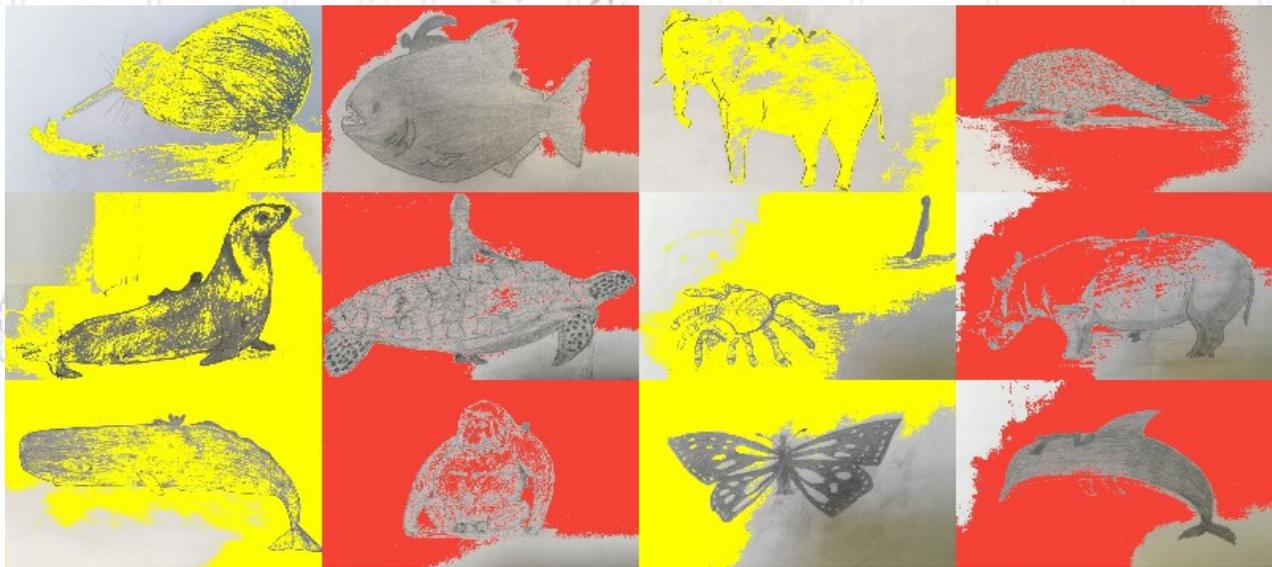


TATHA GATE



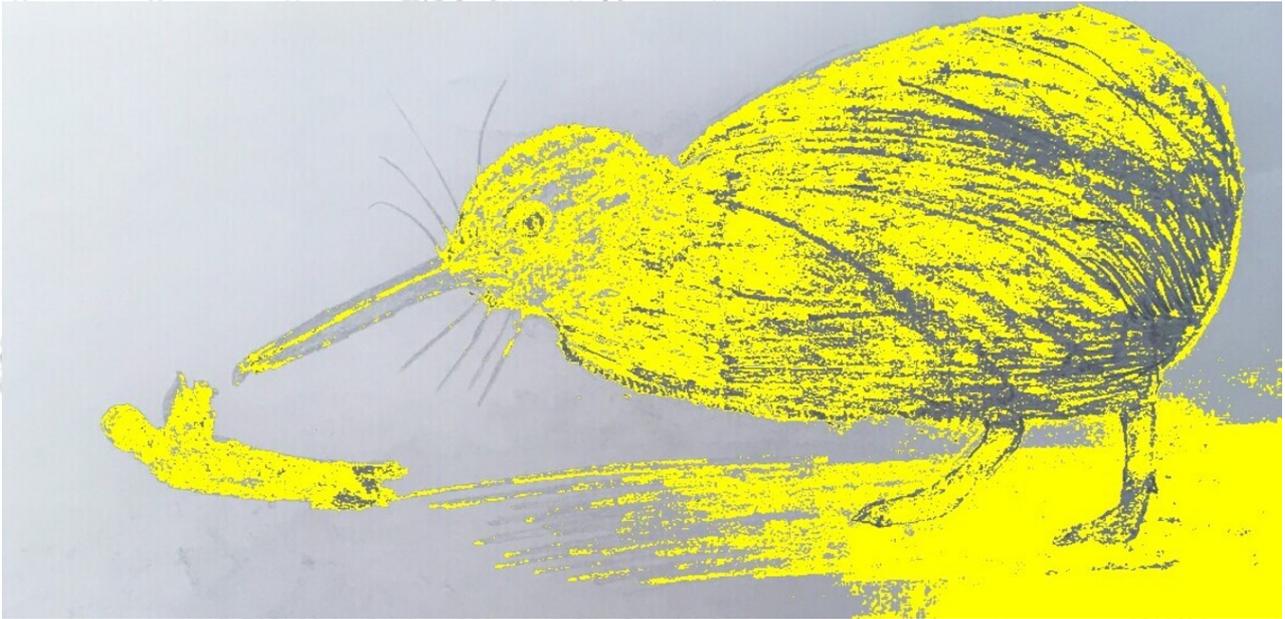
This is our effort to explain, through music and poems, the 12 causal links of Dependent Origination, the main theory behind Buddhism. We rename it *Conditioned Production*, because all of them are linked to each other, a production of our conditioned mind.

Each of these links will be represented through fading animal paintings, songs and poems. We decide to use endangered animals, matched with a human figure, as a metaphor to show how an extinguished feeling contains both positive and negative sides. Even the music follows a certain Buddhist path: going from East to West, from South to North. But explaining too much is a tedious habit. Everybody should form their own opinion about this work. The songs are intentionally instrumental, to give each listener the possibility of singing the poem/lyrics while listening to each song as they like, or not. We would like this album to be interactive: if you, as a listener, are up for it, you can also record your voice on top of your favourite among these songs and send the finished product to us. We will mix it together with other listeners' contributions, thereby creating a unique and continuous album in evolution.

We hope you will remember those animals. They might not be among us in a few years' time. Like our *Conditioned Production*.

PS The 12 animal paintings are for sale by donation. All money raised will be donated to animal welfare charities.

Ignorance (Avijia)



Ignorance and decadence are not enough,
let me introduce you to augmented consciousness

arrogance is dancing, without being present.
Everything we like is not beautiful
we don't have the tools to understand the state of things.
I am not so superficial as to understand people.

