Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

Craig Bakalian

Flute, Cello, Double Bass, and Voice

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Foreword

Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down is a satirical mocking or imitation of music that accompanies computer video games. There are ten pieces of music in this series with each one prepended by a short poem. Music alone cannot project satire or sarcasm. The poem provides context for the satire of the music which is an imitation of the banality of video game music. Often, the poems in and of themselves, become a satire of video game narratives. This series, being a top ten count down, is numbered ten to one, with number one being the top of the list and the best. The titles, poems, music and subject matter are purely fictional, meaning none of these video games exist. Any reference to an existing video game is by coincidence.

I have always enjoyed and appreciated artful language. I am not a poet. While composing this music, I took the liberty of pretending to be a poet. I did my best to conjure the status quo video game narratives with a constant mocking, exaggerating, and teasing of the stories in video game software that is marketed to youth. The reality of computer code driving an automaton video screen as the back-end to mainly myth based stories serving as a front-end was a constant source of humor and amusement during my writing of the enclosed poems. Mankind's endless effort to make each other believe that something is there that is not there was the basis for all of these poems. It is the extension of this illusion into our modern computer systems I find spectacular. This illusion renders our so-called modern high technology world as nothing different from our primitive attempts to communicate. The echo chamber, the primitive shaman shouting into the forest to hear it echo back; the echo being the voice of the forest, is no different from the vast echo of information on networked computers of the internet. There is no wonder as to why video game authors chose mythic narratives for front-ends of their sterile computer code; to be echo, to be looked at, and to be capital.

Some of the poems became free associations into an exaggerated state of black comedy. The Four Axes is an example where my train of thought flowed to the persona of a skin head call of duty culture where the world of facism is hailed and often worshipped. In no way do I promote such ideals. Violence is not a valid form of self-expression on any level. I find it a psychological wonder as to how easily anyone's mind can wonder into the fantasy of violence, even peaceful liberated minds.

Once the context of the game was conjured in a poem, it was simple for me to create the music for that context. I did considerable internet research of video game music along with other popular forms of music that accompany visual narratives (TV) to create a status quo music syntax in my audiation. I subsequently imitated and varied this syntax to create a more formally developed music structure which will hopefully work in a concert hall setting. The trick was to keep the banal repetitive approach of status quo video game music and at the same time inject musical invention. Too much invention destroyed the banality, and subsequently the humor or satire was lost.

The instrumentation of flute, cello, double bass, and voice is not arbitrary. This formation came about because of a call-for-scores contest from a chamber group called Project Trio in New York City. During the composition of this work I imagined myself reading the poetry and singing the vocal part of the last piece. Writing this work was pure pleasure for me. It was written during the snows of January, February, and March where each week was devoted to the composition of a single movement and the writing of its partner poem. It was fun to play the role of a snooty academic composer who looks down upon trivial forms of musical expression... I am joking of course! Slapping out one of these pieces a week was extremely fun! Composing music, gardening and family are the only things that keeps me sane.

Craig Bakalian
March 23, 2015

Performance Recommendations

The most difficult task for the performers of this music series is to create the banal electronic midi small paper cone speaker sound from acoustic instruments. I strongly recommend that the performers of this music familiarize themselves with the world of video games music and the culture surronding it. This is easily done via internet search engines. The echo chamber of the internet has freely distributed vast ammounts of video game music along with blogs of people proclaiming its glory.

The trick is to give a concert audiance an artful music experience and at the same time project the humor of the uninventive music found in video games. Think of it as fully trained world class chef serving macaroni and cheese with hot dogs; it has to be both comfort food and a full culinary flavorful experience. The next trick is pure executive skill; replicating the rapid driving tempi that a computer chip can wail. I urge the performers to use fast tempi when called for, however, fully breathe because you are not a machine. Don't attempt to win a sprint against a motorcyle in your best running shoes. Don't do the John Henry thing! Just have fun with these pieces. You must project a fun filled persona. Below is a listing of individual performance recommendations. And please ensure that you read the poem before the performance of each piece.

Crow Vs. Squirrel

This piece is a basic rock tune structure. The main theme is in the cello with the flute projecting a drum set sound. I write harmonics on the flute differently than most composers; the solid note at the base of the harmonic is the fingering note, the diamond shape note or notes above are the harmonic note to be projected or sounded. The flutist should or may make the harmonics as multi-harmonic as possible. The double bass drives this piece with the opening syncopation. The trio should follow the double bass in this piece.

Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

This piece is straight forward. The opening should have the sound of a western saloon piano; light and galloping. It wanders off into a more intense feeling, then really kicks into a lilting western Gene Autry style.

Bleeeeeep!

This piece requires the flutist to play only the flute headjoint and altering pitch using his or her pinky or finger to slide inside the open end of the headjoint, like a slide whistle. Measure 32-33 is an example of a full seventh trill which is produced by using the palm of your hand to open and close the end of the flute headjoint. There are plenty of glissandos required to imitate that bleeping sound of the most primitive of video games; that traveling thing that munches other things to get points. The flutist should not attempt intonation precision on this piece. Go with the flow and do your best. A finger slide in a headjoint is not going to be precise. I do have concerns as a composer about some of the double stops in this work. Please play the bottom note if the double stop is not possible. The second time of the Da Capo, do not perform repeat bars.

Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

This piece is not straight forward. The opening should be played as an improvised expression. It should be worked out as starting slow and calm with a gradual building to a fast and frantic texture resolving into the 6/4 measure. Regardless of the lack of meter of the opening texture, careful cueing should be rehearsed to build a dramatic feeling of anticipation. Given the swishy harmonic sul ponticello of the cello and bass, the flute should lead the acceleration. The cello and bass should accelerate the frequence of the peaks and valleys of the glissandi. The flute part at measure 10 is what I call a harmonic trill. The flutist should trill the fingerings as written and use his or her embouchure to create the tones. It is an effect, but make it fit into the narrative and flow of the music.

Kung Fu Kats

This piece is a pentatonic expression, the beautiful five tones. The flutist should familiarize him or herself with Dizi performance. The cellist should familiarize him or herself with Erhu performance. The Very Fast, Lively section needs to flow like water. Do not underestimate the difficulty of this music because of the pentatonic tonality. Breathing is difficult for the flutist in this piece. The bass needs to articulate pizzicato glissandi.

King Monitor Lizard, Our Royal Highness

This music is an imitation of Pygmy music. It is not satirical. The cello and bass should tap the body of their instruments with their hands to produce percussion. The cello and bass share the same rhythmic patterns throughout the piece to produce the effect of a communal and tribal percussion circle. The cellist and bassist may choose to use a different instrument to produce the percussive timbre. The performers are free to choose, but undestand that you should create a primitive tribal drum sound. There is a flute cadenza that creates a hysterical expression with exaggerated hyper-breathing while playing harmonics. Please be cautious while producing this effect. Don't pass out, but come close --- you are the island shaman of the universe, self destruction and hedonism is the way to eternity. Also, you need to take the headjoint off the flute body and play the flute body as if it were a trumpet. This reaks havoc on intonation, so forget about tonality. Finger, buzz your lips like a crazy person.

NYPD Bull Dogging

You need to listen to cop show music to understand this style. This music has that overly generic commericalized jazz sound. The syncopations must be projected in the meter notated; 3+3+2. I used dashed barlines to assist the performer in feeling the metric syntax. The 2 of the 3+3+2 should lead into the 3+3. I hope that makes sense. Do your best to give it that big band sound.

Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

I love this piece, don't mess up its simplicity! It is Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star backwards. I worked for many years as a public school music teacher. I worked next to many a Ms. Rhinoceros. And, oddly, I think there is some sub-personality deeply embedded into the recesses of my personality where my alter-ego contains Ms. Rhino.

The Four Axes

This music started out as mocking the music of call of duty type first person shooter video games. It became an adventure into the world of skin head music. This is the most banal of all the pieces on the list, and you should perform this work as banal as you can make it. Make it a mosh pit as best you can. The middle section ventures into the world of German beer hall music combined with that uber-alles Nazi march. It should come off as a military

march which oddly flows into the Halls of Montezuma US Marine's battle march (an out of tune version).

Computer Duck

The humor is dark in this music. I, as a composer, am mocking that sugary sweet sound of children's music cranked out by our dominant contemporary music industry, all the while I had fun playing with this style. The instruments should perform as basic accompaniment; primarily being in the background of the vocalist. The texture at measure 39 is wild and should sound awkward and crazy. The vocalist needs to create a hissy cratchity sound out of the side of his or her mouth; it is a hissy duck sound at measure 54. I am insecure about some of the triple stops in the cello. Please remove any tones that are unplayable. If possible, roll the triple stops. The music in tonality and phrasing is very simple. Even though it has a popular sugary quality to it, it still has its expressive merits. This quality of expression is explained in the forward; I hope to serve comfort food with a flavorful culinary art. The lyrics explains the piece, the selection of the best video game music leads to a religious identity crisis along with the making of a god in a inter-connected network experience of lost physical presence. Our physical presence is lost in the remote signals of telphone wires.

Top Ten Video Game Music Slap Down!

it is important to know who is the best

"ya' know god is dog spelled backwards" *Harold Flubart, Jenkintown Elementary School, 1969*

Behold, the beatific ascent to blue ribbon acclaim
all direct your eyes, ears, and nose
to a gradual counting down of ten to Adam
Tones, rhythms, meters, keys, melodies and harmonies
that comfort the high pressure of man versus machine advisarial
the muse which encourages the mind to a motivation past dominance

A trip through the brain pleasures unwind the ear flavors
Sloshed, swished, and slurped, over and around all parts of tongue
a palette of sonic deliciousness, dry, expressive, fat, hard or heavy
And we, meaning I, or we, not them, those others, must adjudicate,
filter each pagent entry: popular and un, white and gray, curves sensual and ascetic,
the right, pure moralistic, evaluation that anoints out from the commonplace
And I, meaning we, shall rise to occasion.

Resting of gluts for you, for we, I, no it is we the sovereign
of pantheon of the sky and beyond shall inform the globe
of everthing you and they need to know in, for, about, involving and
revolving to the finest with nothing ordinary, the momement,
the flirting must end, the boundry must break, for my, our, it
horrid insecurities of who I, we, I actually am, are have and will becometh
to the ceiling of game music video

starting with number ten, Crow V. Squirrel

Crow Versus Squirrel

Suburbia: a battle for street trash

Into the bowels of black roads winding
muddled middle class humaniod food tossed,
lost, disgarded, rerouted, festooned with
maggots and grubs, egg shells with coffee mud
packed down, flattened by war wheels of rubber

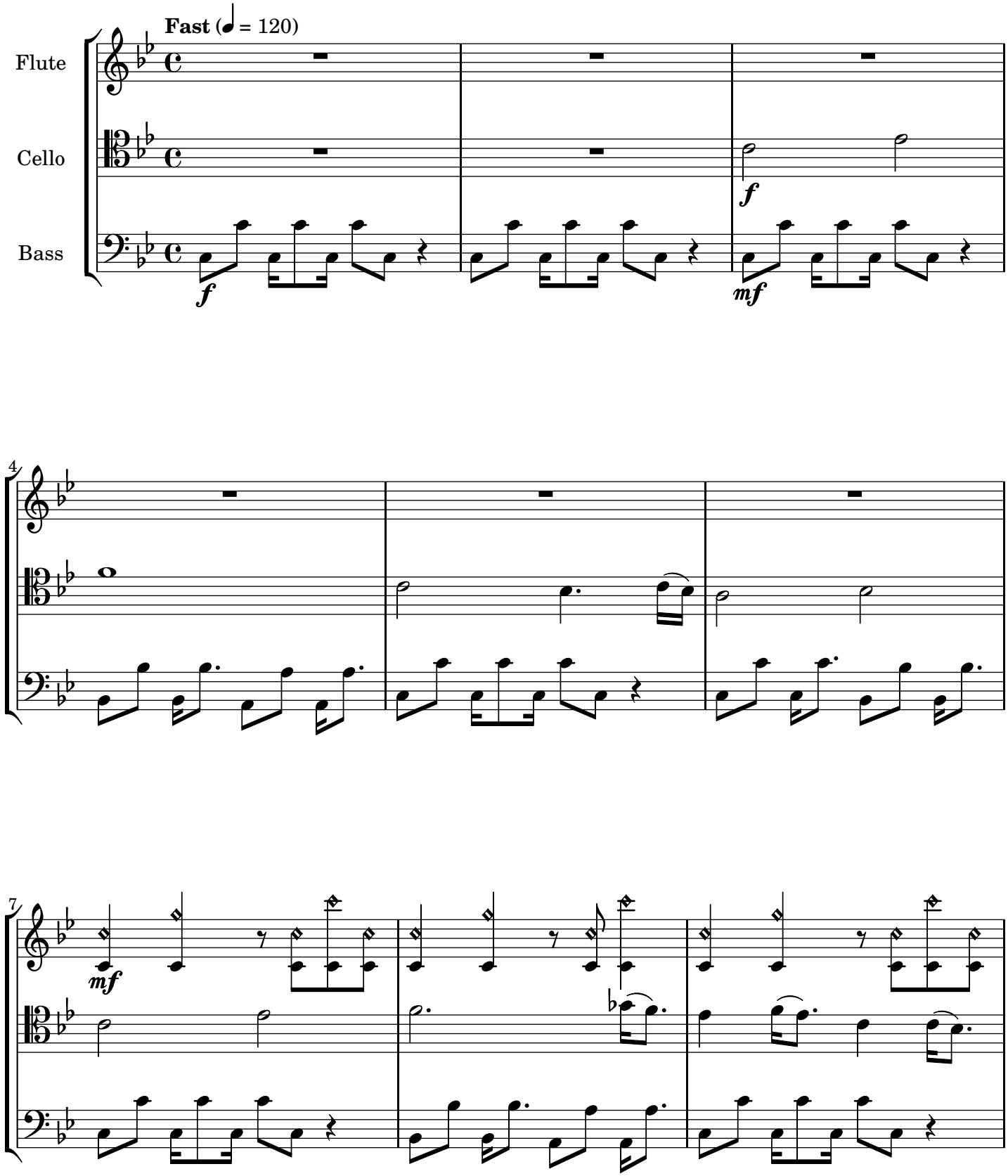
Behold, the talents of the sun god Ra
Black and Gray, feather and fur, air and land
deals were made in prehistory;
Ra gave Blacky a chisel beak
Ra gave Furry twenty daggars, four times five

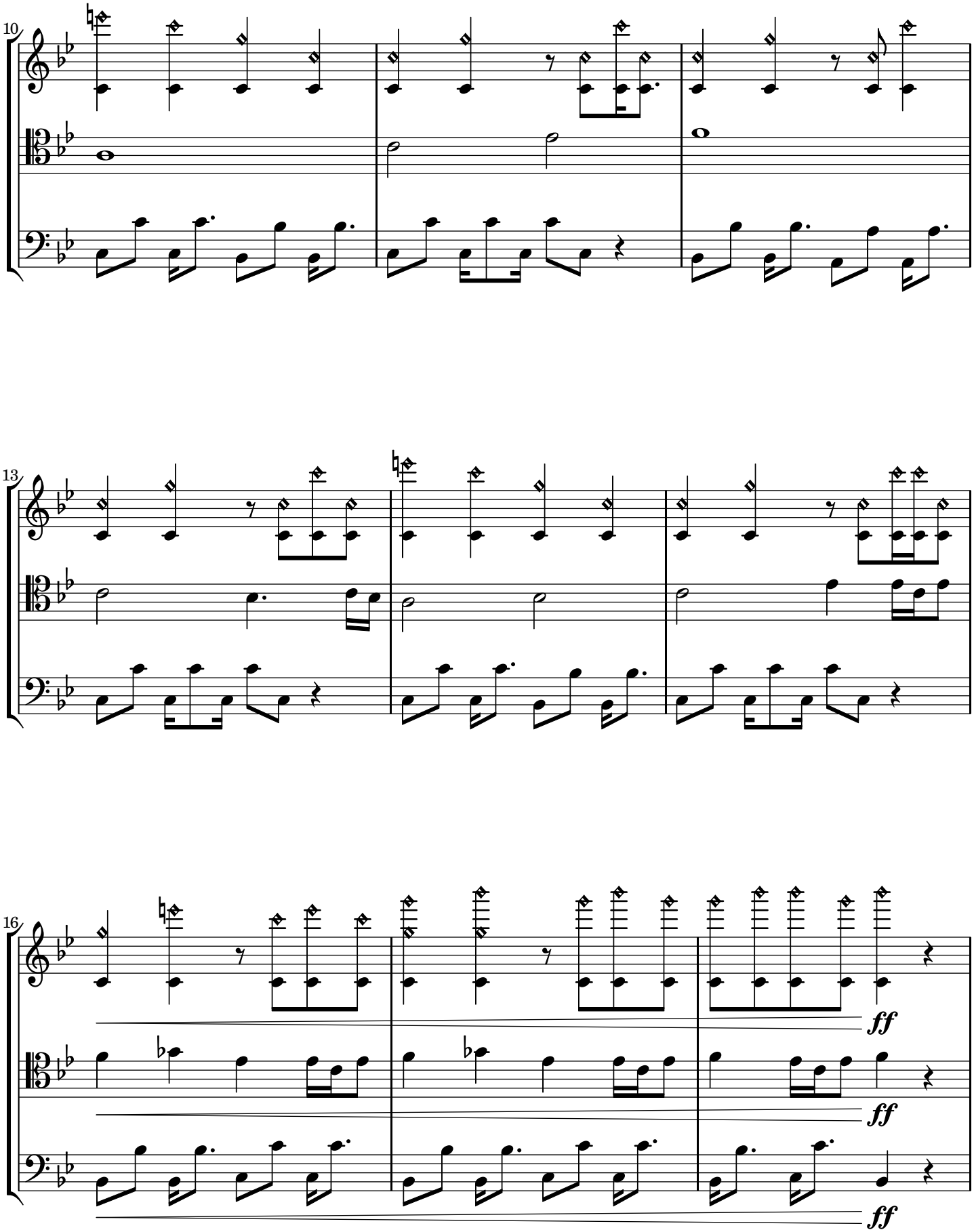
Ancient gladiators of Ra meet on the street
territorial rights with an all out assault.
Energy, force, powers, primative dark ritual
the quest for calories as claims of progeny
There is no way or how to undo damages.

Crow Versus Squirrel

Suburbia: a battle for street trash

Craig Bakalian

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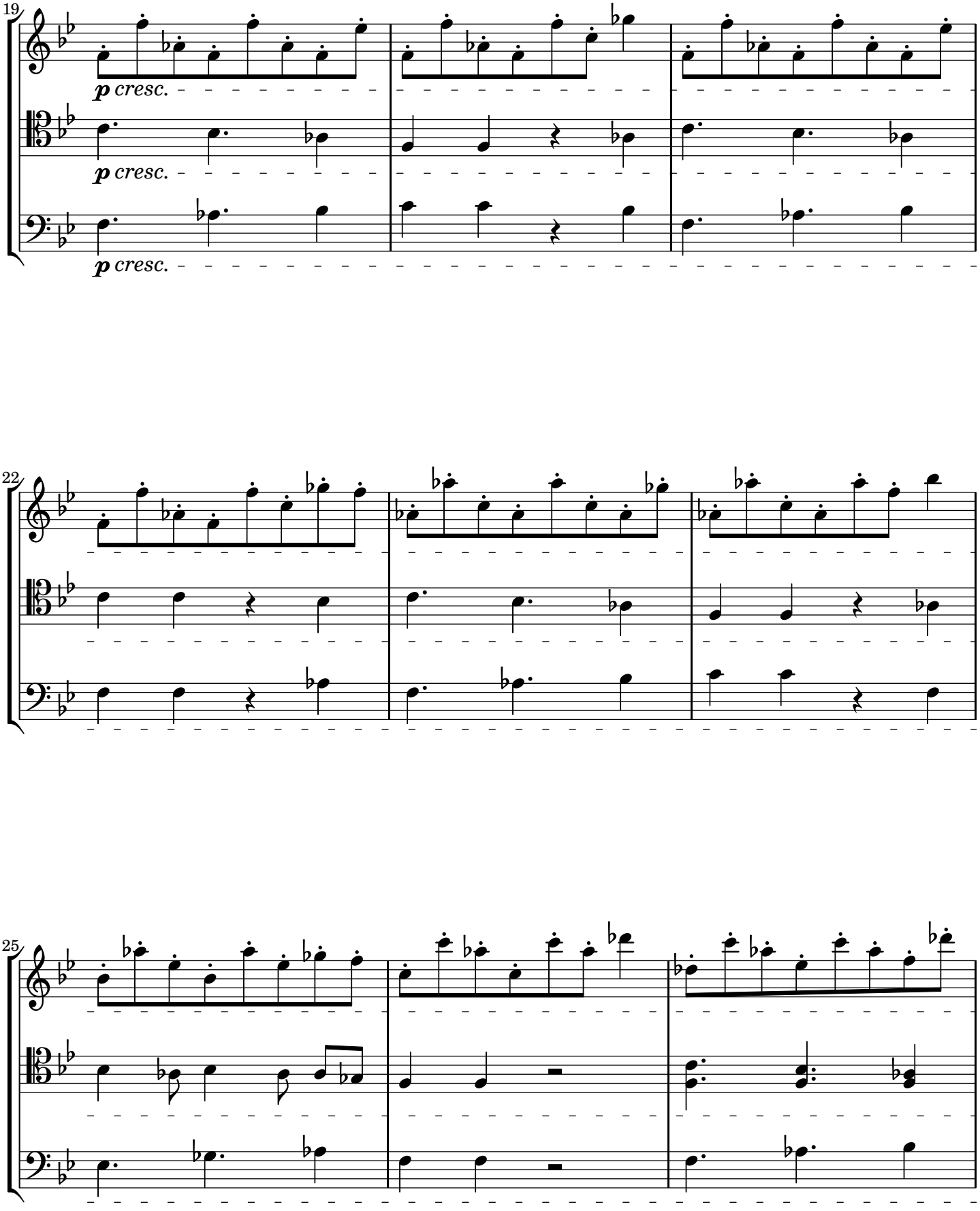
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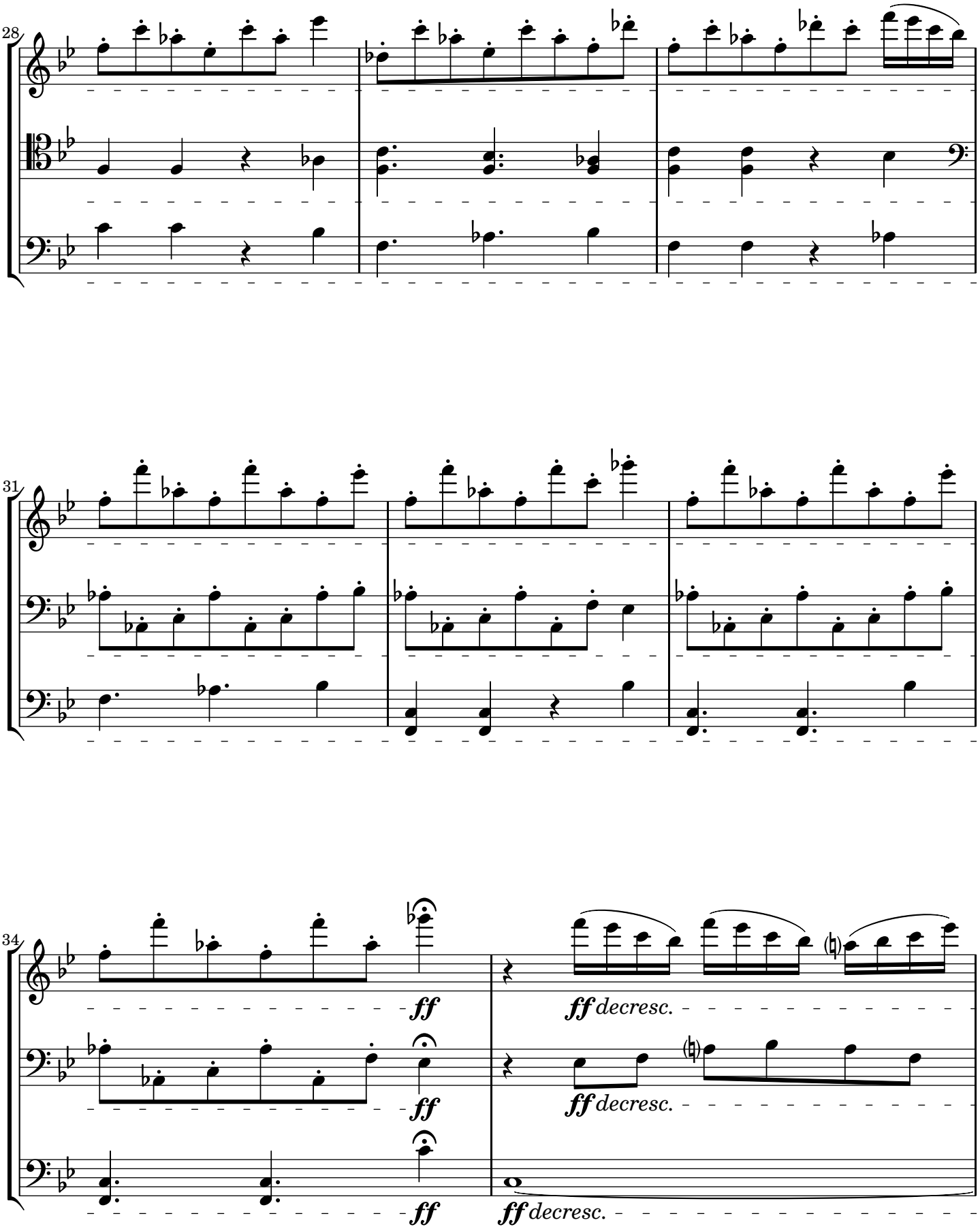
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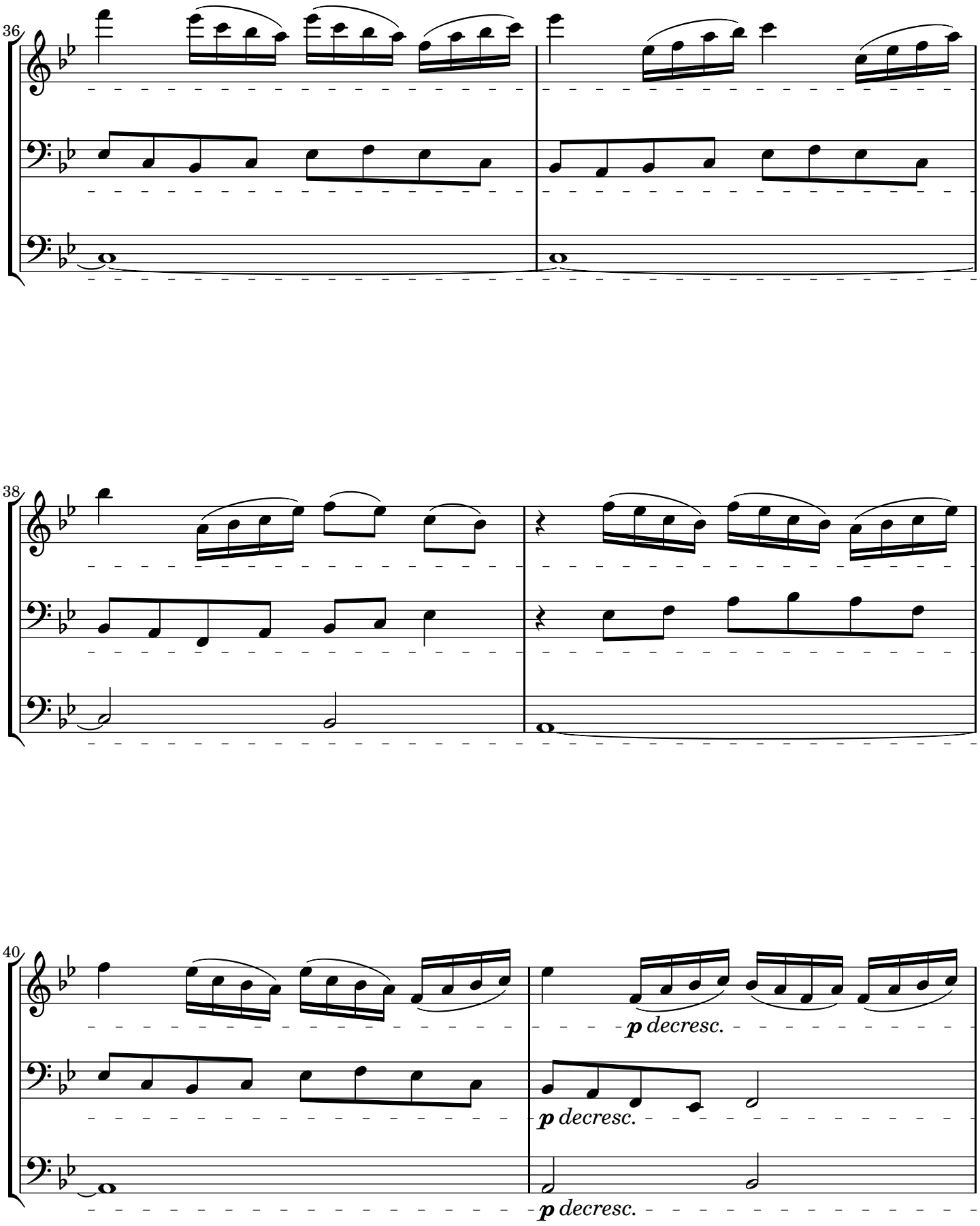
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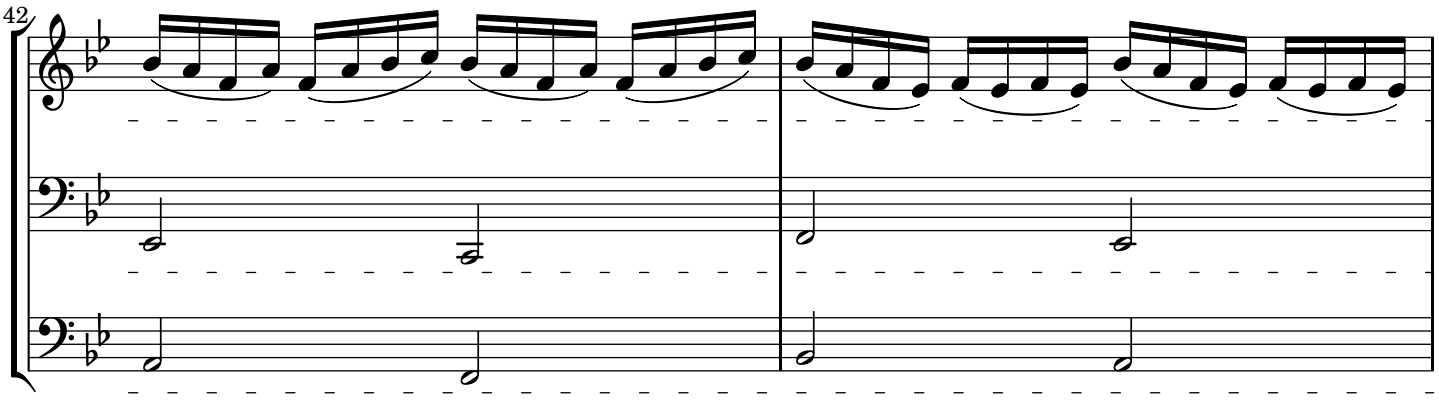

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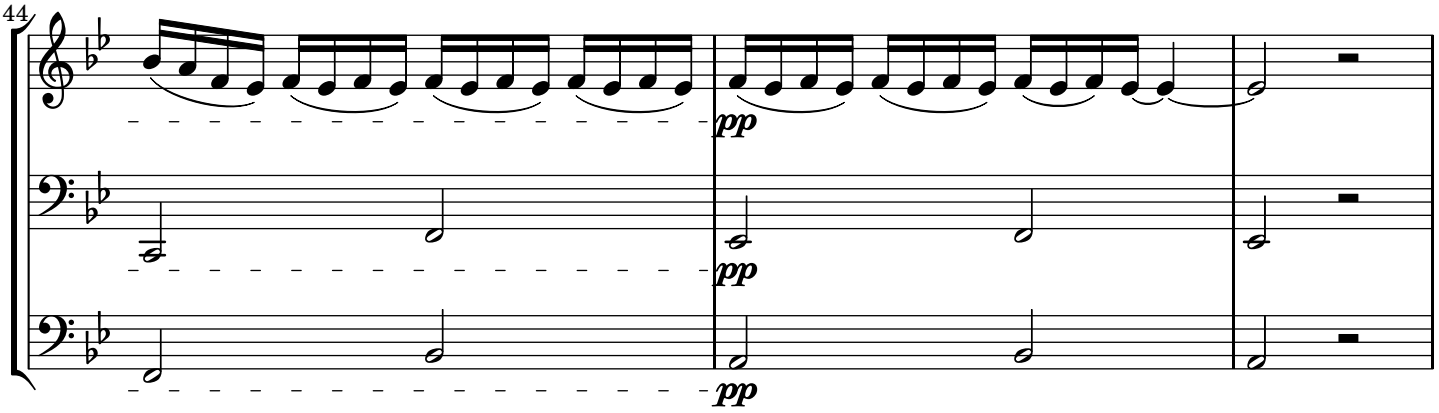

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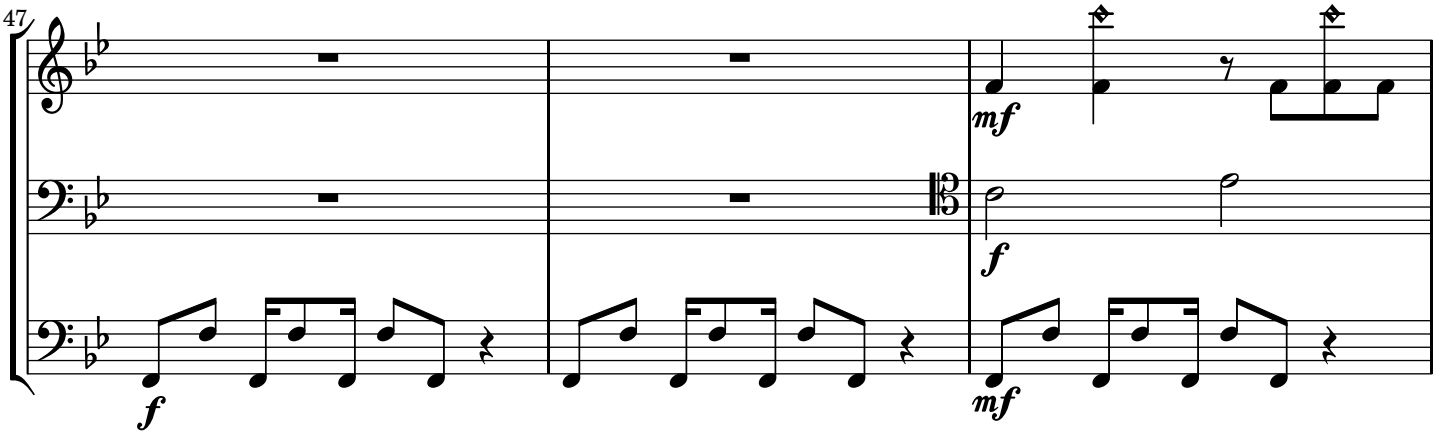

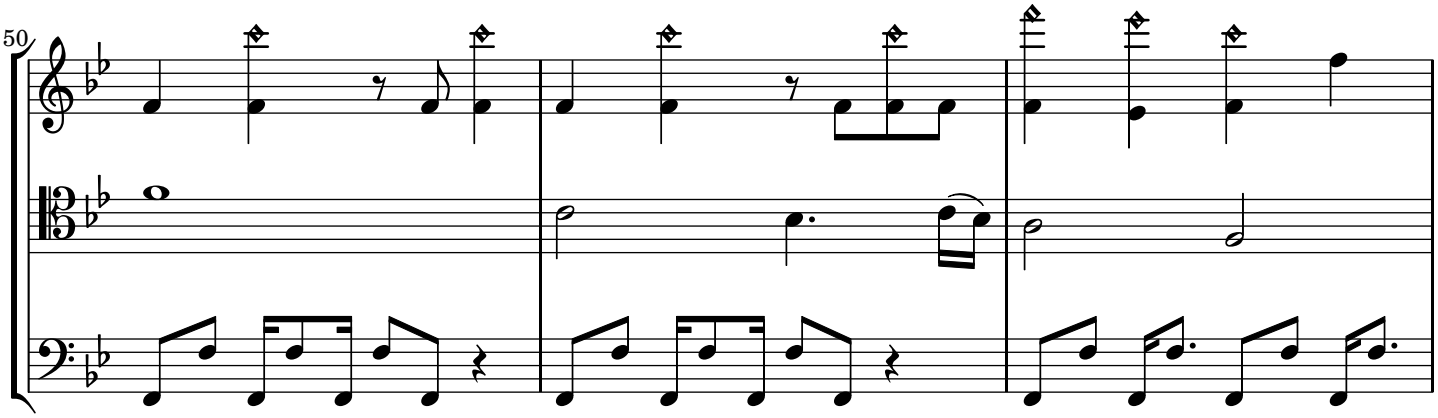
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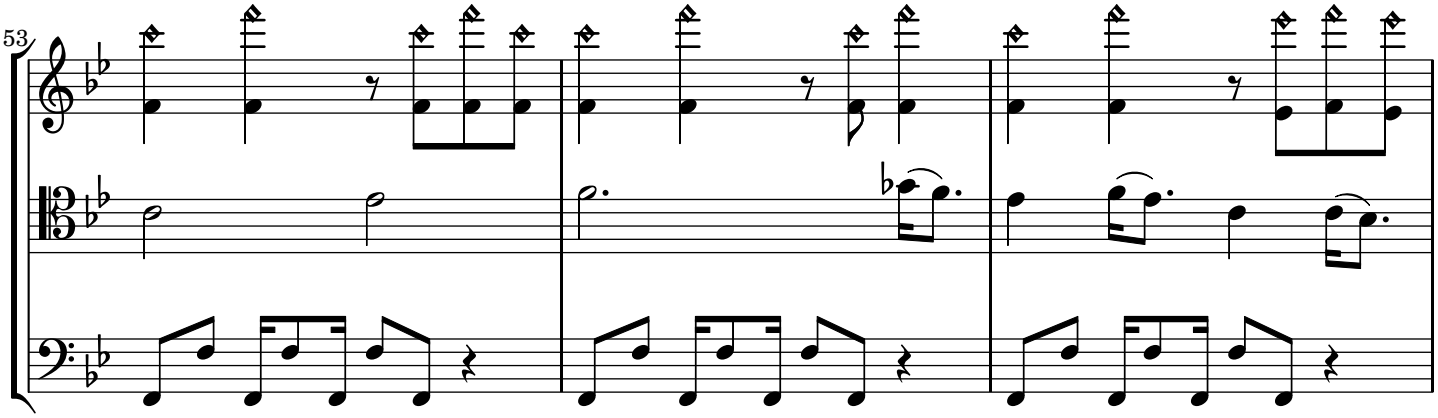
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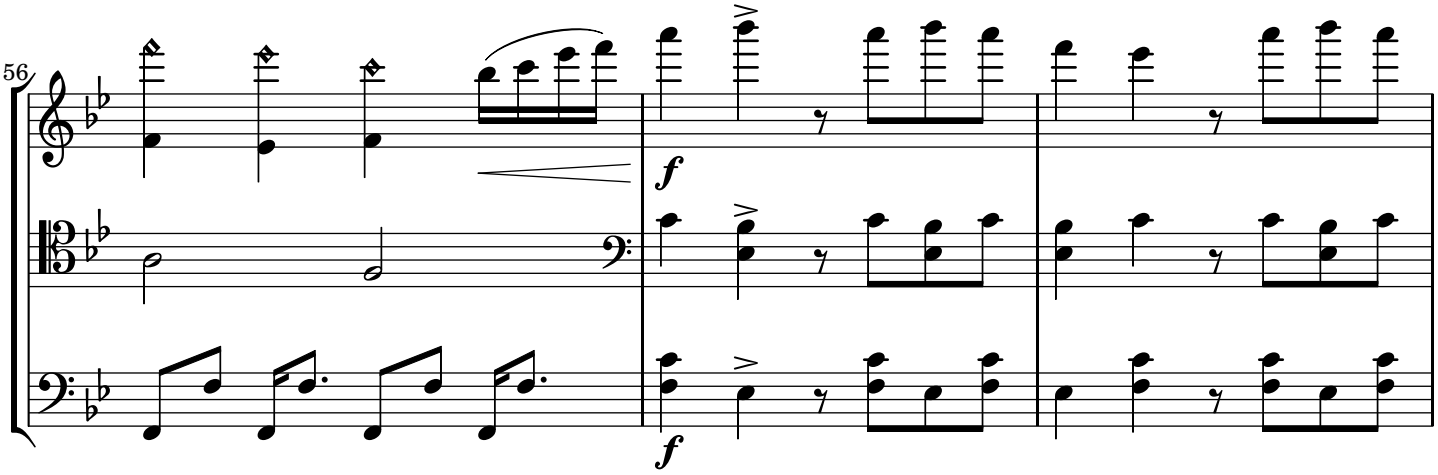
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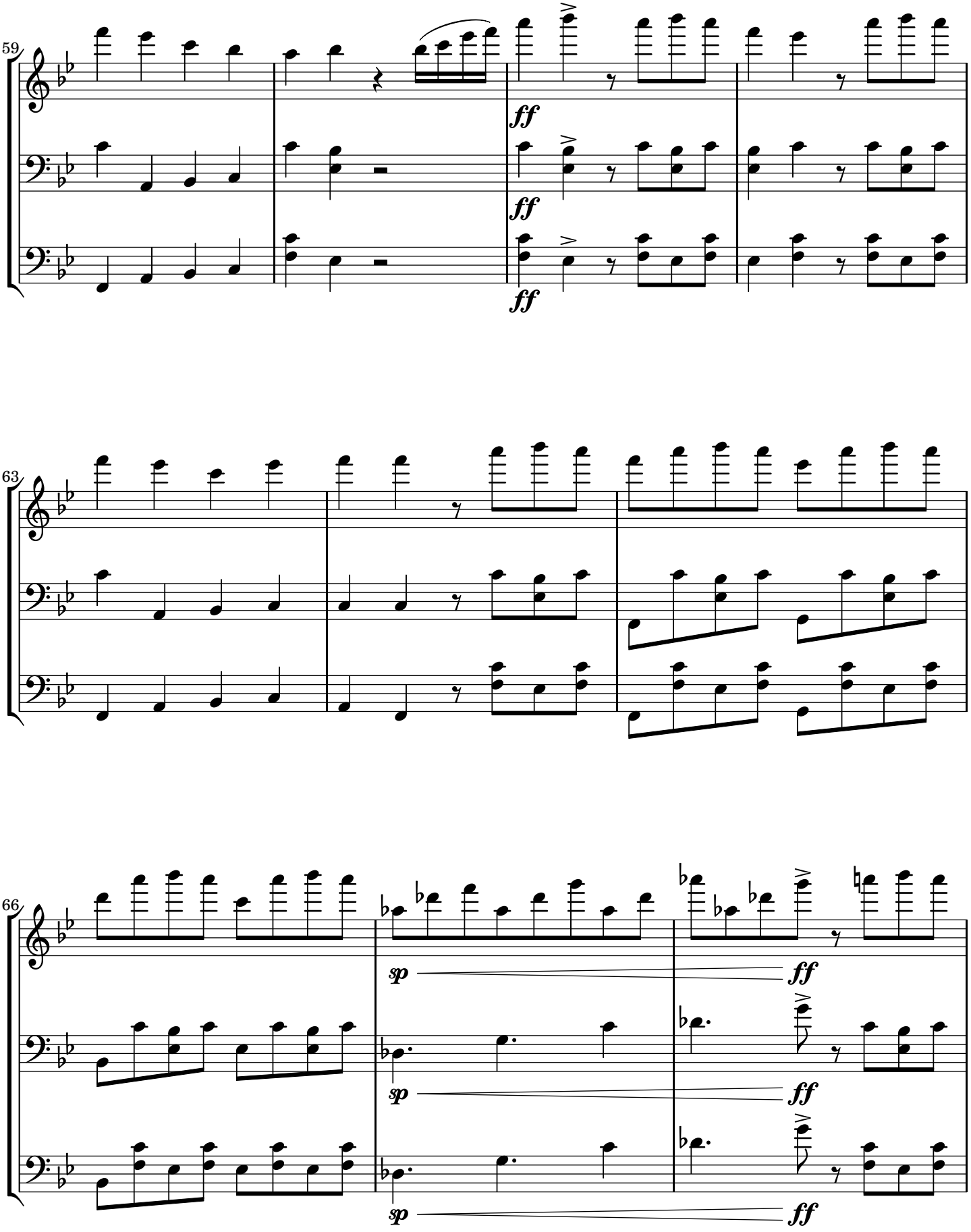
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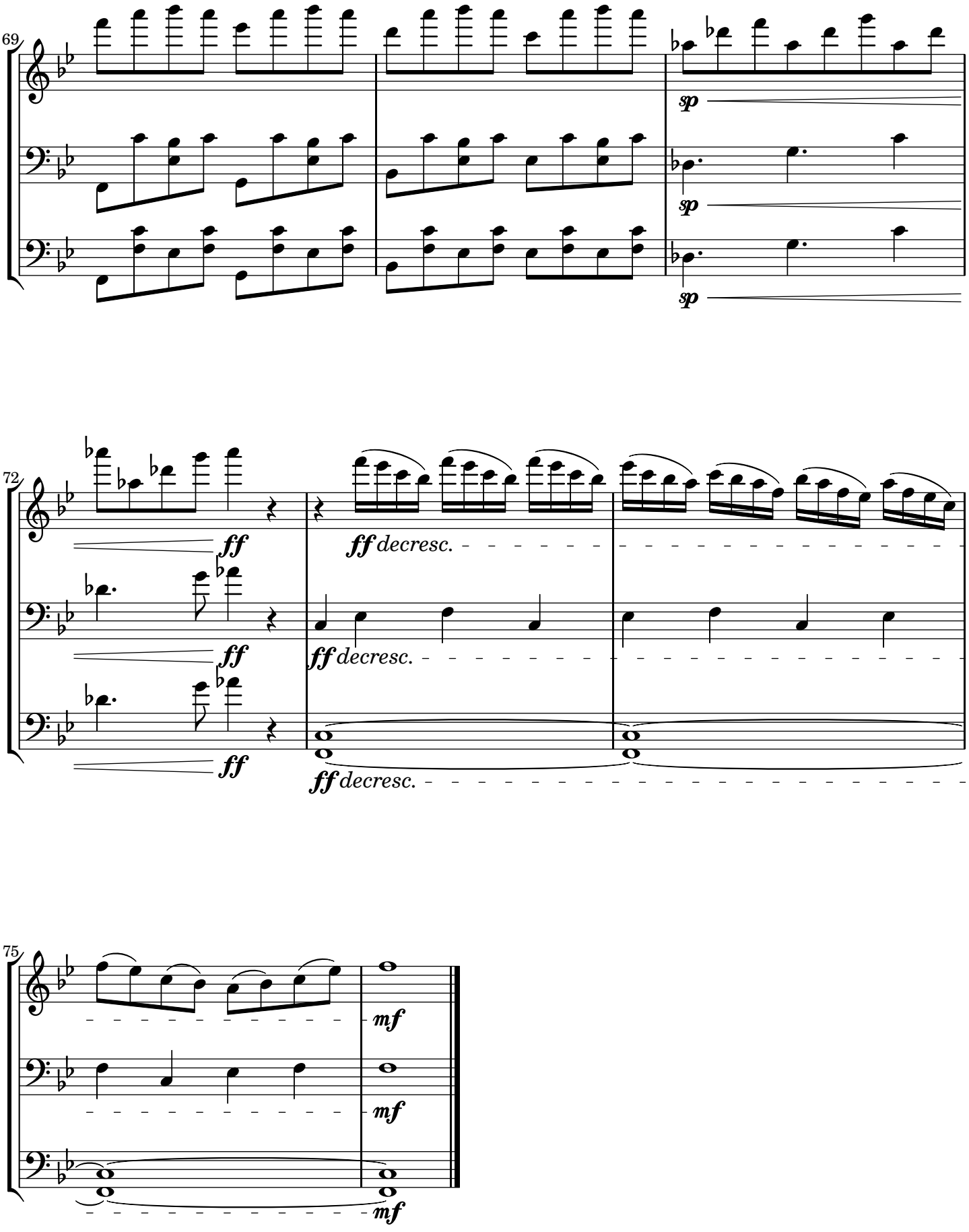
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Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

a galloping expose into cloak and daggar

Clippity Clippity Cloppity Clop
Browny is smooth, swank, and dressed to kill.
Clip Clop Clip Clop, Ney flurh Ney Hey!
Shank, muscular definitions with ribs galore.
Plip Plop Plip Plop, flout with tail flourish
Chips go dropping flavor the air.

