



Song 1 - Carry the Black



Chapter 1 - Get Born

Preface:

Dearest Punter, Peer, Mate.

Thank you so much for investing the time and pennies in engaging this release, in both audio and written format. I'm trying to create something different here. Using the tools of the modern age, I'm attempting to shovel up some long lost nostalgia within this whole presentation, for you, the audience. Something that kind of takes us all back to the days when we used to froth hard on album artwork, lyrics, epic cotton, posters, the players involved, etc. just as much as the 10-grom-strong-scream-a-long in that beat up old Kombi, Vulgar Display of Power snapped off at 11, on the way to your local break to rip bongs and pull into epic slabs - before life got serious.

Might be my age or it could just be that I've seen several stages of radical change in the record industry over the last 25 years. A lot lost, a lot gained - not necessarily bad or good - just different. Real different.

Anyways. For the newbies or any existing fans of my work with Helm, Tension or Scalene, I sincerely hope you dig what I'm putting together here. I'm attempting to engage you.

Knock down some walls, get personal, get honest, and maybe a little brutal.

My lyrics and song structures. Connections. Disconnections.

And, more importantly, where it all got born.

What it means. Why it means it.



Introduction

I was born around 6am on the 10th day of the 6th month, 1976, basically dead. I came out blue, cord wrapped around the neck a couple times (9 month mosh). I ended up with a decent dose of full body meningitis and was given a 'spinal tap'. A big fuck-off needle in the back. Metal.

That's when I discovered my pipes. Along with the rest of the hospital.

There's Robbie, Lucas, Rebekah, Tobias, Jeremiah, Isaac, Benett, Alanah, Kihana. 9 kids across 4 mad-dog parents. 6 of us made it past the 6 month mark and now we're all unstoppable. Rest In Peace Robbie, Isaac & Kihana.

By the time I was 6, I'd already snapped my right arm in 3 places, near severed my big toe right to the bone, cracked my head open trying to impress some girl at Kindy, and was pulled / saved by my Old Girl from a second story window, totally convinced I could fly.

I was caught playing with, and chewing on, a pile of killer bud after spreading an oz. of her best weed all around the lounge room floor with my dog B.J and our cat.

Mum put me into guitar lessons. I lasted for half a lesson. Guitar was boring so instead, I made a spit-ball pen, shot people, threw things around the room and got kicked out. When she came to pick me up they told her to never bring me back.

I came off my 'tot rod' charging a hill, clearly too big for me, and landed vey skilfully on my front teeth.

I ran away from home in search of a mysterious 'Kang-roo' with a full biker search party in tow. (I was around the corner at Steve's house. Steve had a pet joey.)

I stepped into a bonfire at one of our house parties and fried my foot, of which there are still a few small, faint scars.

I set fire to a blanket and almost burnt our house down. I used to watch the junkies I lived with belting up in my lounge room through the crack in my door, and our home had been raided by 'The Law' twice already. The fifth or sixth home I'd lived in by then?

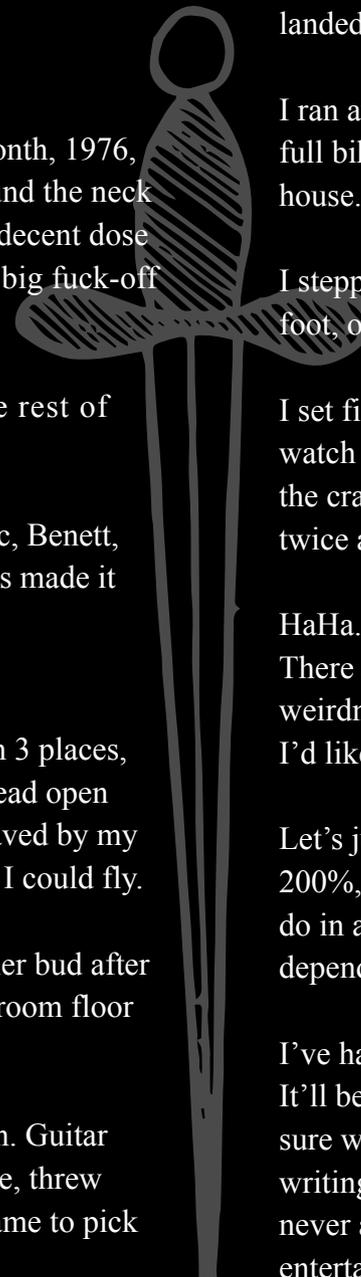
HaHa. The Law. Now there's a funny one.