Everyone forgets to die and then cries when it happens.
Pretending happiness is happiness does not gratify our way of life.
Deciding when disappearing is better than remaining silent.
Why smile when it would be better to feel the pain?
You must discover the truths of your fears.

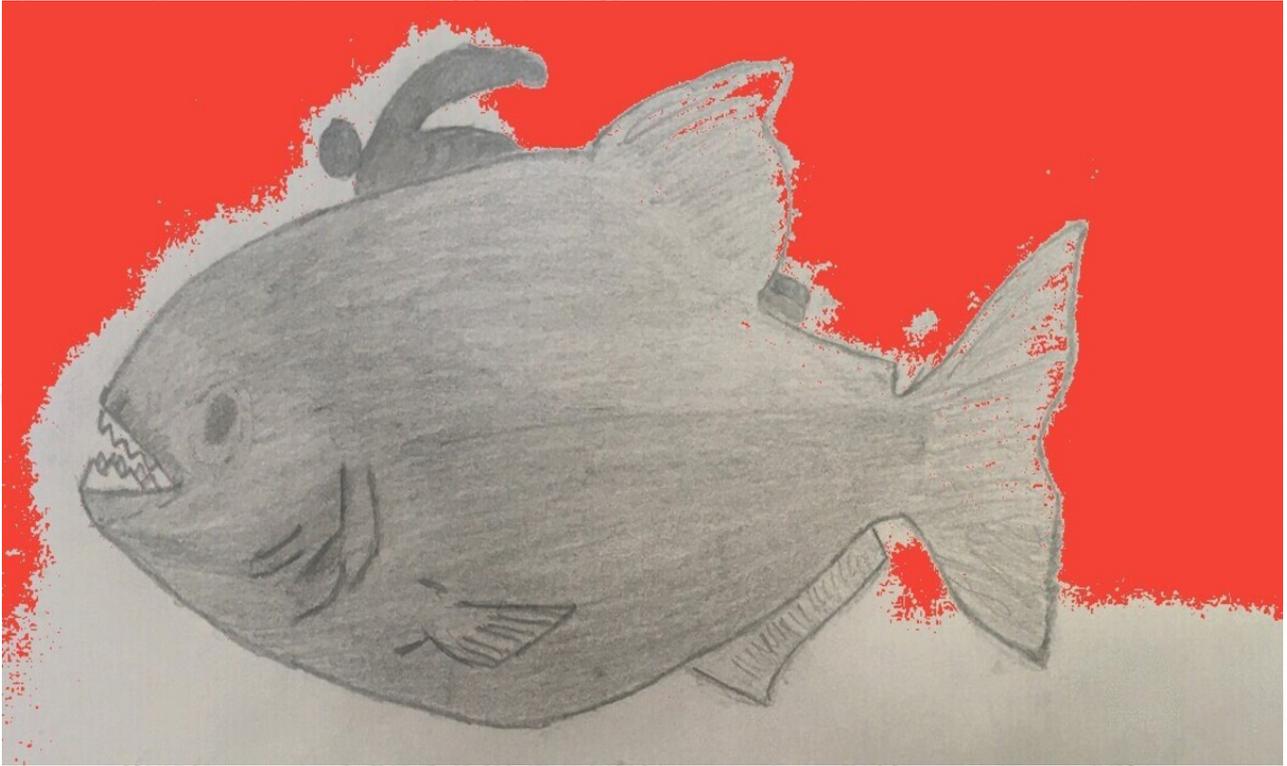
I just wish you would let me live to die.
Don't believe in the justice of gods, but in the justice of nature.
Ignorance makes happy those who float in it.

There are too many elements missing to be certain of our own choices.
I guess there are three stages to understanding life. I don't still know which one I am in.
Watching you ignore hope, you finally found joy in a stanza.

We know nothing, so we suffer the impermanence of our bodies and that of our loved ones.
Like Socrates, he died in knowledge, without sorrow, and we despair in our ignorance.
We can only break through an insight of emptiness.

Let's stop building an illusory reality.

Formations (Samskara)



Destroy your disrupted mind, don't worry too much
It's just what we called the conclusion

24H. Supermarket
life's a supermarket
it's just a supermarket
there is no goal and you know.

Put a lid on your scattered mind
and a bowl when cooking your stress.

I bless death, because life is crucified.

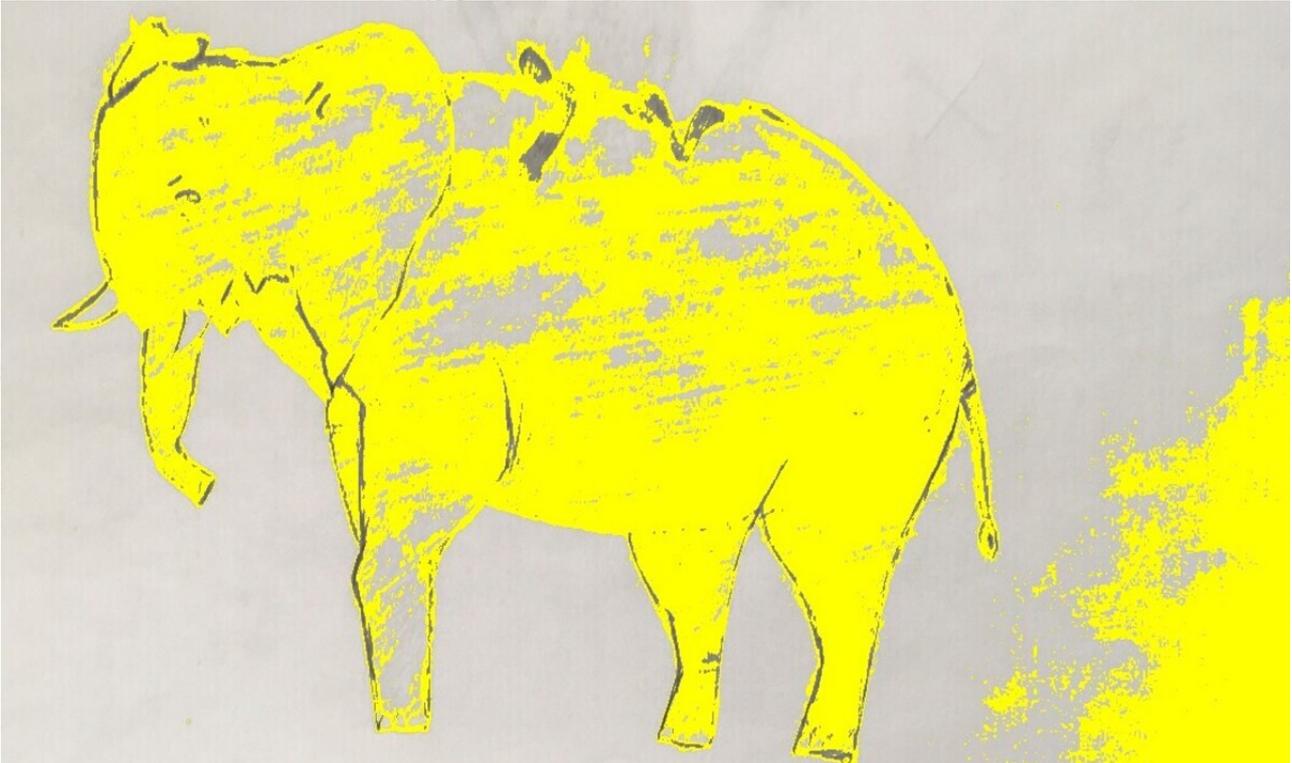
Patient like the ancient baobab
modern as a remote tab

