



IMMENSE DWELLING

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1. The Sword

Saw you lose counts, saw you hung in the air. You've been a vagabond of the world, or just a spare? I unearth you, the sword, within me throned is the heir so unsought. Unaware of the missing link stolen, I discover the sword to the hilt, so unsought.

Saw severed roots, saw how bare and barren. History's your sole friend, or the sore passed on? "Why!?" is the first thread in my poor, sore head, fossilised, staccato. Sharp reflection of the sword, double-edged, shows the heir to the world.

Shows the heir, to the world!

2. Silhouette

Silhouette of you—a shape-shifter carved by the unspoken—shadowing me, all my life in shades. So I ghost you and rehearse your private language spoken, following new breadcrumbs in vain. I symbolise regret of you, despite the birth and name chosen. Suddenly, you are a non-fiction made. Are you at a loss or lack thereof? When in fact you've never had me, *never* had me.

Phantom pain is frightening but is no reason to pretend a smile. Days, in fact, are unfolding, while I prove how fragile are our

lies. Long-awaited reminiscence of you, once praised, twice envied, it incurred all.

Long-awaited reminiscence of you, once praised, twice envied, incurred it all.

3. Subtlety

“Wake up in sweat as I feed nightmares as usual. Marry the implicit, the non-verbal, consensual. Your voice, it paves its way. My silence frames a way. They can't help but mean. We all can't help but name. No dreams know where to land. No time knows how to behave.

“Choreograph all my ambivalence in full. Your voice, it paves its way; my silence frames away. They can't help but mean; we all can't help but name. No dreams know where to land; no time knows how to behave. Is your voice the light? Is your voice the light, the joke's on me! Is your voice the light? Is your voice the light, it dawns on me! It dawns on me, it dawns on me it dawns on me,” dawns on me.

4. Surrogate

I was born an actor: *Abusive Father, Lost Husband, Angry Son*—only in those roles, did I come alive. I'm now a creature, a burden of proof, smile through all of pain, come back for more like the naïve. You've lost me. It's you. You never let go of me or the power you had. The pull, you chose to love and hate.

Wishful Cul-de-sac, Willing Defeat, Willful Zero-sum-ist—they brought me up to be the man to date. First love with parents, unrequited. Your genius named it hell. Grown victimised, open wide, childhood trauma finds a landscape. Your scars invisible, your paths tangible, who would've made? Craters on the moon, waves reached too soon, I've no replacement. You won't thank me till I'm gone again. You've lost me, it's you. You never let go of me or the power. You had the pull. You chose to love and hate the surrogate.

The surrogate.

5. Dwelling

Pleasure, it won't last long. It's pleasant 'cause it won't. Who wouldn't wrestle for it tirelessly? Long for breedee's delight, that's grand and unending. The past used to be my home, lost memory. *It's my house and I*

live here. It's so safe and sound. Stay and Leave, they come hand in hand permanently.

Please, remember we share the blueprint together, making sure there's no another you (or me!). Assemble into a human being, born afresh a reed, and dwell on it. That's my life and I live it: bring you a souvenir, empathise you, beautify you, nestle you tight. My de facto comfort, so be it! (Dare I defy?) It's always time to go.

Benefit in disguise.

6. Alter Ego

Lost myself, no antenna is up. You and I, we lived and died too well. We are now light years apart. We, too, were no exception. Here we are, too dead to each other, already. Lost you, no antenna is of use. You and I, we live, and die as well. We've now gone light years apart. We two are no exception. Hear we two are dead to each other already. We are alter egos (or so I named us two), today, tomorrow. Today. Tomorrow. Today, tomorrow, with no prediction. With no prediction, with no prediction. As soon as anything goes wrong and strange, just rhyme and tweak. Just rhyme and tweak. Just rhyme and tweak so you're uniquely me. So you're uniquely me, so you're unique.

Two faces, no persona could hide. You and I, we were total stranger namesakes, unforeseen vanishing twins, had nothing more in common. Had nothing more in common. We are alter egos (or so I named us two), where no boundaries—where *no* boundaries, where *no boundaries*—will overlap. No. Will overlap, no? Will overlap? We are, alter egos (or so I named us two) today, tomorrow. Today. Tomorrow. Today, tomorrow, with no persuasion. With no persuasion, with no persuasion.

7. Random Walk

Inebriated too slow. Half-awake, emotional, gathering dust in me. Gathering dust in me, ignorance is bliss, half-asleep, inimitable. Embrace imperfection, embracing perfection, imprinted on sympathy. A half-hearted proposal, no name is given, you've run out of names for me. Who chose to be the liar? Who chose to be the believer?

No stones unturned. A hard-earned opportunity, desperation kills it. Desperation kills it, within a stone's throw. A hard-wired pity, I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it. Who chose to be the observer?

