

OTHER WORLDS

Passage in, ruthless landscape,
to burn across the desert
to journey through the waste.
The language, of distance,
became hopeless to convey
and we are far from home now
and far from home we'll stay.

The furnace of progress,
set our houses all aflame
and thus from here we deal in lead.
They set our houses all aflame.

Sojourn in, the heartless wasteland
sun bleached bones, a sea of whitesand
the cobalt sky, flawless overhead.
Sojourn in, the heartless wasteland
wait for dark, the light of lodestar
the Polaris, glowing from its grave.

Set our houses all aflame
and we too, will find our graves,
so grass might grow when it rains.

Go then there are other worlds,
other worlds than these.
And now we, have found our graves,
to sleep in death amidst the clay.
Go then there are other worlds,
other worlds than these.

WAKE OF THE FLEET

A thrush, from the source of the sun.
I was born of an engine's roar,
of a floating chrysanthemum.
And we take to the sky,
to storm on the war below.

Death is light; a feather in a typhoon.
We breathe banzai,
our wing is a thunderhead,
we brace to dive as blossoms
governed by the wind.

And we flew, flew for miles.
Blue of sky, blue of sea.

And I have made a weapon
of my body,
and my ash will dance,
in the wake of the fleet.

And so we crash towards steel,
so we might reach our talons in

GRADUATION DAY AT REHAB

At night I close my eyes,
to dream that they could open;
to dream of cutting ties
which bind the arc of time.
At night I close my eyes,
to dream of all the damage;
to dream of all those fragments,
to see them realign.

Sweat inside the walls,
I've been here before.
there are certain days
that all of these veins,
are aching to be opened.

I want to cut through clouds
which block the moon,
they keep it from me,
this world is all alone.

Graduation day, I've been here
before
and I hope that i make it out alright

Sweat inside the walls,
I've been here before.
there are certain days
that all of these veins,
are aching to be opened,
and I hope that
I make it out alright.

THE MONSTRO

Eight years in the belly of the whale,
a school of rays, the swell of his
wave.

The last time I saw sunlight,
I carved my name into his walls;
the bleeding cavern trembled.

At the end,
and I have learned to see,
in the dark,
senses, have been sharpened
through this lightless bastille,
his bones, a forming stockade
his jagged ribcage,
I know I cannot escape

I plan to strike his core,
and to sacrifice hope,
to take his life a thrust
with a broken oar
so I plan to strike

at the end I swam to find his heart.

pansori

Pansori's songs sweep in like a violent storm, with chilling calms and raw, explosive breakdowns. Hailing from Baltimore, the six-piece band has been writing music since early 2008. Jon and Keith's guitar ebb and flow between clean, melodic lullabys and scathing, grinding climaxes. Matt's bass rocks back and forth driving the band between the poles of calm and chaos. The drums hold the band together through frequent time changes and epic build-ups often peaking in spine-chilling breakdowns. Amidst the gritty explosions, Gretje's violin sounds in as the siren, a beacon of beauty to shine through the violent aggression creating a contrasting dichotomy with Erik's high shrilling screams, sounding over the chaos. Pansori can only be compared to themself, their style of music is ridden with passionate, emotionally charged progressions. They're music is best described as a roller-coaster journey through emotions.