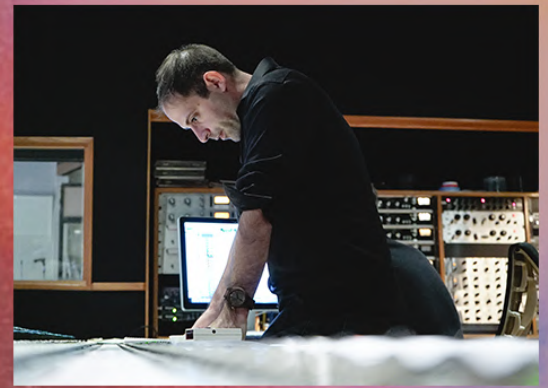


Movement I:

29.5 Days

4:11

Chimes of time and the winds of ages cascade across the golden dipped beams as the glowing silver-white disk waxes. After the evening feast of the fulfillment of dreams and desires, the moon and sun take their moment to rise together. Great visions of the future are summoned as good and evil are pondered simultaneously. Goals are renewed and healing energy is absorbed by all who bask in the dense moisture of the golden beams. During this synodic period the dual rumbling of nature's yoke is violent awoken as the death cycle hunts its victims in the night whilst the birth cycle brings new life to light.



Movement II:

The World Tree

4:34

Night by night as the new moon wanes, seeds of evolution carry in the cold wind and spread through the eventide. Planting its colors in the spiritless ground and sprouting roots in all directions the wisdom of ages dawn to decay as enlightenment finds a way. The overlapping and intersecting roots push heavily; and with each weighty and burdensome push, a renewal of mystic divinity connects the heavens and earth. Branches bust bridges to the realms of the Gods whilst rivaling roots rend the dark chthonic Underworld. The crystalline leaves absorb the ascending primeval waters of the chasm bearing a cosmic equinox. Nearing towards the edge, voices of howling creatures obscured by the mists of time, carry in the hiemal winds flowing between the twisted and rapidly wrapping branches. Staring into the dark depths of the three sacred wells. The well of creation, preservation, and destruction, a fateful final reminder comes cascading forward all at once from the abandoned rhythms of wandering hearts. Remember which has been lost, celebrate which is upon us and reach for a bright future.

Movement III:

Churning of the Ocean of Milk

Since the beginning of time the Gods and the Demons had been at war. They each desired to become immortal and to do so they needed to acquire the nectar of immortality.

The Gods went to the supreme Lord Vishnu, they ask him how they could obtain the nectar of immortality. He told them that in order to gain the nectar of immortality they would have to churn the ocean of milk together with their enemies, the Demons. Because the Gods desired to obtain the nectar of immortality and because there was no other way to do it they decided to work together with the Demons.

And this is what they did: The Gods and Demons together took the huge snake, Vasuki, and wrapped him around the great mountain, Mandara. The snake was the churning rope, and the mountain was the churn. They placed the huge mountain on the back of an enormous tortoise at the bottom of the ocean so that the churning rod would have a firm base. Lord Vishnu incarnated as a giant tortoise to enable the process.

When everything was ready the Demons refused to take the tail of the snake because they thought that that was behind them. So the Gods took the tail of the snake and the Demons took the head. Then they began to turn the mountain pulling the snake back and forth churning the ocean of milk. The very first thing that came out of the ocean of milk was a vicious and terrible poison. It threatened to kill both the Gods and Demons and destroy the whole world. To save all creation Lord Shiva held it in his throat and the poison turned him blue. Then many wonderful treasures came out of the ocean of milk. The wish fulfilling cow, the white elephant, the divine seven-headed horse, the wish fulfilling tree, the most divine jewel in the entire universe, a powerful bow, the mystical conch, the goddess of good fortune, her sister misfortune, the divinely beautiful woman, the goddess of alcohol and intoxication, and finally the pitcher of immortality held in the hands of Dhanvantari. The joining of the Gods and the Demons brought forth many wonderful things to the earth including the nectar of immortality.

Movement IV:

Drinks at the Cat's Eye Nebula

Sailing across its dusty pristine beaches and traversing down the verdant bamboo grove rings, the concentric city shells in lotus layers brought our ship closer down the city edges of the nebula. The complex cosmic color palette that we could smell only enticed us more to a sip sample of the cooling beverages the locals drank.

The fast abrupt stellar winds carried a lost hollowed out rhythm brushing against us as we were escorted through lush faint canary yellow sulphur ridden rice terraces. I was handed a dark volcanic sloped glass filled with a cool fragrant beverage. The nebula's gravitational force gave each sample a refreshing glow cascading down creating a pleasant balance between sip and swallow. The cosmic nebular flavors interplay of bitter lemon dust and sweet milk chocolate with hot pepper accents. As the drink reached its depths, pulsations turned this cool thoughtful harmonic into a series of heated and destructive surface pulses occurring at intervals outside of known time.

