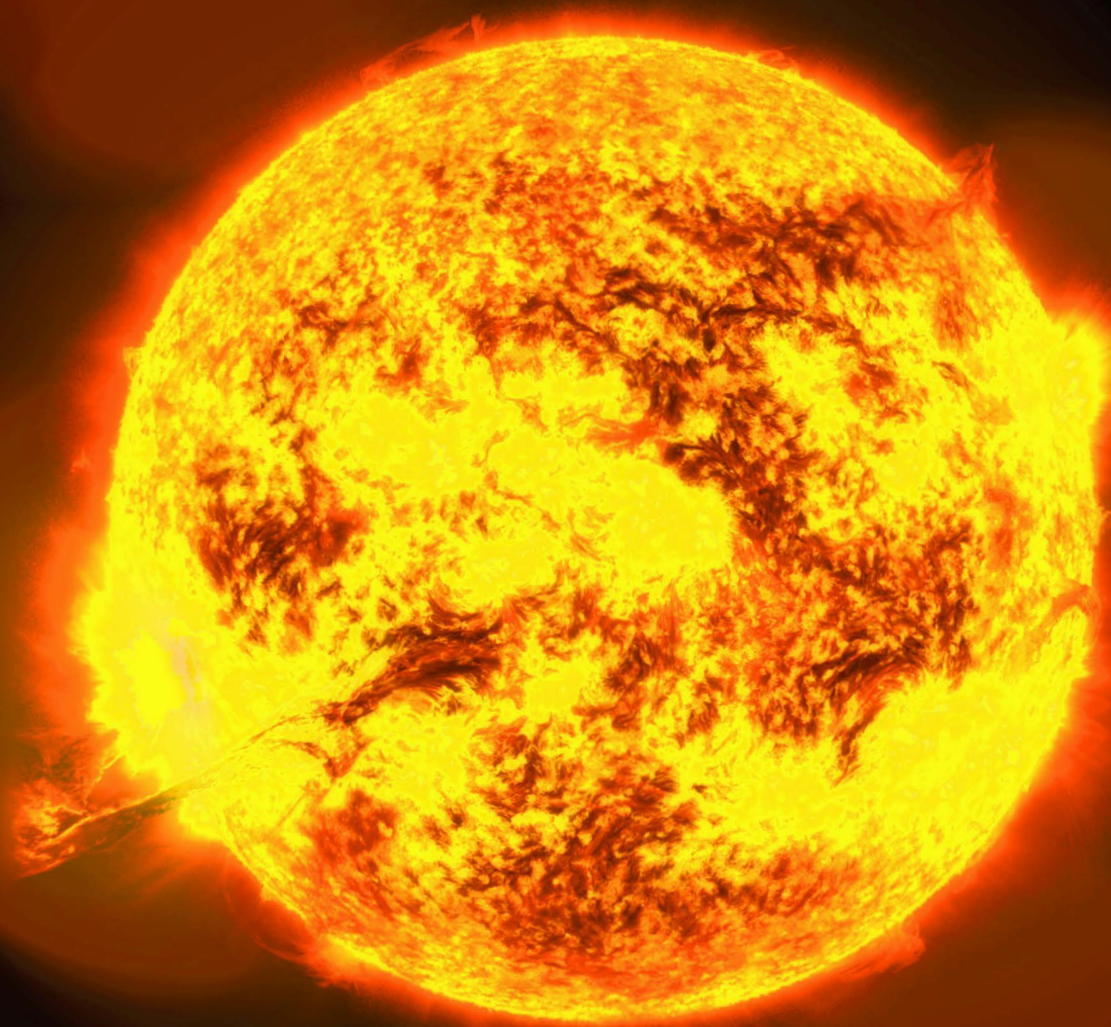


Silver

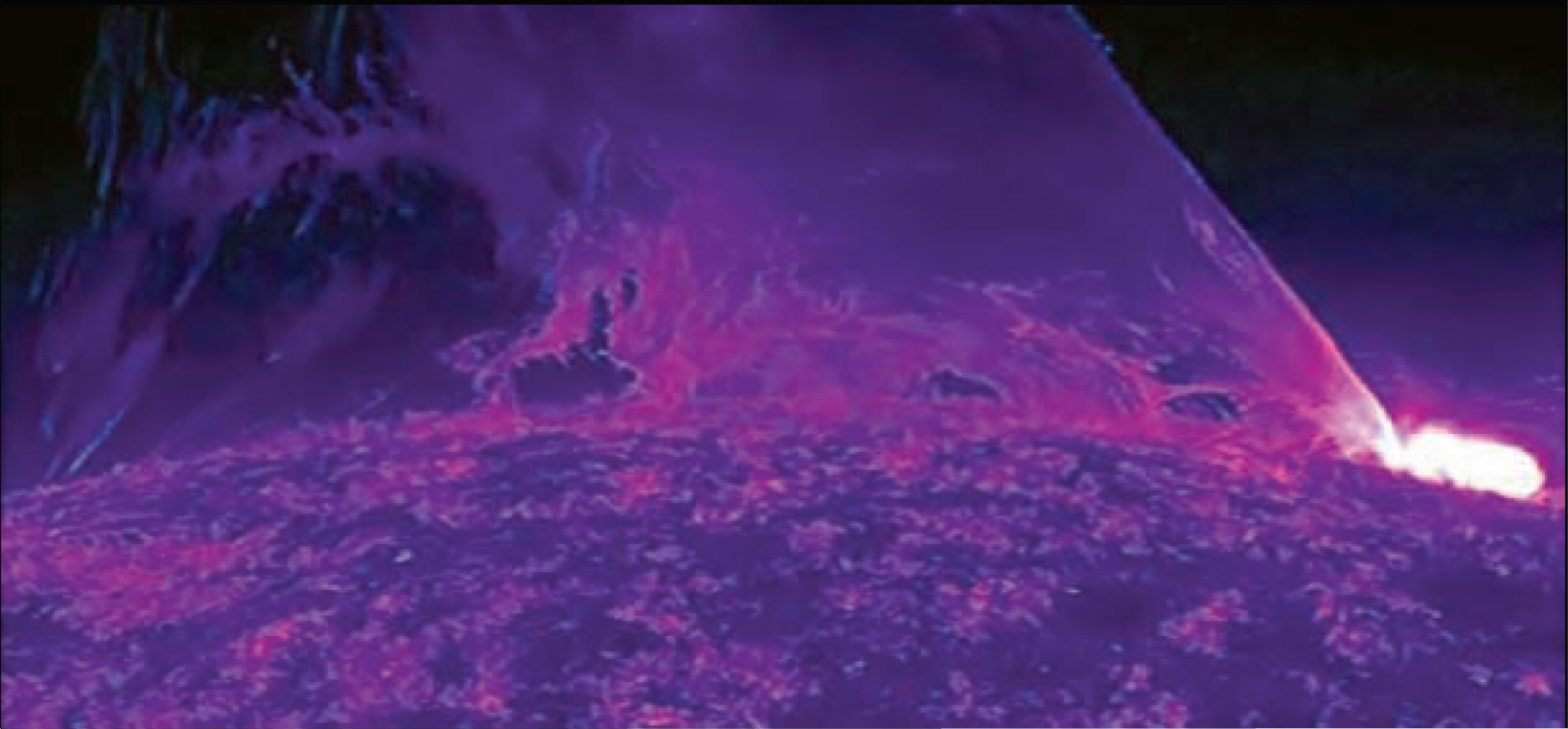


the Fire

The Fire is a concept-based work which centers on the philosophical element of Fire.

Some of the many associations with Fire are: light, energy, ardor, purification, spiritualization, transcendence, love, healing, oxidation, enigma, atomization, adversity, quick temperament, unrest, dryness, heat and combustion.

