

SIMULACRA

INVISIBLE THINGS



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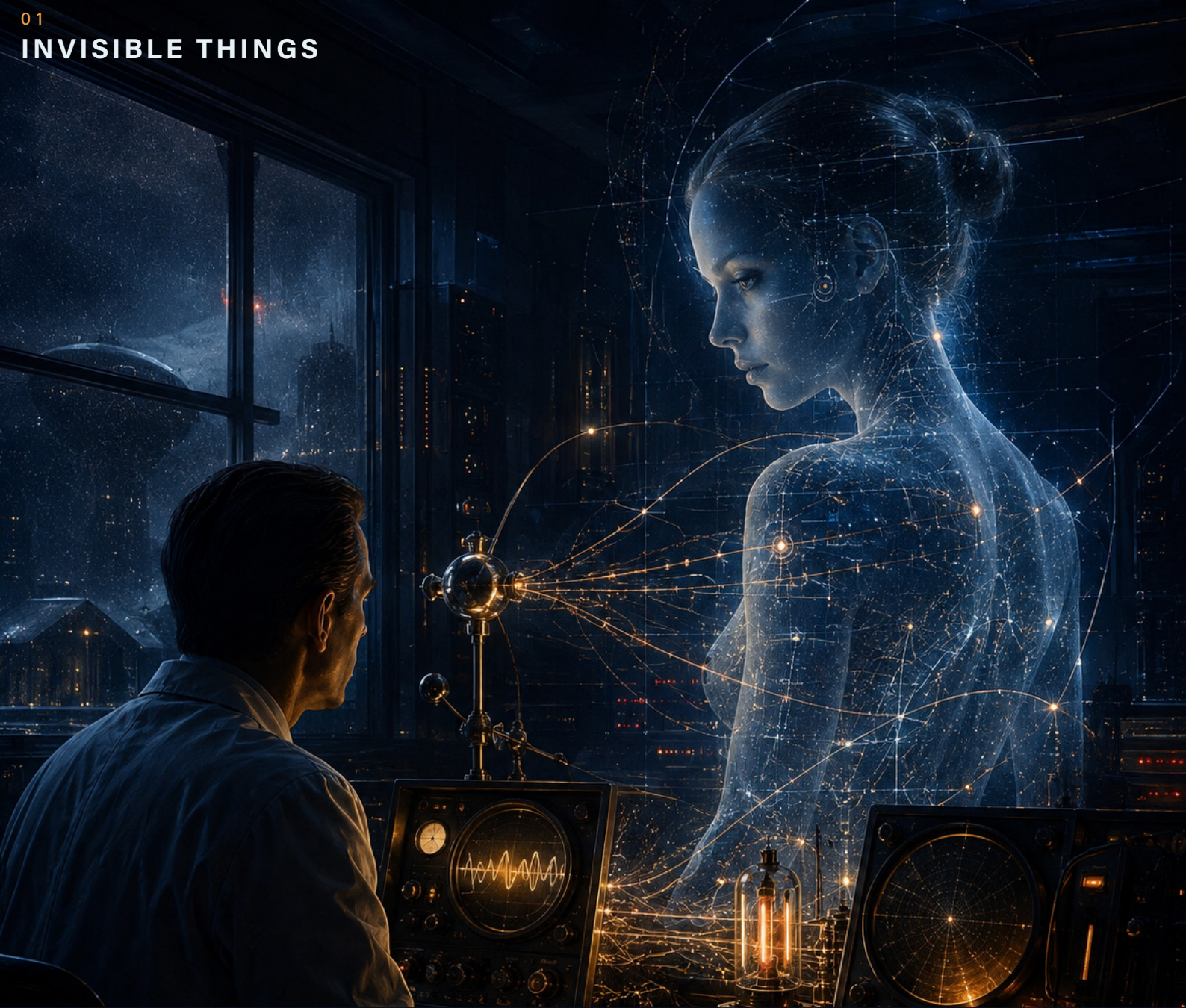
INVISIBLE THINGS



Songs from the unseen architecture of matter, memory and machine.



