

POWER

On through fathomless absence, amnesia, despair
The scent of death cheap in the air everywhere
On through paradise poisoned, through paradise sold
The hellbound plunge hellward ensanguined in gold
Where souls sell for silver, a price on each head
But the wages of courage are irons or lead
Until each is a jailer, a traitor to all
And each one a captive imprisoned by all
Power

And yet still there are some who can only rebel
For peace with our masters means war with ourselves
Better war on the world, against all for all's sake
Than with all against each all in thrail to the fray
Assemble the wretched, the desperate, the maimed
Heaven is empty—we march on its gates
All my anguish I pledge, all my ardor I vow
One with a why can endure any how

Power

I vow

Whatever it takes
To make the heart
Break or overflow
All we must endure
Create and destroy
All we must undergo
All we must forsake
All we must forgo
All we must accept
All we must overthrow

Power

You want power
Like your fathers had
You want power
Watch the mirror fill with blood
You want power
That means you will submit
Ascend the tower
That conceals the pit

Did you see the abyss? Prepare however you wish You want power
In all its splendor
But you are ruled by all
That you cannot surrender

Hope is a perilous thing (it's dangerous to feel)
You're afraid to catch it
They fear you when you feel it
Can you trust it
Because it's stronger than you, it's stronger than you

Chance is a dangerous thing (it's dangerous to want)
If you take it
It could save you
Or betray you
Because it's stronger than you, it's stronger than you

Power is a dangerous thing (it's dangerous, it's dangerous You can't take it

It takes you

It's stronger than you, stronger than you

Power

And my heart beats harder And my breath comes faster As we ride again Into disaster

Power

As I know now
The hellbound journey hellward
Across the whole of heaven.
To them, it looks like earth.
Only upon arrival
Do they realize
Where they've been.

GONE TO CROATAN

You won't find us washing with the tides from crowd to faceless crowd
Nor dreamless in the mills where years are ground to dust
You won't find us between white walls, where the lights are always on
While through a distant haze
Consuming fires rage
You won't find us
We'll be gone
Long gone

Are you out there sheltering a spark in the storm all alone
Or hoarding your damage because it seems it's all you have of your own
Are you out there in sorrow, in longing, in desperate straits
Doing your time, waiting for a sign, some part of yourself already
Gone
Long, long gone

You won't find us— Find us

The story goes that, when British colonists finally returned across the Atlantic to check on their first attempt to establish a colony in this region, they found the settlement abandoned. A message carved into the palisade indicated that they had fled to join a nearby Indigenous community.

The rank-and-file colonists who were supposed to play their part in the brutal conquest of this continent had discovered that their only hope of survival was to flee their masters in the British settler colonial project and make common cause with the original inhabitants of the land.

Today, industrial capitalism and settler colonialism have conquered the entire planet. As they reduce it to rubble, our only hope of survival is to rediscover more sustainable ways of being and to throw in our lot with the oppressed and displaced.



EREMOCENE

Will we breathe our last
In concrete tombs
Or rushing headlong
Into glittering doom

No doves or meadowlarks fly here
And we are truly all alone
As we bury the very earth
Under her own bones
Cutting into the crust
To carve it into mine and thine
Like light arriving from a dead star,
Our dreams stillborn

Are dreams still born

Above the carnage
Can you hear
The broken music of the spheres
Orbiting an abyss

Interred in chasms of the mind
Where hell is somewhere overhead
Get up, shake the dust from your limbs
And make your way across the bones of the dead

Carry on

Over the bones of the dead

Over the bones of the dead

So you set out
To flee this wretched place
Last witness to a world now laid to waste
Ride on, dark horse,
Where there is no road
Burdened by the wreckage you bear within
Abandon everything but hope

Fly
Restless seeker, broken heart
Follow your star
Far beyond the walls
Of this world we must depart
But if you arrive
You will reach the land you seek
Not as a king, but as a refugee

Like a secret message or a torch that's passed around
Like a tidal wave or a tornado touching down
Like vengeance, like a dream deferred, that festers
then explodes
Every last lost child shall someday
Find her way back home

And you will
Fight
Also against yourself
But don't lose heart
Not one step backward on your path

You will arrive Though you will reach the land you seek Not as a king, but as a refugee

Not as a king, but as a refugee

Carry on
Over the bones of the dead

CarrionUpon the bones of the dead

Carry on
Over the bones of the dead

The Eremocene—age of loneliness—is a term coined to designate the current geological age, when we are in the process of exterminating so many of the other species that have inhabited the earth alongside us until now.