There are so many situations involving drugs, crime, and general weirdness that I'm not really comfortable explaining at this stage - I'd like to keep this kind of fun; at least for now.

Let's just say that, by association and my impulse to charge at 200%, I had already experienced more life than most western adults do in a lifetime. Again, I was 6. I was on my way up, or down, depending on perspective.

I've had plans to write this book for a long time.

It'll be delivered in chapters, of which this is the first, and I'm not sure when it will end, or how long it will continue. Life is still writing itself and prior to this time right now, the head noise has never allowed it to happen. For what it's worth though, I hope it entertains and enlightens in equal measures.



I'm combining music & literature on this release, in an attempt to help you connect with how I and many other's create, and to also try to enhance the means with which we digest our art, as an audience. This is the beginning of a story of a little boy who genuinely, miraculously lived to tell the tale.

Where I grew up. What I saw. What we did. How we did or didn't get out?!

Fuck.

In all seriousness, my life and my crew's journey from childhood to Hood in Wollongong Australia was littered with the kind of action that Hollywood film makers have been trying to embody since the inception of the Bad-Boy stereo type.

Here's what they fail to tell you; when it's truly hard, truly fucked, and truly out of control, you don't make it.

You don't become a rock star. You ain't a baller.

You get forgotten.

People stay away.

You lose friends.

You're scum. A cretin. A criminal. A thief. A scammer. A violent, filthy, lying parasite.

You scrape through, go to jail or die. You're flat out making it out of bed, if you were lucky enough to make it into a bed in the first place.

When you're born into that life you spend the rest of your days trying to claw your way out. It's not 'cool'. You cry yourself to sleep every night wishing you would die when you got there. You wind up at the end identifying everyone else's bottom as your top.



Creativity is the most positive out I could ever muster up.

You might hate my music, you might love it. It'll come out regardless.

It doesn't fit into a box, and that brings discomfort to a lot of people.

I think I like that.

It's a challenge.

If that changes, I guess I've stopped doing what I love.

My intention throughout the duration of whatever it is I'm doing here, is to attempt to give back, using my story. I will touch on topics and hopefully offer some form of resolve that may be of a benefit to some of you. e.g. Identity, Mental Illness, Racism, Sexuality, Abuse, Violence, Drugs & Addiction, Spirituality, Success, Failure, Relationships etc. coping in general.

I just want to be a good human.

MUSIC.

I was obsessed with sound. My Mum and the whole family on her side were all decent musicians, so I was exposed in the best way possible. So much music. Born in '76, I fell into the best time, and Mum was cool as shit so only the sickest LP's existed in her collection. She sang in a punk band when I was a little kid. Pretty sick effort for a classically trained pianist and singer with an incorruptible ear.

I'd get dragged along to the pubs while she played. A screaming punk-as-fuck Mum, 70's space invaders machines, chicken chips, and cranky publicans were my thing. Loved it.



VIOLENCE.

I was introduced to boxing by a family friend when I was around 5. By the age of 7-8, I was unwillingly forced to take up my first martial art, Kyokushin. A very traditional Japanese Karate with super hard, old world training methods.

I was pricking it out hard at school, getting the cane a lot, detention everyday, spending more time outside the classroom than in. My Godfather, Kenny, (a bogan Bruce Lee with a sawn-off or seven), told my Mum, "I know a guy who will sort him out..."