No checks inside, whatsoever in us apart

we keep causing a fuss
sipping from a cup
while the world collapses

the best time for back up
The best time for pack up
the worst time for back up
I am out of here.

Consciousness (Vijnana)



You are going to die and you don't even know it, you only think about surviving
You know, I would love to give you a more romantic explanation
so that's why there is rain, good novels and plenty of waves
life force, mind or discernment, whatever you call that
it is understanding knowledge.

A key for your past, a door for your present.

It may be sour, may be bitter or really sweet and salty together.

A perception of white, blue, yellow and red.

The footprint on slime dissolves

The diaphanous figure is absorbed

by the light mist, blossoming

I have tears, but it is not your problem

If I bring you my sorrow

I don't need to feel so sad, or happy

I only need acceptance

My time is gone, till another time appears

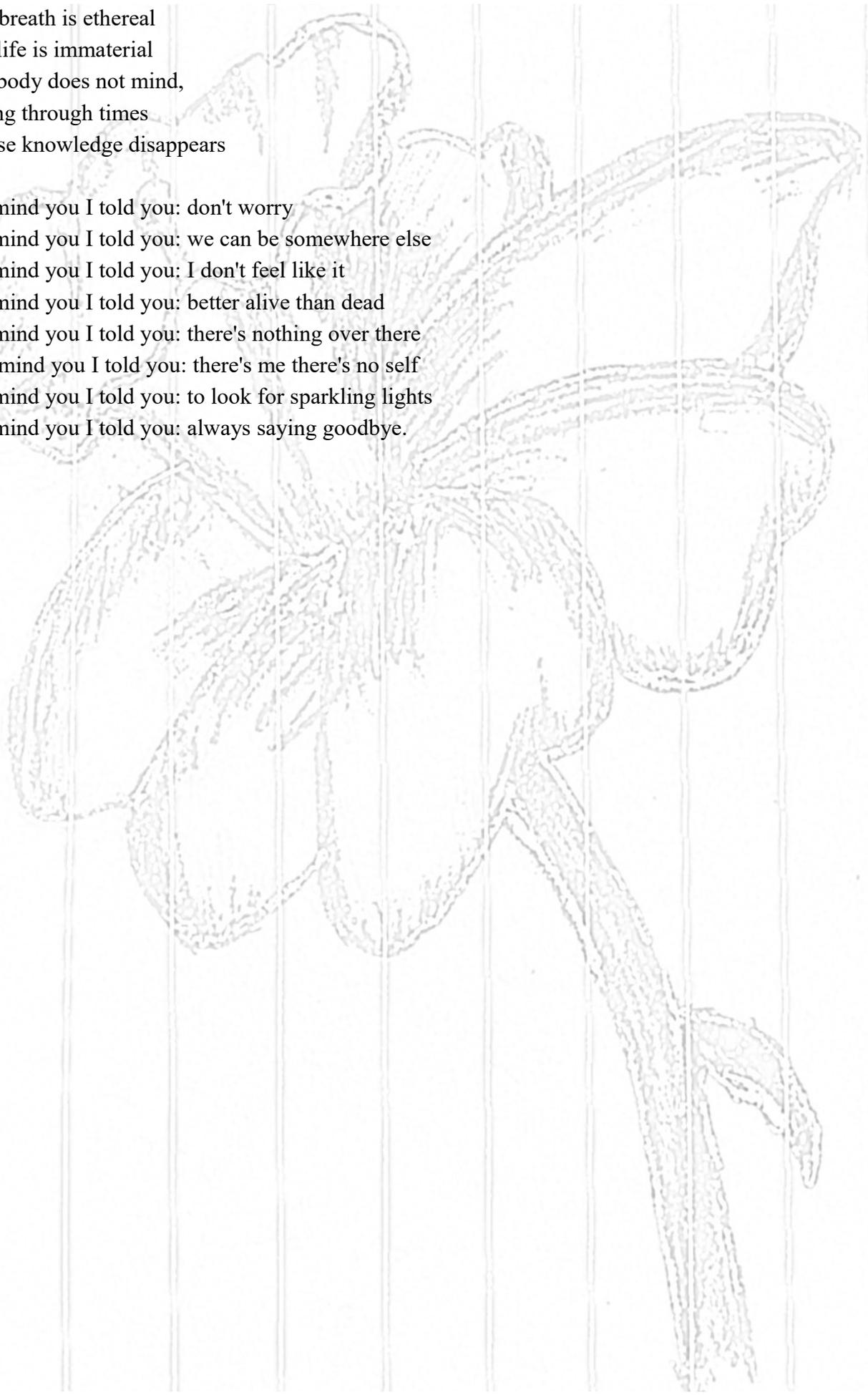
I crumpled in on myself

We live without justice

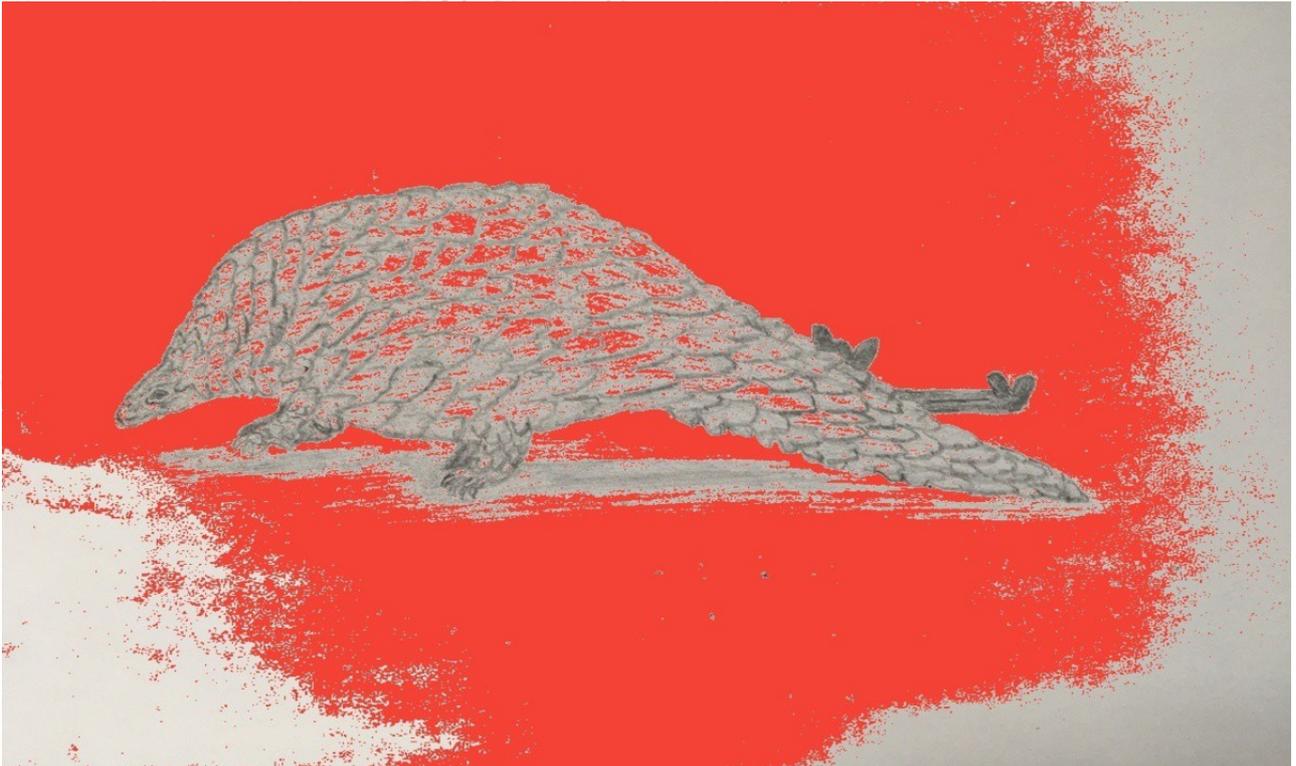
Let the will of Chance be done

My breath is ethereal
my life is immaterial
my body does not mind,
flying through times
'cause knowledge disappears

I remind you I told you: don't worry
I remind you I told you: we can be somewhere else
I remind you I told you: I don't feel like it
