SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

THE OFFICIAL LYRICOGRAPHY SERIES

SCARY HARRY

ARTIST · VOCALS

DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY





SCARY HARRY · BIO

Artist · Vocals

DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY
MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

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HIS STORY

Nobody knows where Scary Harry came from. East coast, probably. New York, maybe Maine. The paperwork exists somewhere in a foster system that did not particularly care about accuracy.

He does not discuss it, so we do not either.

Between the group homes and the moving, he found old movies. Sinatra. Astaire. Lugosi. Men who walked into rooms and owned them before they opened their mouths. Presence was the first available form of safety for a boy like him. He found the role and kept going.

Thirty-six years old. Six foot one. Lean. Black hair, brown eyes that carry the weight of a man who has seen things he cannot discuss in the dark of the night. They are always searching. In certain moments you would swear he was peering into your soul.

He resides in a three-storey building in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Proprietor, performer and, depending on who is asking, a detective of sorts. He leans in when he talks. Closer than you would like. Do not make the mistake of thinking that is an accident.

Dark Cabaret. Carnival barker cadence over 1950s crooner architecture. Sinatra's precision, Joel's weight, Elton's reach - all bent at a slightly wrong angle. Poetic Engineer work.
Neural Rupture Syntax running underneath every note. Genuine terror and genuine absurdity occupying the same note at the same time.
Mr. Fancy Pants is on his shoulder. Waiting, watching.
A little demon in disguise. Perhaps a best friend.
He has always been there.

SCARY HARRY

THE OFFICIAL LYRICOGRAPHY

DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL · MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

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ALBUM

SAVE A STAMP: HELL-O-WEEN EDITION 2026 (EXPLOITING YOU SINCE 1972)

(UPC: 823000017225) (RELEASE DATE: 1 OCTOBER 2026)

(01) BOOM...SHAKA...LAKA (3:26)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34820

(02) AIRY, FAIRY, HARRY (3:03)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34821

(03) VINALITY (3:31)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34822

(04) CLINCHING AND CINCHING (3:24)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34823

(05) MARINER INTERRUPTED (3:57)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34824

(06) FRUITION (3:58)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34825

(07) SKELETONS IN MY SKIN (3:11)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34826

(08) FEELING CATTY (4:14)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34827

(09) SALTWATER TAFFY (4:00)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34828

(10) SAVE A STAMP (4:28)
ISRC: US-DY4-26-34829

Boom...Shaka...Laka

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34820 (3:26)

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Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka
Whew
Whew
Alright alright
Step on up yes you missus you too
Get on over here
Let me and Mr Fancy Pants
Tell you a story

Smell of burnt hair
It hangs in the air
See the vest? Striped tight
See the key? Wound bright
He killed the crowd once
Now he collects the night
Clank clank clack
He's got the money sack
I got the voice
He got the teeth
We got what you need
Beneath beneath

Boom Shaka Laka
Buy the potion drink your shake
Boom Shaka Laka
Potion Lotion
Move to the ocean
For THAT small fee
You too can be
Freeeee
Freeeee
Freeeee

Mr Fancy Pants don't speak
He just watches
He waits
Week to week
Wind him up he walks the line
You sign the paper I pour the wine
Remember the mall
Remember the gin

(cont...)

Boom...Shaka...Laka

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(cont...)

That was the before
This is within
Clank clank clack
Careful dreadful he just might
Do it again

Boom Shaka Laka
Buy the potion drink your shake
Boom Shaka Laka
Potion Lotion
Move to the ocean
For THAT small fee
You too can be
Freeeee
Freeeee
Freeeee

Freedom
Is a loop
You buy it
You use it
You lose it
Mr Fancy Pants
He keeps the receipt
Boom
Shaka
Laka

Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka
Transaction complete
Thank you thank you everyone the store is now closed
Time to get out and dance to my tune
One with pantaloons
A different beat
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka Boom Shaka Laka
Boom Shaka Laka

Airy, Fairy, Harry

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You jest you laugh you play
ALL AT MY BEHEST

I call you forth
Out of the black
You come to me
Wearing your darkened hue
I'm your master
I'm your king
I COMMAND YOU TO SING
For me
Only me
Together we shall be

Oh please oh please oh please
Can't you see

Smash smash crash
We dash
Running leaping
Heaping our soft flesh
Up that hard hill

The songs I write
Take my might
Drained and torn
My life force shorn
Each and every fucking time

Yes I let it flow
Your energy I take
Your pain I endure
To let the monster out of its cave
As long as it behave
You are muse
Or is it
Is it that I am yours

(cont...)