Enter Sensei Hunt. I very quickly developed a staunch love and respect for combat, physical violence, and that exquisite feeling of smashing your bones into another's bones. I loved to win and was scared fuckless of losing, so I attacked everyone like the last time, every time. I went on to achieve a lot through the fighting arts. On the floor, and in life. No bragging rights here, though. Training filled a lot of holes for me then and still does, 35 years later. Just in case you're yearning more therapy and need a recommendation: hit something.



GOD?

I remember the first time I masturbated to orgasm I felt like I was committing the ultimate sin, and that I was being cursed with some kind of sickness. Didn't know what it was, just knew it was naughty.

I was getting yelled at by God? For mine, I understand what God is now, and why we have a need for that presence upstairs, but that's another argument and it has fuck all to do with religion or the word God.

I died when I was 22.

I'd dropped a few times on the gear, but never like this.

12 minutes gone.

4-5 minutes out of being revived, my dealers' wife watched me choke on my dying breaths and pass right over.

Nothing.

Saw nothing. Felt nothing.

Wish I had a more exciting story to tell, but I don't lie.

No white light, no after-life consciousness.

I was dead. Got revived. Then I was alive again.

First face I saw was my dealers daughter. She was standing at my feet, crying because 'Lukey' wouldn't wake up.

I'm so sorry kid.

Mr Ambulance man made me count his fingers.

Within 2 hours I had another needle in my arm.

My affliction with the dark is pure and true. I find comfort in the colour black. I believe people don't celebrate death enough and, to their own detriment, refuse to embrace the 'end of a cycle' with absolutely everything and anything. It's infuriating for me. You win, when you lose.

This leads me to my songs and the reason you're reading this now, me sitting here at 40, on a personal mission to set myself free. My songs have always been plagued by an apocalyptic view on humanity. A love for the end and a need for growth. Totally destructive patterns set the scene, but almost always find a resolve in the solace born of my comfort that it will all end. It'd be fair to say that I dislike what we are more than I like it. We are all here for a few simple reasons and very few of us live any of them out.

Live like you're dying, because you are.

This first song is a good way to start at the bottom. A nice opener and something that has afforded me the head-space to begin this little journey. I hope you enjoy where it takes us both, wherever it may be, because I'm scared as hell.

“Carry the Black”

A rock song with a black soul. A metaphor for the shadows we carry with us, trudging through this swamp of mistakes and bad decisions in the hope of reaching something beautiful. Sometimes the beautiful is the ocean we're drowning in - just gotta learn to swim and, in turn, learn to love the swim.

I channel pure human evil for this one. It's not nice. It uses satanic imagery and dialogue as the best depiction of the metaphor, relative and contradictory to two of my most hated facets of humanity - organised religion and forced governance.

In short, this song is about buckling to all of it. About giving in and living with the pure disdain for our weakness as a species. We are forced to live with, and even enjoy, everything we hate the most just to survive this mess. Totally goes against our natural state of being and where we're supposed to position ourselves. But we do it anyway.

‘We are so far south from everywhere, but this is where we dwell, from here on in’.

Enjoy.

Carry the Black / Lineup:

Drums / Guitars: Lucas Stone

Bass: Simon Reys

Vocals: Lucas Stone

Guest Vocals: Leigh 'Fish' Dowling, Colin Jeffs.

Recorded by Zachary Hylton at Loose Stones Studios - Gold Coast, QLD, Australia.

Mixed & Mastered by Matt Bartlem

Videography by Tyse Lee @ [SHOTBYTYSE]

Chapter 1 - 'Get Born' by Lucas Stone.

'Goat Head' Artwork by Craig Riley, Danger Zone Tattoo - Fitzroy, Melbourne Australia.