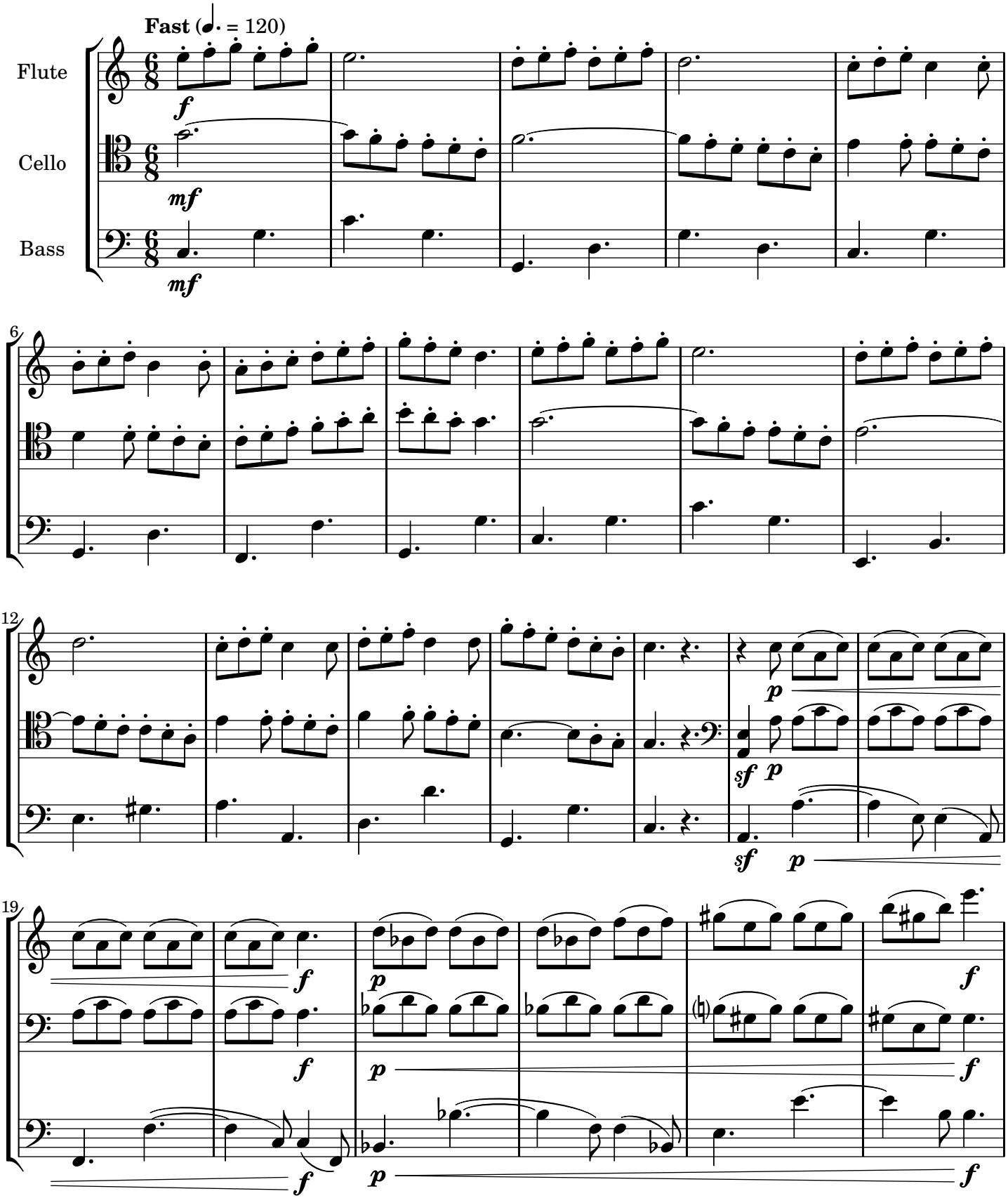
Under the covers this oversexed knight
a roll in the hay, seduction is effortless
Damoiselle trouble, Damoiselle restored
mounting the fences, gravity ceases
Kama Sutra positions; ample to no end
These mares are all his, double agencies too.

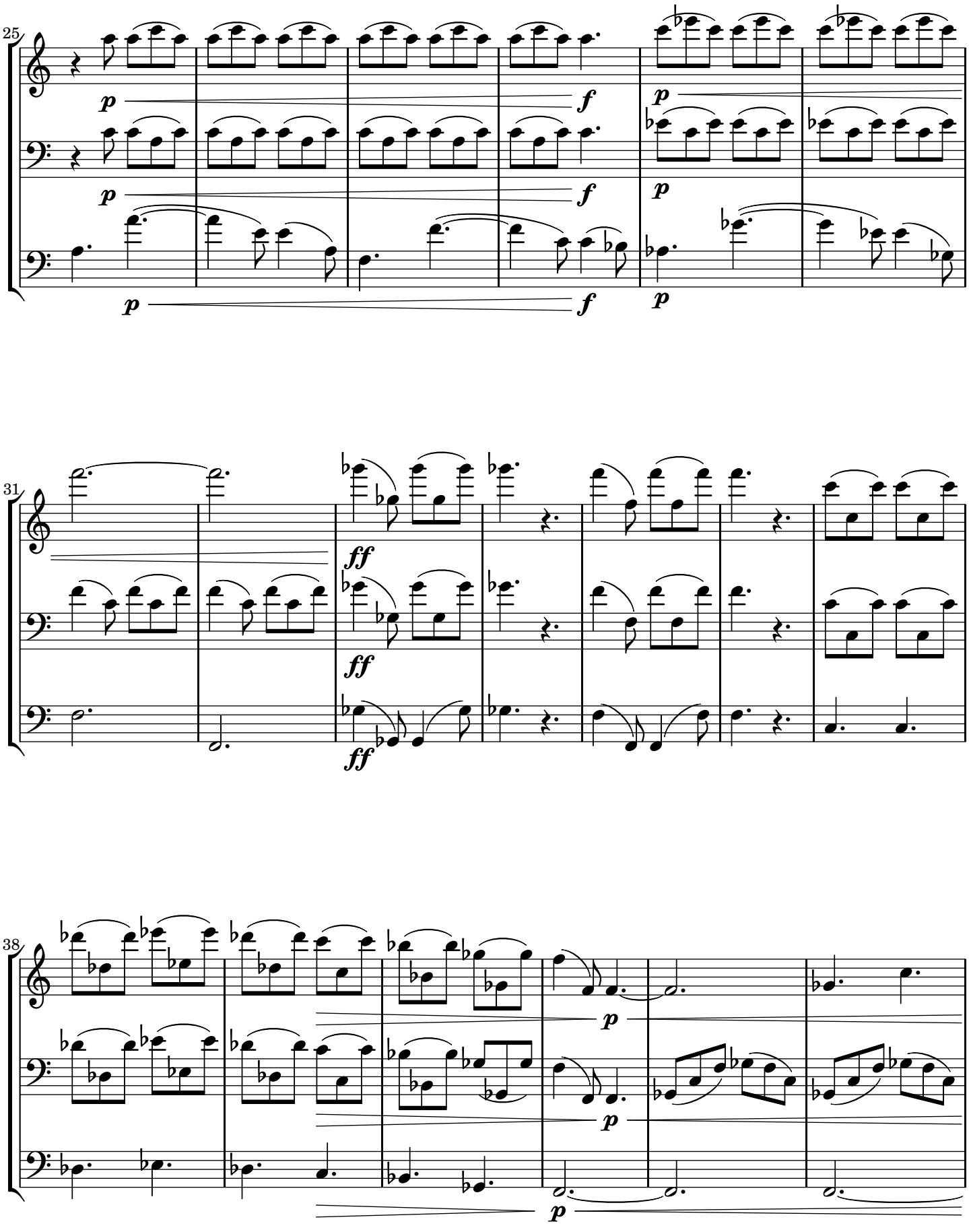
Hippity Hippity Hoppity Hop
High tech thingumabob appear bona fide
Frip Frop Frip Frop, Snort snore snort Hey!
Hidden killer, secret death machine, snuffs them
Zip Zop Zip Zop, he is still the nice guy, loved.
Even though he needs potty training, litter or something?

Peanut Butter Pony Goes Undercover

a galloping expose into cloak and daggar

Craig Bakalian

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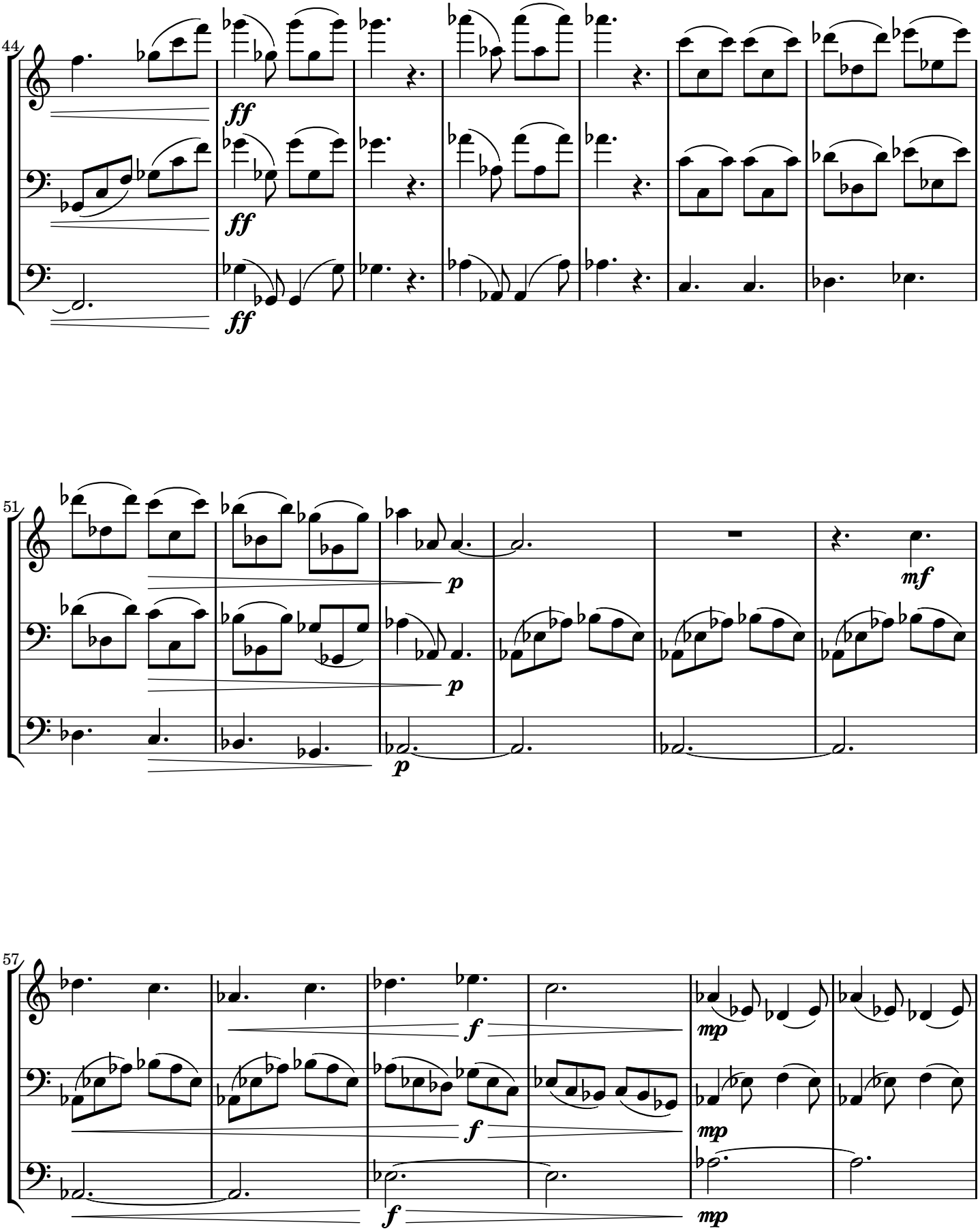
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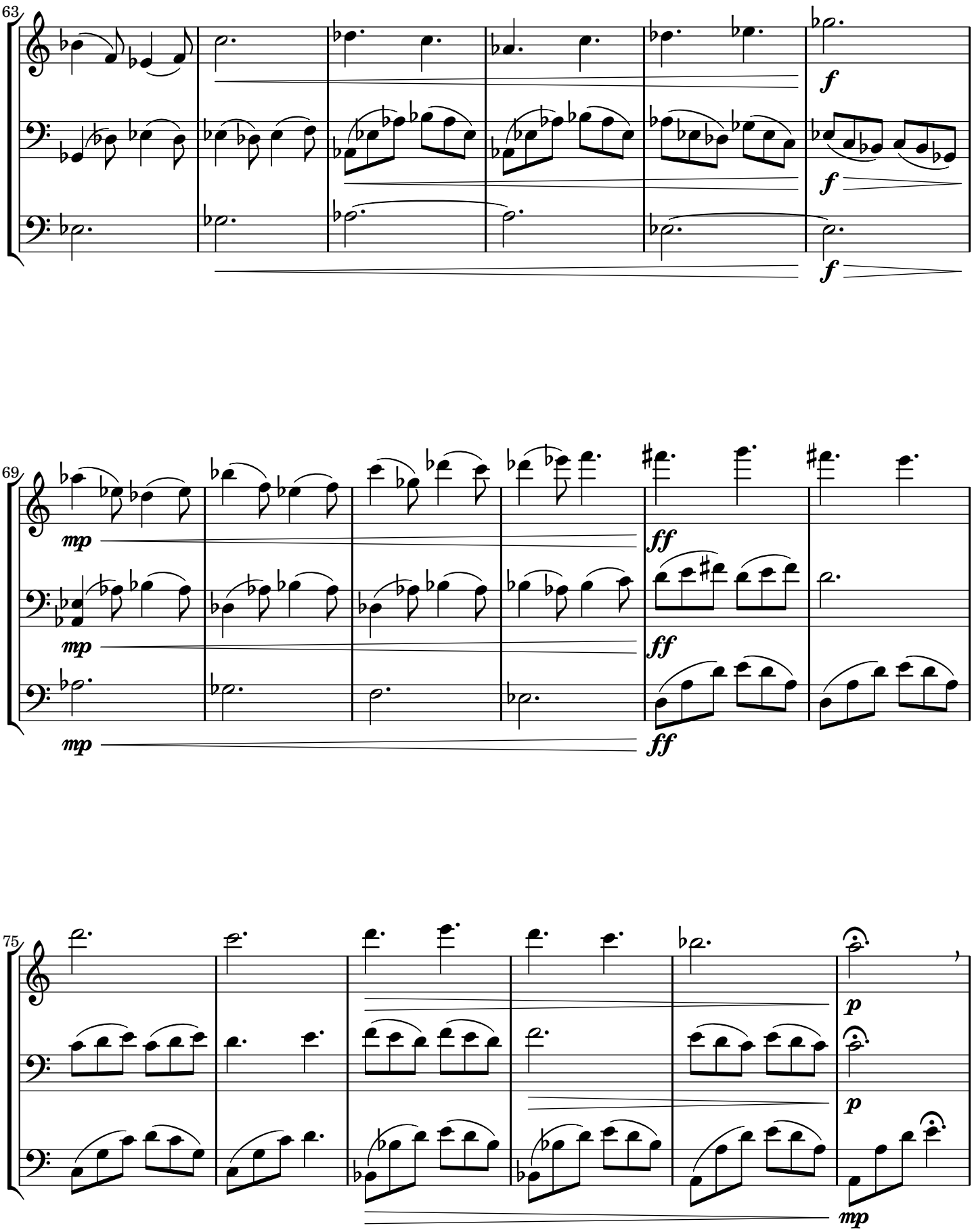
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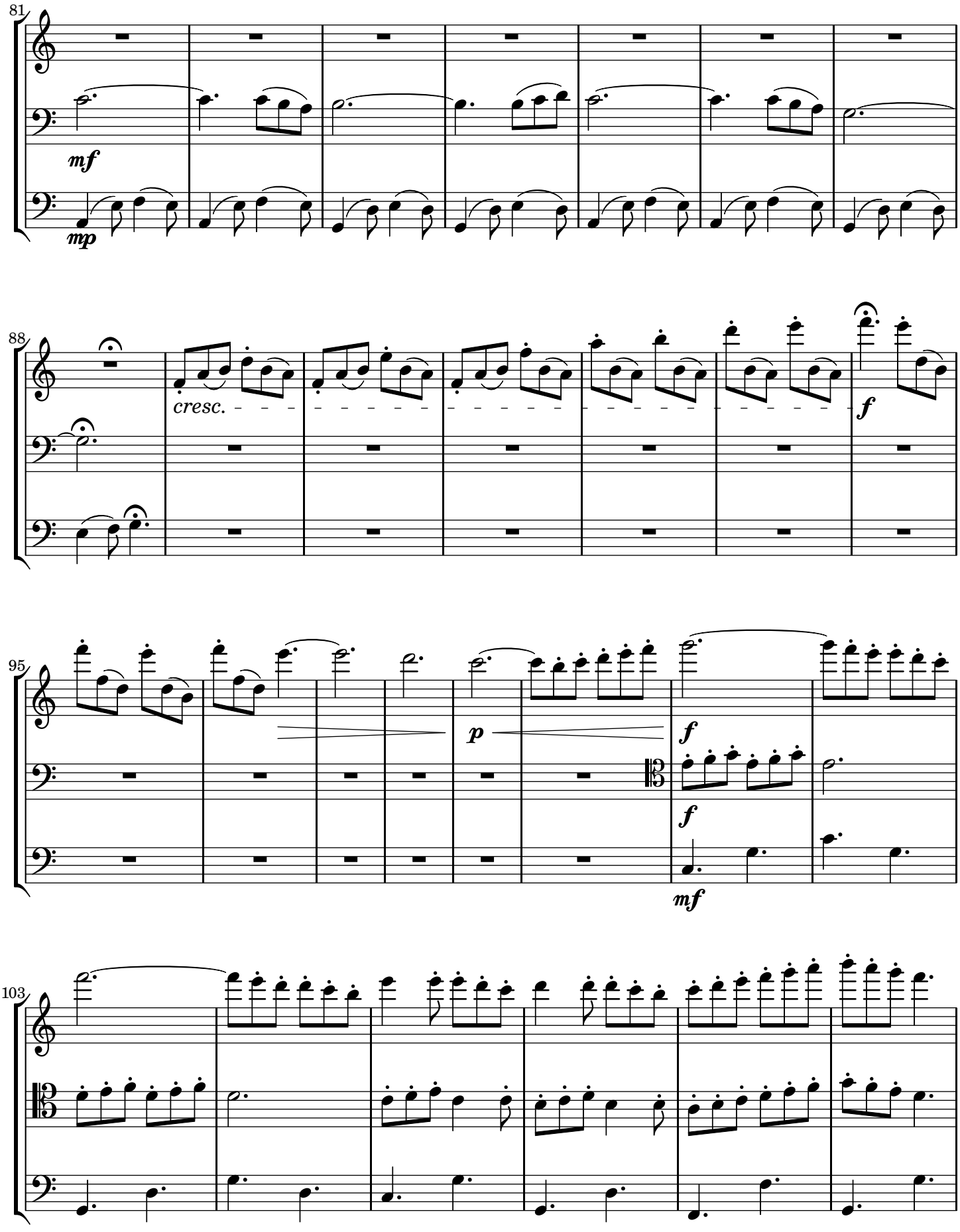
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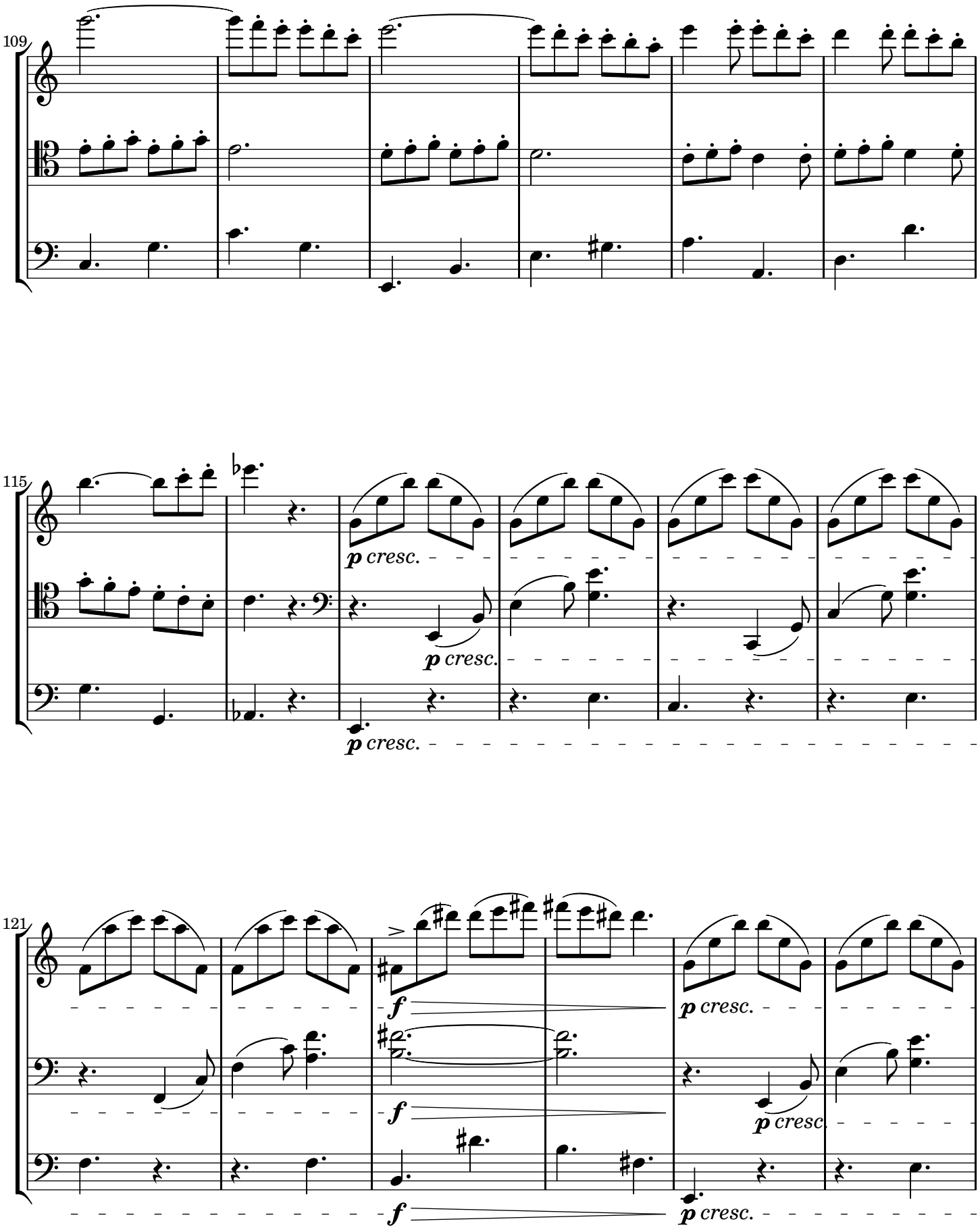
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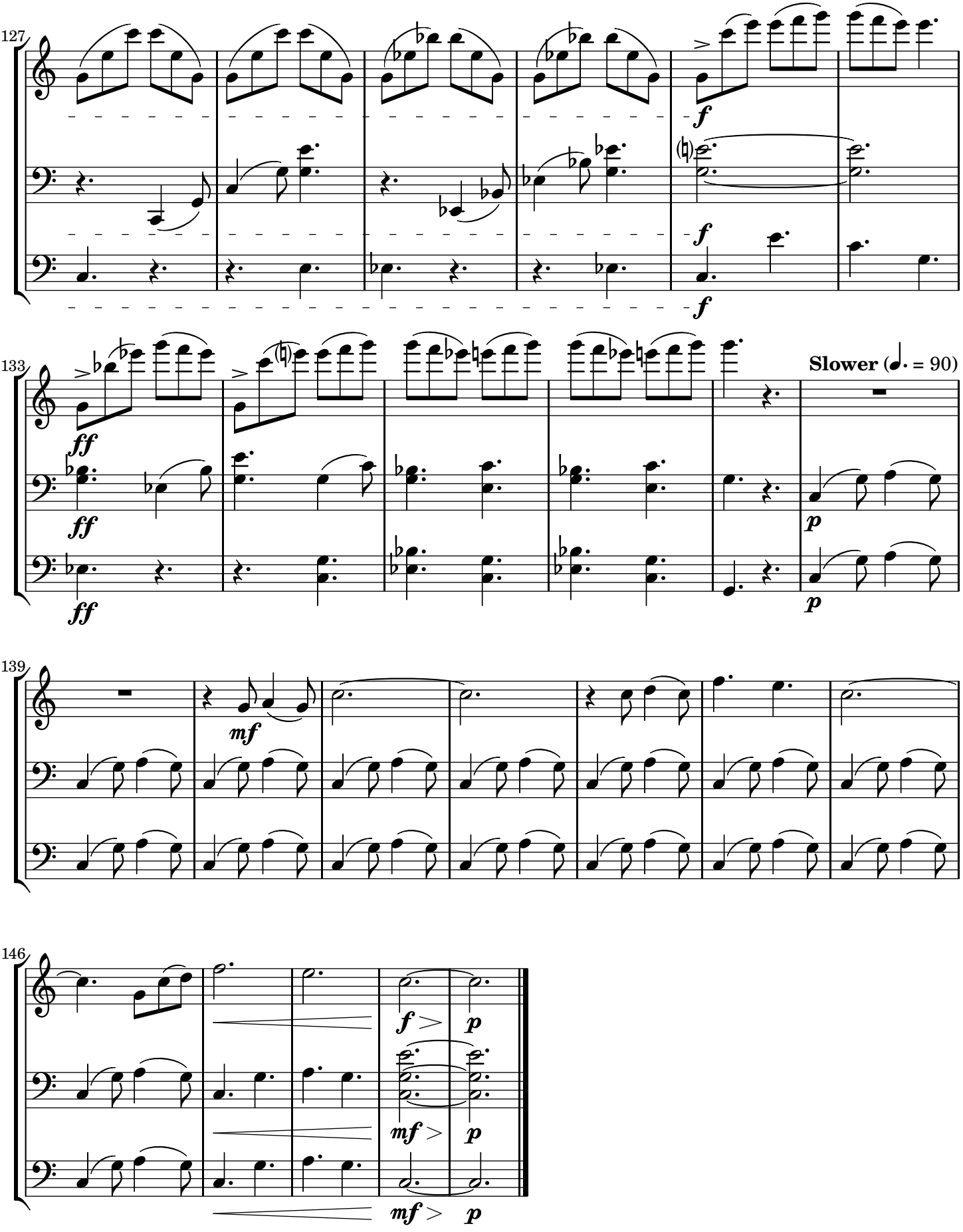
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Bleeeeeep!

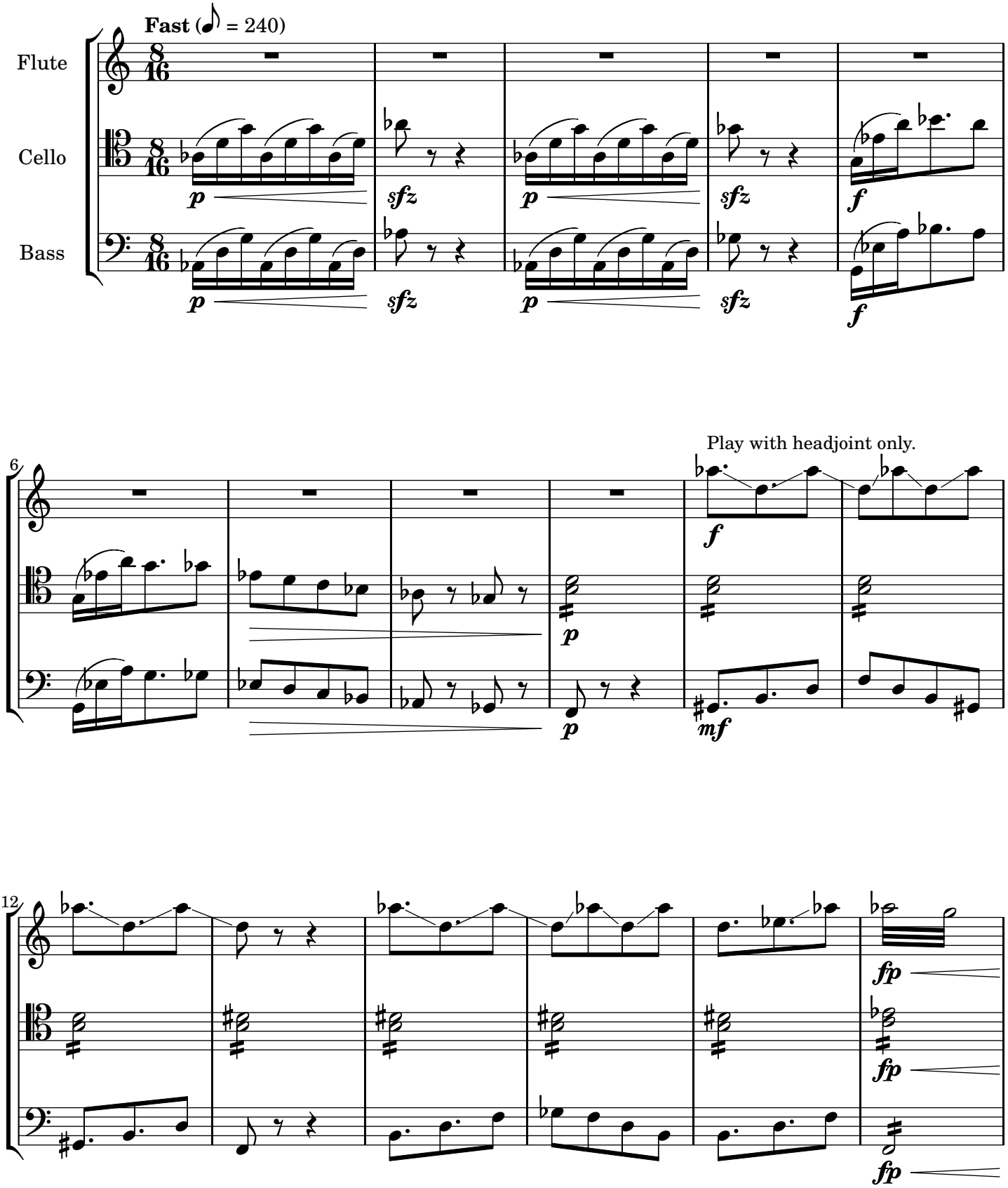
simple does not mean easy!

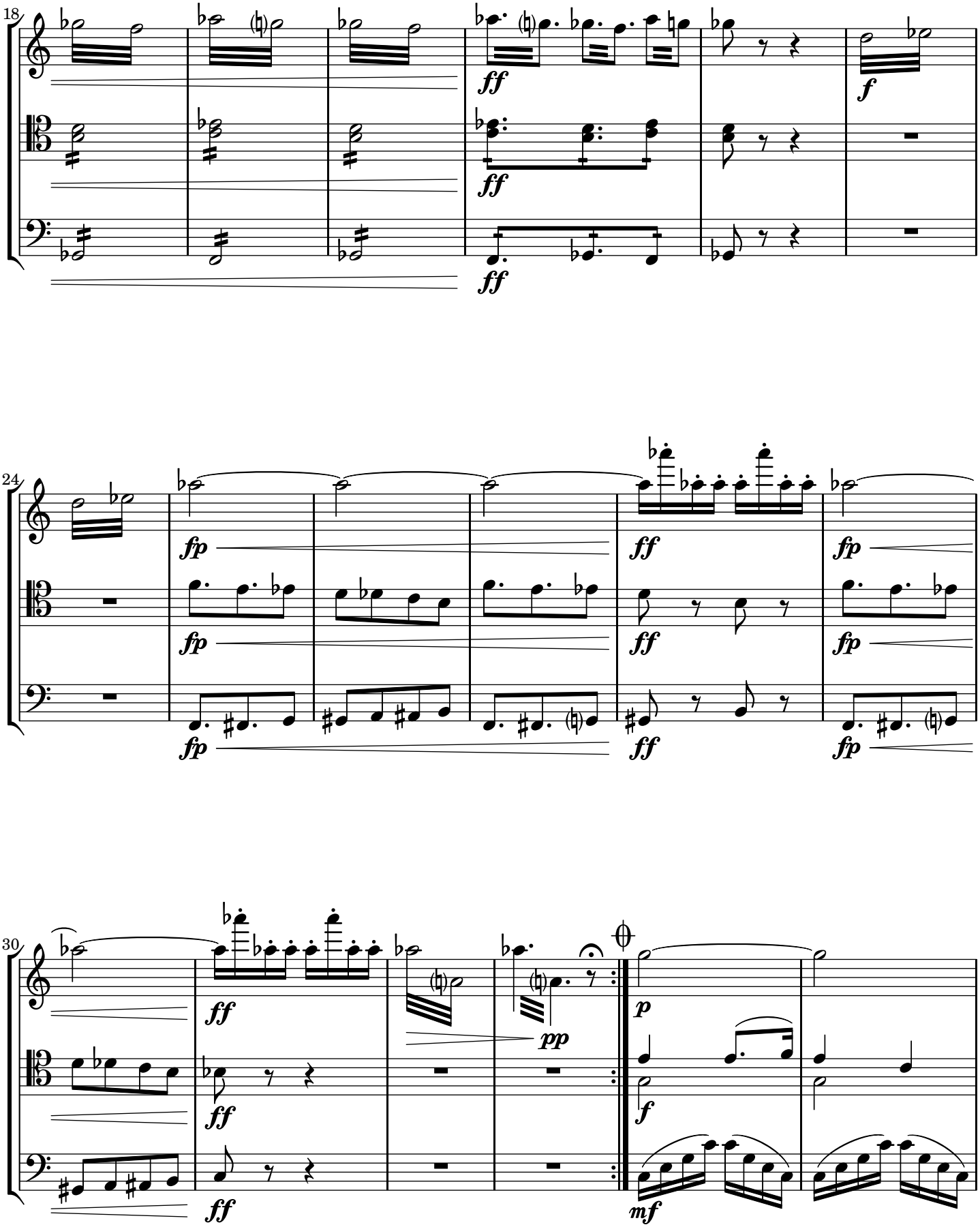
Bright noisy shapes increase the nitrous oxide in my head
Falling with decrease in slack, building tensions of a
small chicklets that I have become a habitual abuser of
unmindfullness, thumbness quicker than some insect trap
One more time, hold on, again, another, another freaking
try, attempt at loss; neurality versus electricity in its
most precise slicings, trons of molecules powered arranged
like 3d tutti-fruity candy, no scentecules to trigger the
something in my nose that actually sends messages to my
brain that recognizes one smell from another. That is
missing. I need to smell the bleeping shapes, what is wrong
with licking the damn thing. All I want is sex, damn good sex.

Bleeeeeep!

simple does not mean easy!

Craig Bakalian

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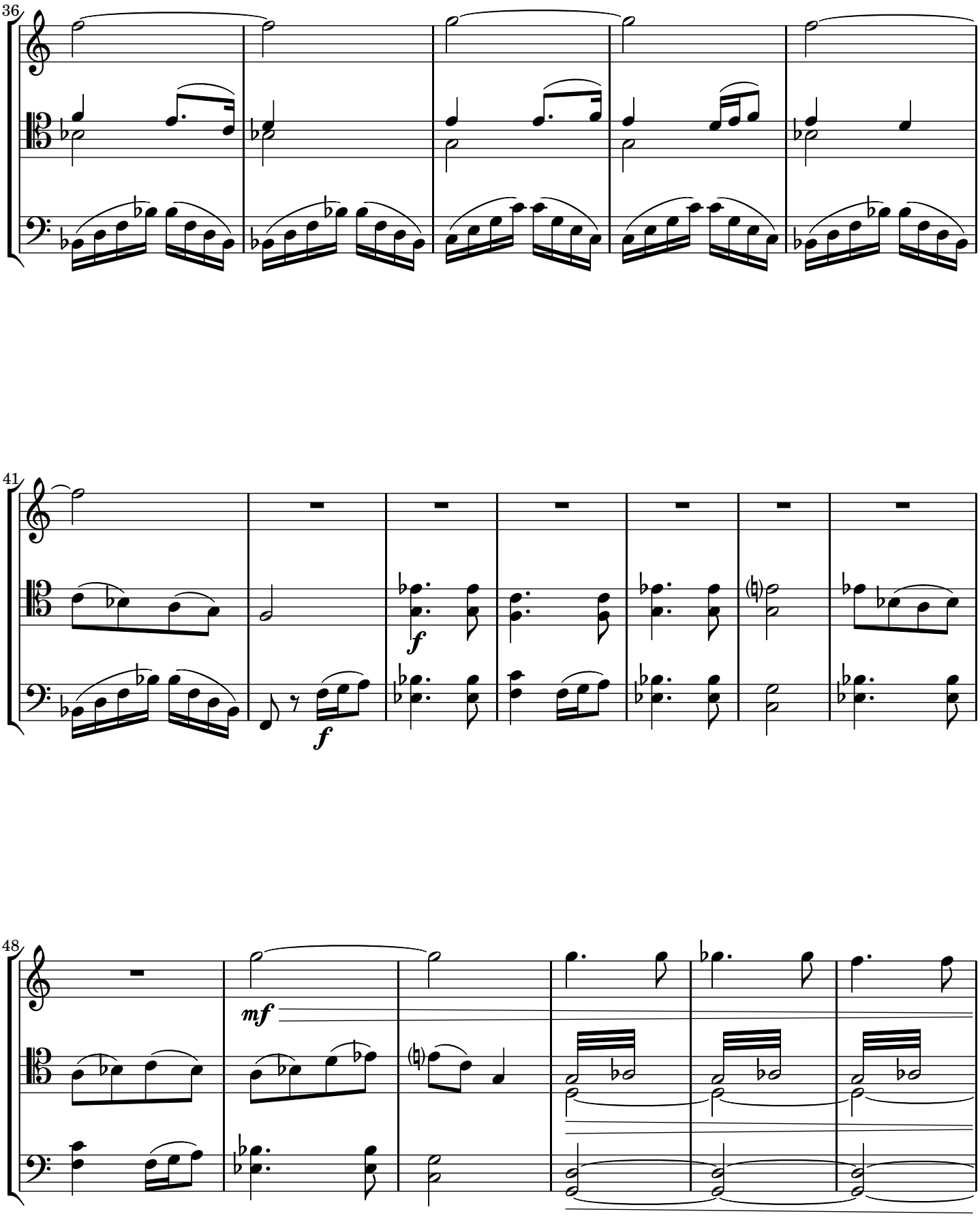
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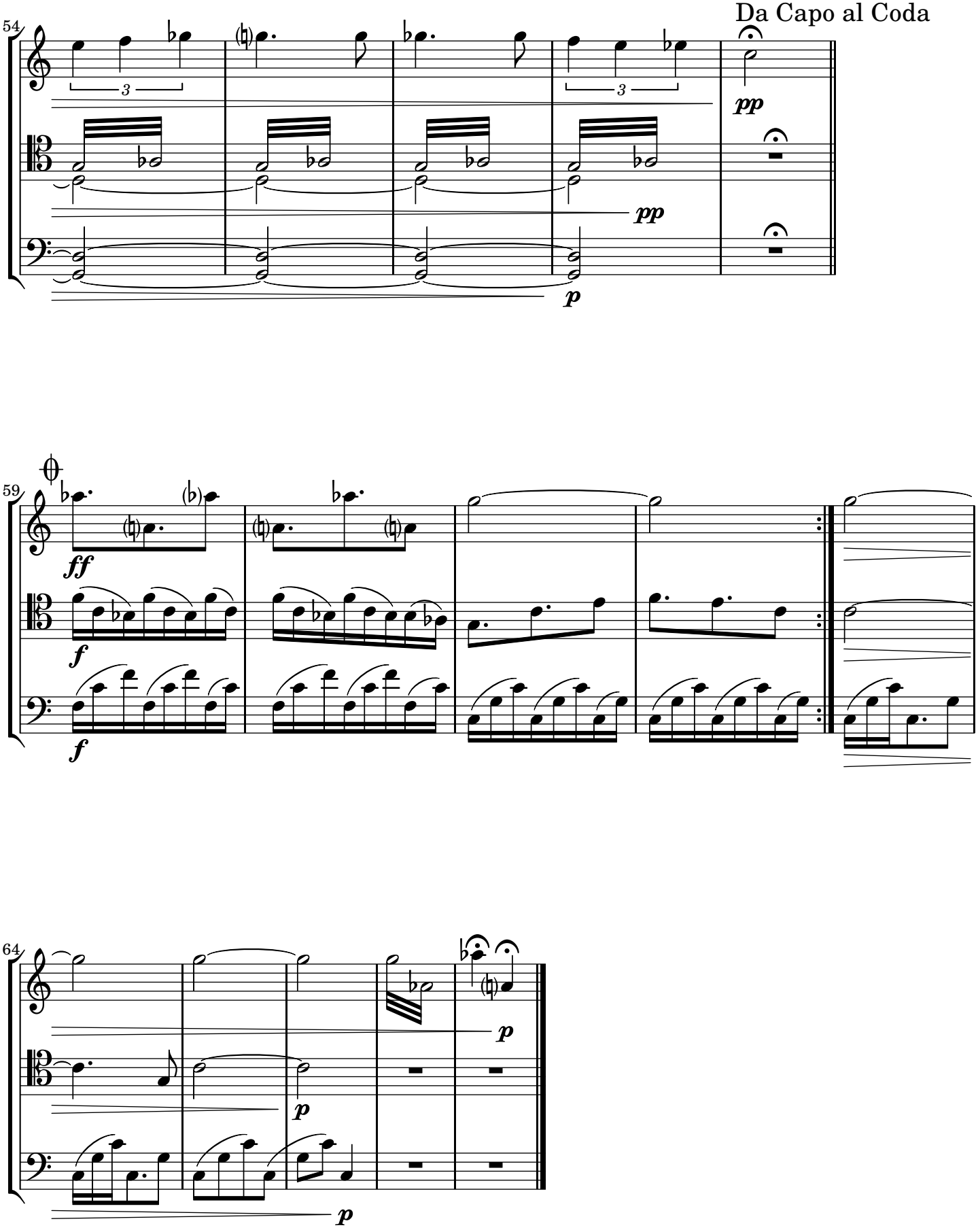
Da Capo al Coda



Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

the world identity crisis cannot be solved

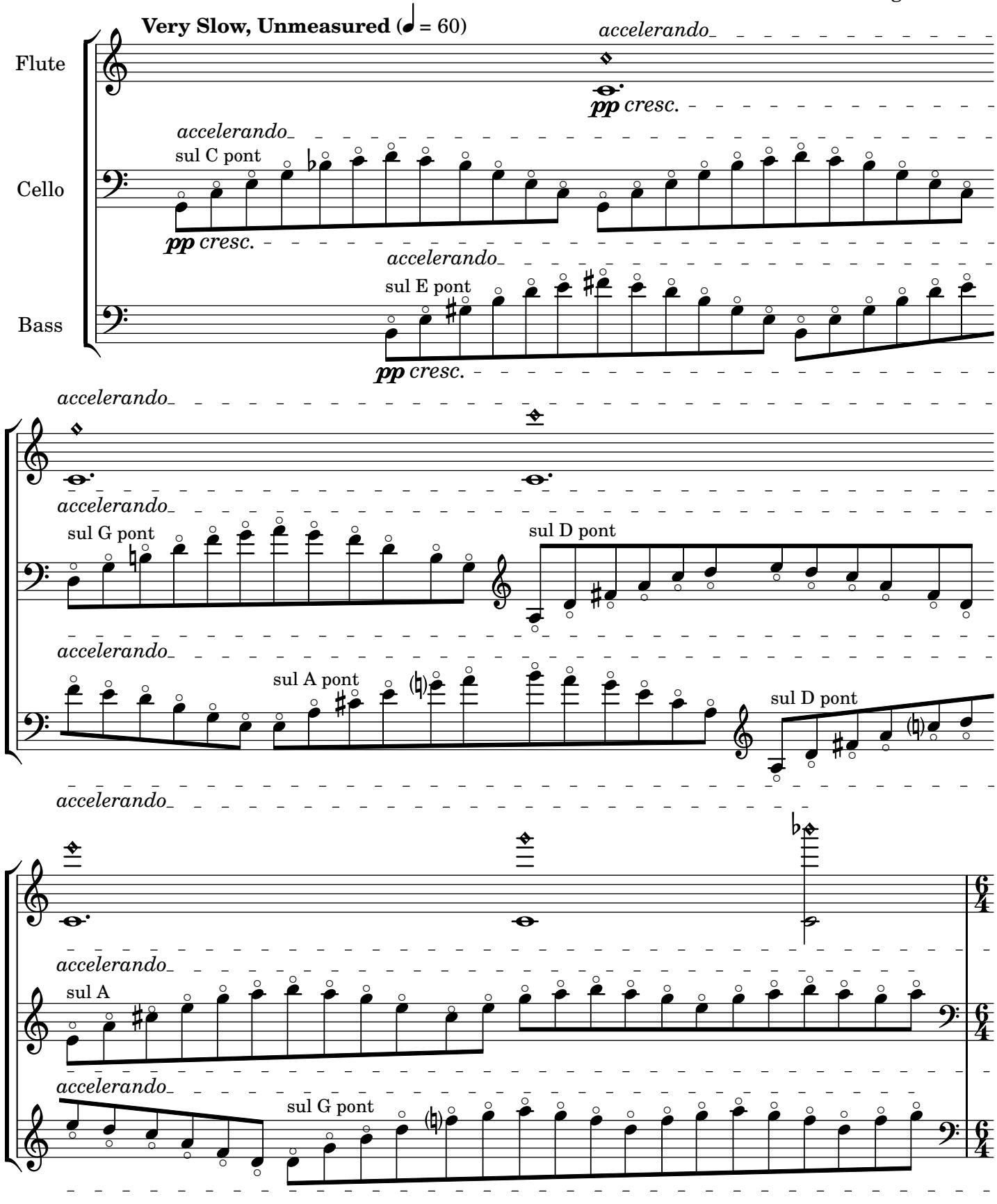
Deep in the infinite expanse of neurons resides something I call I.
This declaration of neuronic super-biology, identificology, others do.
The deep expanse contains death on its boundries but is reborn.
Trillions of sacks of folded brains crawling on the global surface-
One sack telling the other sack to be exactly like their sack or else-
Until all of the sacks are exactly like one big sack; all call all.

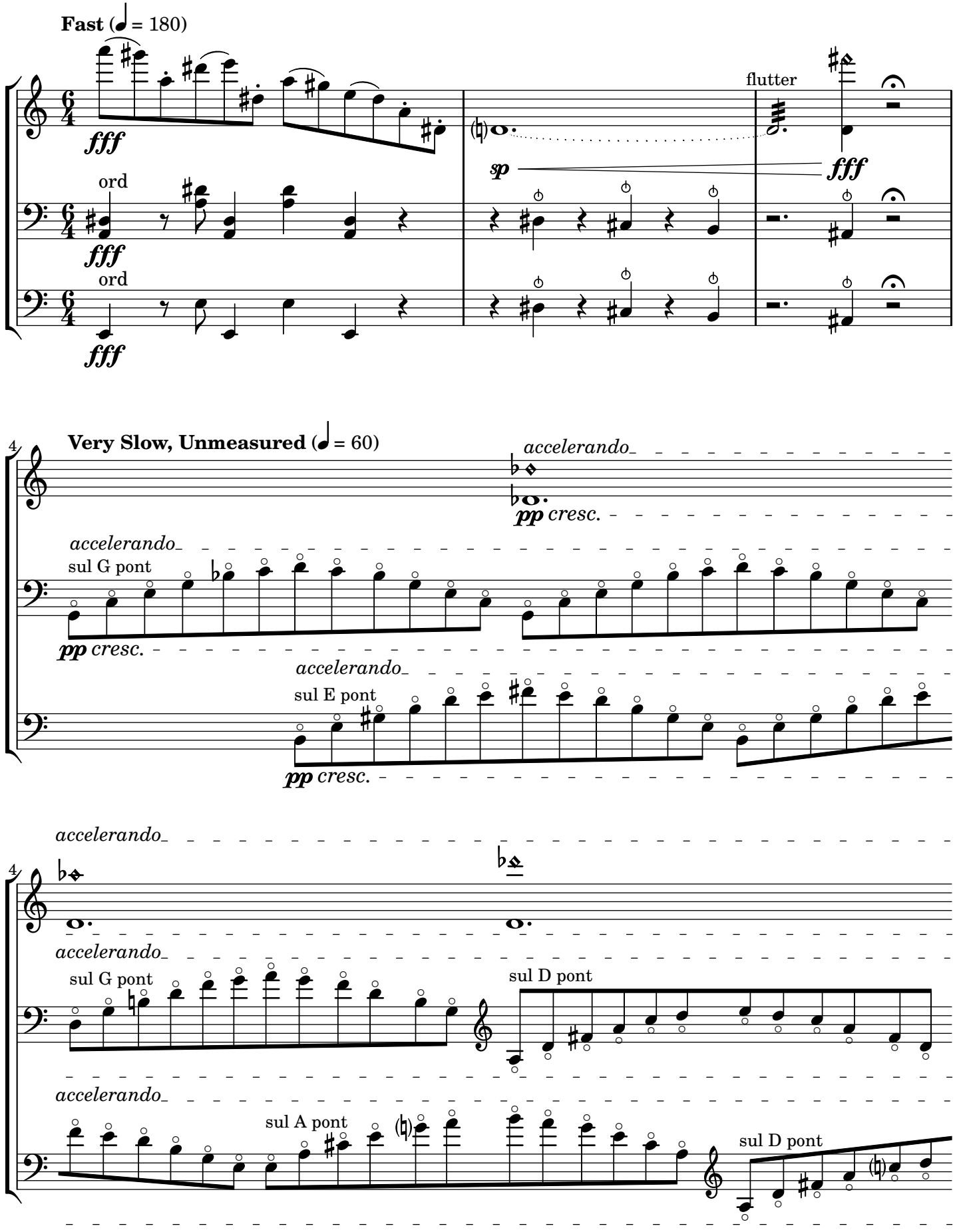
Try as you will, endeavour to change the other or others.
The motivational will to walk into the forest alone different.
Away from the rows of corn, the fenced animals, processed food
Eventual, benevolent overlords crazed gooey, icky sticky vip ippy-
The vast expanse, endless, undiscovered patterns of ganglia-
Infinity times infinity added to the micro macro; it is not not is it.