Airy, Fairy, Harry

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(cont...)

All alone in this wet
Am I crying is it just lying
To myself to you
My music may only reach a very few
Sad but true

It's ok each yeah it's ok
Come on man don't be blue

Smash smash crash
We dash
Running leaping
Heaping our soft flesh
Up that hard hill

Frantic frantic
Don't YOU PANIC
Can't help it gotta write
Gotta write
They send to me
I have to lay it all down
Ink on vellum
Truth in print
Just a hint

Of the pain they hide

Thank you for visiting
Welcome all at Harry's Fabulous Freak Show
Come again
Bring that pain
Bring that loss
Bring that hope
Harry's here to help you cope
I'm here to save the day
No I have to say probably not
But it's fun we will do it again
You 'n me setting those demons
Free
Free
FREEEEEEEEEEEE

Vinality

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34822 (3:31)

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True! I have been ill Very ill
But why will you say that I am mad
The disease has sharpened my senses
Not destroyed Not dulled
Just let me read in peace
Please

Above all was the sense of hearing acute
I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth
I heard many things in hell
How then am I mad
There it is
Hearken! And observe how healthily
How calmly I can tell you the whole story
Calmly

Object there was none Passion there was none
I loved the old man
He had never wronged me
He had never given me insult
For his gold I had no desire
I think it was his eye
But I didn't kill him
I swear

One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture
A pale blue eye with a film over it
Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold
Mr Fancy Pants sit down
Naughty monkey
And so by degrees very gradually
I made up my mind to take the life of the old man
And thus rid myself of the eye forever

(cont...)

Vinality

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(cont...)

It
Never
Happened

Stop
Stop it
Presently I heard a slight groan
I knew it was the groan of mortal terror
It was not a groan of pain or grief
It was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul
MR FANCY PANTS

Object there was none Passion there was none
I loved the old man
He had never wronged me
For his gold I had no desire
I think it was his eye
It's a trick

Villains! Dissemble no more
I admit the deed
Tear up the planks
Here here
It is the beating of his hideous heart
Wait
I didn't
Kill
Anyone
You never did
We hid it for you

Clinching and Cinching

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When is enough enough
They're just trying
Just trying
To make you tough
To hell with all that
What
Cat got your tongue

Life is hard
When you're young
Hahahahahaa
Yeah right
It's even harder when your older
Don't be complacent
Man I'm sitting adjacent
We are cinched at the waist
Clinching my cheeks lol
Sooo sooo tight

I'm here to sate those desires
To heal those worries
Naw no I'm not

Hang on
Hang on
I gotta get set there we go
Just just pulling out my fiddle
'N I'm gonna give you a little diddle
Oops I meant diddly or did I

It's all fun 'n games
Till the rides over
Then you better take cover
Ohhh yeah yeah yeah

What this all about
I have no idea
It's just you n me
A song or three
Don't you get it
Don't you get me
I'm only here
To set your demons free

(cont...)

Clinching and Cinching

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(cont...)

Don't take it close to heart
That I've become a part
Of your fucked up life
Being fickle
About this all
Leaves us in a bit of a pickle
Salt and vinegar all over our face
No place to clean our hands
From the shit we've touched
Walk with it wear it
That's a command

No rest for the wicked
No cure for pure
It's you 'n me buddy
Until a time
A time

Yeah yeah
Oh yeah
That we do it some more
You thought this ride was over
No
Fucking way
It goes on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on
'N on

He says when is enough
Clinching my cheeks lol sooo sooo tight

Mariner Interrupted

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Ohhhhhh
Well well well
What do we have here
One for the books
About a Captain
No no not the one with the hook
SIGH
ARRRRRGH MATEY
There once was a story about
An ancient mariner
Ohhhh hoooo
Sounds a bit scary doesn't it
Maybe it is
Maybe it isn't
All I know was his wifey
Was missing him
One day when enough
Was enough
She packed her bags
Jumped on a ship named
THE HAG
Ohhh come on guys yeah yeah
I know I know stop interrupting the story
I promise ya it's gonna get gory

The harbour gates are opened wide
And she is next of kin
The guests are met the feast is set
But she will not stay within
He holds her with his skinny hand
From portraits on the wall
There was a ship quoth he
Before the final fall
Quoth he quoth he lies

(cont...)