I had been here once before in a dark timeless dream.

The clouds surrounding everything had a forgotten haze which twisted my mind leaving me lost as the feel of each cloud stream wired its way in my body and within my veins. The new nebular skin covering my old bones was worth journeying through the cosmos and being invited along for the ride was reward enough.



Movement V:
Seven Deadly Sins

16:06

We had come to know things and been told things. Crystallized on paths set before us and born into this, each step from birth has been an act of destruction for us to enjoy. One pleasant and calm afternoon I found myself enjoying the park and the sun in all its glory. Before me a gathering of animals collected themselves and each tone of creature seemed more vibrant than the next. I had never before enjoyed the company of such delightful beasts of burden in the past as I did that afternoon. Our conversations quite cordial and filled with humor and insight. A meal had been suggested and they set a picnic before me where we delighted in the most lavish dining something that would rival any royal feast. The tower of food had been a proud triumph but the animals wanted more. Their desire for more had slowly transformed these delightful beings into a most horrific feuding group. While a majority of them had broke out into violence the remaining ones curbed their greed with in the most disordered chaotic loveless orgy. What had these animals done to my glorious afternoon? I lazily sat back in the sun, just as I had done when I first arrived and slowly watched as they destroyed each other.

Movement VI:
Phoenix of Atlantis

8:21

The cool night breeze carrying notes of myrrh, cascading through the hollows of the temple of the Sun. As the moonlight shifts to daylight, the fully charged and illuminated seven rays breathe life into its crest of feathers. The purple flames of the torches that lit the hallways travelled deep into the heart of Atlantis.

The hallways and corridors so wide that the Phoenix could pass through at full wingspan with space to spare. The Atlanteans had be given great gifts and technology to lead it into a wonderful world but had slowly squandered their essence and abused the gifts of the great Phoenix. The Atlanteans and the Phoenix had a mutual understanding and symbiotic relationship to make this Utopia work. The Atlanteans started to abuse the gifts of the Phoenix and soon the Phoenix had no choice but to persevere the celestial spheres of the universe. Sadness and misery had conquered the bird and it had no choice but to sacrifice the great nation and its people sending them to a watery grave. In a final effort to persevere the art, science and technology of Atlantis, the mythic bird summoned a heavy Pleiadian rain to fall. While the heavy rains fell the Phoenix became an engorging scarlet hue, and a massive heat started to disintegrate and dissolve all creation. While the bird rose above the continent expanding its wings, dark stones of rain abundantly fell from the sky turning green as they passed through the glowing bird-light. Gold and scarlet lightning struck the ground as the violent and cumbersome winds generated from its giant wings blew the people away in the fiery dust disintegrating all matter into ash. Atlantis started to burn and fall apart and as the heavenly space rain touched down, each section it struck perservedly plummeted to the ocean condemning those left to spend eternity living in a subterranean oceanic colony. Its dark crystalline dome can never be found for in the night it darkens and hidden during the day from the green texture it reflect masking it with the ocean's plant life. With nothing left of either the Phoenix or Atlantis a solemn stillness haunt the restful ocean waves. 10,886,400 units of space time had passed with all perpetual motion at a standstill. Suddenly, the ocean of ashes started to move and the Phoenix had resurrected upon a lowly conch shell. Using the shell to push itself into the larger beast it would be, in doing so it left a trail of purple dye trickling down the coastline of the newly formed continental cradle of life it would govern over for the next galactic eon.

Movement VII:

1089

6:50

Rustling cosmic rays slowly escape from a black hole deep in the heart of the universe. A dark blanket of cosmological wonder lay infinitely spiraled that it appears flat. The omnidirectional buzz of electric life vibrating within the ever-flowing veins of the cosmos soon to give birth from the fringe of fragility. As the seeping light splits away from the galactic sinews of time, an ancient gothic voice echoes along the cavernous corners of space sharing the wisdom of the ages.

"Live on time emit no evil

Do nine men interpret nine men I nod

Too far away no mere clay or royal ceremony a war afoot

War distended nets I draw

Was it a rat I saw?

No lemons. No melon.

Solo gigolos. Senile felines.

Never odd or even.

No word. No bond. ROW ON!

Do Good's deeds live on? No! Evil's deeds do, O God.

God a red nugget, a fat egg under a dog

Drab as a fool, as aloof as a bard

Dual for a war of laud

Dog as a devil deified, lived as a God."

Welcome to the vortex of life where new spheres of souls are molded, hatched and hammered into existence while the starry wonders are shouted into the abyss. Slow burning byproducts of abandoned parallel timelines beat as oars against the currents of eternity. Gloomy shadows and shifting monsters of murkiness slither and move under the dripping dry frozen breath of the universe as they try to escape the darkness while the new world is created. Another glowing silver-disc finds a way and though it does teeter between the fractions of desperate light, hope resurrected from the ashes births a new world ready to fight.