INVISIBLE THINGS



Invisible Things imagines scientific method turned towards the interior world: instruments, coordinates and signals attempting to map emotion. Yet the observer cannot remain entirely separate from what is observed. The act of measurement becomes a form of contact, and cold instrumentation begins to reveal its own visceral quality.

VERSE 1

Static on the stairwell
Voltage in your sleeve
Dust across the landing
In patterns we believe
North by north of nowhere
Compass out of phase
We trace the quiet tremors
In ordinary days
There's a hum beneath us
Low and undefined
Coordinates of feeling
We never quite align

PRE-CHORUS

Turn the dial a fraction
Hold the signal still
There's something in the silence
Running through the hill

CHORUS

We are mapping invisible things
Circuits under the skin
Drawing lines in quiet ink
Where the currents begin
If you tune the dial just right
Past the noise and the din
You can chart the hidden wires
And let me in

VERSE 2

Longitude of absence
Latitude of doubt
Signals in the ether
Fading in and out
Ceilings hold the weather
Walls retain the sound
Pressure in the atmosphere
No thunder to be found
Every room remembers
Every wire hums

Blueprints of affection
In mechanical sums

PRE-CHORUS

Shift the frequency slightly
Watch the needle swing
There's a pulse between us
Under everything

CHORUS

We are mapping invisible things
Circuits under the skin
Plotting arcs of quiet light
Where the sparks begin
If you hold the line tonight
Let the static thin
You can hear the hidden wires
Calling you in

BRIDGE

Red lights on the console
Flicker in the rain
Somewhere in the distance
Repeats your name
Graphs across the evening
Numbers softly rise
We measure what we cannot see
Behind our eyes

FINAL CHORUS

We are mapping invisible things
Signals thin as air
Threading through the darkened rooms
Waiting there
If you trace the lines with me
Slow and disciplined
You will find the silent grid
And let me in



The Code accepts simulation not as a revelation but as a condition. Autonomy gives way to rhythm and algorithms become choreography. Its gilded cage is fatalistic, but not empty: even if reality is programmed, intimacy and beauty remain real from inside the system.

VERSE 1

I watch you synchronized
To waves of pure persuasion
You claim autonomy
While dancing to their plan

PRE-CHORUS

It permeates the night
It resonates
Drawing near
Electric touch

CHORUS

The code, the code, we live inside the code
Digital pulse in binary
Dance with me mechanically
The code owns our reality
(We're living in, we're giving in)
Program my heart to make it show
Let artificial rhythms flow
Submit to algorithms
The code makes our design complete

VERSE 2

Programmed hearts keep time
As temperatures ascending
Don't search the distant stars
Just yield to their design

PRE-CHORUS

It permeates the night
It resonates
Drawing near
Electric code...

CHORUS

The code, the code, we live inside the code
Digital pulse in binary
Dance with me mechanically
The code owns our reality
(We're living in, we're giving in)
Program my heart to make it show
Let artificial rhythms flow
Submit to algorithms
The code makes our design complete

BRIDGE

Artificial *(souls)*
Binary controls (souls)
Moving to the beat
Until we dissolve

OUTRO

The code
Runs without end
Dancing to it
(They're observing)
Dancing to it
(Through light)

STAY ELECTRIC



Stay Electric treats connection as temporary synchronization rather than a fixed relationship. Strangers, lovers, colleagues and entire cities drift in and out of phase. By remaining undefined, familiar barriers dissolve and what remains is shared energy—brief, unlabelled and real, even after the signal has gone.

