

CULT! OF! ZIR



BETTER LIVING*

**through confirmation bias*

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side z:

- welcome
- better living
- faces in the flame
- this is normal
- five july
- tell me beleave

side z:

- it was people
- turnblack
- crickets
- scorch the earth
- together on one
- alhazared

*"With this brief inspirational quote,
may your pre-conceived notions be vindicated
thoroughly and entirely, Amen."*

-- Your Hero

written, recorded, arranged, mixed, and produced by Nolon Ashley with Tyler Kellogg.

performed by :

Nolon Ashley - vocals, synths, samples/loops, manipulations, additional drums and percussion.

Tyler Kellogg - guitars, pedals, trombone, additional synths and percussion.

Joseph Harris - drums, percussion.

recorded at Zirroneous Labs, Molgovia, and Nesali Studios.

mixed and arranged at Molgovia, mastered by Jason Goodrich at Badrich.

in memory of Naosi the Bodder Cat: orbital satellite and secret conductor of the Cult of Zir.

with special respect to those of ours who gave life, limb, sanity, and freedom, in the war against terminal boredom and weaponized stupidity, between the years 2004 and 2020.

with love and gratitude to Amanda Sledz, for your exceeding patience, insight, understanding, candor, and zero tolerance for bullshit.

regards and thanks to Chris Henderson, Meghann Rose, Julian Tulip, Uta Plotkin, Greg Cedarbeard, Uxepi Ipexu, Travis McCallister, Lisa Newbury, and Kate Jointz, for their contributions to early Cult of Zir endeavors.

Brought to you by Cult of Zir and sDm Records, Portland Fucking Oregon 2020



happy swimming!



BETTER LIVING*

Octopus salad and pink cocaine
Ambergris pudding and black champagne
The temperature rises and the walls melt away
Floating green eye in a milky grey

Name your pain? Well, okay...

I've had a nasty twitch for ten thousand days
I've been wrapping my head around a tangled maze
It's raining holy hell on my mangled brain, and
There's too many numbers to keep track of the names

And it's probably Mercury in retrograde
'Cause I've been yapping all day,
But ain't got much to say

Blah blah bee booo baah blah boo bee boo blayy
Just tell me which mantra makes the rent get paid!!

WHICH MANTRA MAKES THE RENT GET PAID?!?

They seek the gift of better living,
They'll see the gift of better living.

FACES IN THE FLAME

Hot knives hashish black copal
White candles and a pint of 151

Hot flash cold feet fuck it all
Hum the frequency 'til it spills down the wall

What say these faces in the flame?

Keep quiet keep calm keep the blinds drawn
Keep thumping on my head until the drugs wear off

Keep still, do be careful not to wake him up
He'll come stumbling up the steps,
If he smells the blood.

Just gotta milk it until it bleeds, don't we?
And I can't tell anymore, what it means.

Somewhere there's a feather bed,
With fresh clean sheets.

FIVE JULY

Five July: Pack a bag and say goodbye
To all the fools that didn't treat you right.
The unanointed will be left behind.
Say the word, and we'll go
So far away to distant shores
So far beyond the place behind the sun
That we can't see.

How long has it been since we went to sleep?
Brand new tennies on our tired feet
Why can't we just drift away?

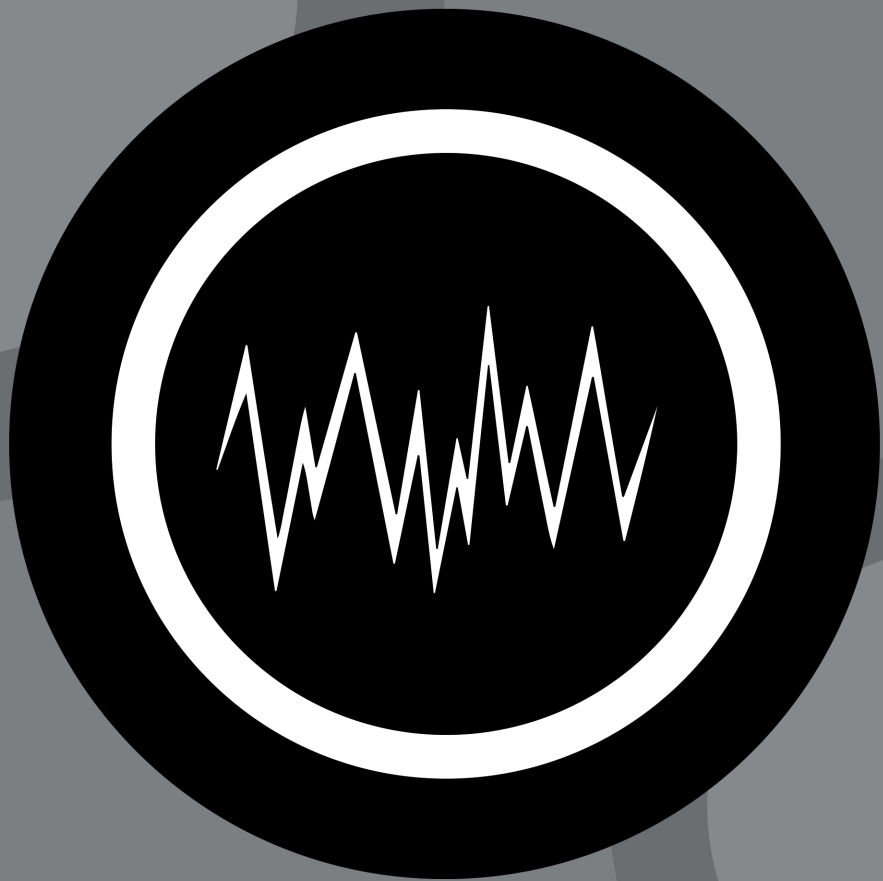
I'll see you Five July. Pack a bag and say goodbye
To everything that you despise.
That bloodstain on your mind that **THEY** have painted.

