

The Heresiarch's Breakfast

Side 1

1. Little Big Cat
2. Born Without Wings
3. The Heresiarch's Breakfast

6:22
8:14
9:19

Side 2

4. T.F.S.M.
5. Prodigal Son
6. An Angry God

6:02
6:03
9:48

All songs written and performed by J. P. Morris, Copyright (C)2016
Recorded using the Old Ways at The Lab, Cwmbran 2016
Mixed 17-18 Nov. 2016. Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Solutions, Feb 2017

Greetings go out to Keaton, Ren, Wuff, Chaosmage, Sofox, Merlin and co.
Also Flaviu the lynx. Thanks go out to the Rosegarden team, to Brian Roth and all at Pyral, ATR, MRL and co for keeping the analogue dream alive.
Apologies to Thomas Champion. Ian's Industrial Breakfast courtesy Dr. I. Morris
Cover by Merlin Missingham, logo by Luke Turner. Organ recorded at St. Grod's.
Recorded on SM900 tape, mixed to ATR Mastering tape.



<http://www.dougtheeagle.com>

<http://dougtheeagle.bandcamp.com>



LITTLE BIG CAT

Main headline, the story to see
A huge feline has just broken free
He's mean and vicious and tall as a truck
And if he finds you, well you're out of luck
So get down on your knees and pray:
'Cause the little big cat got away

Shut windows and bolt all the doors
The big, bad lynx is roaming the moors
But what's that shadow? Is he over there?
He's death on four legs (well, if you're a hare)
So come on Annie, get your noose
There's a little big cat on the loose

Instrumental, including 'What if a day?'
by Thomas Campion

Most headlines are out of control
You'd think he could suck out your soul
He's small and nervous, and they're on his track
And when he's hungry, he'll likely come back
I guess he has to have his fun
There's a little big cat on the run

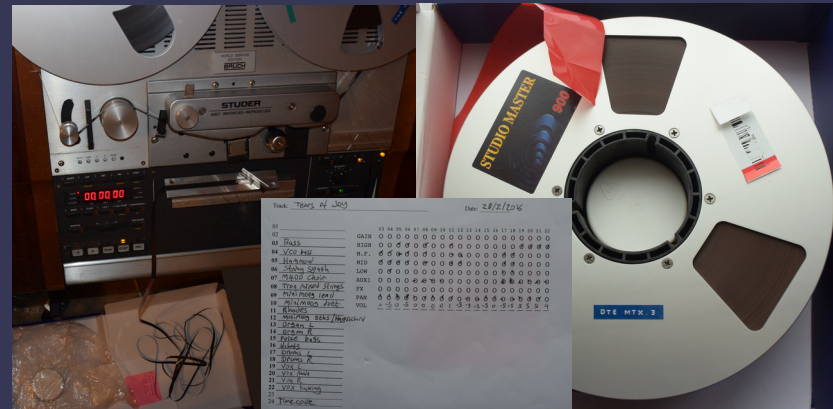


EQUIPMENT LIST

Otari MX80 2" 24-track tape machine
with Brian Roth output drivers
TASCAM TSR-8 tape machine
Studer A807 master recorder
TASCAM DA3000 digital master recorder
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit
Allen & Heath GL2400 main mixer
Behringer line mixers and noise gates
American Audio 152B equalizer

Small Clone chorus
WEM Copicat tape echo
TL Audio 5050 valve compressor
TL Audio 5051 valve channel
Strymon Deco flanger
Modified Strymon BlueSky reverb
Zoom RFX2000 vocoder/delay
Diode ring modulator
American Standard Razorblades

Roland MVS-1, Roland JV1010, Waldorf Pulse, Waldorf MicroWave mk1,
Waldorf Streichfett, Hammond XM-1 with Rotosphere mk2, Hammond SK-1,
Nord Modular, Moog Voyager, Manikin Memotron, Alesis DM10, Raspberry Pi
running Aeolus, Epiphone Thunderbird Gothic bass, Modded Apex 460 valve
microphone
'Ian's Industrial Breakfast' recorded Dec 2000 on Hammerhead and Multiquance



TRANSFINITE STATE MACHINE

I was sitting at a bar in Thanet, talking to my mate from another planet
We had some drinks and then we ordered food
And I asked my mate a question while he was in the mood
I said,
"My little robot is driving me insane.
He hasn't got a soul because he hasn't got a brain.
What can I do to make him come to life?"
And the sandwiches arrived and then he stabbed them with a knife and he said
"T. F. S. M.
You need a transfinite state machine – and that should solve your problem"

"Consciousness is an energy field induced by neural impulses at a specific frequency which causes the soul to coalesce around it like cosmic debris collecting around an accretion disk. You'll have to implement your brain as an ASIC or a similar analogue technology. Don't use digital modelling. Because, well, you can model a power plant down to the quantum level, but it will never generate a single Watt of actual power and a consciousness-bearing device has the same problem."

I wrote schematics down on a handkerchief
He took one of the sandwiches and spat out all the beef
I figured – while I'm getting all this alien technology
I'd ask him if he knew the trick of immortality.
So I said,
"My fleshy body will age and fade away
The world is full of wonders and I'd really like to stay.
What can I do to keep me young and nice?"
And then he finished off his drink and started
playing with the ice and he said "T. F. S. M.
You need a transfinite state machine
And this is how you transfer
your consciousness into it..."



BORN WITHOUT WINGS

I was born without wings but they still want me dead

What does it mean when your hair is all green
And the wise men say that it's a sign of evil
Where can you roam when you've lost your home
And every friendly face goes dark and draws a crossbow

I was born without wings but they still want my head
I was born without wings but they still want me dead

What can you do when you're coloured blue
Which all the heroes say means you were born a monster
They want your head 'cause your eyes are red
Which all the wise men say means you're the child of demons

I was born without wings but they still want me dead

PRODIGAL SON

This is the tale of the Prodigal Son
Now let it end as it has begun
Start at the start...
Speak, reach the end and stop

Son - What have you done?
Son - Why did you run?

The Prodigal Son, the Prodigal Son
We're all waiting for the Prodigal Son

So... where did you go?
Now - Roast fatted cow



AN ANGRY GOD (TEARS OF JOY)

I gazed down from Heaven on a bright and sunny day
Just to find out what My Faithful do when God has looked away
They decreed a day of rest where none would work and none would play
And they gathered all together on that shining sunny day

And the people stood as one, every woman, man and boy
And they each shed a tear, and the tear was a tear of joy
Tears of joy..

First they slew the ones who dared to speak My holy name
Then they slaughtered all their children since they'd just grow up the same
They beheaded all the men who were in love with other men
Then they piked their heads to warn the others – don't try that again
Next they took the priests who didn't worship as they say
And they branded them as heretics
And did their best to drive them all away

And the people stood as one, every woman, man and boy
And they each shed a tear, and the tear was a tear of joy
Tears of joy..

The heresiarch of the northern rise
Is the only one whose words aren't lies

The heresiarch of the northern hill
Is the only one who does My will

The heresiarch of the northern rise
Is the only one whose words are wise

The heresiarch of the northern hill
Is the only one who does My will



I came down from Heaven
As the moon obscured the sun
Demonstrating My displeasure
At the things that they had done

First I slew the ones who killed
And tortured in My name
And the people prayed and worshipped
As I stood forth to proclaim

Yeah

And the people stood as one
Every woman, man and boy
And they each shed a tear
And the tear was a tear of joy
Tears of joy..

AND I DECREE THAT:
The heresiarch of the northern land
Has assumed control at my command

...and they each shed a tear
And the tear was a tear of joy

