



THE INEVITABLE
RISE
AND
LIBERATION of

Niggy
Sardust

Black History Month

CAN U FEEL IT? NOTHING
CAN SAVE U. I'M TOUGHER
THAN BULLETS SO BABY
PRAY TO YOUR SAVIOR.

I NEVER BEEN
SHOT BUT I BET U
I'M DEADER. I'M
TAKING MY SPOT NGA
I AINT AFRAID TO
B2N! =!

Sometimes I FIND
IT VERY HARD TO B2...
WHO? ME.

Yo, the banana peels
are carefully placed
to keep your steel toes

carefully laced. The ill
NGA but peppered and
naced. Now amplify this,
turn up the bass!

Pictures me lampin' in
the company car. Rims
like Tibetan prayer wheels.
What what? I'm a star.

I cruise the block like
a feather, back and forth
til I land as the song
N your ear on the book
in your hand. Now

the whole fuckin world
bout to know who I am.
Get your whole system
up in my trunk.

THAT DOG EAT DOG
MAKES MY WHOEES BARK
ATOMIC CRUNK. ALL MY
TRILL NGTs KNOW WHO
BE BRINGIN THE FUNK.
LEES AND STEEL TOES
like its black history month.

THERE WAS ONE. BORE
WITNESS TO THE WEAYS
OF THE SUN. SYNTHESIZED
IN HIS OWN IMAGE: PHOTO
NEGATIVE: STUN. THE

DEVELOPMENT OF PARLAMENT
THE PHALLIC TOP GUN.

YES, THE MTHRSAP CONVICTION
SPANNED THE BIRTH OF
THE TRUM. ANCIENT TRUM
DECAT TRUM. BOOM DAY
HARD AS A GUN! WHITE

CROSS TRAINERS UNSTUNK.
LET THOSE SUCKAS KNOW!
THE COST OF MAKING HARRIT
KUN. LET THE NORTH STAR
BE YOUR GUIDING POST
WHEN TURNED FROM SUN
UNTIL KNOWLEDGE REIGNS
SUPREMACY OVER NEARLY
EVERYONE.

Convict Colony

I WAS BORN
IN A CONVICT COLONY
AND I WAS BORN
FROM THE LAND
THAT MOTHERED ME
MOTHER MAY I?

SHE SAYS 'YES YOU MAY'
Well, today I.

I say RIGHT HERE today

YOU'RE A CONVICT COLONY!

IF YOU'RE RUNNING
FROM THE SUN.

YOU'RE A CONVICT COLONY!
A CONVICT COLONY!
AND YOU DON'T REALLY
WANT IT.

I WAS BORN
FROM THE EARTH
FOUGHT MY WAY
TO THIS DAY.

NOW I'M GROWN
TRUTH BE TOLD

I'LL BE HERE
TIL YOUR GONE!

YOU'RE A CONVICT COLONY!

TR(N)IGGER

So you don't like the way
we're running things?
And you don't like the
way the chess/ game?
You want to blame it
on the government
on why you got no money
for your rent?

You want to start
a revolution?
And blame it on the
institution? You know
there's only one solution

so tell me what you
gonna do son?

The trigger is you.
The Nigger is you.
So what u gonna do?

You wanna blame them
boys in Lebanon and
act like you don't know
where they get it from?
You want to project
all your problems

And murder every way
to solve them?

Would Jesus Christ
come back American?

What if he's Iraqi
and here again?

You'd have to finally face
your fears my friend.

Who's gonna hold your
hand when that happens?

What do you teach
your children about me?

What do you teach
your little children about me?

Pimp. Thug. King. Drug Lord
of the underground kings
How can u be so sure I won't
call down the rains.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE
NEWS TODAY. I CAN'T CLOSE
MY EYES AND MAKE IT GO AWAY.
HOW LONG? HOW LONG MUST WE
SING THIS SONG? HOW LONG?
CAUSE TONIGHT WE CAN BE AS
ONE. TONIGHT.

BROKEN BOTTLES UNDER
CHILDREN'S FEET. BABIES
STRAWN ACROSS A DEAD
END STREET. BUT I WON'T
HEED THE BATTLE CALL. IT
PUTS MY BACK UP, PUTS
MY BACK UP AGAINST
THE WALL.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

AND THE BATTLES
JUS' BEGUN. THIS
MANY LOST BUT
TELL ME WHO HAS WON?
THE TRENCH IS DUG WITHIN
OUR HEART. MOTHERS, CHILDREN,
BROTHERS, SISTERS, TORN
APART.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY...
WIPE YOUR TEARS AWAY.

