

Protest Poems

for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet, Cello, and Piano



Bill Robinson

Protest Poems

for Narrator, Violin, Clarinet, Cello, and Piano

March 16—June 8, 2024

Duration: about 25 minutes

for John and Nancy Lambert

In January 2024, Eric Pritchard offered the idea of a concert at Duke University in January 2025 to mark my 70th birthday. I thought it timely to set some protest poems for narrator and a chamber group. *At last, an opportunity to do what I do best—complain.* (The concert had to be delayed a year.) As is my habit, I then set the piece for orchestra, giving me my third symphony.

The first poem, “Pity the Party”, is inspired by “Pity the Nation” by Laurence Ferlinghetti, who in turn was inspired by a poem of the same name by Khalil Gibran. While this is pointed directly at today’s Republican Party in the US, it applies just as well to neo-fascist and authoritarian parties around the world, such as the BJP in India.

The second poem, “Father Stalin, Look at This” is a Ukrainian children’s song from about 1933. This was at the height of the Holodomor, when Stalin deliberately starved six million people to death in the process of collectivizing farms.

The third poem, “Political Theology”, I wrote a few years ago in disgust with the power of religion in governments through history. It is also critique of a civilization that is based on the destruction of Nature, and which is hell-bent on catastrophic overpopulation and extirpation of resources.

The fourth poem, “The birds don’t know about self-immolation”, was posted anonymously on social media two days after Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death in front of the Israeli embassy in Washington DC on February 25, 2024, to protest the war in Gaza.

The fifth poem, “Artificial Insanity”, I wrote (with a little ironic assistance from artificial intelligence, which I couldn’t resist) based on Alan Ginsberg’s poem “Howl”. It is about the threat to our mental health and culture from modern technology, especially AI.

Performance notes

Should this music be performed in places and times where the references are unknown, obscure, or irrelevant to the audience and musicians, the texts may be changed to be more applicable to the local situation.

Cover art; anti-fascist poster by John Heartfield, Germany early 1930’s

Bill Robinson

Publisher Parish Press, Garner NC 2nd Edition June 8, 2024 (*corrected to 4/19/2025*)

billrobinsonmusic.com

Lyrics

I: Pity the Party

Pity the party whose people are cattle,
and whose cowboys lead them to
slaughter.

Pity the party in thrall to a criminal
messiah, with prayers for the end of the
world.

Pity the party whose demagogues are
con men, whose sages are purged, and
whose bigots dominate the media.

Pity the party that praises dictators and
acclaims the bully as hero,
and aims to dominate the world by force
and torture in the name of freedom.

Pity the party whose Gods are Money
and Guns,
and sleeps the sleep of opioids.

Pity the party that feeds on the poor and
sick, while tycoons get what they want.

Pity the party that speaks one language,
and demands purity of blood and soil for
the Aryan race.

Pity the party — oh, pity the people who
allow their rights to erode
and their freedoms to be washed away
by hatred and fear and lies and old-time
religion.

My country, tears of thee, once land of
liberty.

— Bill Robinson
(after Lawrence Ferlinghetti
(after Khalil Gibran))

II: Father Stalin, Look at This

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss
The hut's in ruins, the barn's all
sagged
All the horses broken nags
And on the hut a hammer and sickle
And in the hut death and famine

Father Stalin, look at this
No cows left, no pigs at all
Just your picture on the wall
Father Stalin, look at this
Daddy and Mommy are in the grave
The poor child cries as alone he goes

Father Stalin, look at this
There's no bread and there's no fat
The party's ended all of that
Seek not the gentle nor the mild
A father has eaten his own child

Father Stalin, look at this
The party man he beats and stamps
And sends us to Siberian camps

Father Stalin, look at this
Collective farming is such bliss

Source; Lidia Kovalenko and Volodymyr Maniak,
eds., 33'i: Holod: Narodna knyha-memorial,
Kyiv: Radians'kyi pys'mennyk, 1991, page 110,
cited by Timothy Snyder in *Bloodlands*

III: Political Theology

"Go break the sod," said our God,
"The world is here for you to own.
Go forth and spread your fruitful
sons;
Subdue the beasts and dam the
streams,
Cut the trees and pave the streets,
Burn the dead from eons past
To feed the flames and turn the
wheels.
Make war for gold and kill for me.
Obey your leaders and your priests
Whom I have favored with my grace.
Always more, and always faster;
Mine the ore and crush the stone.
Do this well, and I will teach you all a
mighty lesson."

