

SEEKER JAMES PUBLISHING

LYRICS SERIES PRESENTS

AMELIA JAMES

ARTIST • VOCALS

BREATH POETRY • TRIP HOP • POST-PUNK • GRUNGE • ALT ROCK • SOVEREIGN EXIT



WORLD WAR AMELIA



Amelia
James
XOXO

AMELIA JAMES

LYRICS SERIES

BREATH POETRY · TRIP HOP · POST-PUNK · GRUNGE · ALT ROCK · SOVEREIGN EXIT

WRITTEN BY: SEEKER JAMES · VOCALS BY AMELIA JAMES

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ALBUM

WORLD WAR AMELIA

(UPC: 882614266573) (Release Date: 21.10.2026)

(001) WALKING AWAY (4:17)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00069

(002) WHEN WILL I (4:35)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00070

(003) SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL ONCE WAS (3:47)

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WALKING AWAY

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00069 (4:17)

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If I walk away today
Would you even care
If I walk away tomorrow
Would you even know
That I was no longer there
Next to you
A ghost in your past
Nothing lasts

Walking out of your grey
Face in the sun claiming my day
Feeling its heat upon me
Doing it all
My way
Finally
My way
I have the final say

If I walk away next week
Would you hear the door close
Behind me
If I walk away next month
Would you feel the echoes
I leave behind

Won't you stop me from leaving
Won't you beg me to stay
Can you do that
So I don't have to go
I'll do it when I know
I'll do it when I know
I'll do it when I know

I wanna be here
Next to you
Hearing that laugh
When I say something stupid
I need you to change
Just like me

(cont...)

WALKING AWAY

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00069 (4:17)

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(cont...)

I have been pressing my hands to this glass
Long enough to feel it give

I have stood here before
Hand on the handle
Heart through the floor
I know this feeling
I have been here before

I wanna be here
Next to you
Hearing that laugh
When I say something stupid
Does it even matter
I was sat here
Placed here
To decide tomorrow
Next week
Next year
I'll do it when I know
I'll do it when I know
I'll do it when I know

Walking out of your grey
Face in the sun claiming my day
Feeling its heat upon me
Doing it all
My way
I have the final say

If I walk away today
Would you even care
If I walk away tomorrow
Would you even know
That I was no longer there

WHEN WILL I

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00070 (4:35)

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Whoa

No

I'm gonna fall

Whoa - whoa

Whoa - whoa

Whoa - whoa

Whoa - whoa

Sucking air wind's in my hair I'm no longer I no longer care
Don't be me not worth it whoa
Wishes and sighs they will come no more just dirt on the floor
My mind asks me

When will I die

When will I die

When will I die

When will I die

When will when will I die

With a tonne of pain a tired hammering

Throwing them back clenching my fist
Eyes are watching me do the dance of life
I hang from the rope

Dangle on that line I'm the fish on the hook let me spit spit

When will I die

When will I die

When will I die

When will I die

When will when will I die

With a tonne of pain a tired hammering

Sucking air wind's in my hair I'm no longer I no longer care
Don't be me not worth it whoa
Wishes and sighs they will come no more just dirt on the floor
My mind asks me

(cont...)

WHEN WILL I

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(cont...)

When will I die
When will I die
When will I die
When will I die
When will when will I die

With a tonne of pain a tired hammering

Whoa - whoa Sucking air wind's in my hair
Whoa - whoa I'm no longer I no longer care
Whoa - whoa Don't be me not worth it
Whoa - whoa
Whoa - whoa
Whoa - whoa
Whoa - whoa
Whoa - whoa

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL ONCE WAS

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00071 (3:47)

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Ohhhhhhh

Mmmm

What am I doing
Destroying something beautiful

Oh

Oh oh my

Why

Because it is in me

In me

Oh ohhh oh

In me

Being in love with

Being in love

What a waste

Laid to rest

The marker

Wet with dew

Running dripping

Put it in the earth

So the worms

So the grubs

The insects

May feed

Upon the fragments

Of me

Don't you see

I should never be

I never was

A loss to myself

Gone to them

In between

Living

In between

My DEATH

I was beautiful

I was alive

I lived

I loved

(cont...)