Mariner Interrupted

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(cont...)

Wait wait wait
What's all this mumbo jumbo
Quoth he? Thorough the mist
Who talks like that
Not me
Not her
Not anymore

Hold that cross
Grab your water
Everything's about to get
Sooooo much hotter
She's chasing ghosts
In a wooden coffin
The Hag sails on
And the devil's softening

Forget the ice Forget the snow
She searched the fog for blackened sails
Thorough the mist it came
Just blood upon the name
Blood blood blood
Boys! Calm your asses yes and tails down
Can't rush a good tale no I didn't say piece of tail
Get your minds out of the gutter

God save thee ancient Mariner
From the fiends that plague thee thus
Why look'st thou so
She knows what you did
She knows what you did
With my cross-bow I shot the albatross
No you did Not I

(cont...)

Mariner Interrupted

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(cont...)

She found the ship
She found the man
She didn't pray
She didn't plan
She took the wheel
She locked the door
Now they rot together on the floor
On the floor
On the floor

Hold that cross
Grab your water
Everything's about to get
Sooooo much hotter
She's chasing ghosts
In a wooden coffin
The Hag sails on
And the devil's softening

She found the ship
She found the man
They rot together now
Never
Forever

Fruition

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Come buy
Come buy
You hear that
Sounds like a bargain
Sounds like a trap
Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry
I think it's time I bust a move
Gonna gonna break out 'n rap
Yeah yeah like it's 19 88

We must not look at goblin men
Whoa whoa that sounds a bit sexist
I will remember this
We must not buy their fruits
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots
Apples and quinces lemons and oranges
Plump unpecked cherries melons and raspberries
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peckers
Fuck peppers
Dammit Rotting All rotting
Eat me eat me eat
Fellas come now this isn't the time or place
For your horn doggery
We all know you like a bit of goblin action
Now shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

One lets out a cry
She clutched at her sister's hand
But Laura bowed her head
And sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Wait Sucked and sucked
Hold on hold on this just got interesting
Muhaha
That's not fruit anymore is it
That's addiction
That's sickness

(cont...)

Fruition

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(cont...)

Eat me drink me die me
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye
Come buy come buy
Her hair grew thin and grey
She dwindled as she fairies
No dawn no dusk for her
No moon no stars
Only the goblin cry
Come buy come buy

Lizzie stood with white and golden arms
Penetrated the glen
I do a bit of penetrating myself if I do so say
Not bragging but
Resolute to seek the source
To save her sister from the den
They tore her gown and soiled her stocking
Twitched her hair out by the roots
Stamped upon her tender feet
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Squeeze squeeze squeeze

She cried Laura up and greet me
Kiss me suck the juice from me
Oh my God! This just got sooooo interesting
I hope they are step sisters
Or this becomes just nasty I hope someone's recording this
Mental note look up goblin porn
Laura kissed her sister's cheek
The poison broke The spirit woke
For there is no friend like a sitter
In calm or stormy weather
To cheer one on the tedious way
To fetch one if one goes astray
Or to clean up the mess

(cont...)

Fruition

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(cont...)

Eat me drink me die me
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye
Come buy come buy
Her hair grew thin and grey
She dwindled as she fairies
No dawn no dusk for her
No moon no stars
Only the goblin cry
Come buy come buy

Laura bowed her head
And sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Come buy come buy
Filthy creatures they are
Goblins
Customers
Same thing
Come buy
Come die
Wait wait I told you I'd get you back for your feminist comments

Skeletons in My Skin

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(cont...)

