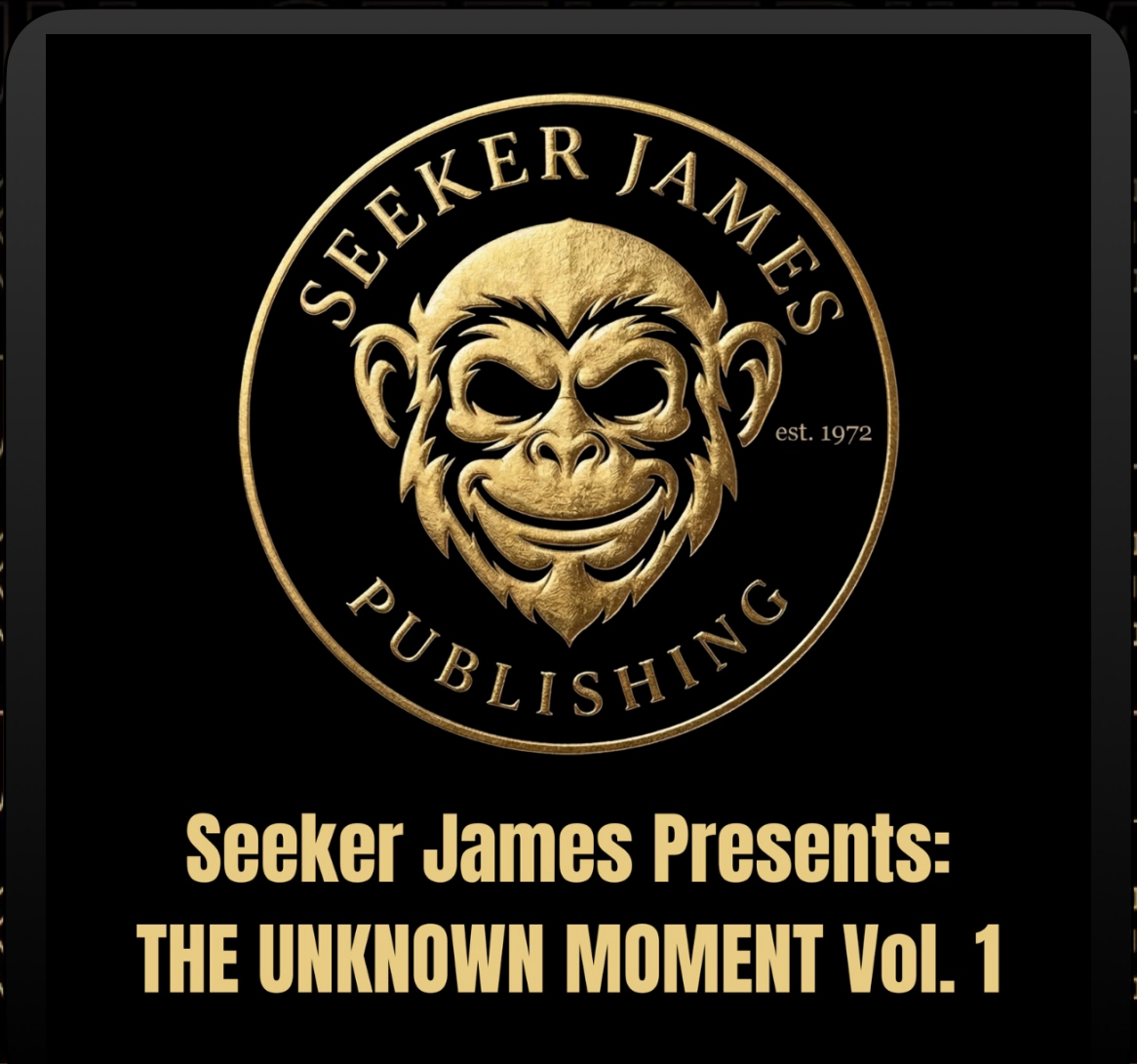
SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

THE OFFICIAL LYRICOGRAPHY SERIES

SEEKER JAMES PRESENTS:

THE UNKNOWN MOMENT Vol. 1

POETIC ENGINEER · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE · NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX
LINKEDIN · MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA · YOUTUBE




THE
UNKNOWN
MOMENT,
CLASS 2026

A Note Before You Begin

These songs were not written to explain what happened.

