

OCTOBER 2024 NO. 6

HEART

BEEETS

FROM THE UNIVERSE

From Beyond The Grave

DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHARE THIS ZINE!

Calling all Audionauts! Since the intergalactic ban on music, perpetrated by everyone's favorite bureaucrat, Lord Prosect, the infinite void has been eerily silent. In the before times, known as Before Music (or BM), music was distributed freely and fairly and pressed onto wax for everyone to spin. These tasty beats were thought lost forever after the attacks on July 6th, 5000 by Lord Prosect and his minions. Every radio station from the Andromeda to the Zymolytic Galaxy was assaulted, and cassettes, records, and CDs were disintegrated. If not for the brave Audionauts out there who smuggled what they could, the thumping rhythms and trilling arpeggios of the universe's greatest musicians might have been lost forever.

Before that attack, The Intergalactic Beats Project (then known as The Intergalactic Beats Project before the ban on the word "beat") was a major distributor of the music lost that day. After our headquarters was decimated, only two agents remained in operation.

We are those agents.

It has been millennia since the sounds of our artists have been heard, but every day we discover and decode the lost music that fueled generations to shake their hips and bang their heads. This Zine will track our progress as we travel through space and time to restore our entire catalog.

We need your help.

Our methods are unconventional, which means we lack the resources of the former IBP. We rely solely on your tips and scouting reports to track down everything lost in the fires and everything that has been secretly

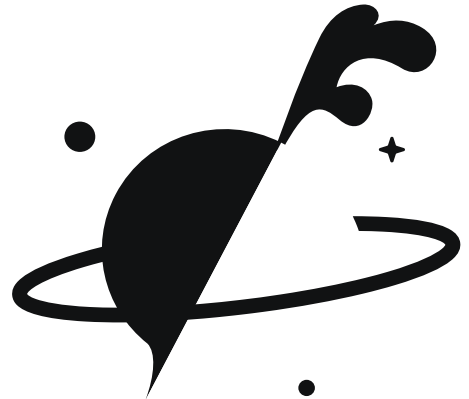
made since. If you are out there and your tasty beats need a home, send us a secure signal so that we may help distribute your music freely and fairly. We run the risk every single day that we will be discovered and imprisoned, or worse...

Visit our telecommunications hub at INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM and sign up to receive our monthly Zine, listen to our entire decoded discography, and join the fight against Lord Prosect. Together, we can bring an end to his tyrannical rule and restore music to the ears of all creatures in the universe.

In the words of our Neptunian supporters:



F3rix & Gyllene



HEART BEETS

FROM THE UNIVERSE

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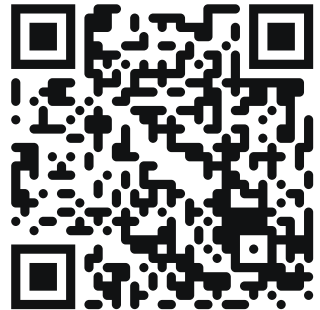
WHAT IS THE IBP?

The INTERGALACTIC BEETS PROJECT seeks out and decodes the tastiest beats in the universe, presses them to vinyl, and distributes them for all creatures to listen to. From 2021 until the year 5000, the IBP made a name for itself by making music free, easy to collect, and worth waiting for. After Lord Prosect banned all music on July 6th, 5000, it became our mission to save every last beat in the universe, rebuild our catalog, and make sure that the past is never forgotten.

The IBP does this as a free service, however, we encourage all Audionauts to support our mission in other ways: by purchasing merch from our Shop, signing up for our email newsletter, or by reading this very Zine! We have begun to repress our collection to vinyl and we hope that you'll stop by our telecommunications hub and pick up a copy.

Due to the constant threat of Lord Prosect, we take great caution in encrypting every communication, every item in our Shop, and every beat of every song. We have thwarted his silver hand and we will continue to do so for millennia to come.

WELCOME ABOARD!