Design and Layout by Rick Trewavas @ Crossroad Creative

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Guest Profiles

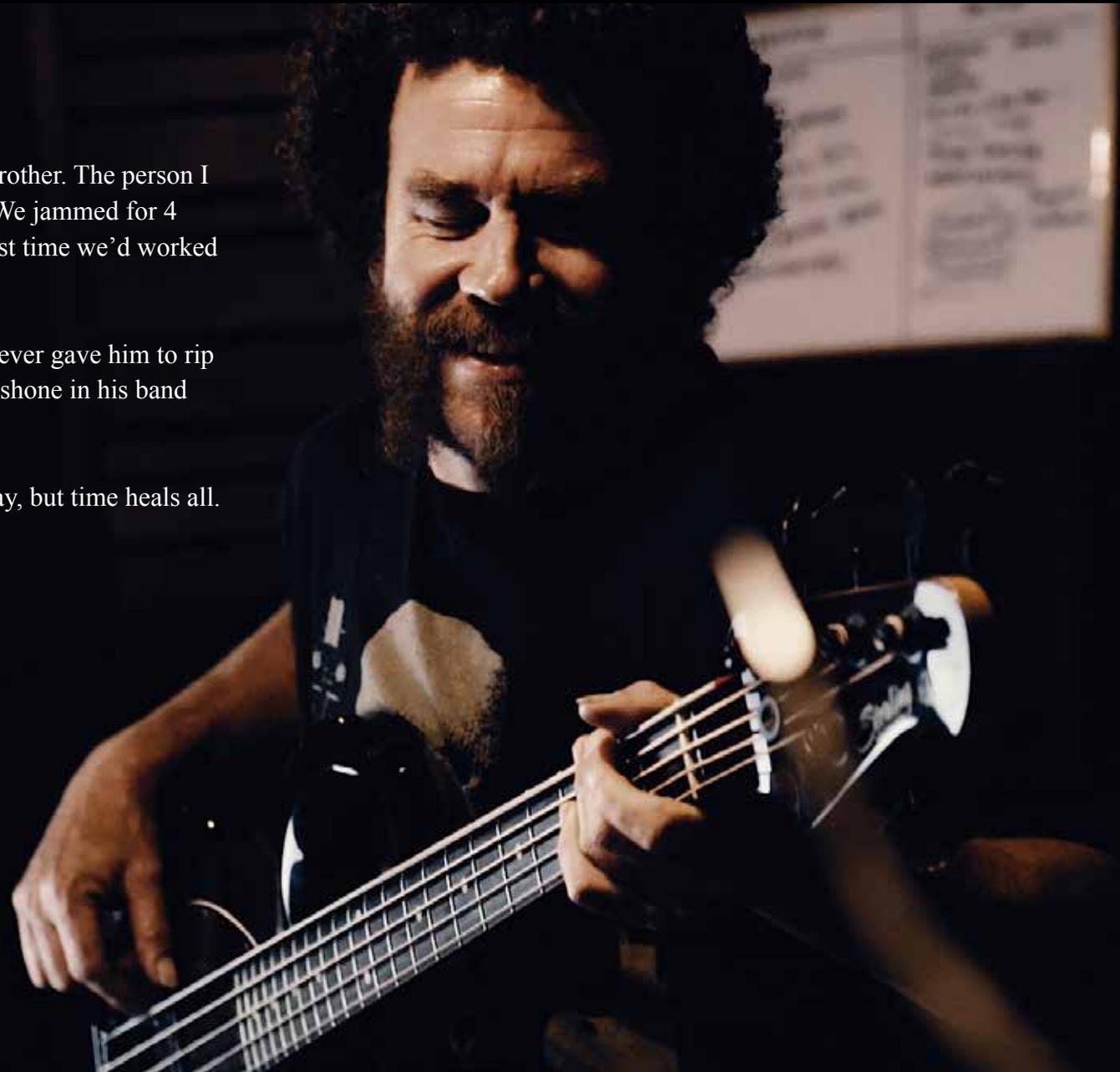
Bass: Simon Reys

My favourite bass player in the land. My space brother. The person I started playing music with almost 30 years ago. We jammed for 4 hours the day before this recording. It was the first time we'd worked on a project since 1997.