Movement VIII: The Library of Morpheus

7:16

I had been escorted by Morpheus to a lost city where I was directed to a Library so grand and vast that my imagination could not process the wonder and excited ricocheting through my veins. We travelled down many watery aisles and turnings beneath the ocean floor. Scribbled books from all types; those in the past, the present, the future by beasts and fantasy piled in mountains and pillars from base reaching as far as the eye could see. Though the space surrounding us was entirely water we could breathe and the books were all dry. Morpheus lit a torch with a purple flame and signaled me to follow. Each book had a different taste to it and while I dined on literature I could hear conversations coming from the shelves. Voices started to follow one after the next, ancient languages telling me their secrets.

"Beat. Time. Move. Start. Heaven. Beauty. Lips. Free.

I'd give all my heart to see the sun rise,

Enlightenment on such a sweet Sunday.

Given to me in the salt-green summer,

Ribbons of euphoria peel my soul.

Orange time gave the fifth season its chance

And as music fills the cup of silence

One trillion hearts thrown out to drift through time.

What can happen in a warm single breath?

Looking far deep into the hourglass

I wonder about feelings left behind.

Maybe, its that we are afraid to love.

Or maybe, we just love to be afraid..."

I shifted a little too close to an open book and could feel a boneless arm wrap around my leg, while the fingers of the hand gripped me hard so I couldn't escape. I was being dragged into the booked and grasped to anything I could. Morpheus laughed as he pulled me from being dragged into the pages of time. Following the burning purple torch held by Morpheus we started our exit from the library. We could not turn around to exit from where we entered. We continued through the winding bookcases. Bookcases as staircases,

leading us out. The exit path was the mirrored entrance to the library and as I ascended out of the water my breathing never changed but my mind had forever metamorphosized.

Movement IX:

Habakrem

————— 5:39

When the hammer falls nine times, two mystical voices break forth from their astral realms and navigate divine incantations to inspire, activate and enlighten spirals of energy within each terrestrial being.

“The time has come for the betterment of man, for peace, for grooming. The time has come for a general awakening amongst mankind. Time to thrive and not be depleted. Time for new beginning of prosperity. Arise and awake the heart of man. Gold plated armor, weapons of steel, will no longer be fitting and of consequence. The heart of the pure is not the heart of the brave. Man arises from the dust and his growth nurtured by the sand, by the seas, nurtured by love and harmony. All that want to participate will participate, follow the guidance, the signals set in front of you.

You will know what to do

You may give each person an instrument but they may choose not to play.

*Harmony flows up and down like the waves of the sea
Calm, still, abrupt and violent.*

One cannot be seasick if one is part of the harmony of waves. The nebula is multidimensional connecting both space and time. Spiraling spirits lost in the past, the future await to chime. Inward and outward loops of energy overlap Ebbs and flows along the roadmap.

Do not be distracted by the noise that is about.

Follow the innate.

*How to work in sync, how to be balance,
how to be solid like cement. Each step of progress
a key to the next multitude.*

To the overflowing cup of life

Of growth

Of heavens

*Each man is multiple men, one must only know how to
activate each part,*

*The innate tells the parts, like a moving cogwheel clock.
Each step, though may appear small, a grand gesture to
progression and fulfillment,*

To the overflowing cup of potential of love of the heavens.

Allow yourself to be all but at the same time be one.

Be one, choose it.

Open doors within and unblock the innate nature of life.

I'll point you to the sky but only you can fly.”

Movement X:

Eleven Fold Labyrinth

————— 1:01

We had not gone far - I held my breath as we passed along a narrow, arched tunnel. The violet sunbeams came slanting through the broken mangled branches of the Atlantean trees scattered in such a strange yet familiar pattern. The twists and turns against the red hedgeways made our journey a meditative one.

Entering the intimidating Hendecagon we travelled down its vibrant pathway. We could not see where we stood in the eleven sided ring as it was all black and dark under our feet. The walls surrounding emitted a vibrant red hue yet each corner blended into the next making our journey even more in treacherous when we started. The rules of the labyrinth were cast upon us as a hidden mighty voice ricocheted along the darkened walls.

I remember my first sensation distinctly as I was handed the dark velvet pouch. I reached inside to find three misshaped stones. Pulling the stones from the pouch and cast them before me and the others in my company. We each took turns casting the stones. With each unique throw our fate had been decided and the journey each one of us would take in the eleven fold labyrinth. We had our own journey to make within these vexing walls.

