

A Radiant Nothing

Notes

First and foremost, special thanks to Angie and Seth, who have given my life so much purpose and happiness. Also, thanks to Katherine Scrivens (<http://www.femart.dk>) for her incredible artwork. Finally, I must send you many thanks for supporting this album. This album captures the vision and direction that future albums will be built from. Write me any time with your questions, comments and thoughts about this album. Soulwire@gmail.com

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About the story

As you may be able to tell, the storyline is told in a first person perspective, almost completely through the world of his inner struggle. It is told from the side of him that felt unified when he was with her. It was deliberately told with this inverse method to allow for more creative, symbolic methods to express the cycle of loss. If you reverse this perspective outward, you should be able to relate what he is actually going through in his waking life.

His greatest source of happiness became his greatest heartache. It served a deeper purpose that he would not understand, until he was ready to see it.

Italics : First person perspective. Inner struggle and destruction told from within.

Normal: 3rd person perspective, waking life.

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Soulwire

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1. Radiant Nothing

*Eyes wearily hardened,
all the times I've begun,
to be blinded,
to be fooled,
to touch the sun.*

*I know something real,
something I cannot find,
like the image burned in my mind,
that I've chased countless times.
But nothing aligned,
to this perfection defined,
not even the one,
who made this design.*

*And I found...
clearly traced in the vibrant colors,
of the stormiest of days,
in the depths of a shadow,
sheltered from the sun's gaze.
where honesty and truth,
torn open with pain.
pretenses of light,
melt in the rain.*

*Where pain and pleasure,
moved exactly the same,
no will to fight,
no power to strain,
something was lost,
but something was gained.
No light could replace,
this empty space,
that radiated on it's own,
when nothing remained.*

13. Untouchable

Dawn shines into his bedroom. Sunlight peeks into his room, warmly waking him up. Startled, he sits up abruptly. It has been over a year since he has felt so... He moves towards the window sill and inhales the fresh air deeply. A smile spreads across his face. He is alive again.

The memories of yesterday are hung, like pictures, into the most sacred places of his mind. No, he will never forget them, but he is no longer lost within them. They have become stepping stones paving this new path. The outside door opens and he feels the full strength of the sun shining upon him. He welcomes it, and steps out into the light...

14. Circles

The pages turn. A chapter ends and a new one begins. Life... Death... The world... It is all just one great circle.

12. Collapsing Eclipse (cont'd)

(2:30) - Opening the doors, it is as if a curtain of exhilaration flushes my misery away. Her presence playfully moves through the air in colorful wisps. I can hear her laughter and sense the excitement in her smile. Yes, she is here - waiting for my return. I am overwhelmed, laughing in tears. She asks me where I have been. I tell her that I have been on a long journey... But now I am home.

(3:22) - My journey becomes chronicled into the walls, committed to the final memory of this chapter. I feel the heavy weight of exhaustion pull me to the floor. I know my time is lapsing. I am the snowflake taking its final breath of freedom before it perishes, but there is an epilogue that gives me hope... As mine ends, another begins. The dawn that I had waited to see for so long begins to rise, but I am unable to see it. I am closing my eyes, feeling the comfort of her arms, nestling me close. Safe. A heavy roar of darkness begins to swallow over me, yet I can't stop laughing. I am home.



2. Transition to Eternity

(00:38) - The dark obscurity of rain and night speaks with the deafening sound of absence. He is alone... walking directionless... retracting from the inevitable.... He knows he must return, but needs a moment to escape, pulled by the force between what the mind knows and what the heart resists.

(1:43) - He is back at the hospital, unsure when or how he had arrived. The innocent song of her voice beckons him. And there she is. He clasps her hand tightly, so cold. He grips tighter, to keep her warm, to protect... Tender but desperate words stumble from his mouth as her complexion draws silent. Senses are muffled by a torrent of raging thoughts. Her hands are so cold.

(2:40) - Time ebbs nearly to a standstill. It aches to breathe. He grips her hands tighter to his chest, letting hope communicate wordlessly... but the words fall away.

He closes his eyes, bracing against the rushing tide of every cherished memory. The pane of sanity shatters.

*(3:31) - Away you drift...
I drown.*



3. Refractions of Yesterday

A dark thunderstorm rolls in from the horizon, trickling raindrops of emptiness. The landscapes of a colorful world tear and unwind into shades of bleak gray from the rain's fury. He stares blankly, lost within an inner world, trapped in a dream that rests between the terrible collision of hope and truth. Colder. Frost coils out from his breath.

(00:58) - There is a glimmer, a spark that he captures in pulses... her laughter, her smile, the smell of her perfume. It was a picture perfect portrait laid to rest. He moves towards her but is stopped by a mirror, a separation of thought from reality. He needs to reach her, to tell her... With a surge of fury and desperation, he punches through the reflective barrier, shattering the mirror...and the image of her. Wounded, he falls, feeling the tiny, broken shards gently rain down on his shoulders. She is out of reach. He can only stand on the other side, capturing traces of her essence through a refracted past.