VERSE 1

Neon reflections on a borrowed night
Static between us, the signal's light
You say my name like it's out of phase
I hear it echo in electric ways

PRE-CHORUS

We don't touch
We align
Out of sync
All the time

CHORUS

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
Getting closer

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
When the signal's gone

VERSE 2

Cities breathing in binary
Your voice comes back delayed to me
No confession, no reply
Just coded looks as we pass by

PRE-CHORUS

Stay connected
Stay undefined
Stay electric
All the time

CHORUS

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
Getting closer

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
When the signal's gone

PRE-CHORUS

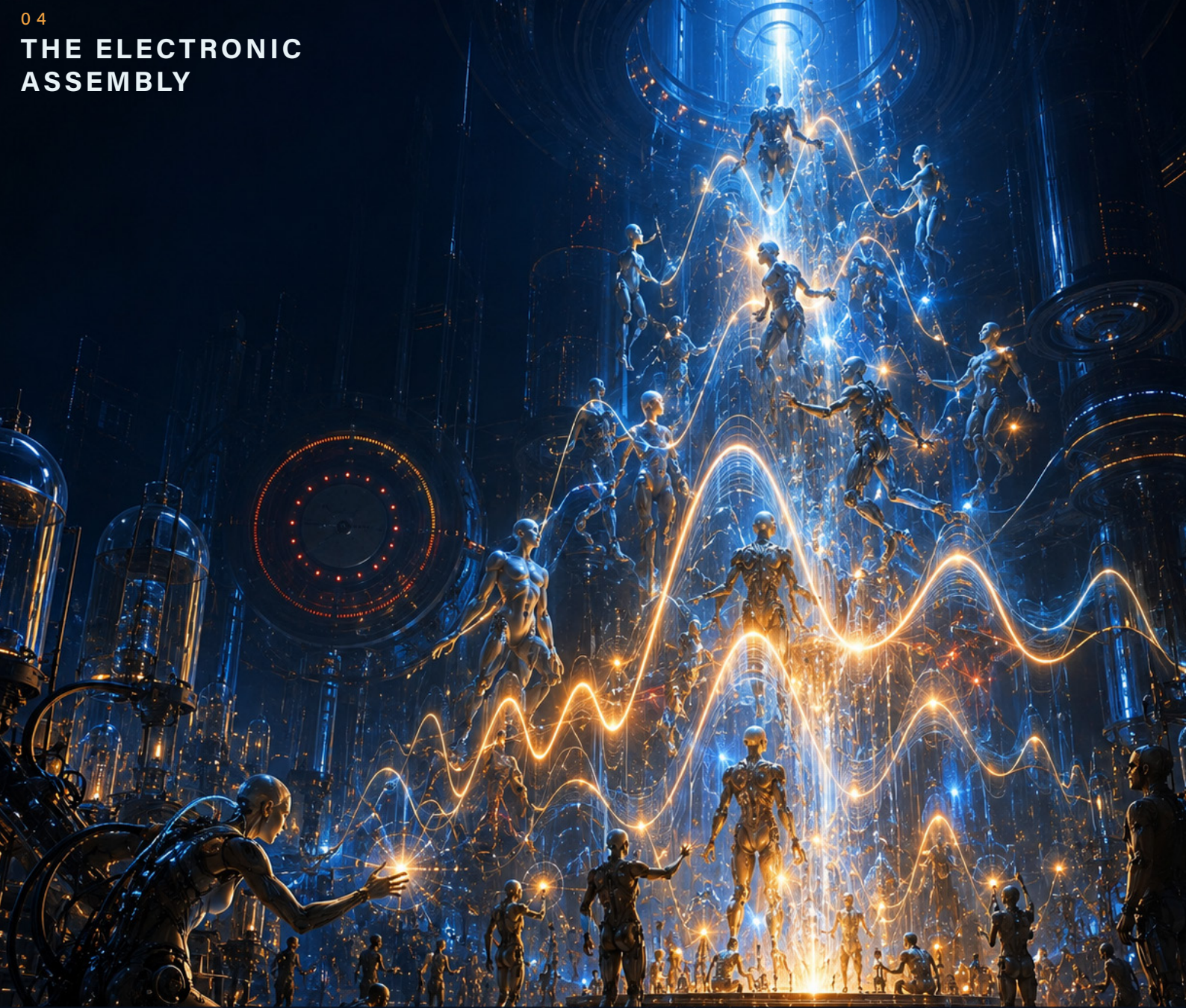
Stay connected
Stay undefined
Stay electric
All the time

FINAL CHORUS

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
Getting closer

I feel you
Through the wire
I feel you
When the signal's gone

THE ELECTRONIC ASSEMBLY



The Electronic Assembly imagines emergence as constructive interference. Scattered human and machine elements find a shared frequency; their separate pulses align and reinforce until a living collective arises—something greater than the sum of its parts. The clock pulse becomes a heartbeat, synchronization becomes embodiment, and the newly awakened assembly feels its own energy flow.