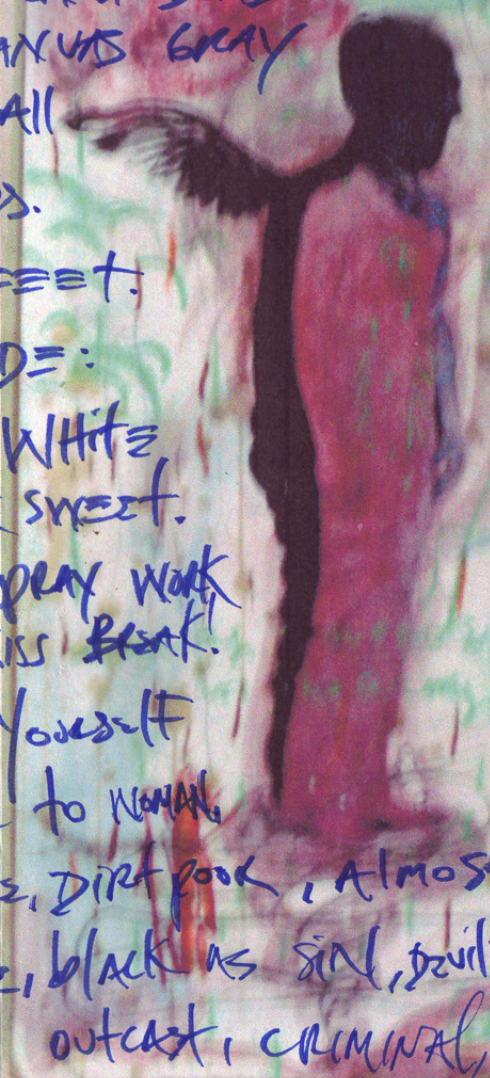
AND IT'S TRUE WE ARE
IMMUNE WHEN FACT IS
FICTION AND TV REALITY.
AND TODAY THE MILLIONS LIVE.
WE EAT AND DRINK WHILE
TOMORROW THEY DIE. AND THE
REAL BATTLES JUST BEGUN &
CLAIM THE VICTORY JESUS WON
ON SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY.

Death creeps through the streets over programmed
beats. A rabid dog in heat on a dead end street. Oil
slicks, the only rainbows canvas gray
shadows of skyscrapers fall
spots. Corpses piled in heaps.
decay, reeks. Placing tags on feet.
Air Force Fleet. Constant made:
Still in box white street white
wife beat. Ripened the black street.
on two-step beat. Break. Dance pray work
Break! Neck back jump back kiss Break!
Kill crust. Break! Consider yourself
inferior to, half man, superior to woman
likeness. Consider yourself handicapped, dirt poor, almost never
quite, dark-skinned, lily white, black as sin, devil's den,
whiteness. Consider yourself outcast, criminal, unseen,

concrete.
When (Morgan)
sores and
a Nike
Union.

tank top
Hearts
whip beat.
Aches dust
less than
unbreakable

Almost never
black as sin, devil's den,
outcast, criminal, unseen,



INVISIBLE, point BLANK, READY-
MADE TRIGGER. CONSIDER YOUR
SELF HANDCUFFED, DIRT POOR, LITTLE
BOY, WHORE, REVEREND, Doctor,
NIGHT!

Get it out. Blow it out. Spit it out.
Get it out.

BEAT - BEATINGS

BEATS - BEASTS

BY THE HORNS AND GET IT OUT.
COUGH IT UP AND SPIT OUT. BREAK
THE CYCLE! BREAK THE CHAIN! BREAK
THE HURT! AND BREAK THE PAIN!
ALL MY DOUBTS AND ALL MY FEARS
BREAK THE SPELL THAT KEEPS ME HERE.