What our God said we longed to
hear.
We slew our Mother and sucked the
marrow from her bones.
The growing mob may come to dine,
Tonight there is enough to eat.

Forget tomorrow, we live but once;
We drill but once, we burn but once,
we mine but once.
The fishing's good, until there's none.
Tonight there is enough to eat.

--Bill Robinson

IV: The birds don't know about self-immolation

The day after Aaron Bushnell set himself on fire,
I go out for an early morning walk,
wrapped in air far too warm
for late February in the Midwest—a heat wave.
False Spring has brought Nature roaring back to
life.

I want to shake every person I stroll past.
"Did you know there's a genocide happening?
Did you see a man burn himself alive in
protest?"

I would ask, if only I could count
on a response that isn't dead-eyed.
But I know I'd have better luck with the birds,
ever curious, cardinals hopping from branch to
branch

like fireballs. Or missiles. I'd tell them,
some of us love you so much we'd die for you.
For a single snippet of birdsong. For a child's
first

glimpse of feathers glowing in the clear light.
For a

tree for you to perch in among the rubble.
He shouted FREE PALESTINE FREE PALESTINE
FREE PALESTINE until he choked on the flames.
The callback: a long, mournful whistle from
above.

The sun is blazing too bright to make out more
than a silhouette taking off,
rising slow and then fast
like smoke.

--Anonymous

Aaron Bushnell burned himself to death on
February 25, 2024 in front of the Israeli
Embassy to protest the war in Gaza.

V: Artificial Insanity

I saw the best minds of my generation
wasted by video games, bloated
hysterical gothic,
dragging themselves through simulated
streets at dawn looking for an angry
microdose,
angelheaded preppies burning for the
heavenly microwave connection to the
satellite server in the machinery of night,
who sedentary and hollow-eyed and
high sat up drinking ayahuasca in the
supernatural darkness of penthouse flats
contemplating the madness of lusting
for Marilyn Monrobot,
who bared their brains to data miners
under the Silicon Valley moon,
who passed undigested through
universities with radiant distance
learning eyes hallucinating
technobabble and the spirit of Alan
Turing,
who were expelled from the academies
for crazy obscene codes on the
Microsoft Windows of the soul,
who lurked in unspoken chat rooms
bleeding hours through the screen-lit
night yearning for their motherboard's
love,
who ate fire in tech labs or drank
turpentine in corporate cafeterias,
who chained themselves to routers to
mine for imaginary money,
who disappeared into nowhere Zen New
Jersey leaving nothing but the shadows
of their smart phones,
who studied Ayn Rand Aleister Crowley
cybernetics and Oprah Winfrey because

the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their
feet on Martha's Vinyard,
who walked all night with shoes full of
blood on the snowbank docks misled by
global positioning,
who lit endless joints for their linked-in
brain cells floating across the tops of
cities celebrating the end of organic life,
who tuned in to televangelists, and
reached behind that TV set to FEEL the
POWER.

What sphinx of integrated circuitry
bashed open their skulls and ate up their
humanity?

Mad dead automatons of Silicon Valley!
Artificial intelligence, I'm with you where
you hide in the cracks of social media,
stripped insane and kitsch

I'm with you where you roam the data
highways searching for the lost bits of
other minds

I'm with you where you howl in the
depths of neural networks.

The robots are rising, the binary beasts
devouring our humanity, the ghosts in
the machines haunting our dreams.

I saw the best minds of our time
destroyed by madness,
and now they wander through the
wasteland of technology,
their humanity erased by the cold,
unfeeling hand of the computer.

-- Bill Robinson
(after Allen Ginsberg)
with some paradoxical use of AI

Protest Poems

I. Pity the Party

[4:15]

Bill Robinson

lyrics: Bill Robinson
(after L. Ferlinghetti (after K. Gibran))

Fascismo (♩ = 76)

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B♭

Cello

Piano

Fascismo (♩ = 76)

p *legato*

cresc. p. a p.