The name Silver indicates a state tantamount to that of Gold. In other words, not yet perfected (but undergoing the long and arduous process).



My Own Way

So many things to do, I wonder where I should begin
Places to go and things to see about, within and out
But the road is long behind, I think "should I begin again?!?"
I pack my bags and then I snuff it out, that little doubt

I'm making my own way out across the land
Out in the open, but under cover
I'm hoping to find out just who I am
So I can truly know another

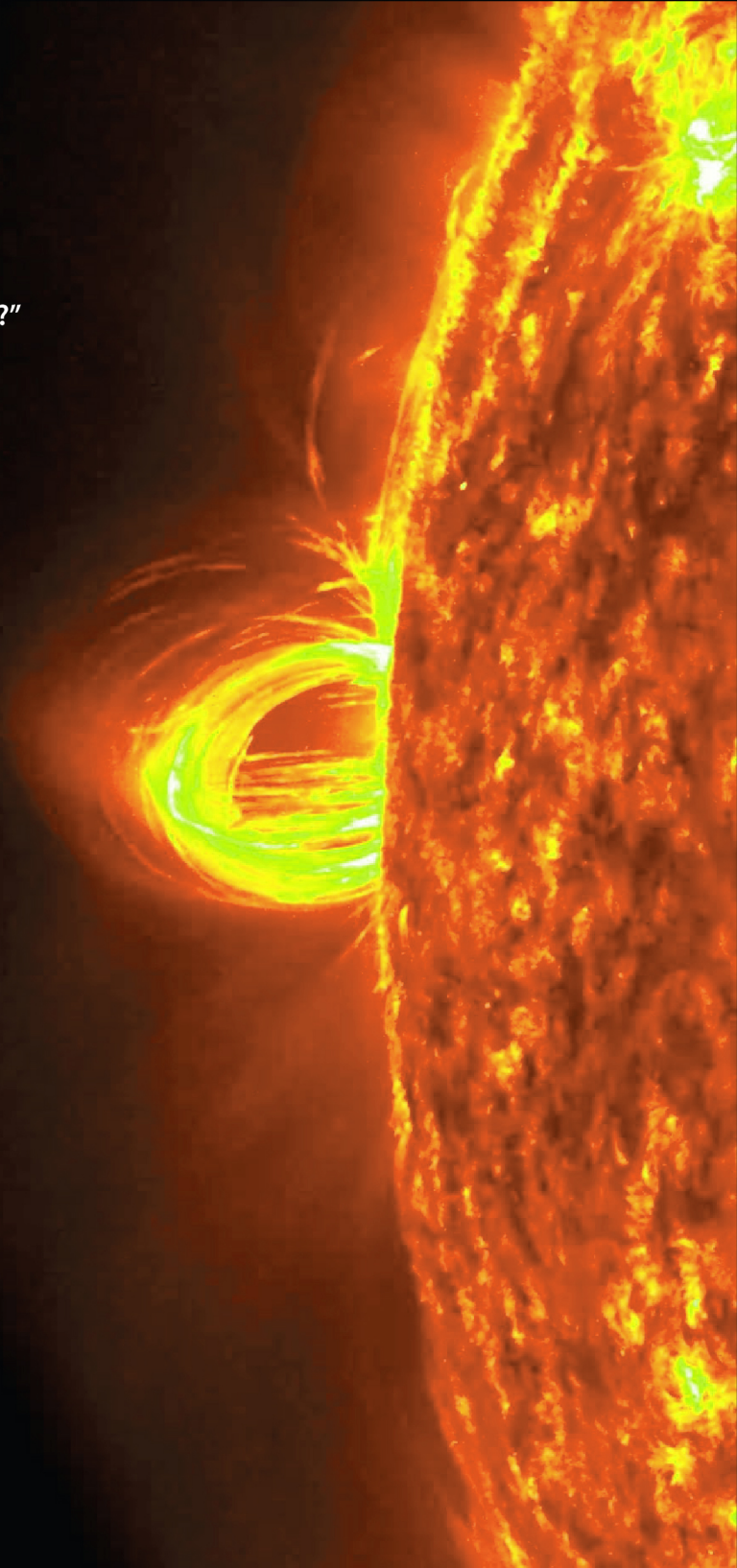
I wave a hand and some return a nod my way
But others turn their gaze a different way, the safer play