Touch you
Brush you
Feeling the evil
I know what you've done
Try n lie
Can't hide from me
I see it all
Answering the call

Those skeletons in your closet
They try to come out n play
Don't they
Don't they
Don't they
They got your secrets
All locked in dem bones
Shhh thinking you're all alone
With your dirty dirty little deeds

Hmmmmmmmmm
You know your shit still stinks
Wash that ass in the sink
Get it all good and sparkly
Hahahaha
Still got that mark don't ya

One Two Touch that cross
Three Four What's the cost
Doin what you do man
Who's that I see when you touch me
The evil deeds pushing into me
I'm the witness
I expound
TO THE WORLD
WHAT LIES BEFORE ME

(cont...)

Skeletons in My Skin

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(cont...)

Boo hoo no one loves you
For every time I've heard that
Makes me quiver the feel of you
You fucking rat

Those skeletons in your closet
They try to come out n play
Don't they
Don't they
Don't they
They got your secrets
All locked in dem bones
Shhh thinking you're all alone
With your dirty dirty little deeds

Hmmmmmmmmm
You wear that itch
Like a bitch in heat
You know what you've done
And now so do I
The burden I bear
For what you've done
Unwilling to share
To admit
To commit to the evil you've done
They be a-rattling
A-bangin
Oh no not the clanking

(cont...)

Skeletons in My Skin

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(cont...)

Jesus! Please Jesus remove these demons
These foul creatures from my

Ohhh yeah right I forgot
That never works does it
I'll just close with this

Those skeletons in your closet
They try to come out n play
Don't they
Don't they
Don't they
They got your secrets
All locked in dem bones
Shhh thinking you're all alone
With your dirty dirty little deeds

Saying feed me feed me feed me
RAW

Feeling Catty

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Ohhhhhh
You know what I hate
You know what I really hate
C-A-T-S
Yeah I said it cats
Filthy
Nasty
Vile
Perverse creatures
FROM HELL
Easy Harry easy
For the most wild yet most homely narrative
Wait who writes like this
Mad indeed would I be to expect it
But here we are
In the cellar
With the beast

I grew day by day more moody more irritable
The Fiend Intemperance had effected my entire soul
And the cat always the cat
Rubbing against the leg
Judging me
I took from my waistcoat pocket a pen-knife
Opened it grasped the poor beast by the throat
And deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket
Ohhh my that's so deliciously nasty
Ha ha looking me I'm a pirate cat
Get me a patch
Cruel cruel cruel

(cont...)

Feeling Catty

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(cont...)

I blush I burn I shudder
While I pen the damnable atrocity
But let's be honest
Eeeewwww
The stench of cat piss
Everywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere
Can you smell it
Can you smell it
I sure the hell can

It is the spirit of PERVERSENESS
One of the primitive impulses of the human heart
Who has not a hundred times found himself committing a vile act
For no other reason than because he should not
Because he should not
Because he should not

The second cat appeared
Similar in general appearance yet different in detail
A white lock upon its breast
Like a noose
Like a noose
I raised my cane
The hand was stayed by the fury of a demon
I buried the axe deep in its brain
Ohhh my he's sooooo soooooo violent
YOU'RE MY TYPE O GUY
To the C-A-T

(cont...)

Feeling Catty

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(cont...)

I walled the corpse up in the cellar
Plaster laid smooth
No spot detected
The heart of my conscience beat no more

The officers were satisfied
My happiness was supreme
I rapped upon the very wall which enclosed the corpse
I rapped with heavy cane
And then
A cry from within the tomb
A muffled and broken sound
An outcry at first like the sobbing of a child
Then swelling into one long loud and continuous scream

It is the spirit of PERVERSENESS
One of the primitive impulses of the human heart
Who has not a hundred times found himself committing a vile act
For no other reason than because he should not
Because he should not
Because he should not

Filthy creatures they are
Never trust a cat
Never
The stench of piss
Still there
Everywhere

Saltwater Taffy

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34828 (4:00)

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It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE
Say it again
ANNABEL LEE
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me
Only me
Awwwwww whispers of such sweet NOTHINGS
Heh heh sounds like you got it going on man

I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea
But we loved with a love that was more than love
I and my Annabel Lee
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Hahaha that Seraphim she's a hotty
She can turn my pages any time oh yeaaaah
Coveted her and me
Greedy angels
And this was the reason that long ago
In this kingdom by the sea
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee
So cold
Ya know
This might just be me but I put on a jumper if I got a chill
Just sayin'

So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me
To shut her up in a sepulchre
Well they do tend to talk a lot some say 20 thousand words a day
Probably needs to be shut up for a bit
In this kingdom by the sea

(cont...)