12. Collapsing Eclipse

What have I done? I am the sole cause of all of this devastation, all of this internal strife. I was desperately searching for something that could never be found, annihilating everything my way. And for what? I just... miss her... Now that you are gone, I have no reason to be here. I spend a long moment soaking it all in, shamefully lowering my head. Now that we are apart...I can do no more good for anyone or anything... especially myself.

(1:12) - I feel compelled to walk, guided by a comforting, invisible force. It pulls me through this unfamiliar, uncomfortable territory. I don't recognize any of it. I don't belong here anymore.

It leads me to the most magnificent, golden spire, spiraling majestically towards the sky. I trace it endlessly to the tips of the clouds. I lose my breath. I know what this is. It is a tribute, a shrine of memories for you... a place to always hold close your memory. And then...that familiar voice speaks...

"Do not feel any more sorrow. All is as it should have been. You have created this path for a new beginning. When everything else was too weak, you were the only one strong enough to clear the path of sorrow and plant the memories, which have blossomed. You may not recognize this, but you created this new beginning. You were never alone, we just did not have the strength to help you. But now all is done, it is time to end this chapter. Come in."

(Continued on next page)

11. The Master

I emerge, expecting to see the torn, desolate gray world. But no, the colors of the world have flourished, glowing softly and healing. The entire landscape had shifted over. A new unfamiliar city was on the rise. I had been buried deep into the depths of lifelessness while the world, my world, simply moved on.

I spin and defiantly shout to stop, the fabric of the air ripples at my command. I press my hands on my head, but I cannot ease the confusion. This is not how it is supposed to be. Buried deep underneath these illusionary layers, there is something real.

(2:02) - "You can only destroy, you cannot create."

My inner voice speaks, or was something else speaking to me? It doesn't matter. I gnash my teeth. A surge of anger wells up inside of me, and lashes outward with a defiant scream. This life has abandoned me, has abandoned her. And for what? I will tear apart this lie.

"And you will end up destroying everything good."

Good? Everything that had meaning was rolled over with this superficial wallpaper. This is the mockery that must be torn down until I find something real again.

(3:30) - "You will only come up empty again."

What's happening to me? The revelation demands me to look. I tear my gaze away from the truth, but it attaches itself on to me.

I was forged from the happiest moments of my life, created to keep the memory and feelings alive forever. But now that you are gone, I can do nothing except tear my soul apart. I cannot bring you back. I have become the lie. The realization burns away my thoughts until every ounce of my being is consumed.

4. A Shadowy Dusk

Your voice hauntingly echoes around every corner of my mind. I cannot decipher the words, yet I cling on to every syllable...as if it could save me. No, it only heaves me deeper into the momentum of your lingering presence. But this comforting presence is merely a shadow in disguise. It feeds on my sanity like a ravenous animal... making me believe that somewhere... Somewhere in this abandoned city, you are crying out.

(1:22) - The buildings easily peel away like the dead, wilted petals of a flower. With each tug, I rip apart the loose pieces, strands and threads that had once woven happiness of my former life. Hours roll through in waves. I am relentless, fighting the tides of exhaustion, scraping and ripping everything I can. But you are not there.

(2:24) - Exhaustion burns through every ounce of my soul. I don't know how long it has been, but now I am standing from afar. Taking a deep breath, I comb my fingers through my hair. I am too overwhelmed and exhausted to feel the pain of my own self destruction sink in. The call of the lightened sky gradually begins to creep away, melting me within the dark shadows of a fallen sun.



5. Sleepless Dream

Everywhere I look, I see it glimmering, trailing the sides of my vision. Hundreds of memories lay in shards within the rubble...inviting... warm... transmitting a former happiness in an endless repeating movie... oblivious to... this. The purity and happiness mocks me, mocks this life I have been given. I clench my fists and release this pain with a deafening scream, until my lungs fatigue. The dark tones coil, tarnish and then shatters the pristine memory. It takes me a moment to realize what I have done. I lower my head in shame.

(1:16) - I am afraid. Afraid I will tarnish last remnants of who I am, yet I can't stop myself from trying to awaken from this sleepless dream.

(1:38) - I fall. Knees in the dirt, I weep myself into an uncontrollable rain of sorrow. Hours pass, and the storm does not relent. My mind wracks my body to release hope, yet I stubbornly cling on.

(2:07) - Somewhere in the midst, I feel your hand gently rest on my shoulder. The touch resonates throughout and sends beautiful, aching ripples through this weakened soul. I close my eyes, knowing that when they open, you will be gone. But for this moment, I let myself pretend...

