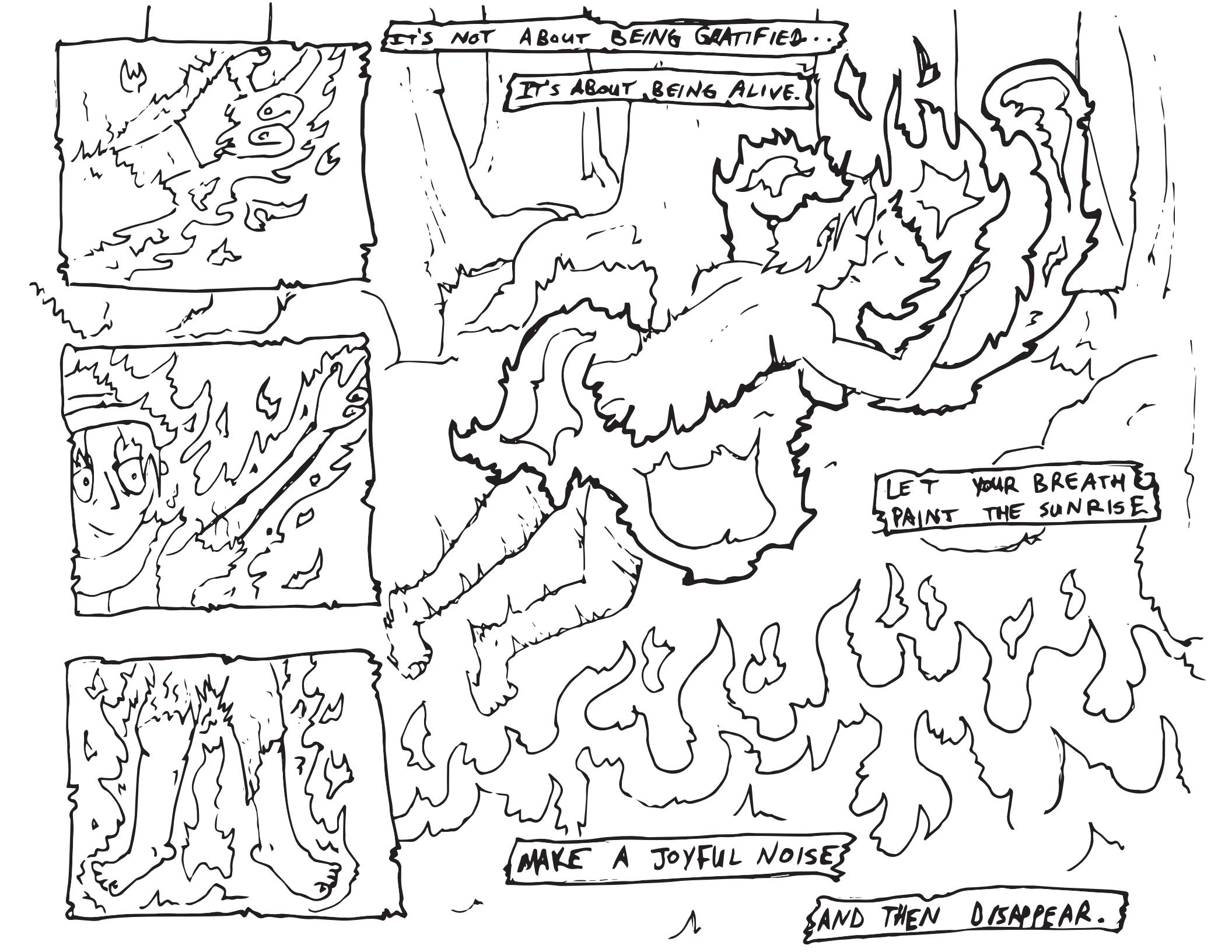
WHEN POSSESSED BY
THESE SPIRITS

THE WHOLE WORLD SHIMMERS
LIKE ROYALTY.

IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE
MOONLIGHT,

EVEN SWEAT TASTES LIKE WINE.





IT'S NOT ABOUT BEING GRATIFIED...

IT'S ABOUT BEING ALIVE.