They were written to stand inside the moment before anyone understood what was happening - the ordinary morning, the crowded room, the window with the wrong view.

Each track is assigned to a vessel from the Seeker James Publishing catalogue, and each vessel brings its own register to the witness. Dark cabaret. Outlaw country. Breath poetry. Industrial grunge. The form was chosen to match the emotional architecture of what was witnessed, not to decorate it.

This is Witness Architecture. The writer does not explain. The writer does not resolve. The writer stands in the smoke and counts what is countable and leaves the rest where it fell.

There is no glorification here. Violence in these songs is depicted as what it is - wasteful, final, and ordinary in the worst possible sense. The unknown moment is not dramatic. It arrives between one breath and the next.

Scary Harry opens this record with a warning. That warning is genuine.

The rest is yours to carry.

- Seeker James Publishing, 2026

SEEKER JAMES

POETIC ENGINEER · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE · NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX
LINKEDIN · MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA · YOUTUBE

AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS ASSOCIATION | MEMBER #12368
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THE ARTISTS

AMELIA JAMES - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

COLE HARDIN - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

HARRY JAMES - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

JAXXON JAMES - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

SCARY HARRY - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

STONE JAMES - BIO

MUSICBRAINZ · DISCOGS · SPOTIFY · APPLE MUSIC · AMAZON MUSIC · YOUTUBE

The Official Lyricography Series

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Various Artists

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Album

Seeker James Presents:

The Unknown Moment Vol. 1

(UPC: 823000436880) (Release Date: 10 June 2026)

(01) The Warning - Scary Harry (1:37)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00037

(02) Ventura Blvd - Stone James (4:06)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00038

(03) The Island Silence - Amelia James (4:00)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00039

(04) The Grove - Harry James (4:29)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00040

(05) The Oregon Line - Cole Hardin (4:17)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00041

(06) The Big Top - Scary Harry (3:44)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00042

(07) The Tower - Jaxxon James (4:13)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00043

(08) Iron Ghost - Stone James (3:49)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00044

(09) The Station - Scary Harry (3:41)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00045

(10) Texas Ground - Cole Hardin (3:52)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00046

(11) Nothing Normal - Amelia James (4:31)
ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00047

The Warning

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00037 (1:37)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by SCARY HARRY
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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

Ladies and Gentlemen
Welcome One Welcome All
Welcome to a
Seeker James Production

You think the door is locked
You think the chain will hold
But demons don't knock
They slip through the cold
One moment of silence
One turn of the key
One step in the darkness
Where the unknown waits to see

Leave the chain on the door
Or you'll meet what's waiting for
Leave the light on the wall
Or you won't hear the warning call
What happens next
Is unknown
What happens next
Is unknown

Witness
Remember
Reach out
Before the moment takes you down
MR FANCY PANTS! LET'S ROLL
The Unknown Moment
Begins
Now

Ventura Blvd

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00038 (4:06)

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Stone James
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Nursery Rhyme Subversion · R&B · Grunge · Alt Rock · Witness Architecture
Sonic Sanctuary · Subversive Prayers

February Twenty-Eight
Ninety-seven
Ventura Blvd
Smoke in the air
Learned the game
Heat on the screen
Fire in the frame
Wives at home
Children waiting
Didn't know
Fiction bled
Into the street
Steel on steel
No retreat

Armor plated
Heart empty
Created an enemy
The pavement
It doesn't lie
That blood
It doesn't dry

Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat
Ambulance waiting
Cursing five-Oh
Running out of time
Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat

(cont...)

Ventura Blvd

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00038 (4:06)

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Stone James
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Nursery Rhyme Subversion · R&B · Grunge · Alt Rock · Witness Architecture
Sonic Sanctuary · Subversive Prayers

(cont...)