10. Struggle From Within

The desire to live was sapped away by months of indifference. Resounding echoes of hopelessness exhausted out of every shallow breath. In an effort to escape his agony, he had buried his humanity, and let time nearly encase and protect himself entirely in stone slabs of indifference. On the outside, he had become a motionless, lifeless machine, existing only to breathe.

(00:32) - But after months of frailty, it emerged. The sickness of his own manipulations coiled out and snapped in place, like a snake. He had tricked himself. From those depths came a flickering spark. A violent resonation pounded the empty walls of his soul, shaking every foundation. With an explosion, his heart ignited with life once again. It began to punch away the hardened, cold confines with each beat. The prison cracked, and broke itself apart.

(2:40) - Like a drowning man that barely escapes, he takes a harsh, desperate breath of air. The old chapter tears open once again. The familiar sting of pain fills the void of sedated emptiness. He is a living, breathing human being once again.

9. Broken Threads

The darkness releases its grip. I open my eyes. The air, once saturated with vitality and emotion, has deadened into stone walls to ensnare whatever feelings remain. There is only one thing that remains in this confinement. Me.

(00:40) - Far in the distance, I hear the faint, familiar heartbeat, buried under the dead layers of hopelessness. What it is that I have become? The question ricochets from my tongue and fleets off into the unknown. I sit in a long droning silence, listening to the gentle rhythms of a broken heart...reaching towards it. A quiet solace responds with a vision. My head swirls as I begin to glide into the core...

(1:20) - I see the intricate fabric of my soul, woven thread by thread with my most cherished memories, my identity, my life. For one moment, I am whole. Then I see her. She is drifting away from me again. I desperately reach out, as if I can stop the weight of her passing from pulling the entire tapestry apart.

(1:44) - The sinews snap and tear. The remaining threads unravel and fall in isolation. All of the other aspects have fragmented away, conflicting or destroying one another, in a hope to scramble together a greater sense of unity and peace. And then it finally dawns on me.

I am merely another thread, a fragment of personality. I am another piece of the internal struggle, the final unbroken thread of hope.

...and I will be silenced no more.

6. Hollow Trenches of Memory

Averting my eyes from the innocent glow, I begin to gather the pieces of what is left. From the debris, I scrape out every piece of humanity and bury them in the deepest trenches of my soul, protected from my own isolated madness. I scrape until there is nothing significant left in this world. I now live in a world devoid of life. The world's barren offerings begin to lure me with apathy. I accept. And now I am alone, feeling vacant and cold fingers tightly grip around me.

(00:50) - Through the deepest trenches, masked under miles of abandonment and destruction, a solitary flame ignites from the emptiness. It sings, relentlessly, a melody of hope unlike anything heard before. Blooming silently, waiting for the moment in which to rise.

7. Drifting Essence

I stare entranced, watching the essence of my life drift from me in gentle surges. The days rush in and out endlessly, washing away more of my existence with each tide. The brilliance of hope ebbed into the dark, silent corners of stillness. Days flow into weeks, but it is just a breath apart to me.

(1:14) - Somewhere far away, I feel the slightest twinge of pain as if it were a distant shout behind a concrete wall. The months of indifference gently smooth over the pain and ease my tensions. The notion lulls me to sleep, to close my eyes forever. I begin to fight the notion, but the tides wash over the question until I am staring blankly, forgetting... Sleep...

(2:08) - My heart rate slows. The outsides of my soul have hardened into a thick slab of dead cold stone, a protection from the pain... I am falling endlessly, peacefully, into the center of this dark ravine. It is only a matter of time before the sedation completely spreads inward. The stone hardens rigidly around me, but I have little strength to fight. My movements drift slowly in this ocean of indifference. Another tide washes over my struggle.

I am tired. Tired of struggling.

8. Lonesome Snowflake

I dream of a winter storm...

They formed in the sky of the frozen lifeless tundra. The essence of his purity and hope shimmered out, as hundreds of new snowflakes radiated like a field of stars. They danced down from the clouds, spinning light into the depths of darkness. The snowflakes spun with carefree agility and grace, dancing in the vastness of the open air. Innocence measured by time, one flake slowly began to descend and learn the wonders of the world. But curiosity began to fade quickly as it realized it was descending to the end.

(1:56) - And then, doubt. With that doubt, it began to spiral out of control, frantically gripping for any way to pull itself back into the security of the clouds. It clung with desperation, crying out frantically to be saved from the inevitable, but nothing could stop the downward spiral.

(2:37) - Time ebbed nearly to a halt. It was then that the snowflake finally accepted its fate. All of this fighting could not stop the inevitable, could not stop it from edging dangerously close to the bottom. And when it let go of the fight, the loneliness and fear dissolved with it. For that moment, the brilliance and shine of his youth resurged. The flake was alive and innocent again, living the final moment as a child dancing upon the clouds.

(3:30) - The snowflake spiraled harshly into the ground, and released itself from the world with one last shimmering smile.