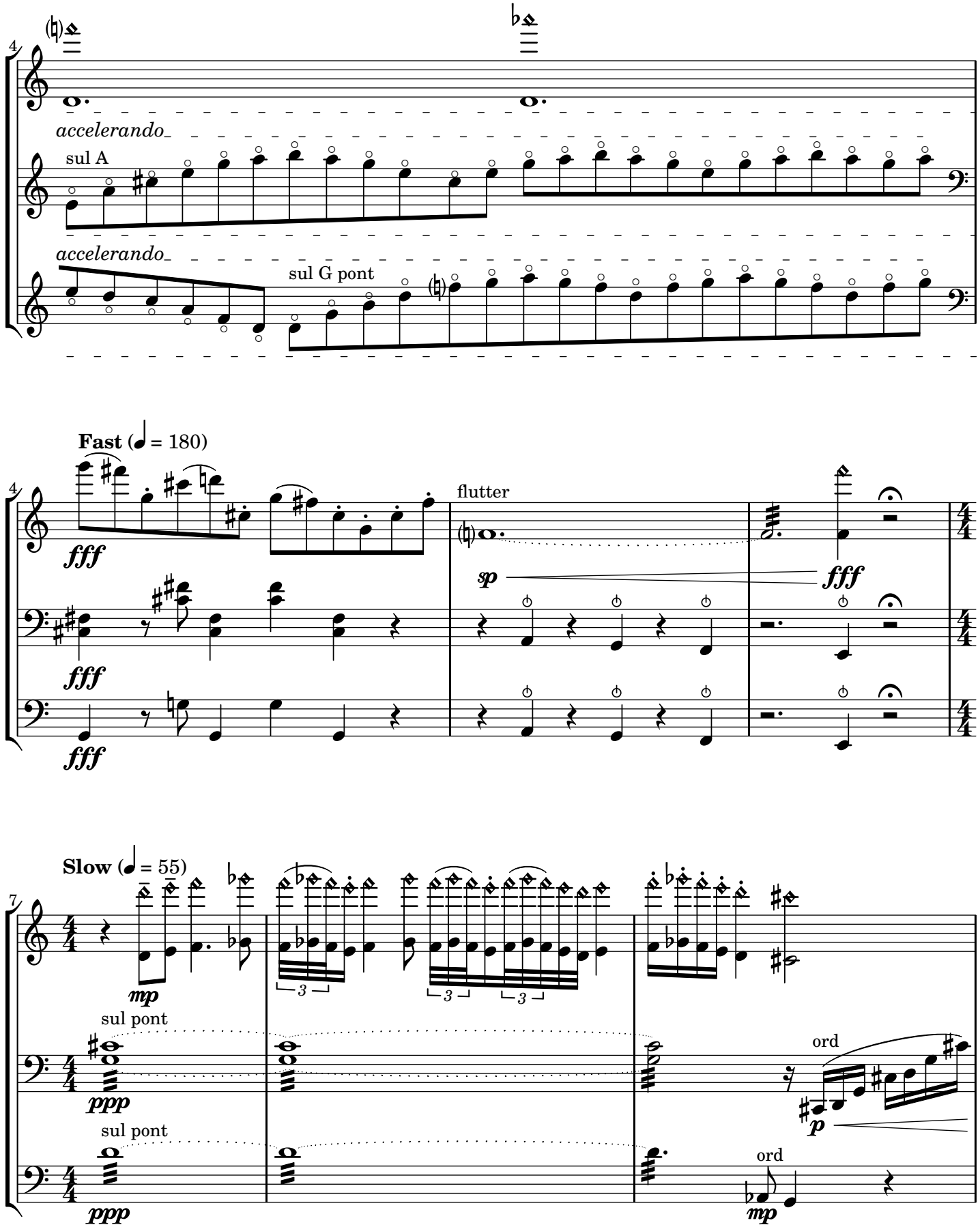
Enter the Mystic Labyrinth of the Mental Abyss

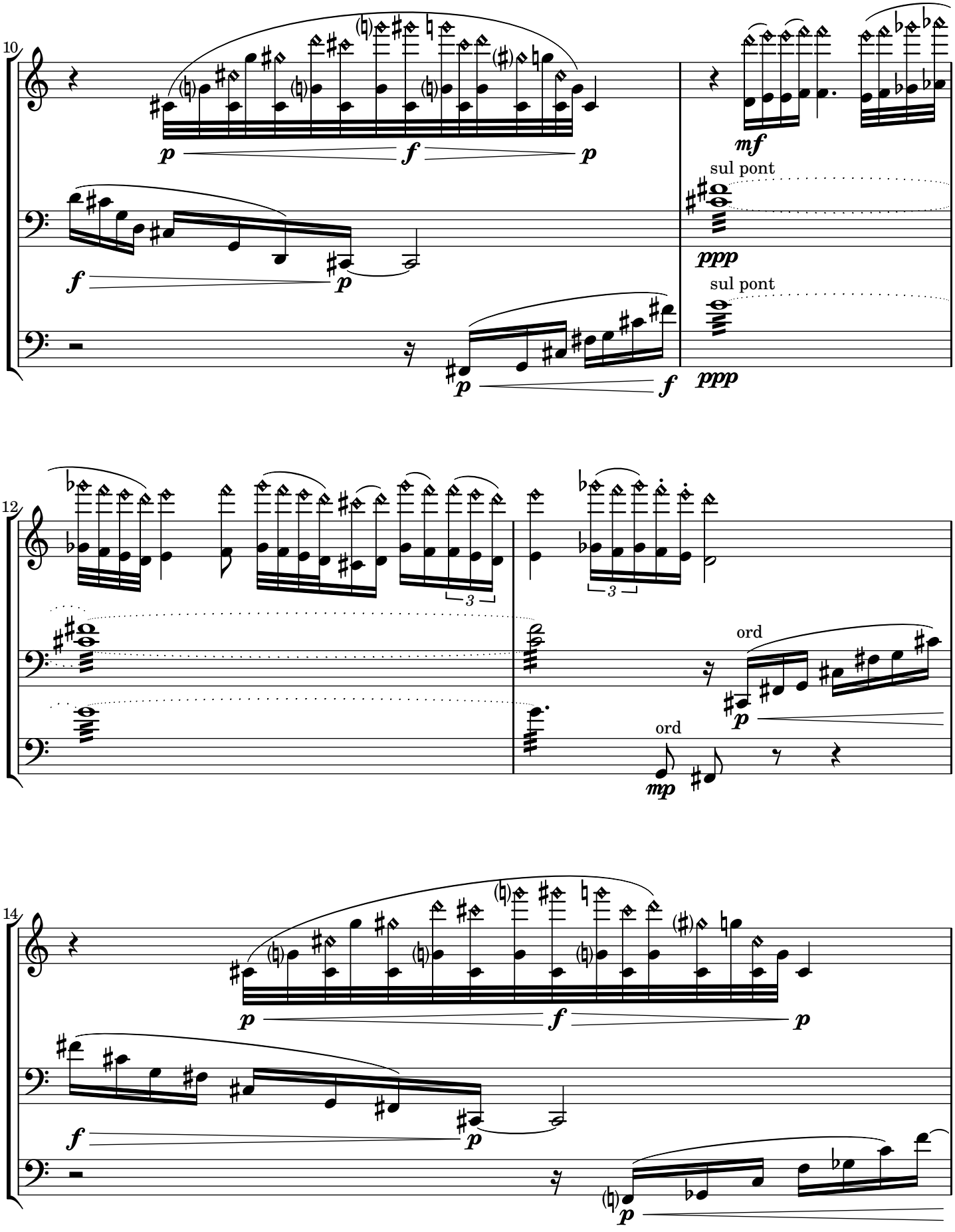
the world identity crisis cannot be solved

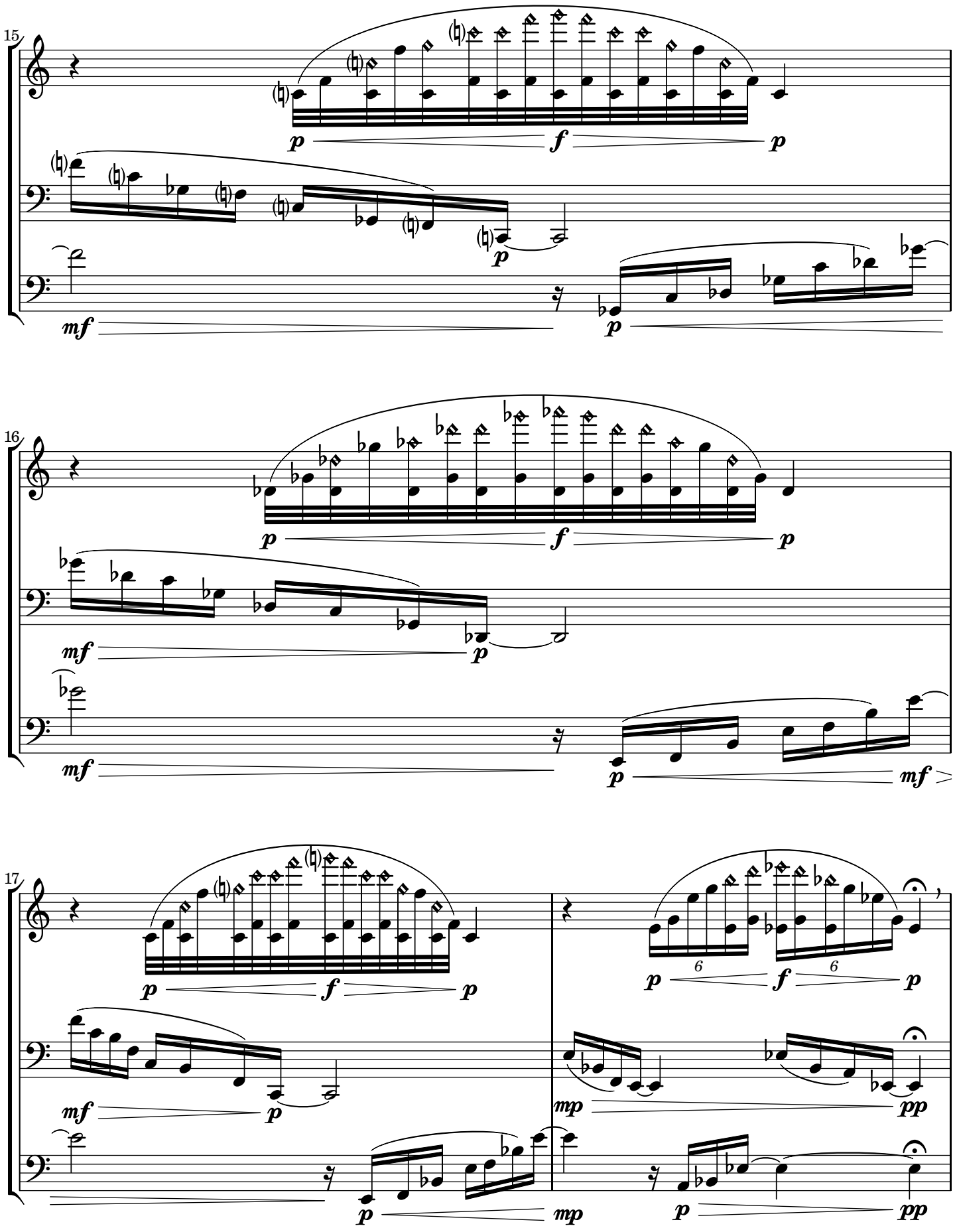
Craig Bakalian

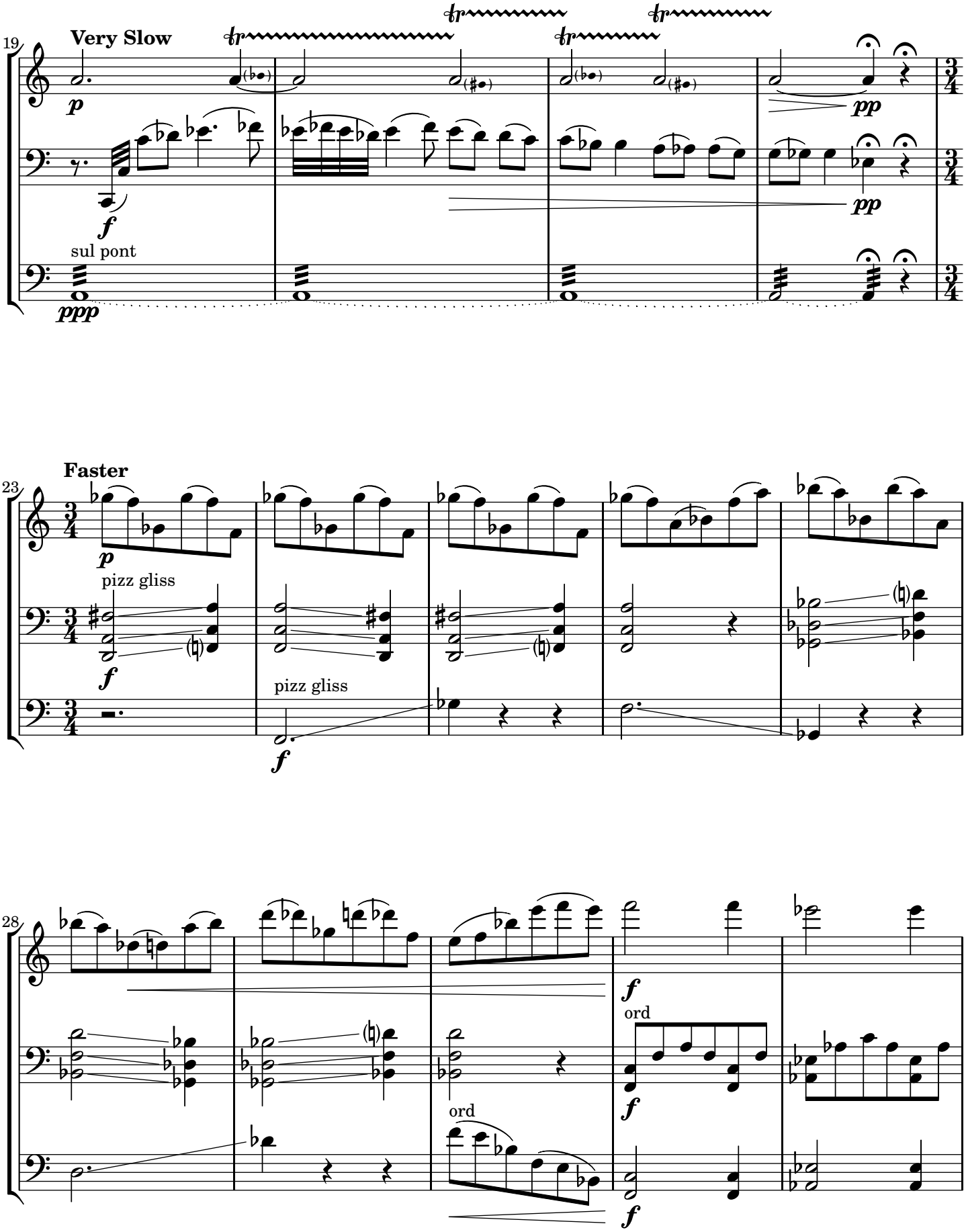


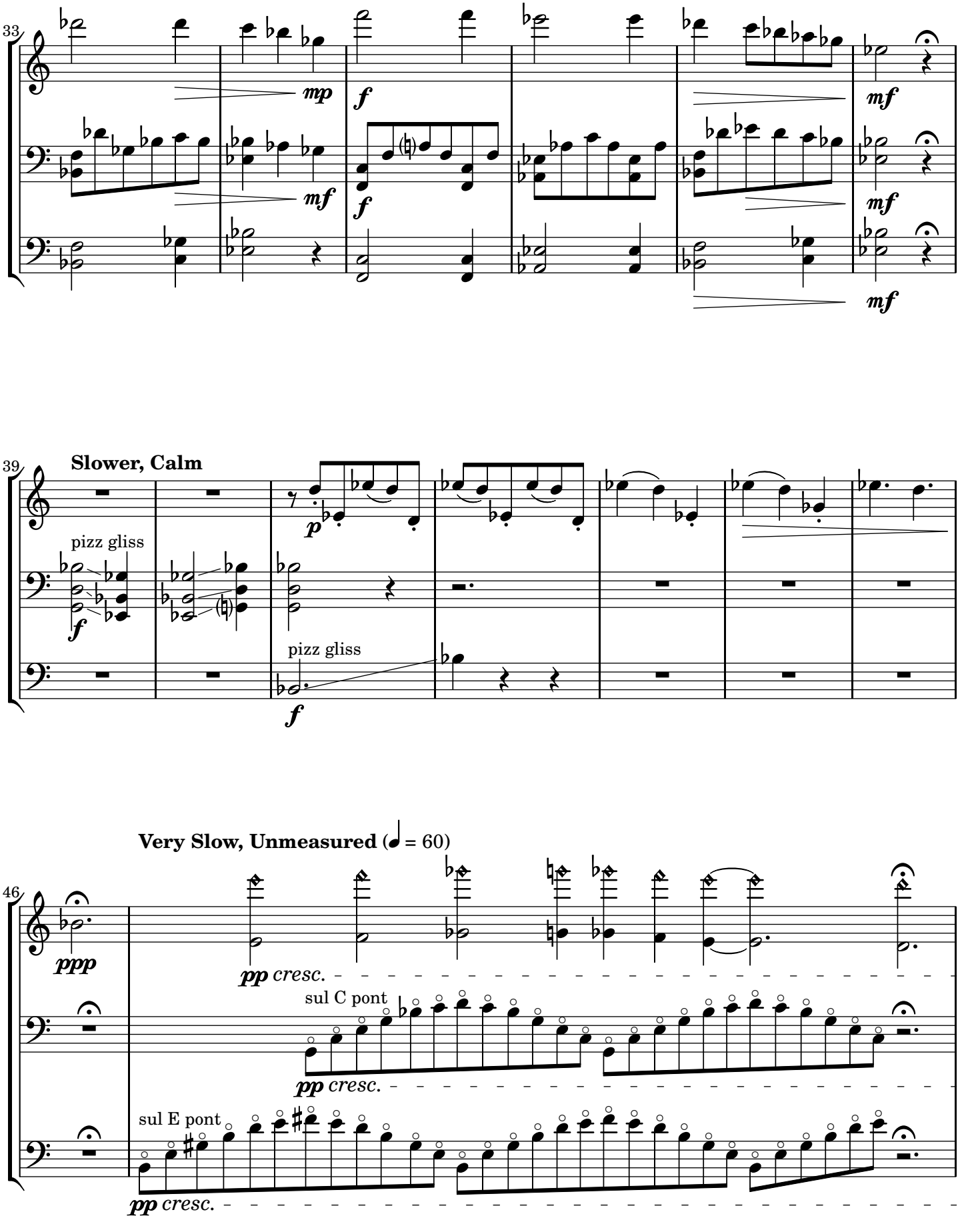

Fast (♩ = 180)
fff
ord
fff
ord
fff
sp
flutter
fff
4
Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
accelerando
pp cresc.
accelerando
sul G pont
pp cresc.
accelerando
sul E pont
pp cresc.
accelerando
4
accelerando
sul G pont
sul D pont
accelerando
sul A pont
sul D pont

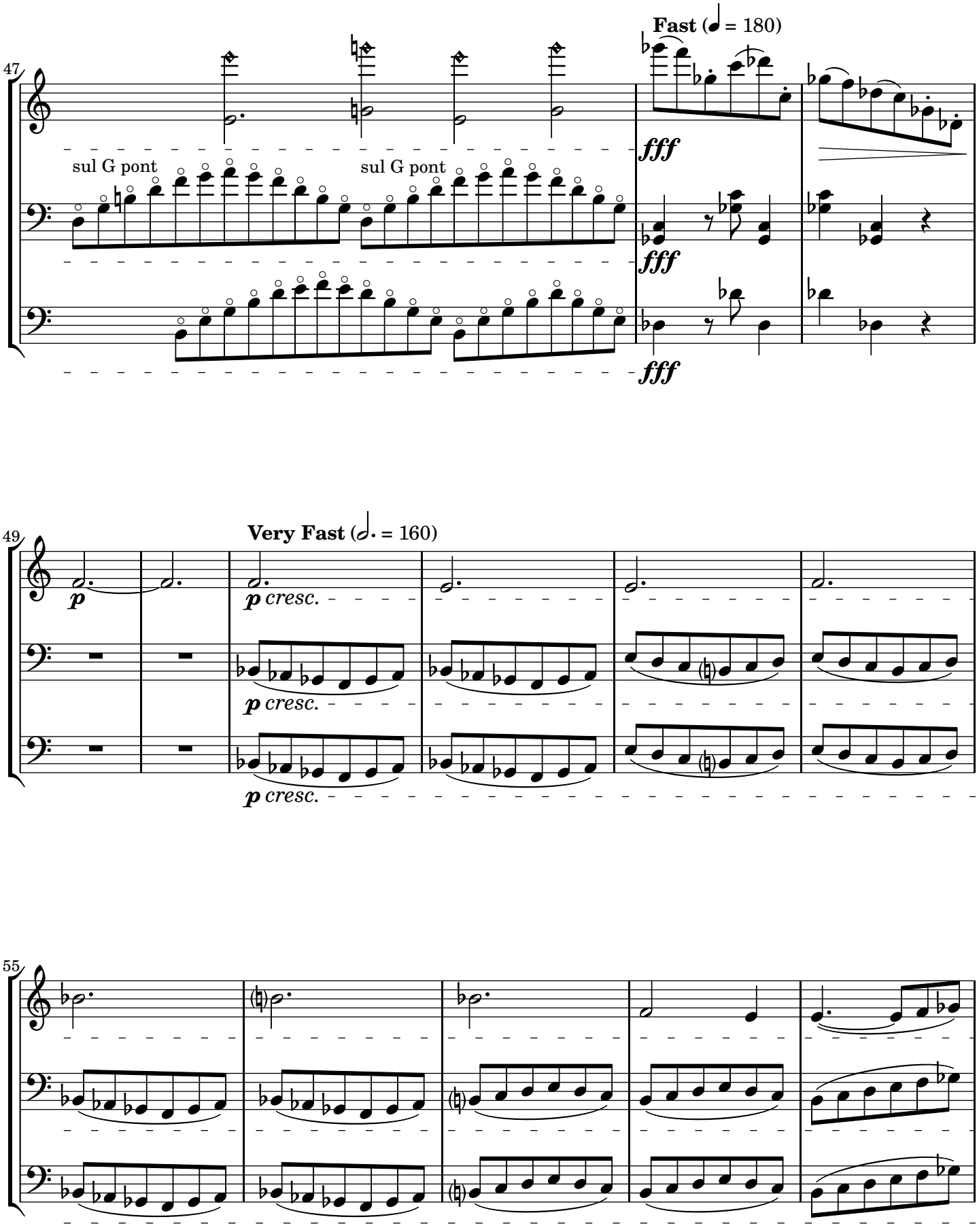

accelerando
4
accelerando
sul A
accelerando
sul G pont
Fast (♩ = 180)
4
fff
fff
fff
flutter
sp
fff
Slow (♩ = 55)
7
mp
sul pont
ppp
sul pont
ppp
ord
p
ord
mp

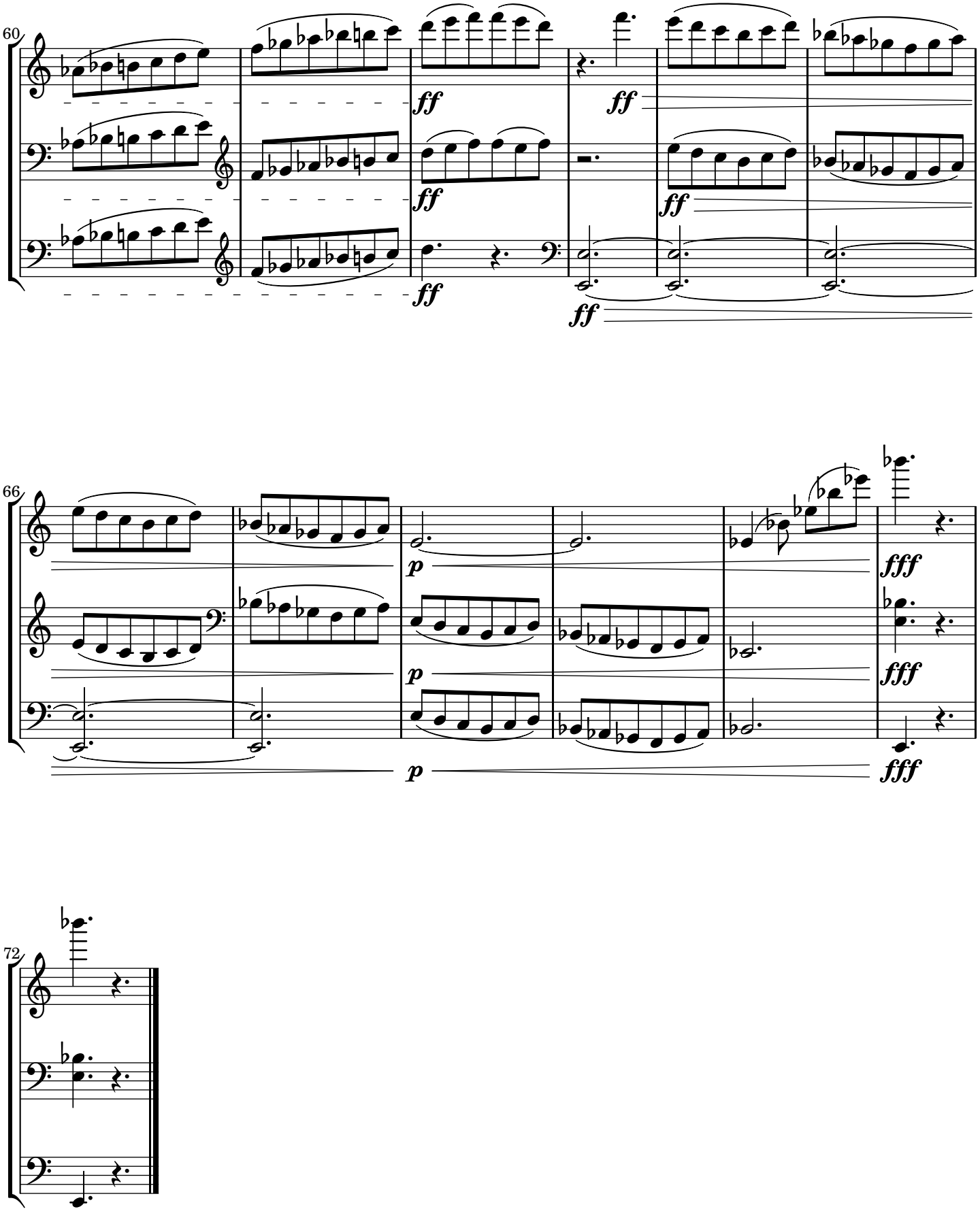

10
sul pont
sul pont
12
ord
ord
14


15
16
17
6
6


19
Very Slow
sul pont
23
Faster
pizz gliss
pizz gliss
28
ord
ord


33
mp
f
mf
f
mf
mf
39
Slower, Calm
p
pizz gliss
f
pizz gliss
f
46
Very Slow, Unmeasured (♩ = 60)
ppp
pp cresc.
sul C pont
pp cresc.
sul E pont
pp cresc.


47
Fast (♩ = 180)
sul G pont
sul G pont
fff
fff
fff
49
Very Fast (𝅗𝅥. = 160)
p
p cresc.
p cresc.
p cresc.
55


60
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
66
p
p
p
fff
fff
fff
72

Kung Fu Kats

a shoalin adventure of the dao

It is said that a Kung Fu Kat can walk up walls,
shred curtains without being seen,
pee on furniture without being heard,
pet, she will purr.

Drop a peeble, dialation of diamond eyes
snatched from the hands claw marks sting
reckless homeowner cursing the existence of,
but the fluff, the walking pillow on rice paper.

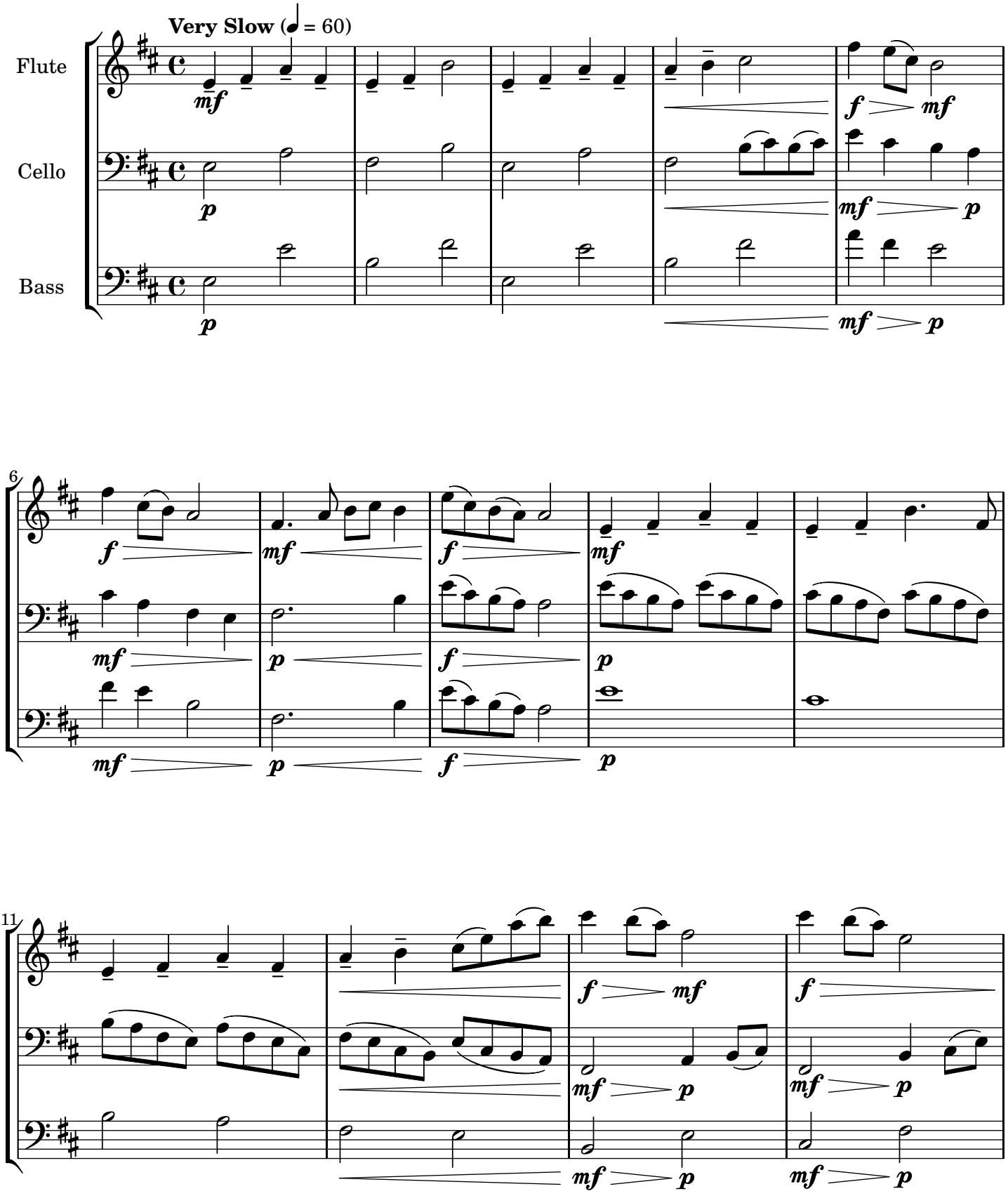
Sopor, dreaming of the hunt and the wild.
This beast needs a job, a purpose, ambition,
yet the gentle path, the way of the dao,
meditation, tranquil, and peace is the way.

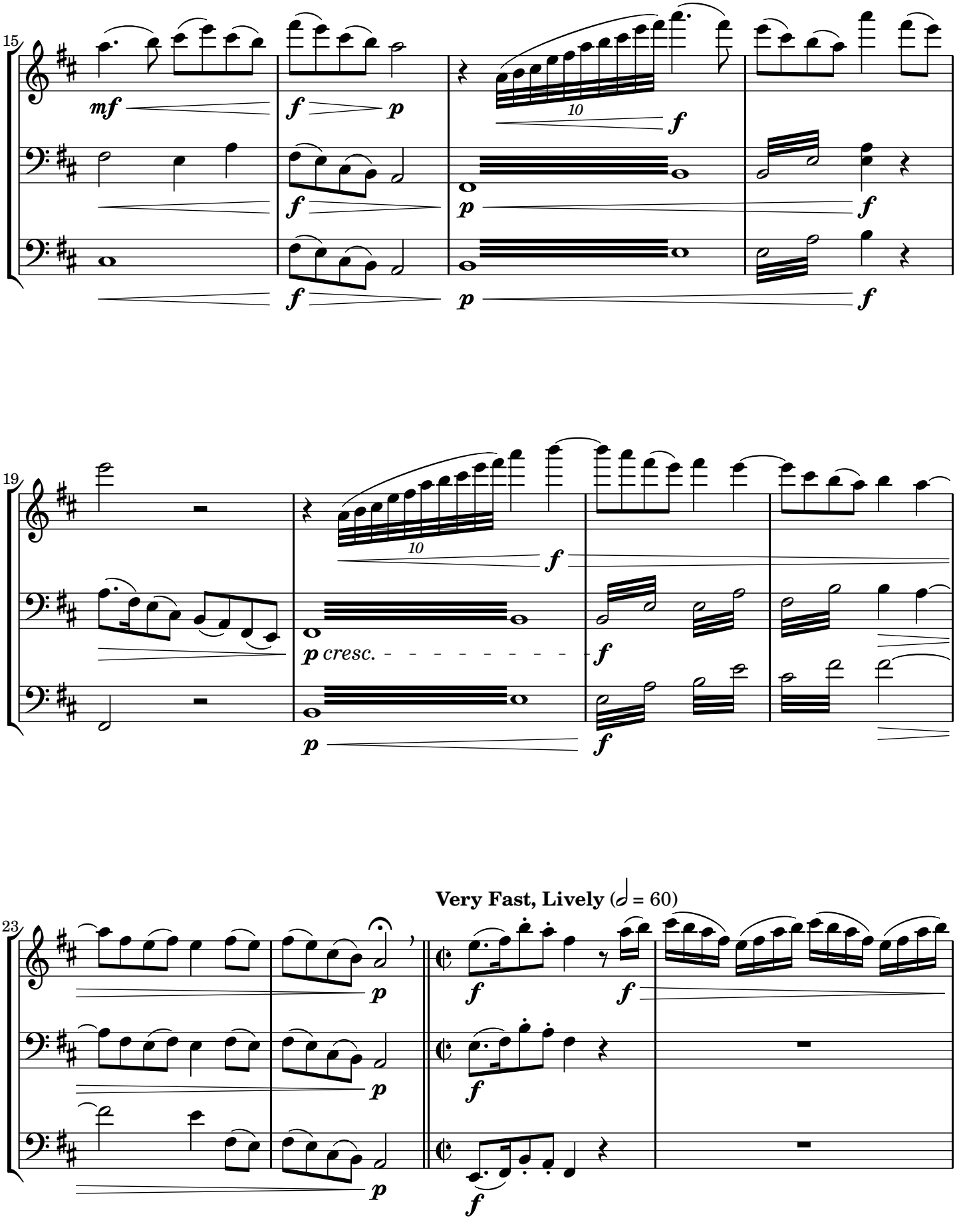
We have Carradine to thank for the TV
instruction of the ways of the eastern masters,
1972 the years of the south asian wars
supping pot, vets on herion tumbled out
of local bars, blood stained bathroom walls
strange rubber tube, needles, cigarette ashes
everywhere-- I was only eleven with sports cleets.
I needed a dao hero from afar, where was Cane?

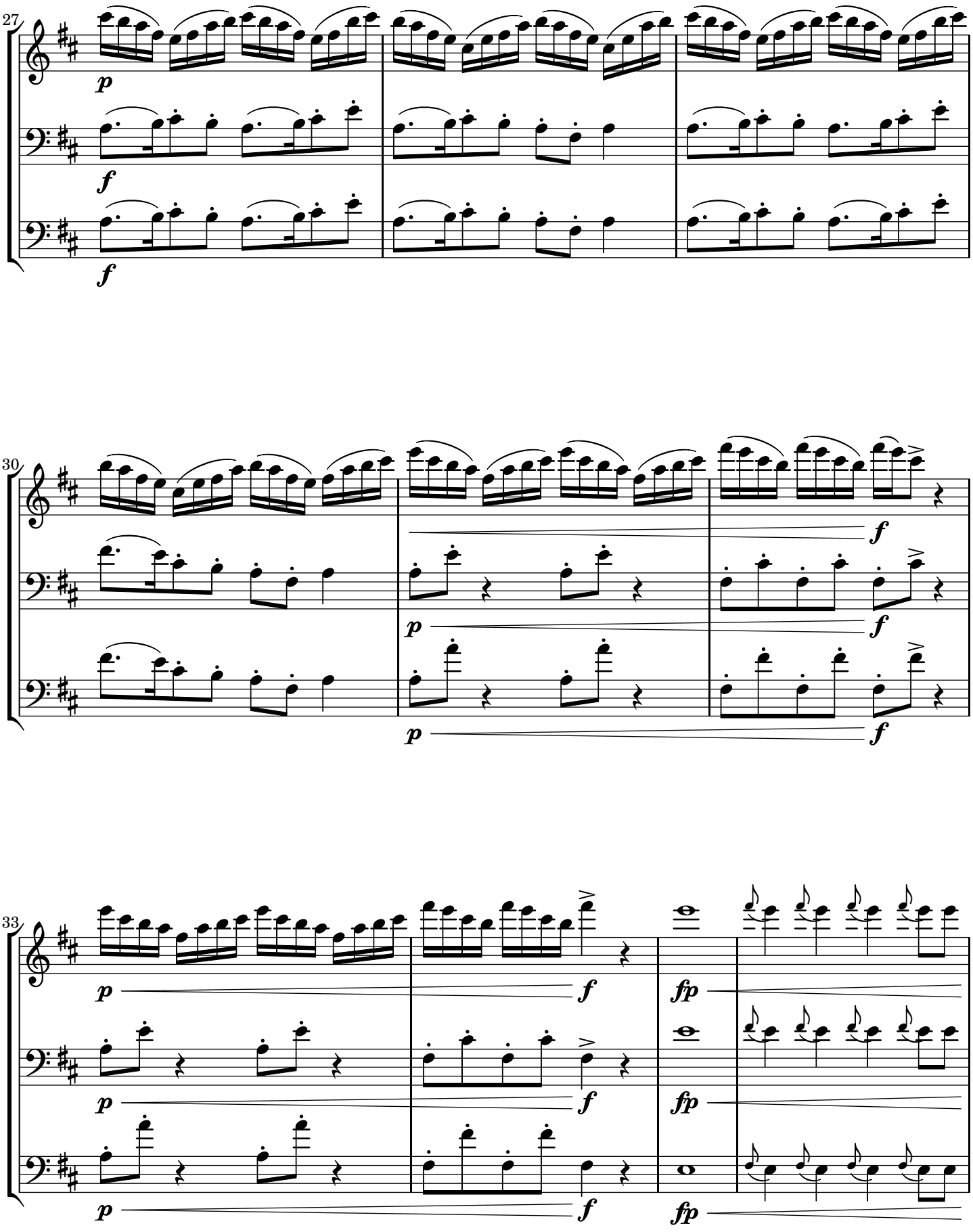
Kung Fu Kats

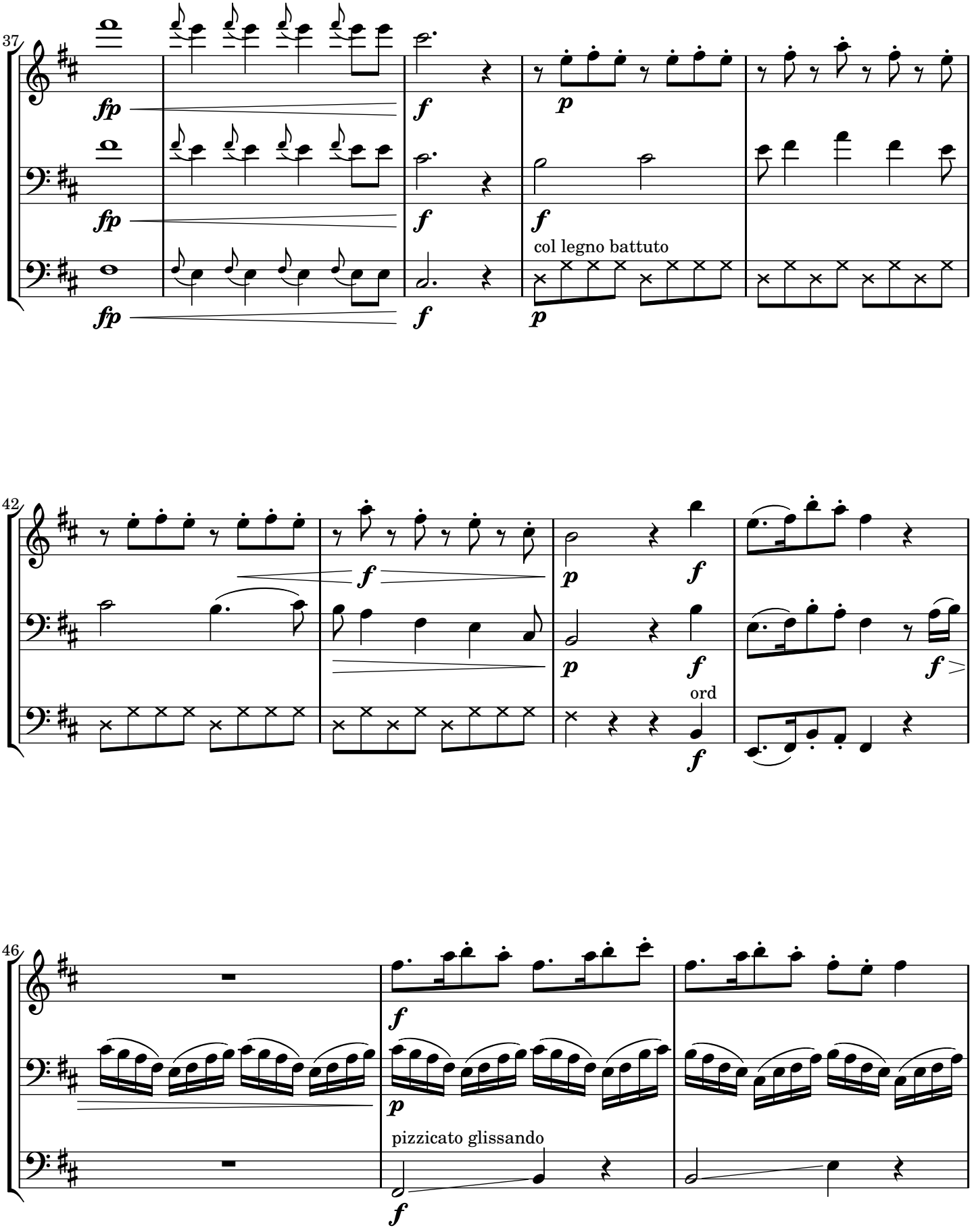
a shoalin adventure of the dao

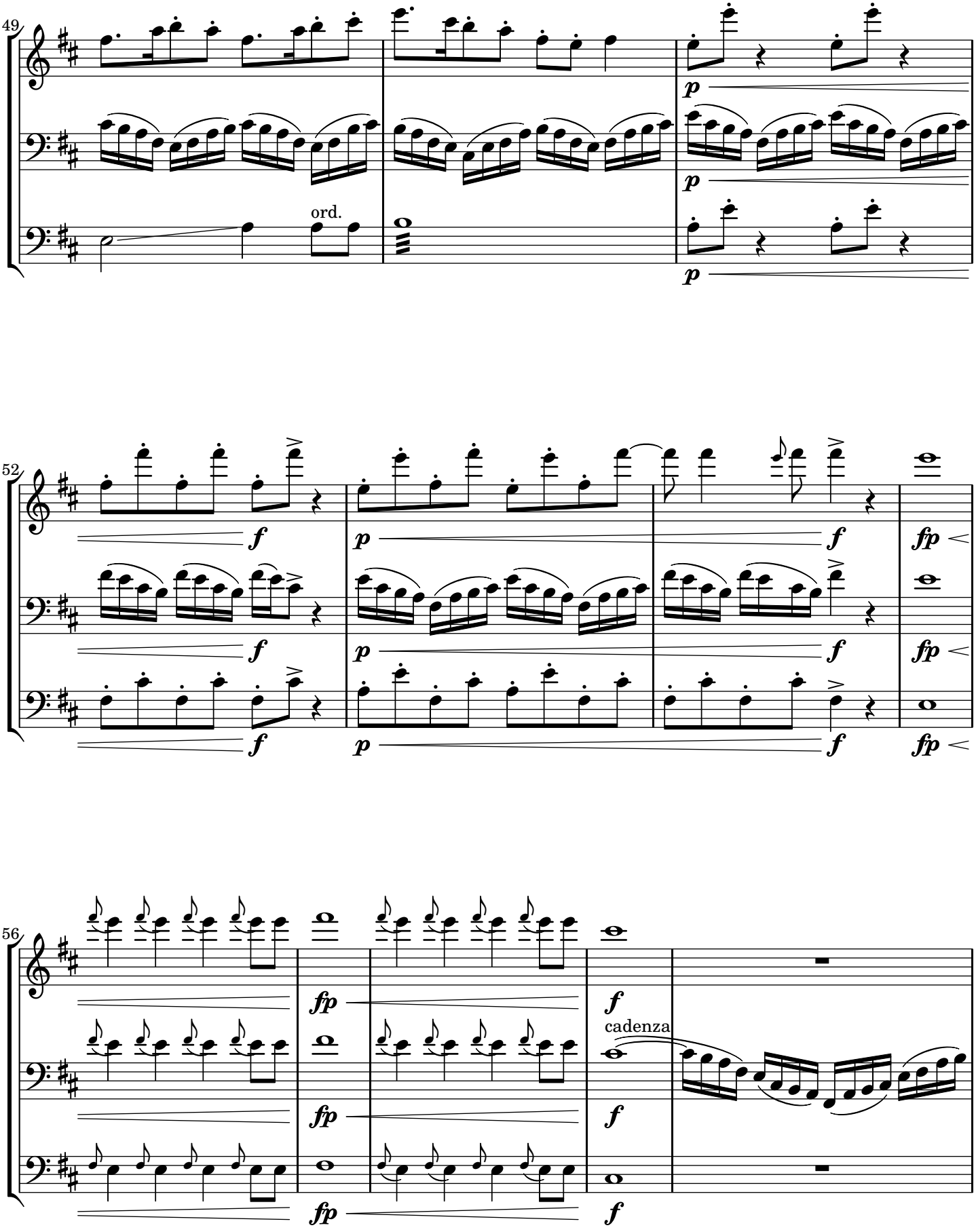
Craig Bakalian

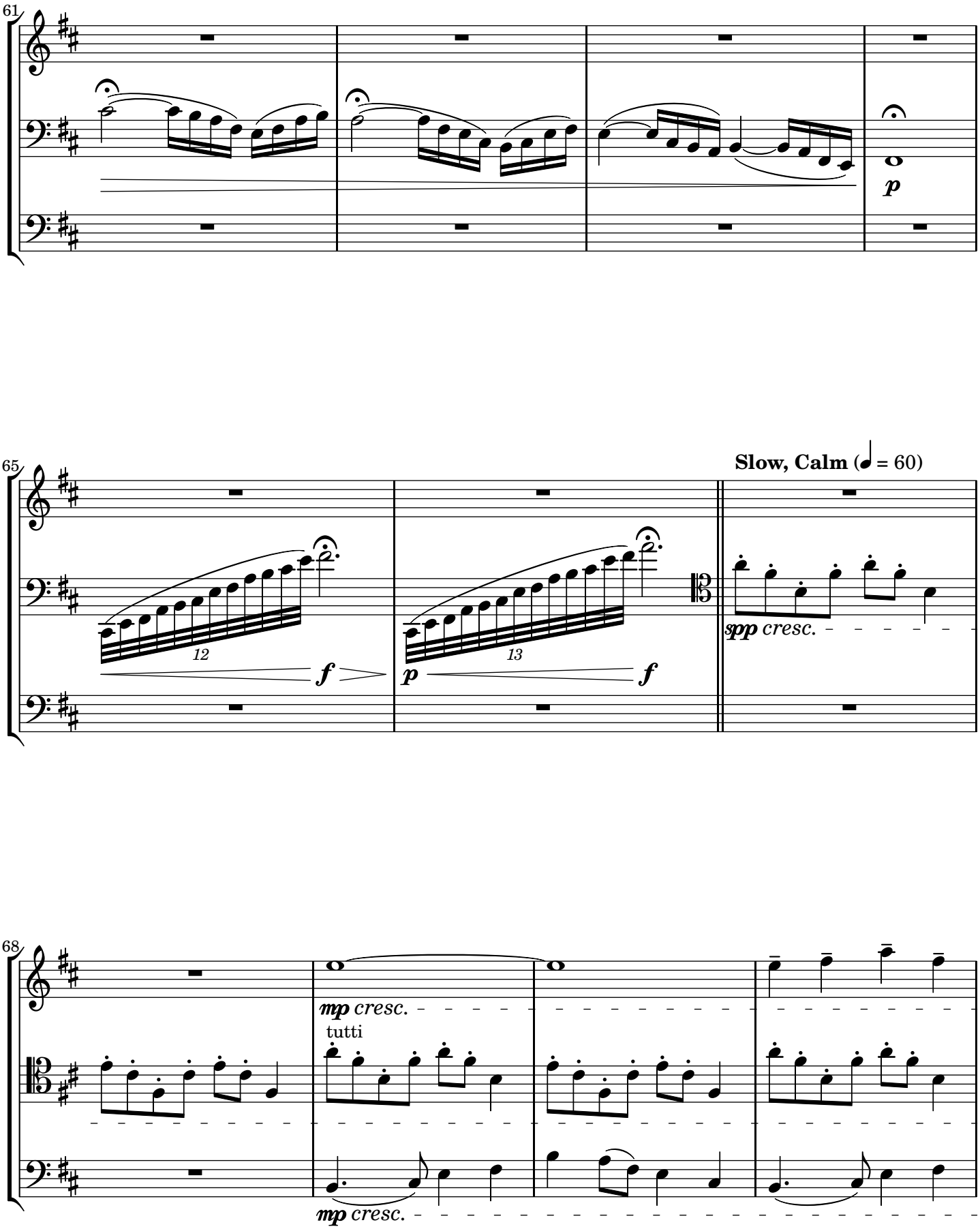


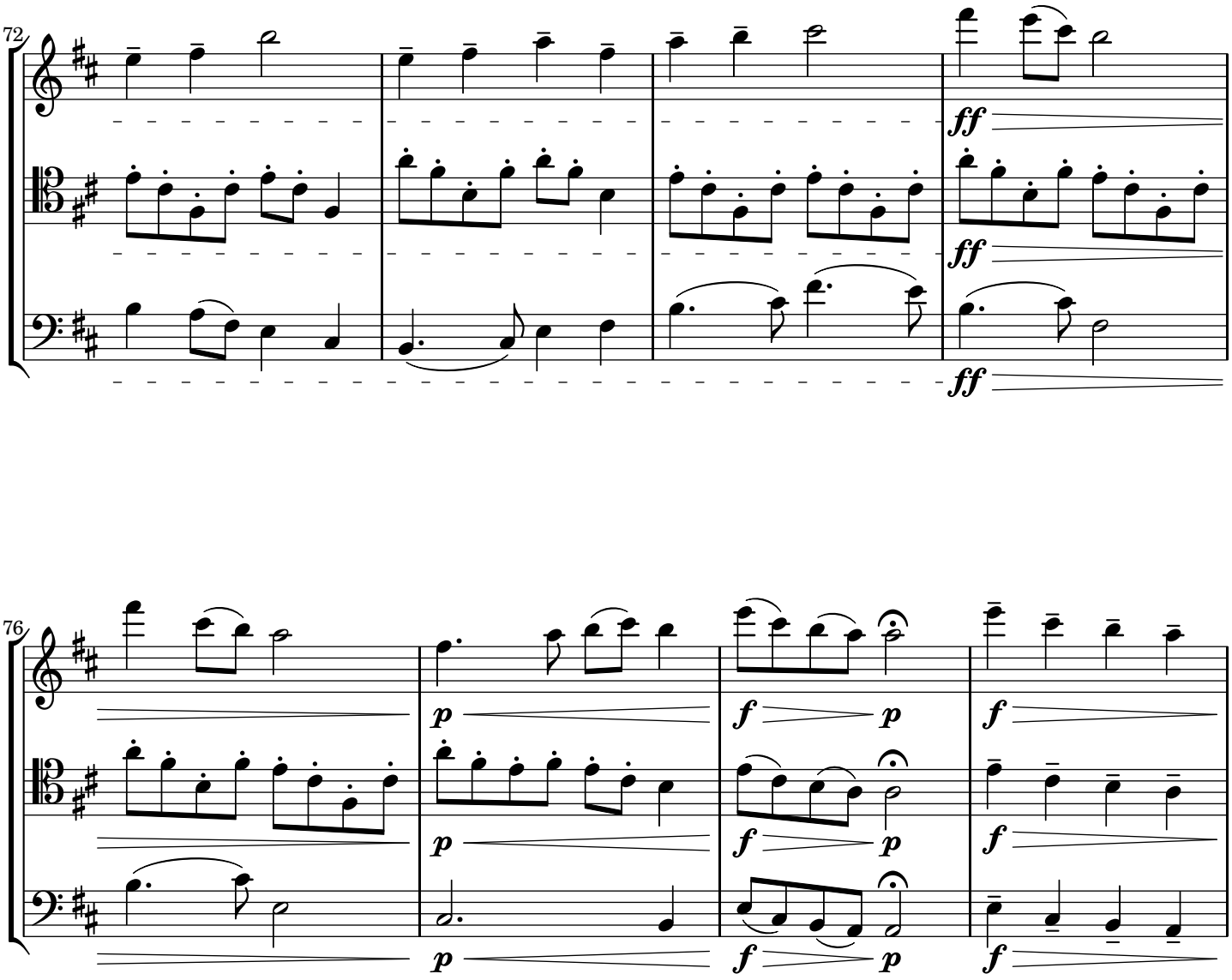

15
mf
f
p
10
f
p
f
p
f
19
10
f
p cresc.
f
p
f
23
Very Fast, Lively (𝅗𝅥 = 60)
p
f
f
p
f
p
f


27
p
f
f
30
p
f
p
f
p
f
33
p
f
fp
p
f
fp
p
f
fp

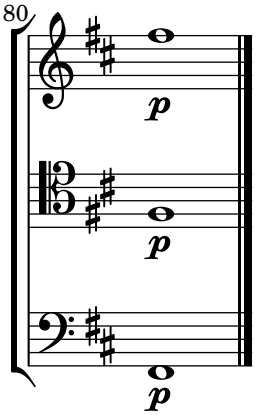

37
fp
f
p
col legno battuto
42
ord
46
pizzicato glissando


49
ord.
p
p
p
52
f
p
f
fp
f
p
f
fp
f
p
f
fp
56
fp
f
cadenza
fp
f
fp
f


61
65
Slow, Calm (♩ = 60)
12
13
f
p
f
spp cresc.
68
mp cresc.
tutti
mp cresc.