I pray that one or two will let me in
Through their door and heart to tarry
My tale I might regale from the depths within
In exchange for others' that I can carry on

I refuse to break, so focused on that future day
I'll finally find a place where I can stay and live away

I'm making my own way out across the land
Out in the open, but under cover
I'm hoping to find out just who I am
So I can really know another

I pray that one or two will let me in
Through their door and heart to tarry
My tale I might regale from the depths within
In exchange with others' that I can carry
I pray that one of you invites me in
Through your door and heart I'll tarry
My own heart smolders from the force within
About to burst from the weight it carries on



In Plain Sight

All hail the blonde beauty queen as she gets her say
Full sail after her dream, heading in the wrong way

We try to see what the future might bring
But I guess it brings the best things when we're ready
A fly on the wall has an elevated view
But he doesn't think as much as we do

Life's trail is wide as it's long on the cowboy's day
Most fail to see where they're wrong upon the dusty stage

We try to see what the future might bring
But I guess it brings the best things when we're ready
A run before crawl has us tripping on things
While we're racing to be judges and kings

You won't find much without looking too hard
Just follow the clues that you see
It's hidden in plain sight, and not very far
But you've got to seek diligently

Life's Grail ¹ is what people seek, but they've lost their way
The nails are hammered too deep for some to escape

We try to see what the future might bring
But I'd guess it brings the best things when we're ready
A jump before crawl has us screwing up things
While we concentrate on sprouting our wings

Nobody wins without stretching the heart
And pushing the mind to the brink
A jump off the block is the ultimate start
'Cause life nears the end in a blink



1 The Holy Grail - perhaps the greatest enigma in history. The phrase is in some legends metaphorical, while in others seems to be descriptive of a real object with fantastic intrinsic value.

2 The alchemical symbol for the element of Fire

Mystery

All that I've done and all that I've seen, I'll hold it inside 'til the end of the dream
Moments of love and visions that seem built by the hands of the Angels

I have lived near the mountains, and right next to the sea
Up on high in the desert – but it's still a mystery to me

All that I've learned since the very first scene, I'll carry it forth 'til I know what it means
Science and love, and virtuous deeds – until I'm released by the Angels

I have lived near the mountains, and right next to the sea
Up on high in the desert – but it's still a mystery to me

Every hour I fight to be free from each of the forces that hold from beneath
I'll continue to live to the fullest degree, and pray for that Miracle Moment ¹

I have lived near the mountains, and right next to the sea
Up on high in the desert – where the indolent sleep
I have fought with the legions, right on top of the seas ²
Beheld myriad cities – but it's still a mystery to me

¹ Enlightenment

² I was forced by circumstance to join the U.S. Navy at 18 -
basically a prison sentence to someone who prizes the mind
above all else

Lucky Charm ¹

Innocence in the sound, pushing up, falling down
Sadness tumbling away, I watch the angels at play
Happiness with a frown, as she lifts off the ground
The smile returns to her face, and it's my saving grace
Today's destiny found ²