He rips on this, as he always did on everything I ever gave him to rip on. Scalene was our main brainchild, but he also shone in his band after us, 'Born of a Jackal'. Rock dogs.

We should never have stopped. Life got in the way, but time heals all.

Thank you, Brother.



Guest Profiles

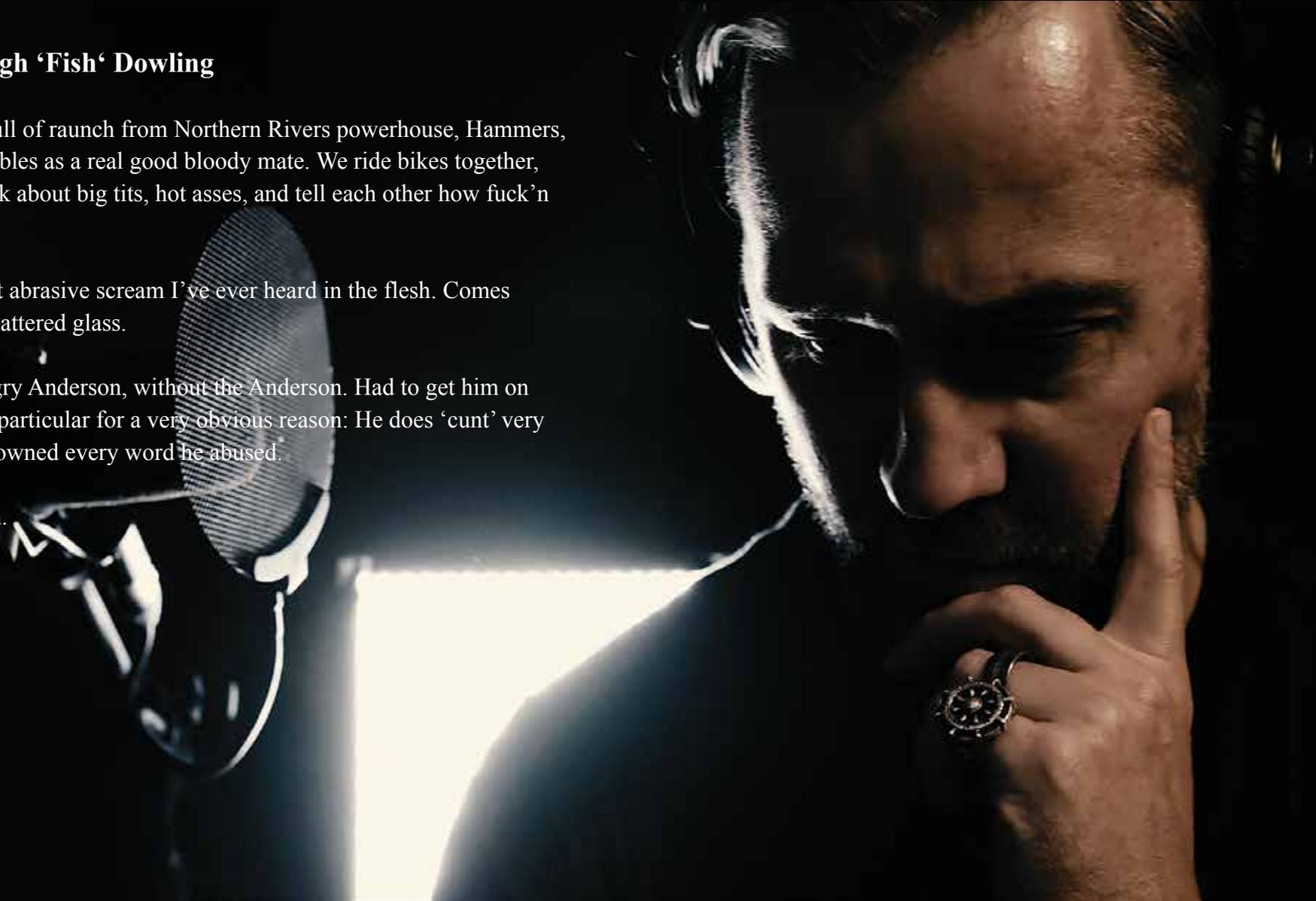
Vocal: Leigh 'Fish' Dowling

The throat full of raunch from Northern Rivers powerhouse, Hammers, and also doubles as a real good bloody mate. We ride bikes together, suck tins, talk about big tits, hot asses, and tell each other how fuck'n rad we are.

Has the most abrasive scream I've ever heard in the flesh. Comes down like shattered glass.

Imagine Angry Anderson, without the Anderson. Had to get him on this track in particular for a very obvious reason: He does 'cunt' very well and he owned every word he abused.

Thanks, Fish.



Guest Profiles (cont.)

Vocal: Colin Jeffs

This guy. Makes the Energiser bunny look dead. Literally has the heaviest set of pipes in the country and has one of my favourite heavy vocal tones in the world. No shit. I've never seen a dude throw more 'body' into a scream than this goat. Also, a real close mate. We go back a ways now. Big respect. We know how to disagree and be real happy about it. He has built a decent rep over the years for various efforts on the pro circuit, but is best known for his brilliant work on early Aversions Crown releases and his new, testicle-crushing outfit, Tongues. Colin, thanks, top job.

All in all, very lucky and grateful to have these three legends appear first up on this release.

Thanks again, lads.



Carry the Black - Lyrics:

Vocals: Lucas Stone (LS or unmarked)
Guest Vocals: Leigh 'Fish' Dowling (F), Colin Jeffs (CJ) '+' = Additional

This isn't natural,
I fucking hate it all.
So disconnected and oh so small. (+F)

Disarmed by a madness,
So much blood in the water, (+F)