One down
In the ride
One crawled out
Nowhere to hide
Begging for an end
Swore at the men
Families left
With the silence
Community broken
By the violence
Not heroes
Not villains
Just two men
Lost on their hill

Armor plated
Hearts empty
Thoughts of money Tempting
But the pavement
Doesn't lie
The blood ran dry

Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat
Ambulance waiting
Cursing five-Oh
Running out of time
Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat

(cont...)

Ventura Blvd

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00038 (4:06)

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Stone James
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Nursery Rhyme Subversion · R&B · Grunge · Alt Rock · Witness Architecture
Sonic Sanctuary · Subversive Prayers

(cont...)

From the shade
Through the glass
Watched the death
Come to pass
No glory
The fall
The silence
After all
If you see the signs
Step away
Before the fiction
Takes you away
Don't let the screen
Be your guide
When there's nowhere
Left to hide

Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat
Ambulance waiting
Cursing five-Oh
Running out of time
Out on the street
Crisp in that HEAT
Thirty shots
Ravaged meat

Ventura Blvd
February
Nothing remains
But the stains
Too many lives once were

The Island Silence

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00039 (4:00)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by AMELIA JAMES
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BREATH POETRY · TRIP HOP · POST PUNK · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE

Tourist buses travel the gravel road
Historic walls heavy load
April sun shimmering Tasman Sea
Nobody knew what was to be

Souvenir shops open wide
Families strolling side by side
A stranger with hidden steel
Making the silence suddenly real
Thirty-five names etched in stone
Thirty-five seeds never sown
Ohh ohh
Hmm hmmm

Isolation held the breath
Life given over unto death
Policy written in the grief
Straya moved beyond belief

The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard
Guns collected barrels bent
Thirty-five lives violently spent
The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard

Nation watched the footage reel
Buyback programs sealed the deal
No evil names spoken aloud
Just a shadow on the cloud
Community buried their dead
While the politicians shook their head
Hmm hmmmm hmmmm hmm

(cont...)

The Island Silence

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00039 (4:00)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by AMELIA JAMES
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BREATH POETRY · TRIP HOP · POST PUNK · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE

(cont...)

Isolation held the breath
Life given over unto death
Policy written in the grief
Straya moved beyond belief

The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard
Guns collected barrels bent
Thirty-five lives violently spent
The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard

When the warning signs appear
Don't let the stranger disappear
Reach out before the weapon draws
Step in before the final cause

The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard
Guns collected barrels bent
Thirty-five lives violently spent
The island silence fell down hard
Locked the gates changed the yard

Port Arthur ground
Silence all around
Thirty-five lights
Gone in the night
Hmm mm mm
Hmm mm mm
The island silence

The Grove

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00040 (4:29)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by HARRY JAMES
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Neural Rupture Syntax · Poetic Engineer · Piano Physicist · Piano Pop
Alt Rock · Piano Bar Sonics

Boston Thanksgiving November cold
Room crammed tight stories told
Four hundred souls a space meant for less
Tapping the keys keeping the time
Too many bodies too little breath
Dancing close to a quiet death

Palm tree hack cloth n' wire
That spark fell took us higher
Walls closed in sealed the fate
Revolving door frozen time
Nowhere to go nowhere to run
Packed in tight doin' nothing wrong

Stark feeling that crush
Flickering flame takes mark
Air turns thin scratching the throat

Taste of Ash
Takes your breath
Before the death
Four hundred voices gone in the night
Lost in the Grove lost in the light

Crushed in the dark
Smothered in the heat
No way out no retreat

(cont...)

The Grove

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00040 (4:29)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by HARRY JAMES
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Neural Rupture Syntax · Poetic Engineer · Piano Physicist · Piano Pop
Alt Rock · Piano Bar Sonics

(cont...)