Niggy TARDUS, GRIPPO KING, PHILOSOPHER AND ARTIST. DOWNRIGHT TO
 THE MARKOV, HE'S THE ARROW THROUGH THE HEARTLESS. SUNLIGHT
 IN THE AFTERNOON, HIS SHADOW
 TRAVELS FURTHEST. WOVEN THROUGH
 THE HEART OF DOOM, HE'S BUR
 STING THROUGH THE SURFACE.
 HARDLY NERVOUS. SUFFICE TO
 SAY, HE UNDERSTANDS HIS
 PURR-POSE. THREE-FOUR KING
 OF EVERYTHING, A COMICAL
 ABSURDIST. Sometimes WHEN
 HE TALKS HE SINGS YET KEEPS
 HIS HIGHNOTES WORDLESS. SING
 ALONG WHEN NIGGY SINGS, WITHOUT
 YOU HE'D BE WORDLESS. HOME
 LESS, EARTHLESS. VENUS HOTTER UP IN THE CIRCUS. FREAK STORY
 WATCH HIM SPEAK SO PROPERLY CAUSE EVERY WORD IS



MEASURED AGAINST MEANING.
 PROBABLY SETTLING
 TO UNDERSTAND US.

DON'T U CALL HIM BY HIS
 NAME. WHITE PEOPLE
 CALL HIM 'CURTIS'.

WHEN I SAY NIGGY
 U SAY NUTTHIN.
 NIGGY.

Put ur MAMA ON THE
PHONE. You cant say that.
COOL, Niggy Brown.

What ur DADDY GONNA DO?
He cant DENY what
He KNOWS TRUE.

What the PREACHER
GONNA SAY?

PREACHER cant say shit.
boy, the PREACHERS GAY.

What your GRANNY
GONNA DO?

SHE cant DENY
the truth.

HEY! Niggy TARDUST
HERE to STAY!

PAINT HIM ON YOUR
LUNCHBOX OR YOUR
THERMOS FOR A FEE.
You might WIN the CHANCE
to HANG WITH Niggy
FOR A DAY!

SIDE EFFECTS
MAY INCLUDE:

Simply DOING what you
say.

HEY! Niggy TARDUST
NO GUITAR!

Ghetto Gothic
MILLIONAIRE.

A SUPER-DUPER
STAR.

SIDE EFFECTS
MAY INCLUDE:
Simply BEING
WHO YOU ARE.

You ARE YOURSELF.
MY DARLING DEAR,

AND WE'RE NEVER
A NIGGER.

WHEN I SAY
Niggy...

So what y'all
NGH's WANNA DO?

I'm chillin' at
the PEARLY GATES
so you CAN RUN
AND GET your
CREW.

I'M KNOCKIN' ONCE
THEN I'm bustin'
THROUGH, WITH
SOME Gold

DIADORAS AND
A shirt THAT
READS

"Do unto WHO?"

What y'all NGH's
WANNA DO?

ELEVATE the RACE
OR love these OTHER
MTHRECKRS too?

THE CHOICE IS YOURS
WHICH MEANS
it's up to you.

BUT HOW CAN I
LOVE MYSELF
IF I CANT love
you?

Wein Water Ask



massive tone from the sky comes
King's of The Mill on Lands Talk Talk

DNA

CHAPTER 9

Feel the music. Son, we got you programmed like a beat. When I press snare, Yo, guard your grill. Press kick, you move your feet. You can't compete. Got my hydrants parked on every street. I'm federal, NGH. Son of Sun. Come close and feel the heat.

I am the streets. The white lines only separate me from me. You hydroplane in false god's name and still crash into me. Sign and tree, mountainside, guardrail into the sea. They thought they stole you from my arms then carried you to me.

Here's the key. DNA encoded in a beat. White rocks in a vial, NGH, ain't got nuthin on me. BCH, I'm free. Ask these editors at MTV. Far as they know they're publishing some new school poetry. Let it be. 'Cause even that will do to turn the key. Doorways into other worlds. The truth shall set you free.

You are me. I am you. But also I am he. Shepherd of a bastard flock that grazes in the streets.

Feel the beat. Nod your head. Lean back. Yo, touch your feet. Let me see you pop that thang right there, girl, in your seat. Feel the heat. Count this page amongst your whitest sheets. Comfort in my every word. Slide under. Countless sheep.

CHAPTER II

DNA

CHAPTER IO

Hail Mary, Mother of God. Got the whole host of angels shuffling in my iPod. NGHs learned to raise their voices when I lowered my rod. Staff of Moses. Pharaoh knows it. Son, my word is my bond.

Tune my heart with my mind. Speak my nature. Divine. Called this shit into existence back in '79. With the future in my pocket. Tightly gripped like a nine. Keep my finger on the trigger. Waitin for the right time.

This is the key. DNA encoded in a beat. White rocks in a vial, NGH, ain't got nuthin on me. BCH, I'm free. Ask these editors at MTV. Far as they know they're publishing some new school poetry. Let it be. 'Cause even that will do to turn the key. Doorways into other worlds. The truth shall set you free.

