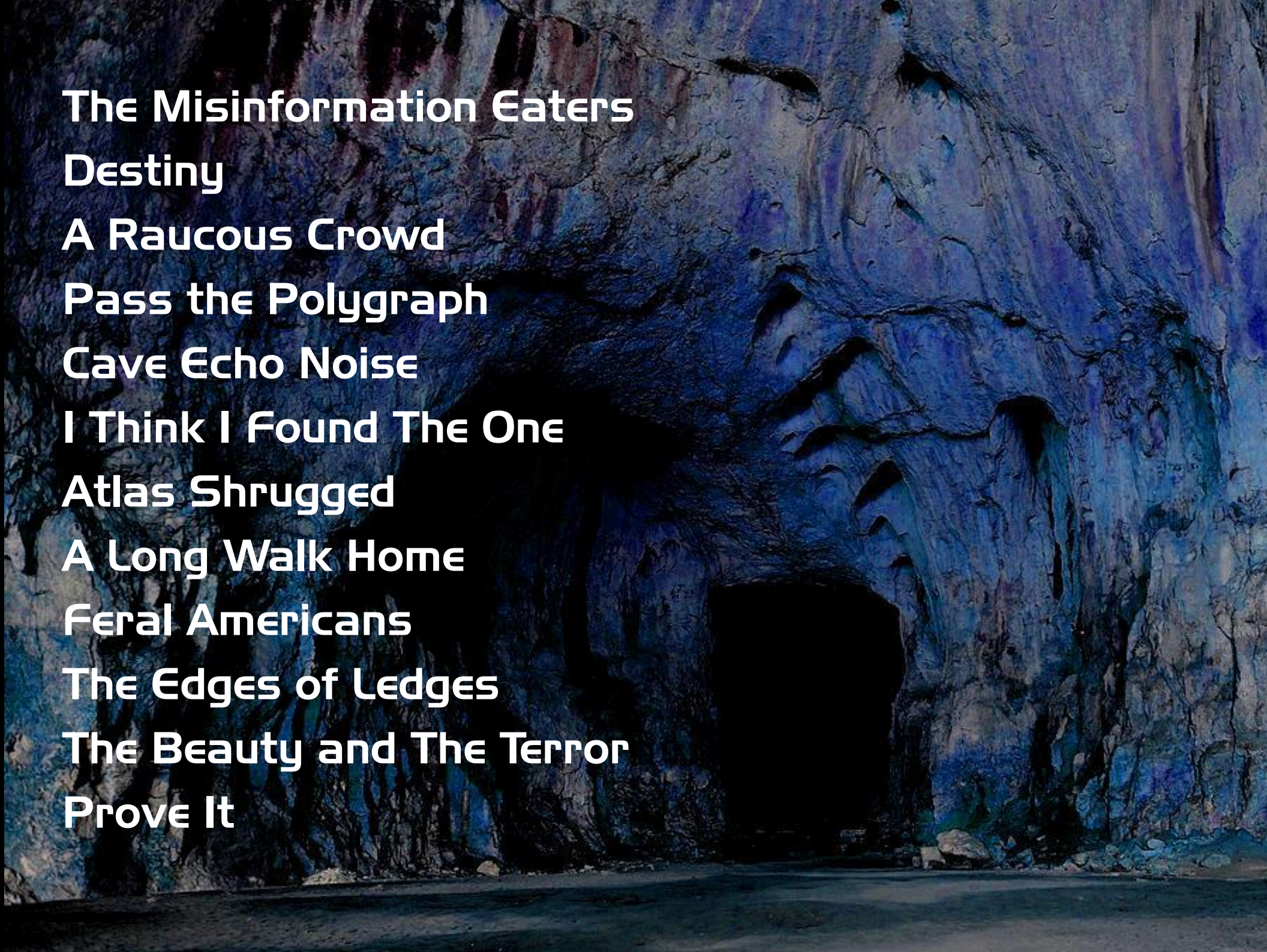


The Jason Fables

A dramatic cave interior with sunlight streaming through an opening, illuminating rocky formations and stalactites. The scene is dark and atmospheric, with the light creating a strong contrast between the illuminated areas and the deep shadows of the cave.

