



Amanda Rankin - Voice

Ryan McDermott - 6-string electric guitar

Jeremy Poparad - 9-string electric guitar, acoustic guitar ("Koan"),
6-string electric guitar ("Silence," "Eulogy"), mandolin ("Silence"),
electric bass, and glockenspiel

Steven Miller - Keyboards

Dylan Gomez - Percussion

Words and music by Jeremy Poparad
For lyrics, visit www.axonneuron.com

Drums recorded at Tangerine Sound Studios,
Engineered by Ben Vehorn

Guitars and keyboards on "Keepsakes" and
"Postlude II" recorded at Tangerine Sound Studios,
Engineered by Ben Vehorn

All else recorded at Popemobile Studios,
Engineered by Jeremy Poparad

Mixed and mastered by Jeremy Poparad at
Popemobile Studios (www.popemobilestudios.com)

Album cover by Mara Fragge
Backgrounds by Jeff Schleis
Disc art by Jeremy Poparad

Orchestra Musicians:

Strings (minus basses) on "Shattered," "Koan," "Silence," and "Kronos"
All on Preludes I & II, Postludes I & II

Violin I - Molly Bontrager, Jane Reed
Violin II - Becca Hall, Sarah Husak
Viola - Jamie Thornberg, Jamie Vaughn
Cello - Dan Peters, Miles Richardson
Bass - Ryan Critchfield, Parry Lopez, Bryan Thomas
Flute - Ian Wenz
Oboe - Laura Lazarites
Clarinet - Brad Wagner
Bass Clarinet - Jayne Naragon
Trumpet I - Michael Willard
Trumpet II - Mark Russo
F Horn - Phil Tryon
Trombone - Aaron Thornberry
Percussion - Scott Thomas

Additional vocals on "Koan" - Corey Haren, Dylan Gomez,
Ryan McDermott, Steven Miller, and Jeremey Poparad

Special thanks to: Corey Haren for his Fat Heads, Mike Lowden
for his mandolin, Scott Thomas for his glockenspiel, Mikko Logrén
at ML Sound Lab for the IR pack, and to Eric Lovett of Xen Guitars
and Joe Egan of Egan Guitars for the beautiful Xen 9-string used
on this album.



Disc 1:

1 - Prelude I (6:32)

2 - Euclid (4:32)

(guitar solo - Jeremey Poparad)

3 - Suspicions (5:48)

(keyboard solos - Steven Miller)

4 - Shattered (5:58)

(guitar solos - Ryan McDermott)

5 - Koan (3:42)

6 - Eyes (5:48)

7 - Erasure (6:00)

8 - Postlude I (7:48)

Disc 1 Total - 46:08



Disc 2:

1 - Prelude II (7:29)

2 - Silence (7:24)

(keyboard solo - Steven Miller, guitar solo - Jeremey Poparad)

3 - Kronos (7:35)

(guitar solo - Jeremey Poparad)

4- Summit (8:00)

5 - Keepsakes (6:40)

6 - Kafka (7:47)

(mayhem - Ryan McDermott)

7 - Eulogy (5:05)

8 - Postlude II (8:14)