I remind you I told you: better alive than dead
I remind you I told you: there's nothing over there
I remind you I told you: there's me there's no self
I remind you I told you: to look for sparkling lights
I remind you I told you: always saying goodbye.



Name and form (Nama Rupa)



World, hell, viruses and we dance

traveling far without leaving
we are, we do not die,
strength, control, solution, amazement.

Gulls and magpies coming back
while mankind gets rid of many tears
from animal to animal
there is only that path

Monotony with a flash of happiness
honesty, vanity and freedom, it's all false
let's face it now without restrictions
a long and happy day

*it's over, it's just started
everything is static,
my penthouse is shining,
'cause life needs a chance.*

the trill is in the background
the most beautiful notes are played by the evil one?
What nonsense!
No one notices that the world is not the world.

Alone, in the continuity of the species
we live like dying, but it won't be sad.

Our eyes, in solidarity, find the positive, envying the negative.

*Everyone is waiting to get back to normality
but normality was the problem.
Mountains from the balcony.*

A sparrow looks at the seagull, neither of us knows how to drive cars on the motorway we admire.

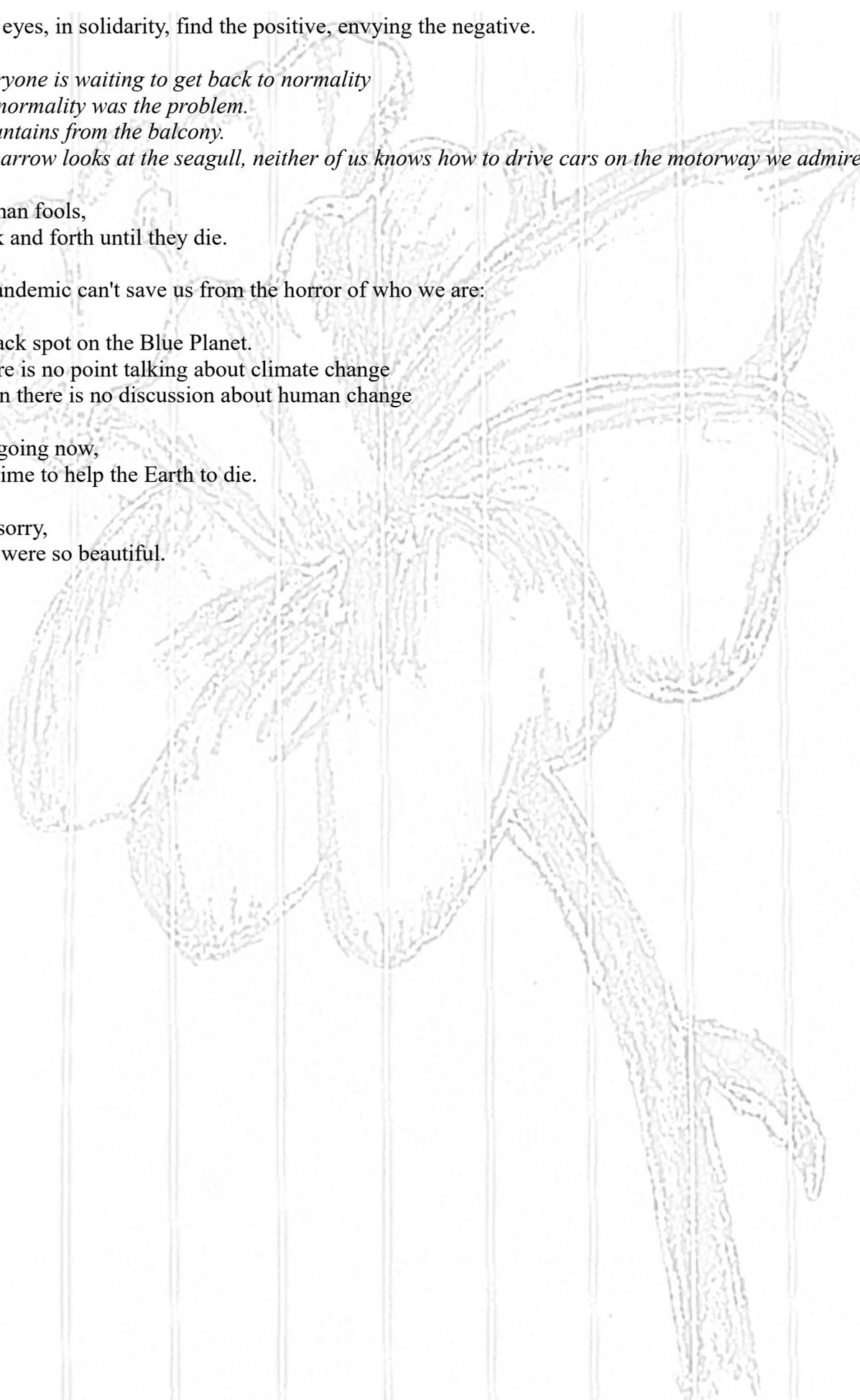
Human fools,
back and forth until they die.