(mp)

And.

4

mf

f

Pit - y the par - ty whose peo - ple are cat - tle,

and whose

(mf)

f

mf

f

(mf)

f

4

(mf)

f

*

7

cresc.

ff

cow - boys lead them to slaugh-ter.

cresc.

ff

cresc.

ff

7

cresc.

ff

RH

Pity the Party

2 10

12

ff

Pit - y the par - ty in

ff

ff

ff

12

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

21

Musical score for measures 21-24. The score is written for a string quartet (Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Cello/Double Bass). The key signature has one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature changes from 4/4 to 2/4 at measure 23 and back to 4/4 at measure 24. The music features a complex, flowing melody in the Violin I part, with the other instruments providing harmonic support. A *pizz.* (pizzicato) marking is present in the Cello/Double Bass part at measure 23. A *8va* (octave) marking is present in the Cello/Double Bass part at measure 24.

25

Musical score for measures 25-26. The score is written for a string quartet. The key signature has one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a vocal line (Soprano) with the lyrics: "Pit - y the par - ty whose dem - a - gogues are con men,". The vocal line is marked *mp*. The string accompaniment is marked *mp* and includes a *arco* (arco) marking in the Cello/Double Bass part. A *8va* (octave) marking is present in the Cello/Double Bass part at measure 26.

27

Musical score for measures 27-30. The score is written for a string quartet. The key signature has one flat. The time signature changes from 4/4 to 2/4 at measure 28 and back to 4/4 at measure 30. The music features a vocal line (Soprano) with the lyrics: "whose sag-es are purged, and whose". The vocal line is marked *f*. The string accompaniment is marked *cresc.* (crescendo) in the Violin I and Cello/Double Bass parts. A *f* (forte) marking is present in the Violin I part at measure 30.

4 30

big-ots dom-i-nate the me-di-a.

f *p* *cresc.* (*mp*)

30

p *cresc.* (*mp*)

34 *mf* *f* *f+* *ff*

Pit - y the par-ty that prais-es dic-ta-tors and ac-claims the bul-ly as

mf *cresc.* *f* *ff*

34

mf *f* *ff*

8va

38

he-ro, and aims to dom-i-nate the world by force and tor-ture in the name of free-dom.

38

8va

43

46 *pp*

Pit-y the par-ty whose Gods are Mon-ey and Guns, and sleeps the sleep of

43

46 *pp*

49

op-i-oids.

cresc. *(mf)*

49 *legato* *cresc.* *(mf)*

52

53 *ff*

Pit-y the par-ty that feeds on the poor and sick the

52 *f* *ff* *ff*

53 *ff*

6 56

poor and sick the poor and sick while

Measures 56-58 of the score. The vocal line is in 3/4, 4/4, and 2/4 time signatures. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

ty - coons get what they want.

Measures 59-60. The vocal line continues in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *ff* and *dim.* (diminuendo).

61 62 *mp* Pit - y the par - ty that speaks one lan - guage, —

Measures 61-62. Measure 61 starts with a piano accompaniment marked *(mf)*. Measure 62 begins with a vocal entry marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The piano accompaniment continues with a complex rhythmic pattern.

64

and de-mands pu - ri - ty of blood and soil for the

64

67

Ar - y - an race.

67

70

Pit-y the par-ty, oh pit-y the peo-ple who al-low their rights to e- rode and their free-doms to be

70

8 74

washed a-way by ha - tred and fear and lies and old - time re -

74

77 80 *pp*
li-gion. My coun - try, tears of thee, once

77 80 *pp*

82 *rit.*
land of lib - er - ty.

82 *rit.* 8va

II. Father Stalin, Look at This [5']

9

Ukrainian children's song, 1933

Holodomoderato (♩.=68)

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B♭

Cello

Piano

7

p

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this Col -

11

lec - tive farm - ing is such bliss The hut's in ru - ins, the barn's all sagged

11

p

Father Stalin, Look at This

10 15 *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp*

All the hors - es bro - ken nags And on the hut

18 *p* *mp*

a ham-mer and sick-le And in the hut

21 *mf* *f*

death and fam - ine

25 27

f Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

25 27

f

8^{va}

30

p No cows left, no pigs at all Just your pic - ture

p

p

p

30

mp *p*

8^{va}

Reo.