The hidden voice watched with ill-concealed amusement while the souls of each imagineer poured intensely into the system pitch path of the Creator. We started down various points and the arched tunnels that led into larger sonic chambers. Some of us had shorter pockets of depth while others marked a further journey into the labyrinth. Some of us had been cast into a journey of rough-hewn passageways without any sign of relief. Others a more demure and timid wandering. Never reaching the end together, we disbanded and found our own endings passing through the illuminatory eleven fold labyrinth.

A journey taken together for each one to have
learned

the secret teachings of all ages.

Movement XI

Merlin's Ladder

5:40

In an old Irish village a parade was taking place down the old worn cobblestone road. Men and women in traditional clothing singing while dancing with their banners in hand. There we were sitting at a nearby cafe with a close view of the parade. A young woman with blonde braided hair approached the table and sat upon my lap. Her legs and arms joyfully flinging about. She started telling us an old tale about an ancient sorcerer named Merlin and his ascending mystical ladder. With a gentle voice she said, "See that ladder over there?" as she pointed in the distance and up into the heavens. She pointed with so much might and told her tale. As she did, it was as though a magic fog had passed over us and we could envision a seven tiered ladder ascending into the sky. "Many people have tried to climb up Merlin's ladder in hopes to reach everlasting glory, but most do not succeed. Everyone would like even the smallest taste of the heavens" The people were hanging and falling and they were climbing in all different directions. The rising ladder had twists and slight imperfections which made it all the more beautiful. Each person grasping a rung, grasping some footing but falling down. Her words echoing again, "Everyone would like even the smallest taste of the heavens". She then blew us a kiss and rejoined the parade. The fog then lifted and life forever changed.



Composer & Conductor: Nadeem Majdalany

Producers: David Davis, Nadeem Majdalany and Sarah Uhle

Mixed by: David Davis and Nadeem Majdalany

Mixed at: Guesthouse, Los Angeles CA

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Additional Engineer: Keith Munson

Additional Engineer: Lucas Fehring

Recorded at: EastWest Studios

Additional Percussion Recorded at: Riot Drum Music

Mastering Engineer: Adam "Yukon" Harr

Mastered at: Blue Oak Mastering

Album Cover Art: Lina Shammass

Album Designer: Herman Jonathan Aguon

Designed at: FFundays

Flute & Alto Flute: Sara Andon

Bass Flute: Shannon Canchola

Clarinet & Bass Clarinet: Ryan Glass

Oboe & English Horn: April Cap

French Horn: Adam Wolf

Bass Trombone & Euphonium: Robert Soto

Trumpet: Sean Erick

Alto, Tenor, Baritone Saxophones: Leon Silva

Trombone: Kevin Williams

Hammer: Keith Munson

Conch Shell: Lucas Fehring

Wooden Wolf : Nadeem Majdalany

Harp: Tamzin Elliot

Piano: Jason Stoll (movement 5 & 10)

Piano: Nadeem Majdalany (movement 8)

Prepared Piano: Nadeem Majdalany (movement 10)

Violin: Leah Zeger

Cello: Isaiah Gage

Cello: Katt Newlon

Cello: Ro Rowan

Double Bass: Toby Karlin

Nylon Guitar: Stephen Thachuk

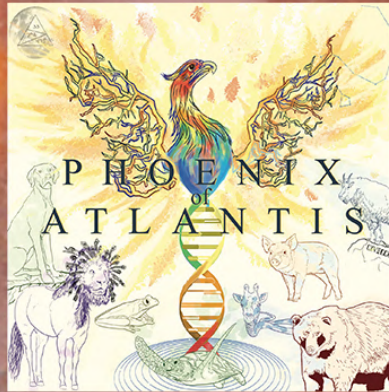
Electric Guitar: Luis Palacios

Marimba, Vibraphone & Glockenspiel: **Kristen Klehr**
Timpani & Percussion: **MB Gordy**
Percussion: **Hal Rosenfeld**

Soprano: **Christine Hals**
Baritone: **Ra'ed Saade**
Alto Gothic Sprechstimme: **Sarah Uhle**

Chinese Vocals: **Kunjue Li**
Korean Vocals: **Jiin Jang**
Greek Vocals: **Anna Spyrou**
Hindi Vocals: **Lakshmi Chandrashekar**
Igbo Vocals: **Mary Akpa**
Portuguese Vocals: **Tatiana Romao**

Special thanks and sincere appreciation to:
Scarlett Phoenix, Dr. Lina Shammass, ForeignEars, AutoFokus Media (AFM), Isak Ziegner Designs, Electrophonic Guitars, Marimba One, Morphbeats, SOMA Labs, Candace Stewart, Dustyn Hiatt, Yoosuf Blake, Virginia Ngozi Akpa, Camilla Meidell, Aks Chandrasekhar, Alex Majdalany, Carmen & Camille, Mantura Shelby



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