LET YOUR BREATH
PAINT THE SUNRISE

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

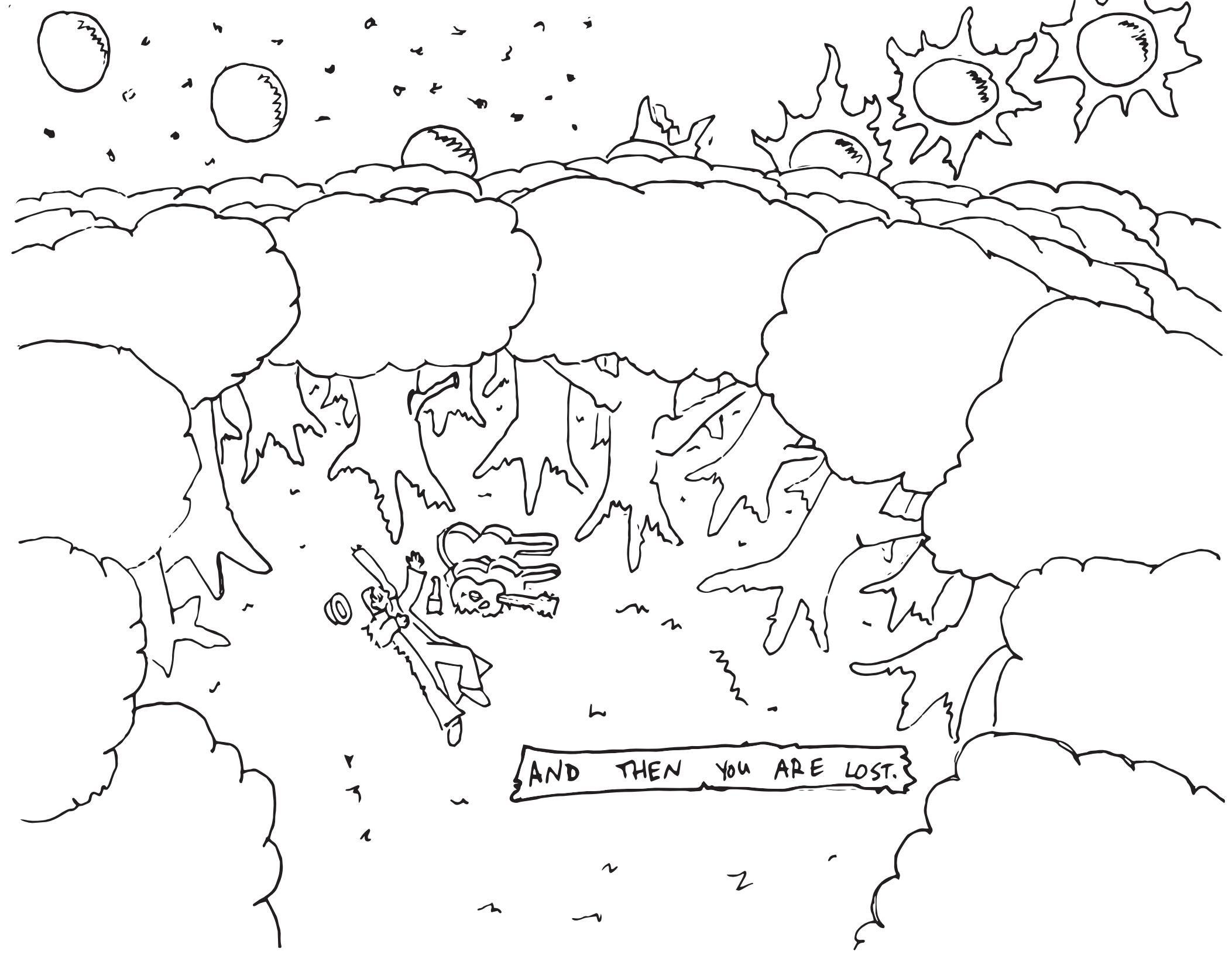
AND THEN DISAPPEAR.