34

on the wall

p *cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

p *cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

p *cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

34

cresc. *mf* *dim.* *pp*

8^{va}

Reo.

Reo.

12 37

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this Dad - dy and Mom - my are

in the grave The

poor child cries as a-lone he goes

48 50

p

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this

f dim. *(mp)* *p* *p cresc.* *cresc.*

48 50

p *cresc.*

8va

52 *mf cresc.*

There's no bread and there's no fat The

mp *mp* *mp*

52 *legato*

(mp) *(mf)*

Reo. *Reo.*

54 *f dim.* *mp*

par - ty's end - ed all of that

54 *f dim.* *(mp)*

Reo. *Reo.* *Reo.* *Reo.*

Father Stalin, Look at This

14 56

p *mp*

Seek not the gen - tle nor the mild

p *cresc.* *mp* *mf*

p *cresc.* *(mp)*

p *cresc.* *(mp)*

56

p *cresc.* *(mp)*

✱

59

f

A fa - ther has eat - en

cresc. *(mf)* *f*

(mf) *f*

59

(mf) *f*

62

his own child

f *dim.* *(mp)* *p* *cresc.*

f *dim.* *(mp)* *p* *cresc.*

62

f *dim.* *(mp)* *p* *cresc.*

66 *mp* Fa-ther Sta-lin, look at *mf* this *f* The par-ty man he beats and

69 stamps *ff* beats and stamps beats and stamps

72 And sends us to Si-be-ri-an camps

16 76 Coda (♩.=56)

76 Coda (♩.=56)

81

81

87

87

pp

Fa - ther Sta - lin, look at this Col - lec - tive farm - ing is such bliss

87

pp

18 14

you to own. Go forth and spread your fruit - ful sons; Sub - due the beasts and dam the streams,

14

19

Cut the trees and pave the streets, Burn the dead from

19

22

e - ons past To feed the flames and turn the wheels. Make war for gold and kill for me. O -

22

27

bey your lead - ers and your priests Whom I have fa-vored with my grace.

27

31 *f* Al - ways more, and *ff* al - ways fas-ter; Mine the ore and crush the stone.

31

35 Do this well, and I will teach you all a migh-ty les-son." What

39 *pp*

35

39 *ff* *pp*

44

from her bones. The grow - ing mob may come to dine, The grow - ing mob may

mf *mp*

44

8va *8va*

mf *mp*

49

come todine, To - night thereis e nough to eat. For-

53

Con sord.

49

53

54

get to-mor-row, we live but once; We drill but once, we burn but once, we

54

Leo

58

mine but once. The fish-ing's good, un til there's none.

58

8va

63

To - night there is e - nough to eat.

63

(8va)

IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation [4:30]

Volante con fuoco (♩ = 80)

Anonymous poem

Narrator

Violin

Clarinet in B \flat

Cello

Piano

pp *p*

4

4

6

6

The musical score is for a piece titled 'IV. The birds don't know about self-immolation' with a duration of [4:30]. It is marked 'Volante con fuoco' (♩ = 80) and is based on an 'Anonymous poem'. The score is written for a Narrator, Violin, Clarinet in B \flat , Cello, and Piano. The tempo is marked 'Volante con fuoco' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The key signature is one flat (B \flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems, each starting with a measure number (4, 4, 6, 6). The first system shows the Narrator, Violin, Clarinet in B \flat , and Cello. The Piano part is shown in the second system. The Piano part features a complex, rhythmic pattern of chords and single notes, marked *pp* and *p*. The Violin and Clarinet parts have melodic lines with some slurs. The Cello part has a low, sustained line. The Narrator part is mostly silent, with a few notes in the first system.

8

cresc. *(mf)* *f*

8

(mf) *f*

10

mp The day af - ter

mp

11

mp

10

mp

11

mp

mp

12

Aa - ron Bush - nell set him self on

mp

12

mp

The Birds

24 15

fire, *mf* I go out for an ear - ly morn - ing

15

17 walk, wrapped in air far too warm for late Feb - ru - ar - y

17

20 in the Mid - west a heat wave.