Saltwater Taffy

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34828 (4:00)

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(cont...)

The angels not half so happy in Heaven
Went envying her and me
Yes! That was the reason
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee
Killing her
Ohh I knew those angels were bitches

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we
Of many far wiser than we
They don't know
And neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Wait what? dissever? Wouldn't that be the opposite of sever? Dissever my lever until it's severed? Heh heh I said lever

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
I see them
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Blah blah blah let's get on with it man
We know you got a tickle in a certain spot for her

So that her highborn kinsman came
Shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea
As all men know in this kingdom by the sea
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee
Killing her

In her tomb by the sounding sea
Another one bites the Dooooo Deeee Doooooooo ohh gotta be careful might get a copyright strike Strike Me Down oh lord of the naw naw I'm pushing it now lets just end this doom and gloom trap
Mine

Save A Stamp

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34829 (4:28)

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Save a stamp
I got my own copies
Receipts of the pain

80 hours a week
Teenage bones
You broke the body
Claimed you owned the bones
Those saved stamps accrue
Debt never paid
Kicking my soul
With your new shoes displayed
Over n over
Where was my lucky clover
When I was born to you
Given to another
Never for me
Will it ever be

You keep notes
On a man you said was never born
Leaving me forlorn
But I know I'm here
You spell her name wrong
Twenty years my wife
Just as you wish
Never a part of my life
Just another hole
Over n over

(cont...)

Save A Stamp

ISRC: US-DY4-26-34829 (4:28)

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(cont...)

Where was my lucky clover
When I was born to you
Given to another
Never for me
Will it ever be

Belt buckle blood
Corner at twelve
You lie about the gun
Things I can't dispel
Said I'd die alone
I apologised
You keep the gotcha
25 years personalised
I walked away
Out of your fear
You gave me
For being your boy
Suckin' my joy
Taking my future
I found my clover
What you have done
It's all over
I walked away from them
From you

You come to me
Hat in hand
Can't do that
It's on you
Me n the Reaper
Got a date
Save a stamp

CREDITS & INDUSTRY

SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

LITHIC SEO PARADIGM · BLEACH PROTOCOL · EST. 1972
MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA

SCARY HARRY

THE OFFICIAL LYRICOGRAPHY

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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

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HIS STORY

BEFORE THE MUSIC, THERE WAS A CAREER THAT LOOKED NOTHING LIKE MUSIC BOARDROOMS, BALANCE SHEETS, STAFF ROSTERS STRETCHING ACROSS HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE. SEEKER JAMES SPENT YEARS OPERATING AT AN EXECUTIVE LEVEL ACROSS RETAIL, TECHNOLOGY, AND BANKING; THE KIND OF WORK THAT TEACHES YOU HOW SYSTEMS FAIL, HOW PEOPLE ACTUALLY BEHAVE UNDER PRESSURE, AND HOW TO MAKE A DECISION AND LIVE WITH IT GOOD OR BAD

NONE OF THAT IS WASTED. EVERY...SINGLE...BIT OF IT SHOWS IN THE DETAILS OF THE WORKS HE CREATES, THE ACTIONS HE TAKES TO MOVE SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING FORWARD. AT SOME POINT THE CALCULUS CHANGED. TAKING THOSE DIFFICULT STEPS AWAY FROM THE DESK, HE TOOK AIM TOWARDS A DIFFERENT KIND OF OUTPUT, ONE WHERE LIFE EXPERIENCE IS THE MEASURE OF EVERYTHING GAINED AND LOST.
"THE HARDEST WORKING YEARS OF MY LIFE, AND THE EASIEST THING I HAVE EVER DONE."
THAT IS NOT A CONTRADICTION

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A PERSON FINALLY LANDS AT THE RIGHT PORT ON THIS JOURNEY CALLED "LIFE". SEEKER JAMES WRITES, PRODUCES, AND PUBLISHES FROM AUSTRALIA OPERATING UNDER HIS OWN LABEL, SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

