

transformation of

TOP

power

recorded songs, lyrical poetry, illustrations

Blake Harrington

TRANSFORMATION OF POWER

COMPOSED BY BLAKE HARRINGTON

singers

Lydia Salnikova
Racquel Roberts
Shelby Lindley

musical production

Chris Goosman
Blake Harrington

associate editor

Diane Glassman Kish

illustrators

Gregory Szczotka
Dallis Squires

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1 It's Academic

1, 2, 3, 8 billion

How do you know there's going to be a World War Three?
The answer to the thought in question
Is really quite an easy read.
Because there was a one and a two,
There will be a three,
Why wouldn't there be?
How do you know there's going to be a pandemic?
The answer to the thought in question
Is really quite academic.
Because that's what happens when
There are 8 billion people on the planet,
It's academic.
Pandemic, pestilence, war, famine, dying sick,
It's academic

How do you know there's going to be a raging earth?
The answer to the thought in question
Is really all about what comes first.
Comet strikes the polar ice
Or the super volcano explodes beneath?
Why do we worry?
How do you know we're being led to the slaughter?
The answer to the thought in question
Is really all about power.
Because that's what the powerful do
In order to save their own skins,
They know the where and the when,
The where and the when.
A_C_A_D_E_M_I_C
A_C_A_D_E_M_I_C_K_E_Y_M_O_U_S_E
M_O_U_S_E



2 Leviathan

Where did all the wealth of the people go?
I said, where did all the wealth of the people go?
Driven down a ripped off road, America!
City streets should be paved in gold
With the honey roll of money that they stole
From every home in every city
Sinking into the 21st century

Master elite feast while the people
Eat left over scraps from a bullwhip lash,
Salt water poisonous seas of a leviathan.
Its tentacles wrap all around
Controlling more and more powerfully,
As we hypnotically drink away
Sinking into the 21st century

Come on! Two score and one year ago
Now we're busted, broke and in the hole.
Where did all the wealth go?
Oh! tell me where did it go?

With our stolen gold their palaces grow
Deeply built where we may never go,
Where no longer is the sweat of our brow
A necessary need when master can
Feed himself digital bread at high-speed,
So what happens to the ripped off masses
Sinking into the 21st century?



3 Invitation

Come with beauty
And add to what we have to give
Though we know not the name
As the form is still hidden
A shape is born fashioned in goodness

For we come with beauty

For we come with beauty
And each has a gift to give
Though small and simply precious
Synchronized yet wild with passion,
A flower field of our creation

A flower field of our creation

Listen, an Indian drum,
A hummingbird's hum,
Oh! my love the time has come
To bend like a rush in the breeze,
Come my love, come sway with me

A hand on the knee,
A kiss on the cheek

Come my love, come sway with me
In a flower field of our creation,
A flower field, Oh YES!
Where you come my love with your beauty



4 Pleasure Garden

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?
Where miserable hope cursed with wretched fear
Fill the breast till no room is left
For soul inside to come rest,

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?

Bitter thoughts from poison fruit
Consumed in such a lonesome pursuit
Well it heavily weighs upon my chest
So much so I struggle for breath,

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?

But today I spied while in my tree
Far away beyond the boundaries
Where you grow a blossom garden
With ripened fruit so sweet to senses,

Today I spied while in my tree

A feast awaits with a leap
Oh! a leap of faith
Beyond the boundaries pass the gait
Where fruitful thoughts aglow repose
In the pleasure of your garden