72
ff
ff
ff

76
p
p
f
p
f
f
p
f
p
f


80
p
p
p

King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness

headhunters capitalistic paradise

Anachronistic lost island, neolithic rituals
the forest roars, speaks, and whispers
this king rules with bacteria mouth bites
slow staulking death eventually becomes a meal.

Nothing is sacred, shamans rule with gross stories
coconuts buried with blood, rolled in the ash of
fish bones, beasts with severed limbs, moon
slowing descends fucking the ocean horizon

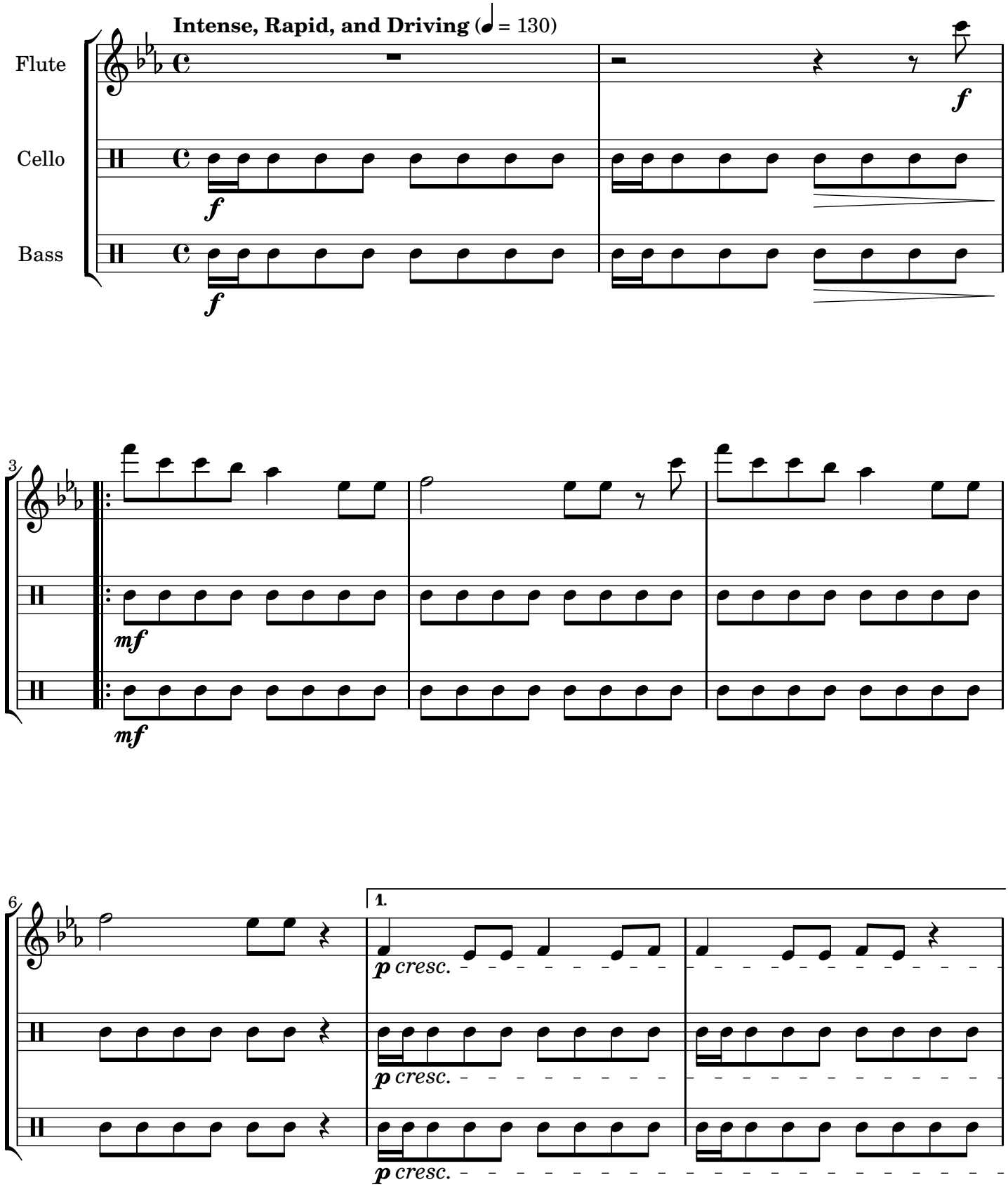
Women are from the King copulating with a man
whose testicles been eaten by the king himself
and his forked tongue is so satanic, this lizard
will make anyone his bitch, bury them alive

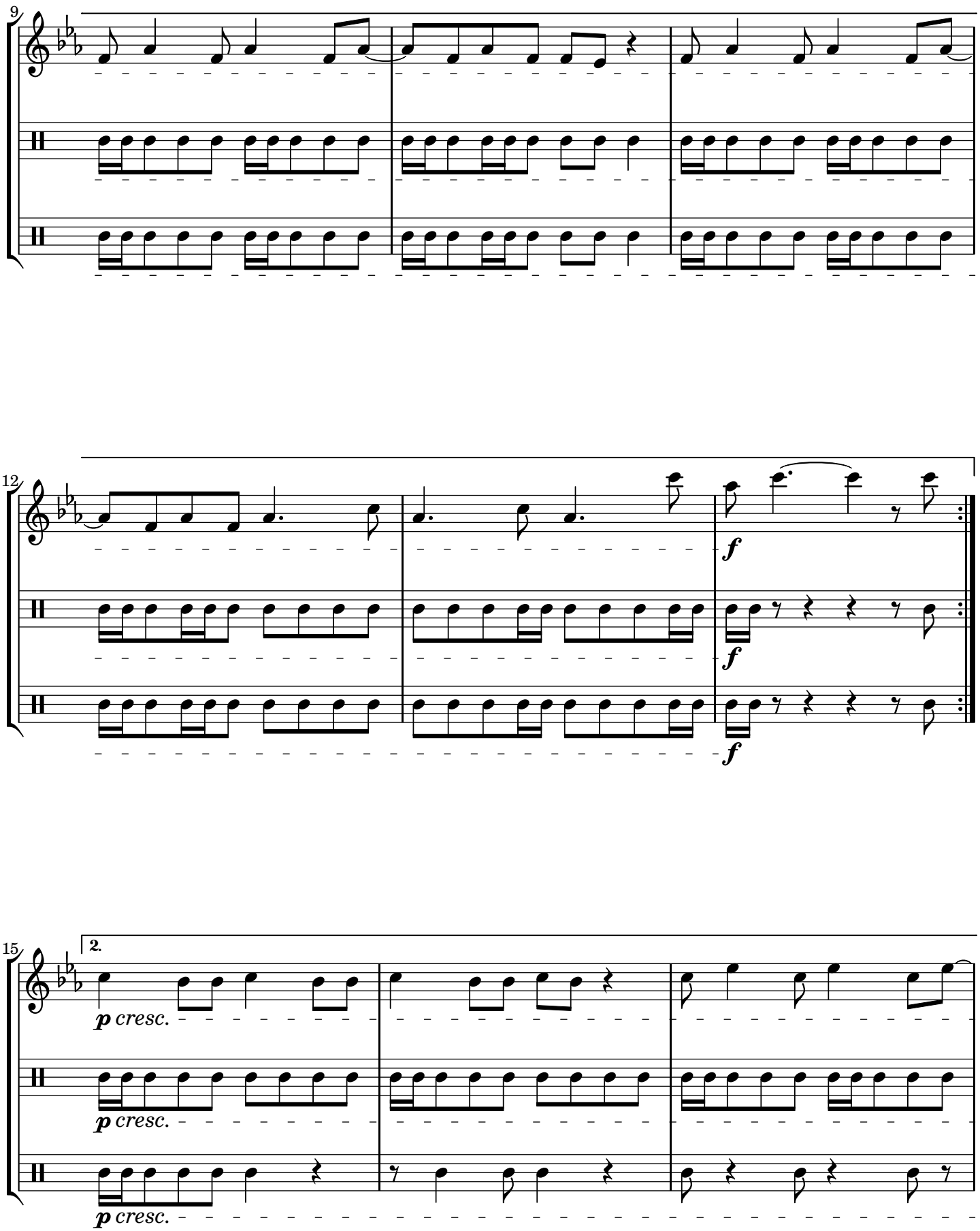
All, tales aside, headhunting is a capitalist
marketplace dream, driving opportunist in loop holes
surviving the money shamanistic dealings, yell sell
buying for futures rise upon the statistical
incalcuable forecast of the prediction of the
account storm of shock and hide inside the
off shore accounts of those that have become food
for the reptiles of profit

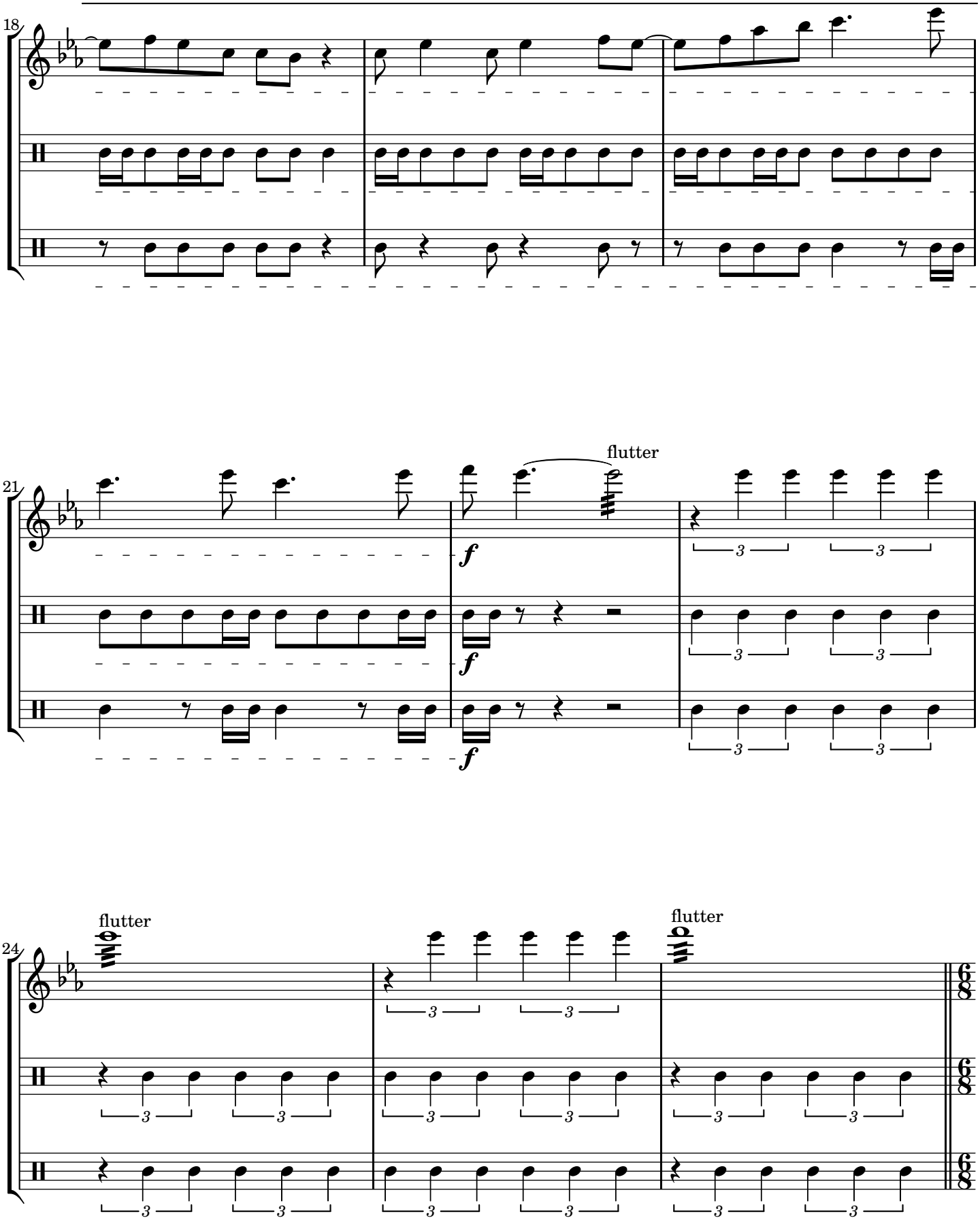
King Monitor Lizard, our Royal Highness

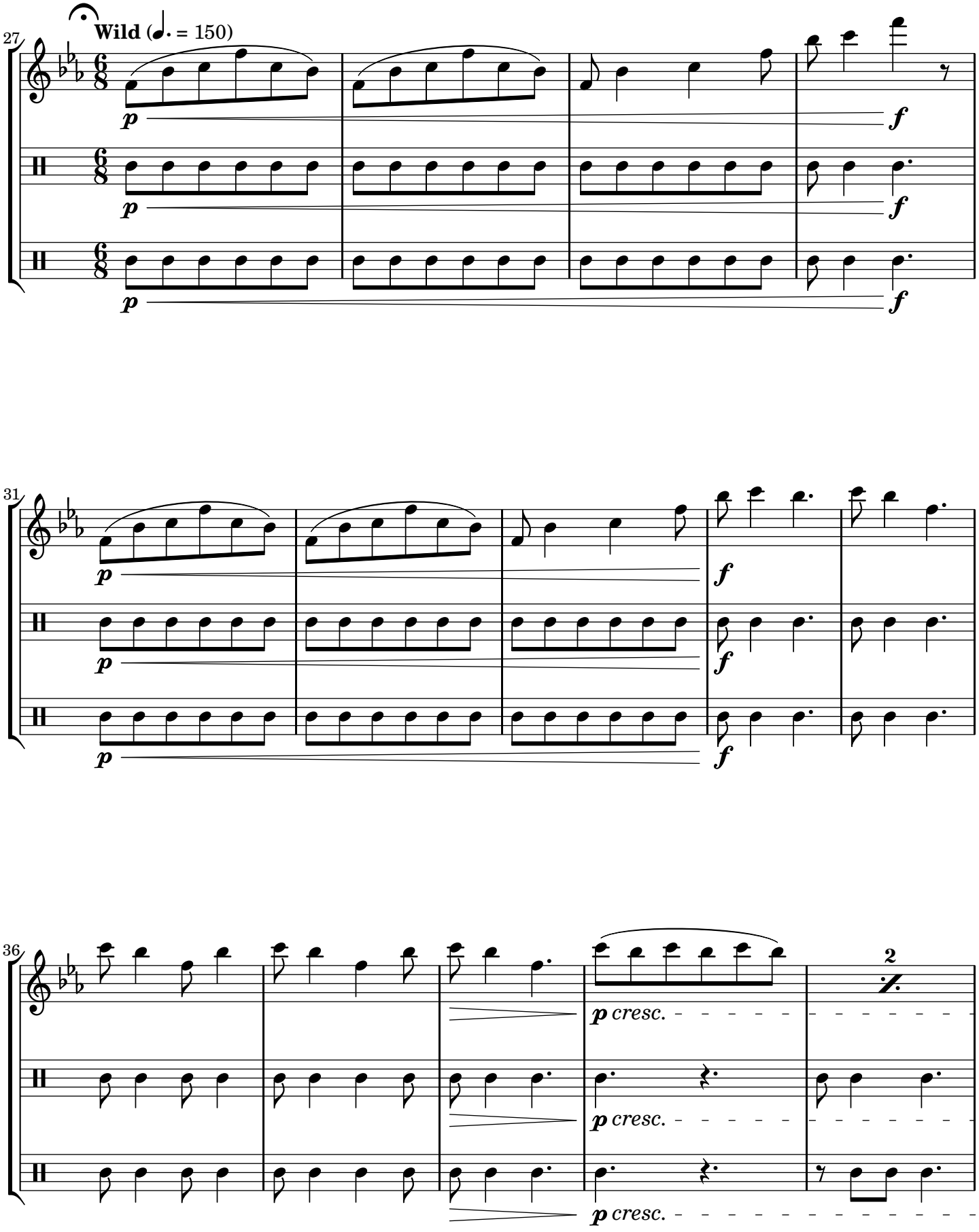
headhunters capitalistic paradise

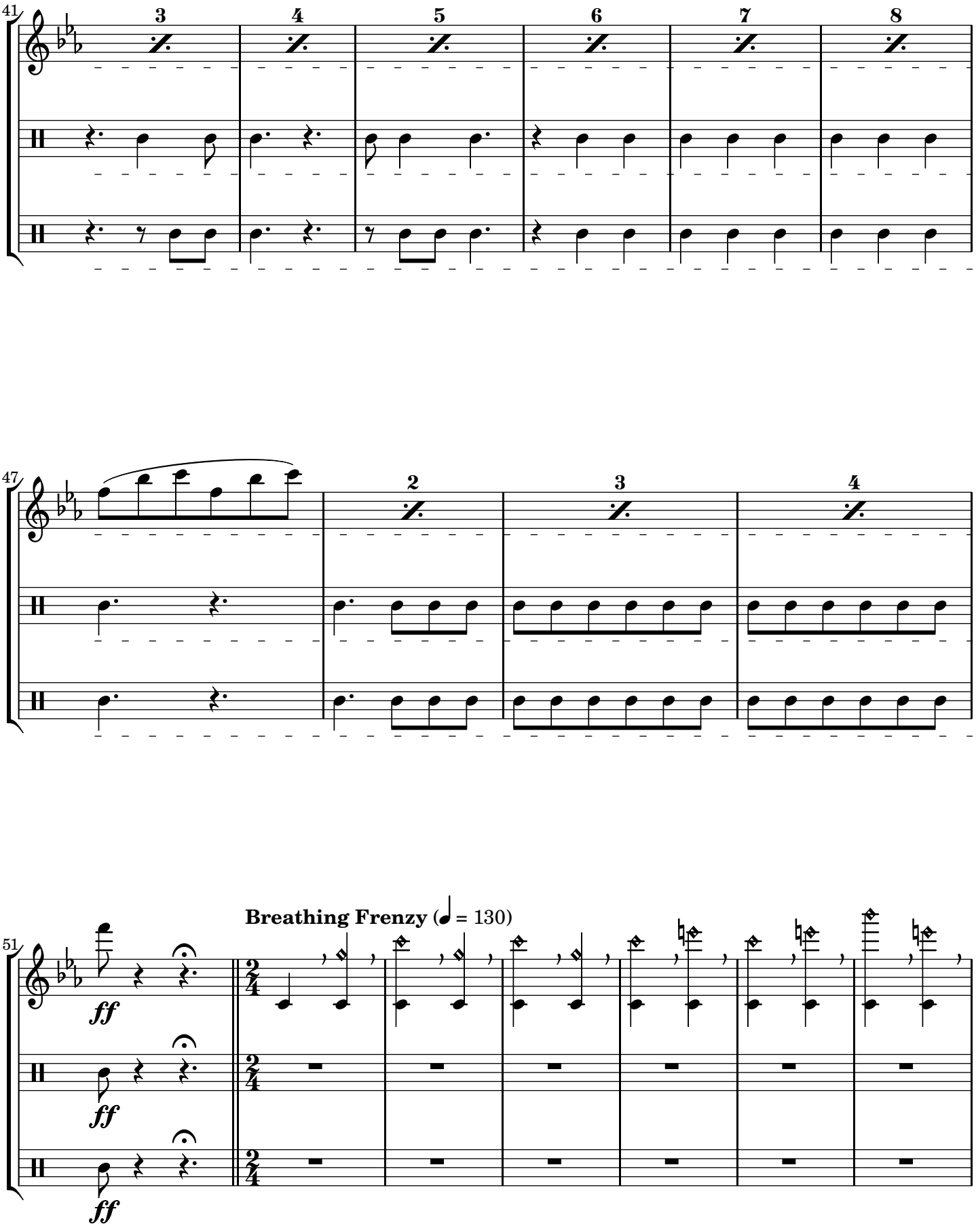
Craig Bakalian

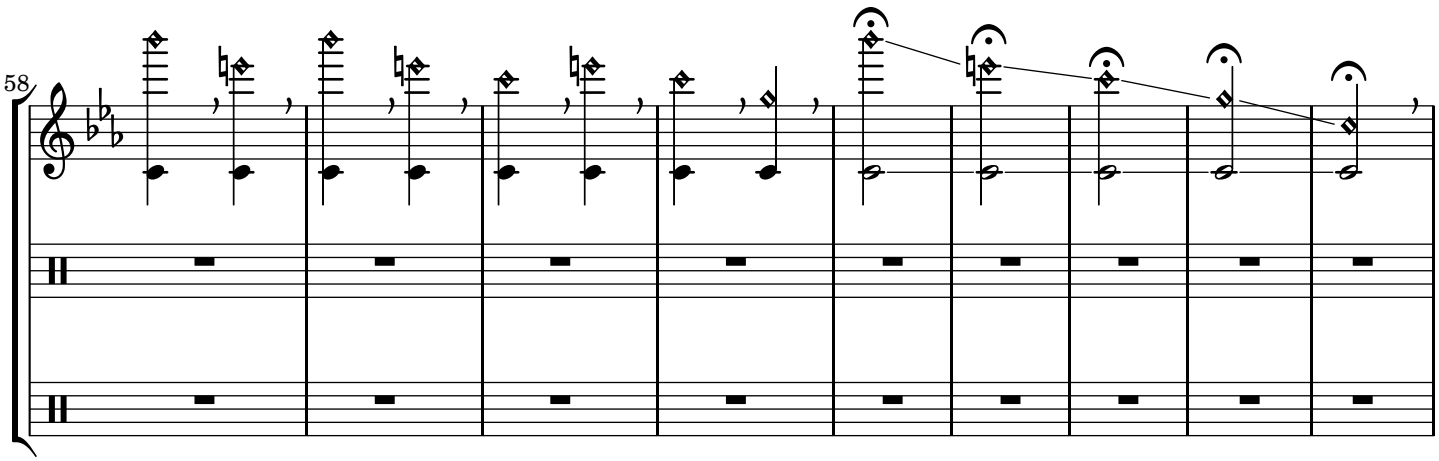


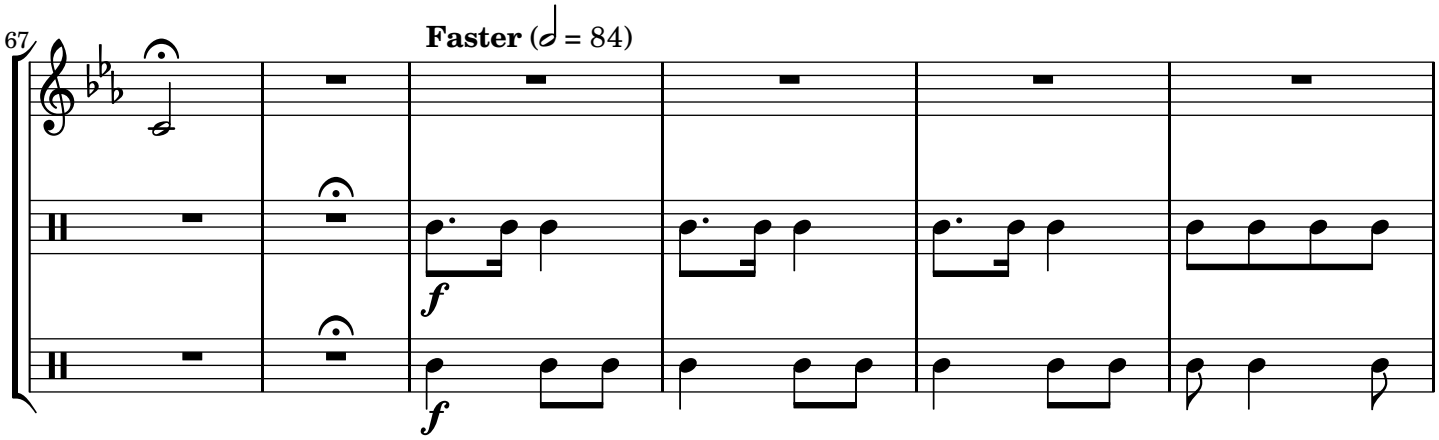

9
12
f
f
f
15
2.
p cresc.
p cresc.
p cresc.

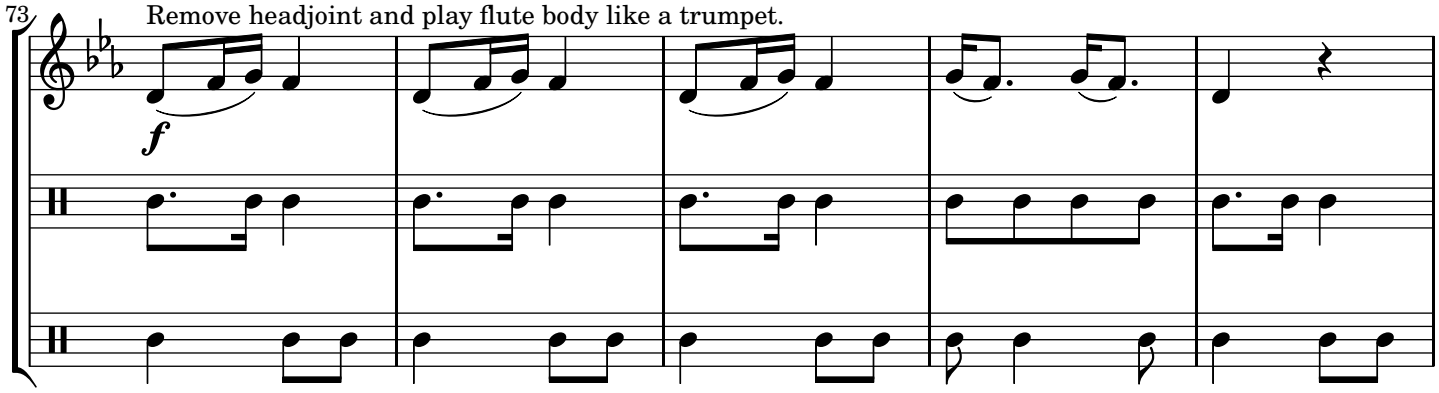

18
21
flutter
f
f
f
24
flutter
flutter
3
6
8


27
Wild (♩. = 150)
31
36
2
p cresc.

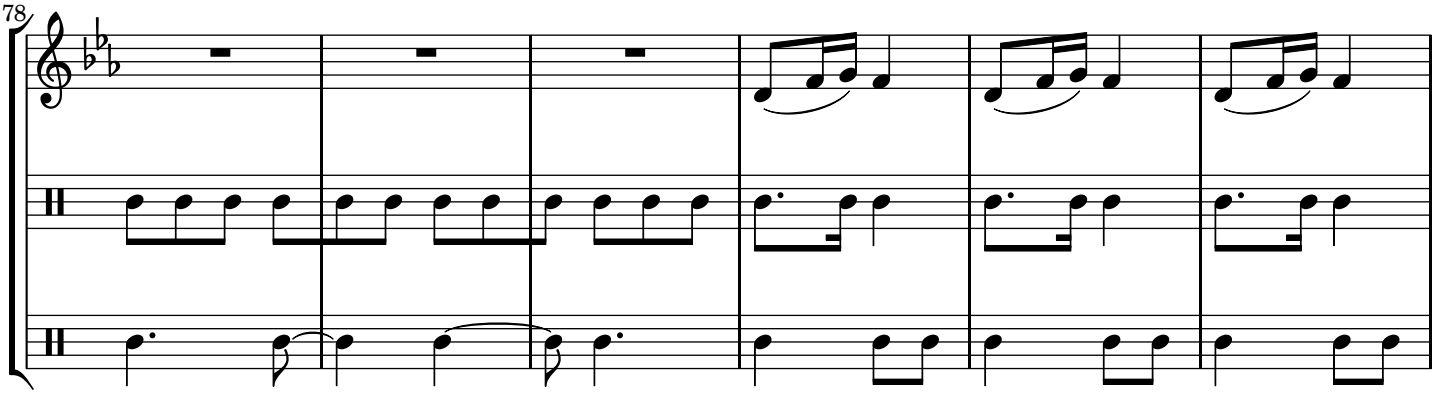

41
3
4
5
6
7
8
47
2
3
4
51
Breathing Frenzy (♩ = 130)
ff
ff
ff


58


67
Faster (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
f
f


73
Remove headjoint and play flute body like a trumpet.
f

78



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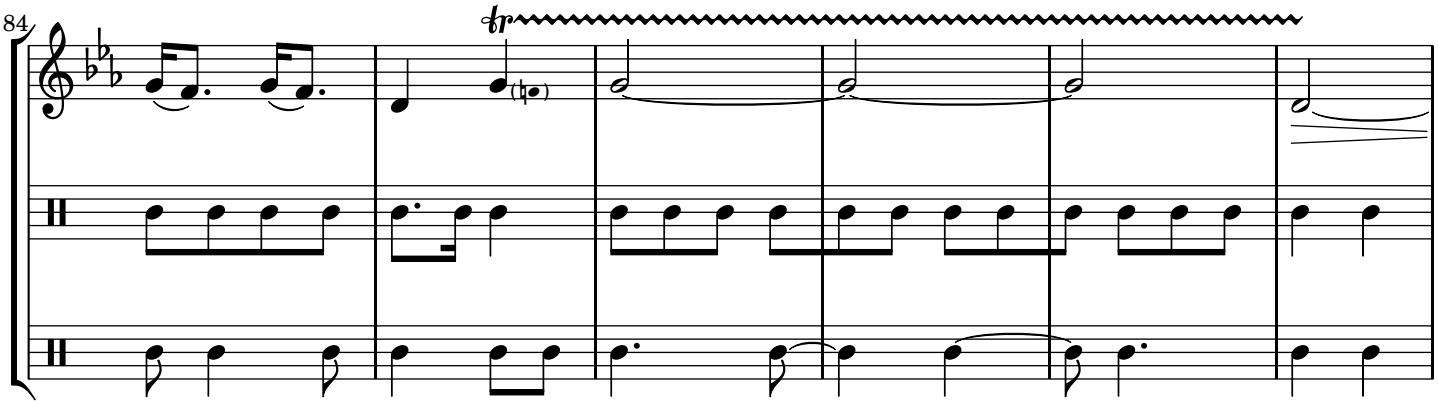
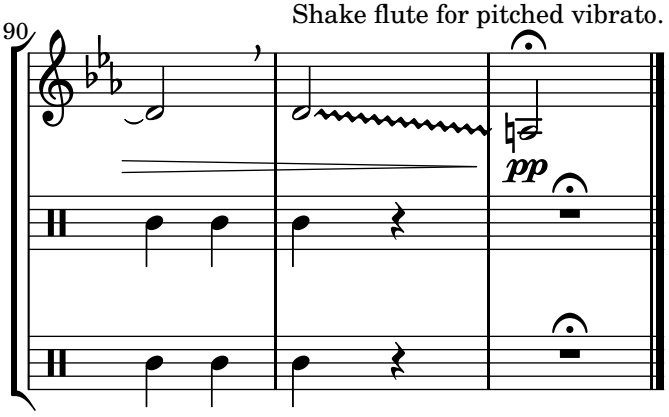


90



NYPD Bull Dogging

every bone needs to be stopped, frisked, and chewed

Congestion of blocks, grids, tantrums
signals for walkers saftey from
airconditioned cabs encapsulated in alloy
The seargeant at arms insures all goes well
rules enforced slobbered authority is not leashed.

You do not dare conjure the angular simplification
of square root J-walking, is illegal, fines, arrest
it does not matter the beauty of those ankles, slender or clubby
Snarl! chew and devour the low bones, blood, socks, shoe
from one and a half foot tall.

For if taller, throats would be chomped, no choke hold
no hand cuff, not frisky stops for minor missing demeanors
Zoned to the jugular, break the flow to the sense of self
All from New Yorks finest trained, tested and hero-ified.

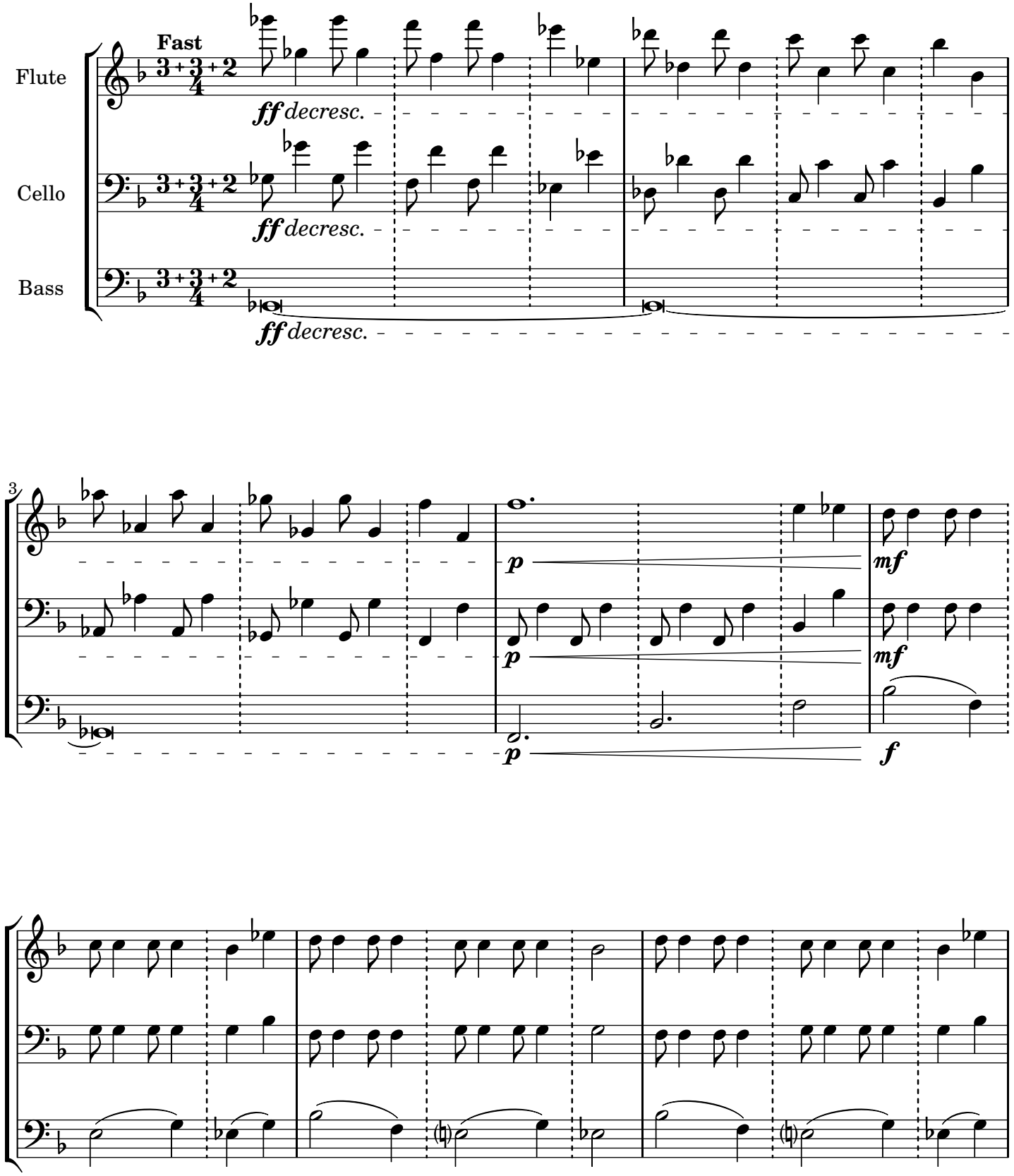
A dog can do no wrong; abuse disregarded, spun stories
the them that shields from them, them terrorist of peace and rightness
from freedom of capitalized votes, chew the bones
of them that ain't no us, and if one of us stands by - chew their bones
chew the bones to the marrow.

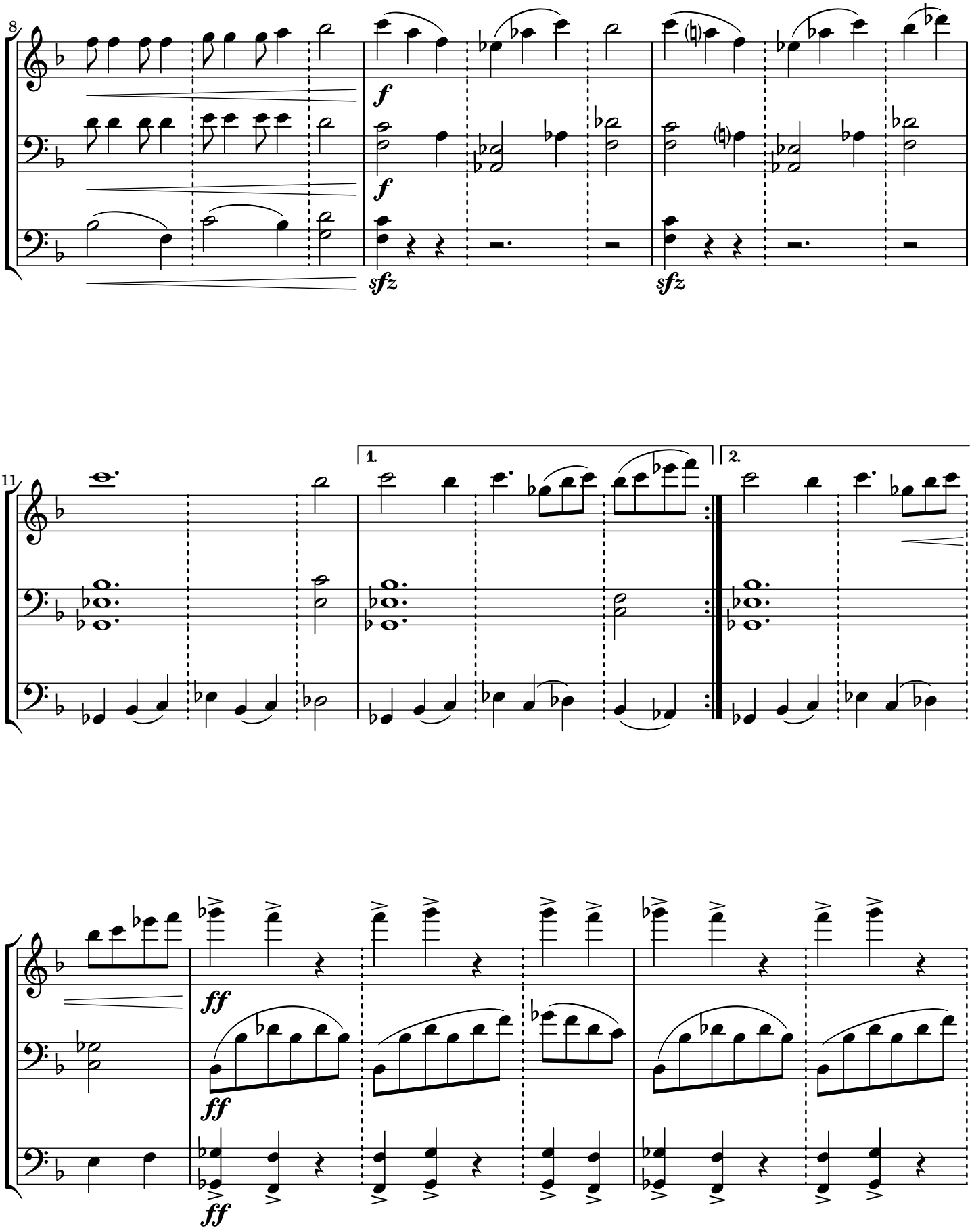
Only the master is spared, the master that abuses captain dog.
Can't blame the dog, then the master, no! the master blames the dog
blame the shamer that shams the blammer shamming the sha-master.
it works so well during the enforcement of killing the poor.

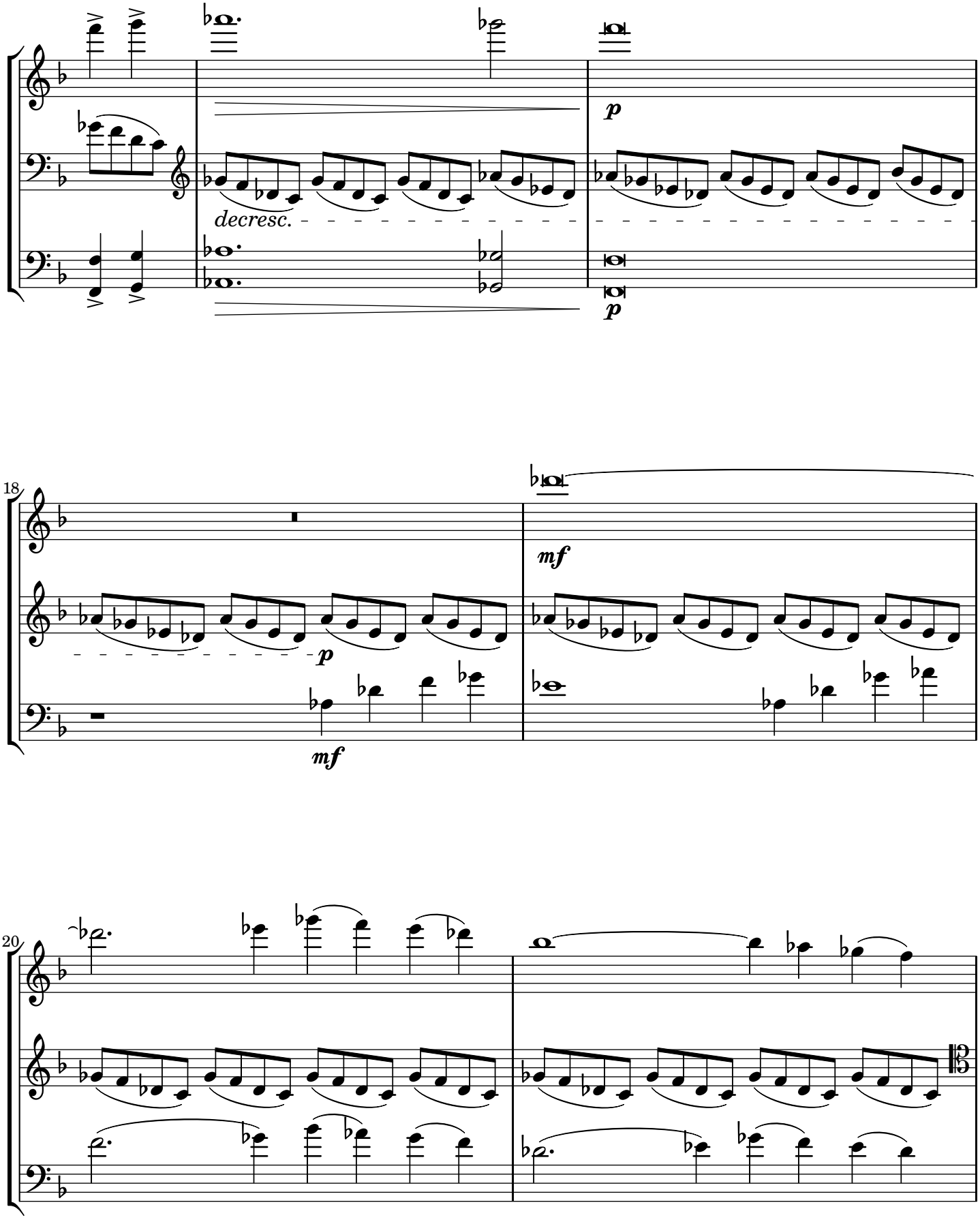
NYPD Bull Dogging

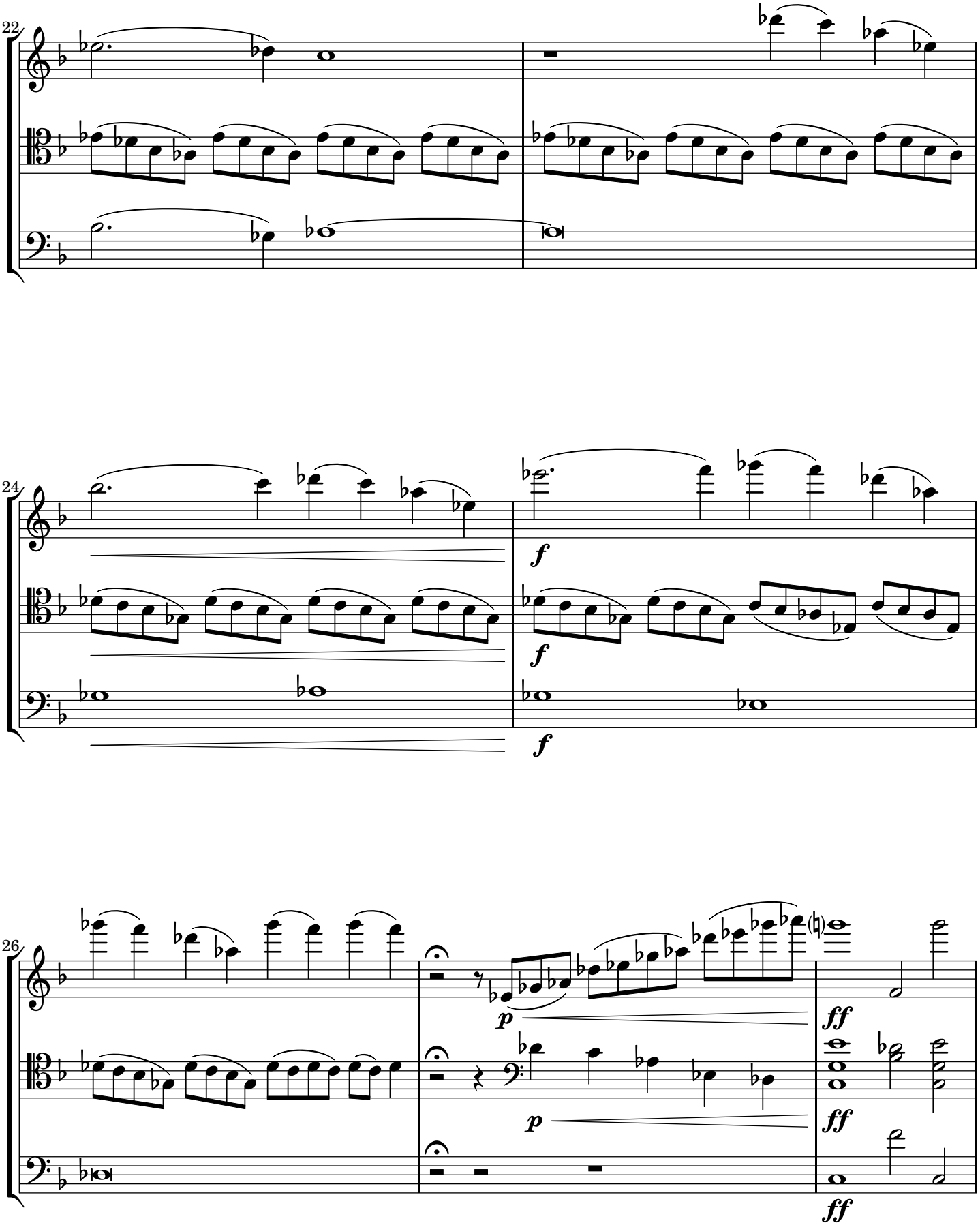
every bone needs to be stopped, frisked, and chewed