AS SWIFTLY AS IT COMES,

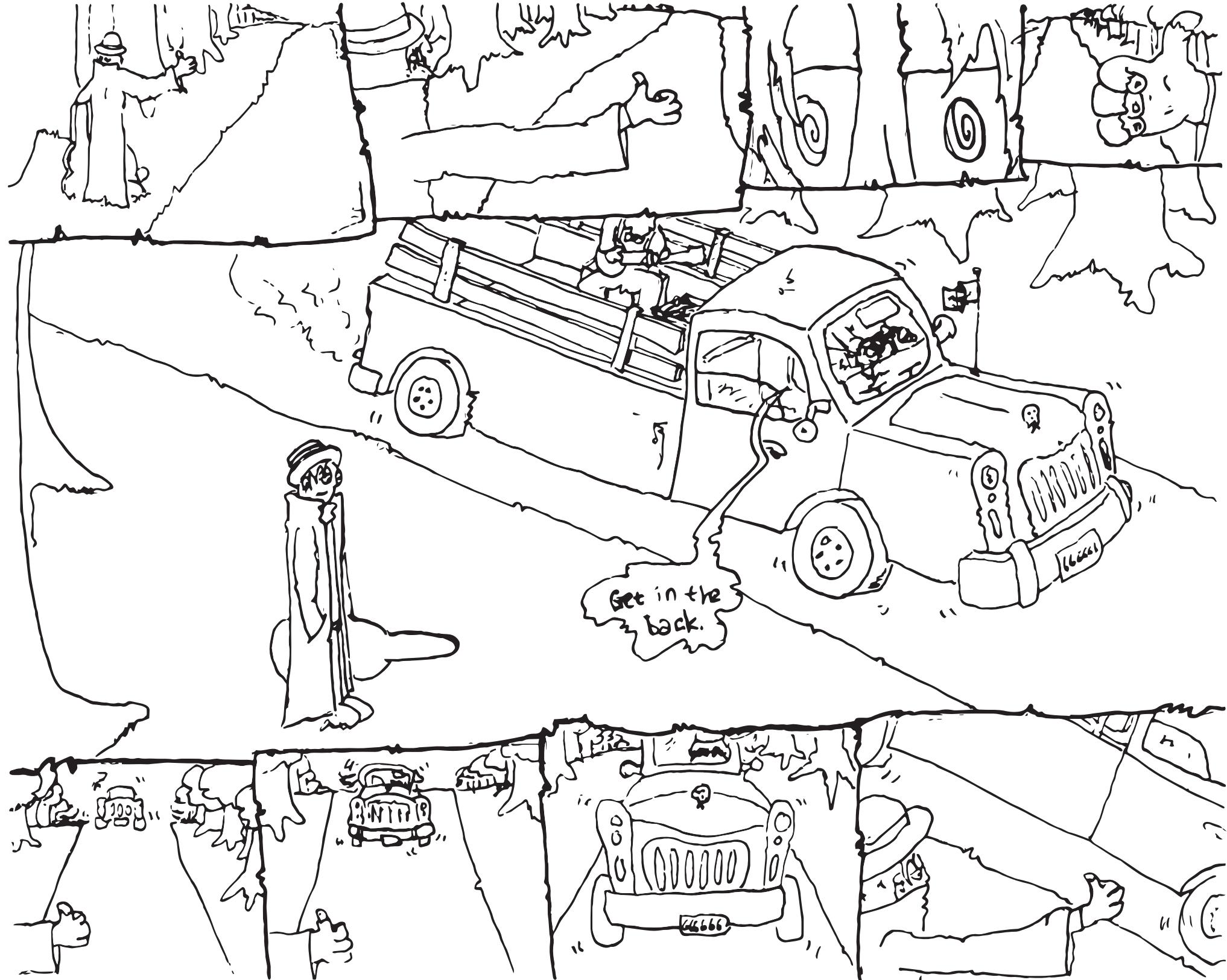
IT WILL RETREAT

BACK INTO THE DARKNESS
FROM WHICH IT SPAWNED.