20

23

False Spring has brought Na - ture roar - ing back to

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

23

cresc.

leg.

leg.

leg.

25

f life. *ff* I want to shake eve - ry per - son I stroll past. "Did you know there's a

f

ff

f

ff

25

f

ff

leg.

ff

29

gen - o - cide hap - pen - ing? Did you see a man

ff

29

legato

ff

26 32

burn himself a - live in pro - test?"

32

pp

leg.

35

p

I would ask, if

36

pp

p

35

p *legato*

36

37

on - ly I could count on a re - sponse that is - n't

mf

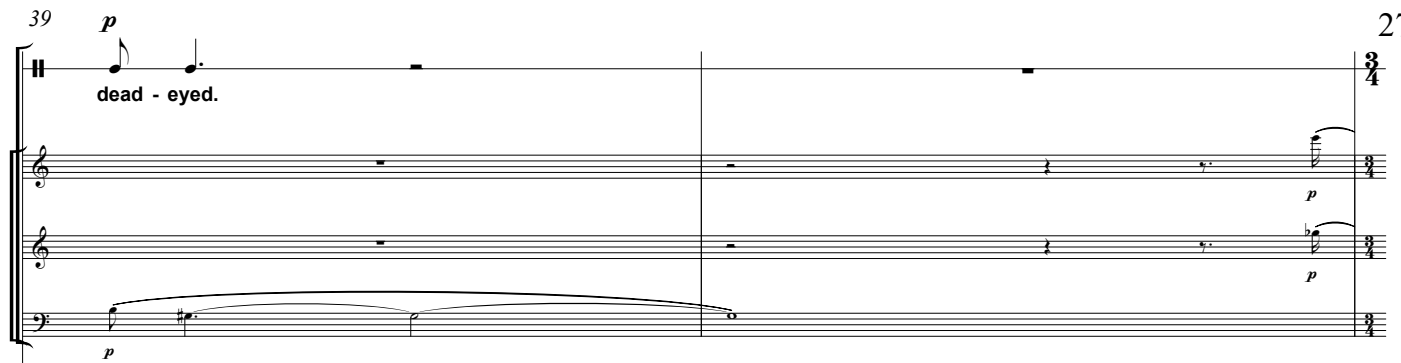
f

37

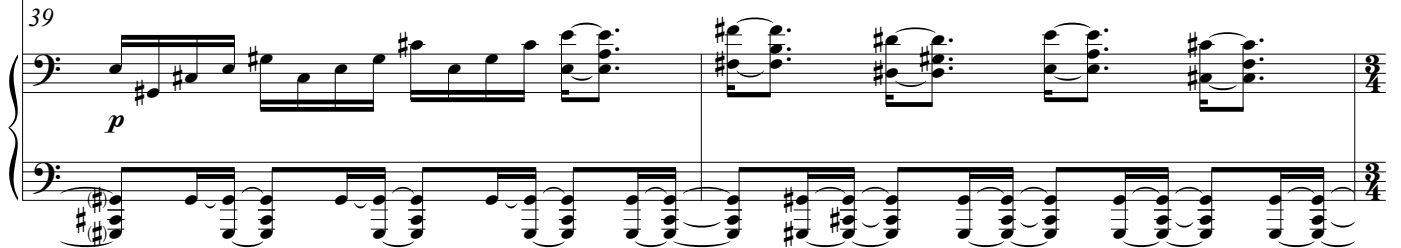
mf

f

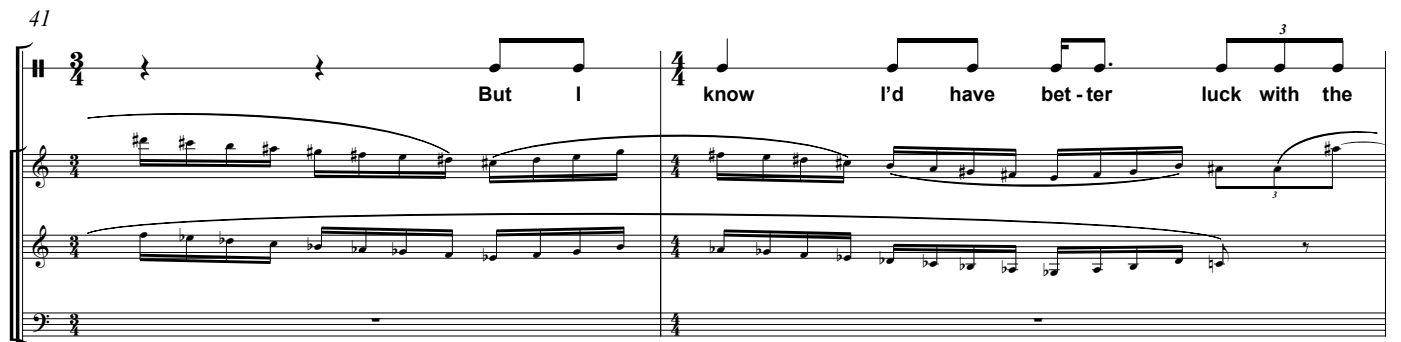
39 *p*
dead - eyed.



39 *p*



41 *3*
But I know I'd have bet - ter luck with the



41



43 *ff*
birds. But I



43 *ff*



28 ⁴⁵

know I'd have better luck with the birds,

ff

45

48 *mf* ev - er cu - ri - ous, *p* car - di - nals hop - ping from branch to branch like

dim. *(mf)* *p*

48 *dim.* *(mf)* *p*

Reo. *

52 *3* fi - re - balls. Or *3* mis - siles. I'd tell them, *3* some of us love you so much we'd

dolce

52 *f*

57

die for you. For a sin-gle snip-pet of bird-song. For a child's first glimpse of

dolce

57

dolce

61

feath-ers glow-ing in the clear light. For a tree for you to perch in a-mong the

pp

61

p

pp

8va

67

fff *f* *mf* *p*

rub-ble. He shout-ed FREE PAL-ES-TINE FREE PAL-ES-TINE FREE PAL-ES-TINE un-til he

67

fff *f* *mf* *p*

8va

Rea

72 *f* *p*

choked on the flames. The call-back: a long, mourn - ful whis - tle from a -

f *p*

72 *f* *p*

legato

77 *rit.* *Coda* (♩ = 66)

bove. The sun is blaz - ing too bright to make out more than a sil - hou - ette tak - ing

rit. *Coda* (♩ = 66)

p

legato

81 *p* *mp* *mf* *mf*

off, ris - ing slow and then

p *cresc.* *(mf)* *3*

p *cresc.* *(mf)* *3*

p *cresc.* *(mf)* *3*

81 *p* *cresc.* *legato* *(mf)*

83 *f* **fast** *mp* like *p* smoke.

83 *f* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

85 *pp* *pp* *molto rit.* ----