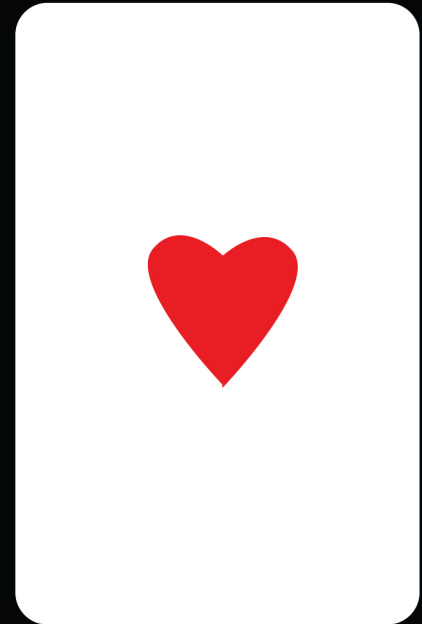
Millions of moments, all coming to go
And seldom quite as we planned it
I take each moment with faith, because I know
That I've got my lucky charm

With my memory on, I sit and think 'til the dawn
Of what her life means to me, and how it all came to be
Spinning thoughts into song, about my sweet lucky charm
I close my eyes and believe she can almost receive
I send it out on the breeze

Millions of moments, all coming to go
And seldom quite as we planned it
I take each moment with with me, and I know
That I can have faith

With my lucky charm within my arms
The hope of the age is alive
As I reach so far, I can feel who you are
In love, my salvation's arrived

With my lucky charm within my arms
The hope of the age is alive ³
As I reach so far, I feel who you are
And live so the feelings survive

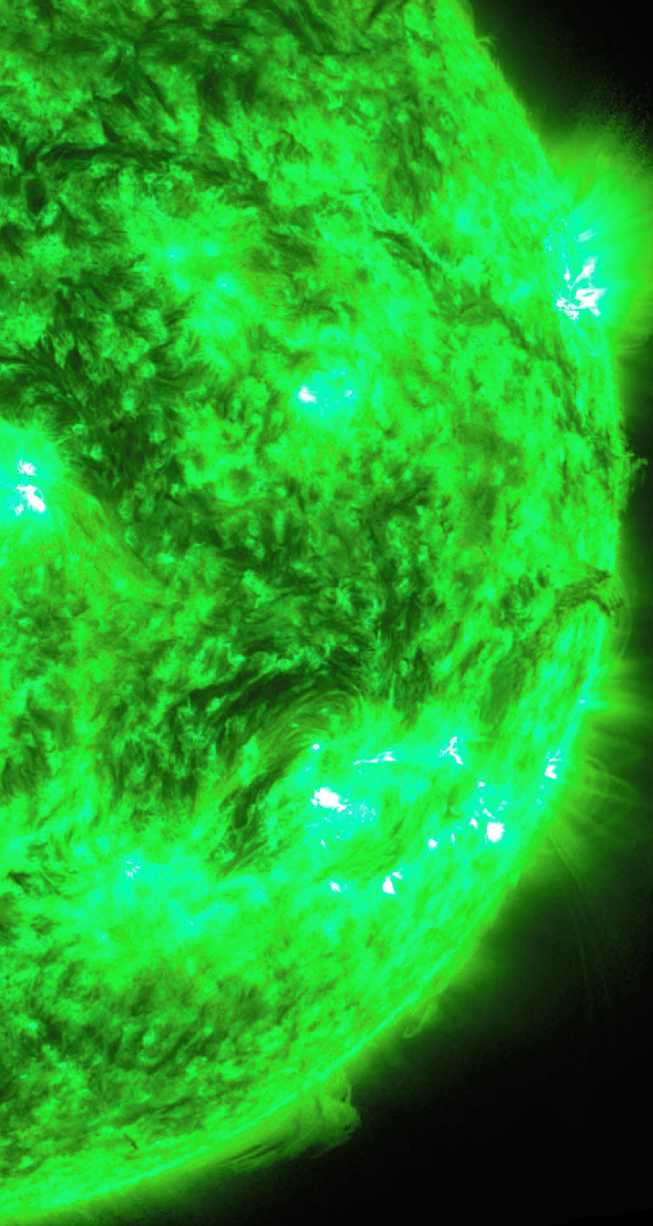


1 Written for my older daughter Tara

2 Remembering her when she was younger, playing in her backyard with her sister

3 The current age is very dark; those rare people with perfect hearts are desperately needed to help usher in the coming Golden Age