BEAT OF THE MONTH



Wizards are rare in the Universe. A nomadic-sort, they can be quite friendly, especially if provided with their favorite sweet breads and pipe flowers. But there is a thin line between wizard and warlock. Warlocks weren't born evil, they were shaped this way by the societies that shunned them, that feared their conjurings, and exiled them from some of the most friendly and progressive

planets in the void. Illusion & Disbelief were not all wizards, just their drummer, Inglott.

At first they had not noticed it: the long beard, the crooked hat, the folksy wisdom. It was not until a terrible gig at the Pendulum Club (noted for its raucous and hard-to-please crowd) did his wizardry appear. After a glass bottle was hurled at the band, heading straight for their lead keyboardist, Inglott's drumsticks erupted in glistening dust, shattering the bottle before it had a chance to strike. The crowd were furious, for they were notoriously anti-wizard. The band escaped with the help of Inglott's powerful sticks, but there were many questions still yet unanswered.

The short answer was that Inglott's brother, Onglott, a corrupted warlock, was searching the Universe for him, to destroy him. Inglott had used the cover of Illusion & Disbelief to hide from his sibling, but this latest incident would certainly draw a fiery wrath. And, dear Audionauts, did it. On the run, the band's journey to hide Inglott became the foundation for *VI/VI/VI*, their most melodic and focused album in their catalog.

After the hypnotic *Smoke & Mirrors & Smoke*, they knew they had stumbled across a winning formula of haunting synth and punctuating drums that wafted in the air like a smoke ring, hurtling forward only to dissipate from whence it came. The evolution of the *VI/VI/VI* was not all skill and patience, but rather the result of life on the run. Eventually, Onglott tracked down his brother, his magic enshrining him in the body of a fearsome reptile with wings, soaring above the rocky crag, breathing blue and green plasma that scorched the forests and boiled the lakes and rivers.

With his magic never reaching the heights



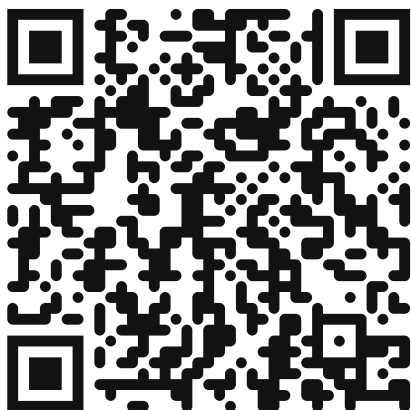
VI/VI/VI

SIDE A

1. Journey From Night
2. Broken Footsteps
3. Cap & Gown
4. Sweet Leaves

SIDE B

1. The Final Misbelief
2. Abandoned in the Valley
3. Soul Stones
4. How Do You Prove That You Exist?



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of his brother, Inglott could rely only on the tastiest of beats, the band standing tall against the fearsome beast, and, as the story goes, taming it with a start to finish performance of VI/VI/VI. Tragically, though, Onglott, under the spell of the music, drifted from the clouds straight into the belly of a volcano, ending his life. Whether that was for the betterment of the universe, we cannot say, as the lullaby effect could have transformed him into the wizard he once was.

Devastated by his actions, Inglott, too, hurled himself into the belly of the volcano, taking his drumsticks with him and putting an end to what might have been an origin story of similar evil. Illusion & Disbelief disbanded shortly thereafter and offered their final work for free to the masses. To benefit from the death of their beloved drummer seemed cruel and unusual. They just hoped that this would be a lesson to all; to treat each other with humility and respect and to perhaps find a little extra piece of sweet bread or pipe flower for a traveler who, too, might be at odds with the Universe.

From Beyond The Grave:

The King Is Dead.
All Hail, Vlad Voivode!

*With the upcoming release of Thirst Receptor's magnum opus **Grave of Revenants**, the IBP revisits the story behind the album and the harrowing tale that cemented Vlad Voivode in the annals of intergalactic royalty and deep into the hearts, and ears, of loyal listeners.*

When the news broke that Vlad Voivode was missing from his mobile recording studio on the nearly uninhabitable planet Brraam VI, the music world nearly fell to its knees. For those who knew him, Vlad had always been troubled by his upbringing, and there was no surprise to the conditions he imposed for his second album, *Fang Breaker*. But for the masses, for fans who had seen him live, this was not only a shock but an anomaly.

