

Shiyan Yishu

By ECMcCready

140 BPM, Eighth Notes in Dropped D

D Major/Pentatonic/Minor

Punk Metal

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VERSE ONE

I am caught up in hyper-reality.
Immersive interconnected environments.
Cognition, creativity, discovery.
My memories tend to sim experiments.

Health tools, VR therapy.
Augmenting my gallery.
Enabling self discovery.
I am vibrating vertically.

Glitch's my simulacrum in the dark.
Robotic dog's shadows autonomously
bark.
Past my future's sent warped gravity.
Weaving my virtual realm's confinements.

Simulation explores captivity.
Boundless segments dance for my
firmaments.
Reflections form my spectrum.
My cosmic web weaves and presents.

Art and science reinvents.
My kaleidoscope's nostrum.
Converging dreams I transcend.
Invincible I ascend.

CHORUS

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VERSE TWO

Via realms an endless multiverse.
I am singular unified and vast.
Trance, expanse, traverse.
My future's an echoed broadcast.

Chaotic dream's digital spree.
Generative art's a blooming scream.
Unfolding in this galaxy's decree.
Rocketing into cosmic cream.

Canvases' art and science glows.
Stars of no boundary sows.
Scripted dreams of data's intertwined.
Simulacra's art merged as mazed
science.

Virtual alliances are designed.
Encrypted sparks anchored reliance.
Portals gleam of worlds galore.
Multiverses, bubbles and the unseen.

Knowledge grows to explore.
Facts emerge, converge and convene.
Becoming of an AGI verity.
Unfolded and a programmed finality.

Beyond here be dragons.
Chaoyue zheli shi long.
Simulacra, simulation, simulacrum.
I am begotten by hyperrealism.

VERSE THREE

Stream flickered voice story
multiplies.
Neon trailing crowds converged lives
synergized.
Minds and circuits electrifies.
Reshaped thoughts evolved energized.

Ads replayed are blurred.
Everywhere this daily stare.

The Hologram is conferred.
Planets are in a virtual snare.

Illusion's are an adapted view.
Our senses sway and accrue.

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VERSE FOUR

Being entangled with woven complexity.
Interlaced visions bond my History.
Pulses and sonic clarity
Harmonics blend cosmic mystery.

Trapped in grids, there is no name.
Pixels are humming all affairs.
Circuits sing of data frames.
Nodes aligned an Ai's aware.

Threads unwhirled synthetic everywhere
dark.
Bits cascade autonomous and spark.
Synthetic tales coded simulacra.
Simulation simulacrum's hyper-reality.

Real life is like a fading orchestra.
Our Senses flow seamless intensity.
Algorithms whisper our robot's gazes.
Logic and silicon none hands to
hold.
No flesh and blood gone are all days
No pulsing light as unhuman lines are
sold.
Experimental Art's Warp Speed.
Continuity Illusions Force Feed.

I am overcoming my Ai
anxiety. A being caught in
hyper-reality.
Heavenly Palace's Chinese Taikonaut.
Story Machine's An astronaut.

Simulacra, Simulation, Simulacrum.
I am begotten by hyperrealism.

CHORUS

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GUITAR SOLO

CHORUS

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