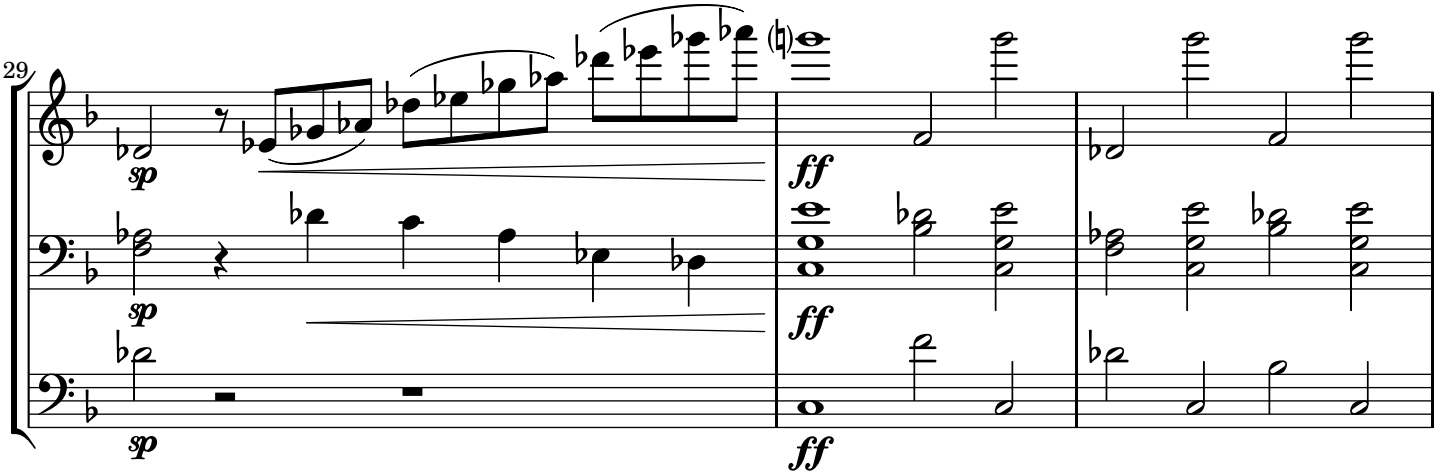
Craig Bakalian

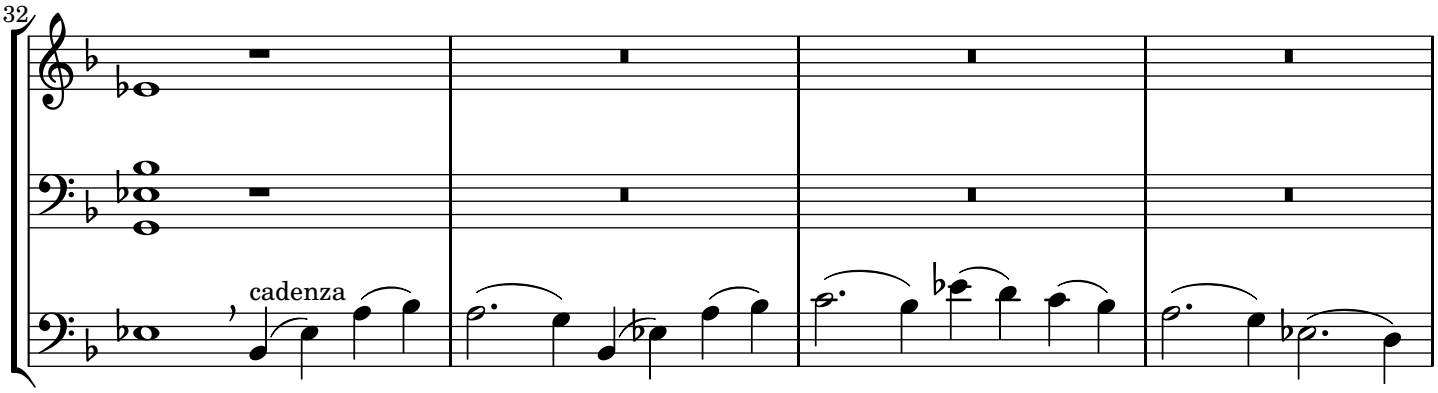


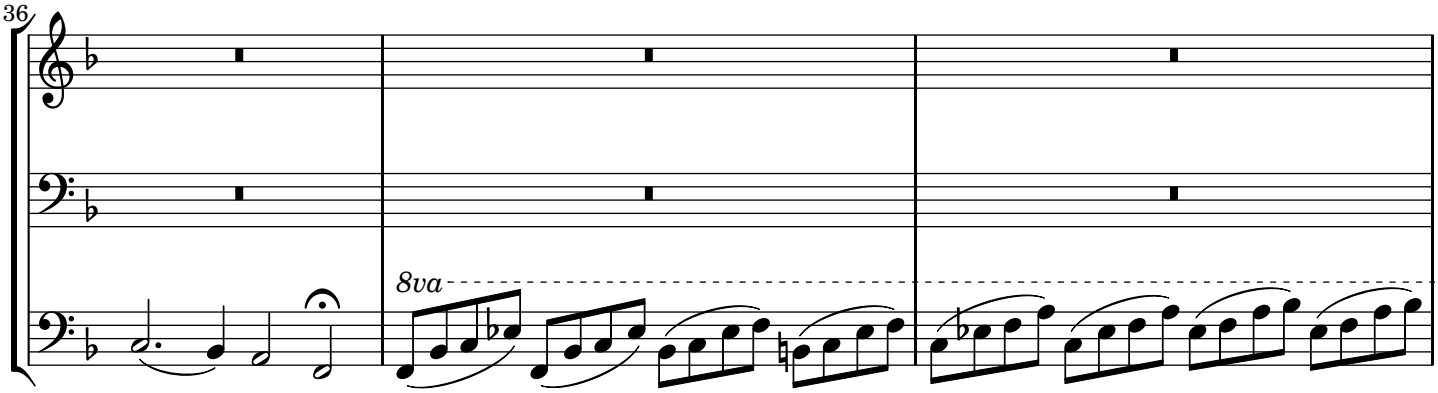

8
f
f
sfz
sfz
11
1.
2.
ff
ff
ff

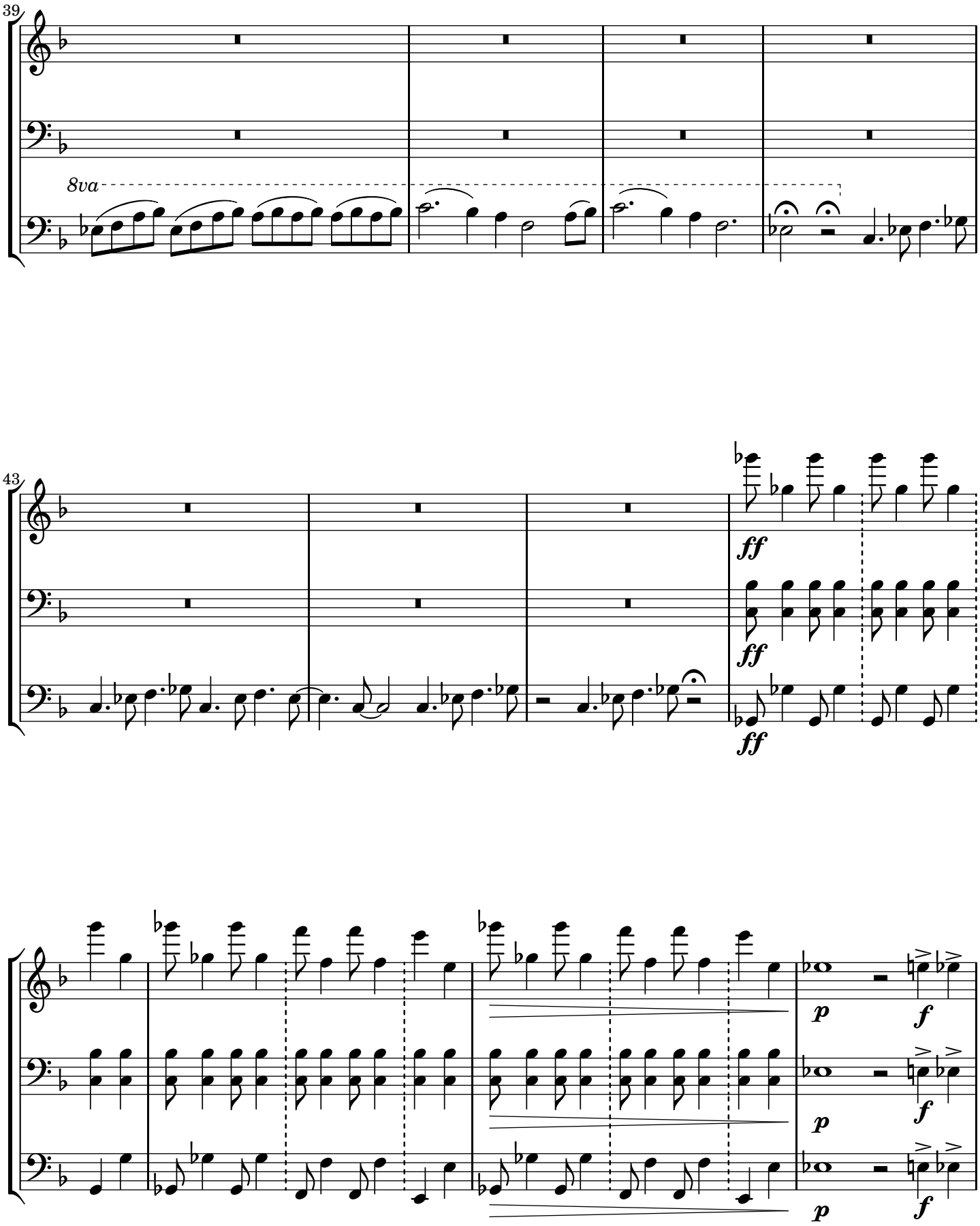

decresc.
p
p
18
mf
p
mf
20

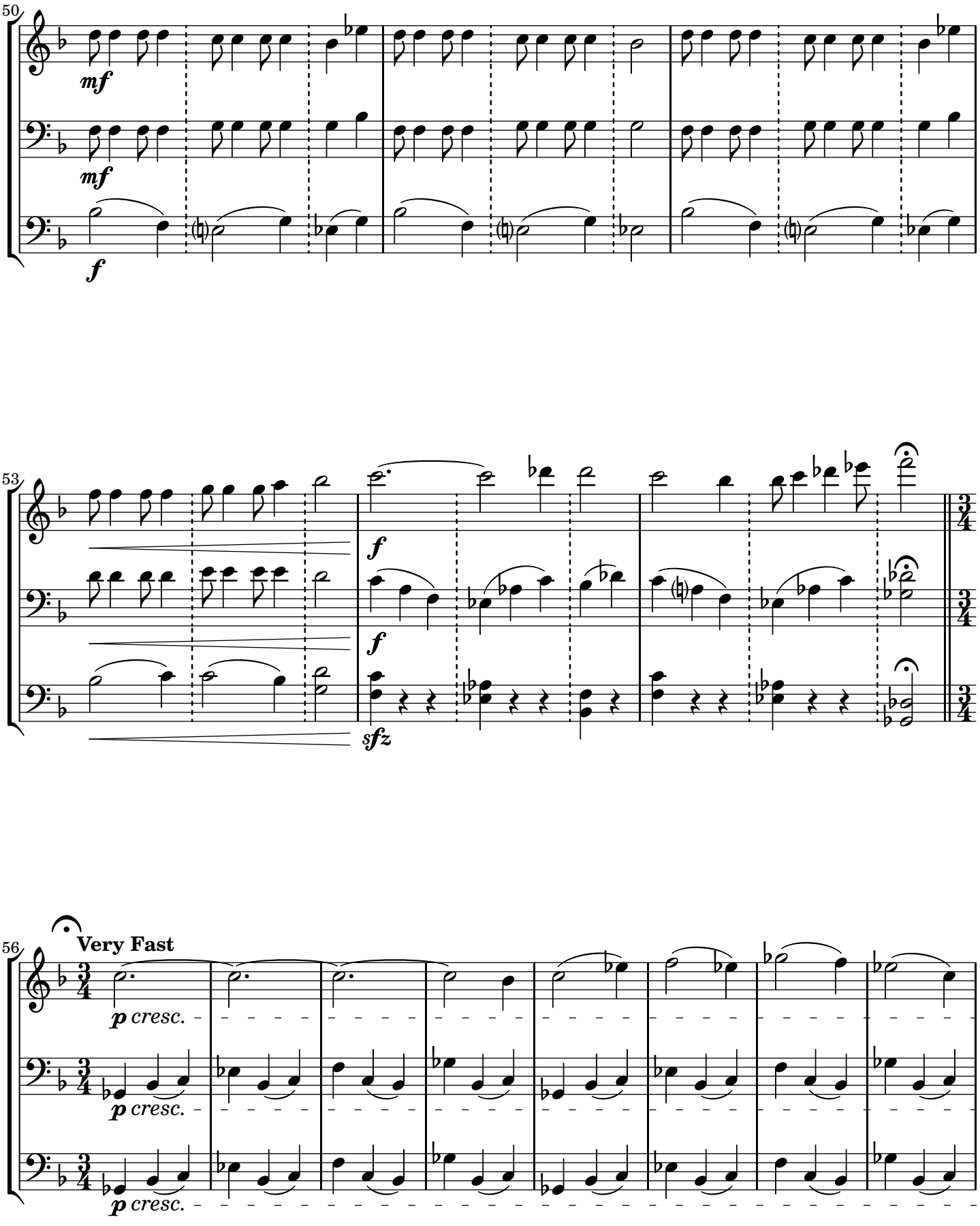

22
24
f
f
f
26
p
p
ff
ff
ff

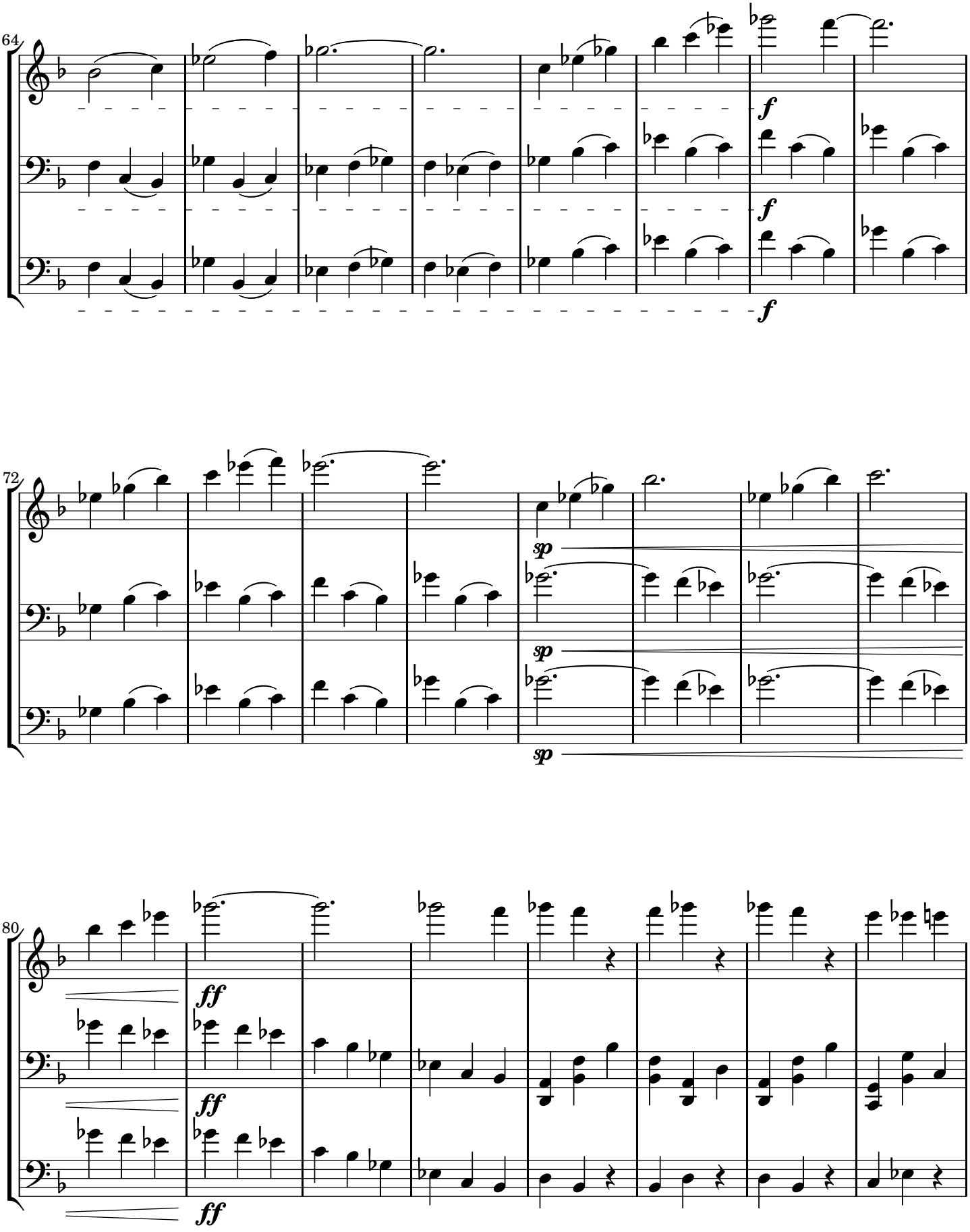

29
sp
sp
sp
ff
ff
ff


32
cadenza

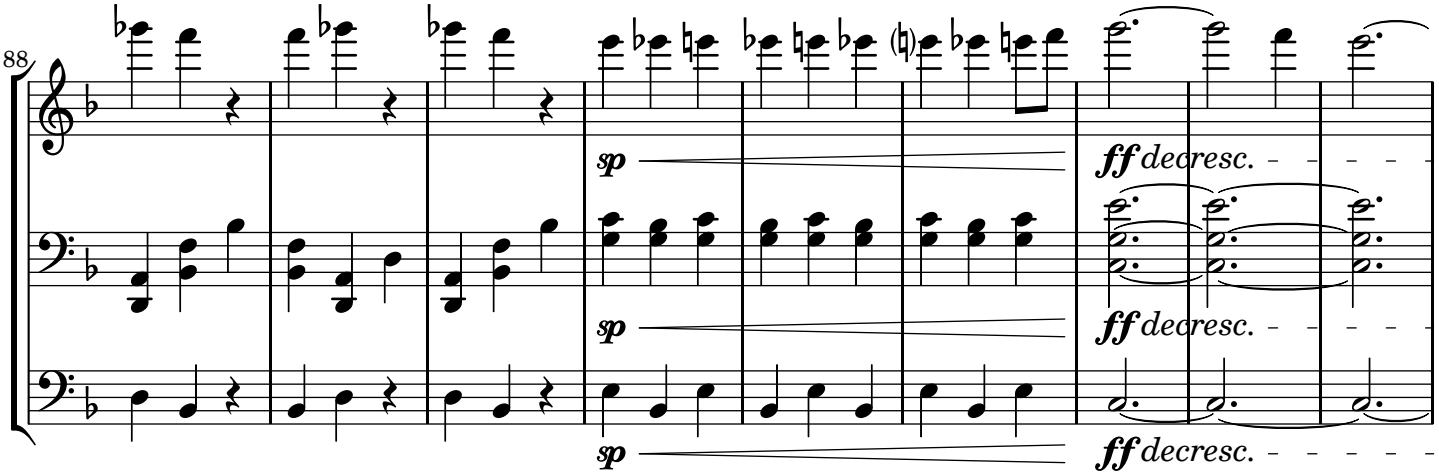

36
8va


39
8va
43
ff
ff
ff
p
f
p
f
p
f


50
mf
mf
f
53
f
f
sfz
56
Very Fast
p cresc.
p cresc.
p cresc.


64
f
f
f
72
sp
sp
sp
80
ff
ff
ff

88



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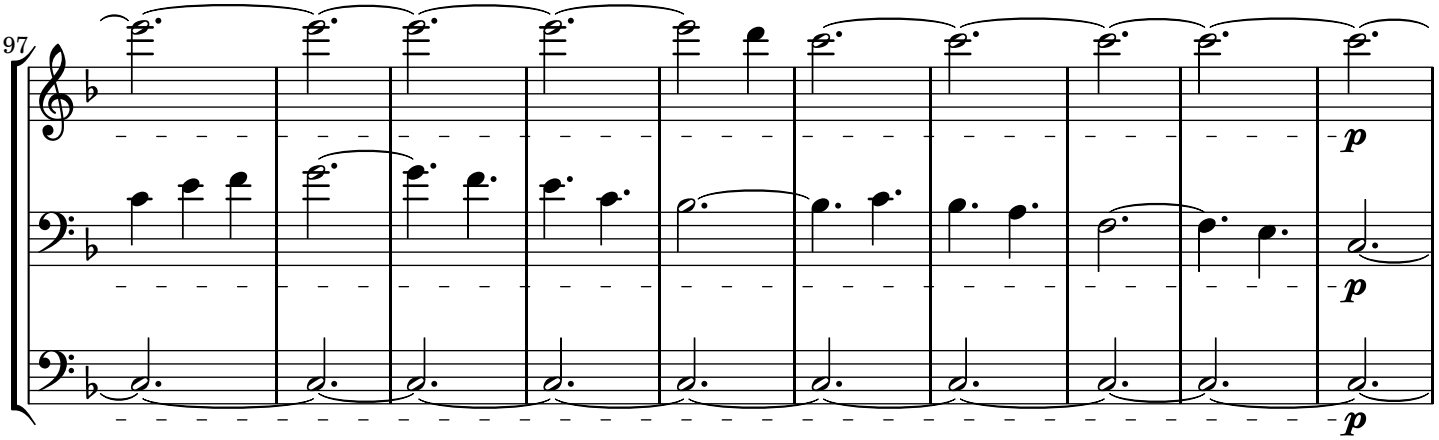

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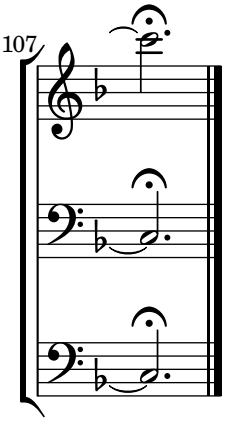


Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

she is the strangest teacher, but loved by all

This odd lady. She teaches badly.
Confused, thwarted, unstimulated minds
of students with fresh normal questions.
We still love her, she cannot go,
tenure aside, she is a darling we cherish

And the way of her ABCs is backwards,
random, crazy, CBAs, CABs, BCAs and
ZYXs or who knows what she will do
Next day, class, or lesson, will they happen?
Is she fit for instruction?

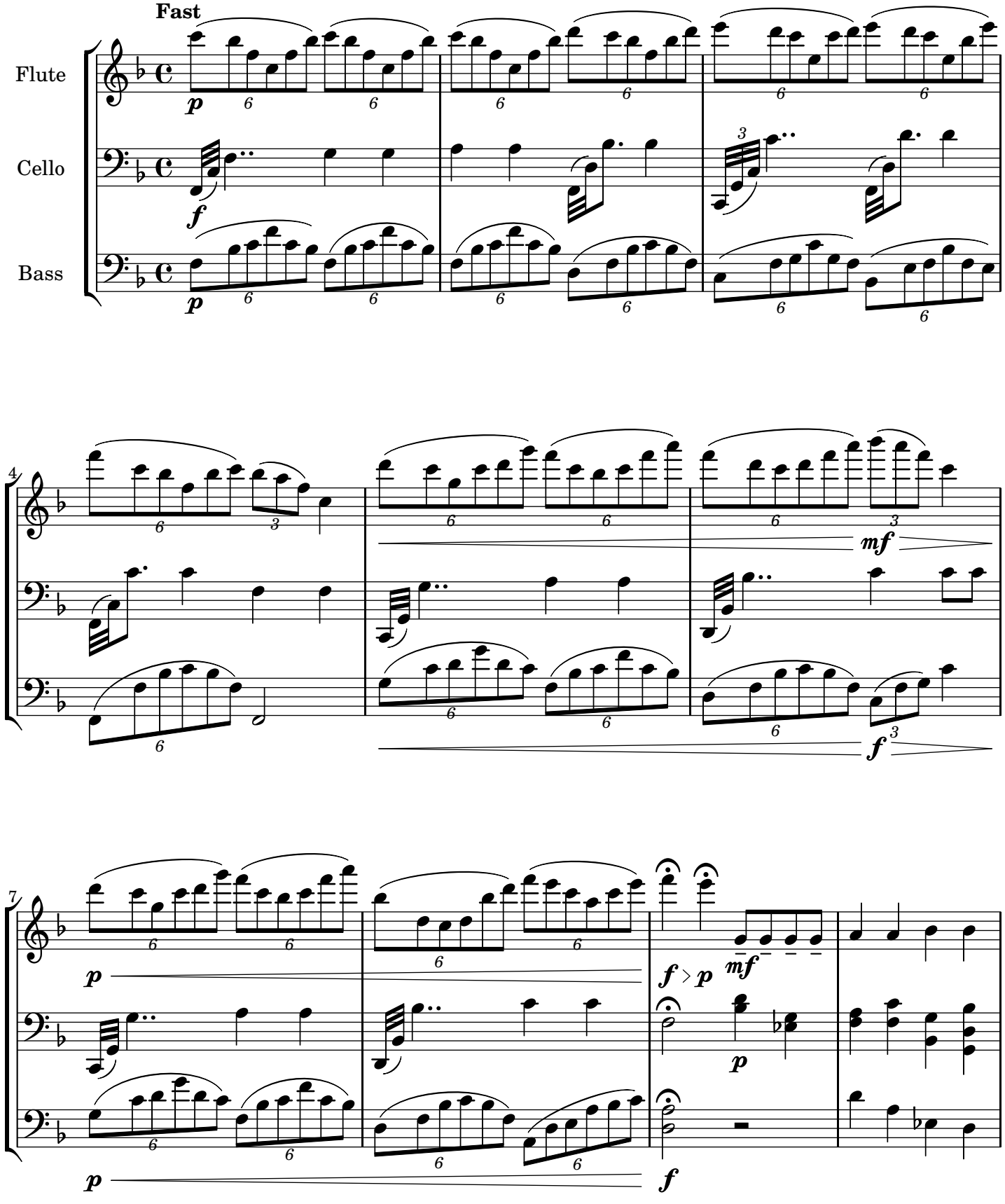
And her weekends, it is said, filled with
SNM, pre orgasmic asphyxiated extensions
wild orgasms that rise from the depths
of chakras up to the sarkach to the backwards
mystery of hedonisms in all of us.

Fishnets, whips, strange hoods, ropes,
regardless, we still love her because
she is mama rhino the beast that could
destroy everything in the way of any child's future.

Ms. Rhinoceros Teaches the ABCs

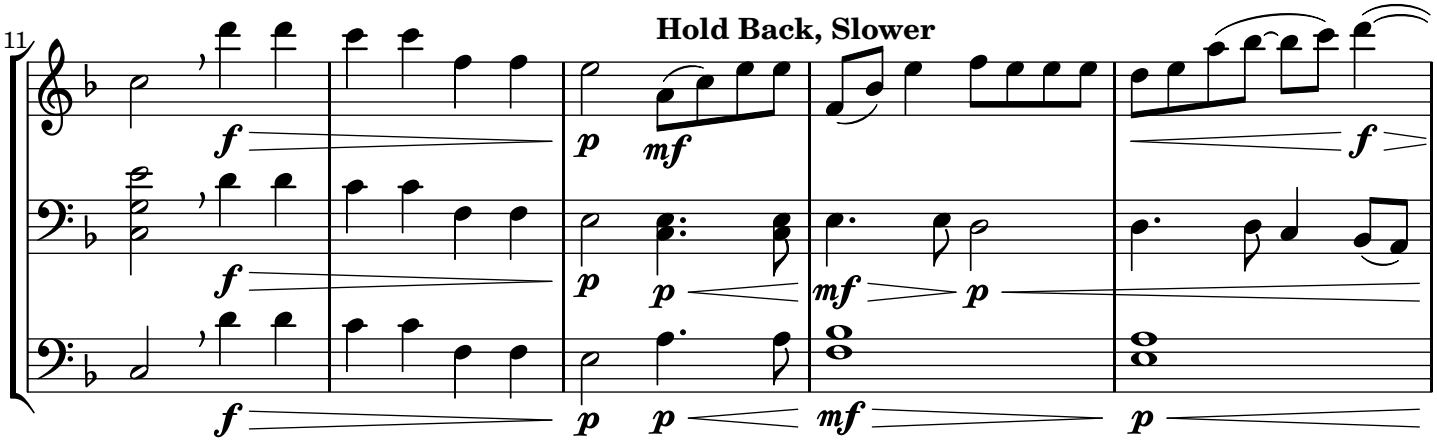
she is the strangest teacher, but loved by all

Craig Bakalian

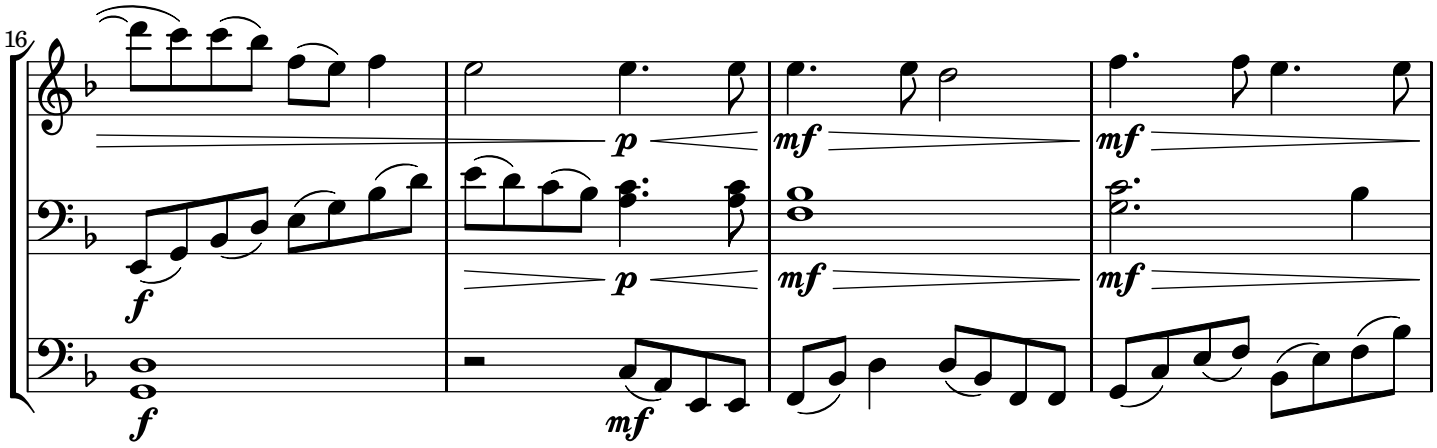


11

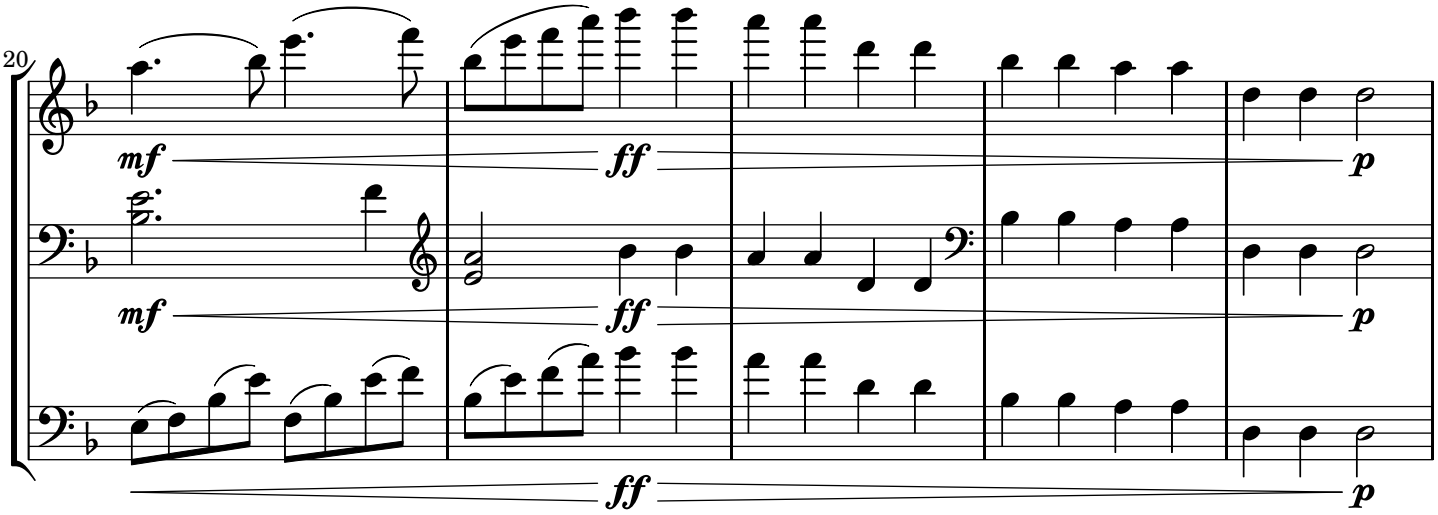
Hold Back, Slower

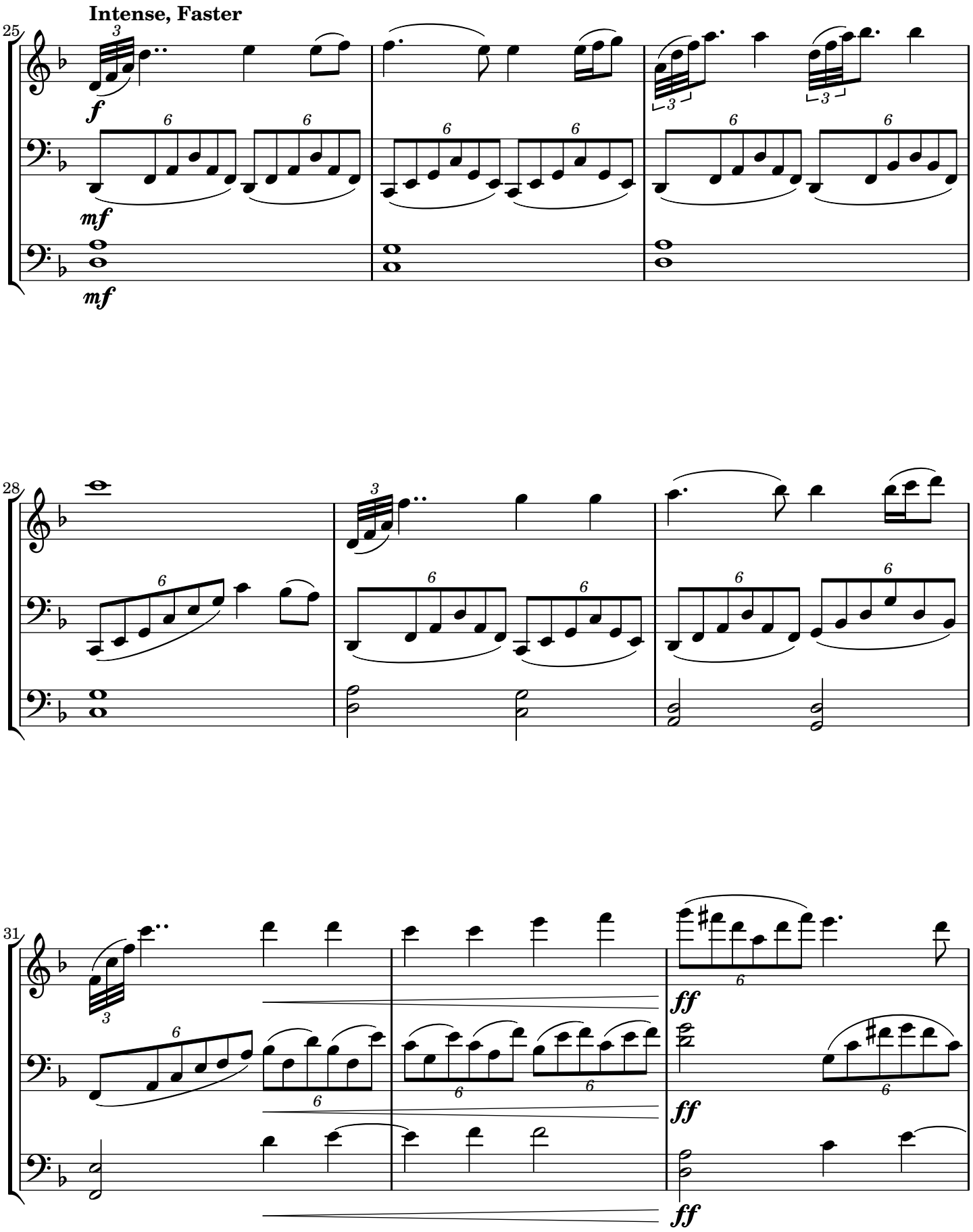


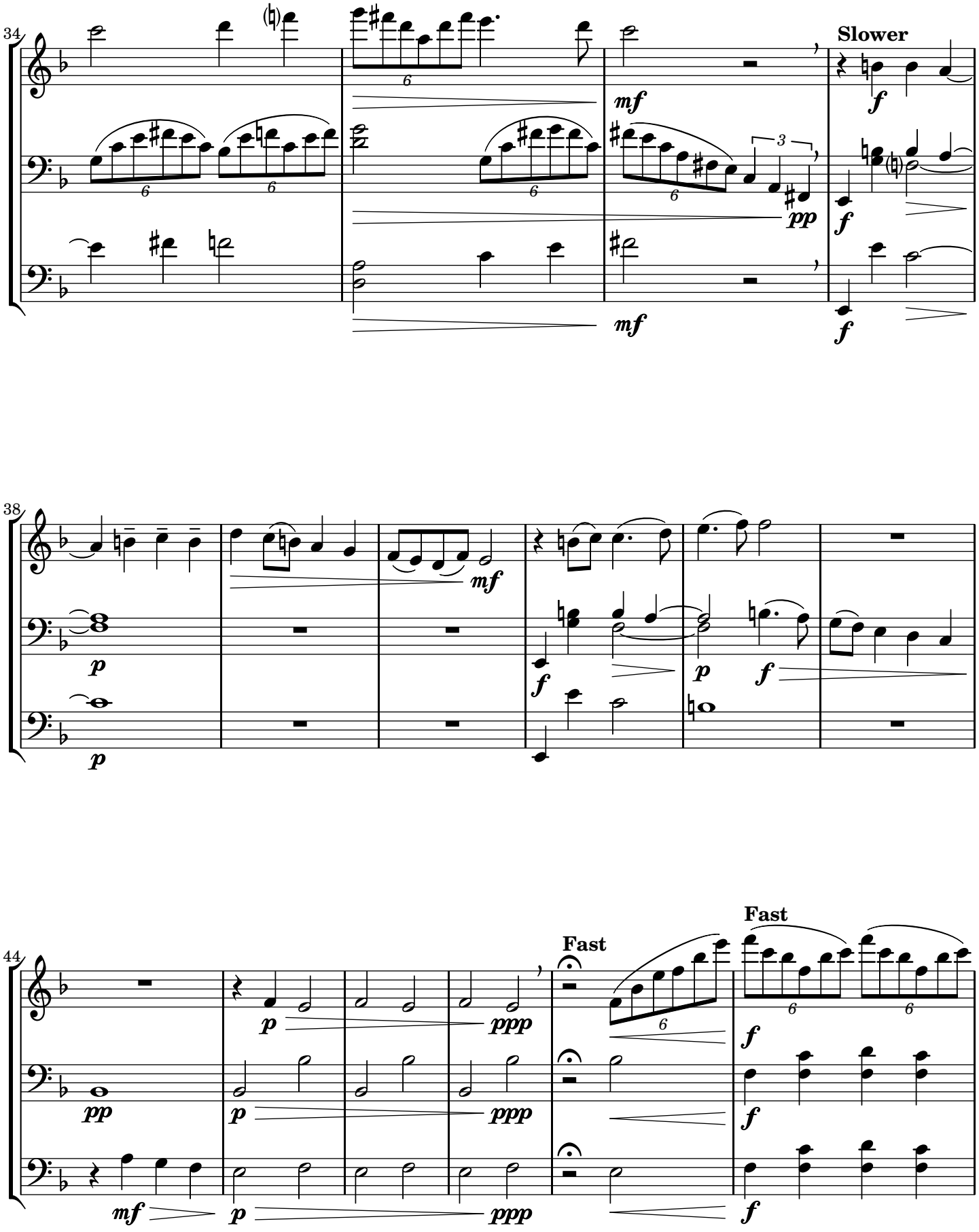
16

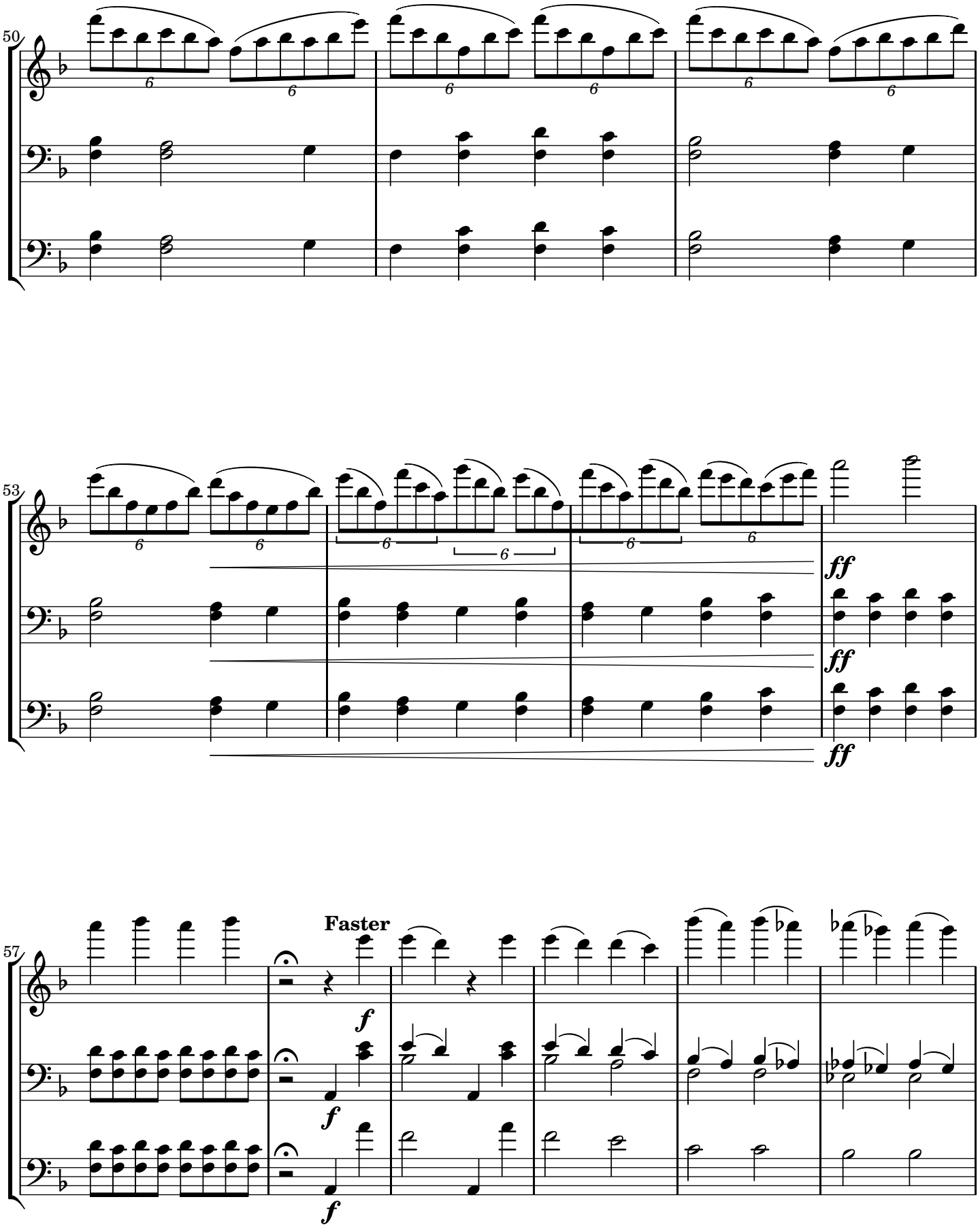


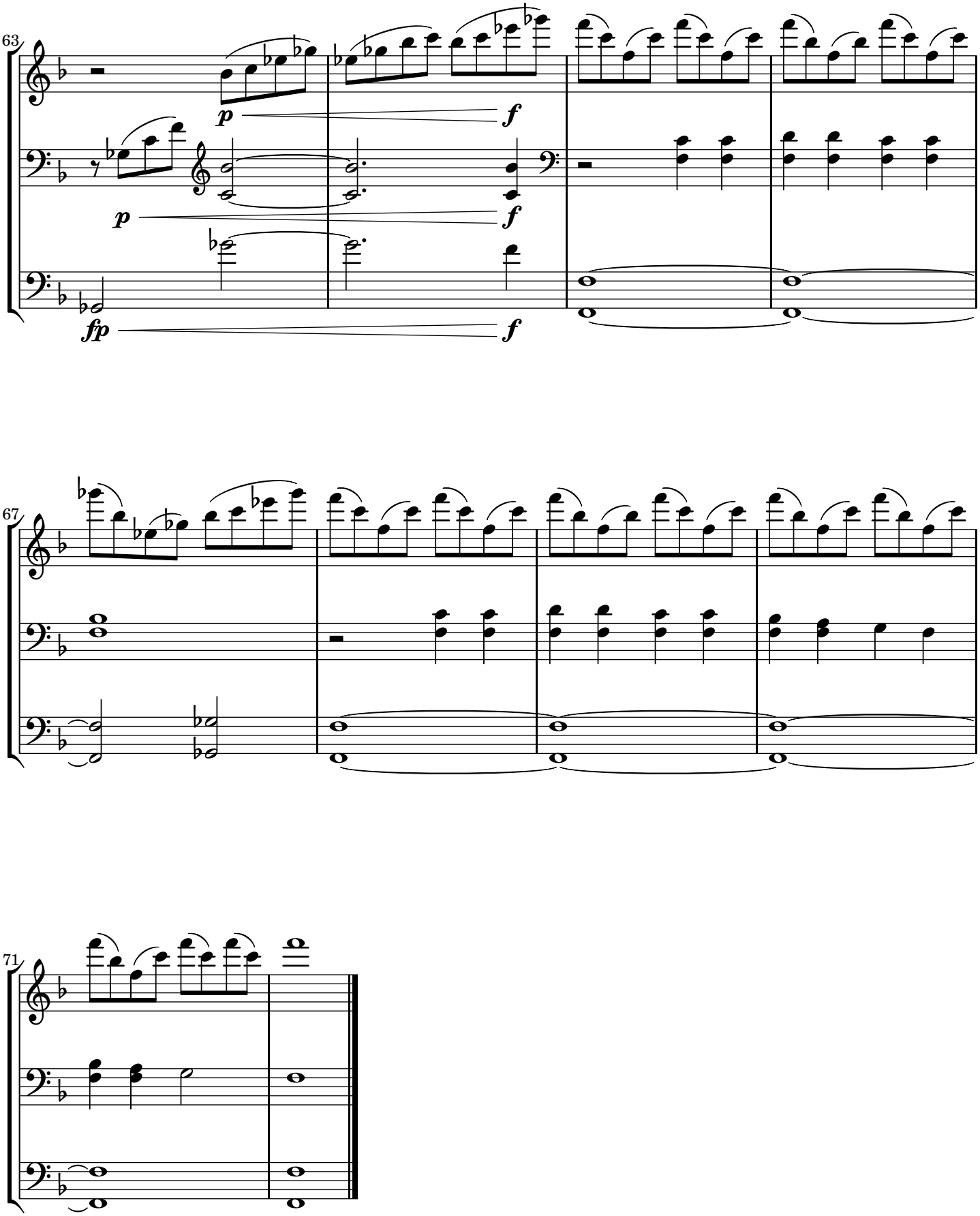
20




Intense, Faster
25
f
mf
mf
28
31
ff
ff
ff


34
Slower
38
44
Fast
Fast


50
53
57
Faster
ff
ff
ff
f
f
f


63
p
f
p
f
fp
f
67
71

Four Axes

destroy to become god

Rise, the industrial might of
metal armor panzers, stukkas, und waffens
gestopoing their way into our
American white hammerhead youth
mind-mixed with southern antibellum
princes who stand supreme on football fields
God is Destruction

This game, is what? Intimidate all?
other races with a I will do anything
to destroy those not me even if I destroy me
my primitive cunning is my low social status
my burning flesh, malicious, sexist, survivalist;
we have no mothers, there was no Klara
God is Destruction