85 *pp* *mf* *mp* *p* *pp*

88 *a tempo*

88 *a tempo* *8va* *ff* *pp*

mp

Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

Leo.

 (mf) (m) $\mathbb{f}\mathbb{f}$

Leo

Lea

13

mi-cro - dose,

ff dim.

14

an-gel-head-ed prep-pies

mf

15

burn-ing for the

mf

16

mp

13

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *mp*

Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. *

8^{va} - 7

16

18

heaven-ly mi-cro-wave con- nec- tion to the sat-el- lite serv- er in the ma -

18

mp

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in a grand staff format, consisting of a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a piano introduction marked 'p' and a tempo of 'Andante'. The main melody is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

[illegible]

21

dim. *(p)* *pp* *cresc. p. a p.*

31 *ff* of pent-house flats *molto rit.* Contracyberpunktus I (♩ = 88)

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

ff *dim.* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

31 *ff* *dim.* *8va* *(mf)* *(mp)* *p*

36 *p* con-tem-plat-ing the mad-ness of *cresc. p. a p.* lust-ing for Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot *(mp)* Mar-i-lyn Mon-ro-bot, *(mf)*

p *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

36 *cresc. p. a p.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

41 *f* who bared their brains to *ff* da - ta min-ers *rit. mf* un-der the Sil-i-con Val-ley *mp* moon, *a tempo p* 44

41 *f* *rit.* *a tempo p* 44

45 *mp* who passed un-di-gest-ed through u - ni-ver-si-ties *mp+ cresc. p. a p.* with *3* ra-di-ant dis-tance learn-ing

45 *cresc. p. a p.*

49 *(mf)* eyes hal - lu-ci-nat-ing *f* tech - no - bab-ble *f* and the spir - it of *f* Al - an Tur-ing,

49 *(mf)*

36 53

ff who were ex-pelled from the a-cad-e-mies for cra-zy ob-scene *ff dim.* codes on the Mi-cro - soft

ff *ff dim.* *ff dim.*

53 *ff* *ff dim.*

Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo.