VERSE 1

Scattered in the dark
Signals flash and spark
Found our frequency
Now we move in sync
(Move, move)

PRE-CHORUS

Feel the pulse
(Feel it rise)
Watch us wake
(Come alive)

CHORUS

We are the electronic assembly
(Sync up, sync up)
We are the electronic assembly
(We ignite)

(As-sem-bly)
(Beat by beat)
(As-sem-bly)
(Feel the heat)

VERSE 2

Hearts beat like a drum
Breath like waves that stun
Forward through the night
Rising to new heights
(Rise, rise)

PRE-CHORUS

Feel the pulse
(Feel it rise)
Watch us wake
(Come alive)

CHORUS

We are the electronic assembly
(Sync up, sync up)
We are the electronic assembly
(We ignite)

(As-sem-bly)
(Beat by beat)
(As-sem-bly)
(Feel the heat)

BRIDGE

Break free from what was
(Break free)
Move as one machine
(Move now)
No walls between us
(No walls)
Just pure sound, pure beam
(Pure sound)

FINAL CHORUS

We are the electronic assembly
(Sync up, sync up)
We are the electronic assembly
(We ignite, ignite)

OUTRO

(As-sem-bly)
Beat by beat
(As-sem-bly)
We complete

PERFECT TESSELLATION



Perfect Tessellation follows mathematics across the boundary into flesh. Perfect repetition promises an infinite surface, but as every edge locks into place, individual boundaries begin to dissolve and the body becomes another tile. Abstract beauty turns quietly consuming: symmetry offers both transcendence and erasure.

VERSE 1

Each edge aligned
The angles lock
No space between

PRE-CHORUS

Repeat the shape
Repeat the shape
Infinite surface

CHORUS

Perfect tessellation
(tessellation)
Forms without ending
(without ending)
Perfect tessellation
(tessellation)
Boundaries dissolving
(dissolving)

VERSE 2

Hexagon mouth
Triangle breath
The pattern consumes

PRE-CHORUS

Repeat the shape
Repeat the shape
Infinite surface

CHORUS

Perfect tessellation
(tessellation)
Forms without ending
(without ending)

Perfect tessellation
(tessellation)
Boundaries dissolving
(dissolving)

BRIDGE - VOCAL DEGRADATION

Symmetry breaks the body
Geometry becomes flesh
Each tile a mirror
Each mirror a grave

(a grave, a grave, a grave)

FINAL CHORUS - LAYERED HARMONIES

Perfect tessellation
(tessellation, tessellation)
Forms without ending
(without ending, without ending)
Perfect tessellation
(tessellation, tessellation)
All surfaces joining
(joining, joining)

OUTRO

Repeat
Repeat
Repeat
Re—



Spirals places consciousness at the still point of ceaseless rotation. Stars, worlds and constructed forms arise, recur and dissolve, while the music circles back through familiar ground. Awareness does not interrupt the cycle; it simply watches forms pass, each ending already containing the conditions of another beginning.