4 The suit of hearts is symbolic of the element of Fire, although it can be argued that spades is equally suited to play that role (these connections stem from Tarot, the origin of modern playing cards)



The Way

The more I wander, the more I see
The waves and currents, they carry me
With ears wide open and eyes I see
The thousand signs as they signal me

The Way isn't always crystal clear
But the Light ever pulls you near

The journey winds over great divides
'Round every corner I realize

The Way isn't always crystal clear
But the Light ever pulls you near
The day holds the labor persevered
And the night brings our dreams and fears

The mountains climbed and the favors we've returned
The gold we find and the shining treasures earned
The tempered mind from emotions the years have burned
We trade our time for the lessons learned

You ¹

The words are not so easy to find
How much I miss and esteem your mind
A million thoughts that filled our day
A bright array of fable and play

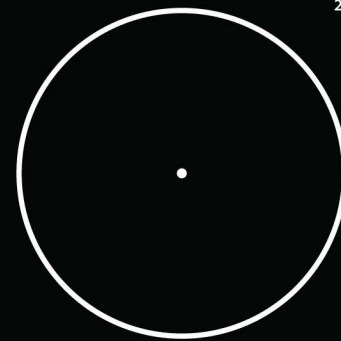
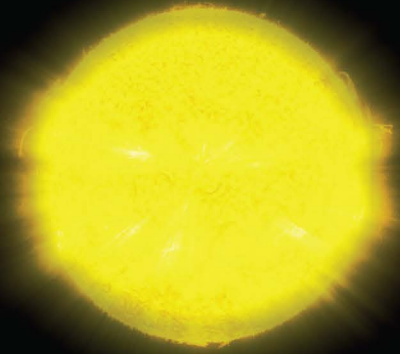
With a heart of gold and eyes alight
That beheld the world with its joy and plight
All treasures for an Earth as full
As an atom of your flaming soul

And even when the clouds roll in
With wintry rain and rowdy wind
I'll season faith and ardor with
The memory of you

If fortune might to me consign
The function and the force of Time
I'd turn the clock to re-align
To rectify, to make it right

And even if the fates resist
To see us through this great Abyss
I'll season faith and ardor with
The memory of you

This flame will never wane
Or descend from its venue beyond the doves
But only swell and blaze
Even higher above, gleaming streamers of love
Forever



¹ Written for my older daughter Tara, from whom I've been parted far too often in this crazy life

² The ancient symbol not only for gold but also for the Sun

Who You Are ¹

I watch you sleep beneath the Moon and stars
The softest lighting of the night illuminates more than broad-daylight
The future seems a million miles too far
We never know what tomorrow brings until the bluebird sings

I lift you up and look into your eyes
The returning gaze watches over me, with a smile that begins to carry me
I feel your breath as I breathe you into mine
I hear an angel whispering - the sound is softly telling me...

Who you are
Now every sight is showing me who you are
The softest light illuminates who you are
The sounds are softly telling me who you are
The Angels dream of you

Morning comes and with it your delight
It raises me up from the deep, and gives me memories I can keep
Your laughter mixes with the morning light
It spreads like wildfire through the trees
The moment softly telling me