Cave Echoes of the Info Eaters



**The Misinformation Eaters
Destiny
A Raucous Crowd
Pass the Polygraph
Cave Echo Noise
I Think I Found The One
Atlas Shrugged
A Long Walk Home
Feral Americans
The Edges of Ledges
The Beauty and The Terror
Prove It**



The Misinformation Eaters

I was a happy consumer
of this new modern age
Modest, anonymous, good citizen
deep down in my cave
Boy, but those were the days
Things round here have since changed
Little from then remains

You see
some of the people around me
turned out to be not quite real
They'd sold off the rights to their minds to be told
exactly how to feel
Oh, it's a hurt help won't heal

The Misinformation Eaters'
junk-logic belief in a way of life
where nothing at all rhymes with reason
Enamel cracking mammals
surviving on news feeds
Their endless chewing
echoing down into my down deep

So how could I remain in my cave
with power shifting everywhere
I needed to find a solution
and knew it'd not be found round here
No decision to make
Leave before it's too late
Before it's way too late to leave



Destiny

Destiny

'With The Wind' as a strategy
Freed from the rails of his life
yet bound to a pledge inside

Destiny

The beauty and the terror of freedom
will try to change a man

Destiny

How his journey rolled endlessly
until the horizon reluctantly revealed
a place full of foreign appeal

Destiny

The beauty and the terror of freedom
will try to change a man



A
**Raucous
Crowd**

All I did was show up
and I was brought inside
where nothing's ever enough
and nothing's ever denied

Kicking tables and throwing things
and being loud
I can't believe I fell in
with such a raucous crowd

Oh, I think something's been
mixed in my drink
Oh man, don't know why
all the people here are so mean

Look at them all
try to get over on each other
They're missing the point
and the power of Together
Look at them all try to go forward
at each other's expense
They're missing the point
and the power of Togetherness

Now it never slows up
Resistance left behind
I no longer know myself
Just following this tribe

Kicking tables and throwing drinks
and getting loud
I can't believe I fell in
with such a raucous crowd



Pass
the
Polygraph

Woke up in custody
Sunlight's the enemy
Lost my identity, it seems
I knew by the way
I was left with the blame
I was through with The Raucous
and they felt the same

What have I done
I need to sleep, I need some rest
To clear the webs from
their tangled mess here in my head

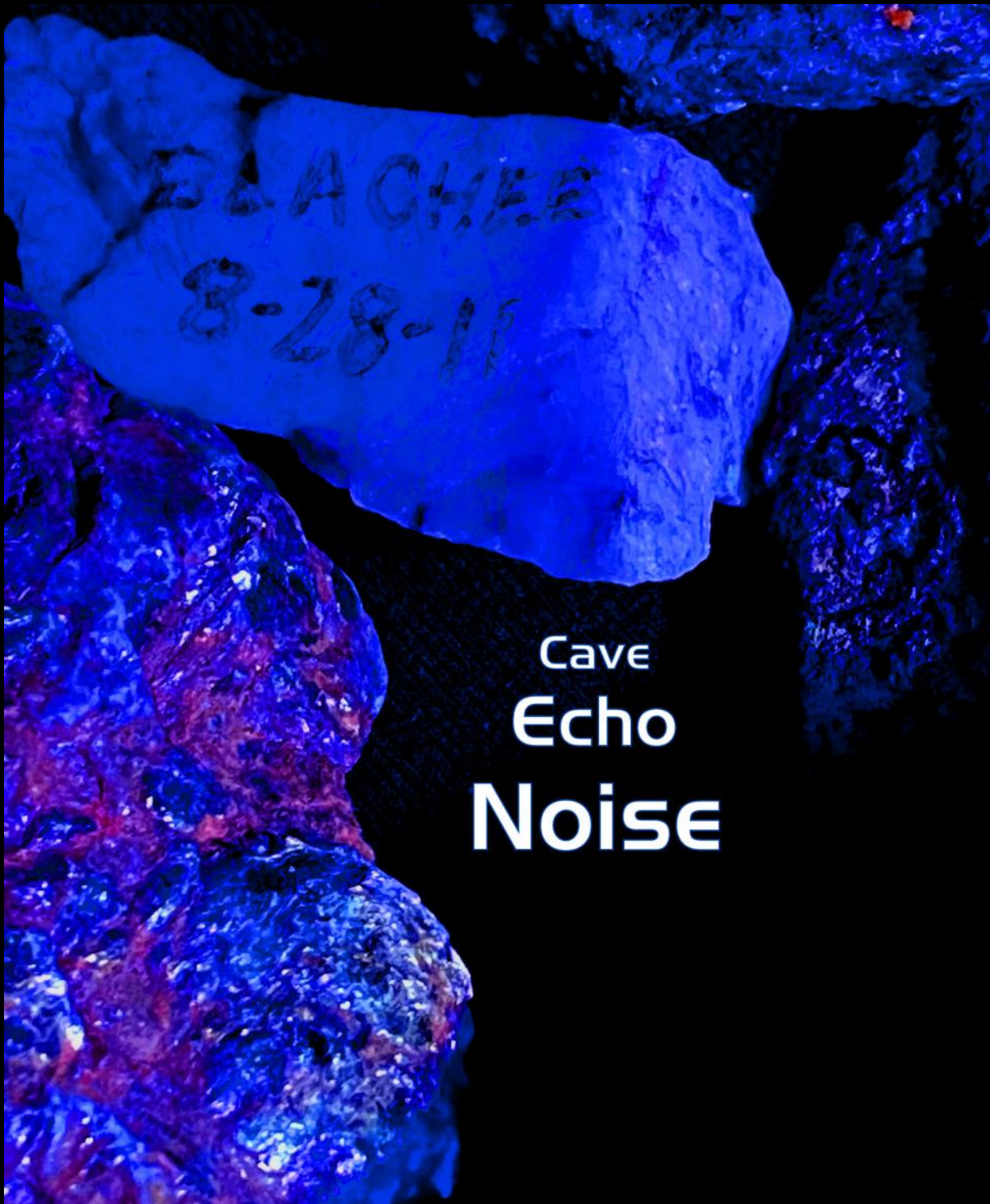
They say I can leave
if I pass the polygraph
So if I pass the polygraph
I'm gunna leave