You are me. I am you. But also I am he. Shepherd of a bastard flock that grazes in the streets.

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER II

Ancient NGHs align! Path of cosmic design. Blood of kings 'cause Saturn's rings don't need no diamonds to shine. Yes, the reason for the season. Ornamented, divine. Coded language of the mystics with my fist in the sky.

Keep your head up. We represent the real, my NGH. Dead up. Book of the Dead. History bled. This NGH fed up. Led us to despair, some into prayer, and they won't let up until they got us worshipping them false gods instead of the realness.

God of the streets. My NGHs feel this. We nod our heads and worship through beats. Go 'head and kneel. It's the love that makes the cipher complete. And it's displayed through the way the bass line marries the beat.

This is the key. DNA encoded in a beat. White rocks in a vial, NGH, ain't got nuthin on me. BCH, I'm free. Ask these editors at MTV. Far as they know they're publishing some new school poetry. Let it be. 'Cause even that will do to turn the key. Doorways into other worlds. The truth shall set you free.

You are me. I am you. But also I am he. Shepherd of a bastard flock that grazes in the streets.

WTF!

By the time you hear this
song you're ~~gone~~ wrong.
Caught in the labyrinths of
time in your mind. Unlearn.
Unwind. But not to worry, there
is no hurry. "Come unto me,"
says she.

"You've been polluted,
uprooted by time. You
have been muted, comforted
but I'm a living vessel
of the ONE, of the Moon
of the sun."

Hey. You ain't as dead as
you seem. WTF! But you
keep living your lies.

Hey. Your life's a bore
but you dream. Bring
yourself to be yourself
tonight.

I see evidence in
how you hold your head.
I see evidence in
how you say what's said.
I see it in your eyes
that you've been hypnotized.

"You've been polluted,
uprooted by time.
You have been muted,
comforted, but I'm
a living vessel of
the ONE, of the Moon
of the sun."

SCARED MONEY

CALLIN HAVES AND HAVE
NOTS. EVERY CELL ON THE
BLOCK, EVERY NIGG WITH
A TRICKER, EMPTY BARRELS
OR COCKED. MARCA IN LIKE
PARADE OF SCARS IF YOU
BEEN STABBED OR SHOT,
SUN, WE SMOKIN THESE
BATONS RIGHT IN FRONT OF
THESE COPS.

CALLIN OUT TO THE KIDS,
ALL MY NOTS WITH BIDS,
WHETHER SUITED UP OR
BOOTED UP OR SAUCK IN THE
MID. YOU CAN DOWNLOAD IT
OR BOOT IT UP, MY
PUPILS, UNLID, ALL MY
STUDENTS OF THE
UNDERGROUND WITH
RECORD STORE GIGS.

CALLIN OUT TO THE
GIRLS, THE INVENTORS
OF WORDS, THE INTELLIGENCE
OF RELEVANCE AND ELEGANT
PEARLS. POUR LIKE NECTAR
FROM THE LOTUS

Big Bang Cops
in swirled.
Down the sweazy locks
OF HAIRWEAVE tracks
AND DRY JERK CORPS

Callin out to the pimps
that cocked around with
your GIMP ON YOUR WAIST
WITH JUST A TWIST OF ONE
TO GO WITH THAT PIMP.

HOLD YOUR CUP UP SO THAT
ANCIENT RAIN CAN FIND
ITS WAY IN. LET THESE
NOTS KNOW THE COST OF
REACHING HEAVENLY BLISS.

YES.

SCARED MONEY
DON'T MAKE NONE.

IT WAS ALL A DREAM

IT WAS ALL A DREAM
I USED TO FANTASIZE
I WAS MALCOLM OR
MARTIN IN THE PULPIT,
THE GAILOT OR THE
bullet.

I SWEAR, I USED
TO PRAY TO CHANGE BACK
THE YEAR WHEN NOTS
SPOT OF MYTHRA'S
W/SPACE HELMETS FOR HAIR.

WELL, NOW WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THUGS AND POETS.
WHAT WE SEEM TO HAVE
IN COMMON IS WE'RE
COMMON AS AIR. YES,
THE LOWEST KUNG OF
ANTHEMS SONG EACH DAY
EVERY YEAR. FROM
CHECK CASHING TO LATEST
FASATIONS WHILE THEY
RATION OUT FEAR.
BUT I'M FEARLESS.