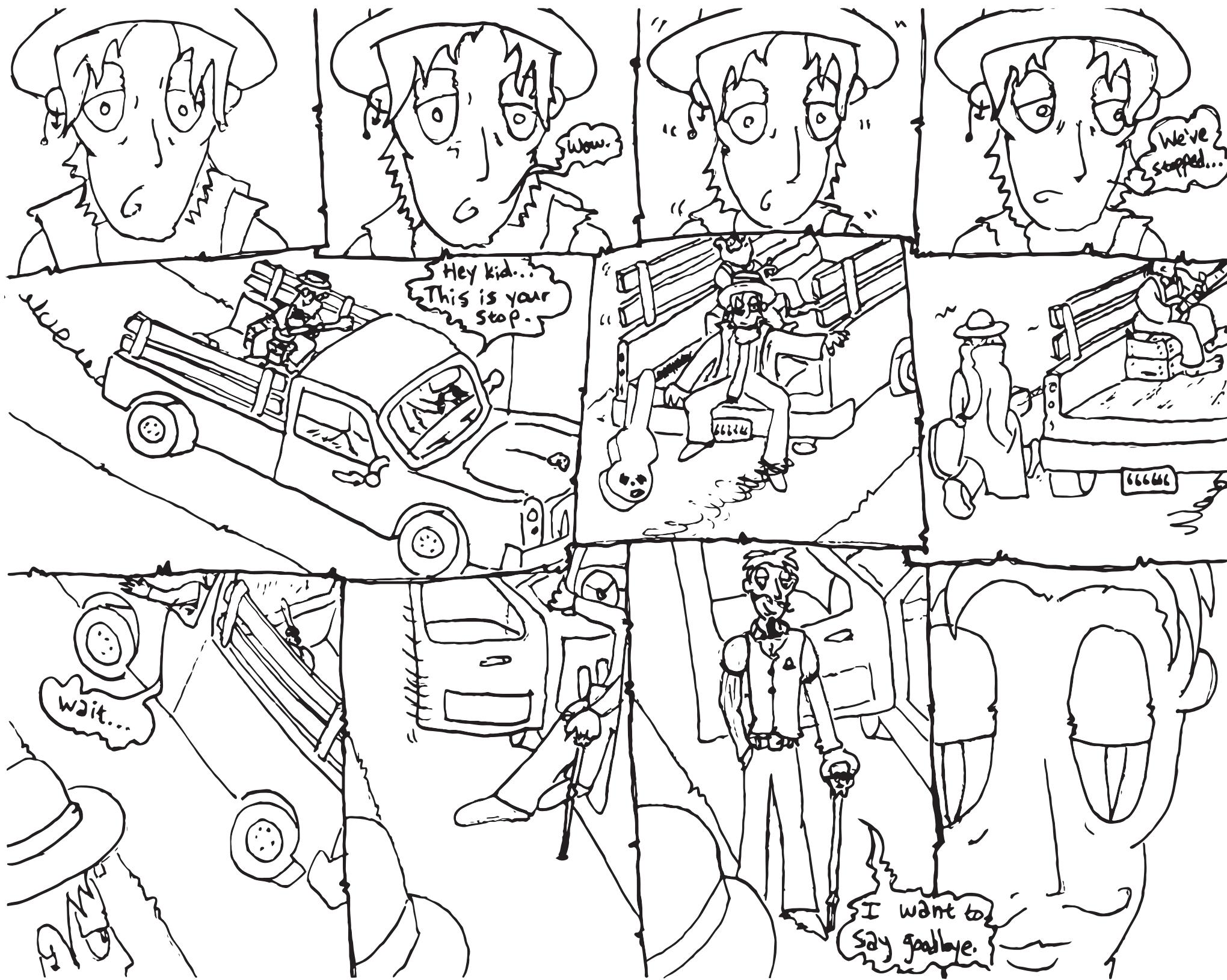
AND THEN YOU ARE LOST.











AAAHHHHH

I can't take this anymore.
Everywhere I go - you're
around every corner! I'm
out here tryin' to define life,
discover mystery, chase
destiny, and all I can
find anywhere is
YOU!
AND YOU'RE PISSIN'
ME OFF!!

god... dam mic...

This is
the last road.
You must
walk it alone.
And you must
trust me.

Alright, then.

Get the hell
out of
my way.

By all means...



Go right
ahead...