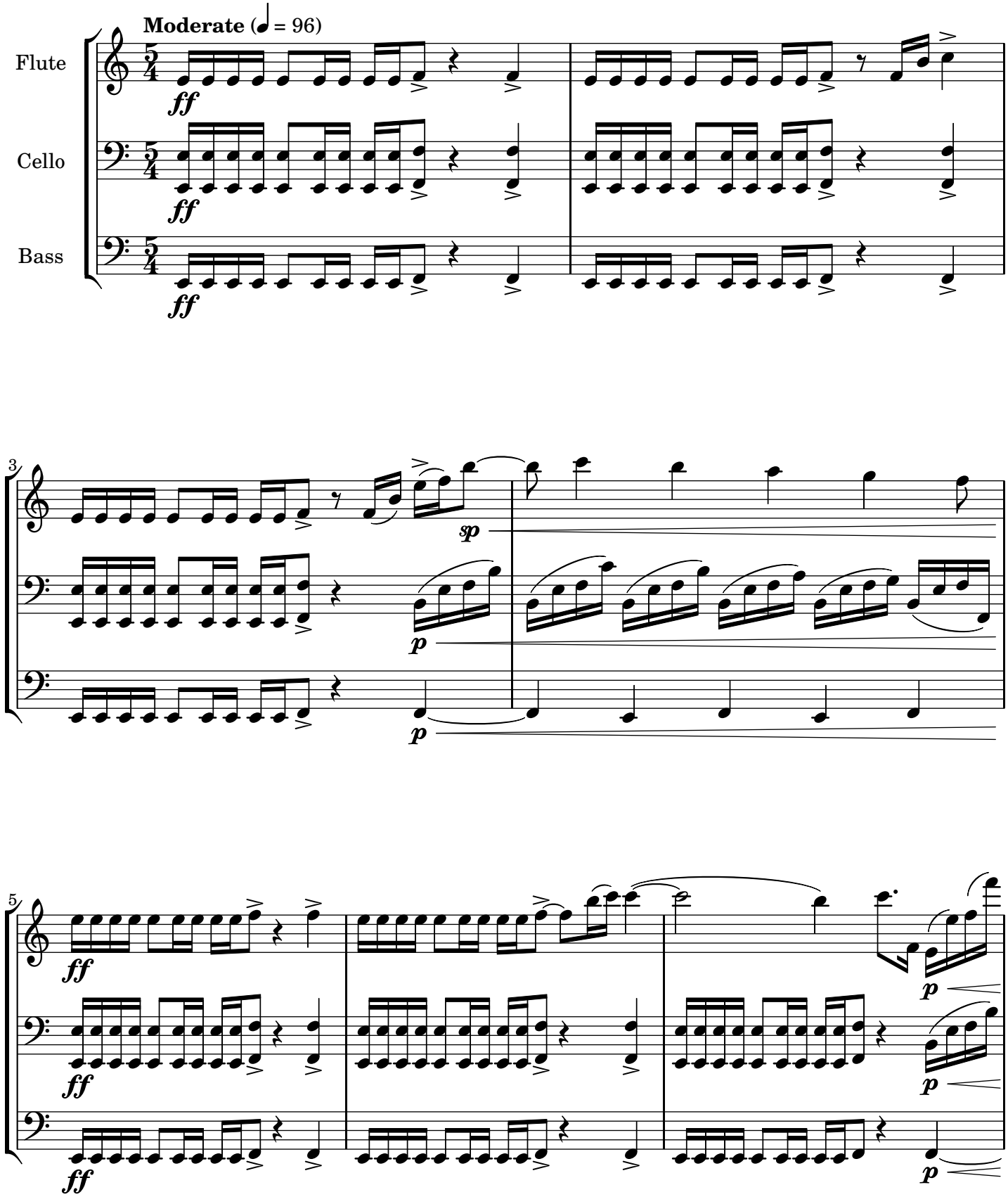
Ad hoc southern mixture of three Ks
symbols mean everything, signs, flags
Mein Kampf(too long to read), buildings on fire, beer halls
a way back machine to masters and cotton picken slaves
chron their way into each other, to a fugal state
God is Destruction

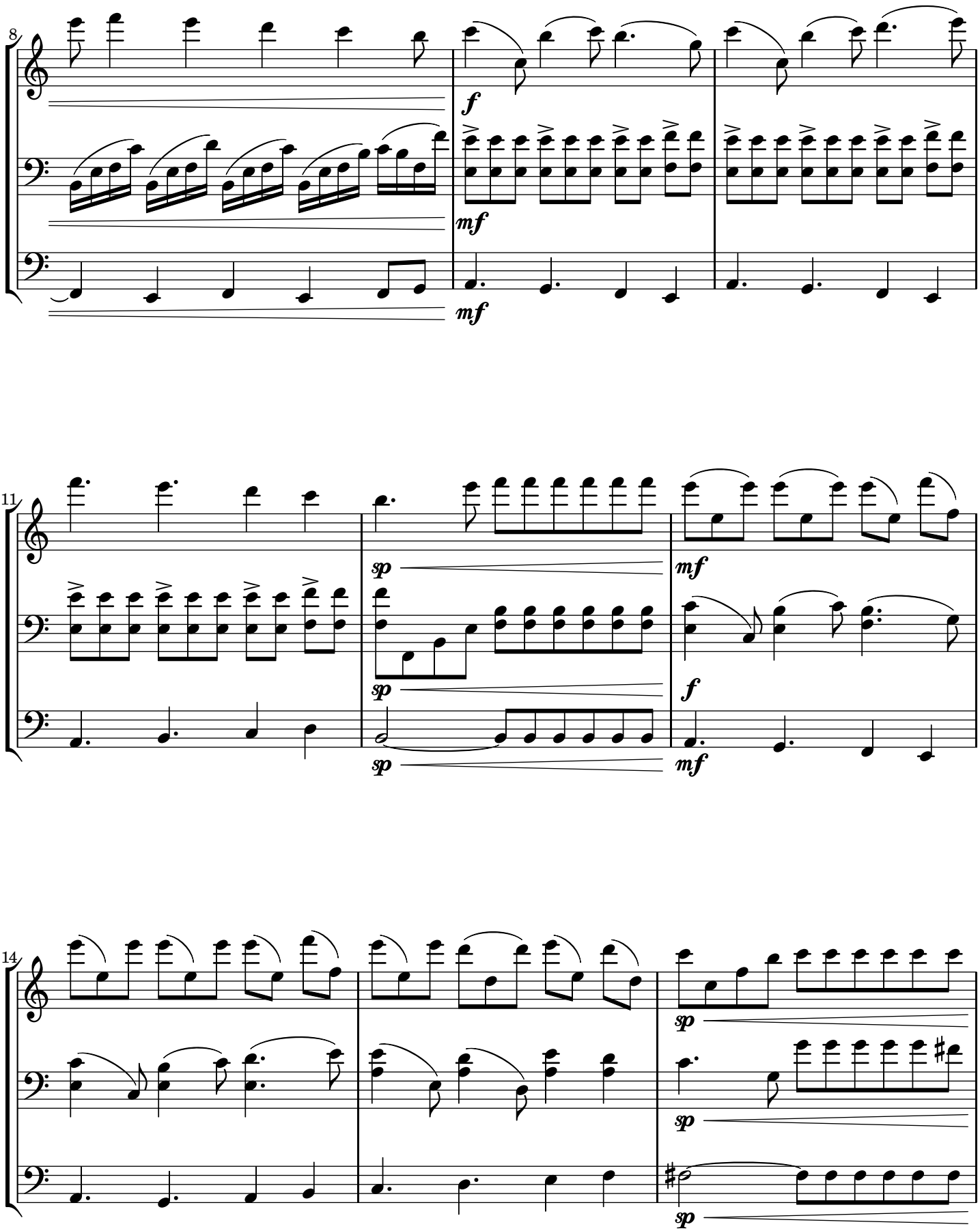
But now a hefty mix of rural drugs sold and used,
brain gel with a handful of little powder bags
four crack pipes, four dicks, and a porn site[...]
forget the blitzkrieg plans, there is nothing for the fuhrer
it is basic USA white stupid soup
God is Destruction

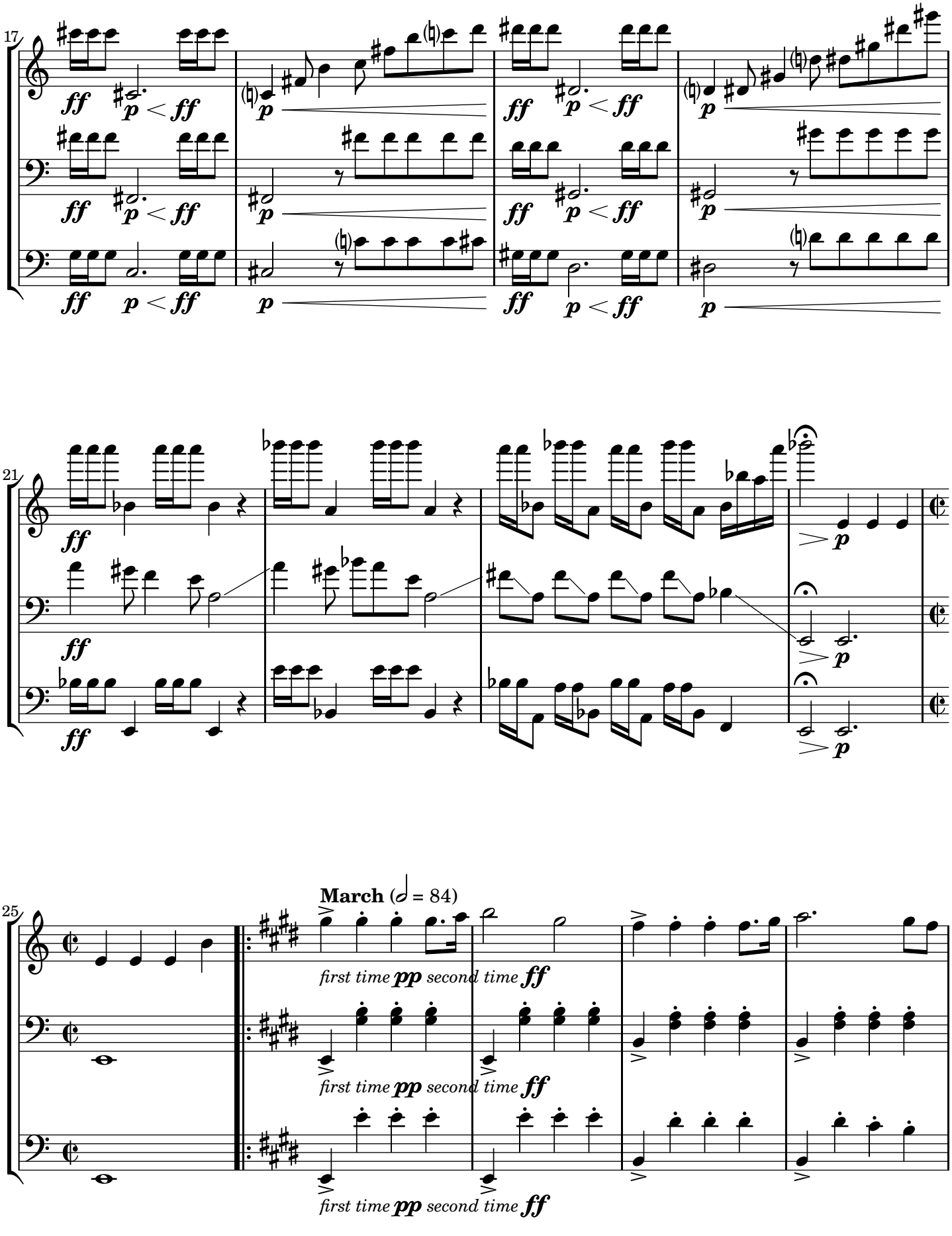
Four Axes

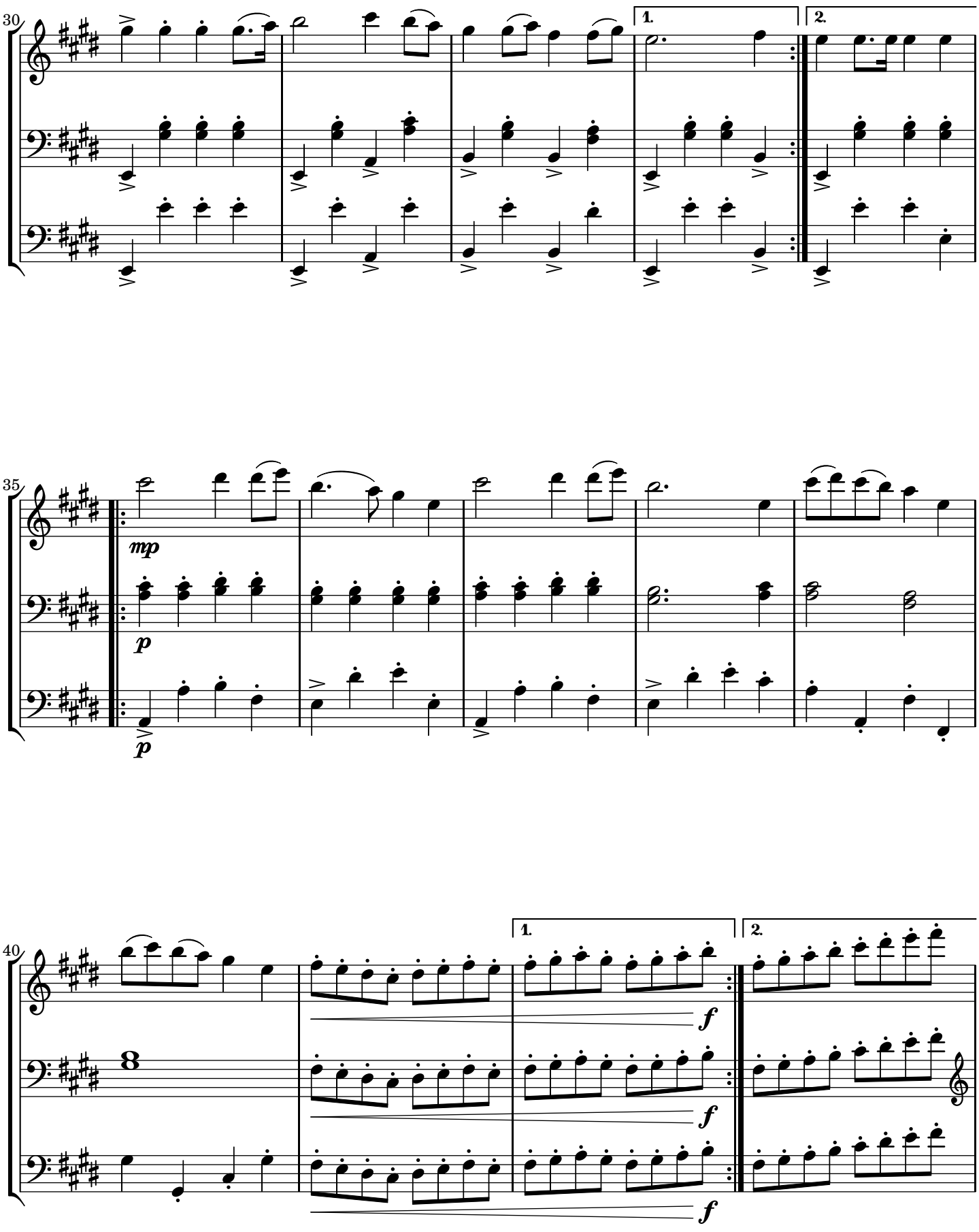
wolves destroy god to become god

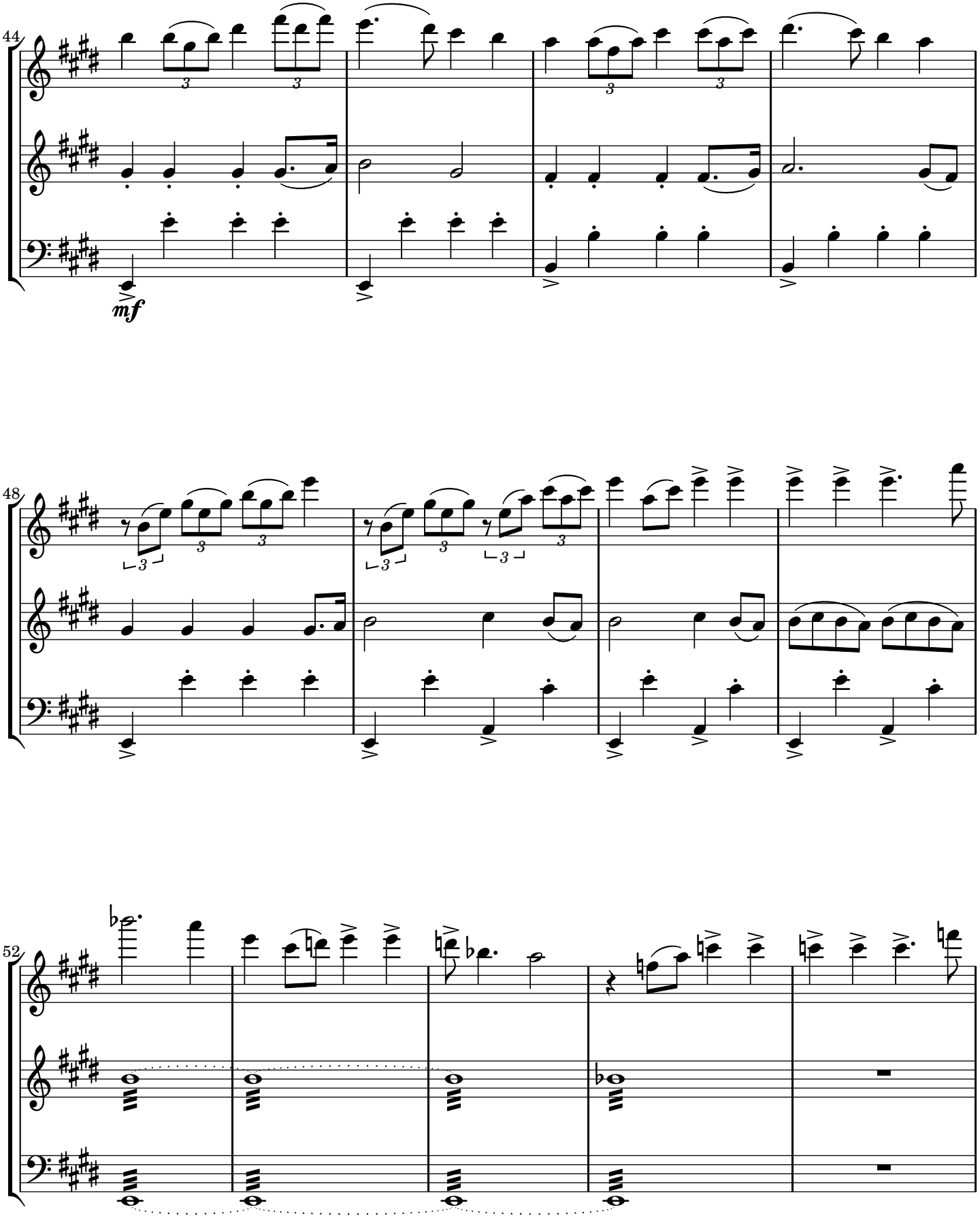
Craig Bakalian

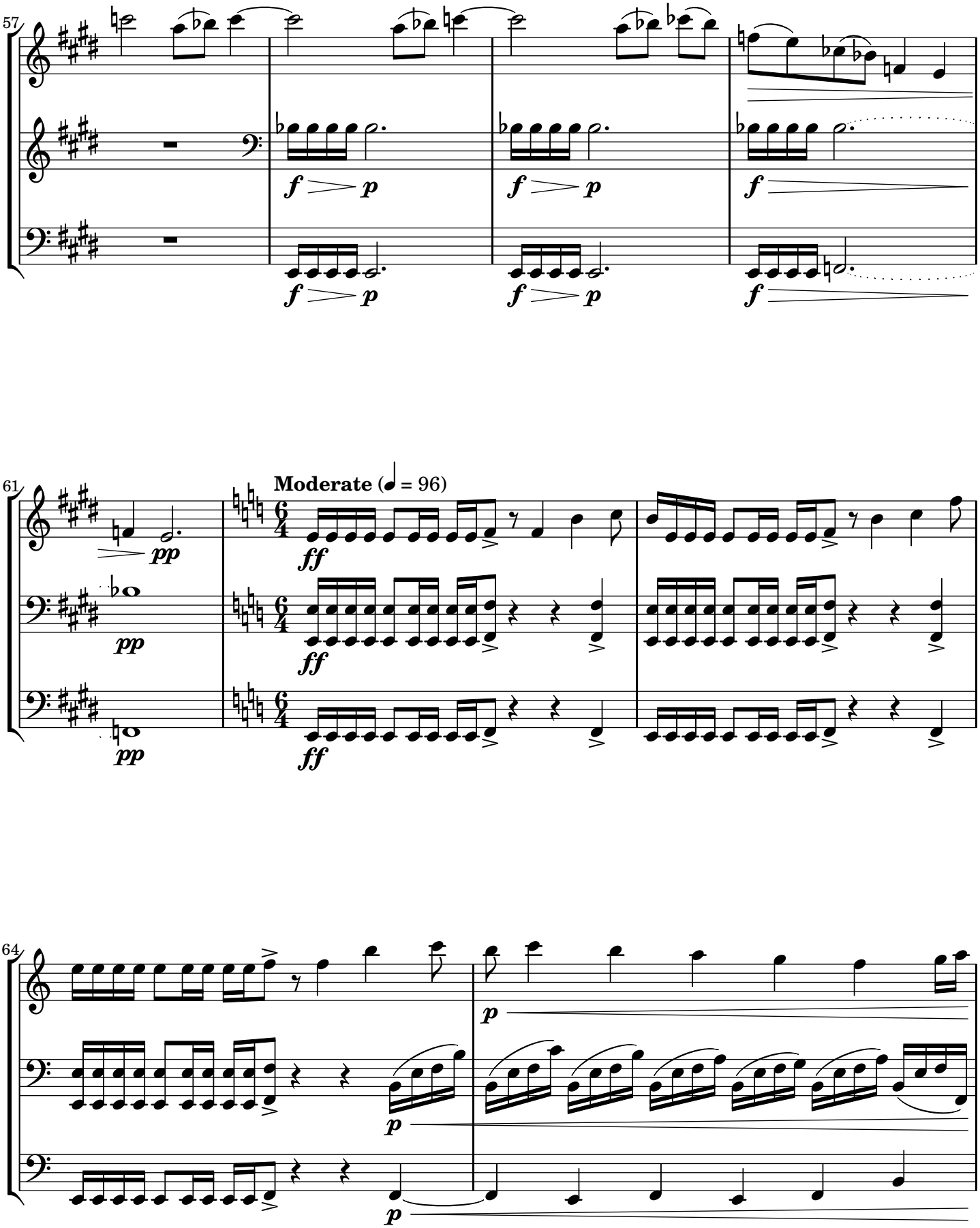


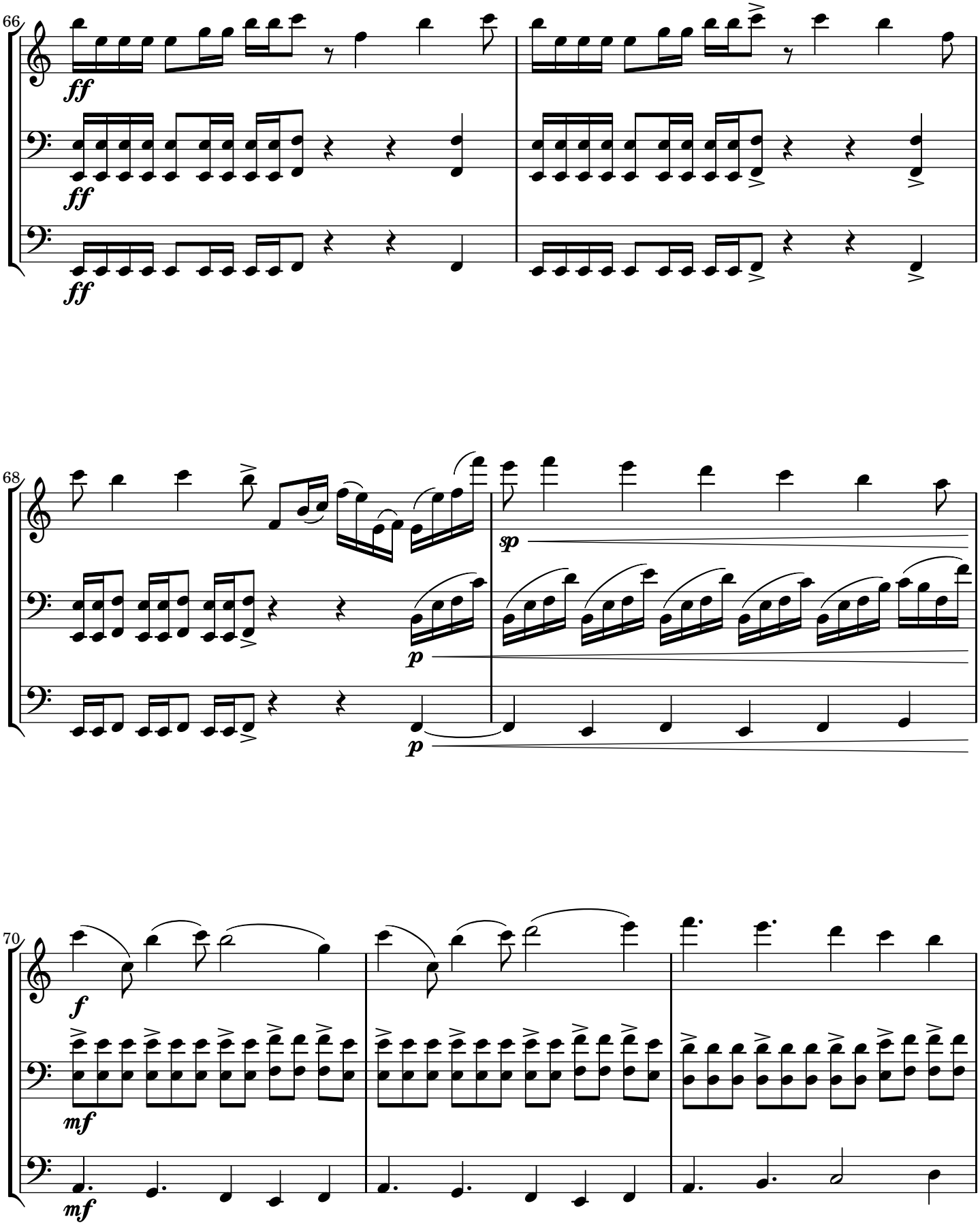

8
f
mf
mf
11
sp
sp
sp
mf
mf
f
mf
14
sp
sp
sp

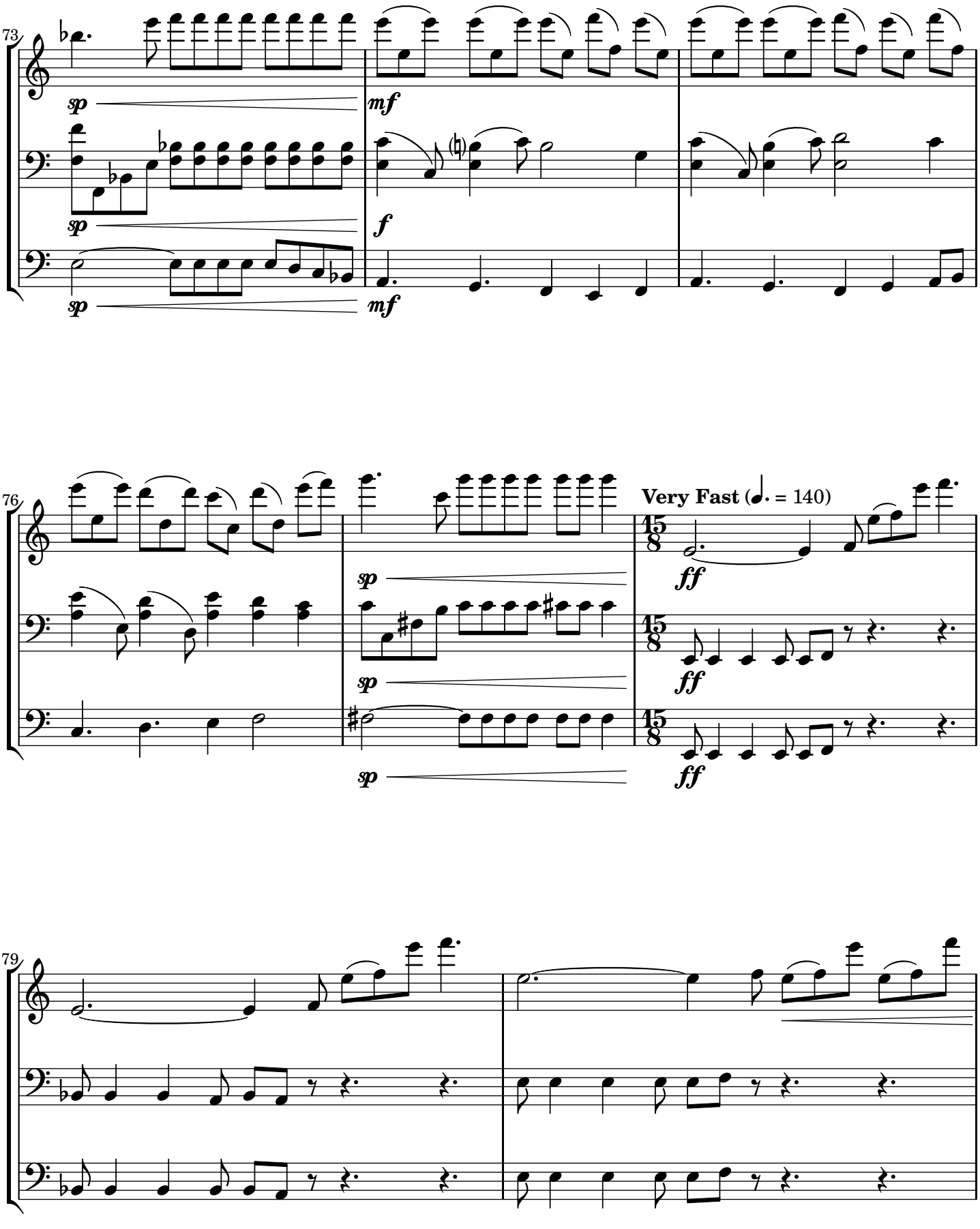

17
ff
p < ff
p
21
ff
p
25
March (𝅗𝅥 = 84)
first time pp second time ff

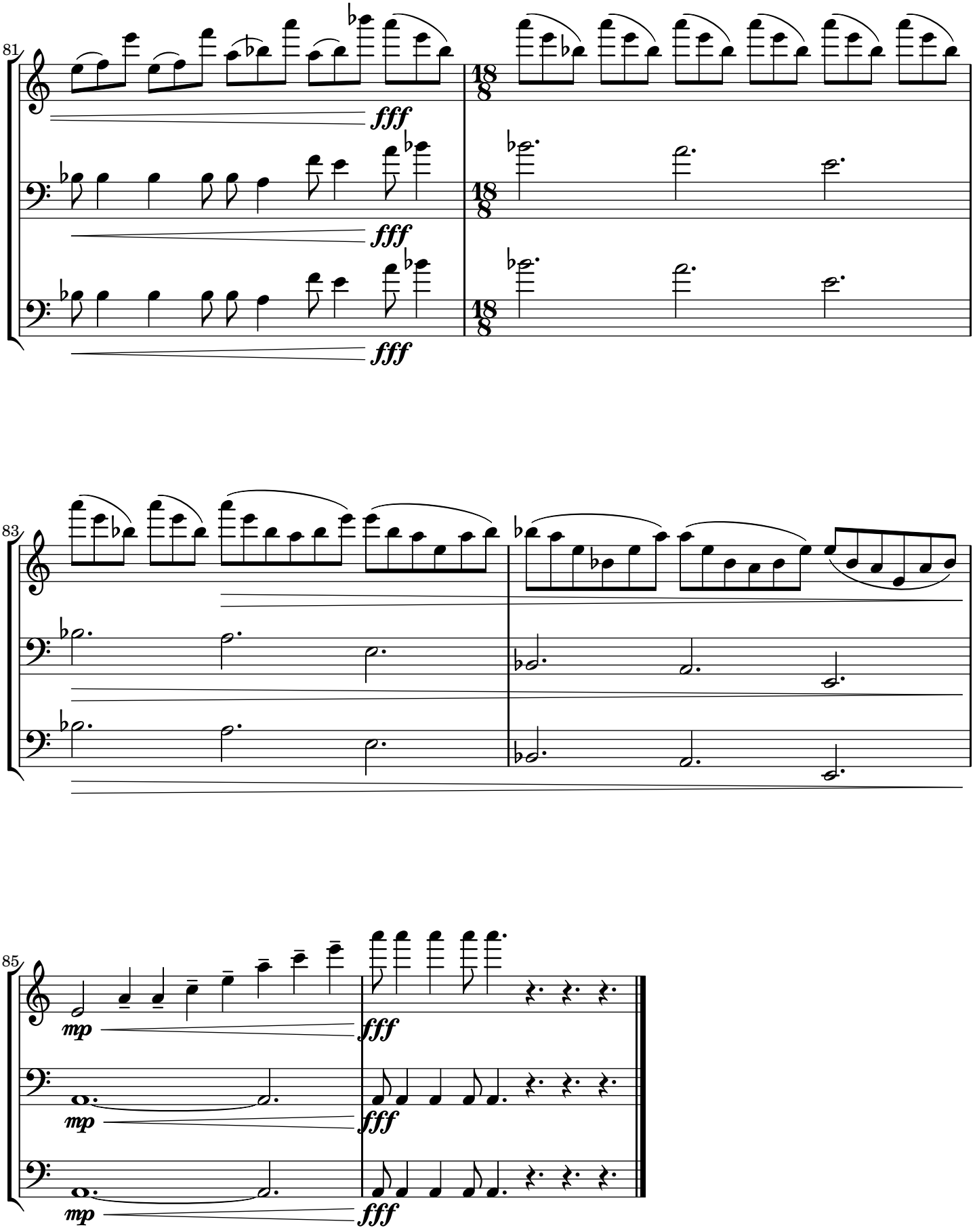

30
1.
2.
35
mp
p
p
40
1.
2.
f
f
f


44
mf
48
52


57
61
64
Moderate (♩ = 96)


66
ff
ff
ff
68
sp
p
p
70
f
mf
mf


73
sp
mf
sp
f
sp
mf
76
sp
sp
sp
Very Fast (♩. = 140)
15/8
ff
ff
ff
79


81
fff
fff
fff
18/8
18/8
18/8
83
85
mp
fff
mp
fff
mp
fff

Computer Duck

you cannot hide, ducking does not work

We must all bow dow
in a ritual of god music
only our ears can absorb
the channeling of intergalactic tonality
nothing is forced, natural adoration
of the crown jewel right of passage
this is it, the final numbered one
all else pale as simple mention

Mechanized to reduced all efforts
the cognative work beyond acculturation
to be replaced with evasive
complexity of social networking
as a basic who knows WTF
happy time to glide with friends

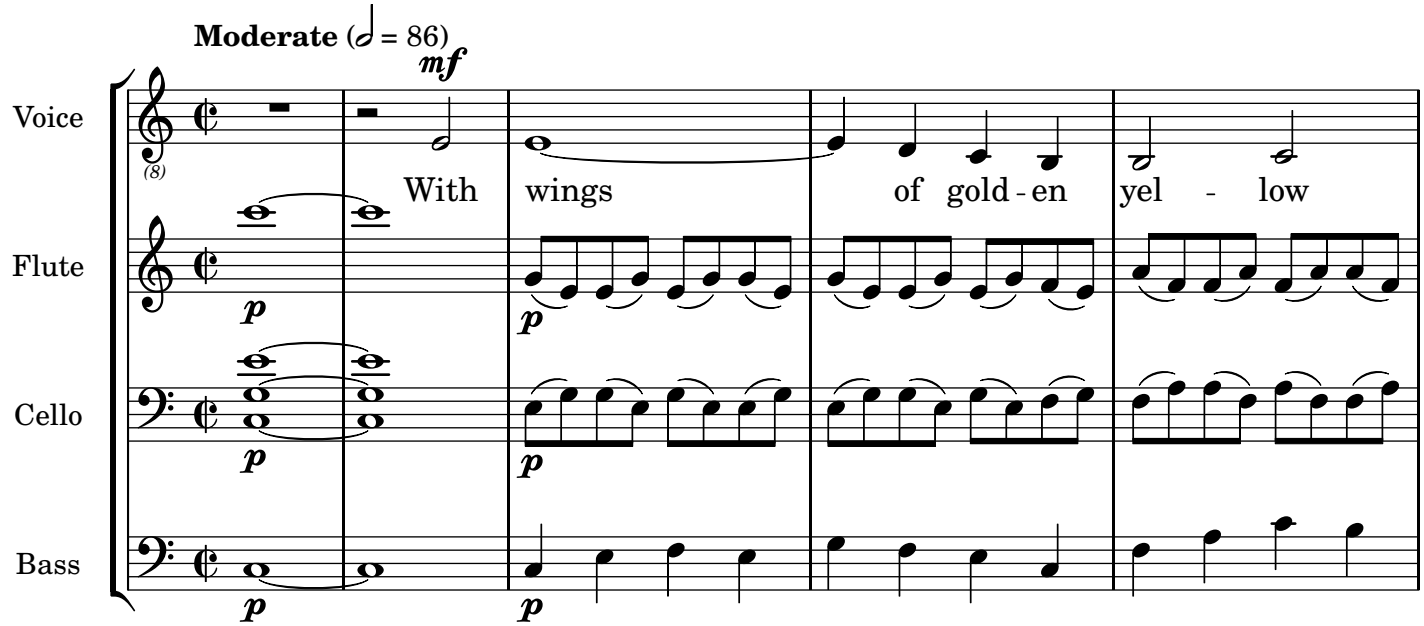
Ducks and hides, nobody is nobody
human talks to machine
then that machine to another machine
then that machine to another human
flimflammery, bamboozle, religion?
we don't pray, we hide inside our minds.

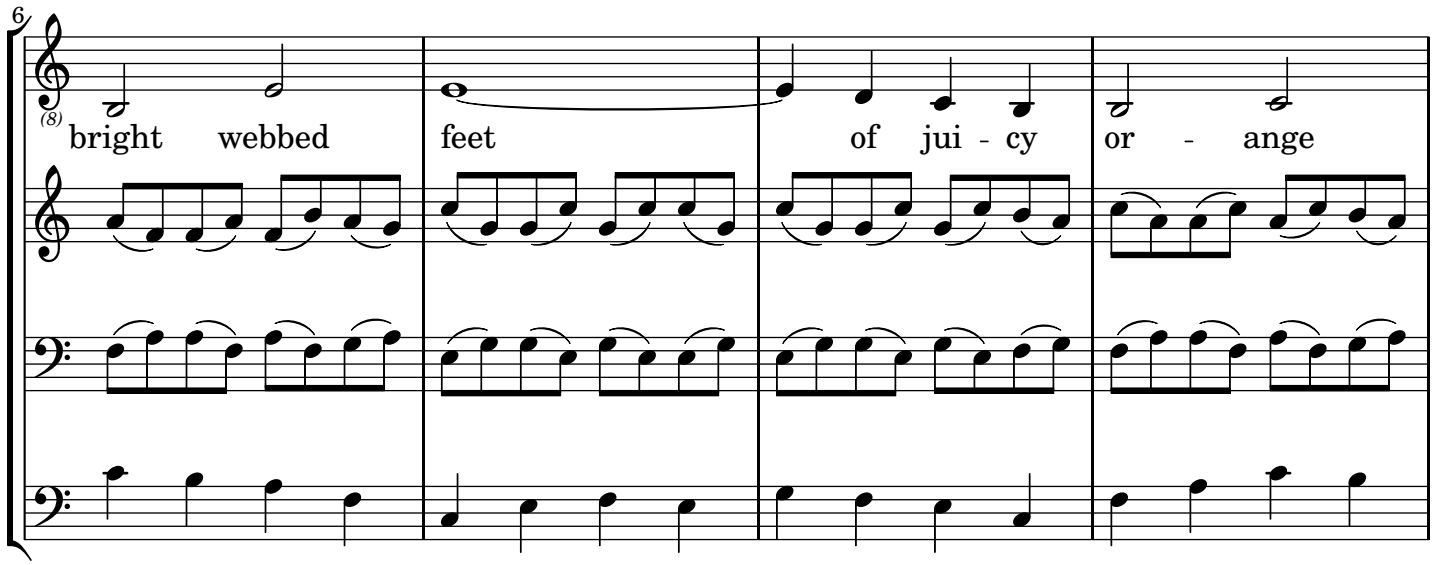
atleast I am not lying.
let the sun down, pull the blankets up
forgive us, we ducks don't eat food
do we ducks sleep? dream? wander?