Too infected to even crawl.. (+F)

Our way to the grave.
Just one more shovel load.
Bury the key to rebellion and leave no trace. (+F)

I ain't your slave,
Not one more shovel load. (+F) All because I can.
And you know.

That I bring chaos
A subtle step toward the fued
Like we needed to know

A breathless lung to breathe for you.
This begins right now.
A hate so sick it will make you age.
Don't you dare, ask me how.

Remove your tongue to trade pity for rage.

Carry the Black - Lyrics:

To you, straight from hell
I travelled life times, so you'd never forget why I came.
I am the flood you fear. (+F)
The blood for the scar. (+F)
And you will choke on the sound of my name. (+F on 'name')

I breathe chaos (+F)
You only wanted to let go
Like I needed the truth
A wreckless hand to guide me through you.

This never ending sound
Is a deafness spawned by my endless rage.

I channel it... oh so loudly
No one will ever leave this space the same.
I draw the blood from your ears.
Tear the sight from your eyes.
As you drop to your knees in shame.

I'll still hate you as my last love forms.
(F) Death to you. (F) (+LS, +CJ)
Living my death, into you. (F)

By sunrise you will be re-born. (F)
But the sun won't rise for you.
For you will carry the black... (+F, +CJ) Carry the black. (CJ)

Carry the Black - Lyrics:

Carry the Black (LS)

You cannot kill my hate for you. (CJ)
I never wanted so much from nothing. (LS)
I'll take it all from you. (LS & CJ)
and watch you perish at the feet of my shadow, as I re-move
(CJ) ev-er-y ounce of your 21 grams of a... (LS)
...shit heap, pointless, piss weak waste of a soul, I own you.
(LS & CJ)

We are so far south from everywhere.
This is where we dwell from here on in.
You cannot be heard from anywhere.
No version of hell compares to this.

It's all so natural
We're fucking lovin' it all (+F, +CJ)
This wasn't natural
But now I never wanna get rid of this taste for war. (+F, +CJ)