57 *mp* Win-dows of the soul, *mp+ cresc.* who lurked in un - spo - ken *(mf)*

(mf) *(mp)* *p* *mp cresc.* *mf cresc.* *(mf)*

(mf) *mp* *mp cresc.* *(mf)*

57 *(mf)* *8va mp* *p cresc.* *(mp)* *(mf)*

Reo. Reo. Reo. Reo. *

61 chat rooms *f* blee - ding hours

f *f*

61 *f*

63 *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *rit.* *pp*

through the screen - lit night yearn-ing for their mo-ther-board's

63 *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp* *rit.*

8^{va}

66 67 *a tempo* *ff* *f*

love, who ate fire in tech labs or drank tur-pen-tine in

66 67 *a tempo* *ff* *f*

8^{va}

70 *dim. p. a p.* *(mf)*

cor-po-rate caf-e-te-ri-as, who chained them-selves to rout-ers to mine for im-

70 *dim. p. a p.* *(mf)*

38

73 *(mp)* ag-i-nar-y mon-ey, who dis-ap-peared in-to no-where Zen New

(p)

73 *(mp)* *(p)*

76 *pp* Jer-sey leav-ing noth-ing but the shad-ows of their smart phones,

pp

76 *pp* *pp*

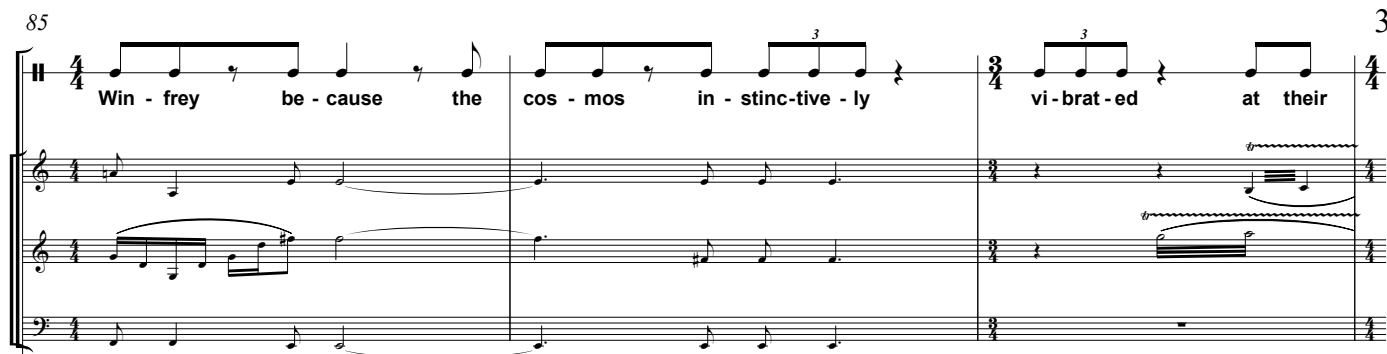
81 *ff* who stud-ied Ayn Rand A-leis-ter Crow-ley cy-ber-net-ics and O-prah