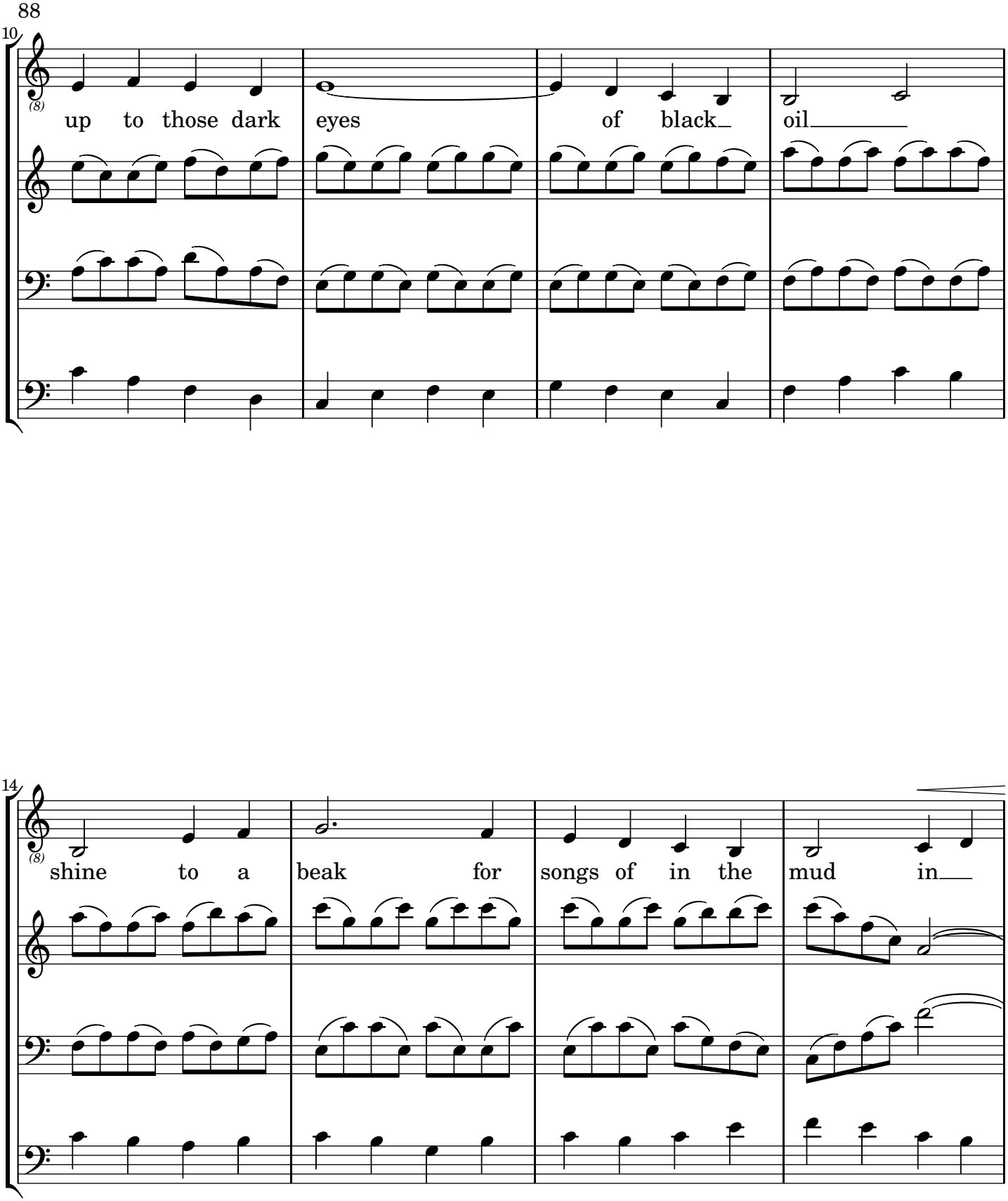
Computer Duck

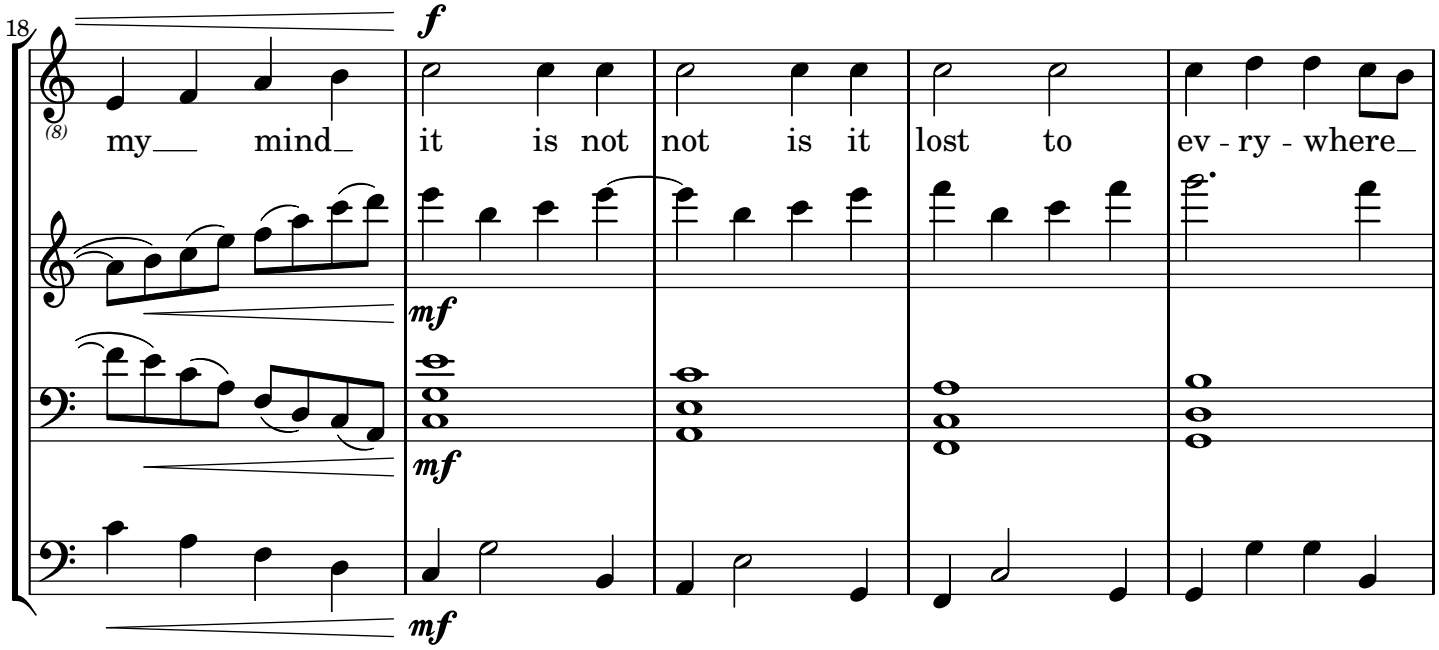
you cannot hide, ducking does not work

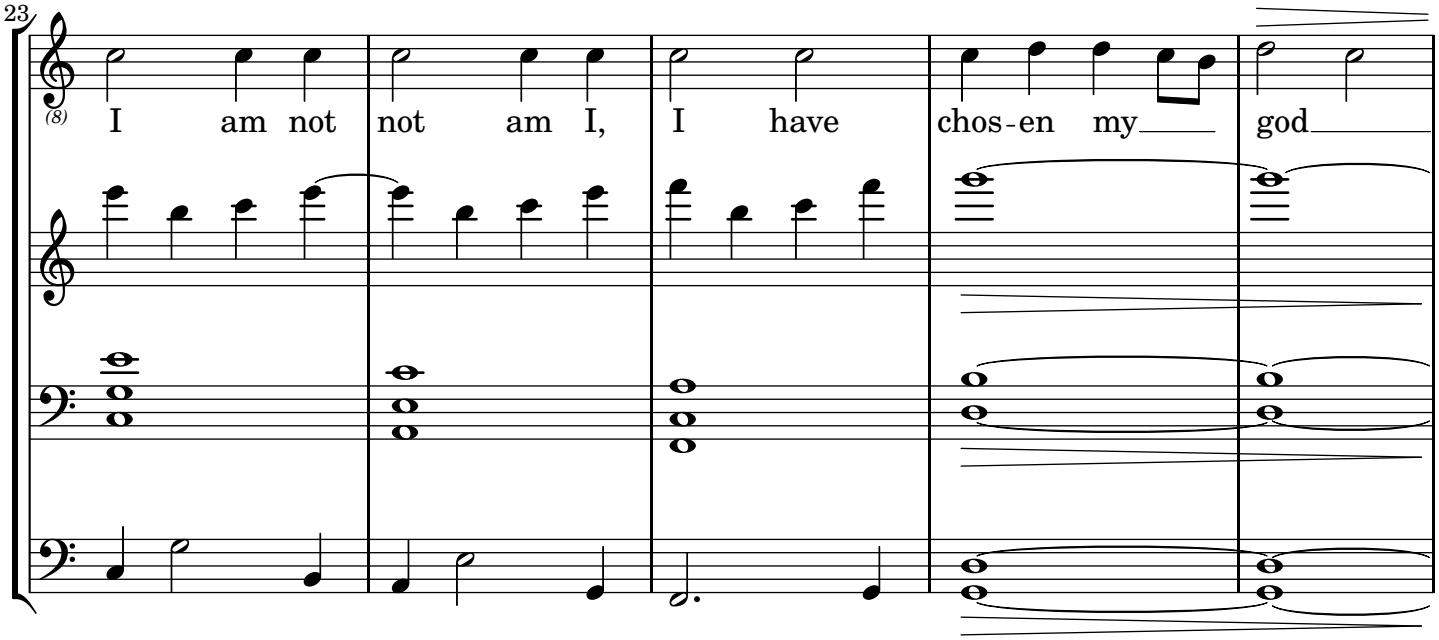
Craig Bakalian

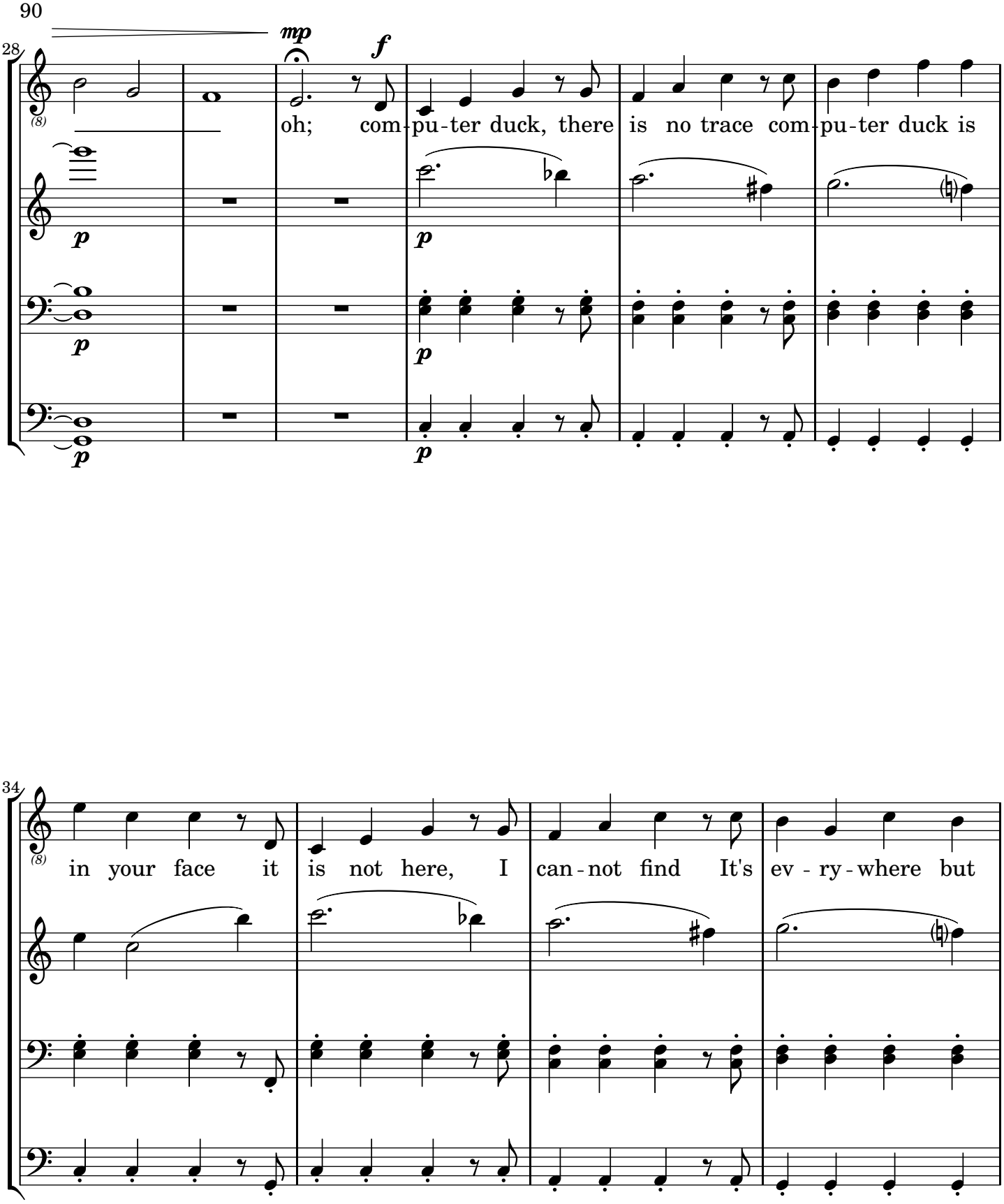


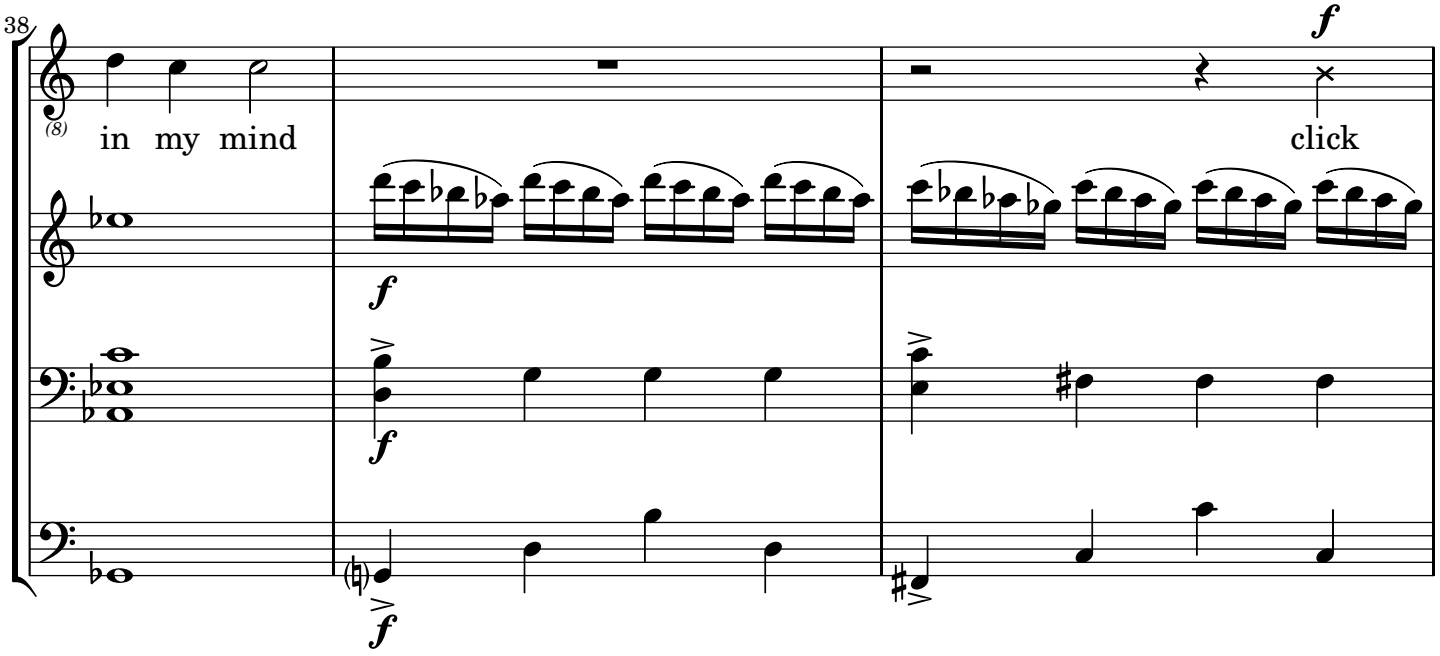


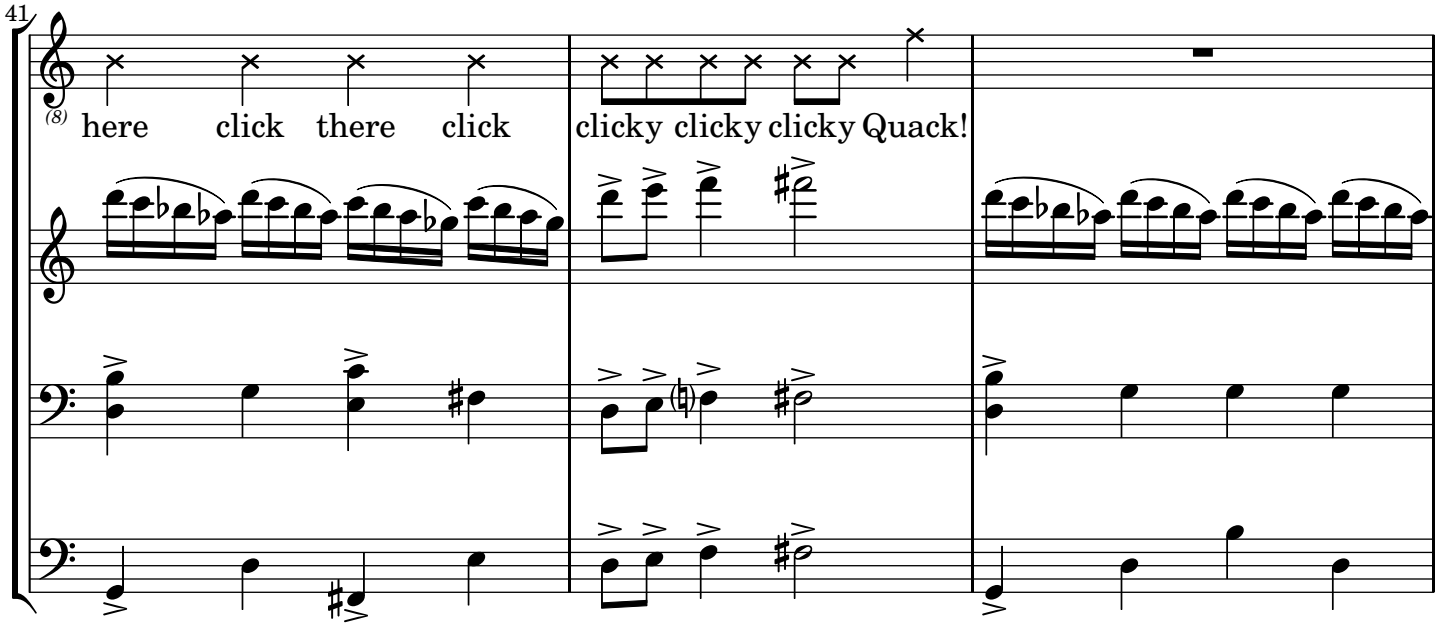

10
(8)
up to those dark eyes of black oil
14
(8)
shine to a beak for songs of in the mud in

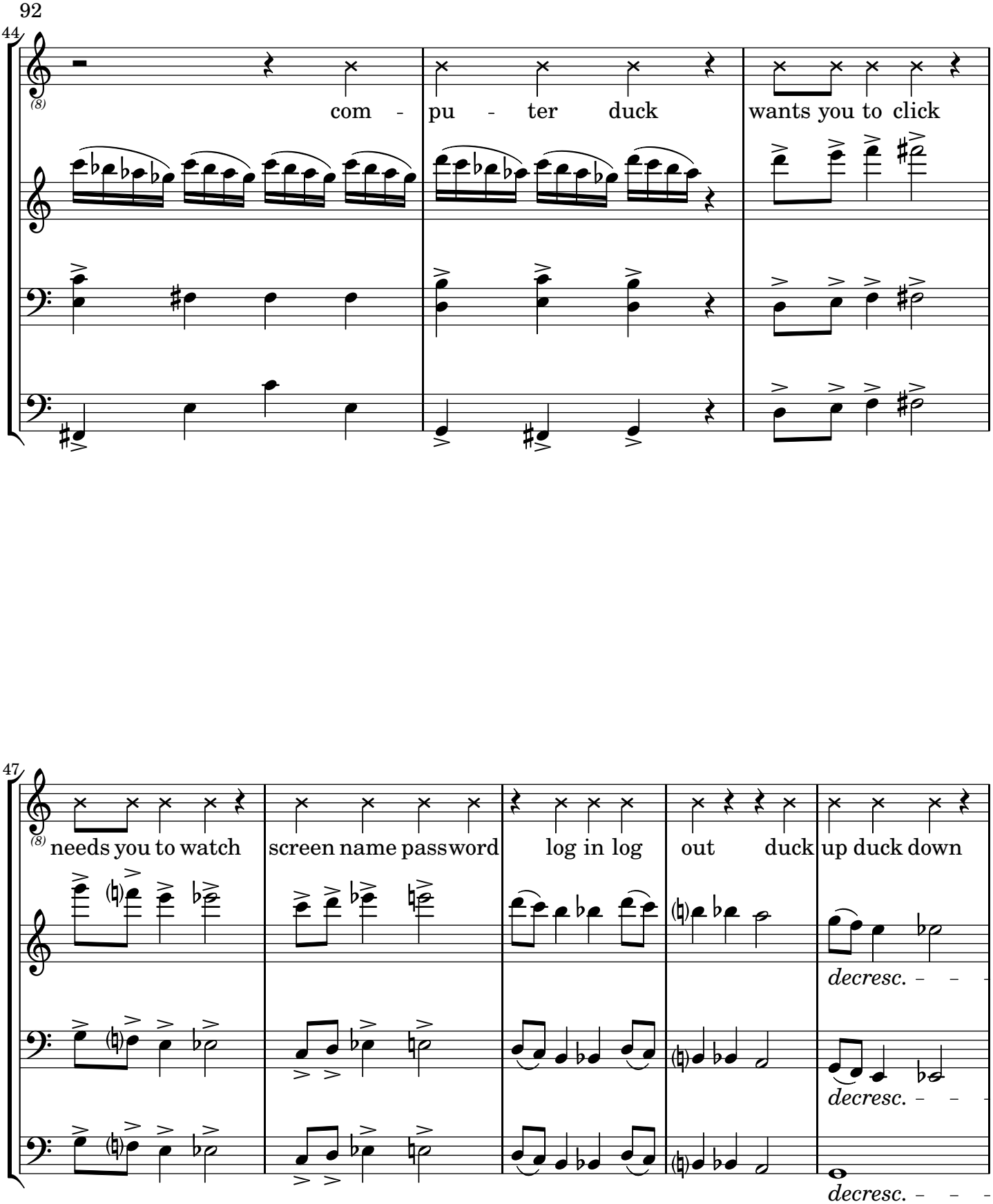

18
f
mf
mf
mf
(8)
my mind it is not not is it lost to ev - ry - where

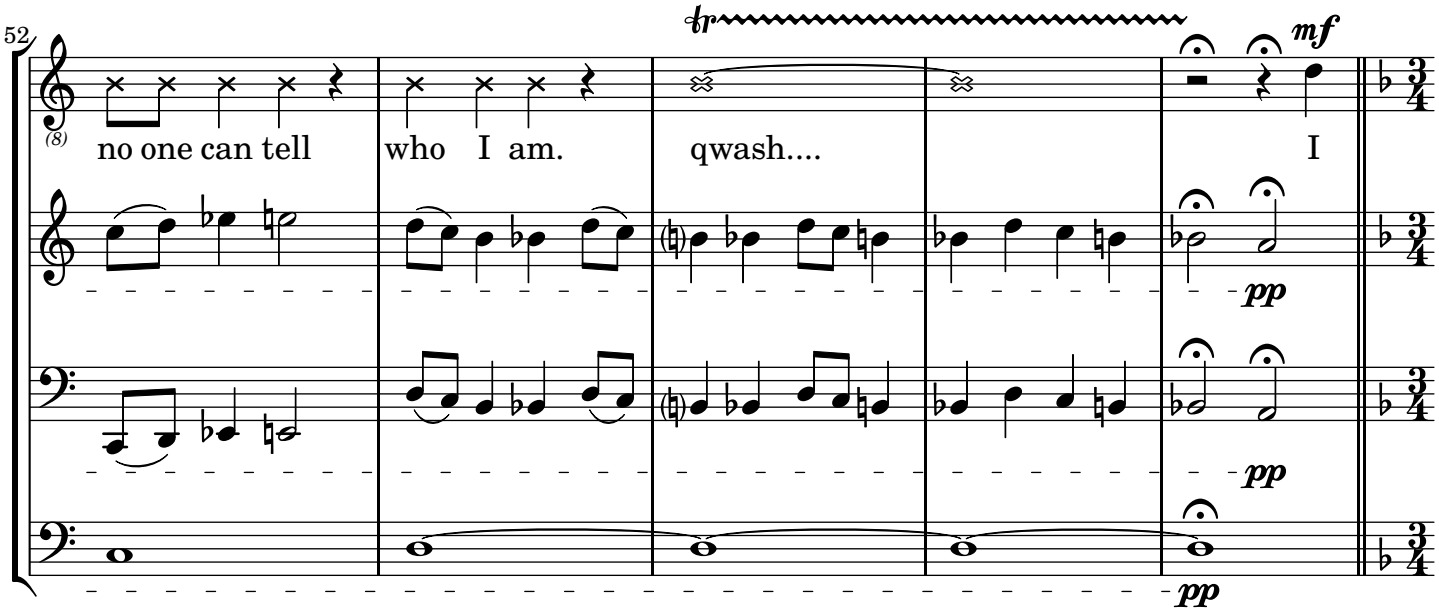

23
(8)
I am not not am I, I have chos - en my god

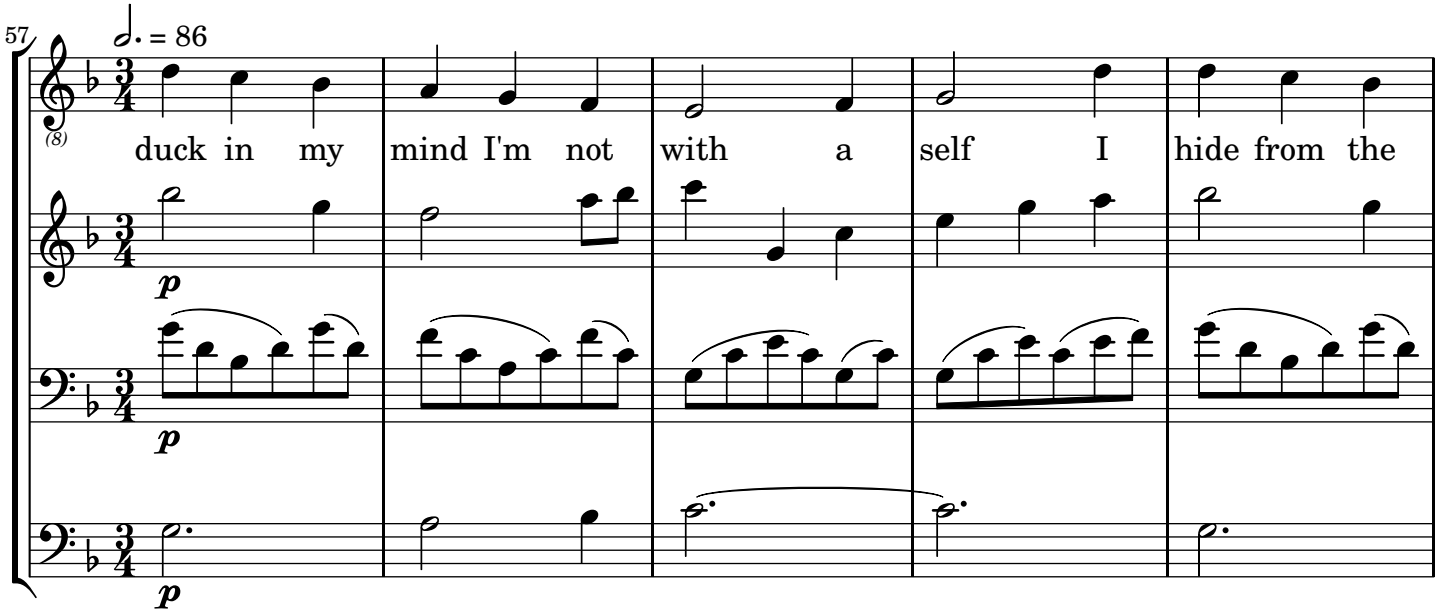

28
mp
f
oh; com-pu-ter duck, there is no trace com-pu-ter duck is
34
in your face it is not here, I can-not find It's ev - ry - where but

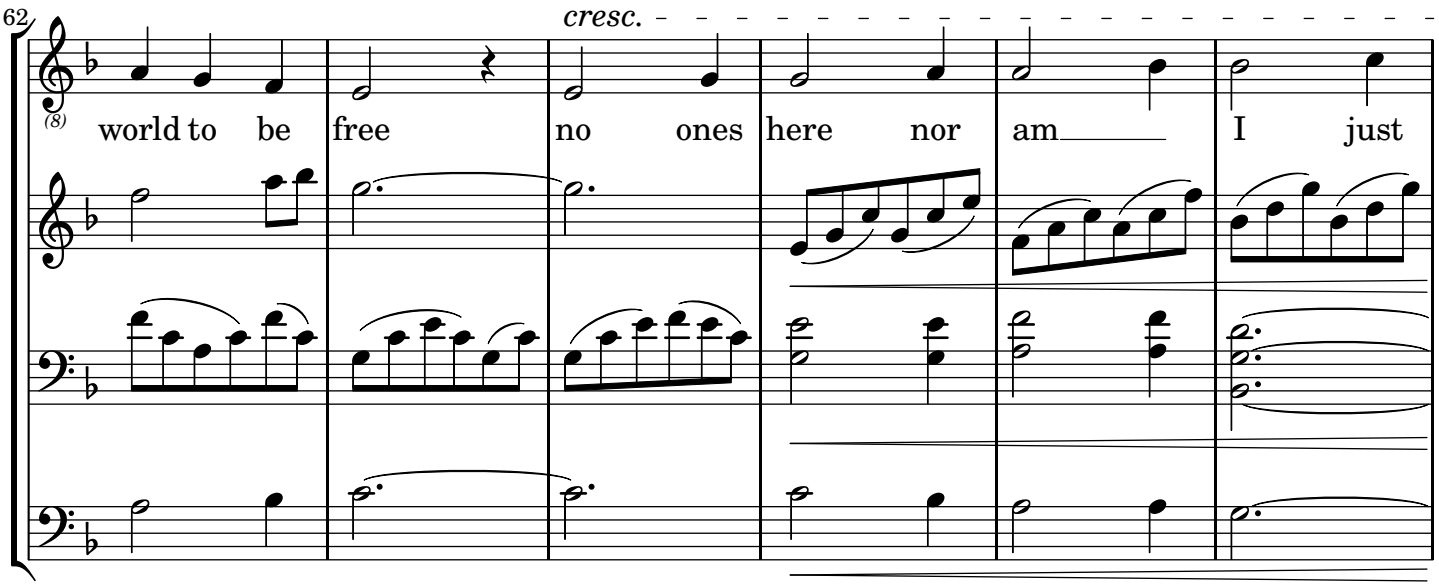

38
in my mind
click

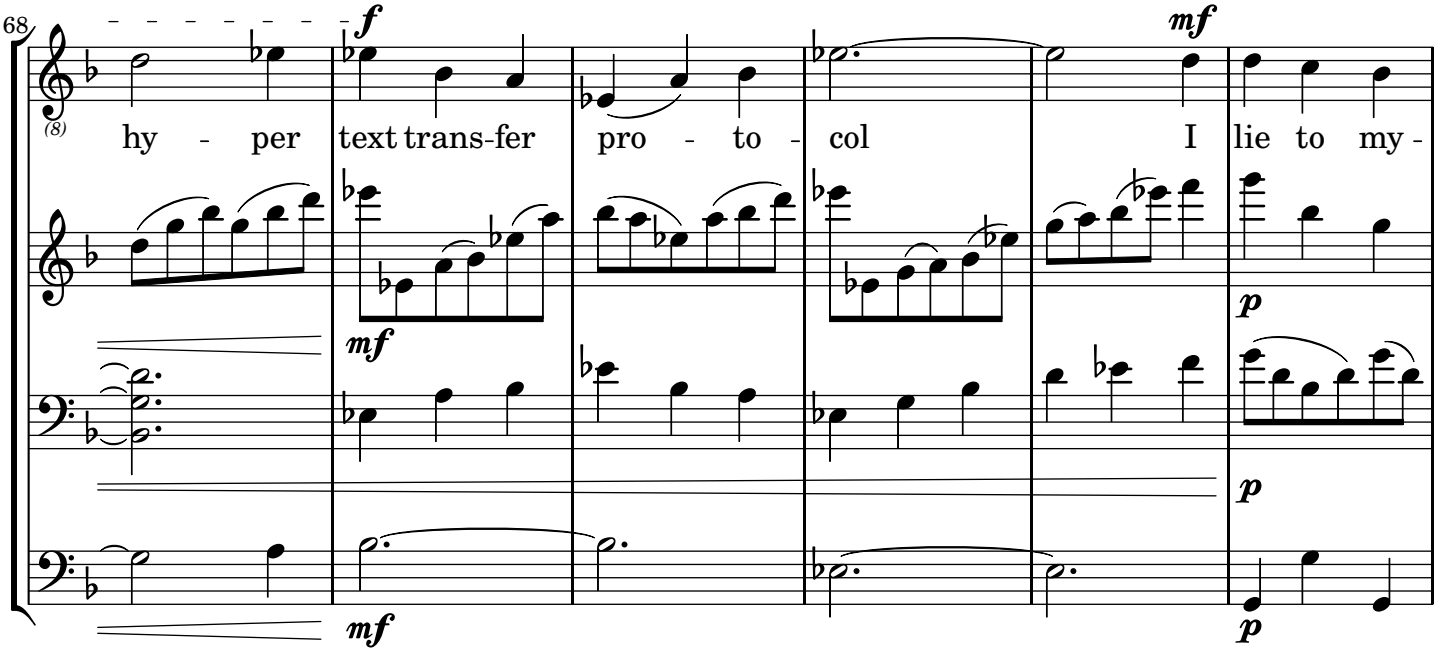

41
here click there click
clicky clicky clicky Quack!

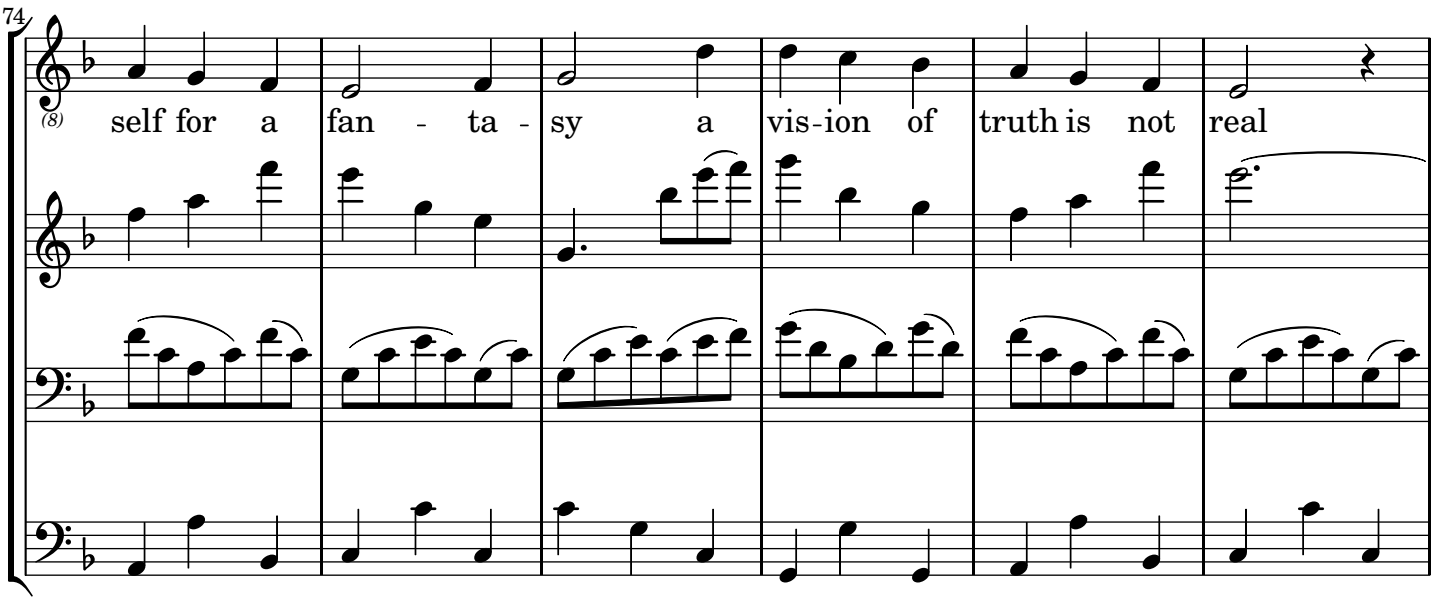

44
com - pu - ter duck wants you to click
47
needs you to watch screen name password log in log out duck up duck down
decresc.
decresc.
decresc.

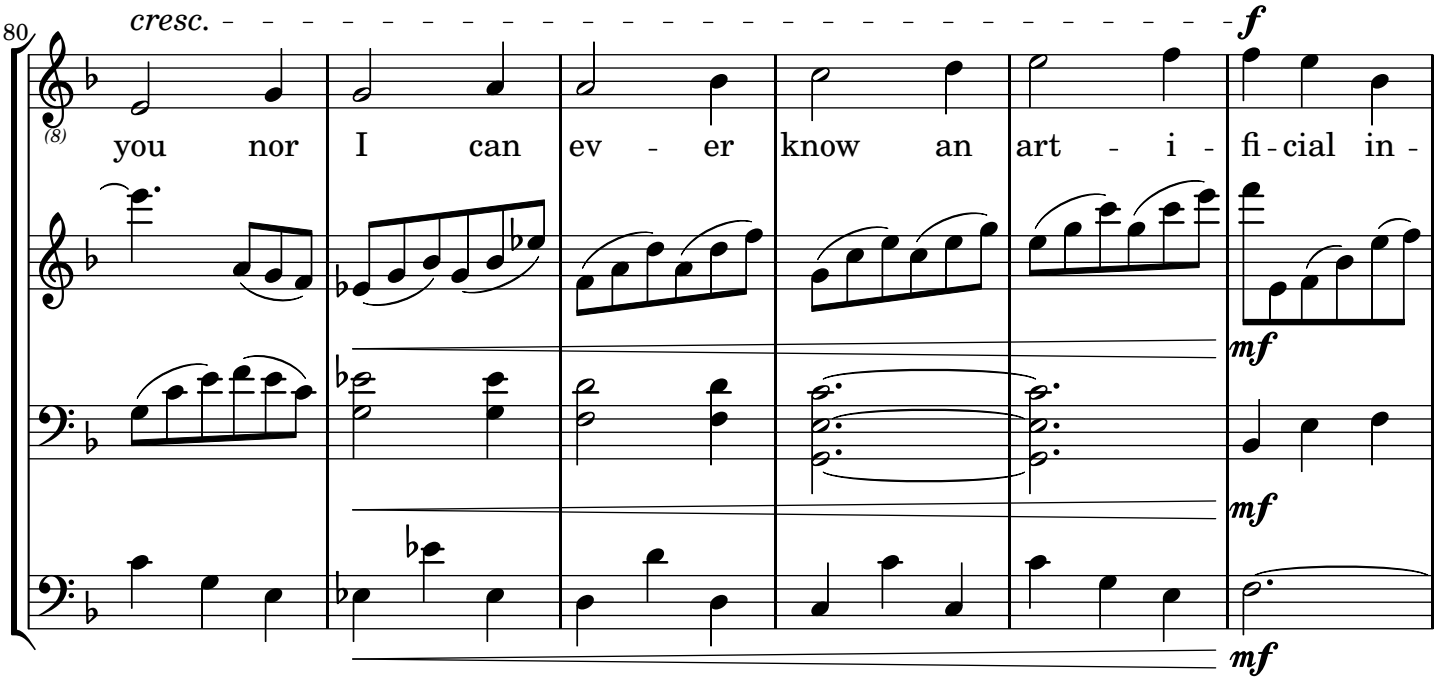

quack swishy mouth sound out of the side of cheek
52
tr
mf
no one can tell
who I am.
qwash....
I
pp
pp
pp

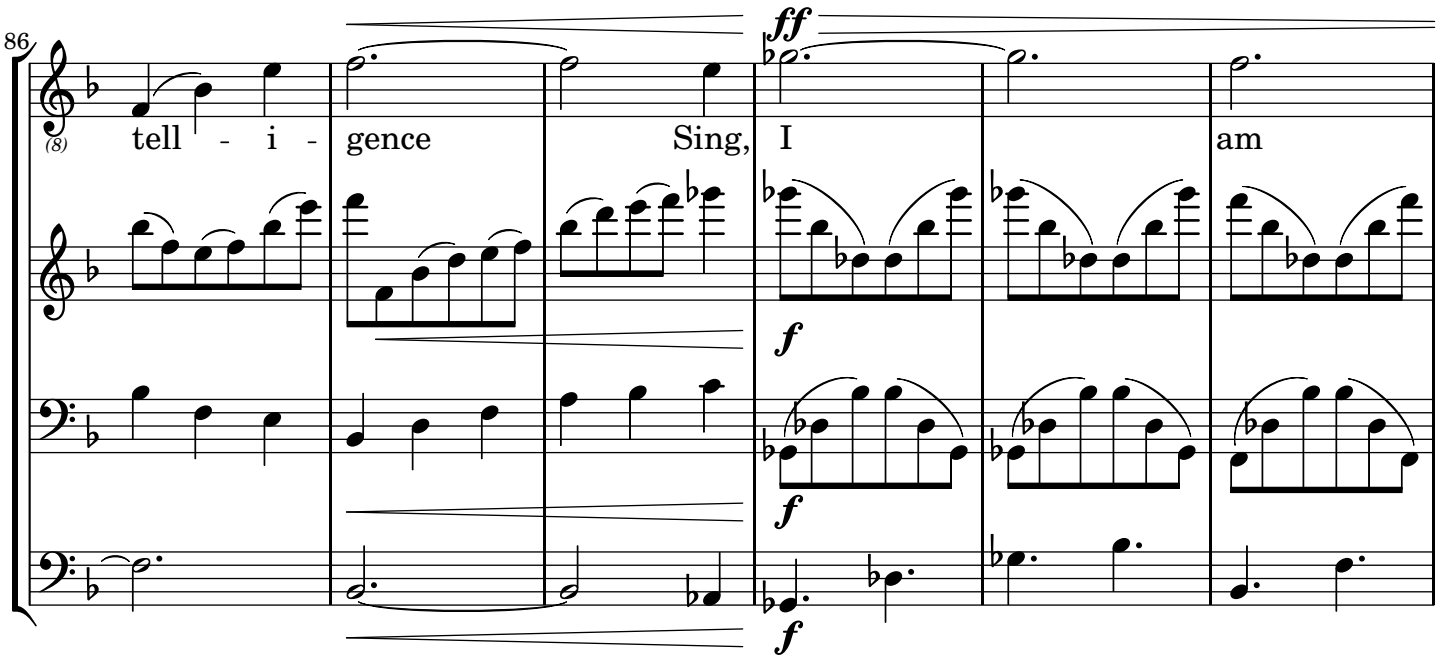

57
♩. = 86
duck in my
mind I'm not
with a
self I
hide from the
p
p
p

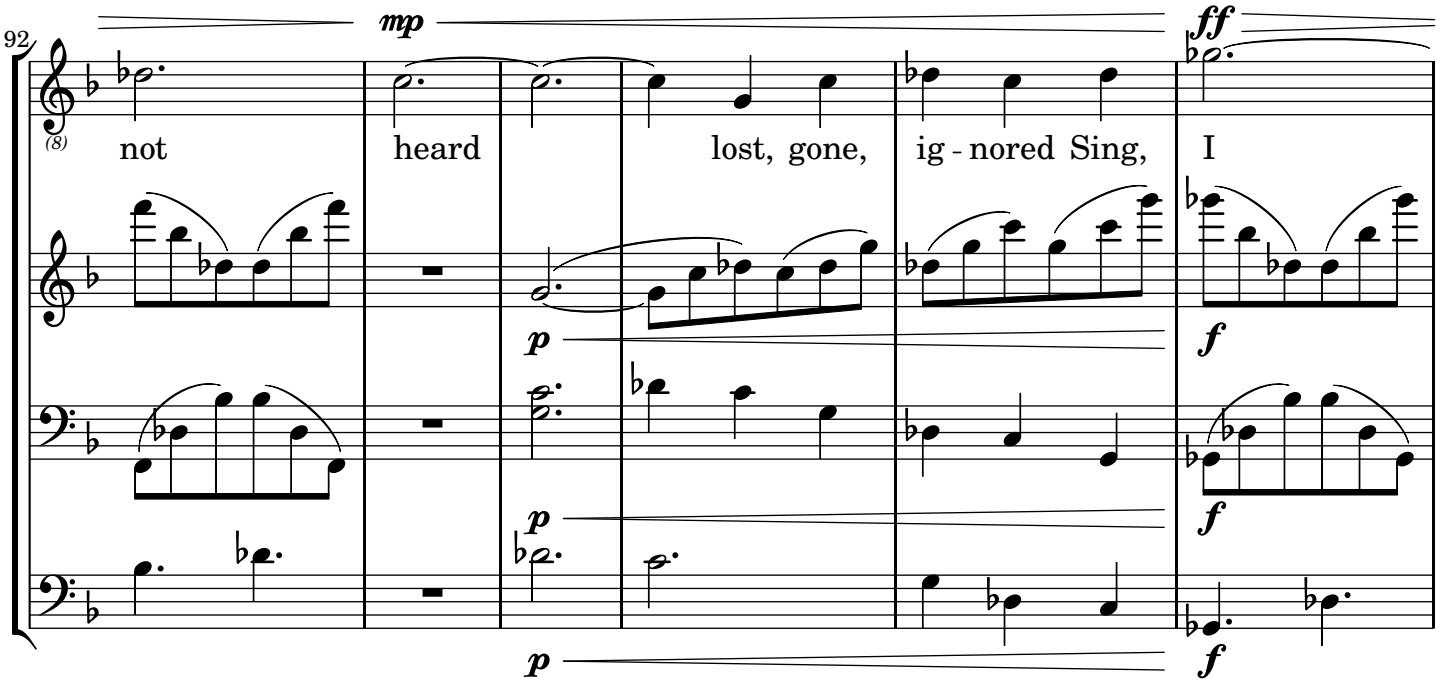

62
cresc.
world to be free no ones here nor am I just

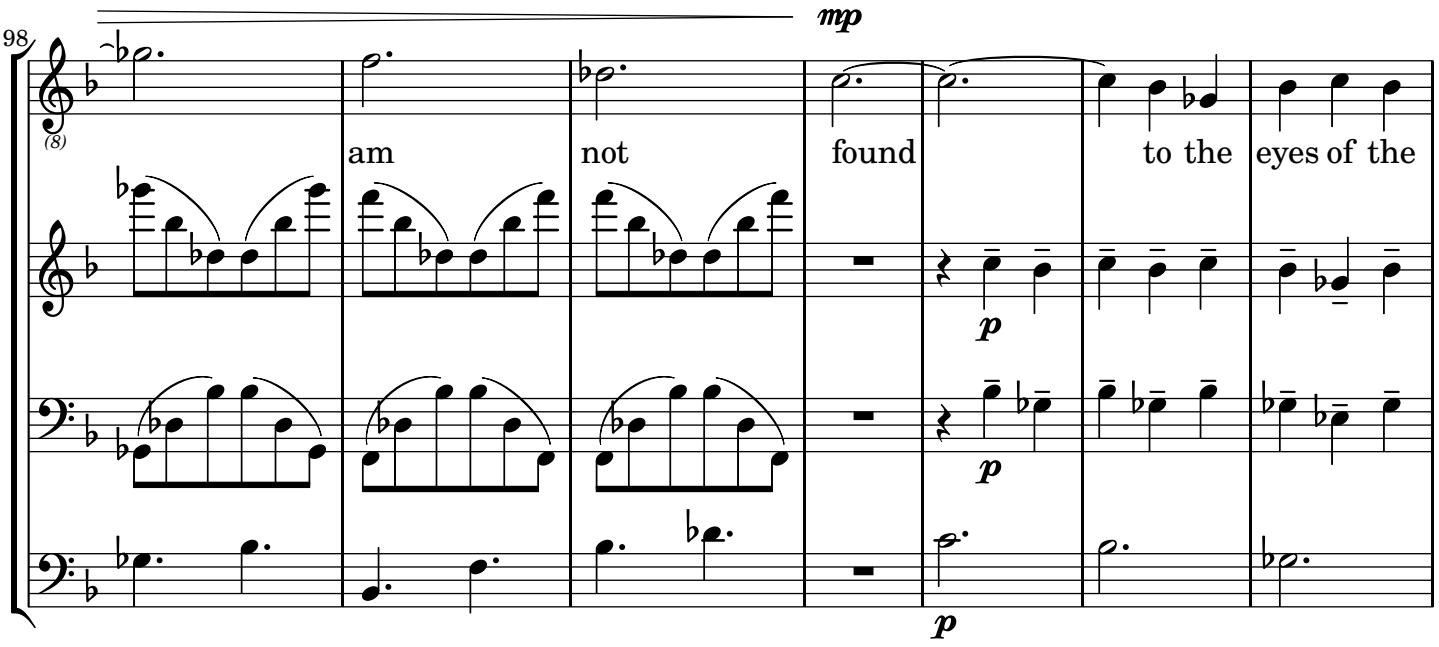

68
f
mf
mf
hy - per text trans-fer pro - to - col I lie to my -
mf
mf
p
p
p

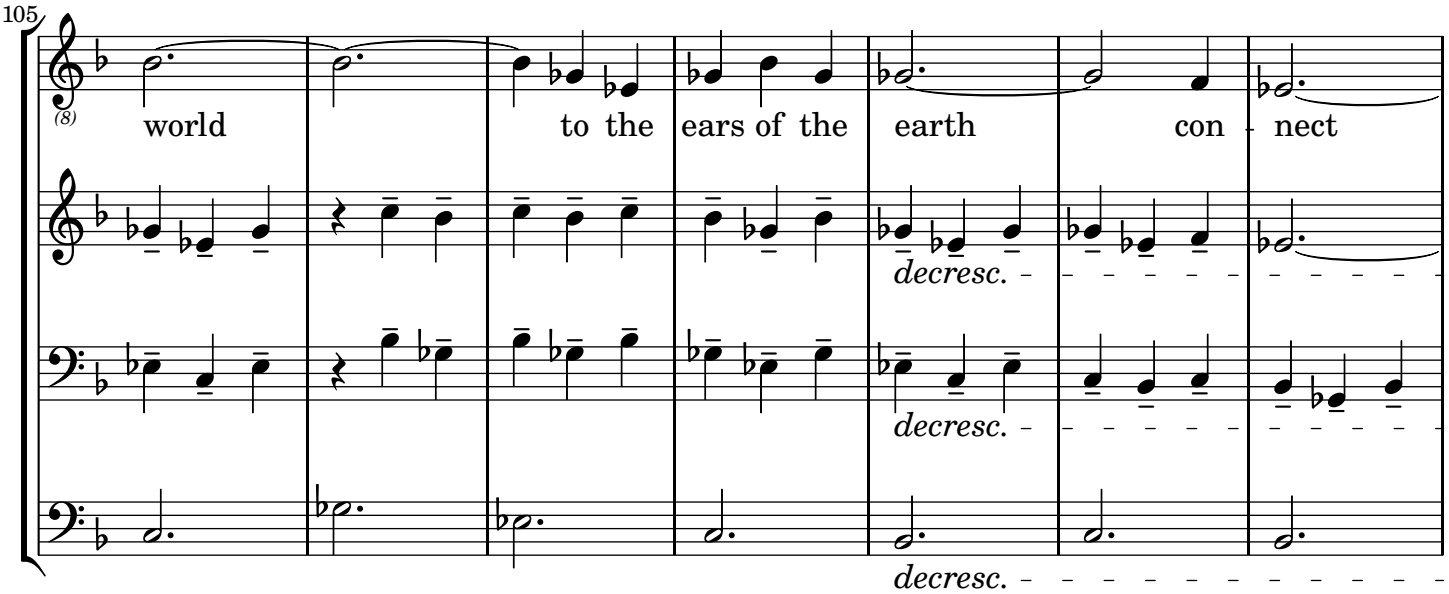

74
(8)
self for a fan - ta - sy a vis-ion of truth is not real

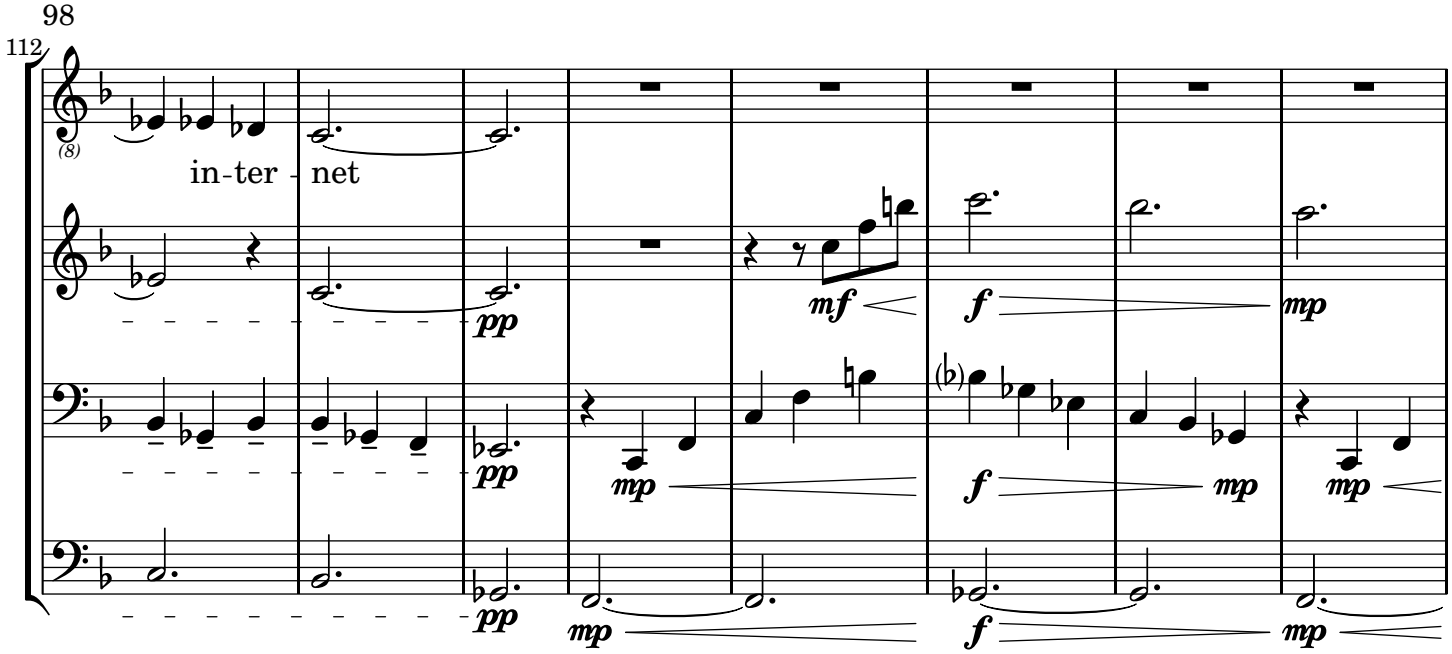

80
cresc.
f
(8)
you nor I can ev - er know an art - i - fi-cial in -
mf
mf
mf

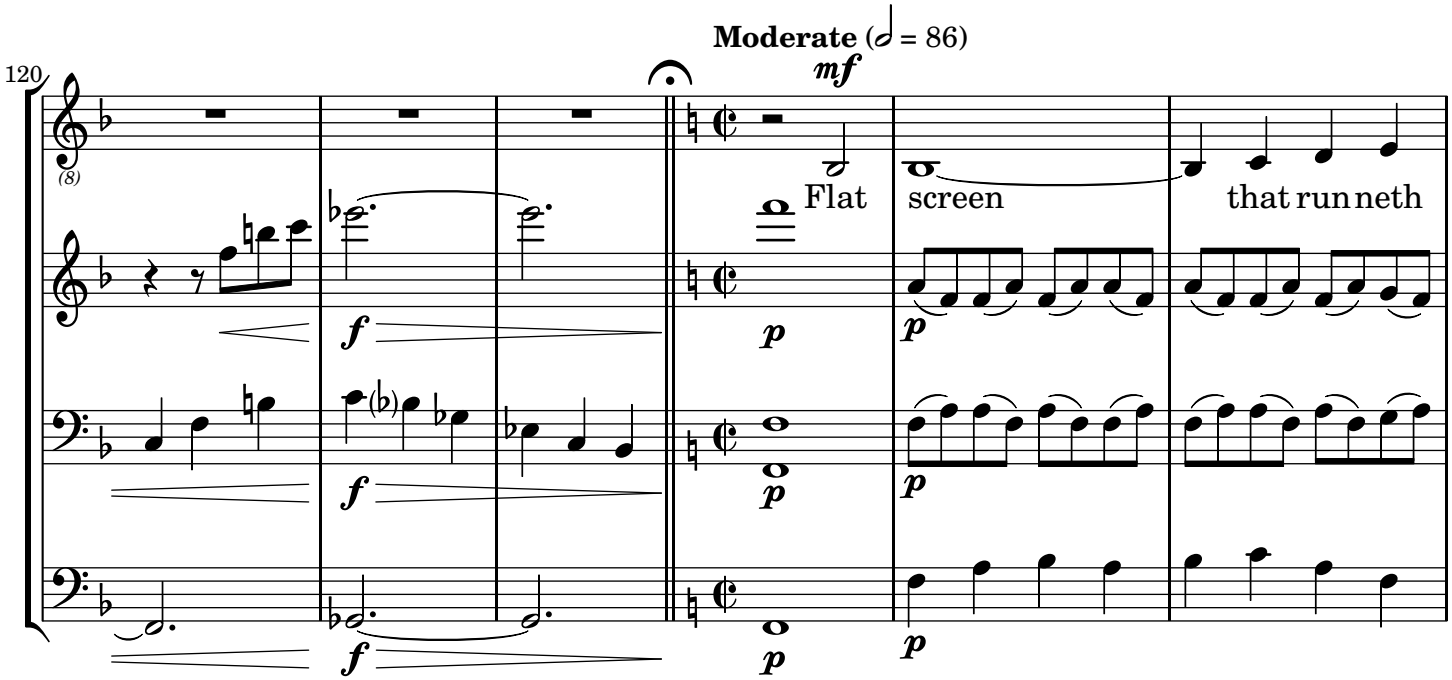

86
ff
tell - i - gence
Sing,
I
am
f
f
f

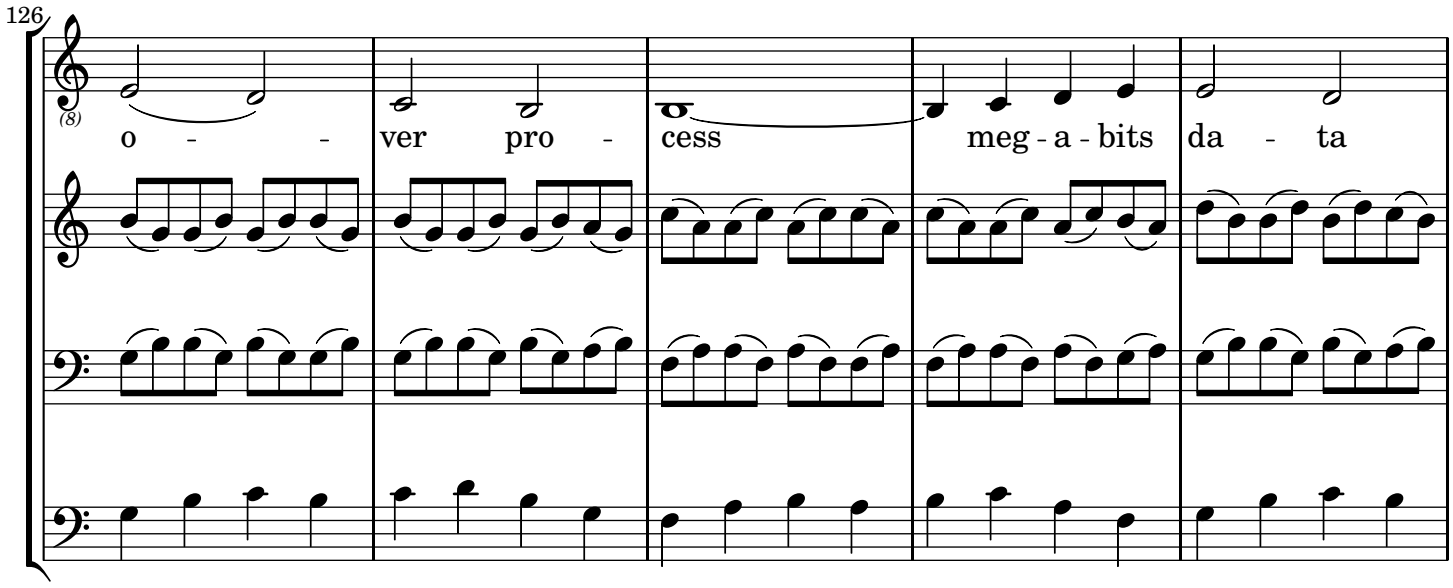

92
mp
ff
not
heard
lost, gone,
ig - nored
Sing,
I
p
p
p
f
f
f

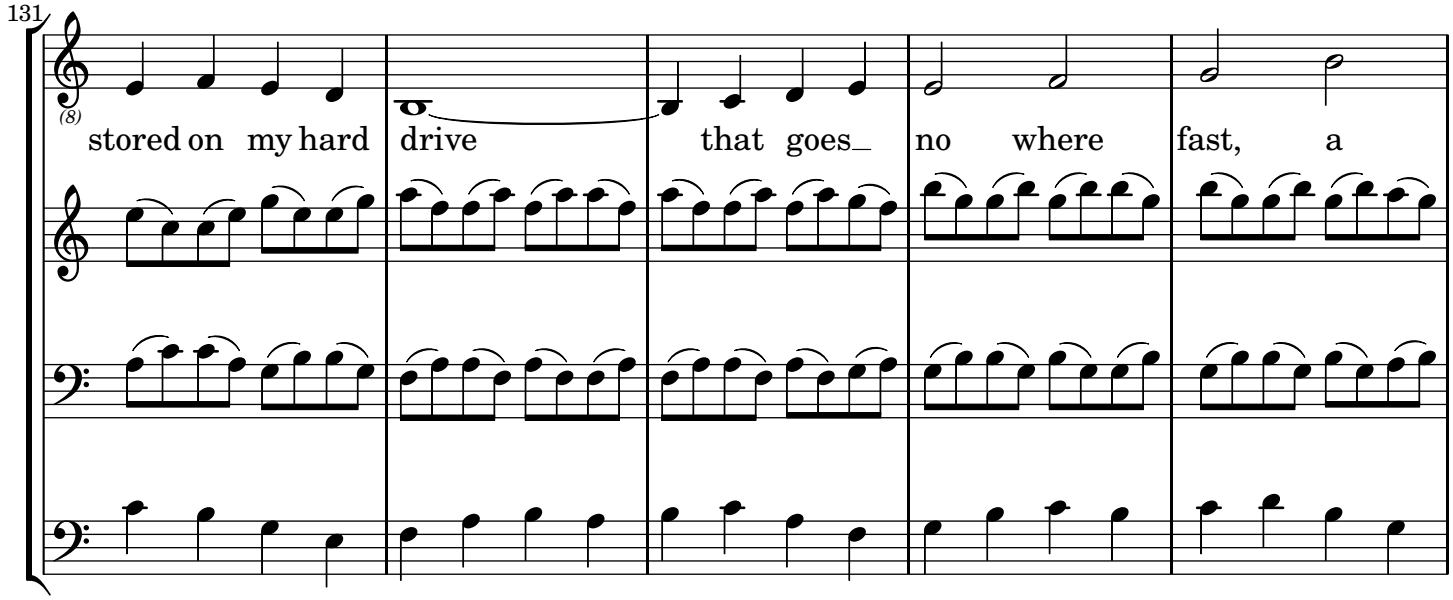

98
mp
(8)
am
not
found
to the
eyes of the
p
p
p


105
(8)
world
to the
ears of the
earth
con - nect
decresc.
decresc.
decresc.

