

Shiyan Yishu

By ECMcCready

140 BPM, Eighth Notes in Dropped D
D Major/Pentatonic/Minor
Bass B Minor

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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.
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.

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.

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.
Beyond here be dragons.
Chaoyue zheli shi long.

Simulacra, simulation, simulacrum.
I am begotten by hyperrealism.

CHORUS

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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.

GUITAR SOLO

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.
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.

CHORUS

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