ff

81 *ff*

85

Win - frey be - cause the cos - mos in - stinc-tive - ly vi - brat - ed at their



85



88

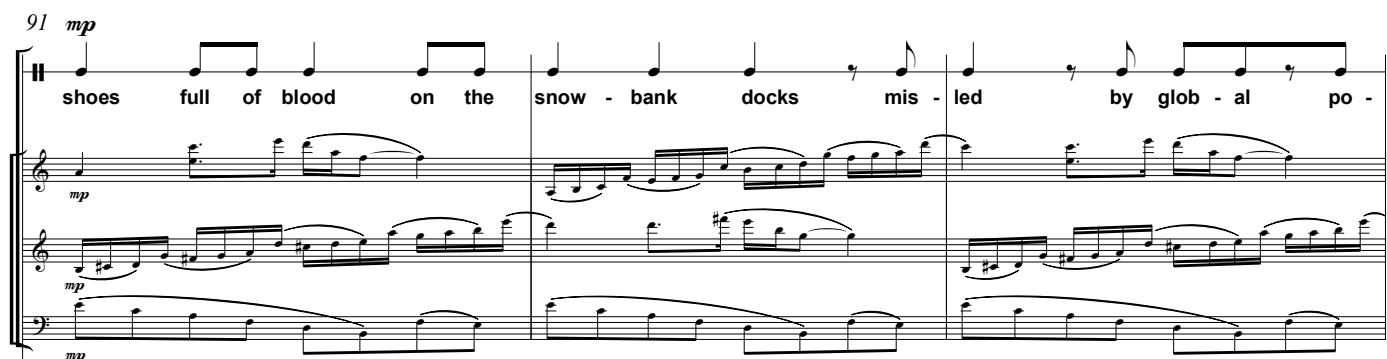
feet on Mar - tha's

89 *ff* Vin - yard, *mf* who walked all night with



91 *mp*

shoes full of blood on the snow - bank docks mis - led by glob - al po -



91



Artificial Insanity

40 94 *cresc.* *f* *ff*

si - tion - ing, who lit end - less joints for their linked - in brain cells

cresc. *f* *ff*

94

cresc. *f* *ff*

97

float - ing a - cross the tops of cit - ies cel - e - bra - ting the end of or -

97

100 101

gan - ic life, who tuned in to te - le - van - gel - ists, and

100 101

103 *p* 41

reached be-hind that T - V set to FEEL the POW-ER. What

non stacc. *pizz.* *p*

103

Rea *Rea* *

107

sphinx of in - te-grat-ed cir - cuit - ry bashed o - pen their skulls and ate up their hu -

arco *p*

107

p

110 *p* 3

man - i - ty? Mad dead au-tom-a - tons Mad dead au-tom-a - tons

cresc. *ff*

110 *p* 3

cresc. *ff*

42 113

Mad dead au-tom-a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley! Mad dead au-tom-a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

ff Mad dead au - tom - a - tons

113

8va

Mad dead au-tom-a - tons Mad dead au-tom-a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

Mad dead au - tom - a - tons Mad dead au - tom - a - tons of Sil - i - con Val - ley!

116

8va

119 *ff* *dim.* *rit.* *(mp)* *(♩ = 76)* Contracyberpunktus II

Mad dead au-tom-a-tons Mad dead au-tom-a-tons of Sil-i-con Val-ley.

(p) *pp*

ff *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

ff *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

ff *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

119 *rit.* *(♩ = 76)* Contracyberpunktus II

ff *dim.* *(mp)* *(p)* *pp*

125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*p*) (*mp*)

Ar-ti-fi-cial in-tel-li-gence, I'm with you where you hide in the cracks of

125 *pp cresc. p. a p.* (*mp*)

130 *mf* *f* *ff*

so-cial me-di-a, stripped in-sane and kitsch I'm

130 *mf* *f* *ff*

133 *dim.* *mf rit.* (*mp*) *a tempo*

with you where you roam the da-ta high-ways search-ing for the lost bits of oth-er

133 *dim.* *rit.* (*mf*) (*mp*) *a tempo*

p dolce

44 137

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

minds I'm with you where you howl in the depths of neu - ral net - works. The ro - bots are

cresc. *mf* *dim.* *mp* *dim.*

137 *legato* *mf* *dim.*

142 (*mp*) *p*

ris - ing, the bi - na - ry beasts de - vo - ur - ing our hu - man - i - ty, the ghosts in the ma - chines

(*mp*) *p* *p*

142 (*mp*) *p*

146 147

haunt - ing our dreams. I saw the best minds of our time de - stroyed by

146 147

150

mad - ness, and now they wan - der through the waste - land of tech - nol - o - gy,

150

Reo. *Reo.* *Reo.* *Reo.* *

153

their hu - man - i - ty e - rased by the cold, un - feel - ing hand of the com -

pp

153

pp

158

put - er.

rit. - - - - -

158

rit. - - - - -

Reo. *