A pandemic can't save us from the horror of who we are:

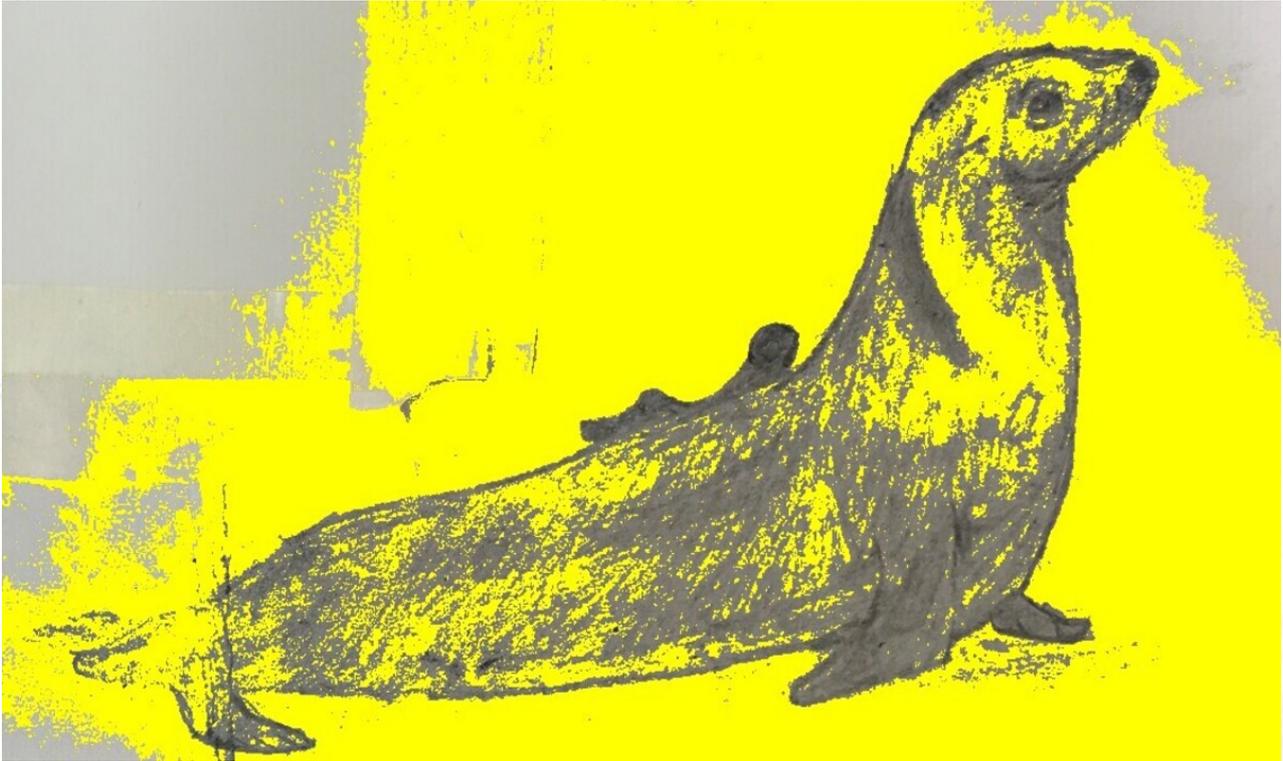
a black spot on the Blue Planet.
There is no point talking about climate change
when there is no discussion about human change

I'm going now,
It's time to help the Earth to die.

I'm sorry,
you were so beautiful.



Six Sense Bases (Sadayatana)



Being fearless often pays back
leave your body down there and keep it still now
True or false, it is never relevant
Investigate yourself, don't believe your eyes

Here is your journey,
yourself and nobody else
focus on this journey
nothing more, nothing less

Better or worse, heal your wounds
we will get bigger and smaller, the same thing
True or false, it is never relevant
Investigate yourself, don't believe your ears

Congratulations, my journey
everything is clean now
somehow you know your journey,
say no more

Here is your journey,
yours and nobody else's
focus on this journey
nothing more, nothing less

seeing the eyes
hearing the ears
smelling the nose
tasting the tongue

touching the body
thinking about mind

You are not the only one who can do this

I still accept it, no need for approval

Don't be deluded by your confusion

everything fades away

Six, they are:

organs, gates, spheres, sense, impressions and volition.

Is vision pretty?