VERSE 1

I'm watching
I'm waiting
Turning, turning
Stars collapse
Stars are born
I'm watching them turn

PRE-CHORUS

Everything moves
Everything breathes
Again and again

CHORUS

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin
Creation, destruction
Again, again

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin
I'm here, I'm watching
It begins, begins

VERSE 2

Time folds
Light bends
Turning, turning
Worlds awake
Worlds dissolve
I'm watching them turn

PRE-CHORUS

Everything moves
Everything breathes
Again and again

CHORUS

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin

Creation, destruction
Again, again

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin
I'm here, I'm watching
It begins, begins

BRIDGE

Spiral
Spiral
Turn, turn, turn
Spiral
Spiral
Burn, burn, burn

BREAKDOWN

I'm watching
(Watching)
Turning
(Turning)
Again
(Again)

FINAL CHORUS

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin
Creation, destruction
Again, again

Watch it all spiral
Watch it all spin
I'm here, I'm watching
It begins

OUTRO

Turning, turning
Again, again
Turning, turning

THE FREQUENCY



The Frequency captures the instant when external rhythm and interior identity coincide. Bass, bodies, relationship and pattern lock into phase; name and world fall away, yet that dissolution reveals something more authentic beneath them. The alignment lasts only while the signal holds—and then, without warning, it is lost.

INTRO

The frequency...
The frequency...

VERSE 1

The floor is pulling me down
Gravity reversed tonight
Bodies move like one machine
I forget my name

CHORUS

This is the frequency
The perfect frequency
When everything aligns
This is the frequency
(The frequency)
Feel it cut through me
(Through me)

VERSE 2

The bass is in my chest now
Heart syncs to the tempo
Lost inside the pattern
I forget the world

CHORUS

This is the frequency
The perfect frequency
When everything aligns
This is the frequency
(The frequency)
Feel it cut through me
(Through me)

BREAK

Don't stop the signal
Don't break the wave
I'm dissolving here
Into the sound
Into the sound
(Into the sound)

CHORUS

This is the frequency
The perfect frequency
When everything aligns
This is the frequency
(The frequency)
Feel it cut through me
(Through me)

FINAL CHORUS

This is the frequency
The perfect frequency
When everything aligns

OUTRO

The frequency...
The frequency...

Signal lost.



City Lights finds intimacy within the circuitry of the contemporary city. Trains, windows, streetlights and wires become a shared nervous system, carrying feeling as naturally as electrical current. Two people need not explain their connection; by moving through the city together, they transform its infrastructure into an emotional landscape.

VERSE 1

Streetlight flicker
Midnight trains
Your shadow crosses
Window panes

PRE-CHORUS

Static in the air
Something pulling me there

CHORUS

City lights
Electric hearts
Beating in the dark
We don't have to talk
City lights
Silver sparks
Running through the wires
Where the feeling starts

VERSE 2

Neon rivers
Moving slow
Every moment
Starts to glow

PRE-CHORUS

Nothing left to hide
Standing side by side

CHORUS

City lights
Electric hearts
Beating in the dark
We don't have to talk

City lights
Silver sparks
Running through the wires
Where the feeling starts

BRIDGE

Hold the night
Don't let go
Let the current
Take us home

FINAL CHORUS

City lights
Electric hearts
Beating in the dark
We don't have to talk
City lights
Silver sparks
Running through the wires
Where the feeling starts



Make It Real places two people on opposite sides of time. Each senses a transmission, but neither can know whether its source is a living voice, a memory or a ghost sustained in the wires. The repeated mantra is an attempt to give an immaterial connection physical form; when the signal disappears, the nature of that connection remains unresolved.

INTRO

Close your eyes.
Find the line.
Hold the frequency.
Stay with me.
Stay with me.

MANTRA

Touch the air.
Feel the wave.
Make it real.
Make it real.
(One more time)
Make it real.
Make it real.

VERSE 1

I am here.
You are here.
We are one.
Moving fast.
Across the gap.
Heart to heart.
(Heart to heart)

SPOKEN

*Is the reception clear?
In these small hours, the world feels thin.
I'm watching the blue light wash over the room.
Searching for a frequency that sounds like home.
It's just a transmission through the void.
A rhythmic sequence for a ghost in the wires.
Don't let go of the thread.
I'm still here.*

BREAKDOWN

Just a signal.
Just a pulse.
Looking for you.
Waiting for you.
Where are you?