Mercy! ... Never mind, I'm just not yet fully awake, fully wholehearted, just not yet. Just not yet. Just took a random walk, let me

be sober in the least. *Mercy!* ... Never mind, I'm just not yet enough awake, enough wholehearted. Not enough. Not enough, so took a random walk. Let me be, in the nick of time.

8. Fierceness

Living in the gold screen is the tiger. You challenge me: "Try and catch it," though there is not even a touch of it. The more distant, the more exotic, easier falling, harder seeing's the way we work. The scaffolding's now too old to stand, just seek the chain reaction of desires.

Living in the gold screen is the tiger. You challenge me: "Try and catch it," though there is not even a touch of it. (**Feel the saw-edge of the fjord, hear the roaring of the volcano.*)

Living in the gold screen is the tiger. You challenge me: "Try and catch it," though there is not even a touch of it. Living in the gold screen is the tiger. I defy you: "Make it appear, I'm more than ready to tie it right up here!"

9. Of Being Made

The omnivore's museum—night and day, newcomers and old-goers, in and out, back and forth, jet-lagged passers-by on tubes of all—I hear you, every night counting the days ahead of me. One day, I will come back to the same cycle. Infinity! If everything begun will end, it'll never end, as it's never begun. I'm only in the middle.

So rendered to be computers, more or less at fault. Why can't we just exist as we do? White teeth decay for the sake of the eye of the beholder. Life's in the eye of the beholder. Dreams can blend so can we, like a collage. Bodies will go off some day, invariably. Dreams can be insane like we'll always be, like Tongue and Taste will both change constantly.

So rendered to be computers. More or less, at fault, why can't we just exist as we do? Sweet tooth decays for the sake of the eye of the beholder. Life's in the eye of the beholder. Dreams can blend so can we. Like a collage, bodies will go off some day, invariably. Dreams can be insane like we'll always be. Like Tongue and Taste, we'll both change constantly.

10. Open Impasse

Dye in indigo, before we die, all arteries, all finely linked branches. Fly incognito, like strangers in the night sky stretched over the cities. The map has no contour to colour, so you may now leave X marks with stitches. The only way to be here is as a niche, and nothing else. Dive in it. Immerse yourself into immense joy that I wished you. I hope you like it there. Dive in there. Numerous enormous pyramids that I wished you, I hope you like 'em there. Drink it in. Dilemma is an all-time given that I told you. You'll see it somewhere.

Everything used to go without saying. Your pathways will emerge anyway. The only way to be here is as a niche. And nothing else. Dive in it, immerse yourself into immense joy that I wished you, I hope you like it there. Dive in there, numerous enormous pyramids that I wished you, I hope you like 'em there. Drink it in, dilemma is an all-time given that I told you, you'll see it somewhere. Immerse into immense joy, we imitate time and fly.

Immerse.

11. Imminent Thing

Loop Sow and Reap for the sole consistency. The *What If* series finally came to a finale. Fuse time and space. Play with configs of what-ifs at a loose end, blink by blink, infinitesimally. The source of you is impromptu. You make a decision to ooze. You make a decision. A moment's cause is booked for you. Trust your intuition. Diffuse.

Trust your intuition, we'll forever be an apprentice. Debunk your myths, that's the only shared premise. Where two waters meet, let them carry. Debug your wishes, let your Q and A marry. The source of you is impromptu, you make a decision. To ooze, you make a decision. A moment's cause is booked for you, trust your intuition. Diffuse, trust your intuition.

12. The Metamorphosis

Innuendo of birth... You find a simile in the present tense. In the present tense, in the present. *Side effects on earth...* A fine analogy, but you pretend a sense. You pretend a sense, you pretend. How did I never reach the end of the tape, did it lose control? Did it lose control, or did I?

Or, did I morph into your favourite, instant metaphor? From there, you semaphore. From there you semaphore, and I'll read. Debut your unheard-of, in-demand metaphor. From here, you semaphore. From here you semaphore, and they'll read. Life unfolding, you give one, and I'll do the same. Same as you, into desert, I'm vanishing.

[*Answer you insert*] in the making.

In the making.

Afterword

It is with my utmost appreciation and gratitude that I dedicate this work to Sensei, my mentor-in-life Daisaku Ikeda. Had it not been for you, I wouldn't be alive. Let alone live as a human, I mean it.

I also wish to offer a little token of my appreciation (though infinitesimally small) to humanity's vast archive of music. You are what made me live on.

It's my wish that this album gives a tiny nod especially towards male survivors who have been deprived of their voice. I know I'm only a passer-by, I just wanted to say I'm with you. I'm one of you.

My special thanks go to each and every one of my (past, present, and future) family and friends.

Lastly, I'd like to shout out to my Mother & Father. I miss you. With all my life. I wish I could be with you. At any rate, till then, I sure will enjoy this man's life to the fullest. I promise.

Respectfully,

Tomonori Hasegawa

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