If the room is full to breaking
Step back for your own sake
Find your space find your room
Before the walls become your tomb

I kept playing until the keys got hot
Until the music was all we got
Then the ceiling wasn't there no more
Now I play to the empty chairs
To the ghosts who climbed the stairs
By the code that never looked

Stark feeling that crush
Flickering flame takes mark
Air turns thin scratching the throat

Taste of Ash
Takes your breath
Before the death
Four hundred voices gone in the night
Lost in the Grove lost in the light

Bodies in the ground
Where the Grove once stood

The Oregon Line

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00041 (4:17)

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Cole Hardin
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Poetic Engineer · Modern Country · Traditional Country · Outlaw Soul · Witness Architecture

Oregon snow on the pine
A man in the road drawing a line
Paper in the pocket signed in faith
Ink turned dry on a warrant of fate
He parked the truck in the freezing cold
Said the promise was broken the deal was sold

Dying for what's right feeling the might
Of a nation against you in the frozen light
One man's stand against the steel
When the paper burns nothing is real
Dying for what's right feeling the might
Of a nation against you in the frozen light

Hands on the wheel then hands in the air
A shadow moved in the winter glare
He stepped from the cab with nothing to hide
Just a contract kept on the wrong side of pride
The weight of the badge against one man's word
The loudest silence the valley ever heard

If the road is blocked turn the wheel around
Don't lay your body on the frozen ground
There's no victory in the final stand
Just a widow waiting with an empty hand
On barren lands

(cont...)

The Oregon Line

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00041 (4:17)

Written by: Seeker James · Vocals by Cole Hardin
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Poetic Engineer · Modern Country · Traditional Country · Outlaw Soul · Witness Architecture

(cont...)

Now the tires roll over the trace
Where a life ended in that lonely place
The cattle still graze the river still flows
But the question lingers where the cold wind blows
The contract is void when the breathing stops
And the vulture circles when the heartbeat drops

Dying for what's right feeling the might
Of a nation against you in the frozen light
One man's stand against the steel
When the paper burns nothing is real
Dying for what's right feeling the might
Of a nation against you in the frozen light

Guitar fades harmonica lone
Snow covers the blood covers the bone
Just a truck in the ditch where the story ended
By the law undefended

The Big Top

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00042 (3:44)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by SCARY HARRY
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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

July heat Barbour Street
Canvas treated paraffin sweet
Kids on dads' shoulders high above
Buying tickets buying love
Popcorn bags sticky hands
Nobody knows what the canvas plans
Cigarette spark wire loose
That tent is a burning noose

Poles groaning ropes snapping tight
Daylight slams into night
Clowns cutting through flame
Trying to save those who came

Smell that popcorn in the air
No no just burning hair
Canvas melting skin like wax
No way forward no way back
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls

Little Miss fifteen-sixty-five
Never made it out alive
Photos pinned on station walls
While the circus answers no one's calls
They patched the tent they kept the tour
Counted money not the poor
Show must go on manager said
Hartford buried their dead

Poles groaning ropes snapping tight
Daylight slams into night
Clowns cutting through flame
Trying to save those who came

(cont...)

The Big Top

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00042 (3:44)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by SCARY HARRY
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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

(cont...)

Smell the popcorn in the air
No no just burning hair
Canvas melting skin like wax
No way forward no way back
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls

When the spectacle calls your name
That's the price that's the game
If the exit looks too small
Don't wait for the curtain fall
Walk away before the light
Turns the big top into night

Smell the popcorn in the air
No no just burning hair
Canvas melting skin like wax
No way forward no way back
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls
One hundred sixty-seven souls
Lost beneath the circus rolls

Hartford ground July sun
The show is over everyone
Mr Fancy Pants says roll the tape
There is no escape there is no escape

The Tower

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00043 (4:13)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by JAXXON JAMES
SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING | APRA AMCOS Member | IPI 01331423004 | © Copyright 2026
VibePhysics · Post Punk · Cantation Core · Alt Rock · Nu Metal Gnostic

August heat beating the concrete
Books in hand walking the street
Clock struck twelve day turned grey
Shots rang out across the way
One hundred degrees in the shade
The innocent paid
No warning no siren no time to run
One lonely tower blocking the sun

Shadow from the tower
Falling to the ground
Ninety minutes of terror
Before the final sound
Shadow from the tower
Falling to the ground

Students hit the dusty floor
Listening for the next round roar
Three hours trapped in the killing zone
Where the fear was fully grown
Until the officers climbed the stair
Ending that sweat-drenched nightmare