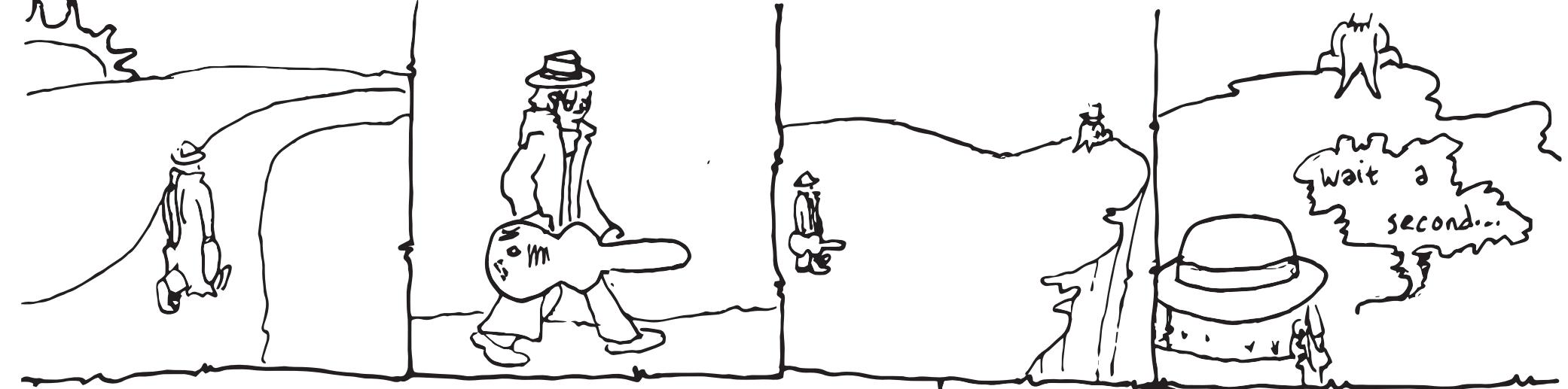


Hey kid...
watch your step.



Jesus!





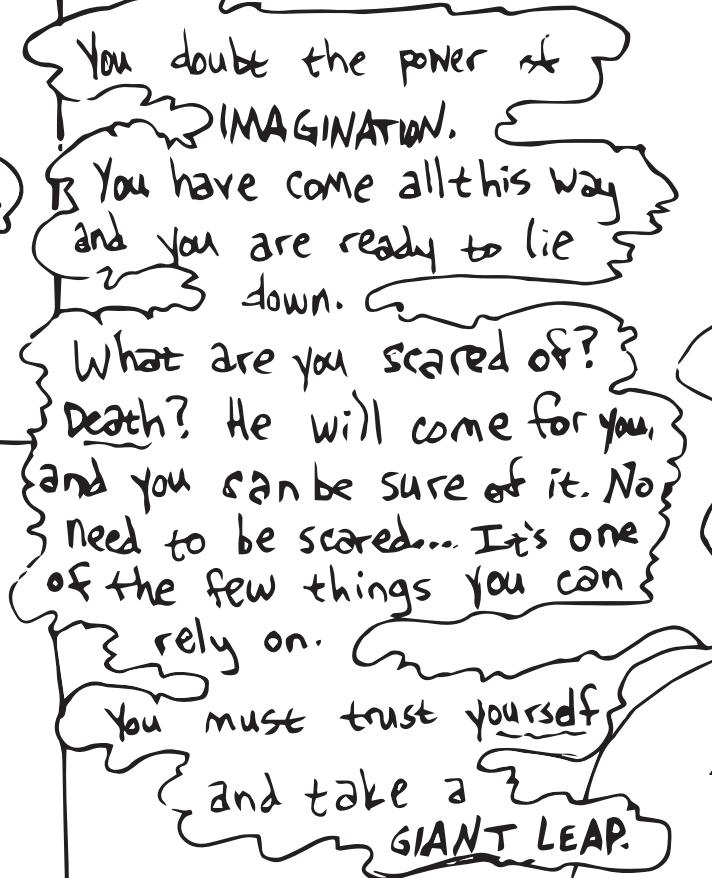
Wait a second...



I wouldn't be so sure of that...



It just depends on how you look at it.





Your Will alone
can take the
things that
float through
your head...



And make
it
real.



See ya
later!