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL ONCE WAS

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(cont...)

Now I feed
Feed the trees
Feed the dark brown grass

No more sun for me
Only the shadows
I'm the tallow
The fat of once was
Lost in my misery

What am I doing
Destroying something beautiful
That once was
Oh
Oh oh my
Why
Because
I can
Oh ohhh oh
Because
Mmmmmmmmm
I can

Where were you
You didn't stop me
I don't need you
I feel your steps
Over me
In the ground
I laid

I am the alpha and the omega
I existed to want
Now I want no more
No
No more

CROSSROADS (AJV)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00072 (4:55)

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I went down
To the crossroads
At dusk
Didn't ask
Didn't beg

Sun was red
Bleeding on me
West to East
North to South
I met him there
In the dust
In the heat
He held the paper
Shoved it at me
Said Sign it
I said No

He said You sold it
I said I know
He said You owe it
I said I know
I didn't come
To beg for mercy
I didn't come
To fall to my knees
You see old man
I don't do that for any one
Any more

(cont...)

CROSSROADS (AJV)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00072 (4:55)

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(cont...)

Give it back
Give it back
My soul
My name
My sin
Give it back
I didn't sell it
For forever
I sold it
For a day

Now that day
That day
Is done

He laughed
Sound like thunder
Sound like
Breaking glass
He said You can't leave
Looking him in the eye
I took the pen
I broke the tip
I took the paper
I let it rip
Let it rip
Let it
Rip

Blood on my hands
Not his
Blood on my hands
Not his
I own the stain
I own the pain
Of what I've done

(cont...)

CROSSROADS (AJV)

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(cont...)

Give it back
Give it back
My soul
My name
My sin
Give it back
I didn't sell it
For forever
I sold it
For a day
Now that day
That day
Is done

One last thing
He says
I'll be seeing you again

I got my soul
I got my soul
But
He's still coming
He's still coming
God's still coming
God's still coming
I won the fight
I lost the war
I won the fight
I lost
The war

SAMPLE THE HURT

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00073 (4:03)

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We are the life we live without you
We are the love we give without you
We are the thing that is haunting
We are the pain that is counting
I am the sculptor
I need my hands
I press the clay in my word in my deed
While I was here while I was witness
While I am shedding a tear while I am here

Sample the hurt
I learn too much
Sample the hurt
Watch how I learn too much from you

Time being spent not for me we
Time being lent not for we me
Feel my soul Feel it a part
Wipe my tear kiss my fear

Sample the hurt
I learn too much
Sample the hurt
Watch how I learn too much from you

Sample the hurt
I learn too much
Sample the hurt
Watch how I learn too much from you

Watch how I learn too much
I am the sculptor
You are my

THE CLOCK STRIKES 12

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You will You will
Set your mind free
They've taken your will
The choice is no longer free
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

You will You will
Set your mind free
Before all is lost
Foretold that heavy toll
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

You will You will
Set your mind free
The toll is clear
Lost soul – now you will see
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

You will You will
Set your mind free
Your fate is sealed
Warning missed
Lessons never learned
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

(cont...)

THE CLOCK STRIKES 12

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00074 (4:14)

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(cont...)