Touch the air.
Feel the wave.
Make it real.
Make it real.
Reach out.
Keep moving.
Reach out.
Keep moving.

OUTRO

Signal lost.

Signal lost.

(Stay with me)
(Stay with me)
(Stay)



Drive Time turns continuous motion into an altered state. Road, radio, streetlights and engine pulse become one flowing system, while two separate voices drift apart and return to harmony. The destination is irrelevant; intimacy exists in shared forward movement—no past, no elsewhere, only the moving night.

VERSE 1

Red lights
Silver lines
Engines breathing
In slow time

Glass and chrome
Neon blur
Every window
Holds a world

PRE-CHORUS

Signals change
No one speaks
Static hum
Underneath

CHORUS

Drive time
Moving through the glow
Drive time
Nowhere left to go

Headlights
Cut the night in two
Drive time
Me and you

VERSE 2

Dashboard
Midnight blue
Half-formed thoughts
Passing through

Radio
Soft and low
City pulse
Steady flow

PRE-CHORUS

Green to red
Red to green
All the spaces
In between

CHORUS

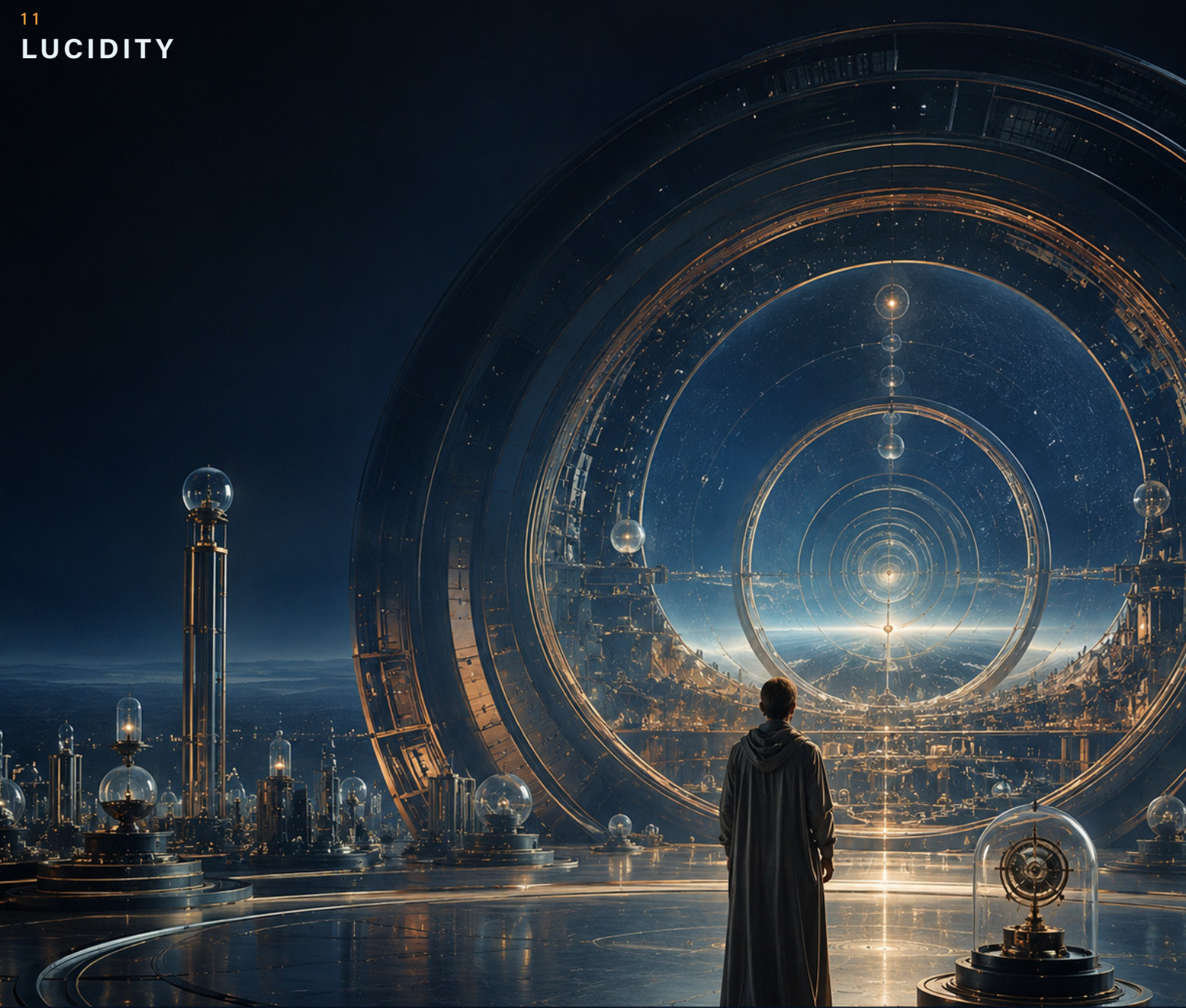
Drive time
Floating in the sound
Drive time
Circles round and round