EMBERS

An expanse of ice
And all hope in eclipse
We are fireflies
In darkness

Embers in ashes We sail On a tempest Bereft

Every newborn arrives
Upon a wave of blood
To trade blows with a world
She never chose

A spark struck off steel
To blink out in the dark
Unknown

Like cinders, we ascend Towards the stars overhead

Buffeted from within
By a seething, surging sea
We yearn
Unquenchably

Ten thousand miles adrift, outcast
I strike your memory like a match

WE LIVE

Tremble with fear If it's not the last day Tremble with fear

We'll live to see another day
We'll live to see
All that we know will flicker and fade
All that we hold will crumble away
Statues and empires will tremble and fall
Everything, everyone, all

Hell, pour out your rivers
Open up your gates
Unseal all your horrors
We'll live to see another day

We'll live
We'll live
We'll live to see another day
We'll live to see
The last birds flee the final sky
The endlings breathe their final sigh
Yet there is a
Light ashine beyond
The furthest star

Hell, throw wide your prisons
Let fall your acid rain
March out your armies
We'll five to see another
Day
Come
Break across the world
Break across the world
In the shadow of their future
It's midnight every hour of the day

But like a seed in the dirt, like a root in the earth

I am alive in my grave

Like a ghost from the tomb, like a child from the womb

Come what will, come what may

We'll live to see another day

"Millions of trees can become green in the cupped hand of a single letter."
-Mahmoud Darwish

LAST WORDS

Hold me to this

If I ever should give an inch
I won't deserve who I was

Hold me to this

If I ever should miss a chance

To give my all

I'll never know all we could be

We know what we are
But not what we might be
Hold me to this

Say your last words now
It's later than you think
Don't lock your tongue
Behind your teeth
Inside your jaw
For good
Don't hope for redemption
Don't wait for the moment, it's already gone
Don't pray for salvation
It's here—or else never at all—
Within us

Hold me to this:

Dawn may never come, but there will be
A light in me
Hold me through this
Day may never break, but break it must

Inside of us

Inside us

If that's all the light we'll ever see
If that's all the light there'll ever be
Shine bright
Burn brightly

If it's come to this
I'm prepared to fight
Just give me some time to find the others
But if there's no more time
And I'm the last one left
And there will be no respite
For dreamers tonight

Then I'm ready I'm ready

Settle my debts I'm ready Steel my soul I'm ready

Forward Into the fight

Onward Into the night CATHARSIS is still Alexei, Brian, Ernie, Jimmy, and Matt.

Gosia (Mind Pollution, Next Victim, Dyym) sang on "Power" and "Gone to Croatan" and joined Fred (Point of No Return), Red (Scarecrow), and Sebastian (Vittna) in the vocals on "Nocturne," "We Live," and "Last Words."

Zach (Requiem) played violin on "Gone to Croatan." Zach and Stef, Dan, Gabe, and Steve helped to refine earlier versions of some of these songs.

Drums recorded August 12-14, 2024 at Mad Oak Studios in Boston with the inimitable Benny Grotto. Alexei played the entire recording wearing an ankle monitor.

We recorded the rest ourselves in August and September 2024.

Mixed by Kurt Ballou at God City Studio from September 26-30, 2024.

Mastered by Scott Crouse at Form IV Audio in October 2024. Scott's assistance and advice throughout the recording process were invaluable.

Layout and design by us.

Countless other people helped us to make this record, only a few of whom can be named here: Roxanne (Bad Friends); Zoli (Newborn) and Attila; the entire Hayes family; Sebastian Pannen; Gregor Hufenreuter; Adrian, Meridian, and Nova Lowe, and Miles Miller-Lowe; Charles Sepulveda; Sioux Craft; Christine Wolfe; Catherine Nevels; Erik Markley; Joshua Freer; Arielle Kilroy; Katy Otto; Lisa Rhiannon Surrenda; Lisa Bowers Bohn; Aileen Foley; Rosina Blum; Julia Milton Corley; T. Ciak; Oli, Elo, Tali, and Alaska; Judy and Milt; Jennifer Anne; Laura Girona S.; the Randolphs; Greg Bennick (Trial, Between Earth and Sky); Tommy V. (Prong); Julio Felix; Anna, Max, Tania, and Felix; Barbara Lipski; Karen Klein; Christian Nilsson; Mael (Broken Promises); and everyone else around the world who has booked, hosted, fed, cared for, and inspired us over the past thirty years. We hope to thank the rest of you in person.

In memory of Josh Edwards, Dan Young, James Murphy Hoopes, Ed Miller, Marty Miller, Bill Korecky, Clarissa Rogers, Jen Angel, John Rivera, Massimo Meloni, Brian Redman, Dawn Markley, Rich Hall, Michelle Temple, and others too numerous to name.

As we were preparing this record, our thoughts were with the Palestinians resisting genocide in Gaza.

We have been playing together for over three decades now. Our experiences as a band have taught us much of what we know about ourselves and the world. We developed our craft in spaces of rebellion, at a time when we could go on tour and play in collectively run venues and squatted social centers every night for months on end. For us, hardcore is not a musical genre, but a practice of living life to the fullest, a field of experimentation in which expression and action merge. In enabling us to discover what we love, it has sensitized us to the tragedies of our age and given us tools with which to do something about them.

We still believe in hardcore as a force for change, a component of an ecosystem of movements for liberation. As our society slides deeper into tyranny, it only becomes more important to pursue a vision of another way of living. We have not outgrown the idealism of our youth. In fact, our band is soberer and more vegan today than we were in the 1990s. We have not fallen out of love with this counterculture that has given us so much.

We aspire to act in solidarity with all who fight against oppression. Without adhering to a particular dogma, we affirm the anarchist ideal of relationships without coercion and an open horizon before us. No one above and no one below.

We contain within ourselves all of the contradictions and fault lines that run through humanity as a whole—all the frailty, confusion, anger, and potential. Far from making us cynical, this makes the struggles of our species urgent for us. Our dearest hope is that, in baring our souls and pushing ourselves to make the most of our creative potential, we might make it easier for you to do the same.