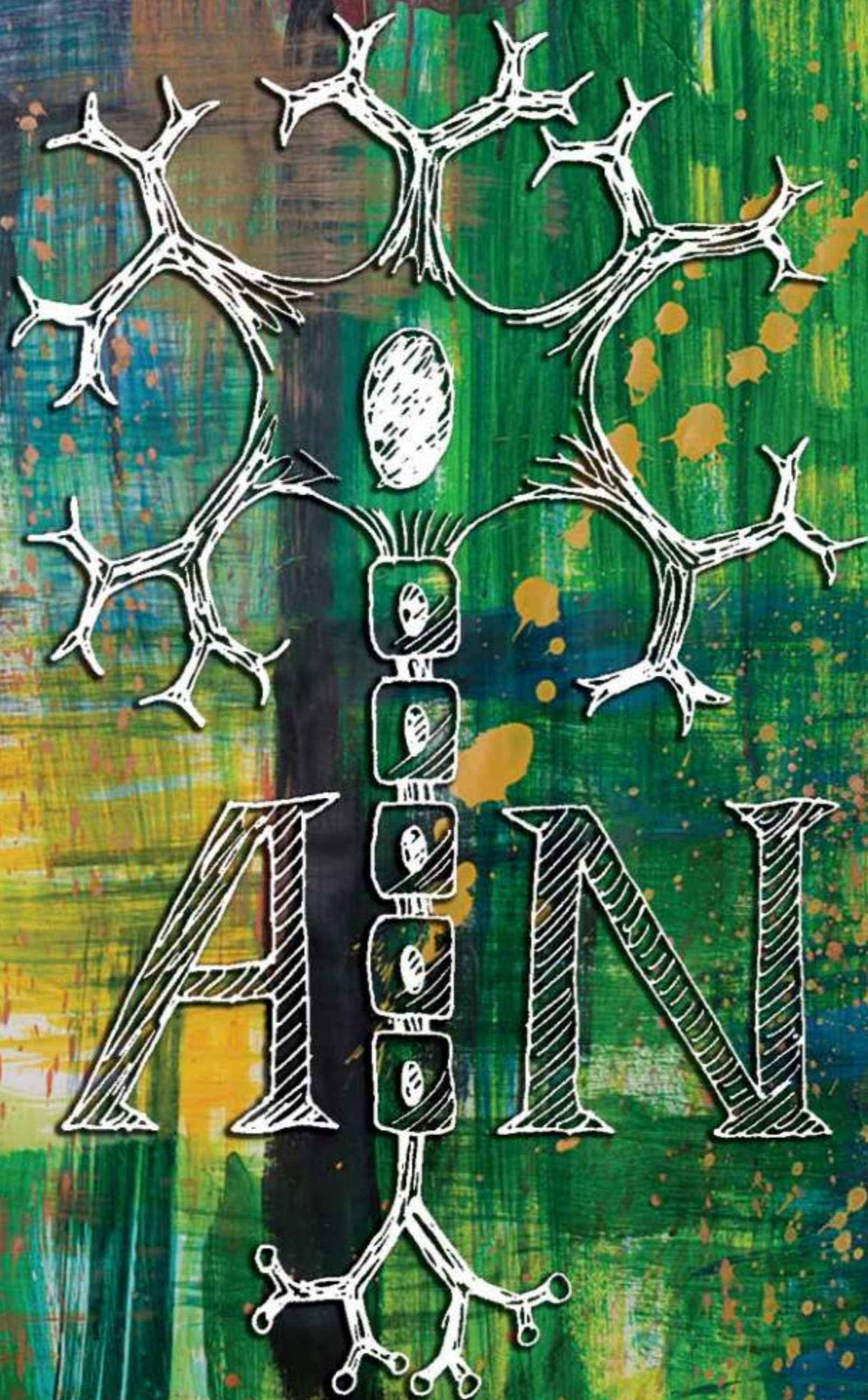
(guitar solo - Jeremey Poparad)

Disc 2 Total - 58:14

METAMORPHOSIS

Disc 1:

- 1 - Prelude I
- 2 - Euclid
- 3 - Suspicions
- 4 - Shattered
- 5 - Koan
- 6 - Eyes
- 7 - Erasure
- 8 - Postlude I



Disc 2:

- 1 - Prelude II
- 2 - Silence
- 3 - Kronos
- 4 - Summit
- 5 - Keepsakes
- 6 - Kafka
- 7 - Eulogy
- 8 - Postlude II

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Euclid

A pair of parallel lines never intersect, X, Y, Z
Stretching, spreading into the vast, infinite span of space

Traveling along one of these planes
A straight line sees many things
Always marching onward towards the end of all time

Take this line, its pitch and its slope
Copy its every quirk and nuance
But start later,
Shift it a mere fraction of a fraction
A sliver of a degree,
Either one way or the other
Pushed over, pushed over

Now these two exactly duplicate lines
Simpatico in all of their identity
Will never meet, will never cross
Will never know of the others existence
Alone in their universe,
Though their eternal mate may only be a hair's breadth away

Enter the presence of a massive local event
A gravity beyond trivial calculation
Warping space and bending the geometry of time
Until our two parallel lines arc toward each other
Intersecting in a chance kiss
No longer eternally alone

Suspicious

A lake serene, so placid blue
A body so calm, so soft, so smooth
A ripple, a tiny tremor spreads
Reveals below a presence that treads

Dark azure waves obscure a view
At what might lurk beneath the hue
Beast or beauty, which is it there?
And which of these to most beware?