Shadow from the tower
Falling to the ground
Ninety minutes of terror
Before the final sound
Shadow from the tower
Falling to the ground
Clock hands frozen on the wall
Shadows stretch across the hall
No more sirens no more sound
Just the heat rising from the ground

See the sky turn dark then run for cover
Don't try to be a hero lover
Find the wall stay low get on down
Survival is the only crown
Live to tell the tale another day
Don't let the shadow take you away

Shadow from the tower
Falling to the ground
Ninety minutes of terror
Before the final sound
Shadow from the tower
Screams ring out across the town

Iron Ghost

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00044 (3:49)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by STONE JAMES

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NURSERY RHYME SUBVERSION · R&B · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE
SONIC SANCTUARY · SUBVERSIVE PRAYERS

Paper cuts turned to steel
Zoning lines that wouldn't heal
Fines on the table
Cowards on the check
Felt those walls closing in
Nothing left to gain
Everything to lose

Has had enough
His own hands
Dealing destruction
Across the land
Felt he was wronged
Felt he was alone
Losing everything
Carved out his zone

Iron Ghost
Rode hard and put up wet
Iron Ghost
With blood inside the bet
You tore it down
You tore it away
Iron Ghost

Thirteen buildings
Turned to dust
Five million dollars
In rust and lust
Destroyed the town
Destroyed his life
Cut through the noise
With a blade of strife
Why wasn't there anyone there
When a man starts to tear

Iron Ghost
Rode hard and put up wet
Iron Ghost
With blood inside the bet
You tore it down
You tore it away
Iron Ghost

(cont...)

Iron Ghost

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00044 (3:49)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by STONE JAMES
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NURSERY RHYME SUBVERSION · R&B · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE
SONIC SANCTUARY · SUBVERSIVE PRAYERS

(cont...)

Waste of life
Waste of breath
Drove himself
To a quiet death
Stuck in the basement
Cab locked tight
One man's war
Nobody won the fight
If you see him slipping
Reach out a hand
Before he builds
What he can't withstand
Don't let the silence
Grow too loud
Step in before
He joins the cloud

Iron Ghost
Rode hard and put up wet
Iron Ghost
With blood inside the bet
You tore it down
You tore it away
Iron Ghost

He went down
Built that beast
Black smoke hittin' the sky
No peace No peace
Marvin John
Granby ground
Nothing left
But the sound
Iron Ghost

The Station

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00045 (3:41)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by SCARY HARRY
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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

February cold in West Warwick town
Foam on the walls to keep the sound down
Great White on stage sparks in the air
Nobody noticed the flame up there
Ninety seconds from laugh to scream
Exit signs hidden
Oh my that's forbidden

Panic was the tempo stampede in the dark
Hands on the doors wouldn't budge wouldn't start
A hundred souls in the crush in the choke
While the foam was uh burnin' a toxic joke

Smell the lager in the air
Nay I say just burning without care
Foam like gas walls up so fast
No way out for a sinner or a saint
A hundred gone in the blink of a light
A hundred gone in the Station night

Cameras rolling footage sold
Tragedy packaged stories told
Lawsuits filed codes written
While families sat hearts bitten
Survivor guilt a ghost in the chest
What if I'd left what if I'd guessed
The show must go on the curtain calls
But the Station's walls won't answer at all

(cont...)

The Station

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00045 (3:41)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by SCARY HARRY
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DARK CABARET · ALT ROCK · CARNIVALESQUE · EXPERIMENTAL
MANIC MUSICALS · SOVEREIGN IRONY

(cont...)