Look back with misery
at all that I've failed to be
I should stop the misinformation feast
at least

Now deciding my fate
dancing lines on a page
My mind off in regret
back down deep in my cave

They say I can leave
if I pass the polygraph
So if I pass the polygraph
I'm gunna leave

They said I can leave
'cus I passed the polygraph



Cave
Echo
Noise

Blown off a course
that he never even knew
Oh, now what will our
Dear Traveler do?

When you don't trust
the wind anymore
then you have to make a choice

So he headed out
in his own direction
to resolve the cave echo noise

The beauty and terror of freedom
will try to change a man
Oh why, tell me why

When you don't trust
the wind anymore
you own anything you destroy

This guided him
in his own decision
to resolve the cave echo noise



I Think
I Found
The One

I couldn't stop looking at
the way that she held her drink
back when we met
and talked on the train
when I didn't know what to think

Her discriminating logic
had filled me up full with such promise
Oh, I think I found The One
Not even a trace
of misinformation on her tongue
Oh, I think I've found The People
but I'm keeping it cool
Don't want my excitement too revealed

Have I been switching off
warning lights?
Have I've been ignoring
warning signs?

I wouldn't dare looking back
the way that she took my hand
I felt the solution was just up ahead
as I was led through her foreign land

Her invigorating prowess
had stood me up well past my tallest
Oh, I think I found The One
Not even a trace
of misinformation on her tongue
Oh, I think I've found The People
but I'm keeping it cool
Don't want my excitement too revealed



**Atlas
Shrugged**

I was locked out
when I was dropped off
She let me know then
that I wasn't allowed
Her people kept themselves
so isolated from the rest of us

There lie the answers
but not for my ear
She let me know then
that our time had been dear
but she couldn't compromise
the strength behind her insulated life

Atlas shrugged and so did I
while sitting alone
outside the gates of her city that night
Atlas shrugged which wet my eyes
How far from where I began am I now with nothing gone right?

Wherever I stop
I seem to lose hope
I told myself then
that it's time to get home
I couldn't help concluding
that the journey wasn't doing any good

I need my down deep
Head back to my cave
I told myself go
where the echo noise waits



A
Long
Walk
Home

It's such a long walk home
for Dear Traveler

Does he recognize the road
with thoughts unfocused
momentum broken?

He has no reason left to hope
for something to salvage
but he's still driven by some goal
stumbling forward
all haggard and war-torn

It's the beauty and terror of freedom
that will change a man
as much as it can

It's the beauty and terror of freedom
That will change a man

It's such a long walk home
for Dear Traveler

Does he recognize the road
with thoughts unfocused
momentum broken?



Feral Americans

I couldn't believe it
the way this guy was shouting me down
I mean, I was just minding my business
following this road through town

Ooh, I best beware
These feral Americans
bringing the terror in where they can

Then something inside of me
started to kinda tighten and churn
I saw two of them in a fight
standing by with a grin was a third

I miss the information eating people
I see it now
I miss their strengths and weaknesses
At least they understand
the power of Togetherness

An explosion erupted
I saw smoke just like pouring out a door
There was an alarm that was screaming
and, oh, The Feral were no more