Suspicious begin to emerge and float
Second-guessing sways and rocks the boat
These little bubbles of doubt now rise
A boiling sea of questioning eyes

This chimera climbs up from the depths
It bellows and beats upon its chest
The skies are dark with violent gloom
The creature heralds impending doom

The tranquil water has given chase
A raging squall has assumed its place
But was this demon born at sea
Or always, has it been inside of me?

Shattered

Glass, so smooth, so pure this gem
Oceans of light pour through its lens
Observe the spectrum, fractured it stems
Drawn from a fire, a blazing inferno
Blown into form, hardened external
Youthfully flawless, unscathed by the world
Everything breaks down, down to the ground it is hurled

Shattering, splintering, spiderweb, smash
All the pristine perfection, gone, swept up as trash
Naïve to believe it could last, now it's passed
Dissolved back into the sands of time
Ruminating now on the once masterfully crafted design
Absent, so now that which I am powerless to I resign

I spy a spec of ash
A shard of glass, a sudden flash
Spun out, away is shed
Loose grasp, downward sped
Sharp, shiny, shapes spin about
A shower of prisms skew the in and out
Light shifts through the spectrum
Split and splintered by disordered refraction

Deflect, reflect
Genuflect, Introspect

The future is confused through the fragments of the past

Koan

A riddle with no clear answer
A puzzle with no matching piece
I don't pretend to understand
This illogic in the least

The hints, the clues
Seem to abound
But when carefully assembled
No solution is found

I recombine, reevaluate
I take a step away
I approach with a different view
This barrier will not sway

Frustrations are beginning to mount
I turn to help from outside advice
"All signs point to X," the chorus shouts
But X is not found, despite all I try

I question my senses
I doubt my perception
Surely, these signs
Would not yield rejection?

I acquiesce
Embrace aporia
I lack the knowledge
To unlock euphoria

Somewhere in this madness
In this living koan
Lies a hidden truth
Remaining to all unknown

Eyes

Perception is an odd phenomenon
What we see is not always what was seen
Until the facts of what occurred
Become blurred and obscured
And become what we wish had been

Raise the blinds! Rise and shine!
Let the sunlight bathe your view
Open your eyes, take it in
The details in saturated hue

The pupils dilate, contract
Adjust to the influx of light
Through the cornea, strike the retina
Begin the sensation of sight

Impulses shoot up the optic nerve
Split through the processing streams
Arriving at the temporal lobe
You begin to make sense of things

But what if the sight is too much to hold?
The triggered emotions too much to control?
To escape the confusion, anxiety, and intrusion
You blind yourself from seeing all of the whole

Gloss over all the stress
And smooth out the past
Until it fits what you want
In idyllic desire it's recast

Perception is an odd phenomenon

Erasure

I wish that I were a blank slate
Clean and clear of this chalk and dust
Free from these misguided etchings
But want and wish aren't the same as need and must

Strike, score, scribble, scrawl
Markings march along this blackened wall
Left to right, top to floor
The margins explode with etchings galore

A story begins to bloom and unfold
A prince and a princess, from the tales of old
Distraction, confusion begin to take hold
The tale abandoned, no ending is told

An unbalanced equation
Solve for x, derive from y
Terms move left, terms move right
Exchanging sides of the sign

The figures keep adding, the sum towers high
The balance soon breaks, the numbers won't comply
The math is abandoned, the answer is lost
Despite all the labor, no solution is sussed

All of this unfinished work
All of these stories unresolved
These proofs left unverified
Thoughts left to soon devolve

Threads spun far out reaching into the abyss
Connecting to nothing, fruition dismissed
Erasing the clutter, removing the mess
Reclaiming the blackboard from the rambling excess

Some things just don't pan out
Some things are just lost in the noise
Washed away by the waves of entropy
Buried under the ocean of time

Silence

A wall, a blockade, a barrier, and a shell
Protection from the outside,
Or a retainer for within
Silence can serve many purposes
Some are easy, some are hard,
Some are necessary to survive