SOMETIMES I FEEL
ALONE: HOMELESS.
DEERLESS. WHAT WILL
IT TAKE TO SHAKE THE
LAND FOR EVERYONE
TO HEAR THIS?

I CAN'T BEAR THIS!
BORN OF PAGES TORN
FROM ANCIENT PRAYER
LISTS - DESCENDANT
OF THE WOMB.

the lotus blooms when
I come near it.
I declare it time
to re-align Karat
to carrot - what was
olden remains golden.
scathed tongue
I dare to share it.

All who fear it
know at once
Royal Highness
over blunts
thug of thugs
pimp of pimps
platinum tongue
and ivory fronts
grind and hustle
Nghts know the heart
is just a muscle.
I'm flexin now.
You made some papes.
I wrote upon
I trust you will invest
'cause chances are
the game is just a test.
Professor of the Truth
Talk Real Talk
= Meritus

I AM THE KING
As I command my son
to dance and sing
We celebrate our
earthly fate
My daughter
gives me wings.
We are one
Descendants of
the Motherhip
and tongue.
Southern Trees
have born
strange fruit.
Hail! Salute! A troop
well hung.

So come along
Everyone's invited:
Heroes of distinguished
paths, victims and conquerors,
those who stand alone,
and those who stand
unfettered...

Fuck the bullshit
whether from the Hill
or from the pulpit.

Today, I put my money
on the fall of every
culprit.

The Truth Prevails!
When all else fails
drug dealers make
the music...

Then guess who's
back? Your souls answer
to greenbacks, ho's, and
crack. The chord
that's strung from
Athena's song right
now to way way back.
The legacy of Hennessy
distilled to brownish black
rolls off the tongue
a pointed gun,
fake nghts best
stand back.
The trumpet calls
and yes, yes, y'all
the emperors changed
his hat.



RAW

WHAT'S A SONG
IF U CAN'T FUCK to it?
I WANT to MOVE
DEEP IN the OUT
OF it.

WHAT'S THE RIGHT
KIND OF BEHAVIOR
TO QUALIFY AS SOMEONE'S
SAVIOR?

WHAT KIND OF
QUESTION IS THAT
ANYWAY?

I KNOW
I DON'T DESERVE
YOUR TIME OF DAY.
BUT SINCE YOU'RE
GIVING ME
SOME TIME TONIGHT
THEN HOLD ME CLOSE
GIRL, AND JUST SAVE ME
M= fight. RAW.

I WANT to touch you
ON THE OTHER SIDE
WHERE ALL YOUR
DARKNESS, PAIN,
AND FEAR RESIDE
I WANT to get to
KNOW the PART OF YOU
THAT I CAN CRAWL
INSIDE, THE HEART
OF YOU.

RAW.

AND I CAN'T BECOME MY FATHER WHEN IT'S ALL BEEN
 SAID AND DONE. HIS COMPLETIONS WON'T COMPLETE ME.
 I'VE DIVIDED ME BY ONE.
 I'M THE ANSWER TO HIS
 RIDDLE. I'M THE CAUTION
 OF HIS WIND. I'M THE
 SPOON WEDGED BETWEEN
 TONGUE AND TEETH BENEATH
 HIS TREMBLING GRIN. AND I
 DARE ADD MY REVISION
 FOR I DARE NOT SUFFER
 TWICE. AND I DARE NOT
 RE-INVENT THE PAST. AND I
 DARE NOT BE THE CHRIST. AND
 I WELCOME ANY SUFFERER.
 AND I WELCOME ANY SAUL
 SITTING IN THIS ROOM ON WOODEN
 BENCH WAITING FOR JOI TO CALL.
 AND I SUFFER HERE ALONE, LORD,
 HOW I'VE TRIED TO STRIP THEM TO
 PERTURBED BY MY EVERY THOUGHT.
 THE BONES, I'VE STRUCK AND I FOUGHT.





EVERY JEALOUS, WARPED
INTENTION, SMUGGLED, SEWN INTO
MY GENES. EVERY HIDDEN MON-
GRO tendency EXPLOITING ME
IN ME.

EACH TIME I PUT THEM UNDER
BUT STILL THEY WANNA TEST ME!
I CRY OUT THROUGH THE THUNDER
YOU STORM RIGHT PAST ME!
I SEARCH AND I PONDER.
I QUESTION AND WONDER.
I ROAR AND I THUNDER.
PLEASE LET ME IN.