Ooh, I best beware
These feral Americans
Dripping in peril and evil plans

I miss the information eating people
I see it now



The
Edges
of
Ledges

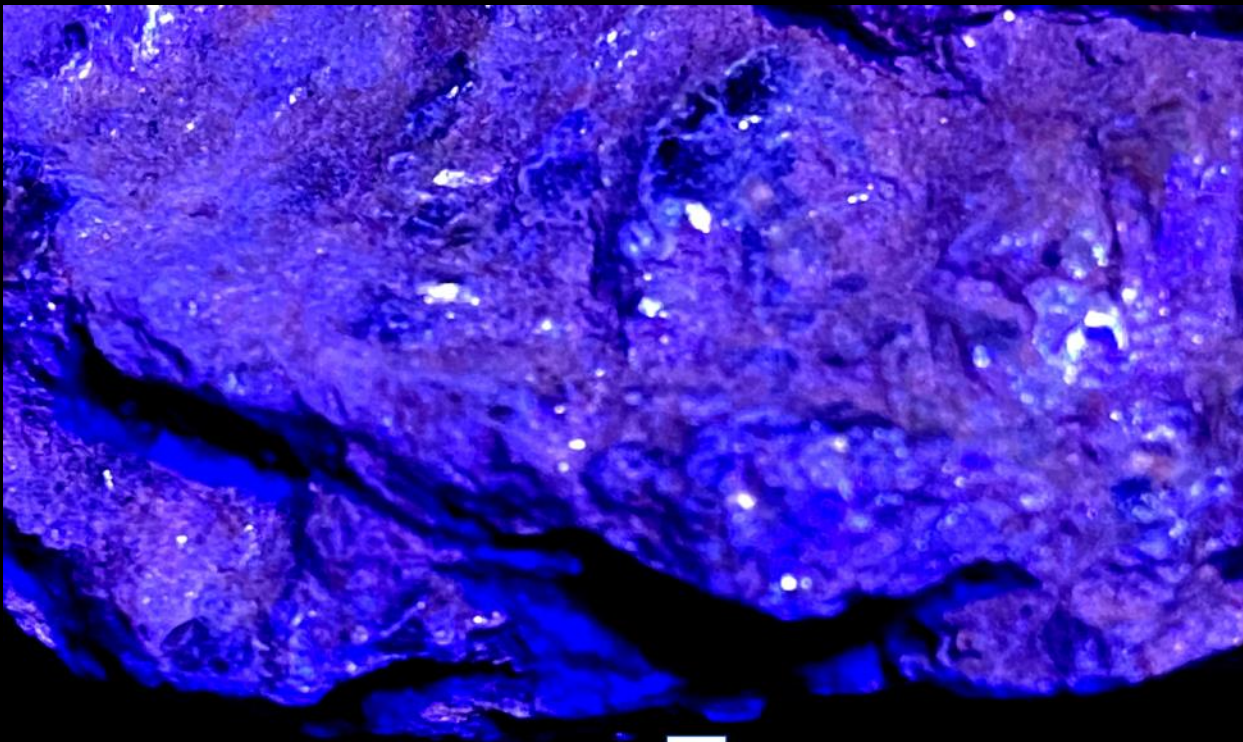
Always looking over my shoulder
wondering what I'll see
The end of a journey
all anxious and hurried
I found my focus
well, it found me

Whether it's The Raucous, The Feral
or Ones Behind Locked Gates
they all gravitate
towards the edges of ledges
while wearing blinders on their face

If someone would show me
their perfect utopia
I'd turn right round to see
how they were succeeding
Instead, I concede
people are only as good as they need be

But what really bothers me is
a people are largely defined
by their edges
not their center
Like the rings around Saturn
it becomes what you're known for

Whether it's The Raucous, The Feral
or Ones Behind Locked Gates
they all gravitate
towards the edges of ledges
while wearing blinders on their face



The Beauty and The Terror



When our Dear Traveler
caught sight of his cave
the beauty and the terror there
reflected off his face, and oh
he knew it'd not be the same

Then suddenly he saw the solution
All this time
he'd been staring right through it
but now felt it far too late
for real change to still be made

When our Dear Traveler
caught sight of his cave
the beauty and the terror there
reflected off his face, and oh
the truth was that he had changed

What he now knew
he held inside his mouth
Just waiting for some strength
in his lungs to push it out
while hoping the Information Eaters
hear his shout



Prove It

Standing alone before all of my people
wondering how I'll ever reach them
With such a thing to say
they'll probably run away
Misinformation Eaters in the crowd
to you I shout

Prove it, prove it
When someone says, "believe this"
You say, "prove it, prove it"
or you move on

We're never going to stop
all the misinformation
so make it hard for it to get inside
Give it no place to hide

Walking away
headed back to my down deep
I started to think
they might have heard me
A rumble in the ground
A growing thunderous sound
Information Eaters one and all
could be heard to shout

Peer review it to prove it
We'll all feel the improvement
When you prove it, prove it
Or you move on

Reproduce it to prove it
We'll draw the same conclusions
When you prove it, prove it
Or you move on

Cave Echoes of The Info Eaters

Written and recorded by Jason Pristash
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