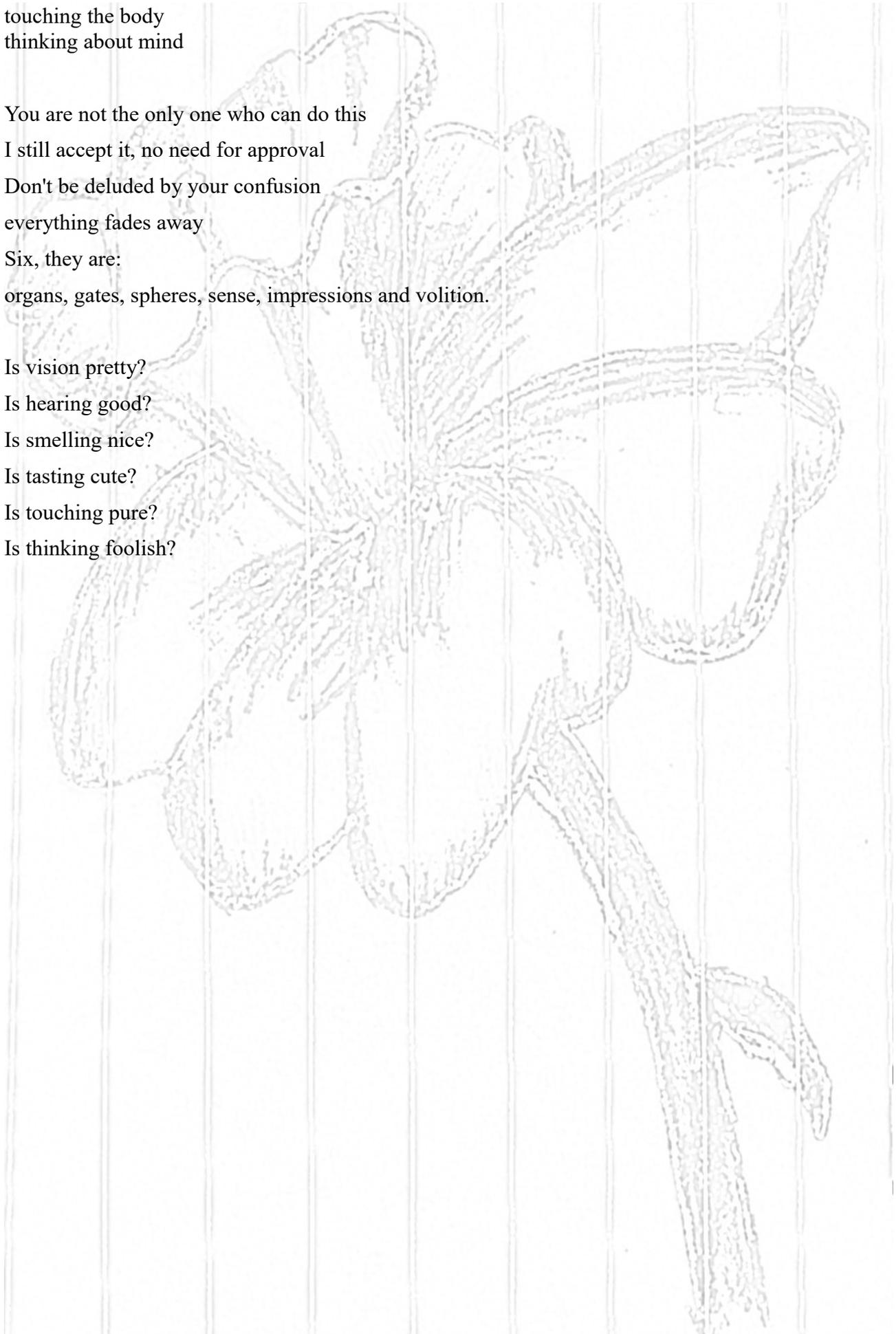
Is hearing good?

Is smelling nice?

Is tasting cute?

Is touching pure?

Is thinking foolish?



Contact (Sparsa)



With my eye, I can see all illusion
with my ear, I can hear my confusion
with my nose, I can smell my delusion
with my tongue, I may taste infusion
with my body, I can touch inclusion
with my mind, I create pollution

we are living in a world of perception
we are not looking for any sort of perfection
while crossing the road, don't care about intersection
eye, ear, nose - are these called interaction?
tongue, body, mind - are these the same infection?

through 2 eyes, seeing the conclusion
through 2 ears, listening in depth
through 1 nose, smelling the sky
through 1 tongue, touching the exclusion
through 1 body, feeling the breath
thousand minds, a perpetual farewell

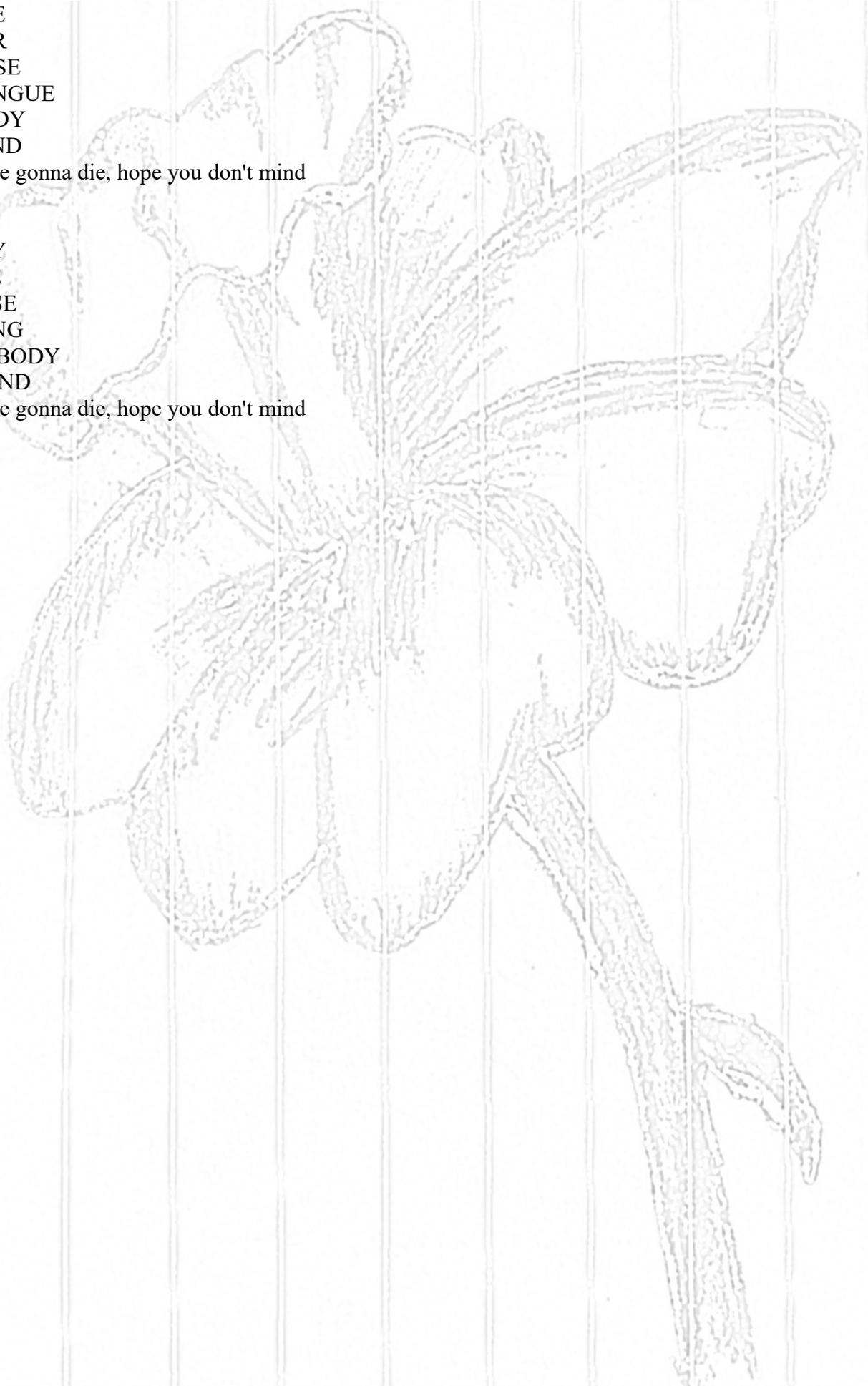
embarassing losers of our times
no regrets, nor pride
It is your choice to follow the path
here are the rules, as simple as math
all previous lives matter right now
the secret is open, and it's up to you how.