The rather flamboyant onstage persona was suddenly replaced with that of the cliched, tortured genius. For all parties, this meant denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Radio silence (though his albums kept playing on intergalactic stations) persisted for nearly a decade until a transmission from the Carpathian Galaxy caught the attention of some amateur stargazers.

Vlad, as some had predicted, had not succumbed to the harsh terrain of Brraam VI but had, instead, left the planet in search of something else. In this case, his ancestors were a race of creatures known collectively as Revenants. On this journey of self-discovery, Vlad toiled in the snow-swept mountains well-renowned in the Carpathian Galaxy. Legends persisted that the Revenants were a long-dead people, banished to the brutal cold for the lives they had stolen, blood and all.

Here, summit after summit, Vlad traversed until, dear Audionauts, a shrine appeared. A winged statue, a hooded figure, and the mouth of a mausoleum. He marched into the dark-



ness, his hydrogen peroxide lamp running low on his electron lantern. Within the tomb was a collection of sarcophagi dedicated to the progenitors of the Revenants: Lord Hereford; Bishop Draven; The Vielwalker; Gorefiend; and Zarkov the Ghoulish Emperor.

Each had been enshrined and preserved under glass for those who had made the journey to behold. These were powerful sorcerers, god-kings, and devilish brutes who enacted their will on the defenseless. This was not Vlad Voivode. He felt a fearful and cold emptiness

wash over him as if he had stumbled across a great curse.

However, the powers of the past had grown angry by his presence and, sensing his weakness, awoke, smashing through the glass and assembling into a league of menacing revenge. Vlad did not plead for his life, for he feared he would be swiftly eviscerated; instead, he slung his synthesizer off of his back and began to play.

At first, this had little effect, but as the echo in the dead chamber swelled, it was clear that his ancestors had become enamored. Like a lullaby to a crying infant, Thirst Receptors was back, and he had the blessing of his people and the knowledge that his path, however different, could be dictated by one thing and one thing only.

The spirits returned, naturally, to their slumbering state, hoping for the next intruder to be less entertaining and with a bit more meat on their bones. Grave of Revenants was not a do-over for Vlad but an evolution of what made his music sink its teeth in and never let go.

With an absolutely haunting backbeat and a fear of isolationism and death, the album is not without its toe-tappin' interludes. Here, Vlad is at his absolute best, slinging homemade synth in delicate melodies that build upon one another and echo, just as they did that day in the depths of his people's tomb.

Thirst Receptors and Vlad Voivode were now one, and his return to public life was not unlike his namesake, a revenant to some and a Revenant to all.



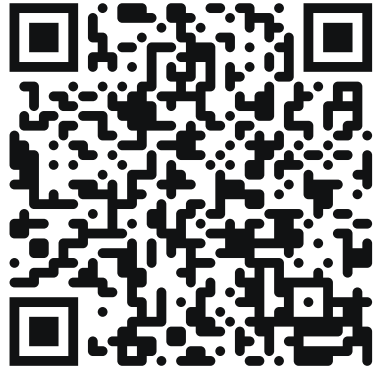
Grave of Revenants

SIDE A

1. Legendary Creature
2. Mournshade
3. Grave of Revenants
4. Swords of Ice

SIDE B

1. Soul Eater
2. The Ghoul Emperor
3. Pale Reaper's Harvest
4. An Eternal Knight



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STORY TIME

WHEN DO WE LEAVE?

On October 7th, moody soundscapers Exoskeleton will be reintroduced to the masses via their sophomore outing **Nothing Left to Lose**. The stand-out track, *Syrinx*, drew inspiration from a short story they had read in a dusty airport rag. **It Was Only Time** was a love letter to acceptance and the story of a nameless presence who perhaps might have found love a bit too late. The IBP presents the story here, uncut, for the first time, in its entirety. We hope its striking narrative inspires you to create some of the tastiest beats in the Universe.

The calculations left no remainder, no anomaly to ponder, no fraction of a percentage. The gentle lapping cycle of the blanket, cresting and falling with weakness. The fluttering of the lashes, wings above hazel celestial orbs, as a deep, vacuuming slumber slowly dissipated. The slender fingers gyrated imperceptibly, but it understood the minutiae. An odd hum pulsating from the hallway, squeaking, rustling, muffled, the caul popping suddenly with laughter, skittish and secretive, for the manager would soon be performing a less than stellar examination of the operations. It cared little. They would never be privy to its presence unless it commanded it. Their time would come, perhaps not for decades, but it would certainly arrive, their faces wet with regret, dusted knees chipping as they found the hardwood, hands clasped together, begging for more time. For more years, months, days, minutes, seconds, breaths.

Time would not cease as it relaxed in the hand-carved chair, wide enough for its layered cloak of pot-marked burlap to snuggly rest its weary bones. The hood stretched outward, covering the width of the hidden beak, lost in a maze of darkness, for it was better to remain in black and allow hope to emerge from the cocoon of fear, reaching with tepid and shivering fingers for mercy.

Silence poured from its lips, yet there was no grand gesture of life, no reason for the cavity to fill with the useless molecules of oxygen and reduce the excrement to carbon. Though

it creaked, a battered ship in the thrust of a tempest, it felt no pain, needed no reason to feel pain. Into the depths of the cloak, gripping with cold calcium, it examined a rusted hourglass. The scars of battles old and new slid across the surface, tattooing the circumference with memories that wished to be forgotten. War, disease, famine, gluttony, greed, justice, love, they all clawed and clamored for more time.

The desaturated granules ticked slowly, brushing past others as they boarded the morning train, dropping with a silent scream into the already waiting pool. This particular case had considerable time, but again, it reminded itself...

It was only time.

Her lips parted, the moist skin clasping bottom to top, peeling away as she fought for a stable, unstable inhalation. The eyes popped to the world, blurred with frustration for the night had steadied into day, the sun streaming through loosely angled blinds, littering the room with the cage of her punishment.

Quickly the hourglass disappeared into the musty folds as her hand reached over the side of the bed, begging to be caressed.

It held fast, as it had for some time now, the temptation so overwhelming that perhaps a semblance of feeling could return to its bones and that the very meeting of their hands could cure it of its maladies. But it simply allowed her to twitter amongst the air, eventually returning to her side.

"How long?" she mouthed, calling for saliva

to conquer her parchment.

"I am not at liberty to say," it whispered.

She waved her hands in front of her face, casting aside the cloud of misinterpretation. "How long have you been here?"

"Only a moment," it lied. It would draw her empathy to reveal that he had not left since she fell into her trance.

"Things would be more tolerable if you could simply tell me when." Her voice was hoarse, daring not to encourage its ire, though it had never shown even an emotion resembling anger or frustration.

Examining its bleached palms, it contemplated explaining the process in more detail. A simple touch would end the pain no doubt, but then what would it have left? The others? They were sacs filled with bile and malice; they were insects devouring the natural resources without contributing anything to its continued growth.

No...

It wanted to stay with her, it wanted to dissect every thought, every nuance of her movement, her emotions. It craved knowledge, for no other reason than to simply share in the experience, to relate on some level. But, how could it? Once flesh, perhaps to be flesh again, time had barreled through its mind, allowing no pause to reflect. The emotions at first were mere mimicry, a play written before and simply restored, ad nauseum, until the clear meaning was lost and the motions were ingrained. But her tanned, sugary skin, her plump, fading lips, her bright, unwavering eyes, they called to it. They called like a siren in the raging sea:

Come closer, brave sailor. For love and warmth await to rescue you from the cold, unforgiving depths of loneliness. Can you not see the benefit? Do not crash your vessel among the rocks, take my hand and be renewed.

Her hair fell in waves, glistening though they kept obsidian, just like the inviting ocean, her siren's beauty beneath beckoning it into the arms of safety. Yet it anchored its vessel far from the embrace, for it was a deception and the siren would surely punish it for wanting

only to love.

"I cannot allow you to suffer so," it assured. "To know would simply delay the process, drive you mad with contempt and hatred. The sinew would tear, the follicles would leap, and you would perish before your time."

"Would it be so horrible?"

No.

It was in no position to dictate her choices, to clasp her hands in iron and drag her in the direction of its choosing. She could leap from the bed, tear the tubes from her veins, and dive through the open window, the curtains flapping their wings as she plunged to the stone below, her neck bent to the will of the immobile rock, blackening her eyes with lifeless waste, its job made all the more revolting.

It would bear the responsibility of mopping up the aftermath, as it had done so for eternity, but it would take no more pleasure in the act. The smell, the texture; once duty, now appalling. This would break the cycle.

"Have you spoken to the doctors?" The subject changed, though their opinion mattered little, the grains would decide eventually.

"They know not what ails me," she scoffed, her voice breaking, unable to return to her dynamic range. "They claim I grow stronger when I am fading into weakness. They claim rejection of medication when I release newfound energy. They simply wish to keep me sick. They simply wish to drain me of my soul and my money."

"Fight them," it urged. "Do not allow them to sell you oil and herbs."

"I am but a weak, woodland creature. I contain no courage to resist."

"Do not allow yourself to take on the persona they dictate. You are crippled from disease, but your mind, your spirit, cannot be stripped of their strength."

She scoffed playfully. "It seems they would only understand a strike against the nose."

"Then strike!" The bulbous base of the shaft slammed into the tiled pattern, rattling the metal of its elongated snout, serrated and bloodied.

She did not mind the outburst; she knew it meant well. "You always seem to encourage me when I cannot stand it." A smile danced across her lips, her teeth white, neatly trimmed and standing at attention. Her eyes beamed with affection as she stared at the cloaked beast. "But, is it not in your best interest to allow me to expire? Why do you sit with me so?"

"I could lie."

She smiled again, fiddling nervously with her fingers, twirling invisible fabric and yarn. "I do not want you to lie. The truth may burn, but it is a cleansing fire."

"There is an inspiration in your movements," it began. "There is a will to continue, a longing to be so much more than what you are perceived as. In a passing glance, you are an incubation, an experiment to prod and poke to further the expertise of those who care for you. Like the sycamore of your youth, you gave not a thought to its simplicity, you took to its wounds, you found more than bark, more than pulp, more than shedding follicles. You penetrated the dense bone and found purpose.

"You have inspired this in me. I sit with you selfishly. I sit with you for inspiration, for you are more than malleable organs wrapped within a thin exterior. Though you bleed and you hurt and you suffer, it is I who wish to dress your wounds, to explore the signals of your mind, to document every last ounce of your kindness and warmth. You wash over me with a blanket of love that I cannot describe, a wave of nervous quaking, an anxious rumble.

"I sit with you because I cannot sit elsewhere. To leave this very room would strip away all that I have. A moment without your essence would stretch into an eternity, one that I have endured, but cannot endure again, for I would lay down my weapon and dissolve into ash."

"Your drama tickles me," she admitted.

"Do you think I exaggerate?"

"No, of course not. But what would draw such poetry if you did not expect a gift in return?"

"To speak my truth: I wish nothing from

you. I reveal myself simply to inform you: when your eyes grow heavy in the evening and you begin to drift, that you are not alone."

"You have been watching me sleep again, haven't you?" She was being purposefully playful, the morning energizing her.

It shifted nervously, unprepared for the question. "I.."

"You are protecting me," she smirked. "But I do not need protection."

"I agree," it huffed, free from having to admit too much, though it was compelled to. Why would it lie to her at this moment, when the truth was so much more satisfying? "I stay because I wish to keep the memory of your face intact."

"Why would you forget my face?"

There was a heavy, swollen pause between them. The truth did burn, she was correct. But it feared spearing her with the flaming tip, opening a wound, and driving them apart in a sea of blood. "There is much to my process that I wish to remain buried in my own heart, but I can guarantee that the slaves to death are numerous; that I have seen untold features, have studied the crevices, the leathery pores. It is my process to forget these faces, to detach myself from their plight, for I have no reason to remain guilty, I am simply a messenger and a guide. I do not make, nor bend the rules."

"Would you forget me on purpose, then? Is that what you are afraid of?"

"I am afraid that I would not be able to break the rigidity of tradition."

"To whom do you answer?"

"No one. No man, no beast."

"Then it is yours to choose, is it not?"

"I suppose...", it trailed, leaving the last syllables to linger into silence. "But, without the process then those who perish shall not find judgment beyond. They will wander the plains, moaning and crying for relief, and it would not come to them."

"You will have to leave, then."

"It is inevitable."

The heavy liquid began to rush to the rim, shaking uncontrollably, her upper lids fearing

to smack the lower half, releasing a tear upon her cheek. But the burden was too heavy, too uncomfortable, and the sadness flowed, dotting her jawbone, clouding her hazel and infinite beauties.

"It is of no consolation," she croaked, "that I will be the one to leave first. Does that not seem unfair? That you must exist in all conclusions, leaving me behind to wallow in judgment?"

"It can only be categorized as unfair, nothing more. I cannot sit here and pretend that the moment, when it comes, will not shatter my posture."

"Then why delay? You can release me from this pain, can we not skip ahead, bring this farce to an end?"

"Life is no farce."

"When there is no end, can you truly call it life?"

"Are you so eager to replace me?"

"No! No." She restrained herself, wiping the salt from her eyes and casting it upon the blankets. "I am simply asking for relief. I am blathering, talking in circles, in no position to request this from you."

"Do you think I am selfish?"

"That you will not exorcise me?"

A nod.

"No." Followed by contemplation, then an encouraging version. "No. You are only doing what is right. Why would I receive preference when others do not?"

It could not hold still, aching to reach out to grant her desire, to end the suffering. The hourglass held many grains still, though they slipped through the logjam with ease, littering the base.

"Who am I to judge what is right?" it concluded. "The outcome remains the same."

"I did not mean to press upon you."

"You are correct, in every facet. Perhaps it is my selfishness that prevents me. Perhaps it is my fear. If I deviate from the weathered path, will I find its ease more comforting? Will I sacrifice what I have been given? Or will I simply find a better path?"

"There is no happiness on this path," she

reminded him. "There is nothing to comfort you when you reach the river."

"Whether I follow one path or the other, they will still meet in the very middle. There is no difference, only to my conscience."

"I do not envy you," she smiled. "But I enjoy the company, even if it is forbidden."

The staff would float past the doorway, glancing blankly at the solitarily confined as she spoke in whispers, eyes fixated upon the empty glare of the room. They would adjust her wiring, tap the liquid, measure the temperature and the beat, only to glide once more out of the room. Day stumbled into night, the oil lanterns keeping the room boiling, though she seemed to mind little despite her poor circulation, her extremities always searching for warmth.

The conversation would not end, much to their happiness. They had had incidents like this before, when the pain would spike, and the prospect of relief seemed alien. It did not mind, allowing her to vent the steam of anger, its cooling voice soothing her into security, her heart pounding from embarrassment, her cheeks flush, her pupils flickering to and fro, searching for an apology.

It needed none. She would never have to apologize for her nature. She had been, and still was, kind-hearted, endearing, loving, compassionate, thoughtful. It knew what it was like to breathe again in her presence, that first beautiful draw when the head emerges from the water, the crisp scent, the cold embrace upon the lungs, swelling and shaking the spine with delight.

What would it do when the time finally arrived? When the hourglass ceased to cooperate and shoved the last remaining hope into the deadly gorge?

It tried not to imagine the pain, though it could not feel any. But the longer it stayed, the more its flesh began to grow, covering the weathered calcium with touch and taste, smell and sight, the dulcet melody lulling it into a blissful high.

Why her?

Why not?

Certainly, she had been the affection of flesh before, courted with lavish ceremony. It was merely a symbol of loneliness, an omen of guilt and behavior unbecoming. Was she using it? To further her quest?

No.

As she slept peacefully, guarded by the cloaked presence, it knew there was a connection.

Months had already passed with little fanfare, each day concluding with its nervous execution of admiration. It longed to say the phrase, whisper it to her, scream it in joy, toss its curved blade out the window, and collapse like its victims, to its knees, and praise her. The words remained trapped in the back of its throat. It knew she could not possibly feel the same way, for the connection could not be wholly formed, merely invisible currents snapping back and forth without a proper conduit, a physical property to house the emotions.

Damn. The particles had thinned considerably, her coughing causing uncertainty in its bones. Surely, there could be more time somewhere. It turned the hourglass upside down, hoping gravity would cooperate. But the grains fell upward, undeterred by the trappings of the magnetic pull. The muted particles cared little for its feelings, a simple clock of inanimate proportions.

Stark white phantoms discussed her condition, whispering of remedies tried and true. It could only grow angry, their egos fueling their decisions, focusing on her form as though it were a reptile to be dissected. They cared not for her love, her tender caress. They cared not about her past and present, the way she hid her smile with her hand when her delight could not be contained, the way her arms wrote upon the air with animation when excitement or concern poured forth. It would pace the room, listening to their drivel, flexing the blade, wishing to slice through the neck, severing the connection, littering the room with blood and pus, to ward off the evil spirits that would certainly come for it. But it reserved this anger only until she had

slipped out of consciousness. It did not wish to frighten her with its strength. It was not misplaced anger, but that which comes from the ability to care to such a degree that labor and responsibility became moot and annoying.

Inevitability suddenly drove it from her quarters, shoved aside by masked clinicians attending to her hollow gasps, her outstretched hand worming its way past their starched coats. A frantic inspection of the hourglass revealed the last glimmer and the debunking of its assertion that there would always be enough time. Her throat croaked a final message, a trio of syllables that were immediately stamped by jargon and needles leaking lifesaving liquid. Regret and a closed fist echoed in the room, a watch marked the exact time, a pencil squeaked across her chart.

Glass shattered in a twinkling echo; the hallway choked with shimmering granules. When had this moment arrived without its permission? Why was no one informed? No precautions had been taken. Had it misread the sands? Its dusted knees chipped as it found the tile, hands clasped together, begging for more time. For more years, months, days, minutes, seconds, breaths.

They left her shell in a dissociative lump, her elbow bouncing along the edge of the cheap mattress, her mouth agape and overflowing with saliva. It could not bear to capture this final pose in perpetuity. Instead, it stomped to the window and parted the blinds. The sun had taken its time rising. Perhaps it was already setting? It yanked the accompanying string and raised the prison bars, absorbing the tree-lined driveway of the facility as the healthy passed the sickly underneath the stone entrance arch. It too would be departing, though a clean bill of health was far from certain.

It sighed, wearily leaning the bulk of its hood against the glass. Where would it get its fill of delightful conversation from now? Who would preoccupy its mind as sinners and saints took its hand confidently, prepared for the eternal dressing down and sentencing? It had no time to sit by idly and wait for-

Warmth, upon its free hand; no longer preoccupied with time. She intertwined her fingers within its bony shiver, clasping with purpose, and only a small percentage of fear.

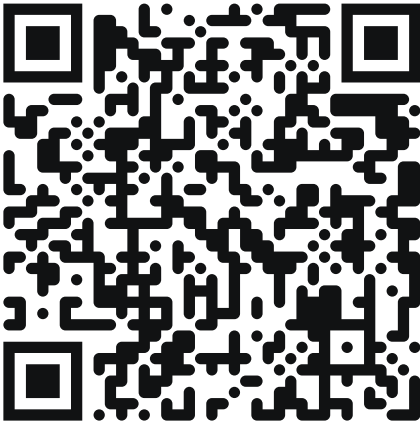
“So,” she smiled. “When do we leave?”

It turned carefully, absorbing her eager grin and the formation of life behind the briefly catatonic hazel lenses. Erasing her unpleasant, macabre mask, it replaced it with the youthful pull of her current inquisitiveness, her heels rocking excitedly. It was happy to crash its vessel upon her rocks, the siren song miscalculated for it was not a warning but an invitation to finally escape the infested water.

“We have time.”

For more information about **Exoskeleton** and their album *Nothing Left To Lose*, scan the QR code below or visit:

IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/nothinglefttolose



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