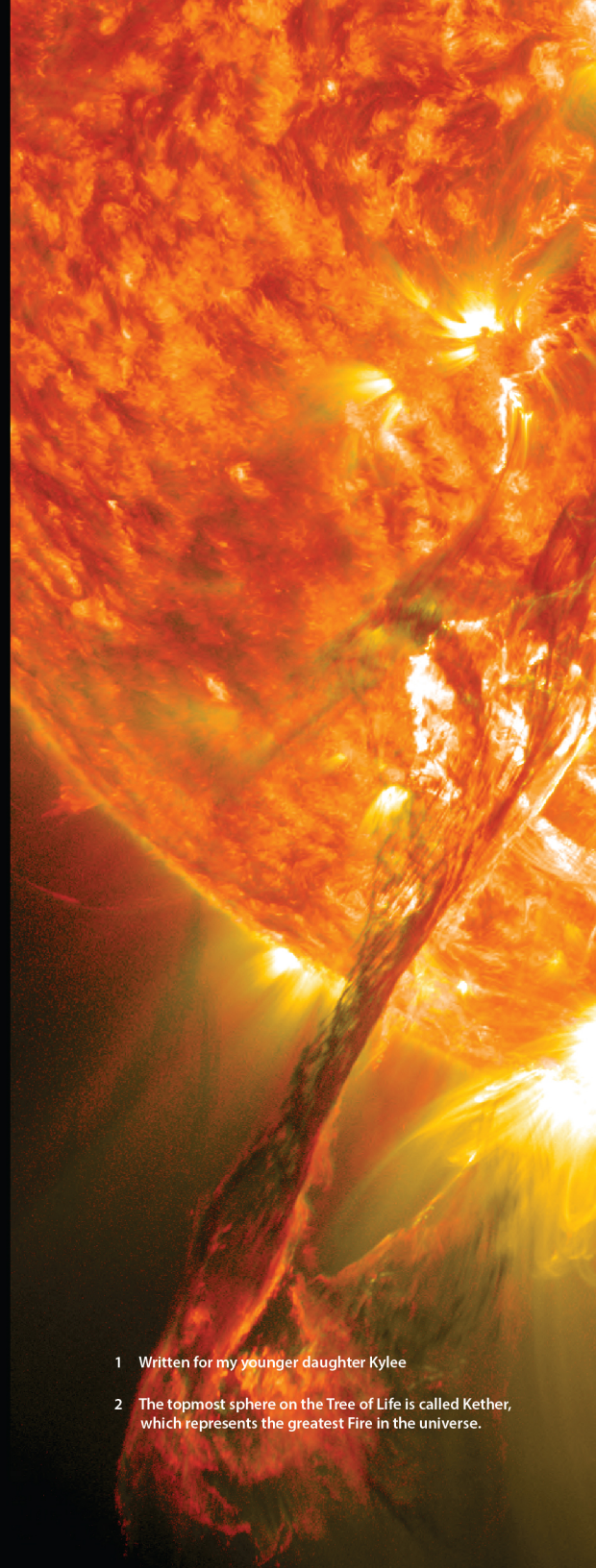
Who you are
Now every sight is showing me who you are
The softest light illuminates who you are
The sounds are softly telling me who you are
The Angels dream of you

Think of the mountains and the hills that you'll be seeing
And drink from the fountain that'll be rushing forth
You're climbing the Tree of Life, the scent of its fruit you're breathing
And when you have reached the top, you'll shine-shine-shine! ²

I watch you sleep beneath the Moon and stars
The softest lighting of the night illuminates more than broad-daylight
The future seems a million miles too far
But I can hear an angel whispering
The sounds are softly telling me who you are...

¹ Written for my younger daughter Kylee

² The topmost sphere on the Tree of Life is called Kether, which represents the greatest Fire in the universe.



Gold Dust

Count the numbers,¹ weigh the trust
 Turn the tables but watch the dust
 Discern the message between the mush
 And make another, because you must
 Is all the pressure and the strain
 Worth the pleasure and the pain

Slow the run after the rush of day
 Hide the Sun, and put the world away
 Clear the senses to enhance the mind
 Touch the Moon and leave yourself behind²
 Just leave it all behind!

A million moments have turned to dust
 The older memories begin to rust³

Slow the run after the rush of day
 Hide the Sun, and put the world away
 Clear the senses to enhance the mind
 Leave the world and yourself behind

And take a ride up high into the Sun⁴
 And see the Truth that lies in everyone
 To feel the power of the Light within
 Is the only way that we can begin again⁵

It's the only way that we can begin again...