This particular wall is for a greater good
I must remind myself when I'm doubting if I should

It's not a wall of spite
It's not a wall of hate
It's a wall needed to respect
Those things which should be separate

The blurry boundaries, once bountiful
Led to disputes immutable
The only way to preserve the peace
Was to force all ties to cease

A dangerous thought enters my mind
What if I were to cross the divide?
To sneak across, clandestinely
The temptation sings soft and seductively

I must resist the urge to search
For a crack, a hole, a lofty perch
I mustn't betray my personal vow
To compromise my fidelity, I will not allow

Some day the day will will come
To start tearing down this wall
But that day will only come to me
When I've surrendered to it my all

Only then will this great wall
Begin to break apart
Then the veil of silence
May soon be lifted from my heart

Kronos

I sit here again
The tenth night in a row
Sitting with a new-found friend
Who also lives under an unnatural, orange-pink glow

The lights of the city
Burn upward to the sky
Clouding the astral landscape
Leaving no moon to the star-gazing eye

Four points orbit the garden
Overseen by a lofty bronze effigy
Does it represent expansion and exploration
Or the waste laid to a former identity?

As with my old friend, the fountain,
I come here to sort out my nagging thoughts and weary head
The same subject brings me again and again
Struggling, seeking to accept that another hope is dead

I think back to the times spent with my old friend
Then contrast them to the times with the new
Have I made any progress understanding myself?
Or am I stuck in one place, despite all that I do?

My silent friends listen stoically
But with advice they are quiet and still
One of these nights I must learn for myself
The difference between what might be and what never will

Summit

I begin at the base
I look towards the obscured sky
Towering before me
A mountain soars out of sight

First one step, then it's two
Three, four, five, I ascend
My goal slowly inches closer
To the summit, I intend

The wind begins to whip
A chill cuts to the bone
Cuts, bruises, fatigue sets in
Pain starts to seem to be all that I have known

Will I die at the summit,
Or will I die on the slope?
Will I achieve my goal,
Or fail to reach the peak, and know just only hope?

Victory is at last mine!
I have now conquered the climb!
I stand on the mighty peak
No longer so small and weak

I cast out my sight
To the new world view
Beyond mountains, there are mountains
My struggle, renewed

This summit was a hill
Dwarfed by what's ahead
Each barrier overcome
Replaced by another in its stead

Keepsakes

A scrap of paper
A discarded doodle
A ticket stub from an otherwise forgotten film
A gift, memento
A token of thanks
Fragments of feelings dislodged from the past

I'm torn, conflicted
On how to approach
This collection of keepsakes gathered before me
Garbage to toss
Or treasure to prize?
To cling to and cherish or cleanse and perish?

Reminders of loss
Missteps and mistakes
Baggage that weighs me down in the past
The ultimate challenge
To hold yet not be held
To learn and move forward, beyond their shadow

Reminders of love
A connection, an embrace
Nostalgia for the things that simply worked
Look back with fondness
Sincere, warm, and honest
Without doubting that more will lie ahead

To bound forth from the past
Without being bound to the past
Guided, not governed, by our ghosts.

Kafka

With your eye on the prize
A dream of great size
Meticulous plans span far flung ahead
With effort and labor
A hope that you'll savor
The fruits that lay at the end of this thread

It all starts to change
The scenes becomes strange
The senses you trust begin to betray
What once you held snugly
Is now rotten and ugly
The dreams dissipate in a dismal display

It all changes

You're more of a catalyst for a process
Than the protagonist of the story
These events to unfold won't all address
The reasons for your faded glory

It all changes

In ash baptized
The phoenix will rise
To soar free of its former cage
Propelled towards the sun
The transformation is done
Entering into a liberated age

Eulogy

Non fui
Fui
Non sum
Non Curo

Today we acknowledge the passage of time
From the depths we dug to the summits we climbed
The places we went, the sights we saw
The journey recounted in stories told tall

Today is the day of demarcation
A line drawn between despair and elation
The end of an era that wore out its stay
Resolution eclipsed by the sun's faded rays

An now, in the darkness between sunset and sunrise
I meditate on the future that beyond daybreak lies
Bound no more by the chains of the past
I see the dawn spread over a world so fast

Was not
Was
Am Not
Do not care