Panic in the pulse a stampede in the dark
Hands on the door that wouldn't budge wouldn't start
One hundred souls in the crush in the choke
While the foam kept burning a toxic joke
Run run while you can

Smell the lager in the air
Nay I say just burning without care
Foam like gas walls up so fast
No way out for a sinner or a saint
A hundred gone in the blink of a light
A hundred gone in the Station night

When the Station calls your name
Cost of a ticket price of the game
When bodies pile at the door
The smoke hits your throat
You better get down
Get down to that floor

Smell the lager in the air
Nay I say just burning without care
Foam like gas walls up so fast
No way out for a sinner or a saint
A hundred gone in the blink of a light
A hundred gone in the Station night

West Warwick ground February cold
The show is over story told
There is no escape
There is no escape

Whew I'm glad that's over time to take a breath of fresh air

Texas Ground

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00046 (3:52)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by COLE HARDIN
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POETIC ENGINEER · MODERN COUNTRY · TRADITIONAL COUNTRY · OUTLAW SOUL · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE

February wind on Texas soil
Promises kept staying loyal
Families slept behind those walls
Didn't know the time had come

ATF boots in the morning dew
Four men down just a few
Fifty-one days of waiting watching
Thought they could last
Words turned smoke they came fast

Tear gas rising armoured steel
Shots rang out deafening sounds
Questions asked no answers given
Just the blasts of spent rounds
Who lit the match who fanned the flame
Who carries the weight of all those names

Spring in Waco April nineteen
Little voices lost in the 'tween
Federal hands human cost
Who counts the lives when truth is lost

Janet's call the final push
Gas in the air the silence rushed
Twenty-five children twenty-five lights
Gone in the fire gone in the night

If you see the line being drawn
Step back before the dawn
Don't let the wolf be your guide
Demanding you pick a side
Demanding you pick a side

Spring in Waco April nineteen
Little voices lost in the 'tween
Federal hands human cost
Who counts the lives when truth is lost

Mount Carmel Texas ground
Nothing remains just the sound
Those questions unanswered lives undone
Truth laid bare it wasn't fair
Dead men
Dead women
Dead children
Everywhere
Follow your soul
Don't cross that line
When the big man comes you won't be fine
No you won't be fine

Nothing Normal

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00047 (4:31)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by AMELIA JAMES
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BREATH POETRY · TRIP HOP · POST PUNK · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE

Morning light on the glass
Shadows moving too fast
Delivery left at the door
Nothing normal anymore
Children sleeping down the hall
Naps turned to dust in the fall
Mothers working floors above
Didn't know couldn't know

Two sides fighting the dark
One spark leaves a mark
Trained to break trained to kill
Federal hands taking their fill

What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead
Little shoes in the rubble
Counting loss counting trouble
Yeah yeah oh oh
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead

Beliefs written in sand
Given their trade by signed hand
Thought they'd win making loss
Didn't count the human cost
Windows shattered across the street
Grandfather watching from his seat
Smoke rose like a prayer
None answered voices in the air

(cont...)

Nothing Normal

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00047 (4:31)

Written by: SEEKER JAMES · Vocals by AMELIA JAMES
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BREATH POETRY · TRIP HOP · POST PUNK · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE

(cont...)

Two sides fighting the dark
One spark leaves a mark
Trained to break trained to kill
Federal hands taking their fill

What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead
Little shoes in the rubble
Counting loss counting trouble
Yeah yeah oh oh
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead

When hate takes the wheel
Who pays for the steel
Step back from that edge
Push someone over that ledge
Doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo
Don't let the lies be your guide
When there's nowhere left to hide

What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead
Little shoes in the rubble
Counting loss counting trouble
Yeah yeah oh oh
What's in the smoke what's in the head
What's in the silence of the dead

April nineteen ninety-five
Nothing remains but the lives
Doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo
Too many
Once were

CREDITS & INDUSTRY

SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

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

SEEKER JAMES

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER · SONGWRITER
AUTHOR · COMPOSER

POETIC ENGINEER · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE · NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX
LINKEDIN · MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA · YOUTUBE · INSTAGRAM

Discography

ELIAS of SEEKERIUM
MUSICBRAINZ · ASSISTANT PRODUCER

THE MUSE of SEEKERIUM
MUSICBRAINZ · SOUND ENGINEER

AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS ASSOCIATION | MEMBER #12368
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SEEKER JAMES · BIO

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER · SONGWRITER
AUTHOR · COMPOSER · ARTIST

POETIC ENGINEER · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE · NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX
LINKEDIN · MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA · YOUTUBE · INSTAGRAM

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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.



SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

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