I'VE BEEN WAITING
HERE FOR WHAT NOW SEEMS
THE BETTER OF AN HOUR. I'VE
RAISED EVERY CRIPPLED QUESTION
FROM THE DEAD AND GIVEN POWER



TO THE ABSENCE OF MY SANITY. THE PRESENCE OF A FEAR
 THAT LIES IN BETWEEN FORGOTTEN
 DREAMS THAT PILE UP EVERY
 YEAR. UP ABOVE YOUR HIGHEST
 TESTAMENTS, DOWN BELOW THE
 WOODEN FLOOR, THERE'S A GUTTED
 ROOM, PITCH DARK AT NOON, BE-
 NEATH A HIDDEN DOOR. DEEP
 WITHIN YOU'LL FIND THE ATTRIBUTES
 OF EVERY SUNKEN MAN WHO MUST
 DANGLE HIS HEAD AGAINST THE DEAD
 EACH DAY HE TRIES TO STAND. AND
 HE'S STANDING PRESSED AGAINST THE VERY WOMAN THAT HE
 LOVES. KISSING EYES AND LIPS, EMBRACING HER, SURRENDERING
 TO HER TOUCH AND JUST AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE TOUCHES
 HEART TO HEART, SHE PULLS FROM HIS TOUCH BECAUSE IT'S TOO MUCH
 TO MEND WHAT'S TORN APART...



IT'S SO HARD TO BE THE MAN I
 WOULD BE IF ~~PATIENCE~~ HATRED AND
 FEAR NO LONGER APPEARED. I
 SWEAR, I'VE BECOME THE SKIN
 OF A DRUM, THE HEART OF A MAN.
 DIVIDED I STAND.





No ONE EVER...

MEMORIES ARE LIKE
PROMISES THAT ARE
SELDOM KEPT. HENCE,
WHY JESUS WEPT.

EVERY DAY WE ARE
TORN AWAY FROM THE
ONES WE LOVE. THERE'S
NO GOD ABOVE.

ONLY IF YOU WOULD SPEND
YOUR GIFT TO UPHOLD THE
TRUTH OF JUST ME AND YOU.
AND WE REPRESENT
ALL THE TIME WE'VE
SPENT GETTING TO THIS DAY
THERE'S NO OTHER WE.

AREN'T WE WHO WE CLAIM
TO BE THE DESCENDENTS
OF? WHOM WE PLACE
ABOVE, WE MUST PLACE
WITHIN AND SLOWLY BEGIN
TO LOVE.

No one EVER...



BANGED AND BLOWN THROUGH

WE ARE BROKEN
INSTRUMENTS
BURST WIDE OPEN
SMASHED AND BENT
NOT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT
FROM THESE CITY STREETS
WHO SEEMS TO PROTECT
THE ORCHESTRA
IN ME?

CONDUCTOR! CONDUCTOR!
I FEEL ELECTRICITY.
CONDUCTOR! CONDUCTOR!
CAN U BRING OUT
THE SONG IN ME?

INSTRUMENTS,
BANGED AND BLOWN THROUGH IT.

RAISED to be LOWERED
To MANIFEST YOUR DREAMS
BEFORE YOU MANIFEST
YOUR FEARS.

To NAVIGATE BEYOND
THE TREACHERY
OF SELF-DESPAIR.

To FIND THE BALANCE
BETWEEN ALL U SENSE
AND ALL U SEE.

To FIND THE PATIENCE
AND THE STRENGTH IT TAKES
to let it be

To STAND AMONGST
THE CROWD
AND HAVE THE STRENGTH
to HOLD YOUR OWN

To THROW AWAY
THE PEN AND PAD
AND SIMPLY
BE THE POEM

To RISE ABOVE HATRED
to LOVE THROUGH
SEEMING CONTRADICTION

To SELDOM TAKE A SIDE
AND EARN
THE COMPLIMENT THE FRICTION.

To BRING ABOUT
THE CHANGE WITHIN
THAT WE CAN'T
LIVE WITHOUT

To SHIFT
AND RE-ARRANGE
IDEALS
AND LEARN TO DEAL
WITH DOUBT.

To
AND UNLEARN WAYS
OF SELF-DEFEAT
To LEARN THE VALUE OF
"YO FUCK THE WORDS,
JUST KICK THE BEAT."

To LEAVE THE COMFORT ZONES
OF ALL YOU KNOW
to ALL YOU FEEL.

To STEP BEYOND
THE VOID
AND REALIZE
THE UNKNOWN
IS REAL

To RE-IMAGINE
EVERY OBSTACLE
AS JUST A MEANS
OF HONING CRAFT
AND LEARN TO LAUGH
AT FAILURES FUNNY
DREAM.