WITH A CATALOGUE THAT CURRENTLY SPANS EIGHT DISTINCT ARTIST VESSELS, EACH WITH ITS OWN GENRE, PSYCHOLOGICAL ARCHITECTURE, AND LYRICAL IDENTITY: STONE JAMES, AMELIA JAMES, SCARY HARRY, HARRY JAMES, COLE HARDIN, JAXXON JAMES, MARLA O'LEERY, AND VICE. DIFFERENT VOICES, ONE SCULPTOR BEHIND ALL OF THEM. THE PERSONAL ARCHITECTURE MATTERS TOO. A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN HE WAS STILL LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES, SEEKER DECIDED HE NEEDED TO GO ON A SIDE QUEST HALF A WORLD AWAY. LITTLE DID HE KNOW AT THAT TIME IT WOULD BECOME HIS MAIN QUEST. HE WENT LOOKING FOR A GIRL HE HAD MET PREVIOUSLY. ONCE HE FOUND HER HE ASKED THAT SHE BE HIS WIFE, HIS LORE KEEPER, AND HIS PARTNER IN EVERY EXPERIENCE LIFE OFFERED. SERAPHIM JAMES HOLDS THE CANON. HER READ ON CREATIVE DECISIONS CARRIES WEIGHT. WHEN SHE SAYS SOMETHING IS GOOD, IT IS GREAT. WHEN SHE SAYS SOMETHING'S OFF, IT GOES BACK TO THE DESK.THE WORK BEING MADE NOW IS FOR WHAT COMES NEXT

BECAUSE THAT IS WHERE THIS WAS ALWAYS HEADED. EVERY NEW TECHNOLOGY MEETS ITS BACKLASH, AND THIS IS NO DIFFERENT, IT PASSES, IT CHANGES INTO SOMETHING NEW. WHAT REMAINS IS THE WORK ITSELF: REGISTERED, LOCKED, DATED, AND OPEN. NO SECRETS HERE. NO SHORTCUTS HIDDEN BEHIND THE CURTAIN. JUST A METHODOLOGY BUILT WITH CONVICTION, AND A BODY OF WORK THAT USES HIS SELF-COINED TERMINOLOGY "NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX" THAT WILL STILL BE STANDING LONG AND STRONG WHEN THE NOISE SETTLES.
SEEKER JAMES IS WITNESS ARCHITECTURE INCARNATE.



CATALOGUE OF WORKS

ALBUMS · EXTENDED PLAY · RELEASES

ALBUMS

FALLING....Stone - Stone James - 7 March 2026
My Name's Amelia James - Amelia James - 7 April 2026
Time To Get Scary - Scary Harry - 7 May 2026
The Bill Comes Due - Cole Hardin - 7 June 2026
Seeker James Presents: THE UNKNOWN MOMENT Vol. 1
Multi-Vessel - 10 June 2026
Witness to Collapse - Jaxxon James - 21 June 2026
Songs of Love and Witness - Amelia James - 4 July 2026
Cookies AND Milk - Vice - 7 July 2026
Trailer Park Throe Aways - Harry James - 7 August 2026
Fear The Spear - Scary Harry - 21 August 2026

EXTENDED PLAY

HOOK SUBVERSION- Seeker James - 28 August 2026

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AUTHOR SEEKER JAMES · BOOK RELEASES

THE OFFICIAL LYRICOGRAPHY SERIES

My Name's Amelia James
AMELIA JAMES | Songs of Love and Witness
AMELIA JAMES | WORLD WAR AMELIA
COLE HARDIN | The Bill Comes Due
STONE JAMES | FALLING.....Stone
STONE JAMES | Psalms of Dust and Bone
VICE | Cookies AND Milk
SCARY HARRY | Time To Get Scary
STONE JAMES | HAPPY BiRTHDAY
SEEKER JAMES | HOOK SUBVERSION | Extended Play Vol. 1
SEEKER JAMES | Lo Fi Friction | Extended Play Vol. 2
SEEKER JAMES PRESENTS: THE UNKNOWN MOMENT Vol. 1
HARRY JAMES | Trailer Park Throe Aways
SCARY HARRY | FEAR THE SPEAR
SCARY HARRY | Hell-O-Ween Edition 2026 (exploiting you since 1972)
JAXXON JAMES | Witness to Collapse
JAXXON JAMES | DEUCES in the SAND

THE PRODUCTION CODEX SERIES

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