1 Alludes not only to business and the normal costs of living, but also to numerology - the idea that all of life can be thought of in terms of mathematics.

2 Astral projection is one of the greatest talents of the esoteric spiritualist (you can visit my website tengates.net for a brief study of Qabala and associated esoterica).

3 Rust - aka iron oxide - is the principle component in the hemoglobin of our blood; it may well provide the connection of our brains with the multi-dimensional lattice of our memories (aka Akasha, which is said by some mystics to exist as an energy field within the 5th dimension. This is an idea which resonates well with alchemical philosophy). In Alchemy iron is considered a close 'cousin' of gold.

4 The Sun is not only the powerhouse of our Solar System, it also provides nearly all the energies of the local 6th dimension - a dimension known by qabalists as Tiphereth. These are the substances of the truly elevated mind - untainted by the often negative energies of the lower emotional body (9th dimension). In Alchemy, gold is directly associated with the Sun and with Tiphereth.

5 An allusion to the idea of reincarnation, a cycle which is said to begin anew only after the soul is allowed to imbibe for a while in the pure and rejuvenating energies of the Sun (6th dimension). Reincarnation can be a pain in the neck, however (both literally and figuratively); this motivates the Natural Philosopher to escape from this painful cycle, via esoteric means. Once this occurs, A STAR IS BORN (or a new superhero, depending upon your perspective, motives, etc.)...

6 Symbol for the Fire element in Tattva

All These Things

Life graces me with love, luck and vision
Just enough to make it through another day
I attempt to see with virtue and wisdom
As I act upon this stage in my own way

And all these things are happening
Right before my eyes and deep inside

If you believe that life touches heaven
You might be already halfway there
Though I can conceive of a world with less possession
All races sharing a single prayer

And all these things are happening
Right before my eyes and deep inside
Angels' wings will carry me
Up into the higher side of life

I know I can be a taker or a giver
Only one can truly make me shine
Sometimes I see that life is like a river
Drifting on in an endless stream divine

And all these things are happening
Right before my eyes and deep inside
Angels' wings will carry me
Up into the higher side of life
The budding leaves are opening¹
Within my soul and in my fledgling mind
The ancient Tree² keeps whispering
Secrets that are paid by work and time³
Precious time
Mysterious time
Through Father Time⁴

1 References not only the youth of Mankind as a species and the growth of the human mind, but also the opening of the Chakras (our 'spiritual sensors'). This is a gradual process, and one that is vital to the awakening of Man.

2 The Qabalistic Tree of Life: a blueprint of the multi-dimensional Universe

3 Growth takes both work and time; and the fastest growth comes from uncovering the secrets of the Universe

4 One of the myriad names of God (there are more than 40 names of God just in the Hebrew language, not to mention the thousands of other languages on Earth).



The Fire¹

Collected here
A million years
An ocean of waning lights
A million tears

Up like a bonfire
Carry me
Out on the high-wire
Of Destiny

Hasten up the coming of The Fire
From the ashes send the Phoenix higher

The Damages
Will wash away
With water and a flame
Evaporate

Up like a bonfire
Carry me
Out on the high-wire
Of Destiny

Hasten up the taming of Desire
Lift me up to the place beyond the mire
With a spark, emblaze the funeral pyre
Burn the past to lift the future higher

Lift the future higher!

¹ This song is an allegory that weaves together both Alchemy and Qabala as seen from the perspective of the Natural Philosopher in his daily life (aka 'the Great Work')

1: My Own Way

2: In Plain Sight

3: Mystery

4: Lucky Charm

5: The Way

6: You

7: Who You Are

8: Gold Dust

9: All These Things

10: The Fire

Words, music, instrumentation and vocals by Stuart Brooke Richardson, with the following exceptions:

- Drums by Mark Romans on tracks 1, 3, 5 and 8.

- Many of the vocal and lyrical ideas on track 10 by Brett Bixby.

Produced, mixed and mastered by Stuart Brooke Richardson

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