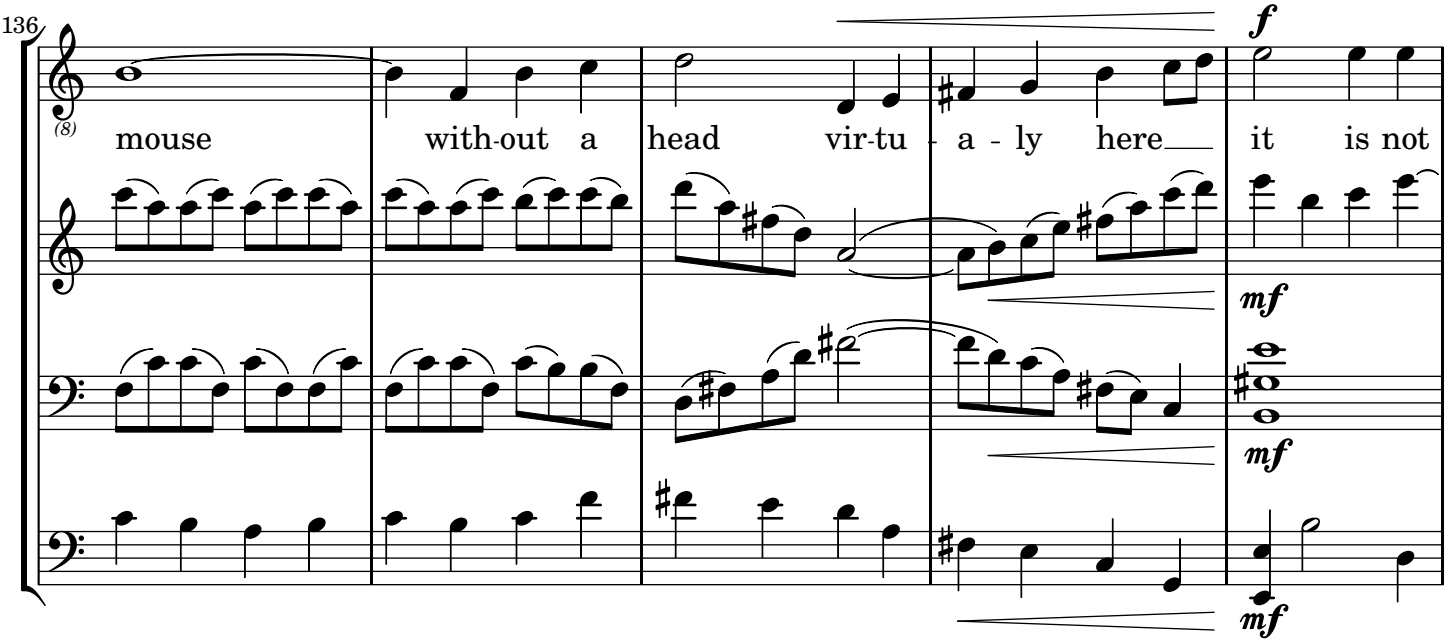

112
in-ter - net


120
Moderate (♩ = 86)
Flat
screen
that run neth

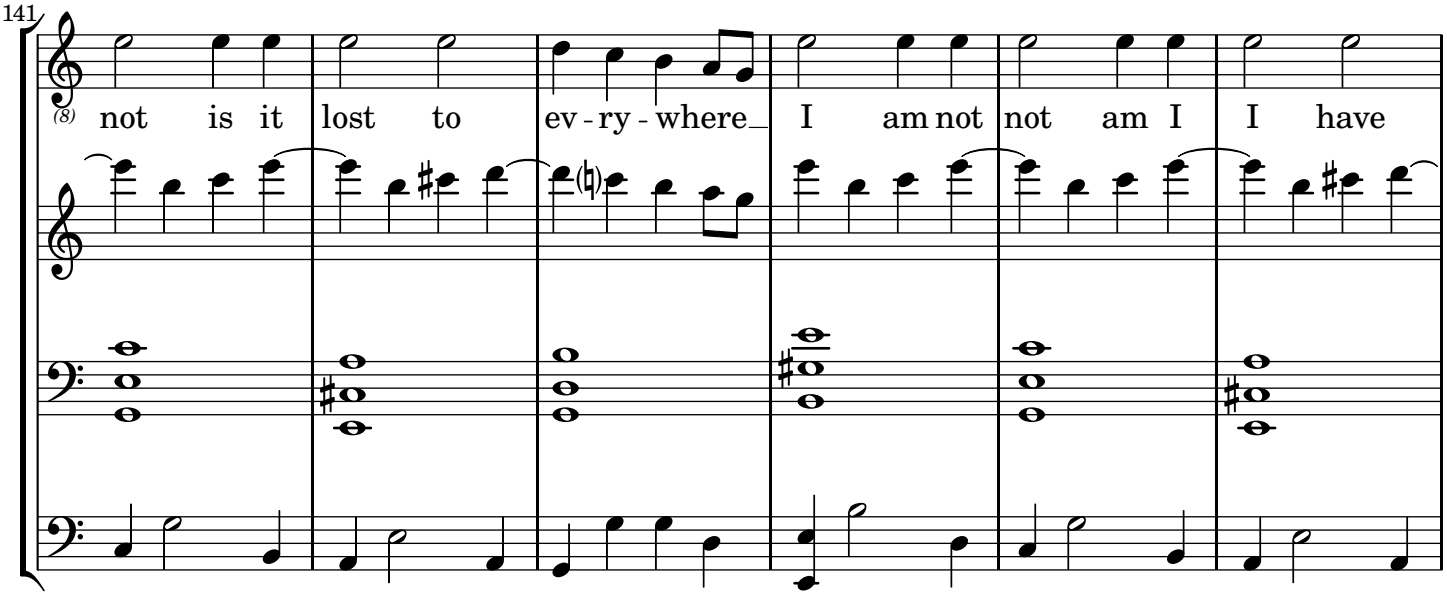

126
(8)
o - - ver pro - cess meg - a - bits da - ta

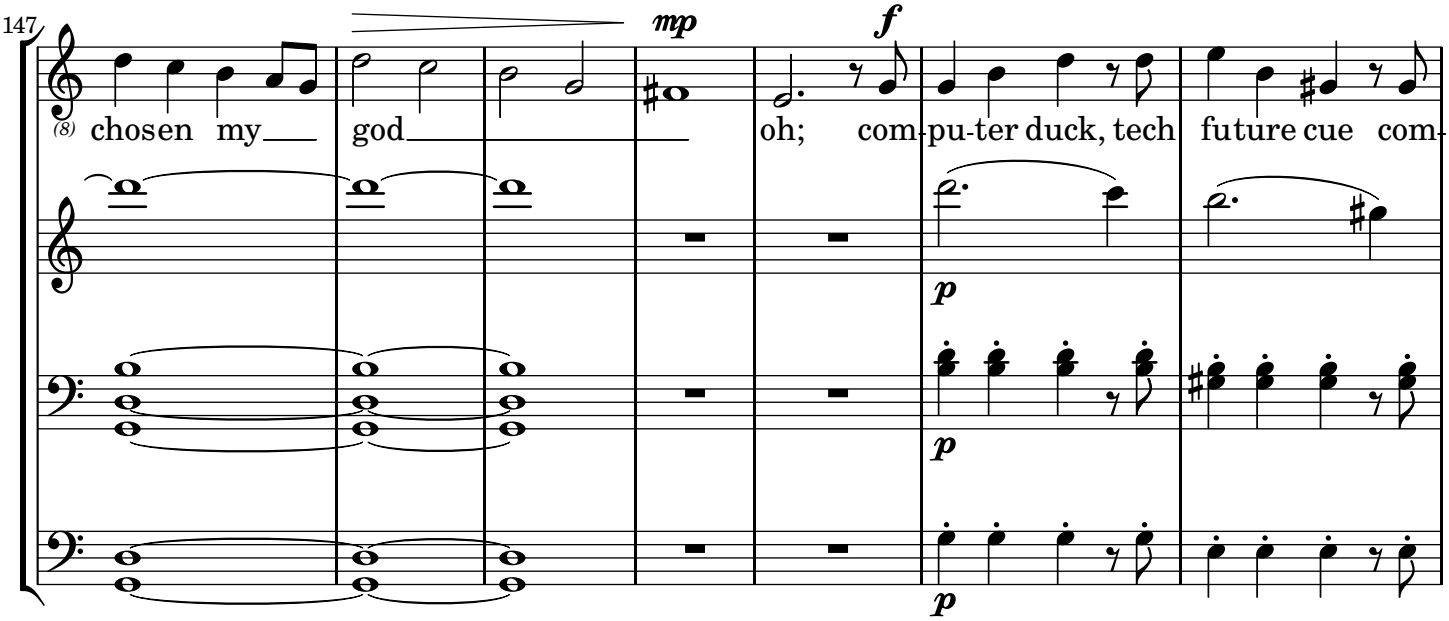

131
(8)
stored on my hard drive that goes_ no where fast, a

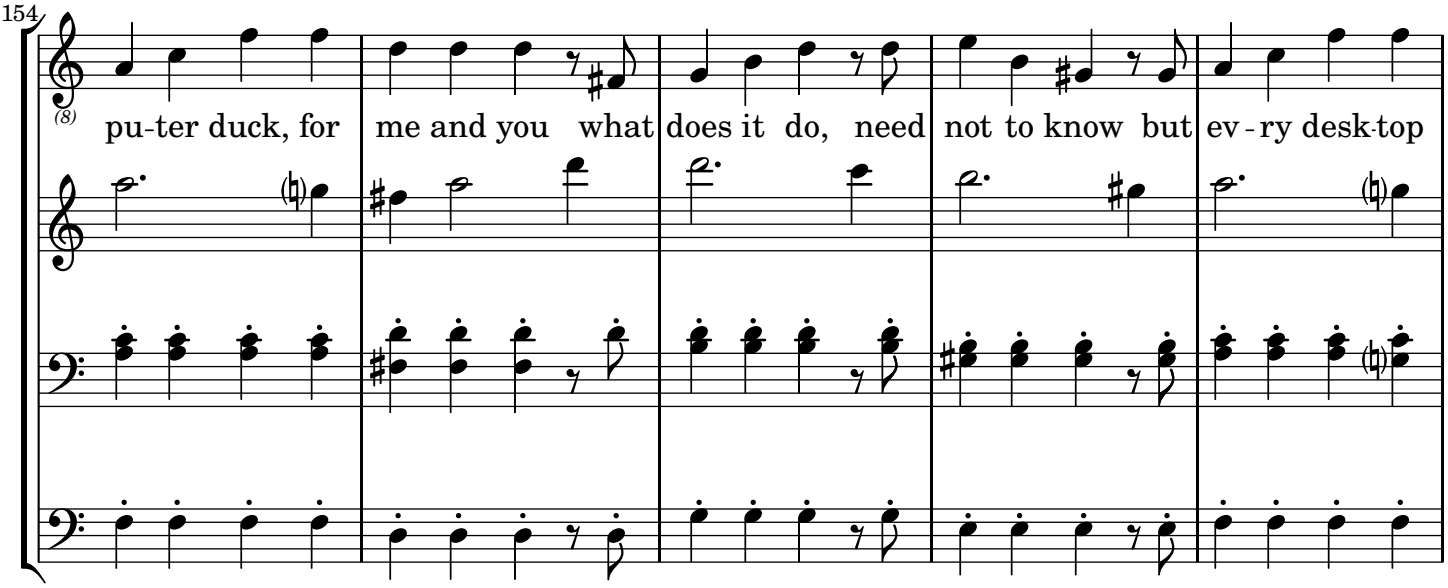
136


mouse with-out a head vir-tu - a - ly here it is not
f
mf
mf
mf

141


not is it lost to ev - ry - where I am not not am I I have


147
mp
f
chosen my god oh; com-pu-ter duck, tech future cue com-
p
p
p

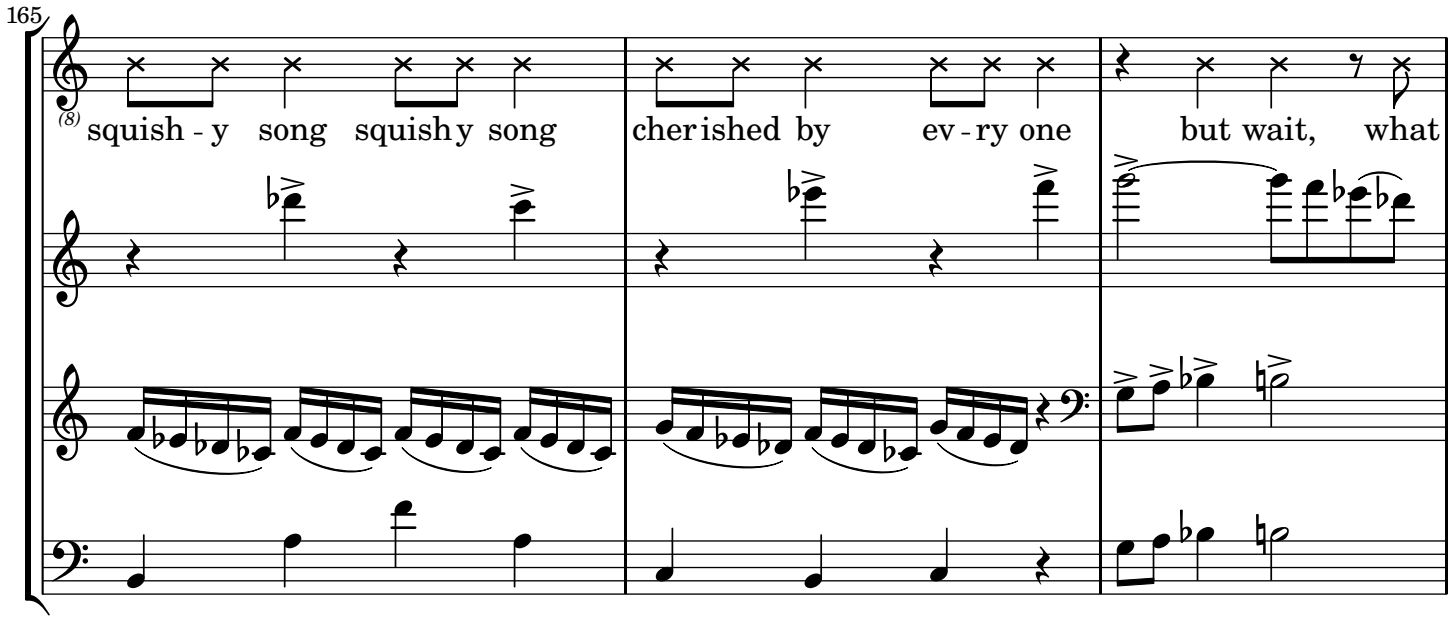

154
pu-ter duck, for me and you what does it do, need not to know but ev-ry desk-top

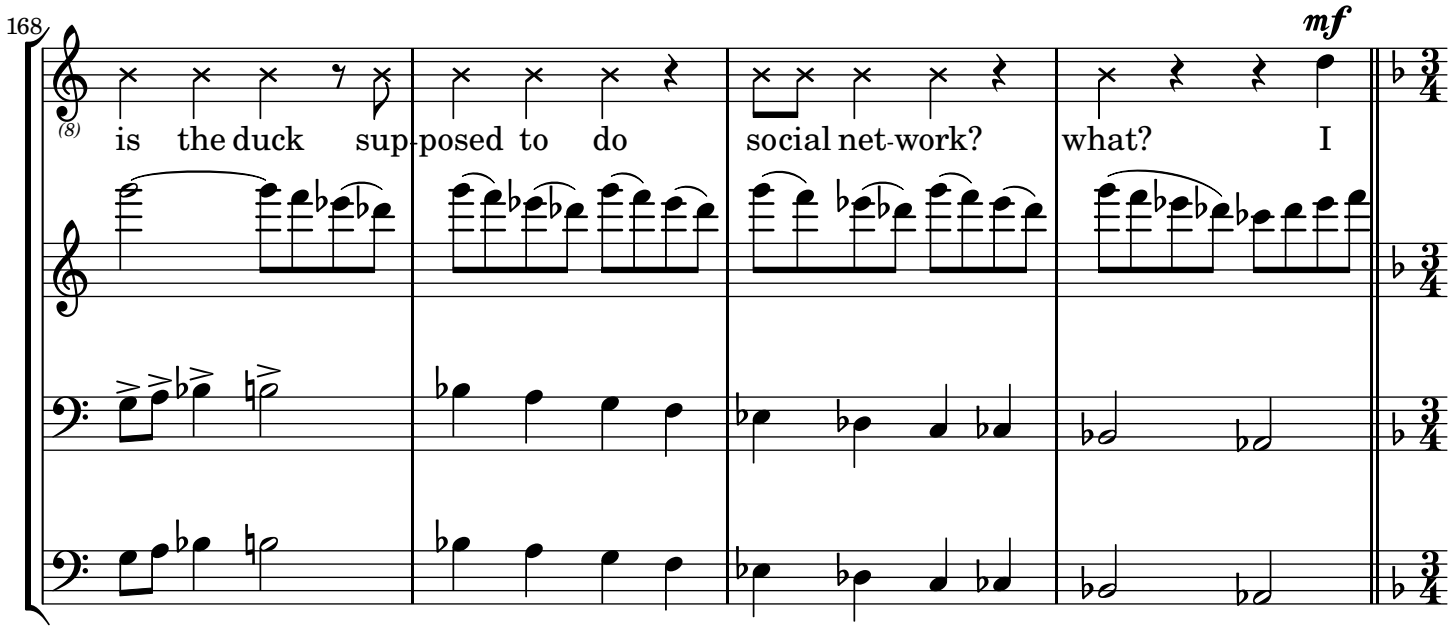
159

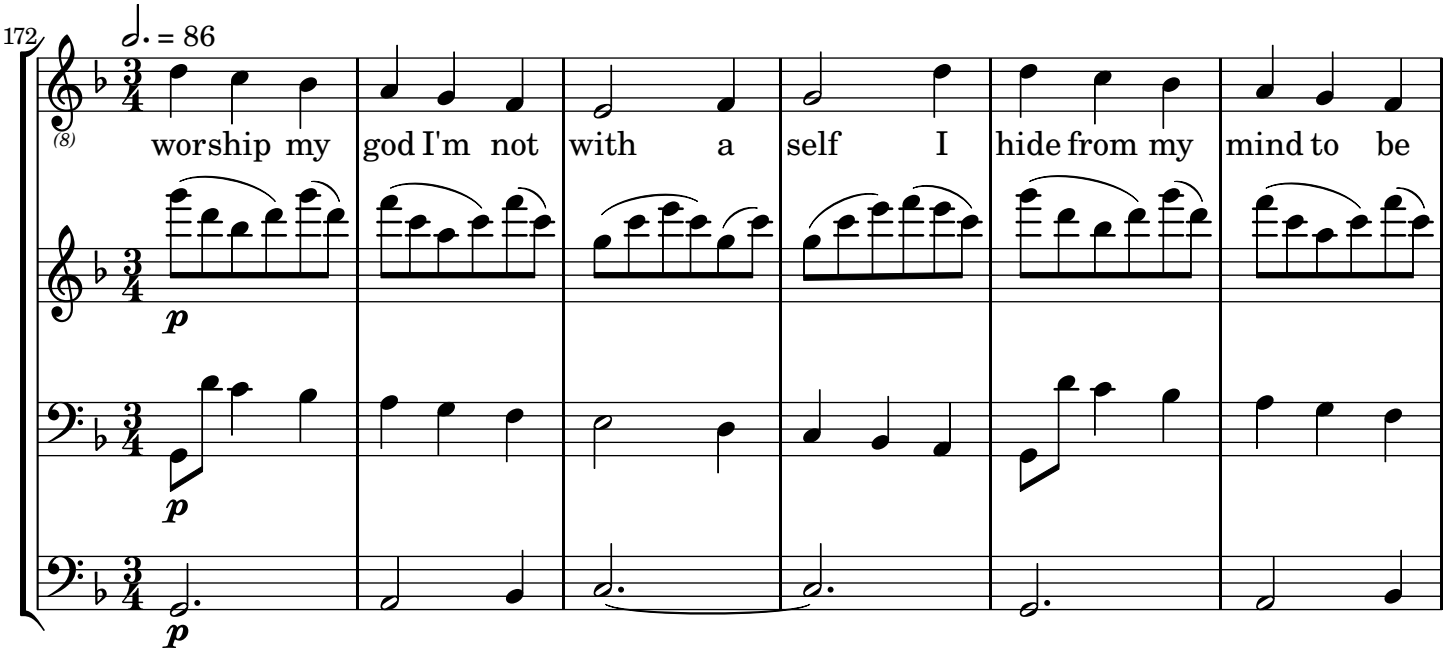
it must show I don't know what it does

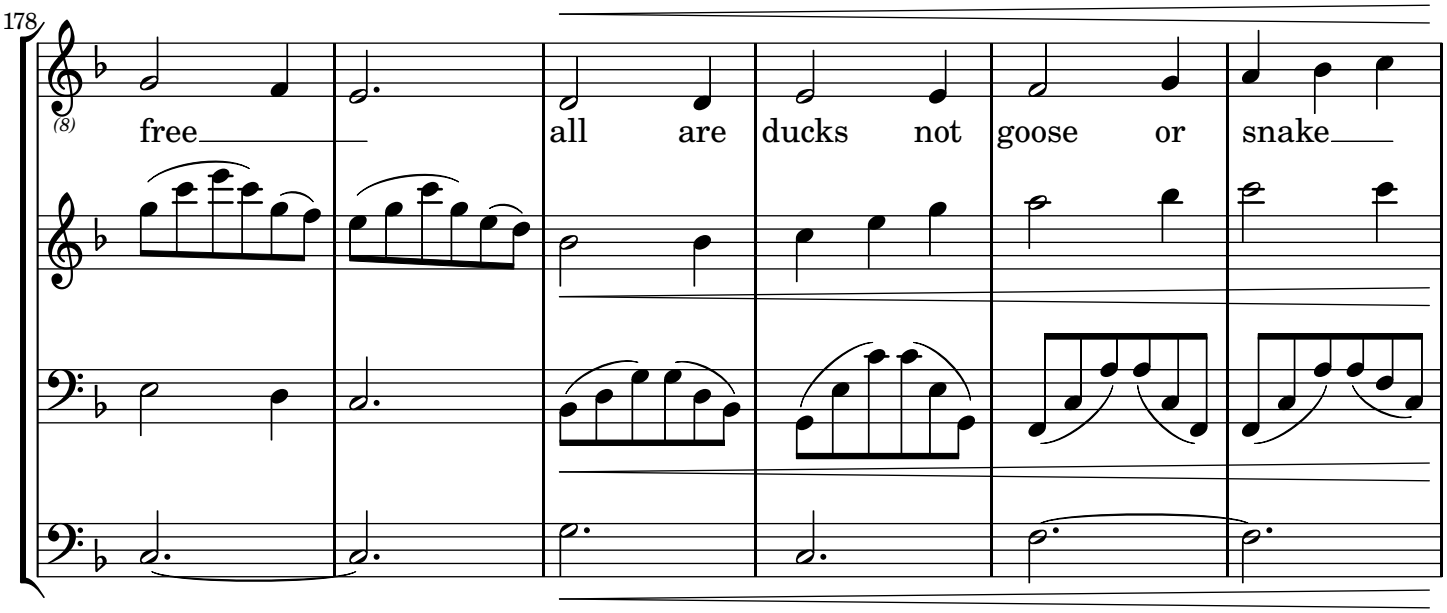
162

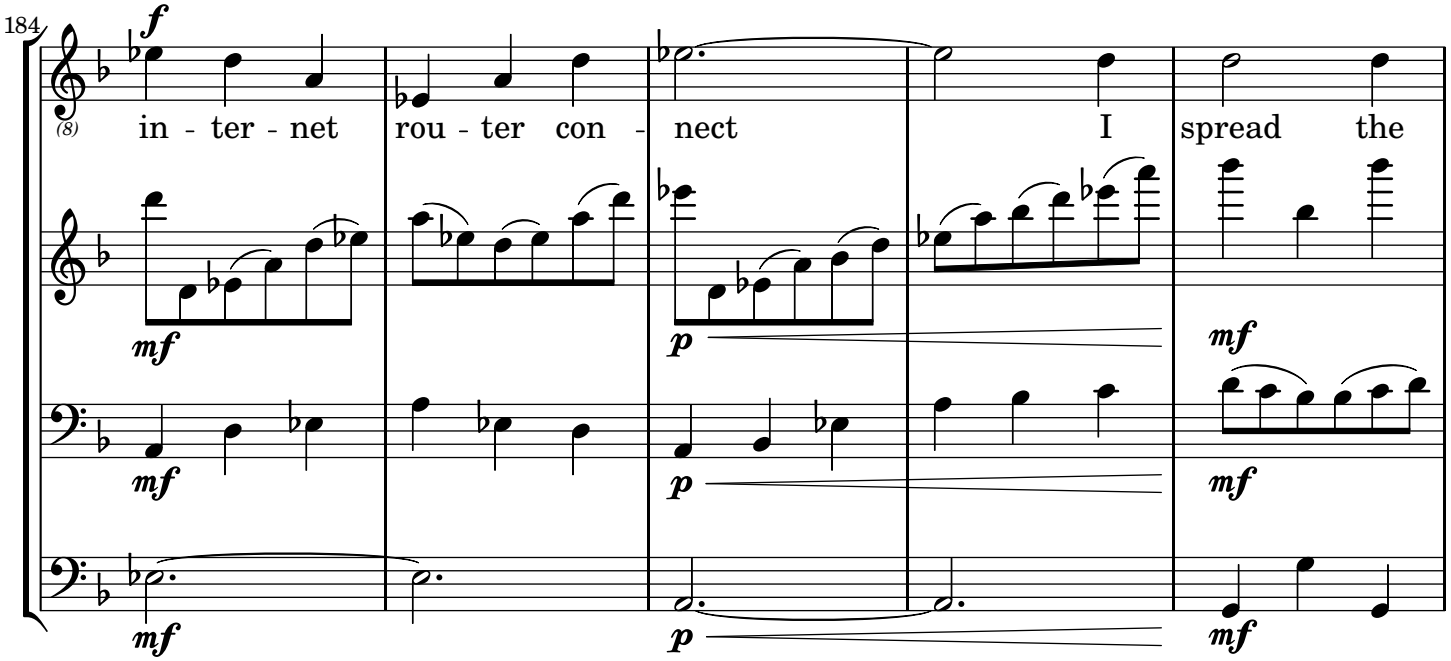
and the mu-sic is ba - nal stick - y stick-y stick-y tune

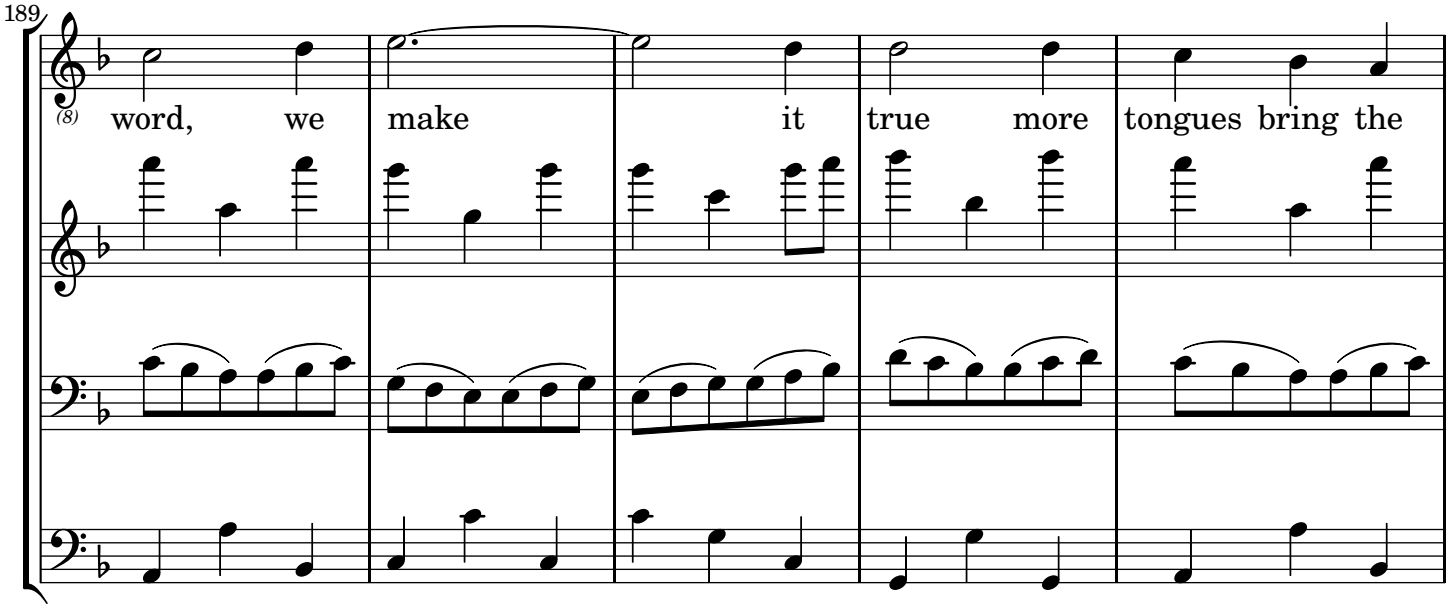

165
(8)
squish - y song squish y song
cher ished by ev - ry one
but wait, what


168
(8)
is the duck sup-posed to do
so cial net-work?
what? I
mf

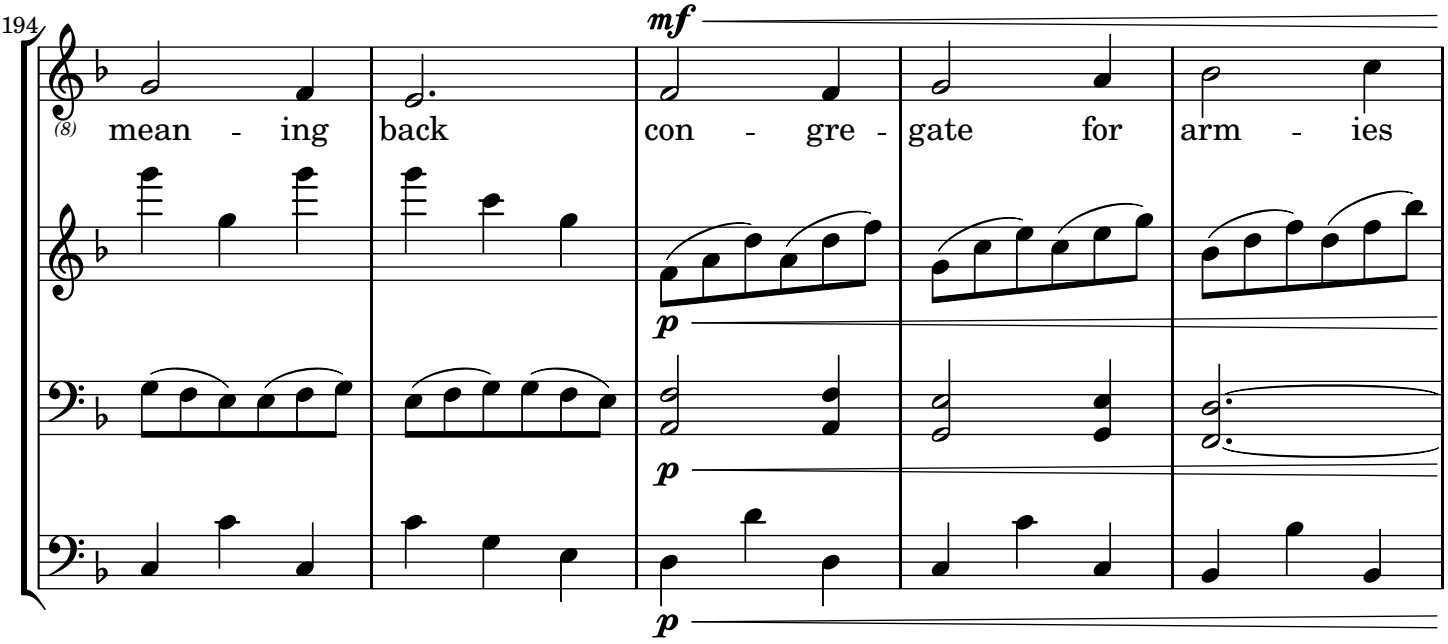

172
♩. = 86
worship my god I'm not with a self I hide from my mind to be


178
free all are ducks not goose or snake

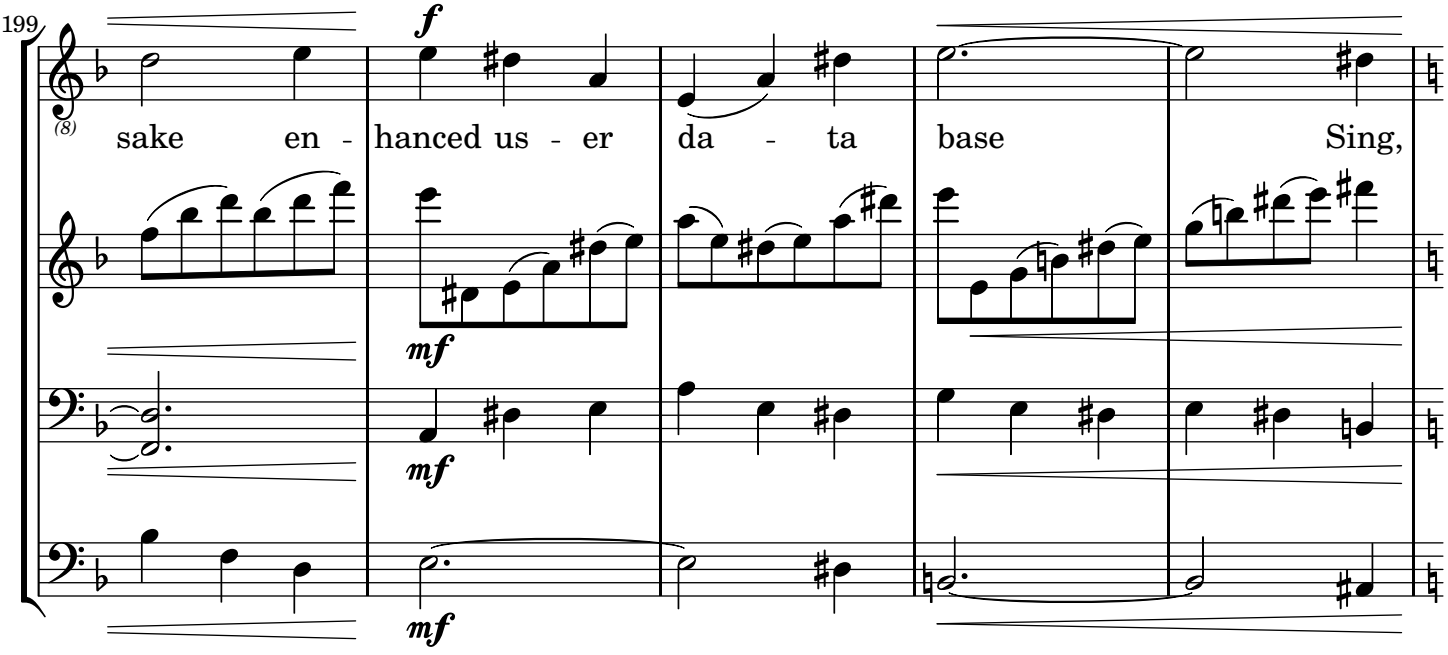

184
f
in - ter - net
rou - ter con -
nect
I
spread
the
mf
p
mf

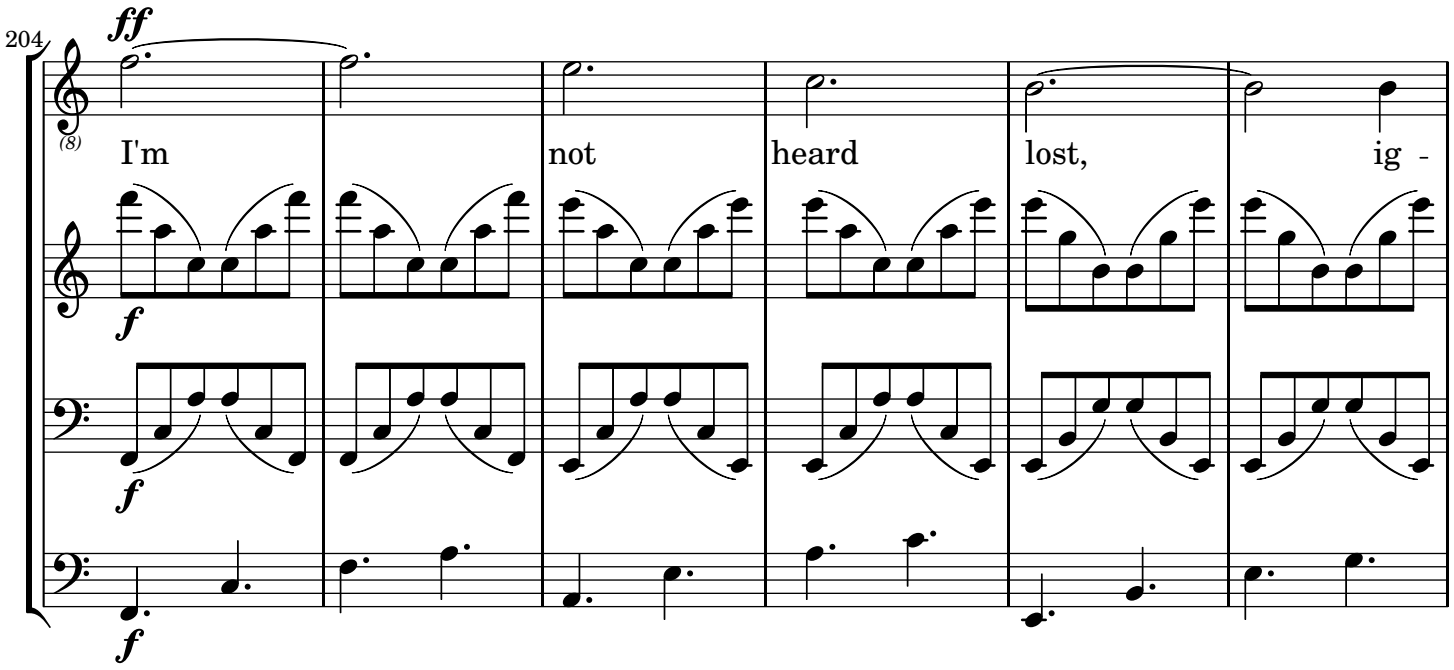

189
word,
we
make
it
true
more
tongues
bring
the

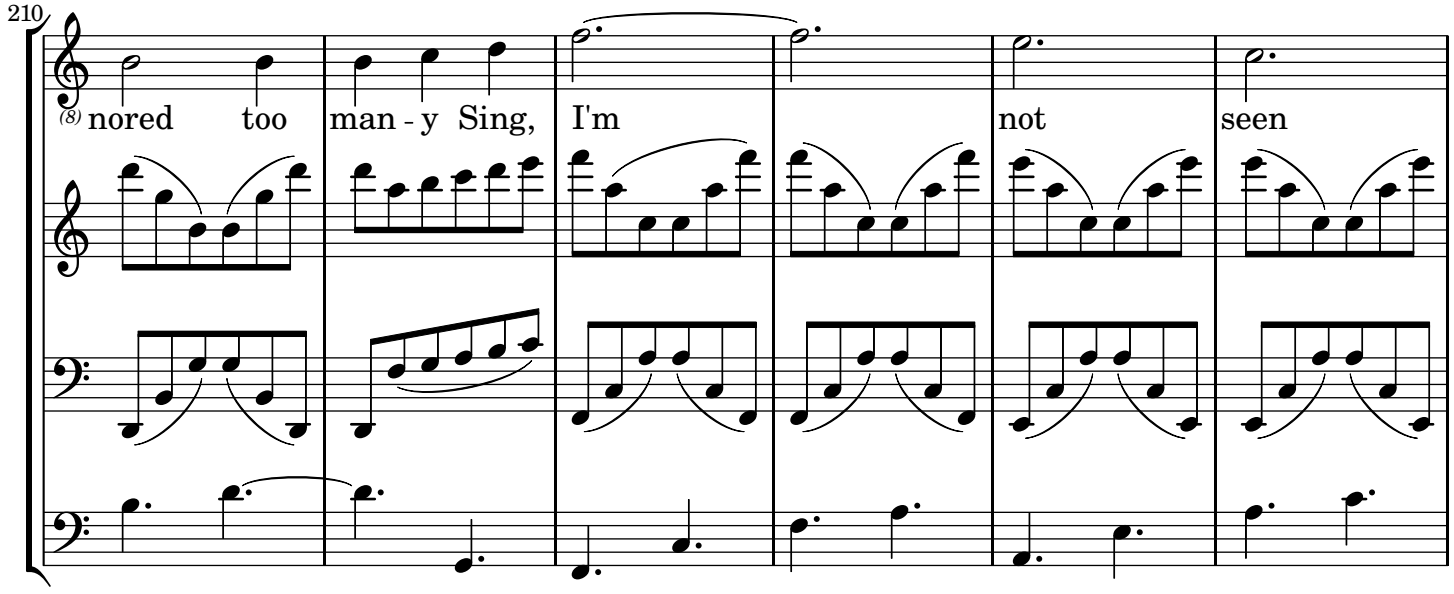
194

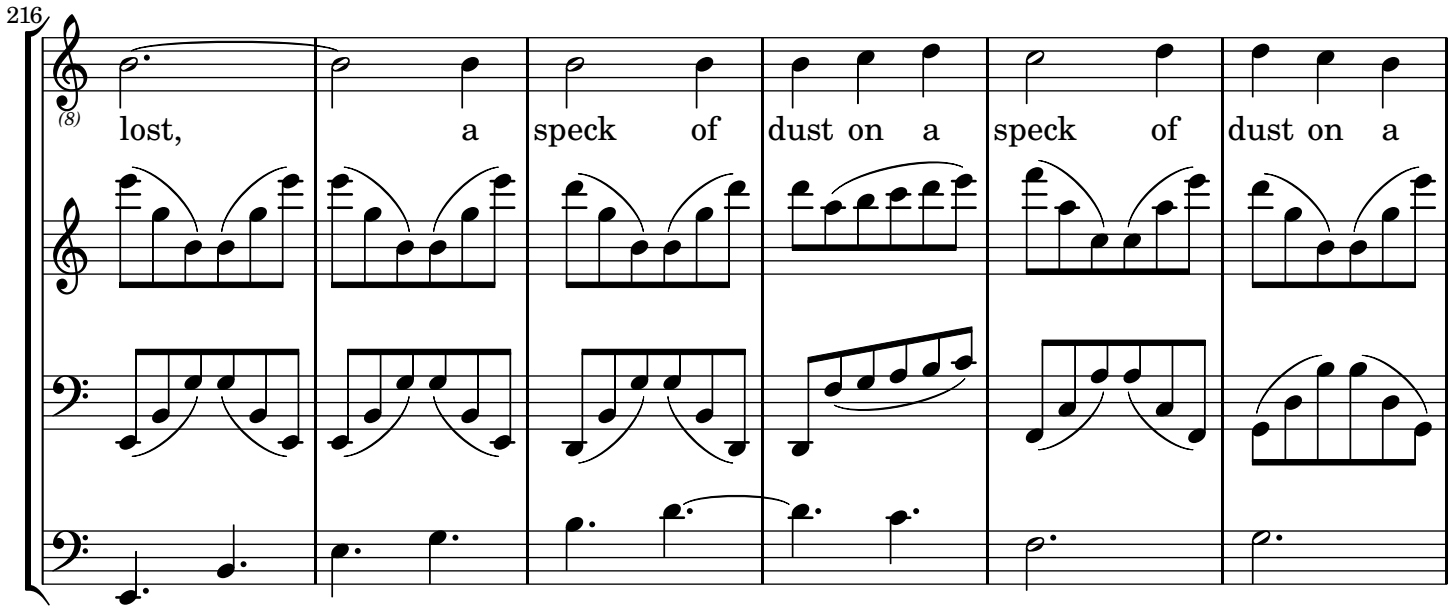

mf
mean - ing back con - gre - gate for arm - ies
p
p
p

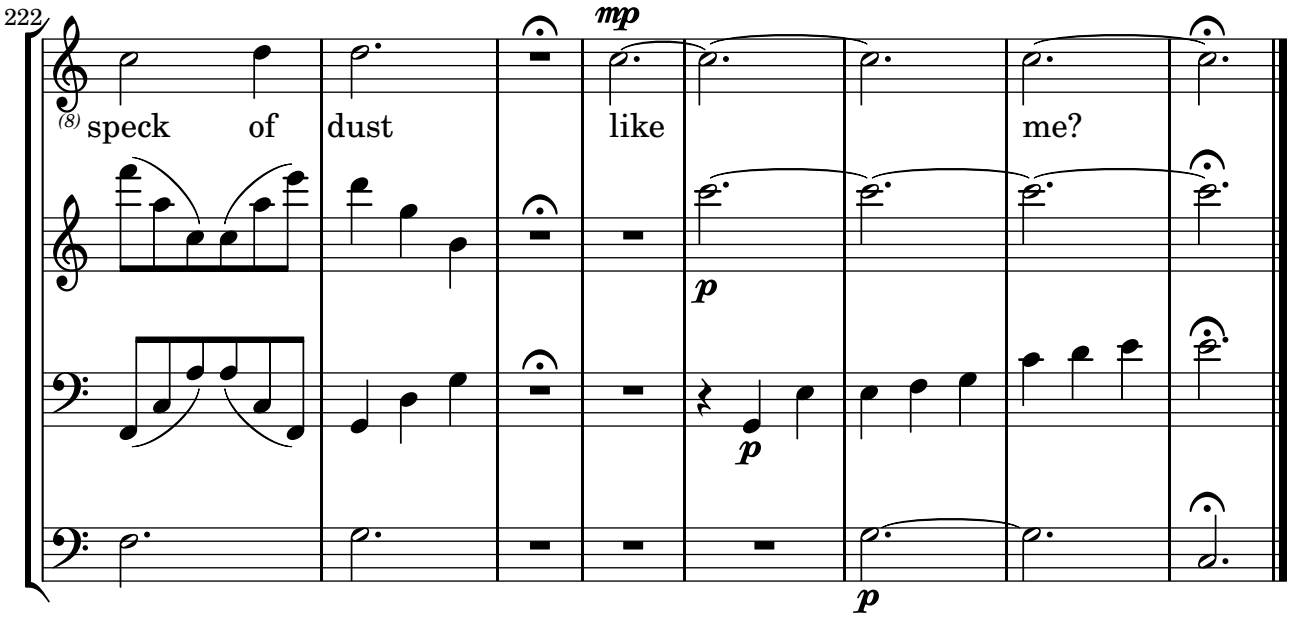
199


f
sake en - hanced us - er da - ta base Sing,
mf
mf
mf


204
ff
I'm
not
heard
lost,
ig -
f
f
f


210
nored
too
man - y
Sing,
I'm
not
seen


216
lost, a speck of dust on a speck of dust on a


222
speck of dust like me?
mp
p
p
p