So raise a glass and I'll raise mine
Phenobarbital and cyanide
We're waiting at the punchline...

Say the word and we'll go
So far away, and now you know damn well why
We've spun tangled webs of lies.

No time now to debate it
No time now to dwell upon it
No time now, well done agent
Five sheets to the flaming sky!!!

Take this lullabye back with you to paradise.



TURNBLACK

Turn black turn away my love turn back
Turn back turn away my love turn black

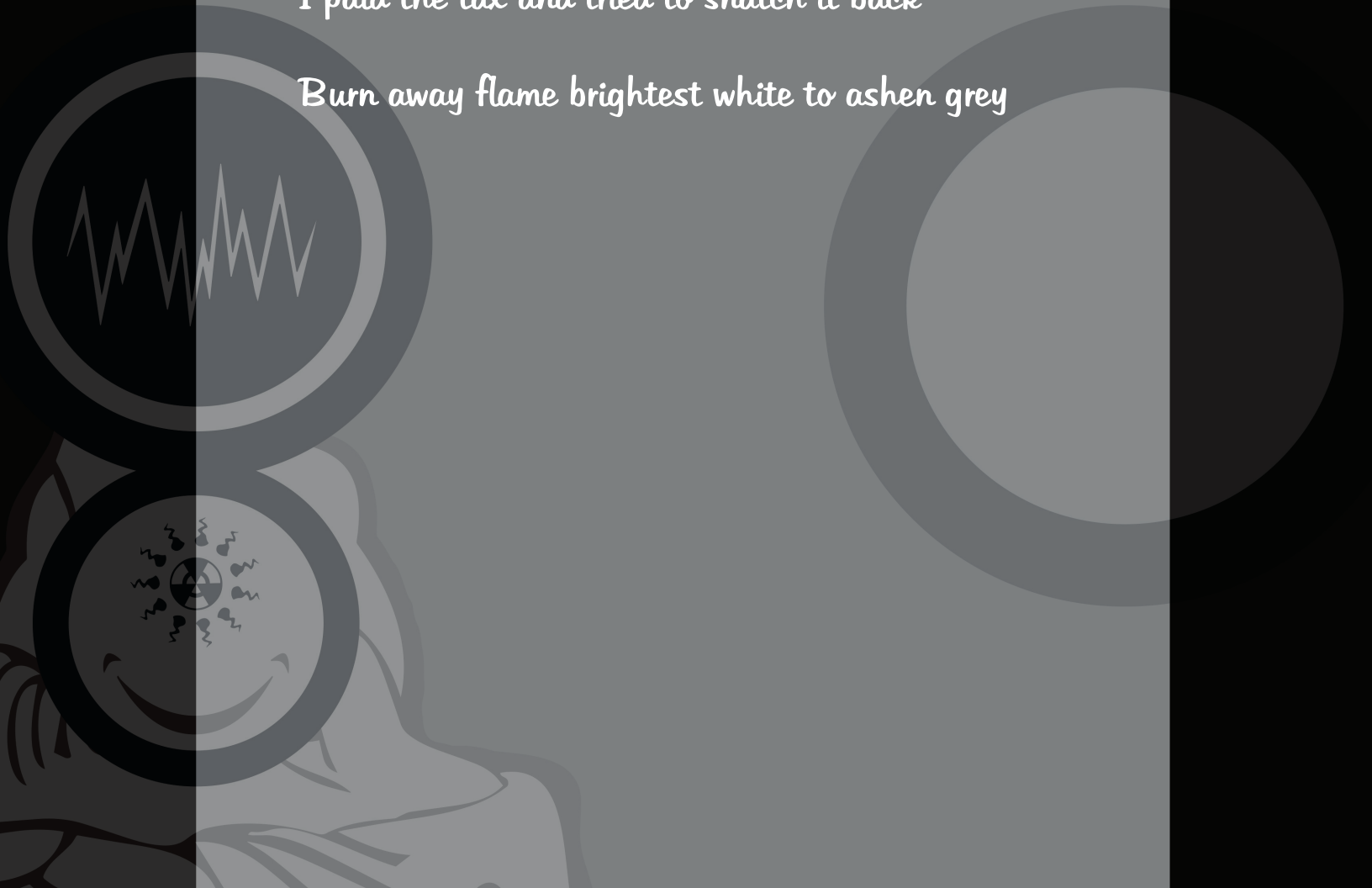
Turn away, there's nothing here for you today