In the pleasure of your garden

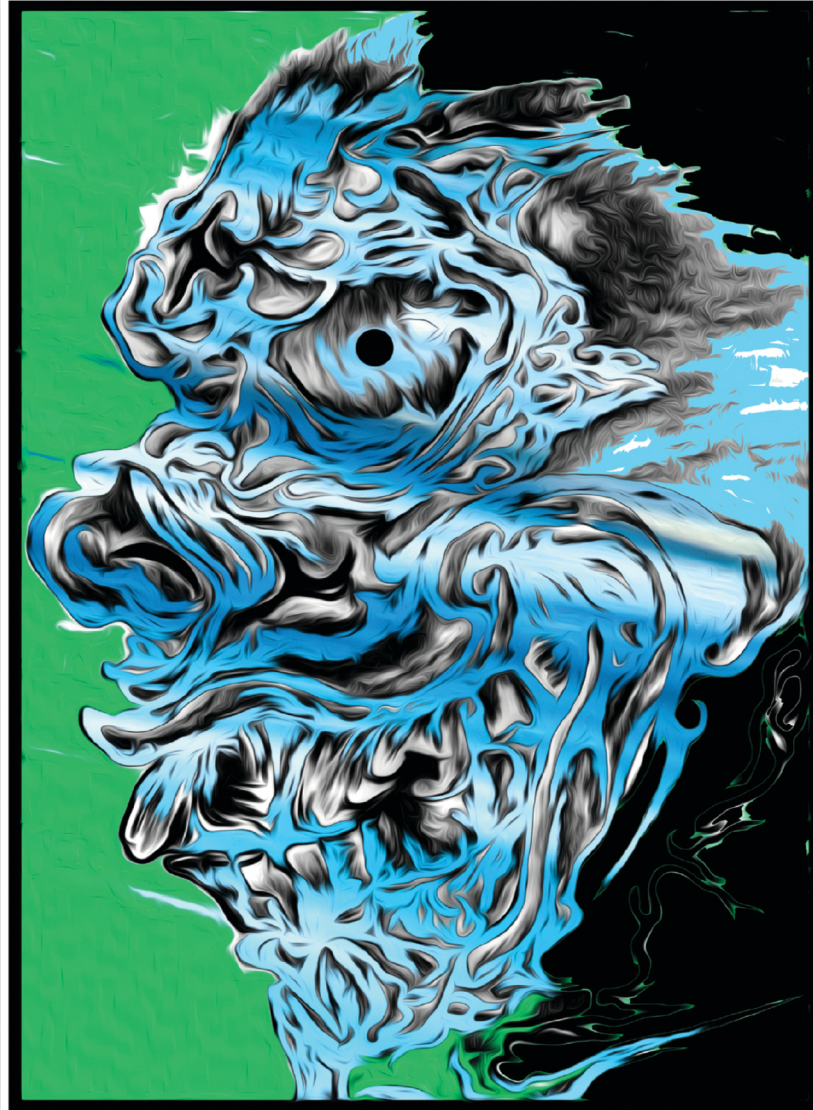


5 When The Towers Fell

When the towers fell
They buckled under the fire
Consumed in the flames of Authoritarian power,
How biblical in scale!
They wilted just like a flower
Blazing beneath a dark continental sun.
Where like a human tower
The first man stood upright
And he walked like a sun
Rising up over the savannah.
Perhaps it was his vanity
That willed himself to be
Freed from the worms eye view
Of a bent over beast?
Look at me!
He cried towering over his wretched kind,
And in turn they stared in awe
And crowned him king.
As true today as two million years ago
To be human has remained unchanged
For every fallen tower
No sooner than gets replaced,
To be human is to be enslaved

6 Epstein's Isle

Give me liberty or give me death
Has become give me my living room,
And I promise to do as I'm told
By terrible people who do as they will.
There on Epstein's fantasy
Isle for the powerful
Elite who rule the world criminally,
There on Jeffery Epstein's
Isle for the criminal elite.
Give me liberty or give me death
Has become give me a cheap flatscreen
Television set where I can watch
Porn programmed distraction.
Now I may be perversely poor
And I'm so sorry to be cruel,
But they're the ones undoubtedly
We should lock away in quarantine
There upon Epstein's fantasy isle,
Who believe the world to be
Their own little underaged oyster,
And when their financial meltdown crashes
Do we want their criminal asses
To rise above the ashes malodorously?
Let's round up the criminal elite
And quarantine them all upon
Jeffery Epstein's isle for
Isle for the criminal elite





7 Virtual Power Rules

In the shadow of the digital tower
Rising up monumental
And spread for power so immoral
Invisible tentacles sink into everything.
Feeling its way,
Holding sway,
Spreading and
Judging without mercy

With the natural understanding
That the powerful rule
Not by what is good or merciful
Nor by what is true,
But by the might over its domain
Like a pack of wolves descending at night
Upon a herd of shepherd-less sheep
Virtually sound asleep

Humans serve
The powerful,
It's natural,
In the virtual power rules

Power rules
Power rules
Power

In the virtual power rules

Humans serve
The powerful,
It's natural,
In the virtual power rules



8 Revelation

[illegible]



9 Earth (The Transformation of Power)

The earth is spinning power
Around a molten iron core
Where stored lines of magnetic force
Burst out in all direction.
Without a heart, without a home,
Just a surface of land and ocean
Sheltering any random form
Till her soul becomes a vision

Her presence is unveiled
Upon the wooded trail beneath the tree leaves
Pierced by sun rays of illumination,
Her face comes forth
Crowned by a course of stars
Orbiting her brow like the constellations,
Her form is revealed
Beneath thin linen robes draped to the heel
In curvaceous astonishment,
Her revelation is shown
To those who wish to know
The nature of her hidden world

Sentience is the most precious,
Sought after thing in creation
Worth beings fighting over its control,
So much more than silver or gold.
For is not a bomb first a thought?
And what becomes of a stone when thrown?
And what is 14 billion years
If no one is counting the time?

The earth is spinning power
Around a molten iron core
Sheltering any random form
Till her soul becomes a vision

A vision



10 IPSA

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

A distant call to freedom sounds
From land as far away
As America across an ocean
Atlantic cold and gray.
Is not the soul just as far?
And the voyage just as hard?
An inward ocean sailed across
To freedom of the heart

For Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves, and Astronauts

Riding rockets fueled with courage
Men have walked the lunar surface
Slow like underwater movements
Cast in basaltic blue-green glow.
If only I may be so bold
As to walk the earth with a courage so
To trust the care of where to go
To others with a simple purpose

Like Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts,
Like Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

A distant call to freedom sounds
From a whistling train
Traveling north to freedom for
African American slaves

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

Walking along the fenced up boarder
Dreamers on parade,
Native eyes gaze up at night
To see upon the silver moon's face

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts