

**Company Wanye McGregor**  
**UniVerse: A Dark Crystal Odyssey**

[FIRST RECORDED SECTION.]

It's ok, I guess the next generation pays the price  
The first thing we forgot was ice  
How the polar expresses its last dance, the caps sank into wax candles  
We were busy though  
Watching the blood of lives stream on video  
The same colour mine is  
Capturing land whose flag can hang the highest  
Quick as a hand on your heart  
The way a forest could collapse in a day  
Time lapses now I can write this on an A4 page

I want you to believe in reuse, reduce, recycle and rejoice  
I won't tell you how we fell in love with the art of destroy  
With each choice  
The way a country is sent underground with the same gravity of an email  
I'm not for sale I'm for freeing brothers from these jails  
Pregnant mothers discovered like beached whale  
But  
Protect the young old and the female  
What's the agenda of this gender war for real?  
If not retail

[SECOND RECORDED SECTION]

I wish for peace but foster violence  
I want money, drugs and white things  
I want sex tourists to flood the islands  
Displaced diaspora trying to reconnect through redlining  
I hate traffic jams it's tragedy  
I want trafficking and trident  
Ice the migrants know poseidon  
I want skin bleached babies baptize me in enlightenment  
I'm not entitled is what I'll title this  
Then rewrite all your histories  
Hippocampus of the hypocrites  
The good die young and nowadays infanticide is infinite

Bombs all over God's beautiful  
Ones and zeroes algo-rhythms  
Through the cost of living I learned the truth can be a costumed villain  
I don't know no one who isn't  
Struggling with something deep  
On one side of the world is war  
The other side of the world is weak  
What difference does it make with words  
The worst thing I know talk is cheap  
The privilege of my poetry is the politics I'm caught between  
[ RECORDED SECTION (TBC)]

The thing we struggle with most is balancing  
I don't believe in good people/ bad people  
We all have capacity for true love and evil

The gift of a sin is that it can be forgiven  
The rift inbetween us is believing in difference  
The sun cannot live without the moon and the stars  
Beauty will hold imperfection, our ugliest scars

I don't believe in good people/bad people  
I'm not the victim of my shadow,  
We are the same height and equals

It's true, I'm a sum of all my experiences  
But I'm not defined by a total of traumas alone  
I bring you vision, the focal pinpoint of a whole  
Emotional locomotivity

[THIRD RECORDED SECTION]:

Everywhere I go I learn the shapes of kindness  
Will surprise you  
Where you find them, how'd you find me?  
They are colourless, nameless, faceless, surviving  
Some you recognise like family  
Others not so familiar  
As bronze, gold and silver  
They aren't angelic or demonic  
Not hellbent or heaven sent  
A true human resource is energy not element  
in some of us they are million and in others they are seldom  
We cannot hold onto them forever  
it will cost you trying to sell them

I found one in a dark place, and I brought it here to show you  
What it looks like in real life, how I honour this: a blessing  
I am sharing, so there's no need to become a thief in my presence  
I will fight for it, before I die with it, this is my living essence.