You will You will
Set your mind free
The toll is clear
Lost soul – now you will see

You lost your way
You now stand a soul before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

You had You had
Your chance to be free
They've taken your will
The choice is no longer free
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell

You will You will
Set your mind free
Had your chance to fix the wrongs
Now you see
You lost your way
You now stand lost before me
When the clock strikes 12
At the gates of hell
They've taken me

MY HOME

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00075 (3:37)

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Where will I be in the end
Where my ache rends
My home
And where will I be as my heart mends
Where will I send
My home

Where will I be when peace comes
Will I write my tomes
My home
And Where will I be when my heart loves
Will I see the doves
My home

Where will I be taken into the night
Will they hear my life tale
Is it the place where with golden light
And Where will I be if I fail
For all to see the lifting of my veil

Where will I be in the end
Where my ache rends
My home
And where will I be as my heart mends
Who does he send
To my home

At the end
My home
At the end
My home

MY PRAYER

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00076 (3:34)

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Our father if you can hear me
Please! answer my prayer

I don't bring hymns to the quiet room
I don't bring flowers to my tomb
I bring the silence I kept too long
And every promise I got so wrong
I know you warned me
I know you're watching me

If your mercy has a cost I'll pay it
If your grace demands a name I'll say it
Please oh please
I still don't know
How to be alone

I hear you before you cast that spear
I stand before you real and clear
Let me walk away from what I've done
Let judgment wait as you decide my fate
I'm on my knees can't you see
Oh please oh please
I'm begging for your release

(cont...)

MY PRAYER

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00076 (3:34)

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(cont...)

I brought the ledger read it twice
I'll sign it over pay the price
You don't need thunder don't need flame
I'll take the weight I'll wear the stain
Just let me slip the coming rain

I know the scale is set
I know the verdict isn't yet
I'm not ready
My heart still pounds I'M NOT DEAD
I give you my pride to make this right

I hear you before you cast that spear
I stand before you real and clear
Let me walk away from what I've done
Let judgment wait as you decide my fate
I'm on my knees can't you see
Oh please oh please
I'm begging for your release

Please Say it's enough
Please Say I can go
I'll pay your price
Just not today
This is what I do to you

GOD'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN (AJV)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00077 (3:34)

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Walk on
Run on
Talk on
Lock on
God'll
Still cut you down

You can run on
For too long a time
Run too long a time
Run on for that long time
Sooner or later friend
God'll
Still cut you down

You can throw those stones
Throw my stones
Throw your stones
God'll
Still cut you down

Walk on
Run on
Talk on
Lock on
God'll
Still cut you down

(cont...)

GOD'S GONNA CUT YOU DOWN (AJV)

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00077 (3:34)

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(cont...)

You can hide that evil
Hide that evil
Hide your evil
God'll

Still cut you down

You can leave your home
Leave your family
Leave your friends
God'll
Still cut you down

Walk on
Run on
Talk on
Lock on
God'll
Still cut you down

God'll
Still cut you down
Walk on
Run on
Talk on
Lock on
God'll
Still cut you down
Yes he will cut you

THE COST

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00078 (3:30)

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Floating It's not water It's not air
Not here not there am I in between
Behind me A voice Not kind Not cruel
Just
There

Choose choose Choose CHOOSE NOW
Looking up I saw the light
Looking down I saw the dark
I chose the light

Dropping Falling back
Into the cold
I chose heaven didn't I
No
I chose here

Hey I say hey
I'm right here
Not a figment
But real and clear
I scream at you
As I wipe away my tears

Before you I kneel
Not in peace
In shame
What I could not see
I was the lie
I built the cage
And called it
Love

(cont...)

THE COST

ISRC: AU-UVZ-26-00078 (3:30)

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(cont...)

I was the cost
Not him
Not them
Every piece I gave away
I called it giving
It was hiding
From myself

Hey I say hey
I'm right here
Not a figment
But real and clear
I scream at you
As I wipe away my tears

Hey I say hey
I'm right here
Not a figment
But real and clear
I scream at me

I am still here
Still paying
The cost was me

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MUSICBRAINZ · WIKIDATA

AMELIA JAMES

ARTIST · VOCALS

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

DISCOGRAPHY

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SONGWRITER · COMPOSER · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

POETIC ENGINEER · WITNESS ARCHITECTURE · NEURAL RUPTURE SYNTAX

WIKIDATA · MUSICBRAINZ · 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.



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