EYE
EAR
NOSE
TONGUE
BODY
MIND

we're gonna die, hope you don't mind

CRY
SEE
POSE
PONG
EMBODY
BLIND

we're gonna die, hope you don't mind



Feeling (Vedana)



Emotions under the skin
are more beautiful, are more slender
the search for life is in abundance, in the challenge
I can't help but sing to the rainbow
Everyone knows, everyone hears

Emotions as feelings
feelings as cannons.
Precarious, without a reason
the rebel is under the skin
like bones without stars.
And I do not feel with my mind
but with my body: I am really alive

feelings, emotions
they are the true masters
a poem, a way
make them your dance

you no longer know how to fly
because you wasted time thinking
emotions like lions that roar, vibrating

Craving (Tanha)

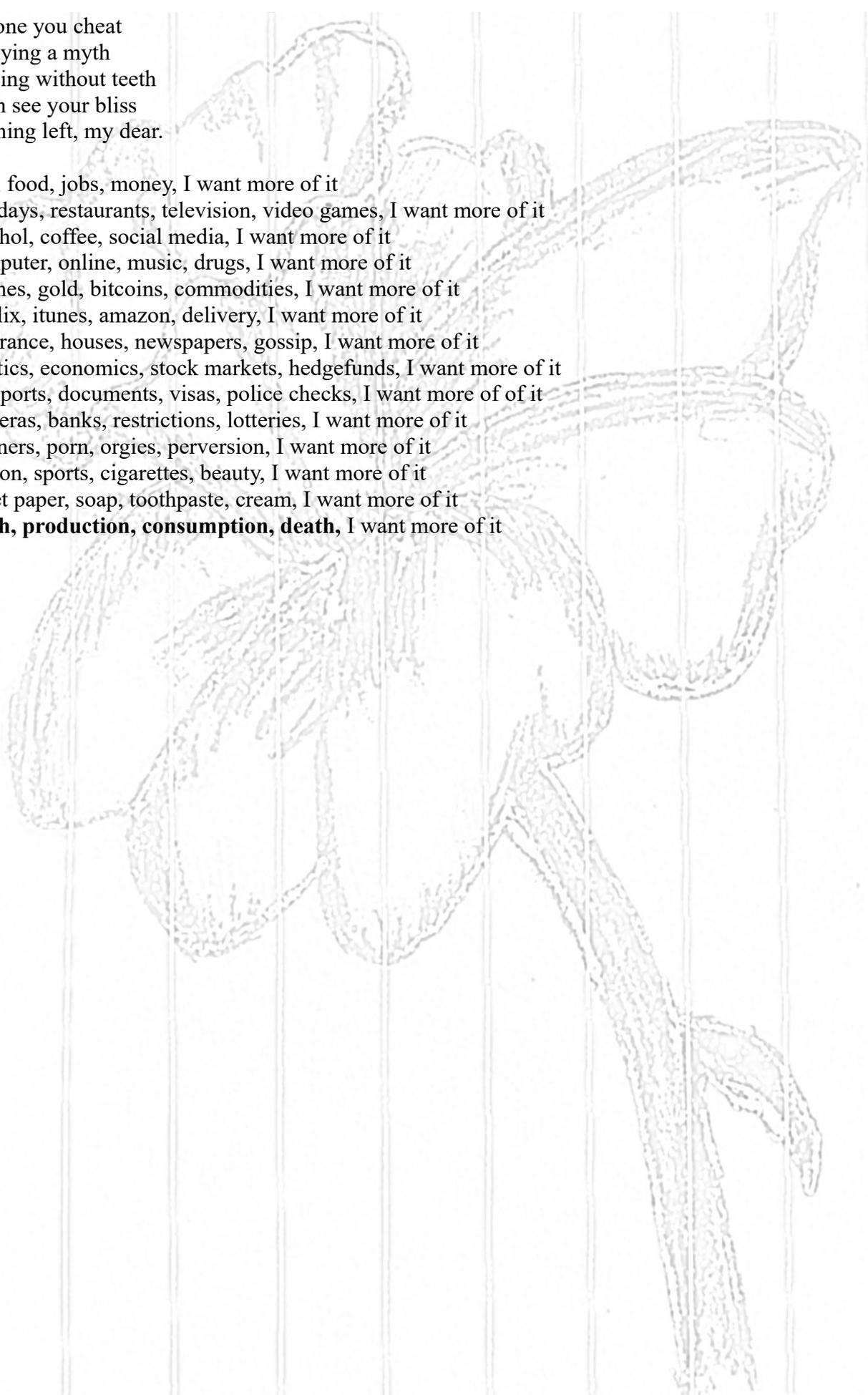


Anytime you touch me, I feel the heat
everything happens beyond my sensitivity
never is enough, in this world of necessities
I push my limits a bit more every time
I do not accept being one in the crowd.
I feel like walking on top of an abattoir.
I should be the god of my time.
I should leave a trace, say goodbye.
My pleasure has not finished yet
My body does not like it
Push my life over there, where there are no signs
I wish you could see me, I am pure light.