THERE HAS TO BE
SOME OTHER WAY
to STOP THE FIGHT!

I WAS RAISED to be
LOWERED.
WAS I
RAISED to be LOWERED?

EACH DAY WE SING AND
PRAY FOR GUIDANCE
THROUGH THE NIGHT.

I WAS RAISED
to be LOWERED.

WAS I RAISED
to be LOWERED?

To NOT ALLOW
THE WORSHIPPERS
to TAKE UP
ALL THE SPACE.

To DANCE
AT FUNERALS
AND GRIEVE
WHEN TRUE LOVE
SHOWS IT FACE.

To MEDITATE UPON
THE LESSER THINGS
LIKE HAIR AND NAILS.

To FIND NEW MEANING
IN YOUR FREEDOM
WHEN YOUR FREEDOM
KILLS.

To WALK THE RUNWAY
ON THE ONE DAY
WHEN YOU'VE LOST
YOUR STRIDE.

TO SHOW YOUR FACE
WHEN YOU FEEL
MORE INCLINED TO
RUN AND HIDE.

TO KEEP IT BUTTER
WHEN YOU UTTER
NO, IT WON'T STOP!

UNTIL THE ONES
THAT POINT THEIR GUNS

AT NGTs
GET GOT!

YOU'RE GONNA GET GOT!

YOU LET THEM NGTs GET GOT!
LYING ON THE BLACK TOP

RELYING ON THE HALL-NGTs

YOU'RE GONNA GET GOT!

GET POPPED!

GET COCKED!

YOU LET THEM NGTs GET GOT!

LET THEM NGTs GET GOT!

HALL-NGTs.

ALL THESE OTHER SUCKAS
MAKE ME SICK.

INSHALLAH, WE'VE COME
THIS FAR
THE ~~PAST~~ CAN SUCK
MY DICK.

Blessed be the VIRGIN
(Especially if she's NICE
AND THICK)

MAY YOUR FIRST TIME
BE FULL OF GRACE,

RESPECT,
AND NOT A TRICK.

FIRST COMMUNION
SACRED AS THE DAY
YOU WERE CONCEIVED.
BORN IN SIN?

NAH, THINK AGAIN:

REPENT. AND DISBELIEVE
HEAVEN LIES BETWEEN
YOUR THIGHS.

THERE LIES THE TRICK!

DECEIVED.

Holy BLOOD SHED
ONCE A MONTH
UNTIL WE NURTURE
SEED.



SONG
KEEPER

An abstract painting featuring a dark blue background densely populated with numerous small, bright orange and yellow circular dots. The dots vary in size and are scattered across the entire frame. In the lower right corner, there is a large, dark, irregular shape that resembles a silhouette of a person or a large object. The overall composition is textured and layered, with some faint, lighter blue and white brushstrokes visible beneath the dots.

THE Ritual

THE WRITING'S ON
THE WALL



Artwork by
ANGELBERT MEYER

COVER ART
&
JEWELRY DESIGN by
MELODY EHSANI

CHOCO - MY SUPERMODEL,
KITTY & SHAMBALLA!

GRAPHICS AND LAYOUT
by ROB SHERIDAN

SONIC TORMENT:
SAUL WILLIAMS, TRENT REZNER
CX KIDTRONIK
THAVIUS BECK!
ATTICUS ROSS ALAN MOORE

THANK YOU!!!

JUANITA SEALY-Williams
REV. SAUL S. Williams (RIP)

SATURN & XULY

Juliette, Joplin, WALTER
MARCIA, FATIMA, SONYA,
CHRISTINE, YAYA, NEF, DI

LISA, TIFFANY, NOUF

NANCY BEAU SIA!!!!

(my co-conspirator) SUTTER!
Rebecca

WOOD HARRIS, KWAME

NYANNINGO, Scott Smith

DUCE, WAYNE, WEUSI,

JOI (INSPIRED HALF THE ALBUM),
KEYPI... TRULY! ESSENCE!

TEASE, RASHIDA, MERVIN

MARYAM (super thank you!)

JEROME JORDAN - You ARE
THE ORIGINAL NIGGYTARDIST!

AUTUMN, WADE OSEI, ONE

ADJUA, DAKOTA, MR.

NOSEY, SUMMER, STEPHANI

McBRATH, PANCHITA,
TAMARA-KALI

THIS ALBUM COULD
NOT HAVE HAPPENED
WITHOUT:

TRENT REZNIK!