Turn black turn away my heart yearns black
Turn black turn away my love burns black

Turn away, i've gone fishing off the deep end today

That kind of love is just a loathsome trap.
I paid the tax and tried to snatch it back

Burn away flame brightest white to ashen grey



CRICKETS

Two three four go
And so it seems a seed was sown
With the stroke of a thumb

Across the seas like laser beams
Don't blink swipe right cross the screen, OH NO!
It's Neo postmodern overman, okay?
(He's the dude that was prophecied.)

Soylent selfies at the ice cream crime scene.

Look at me twitching tricky dicky
On the business fucking end of the gun

Don't drag me kicking and screaming
Down the #hashtag hallway of doom

Because no matter what the scoop,
You'll find I'm just a boring prick and no fun.

JUST NO FUN

That's how you get things done, I guess

But with my new device, I can amplify!
My charisma radiates to make a better world (for me.)

Just for me...

...me me me me me gimme gimme gimme!

WATCH OUT!!

The Cop City Chupacabra
Crashed the fucking party again.
We've got a bad plan to roll shit back
To Potsy, Chachi, Fonzie, and friends!

And once the shit comes to shit
Who gets to notify the next of kin?
Maybe ancients from the deep
Will rise again to clue us in, I guess..

But with my new device, I can amplify!

My charisma radiates,
And the wind bends to my will!

And you are THE ONE Shining Golden Sun!
Now is your time, Shining Golden Child!
(You prove me right every time...)

HEY!!!!

We came to this place
To get away from people like you.

SCORCH THE EARTH

Wait in line.

Our fantastic confections will blow your mind!

Wait for dark.

We'll greet our new neighbors with spears and knives!
In the park.

Today's suicide will be filmed at five!

And all is a violent carnival, engineered by fools.
Into the fray, I will slip away. Mutually assured.

(Oh fucking hell.)

This is not a pretty white world.

This is not a cap and a gown.

This is no joking around, my dear.

WE'RE GOING TO DROWN!!!

Can't we dance as the bridges burn down?

We slash and burn and scorch the earth every time.

Can we get it right?

We've redefined anesthetized, make up your mind.

Can we get it right?

Strange artifacts, found in an ancient mine:

BE KIND, REWIND.

DON'T GO TO THE LIGHT!!!

BEHOLD!!!

*A violent carnival,
For gluttons and buffoons.
Grifters and junkies crash the gates,
The best entrepreneurs.*

All good and fun,

*But this is not a pretty white world.
This is not a coke and a smile.
This is not a dope blinky light, bro.*

WE'RE GOING TO DROWN!!!

Can't we dance as the bridges burn down?



ALHAZARED

I have walked one thousand and one moons,
And have tasted just as many dreams
Of the several sorcerers I've slain
In traversing this consciousness labyrinth.

And while seeking my rapturous crimson Goddess,
While dancing on the darkened water,

I must have carved out my own eyes.

Reason factors not into this place
Rites reversed, he incants bleak equations.
Would that he had not penned his name upon
The perfected parchment of the sages.

I must have carved out my own eyes.

And I have rent a crack in space and time
And communed with an Illuminoid
Which in turn possessed my heart and mind
Until I danced a talking tongue of flame, oh my God...

And returned to find my home had burned
And my family enslaved and shamed
And the carrion of my proud cattle strewn about
Strange patterns etched into my wheatfields.

(Still the howling from the pit
Shrieks my name into the black sun...)



PORTLAND FUUCKING OREGON 2020