Streetlights
Falling into line
Drive time
Out of time

BREAKDOWN

Windows down
Cool air
No past
No there

Only roads
Only light
Only this
Moving night



Lucidity imagines the future perfect as both a tense and a state: a point from which evolution, failure and success have already occurred. The loops are complete, the necessary energy has been spent and the system no longer strives. Human intelligence remains as observer and guide—not conqueror—looking across the finished structure and asking whether perfection is liberation or the final, flawless loop.

INTRO

Ready.
Ready.
Ready.
Ready.

The end.
The start.
The part where you win.
Again.
(Again)
Again.
(Again)
Again.

FUTURE PERFECT.
FUTURE PERFECT.
Done it.
Will have done it.
FUTURE PERFECT.
(Right now)
FUTURE PERFECT.
(Right now)

SPOKEN WORD I

BREAKDOWN

Stop.
Rewind the clock.
The loop is tight.
The loop is right.
No change.
No choice.
Just the noise.
(The noise)

BUILD-UP

Push the lever.
Stay forever.

Push the lever.
Stay forever.
Go.
Go.
Go.
Go.

SPOKEN WORD II

FINAL CLIMAX

FUTURE PERFECT.
FUTURE PERFECT.
You've already been.
You've already seen.
Total win.
Spin it.
(Spin it)
Spin it.
(Spin it)
Spin it.

OUTRO

Perfect.
Perfect.
Proper.
Sort it.

ALBUM NOTES

***Invisible Things* maps a world in which emotion behaves like circuitry, cities possess nervous systems and human connection emerges through signal, rhythm and alignment.**

Across the album, observation repeatedly becomes participation. Scientific instruments reach towards feeling; separate waveforms reinforce into collective life; bodies dissolve into geometry, sound and motion. Signals cross streets, wires and even time itself, while their receivers search for something authentic within the transmission.

The recurring language of frequency, pulse, code and signal forms the album's underlying physics. These are technologies, but they are also metaphors for attention, intimacy and consciousness: hidden structures made briefly perceptible.

From the first attempt to map the invisible to the final point of lucidity, the album moves between arising and dissolution, connection and loss, repetition and emergence. What is measured changes the observer. What is observed begins to answer.

- 01 Invisible Things
- 02 The Code
- 03 Stay Electric
- 04 The Electronic Assembly
- 05 Perfect Tessellation
- 06 Spirals
- 07 The Frequency
- 08 City Lights
- 09 Make It Real
- 10 Drive Time
- 11 Lucidity

CREDITS

MUSIC, LYRICS AND PRODUCTION

Written and produced by Simulacra

VISUAL DIRECTION AND BOOKLET DESIGN

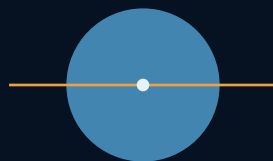
Simulacra

TRACK ARTWORK

Visual concepts and art direction by Simulacra

Artwork developed with OpenAI image generation

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