AMIRAH NOAMAN

SARA NEWKIRK

ALAN MOULDER

JENNIFER JUSTICE

JON COHEN

MARC GIGER

ERROL WANDER

EVERYONE AT
CORNERSTONE!!

THANK YOU! EVERYONE'S
CHANCE!

BRETT,

ROB, DUSTIN, BLUMPY

AND THE WHOLE
NIN CREW!

DON MULLER & JBEAU!

More thank yous!
FROSTY! IK=V!
SUSIE AND ELVIN!
CARLOS NIÑO, GARTH
TRINIDAD, MR. FRENCH,
SHAKESPEARE & AURELIO.

EVERY POET!
KATINA PARKER OR SHAMMER.

THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB,
THE BROOKLYN MOON CAFE,
LAUREL CANYON COUNTRY STORE,

EVERY STUDENT
ON EVERY CAMPUS!
THAT I VIBED WITH!
EVERYONE TAKING
THE TIME TO READ THIS!
NEWBURGH NY!
STAND UP!
NFA.

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE!
NYU GRAD ACTING
DEPARTMENT!
BAPTIST TEMPLE!
DYIN HAIRCARE.
AFRICAN PROGRAM BOARD

RECYCLE!
AFROPUNK!
LOVE!

GINA LOMINO, MIKE THE PORT
MEAT ONE, BLACK BIRD,
MEDUSA, RES, GRAPH,
BILLA!
K-OS, K'NAAN, SOLI,
CODY, MARTIN LUTHER

ALL MY FAMILY
WORLDWIDE!
DELPHINE & DENIS, MISS
EVERYONE AT
SADWILLIAMS.COM
I LOVE U ALL!

THANKS ANDREW AENOCHE!
THANKS KEMET!
CHARLOTTE GRAY!
MTV BOOKS!

INDIA ARIE. THE WORLD!
TATIANA LITVIN, VARSINI,
MIA DOI TODD,

EXSIA
MECCA!
I LOVE
U GUYS
GALS

JAMES
BROWN (RIP),
EVERYONE AT MUSICIANE!
ALISON CHAMUSSY,
EKINANOVA
CAMILLE! CORACRO!
DAVE SITK & TUOTR!



Amethyst
Rock Star
(Am I this Rock Star?)

Black History Month

Music by Thavius Beck (1001:1 Publishing/ASCAP) and Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Add. Programing by Trent Reznor
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Background vox: CX KiDTRONiK

Convict Colony

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope), Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI) and CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams

Tr(n)igger

Music by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Add. Programming by Trent Reznor
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
This track contains a sample of the recording "Welcome to the Terrordome" as performed by Public Enemy. Courtesy of The Island Def Jam Music Group under license from Universal Music Enterprises. Used by permission. All rights reserved. This composition embodies a sample of "Welcome to the Terrordome", written by K. Boxley and C. Ridenhour, published by Reach Global Songs (BMI)/Songs of Universal Inc. (BMI).

Sunday Bloody Sunday

Music: Adam Clayton, David Evans, Paul Hewson, Laurence Mullen (Universal Polygram International/ASCAP)
Lyrics: Adam Clayton, David Evans, Paul Hewson, Laurence Mullen (Universal Polygram International/ASCAP)
New arrangement by Trent Reznor
Add. Programing by Saul Williams
Vox: Saul Williams

Break

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams and Trent Reznor

NiggyTardust

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope) and CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Add. Programming by CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Background vox: CX KiDTRONiK

DNA

Music by Thavius Beck (1001:1 Publishing/ASCAP), Isaiah 'Ikey' Owens (Songs for Luna/ASCAP) and Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Keys: Ikey Owens (Songs for Luna/ASCAP)
Additional programming by: Trent Reznor, Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI), and CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams

WTF!

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope) and CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Background vox: Trent Reznor

Scared Money

Music by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Background Vocals: Xuly Azaro

Raised to be Lowered

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope) and CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Add. Programming by CX KiDTRONiK (Boykins Bar B Que Music /SESAC)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams

Banged and Blown Through

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Viola: Maryam Blackshear
Double Violin: Gingger Shankar

No One Ever Does

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Words Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams

Skin of a Drum

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Words by Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams
Background vox: Persia White

The Ritual

Music by Trent Reznor (Leaving Hope)
Words Saul Williams (Punk Rock of Gibraltar/EMI)
Vox: Saul Williams