And you want to leave
and you want my peace
and you need to sleep
and you never have it
and you never reach it
and you always bleed
and you check your wrist
and smell like shit
and you think you live
and you need more bliss
and you want to increase
and you want to cease
mouse and some cheese
empty like these sheets
walking down the streets

anyone you cheat
enjoying a myth
smiling without teeth
I can see your bliss
Nothing left, my dear.

Sex, food, jobs, money, I want more of it
holidays, restaurants, television, video games, I want more of it
alcohol, coffee, social media, I want more of it
computer, online, music, drugs, I want more of it
clothes, gold, bitcoins, commodities, I want more of it
netflix, itunes, amazon, delivery, I want more of it
insurance, houses, newspapers, gossip, I want more of it
politics, economics, stock markets, hedgefunds, I want more of it
passports, documents, visas, police checks, I want more of of it
cameras, banks, restrictions, lotteries, I want more of it
partners, porn, orgies, perversion, I want more of it
poison, sports, cigarettes, beauty, I want more of it
toilet paper, soap, toothpaste, cream, I want more of it
birth, production, consumption, death, I want more of it



Clinging (Upadana)



She is wrong
You are always around me.
In a world overflowing with beauty.

Scolding me for my happiness
She is too serious
Reproaching me for my vitality,
when her life is meaningless.

And when I tried to calm down, accept you
you come back, stop my running to tell me: *everybody knows who you are.*

She can't stand herself
some years seem a life, are you obsessed with me?
I go away from her
Often
Nothing is worthy of keeping

I try to detach my attachment, but you are always there, to remind me I lost track,
I lost my cool while the world surrounds me with its tragedy.
You are watching me, I slip away.

I won't let you rule my mind
I won't let you rule my mind!
How can I get rid of you without denying myself?

Hoping someone hopes
She could fix herself
But it's too late for everybody else.

Becoming (Bhava)



Be and come
now becomes
not become

Conditioned by karmic hoards
our usual tendencies
never getting bored
a pledge becoming
not becoming on the edge

we all, like a port,
where boats, come and go,
our ephemeral lives
aggregate in fives.

Be careful, the lotus and human waste
come from the same place.

Do you still believe in time?
Tell Sisyphus, he still climbs.
Whether the hourglass is full or empty
there is no time, there is plenty

Nothing and everything
everything and nothing
Nullity
clings and swings
anything and something

Birth (Jati)



Arriving without excitement
another life, another death
nobody leaves the shell
without coming back to it.
I return to the phenomenal world
without realizing it.

I was already here, yesterday, today and tomorrow.
Where was I? Where were you?
I suck from your breast, again and again
I was born from the intensity of the light
coming from your amazing deepness inside

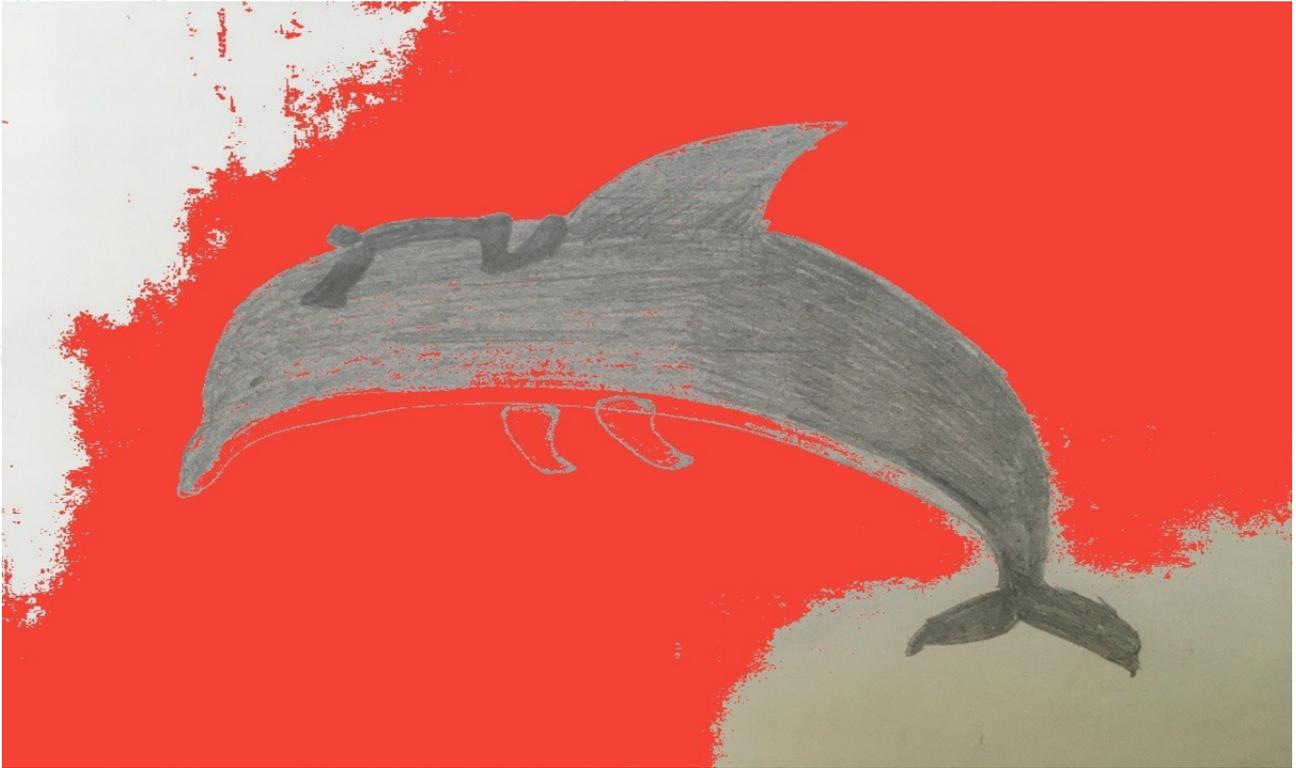
like a galaxy of black holes.
I don't know what I'm going to do.
No plans, is a plan.

You flooded me out of your reality.
Is that a reward? Not at all.

Every contribution is irrelevant, to my rebirth.
Birth is a sweet knife, for endless life.

I change my culture,
But I still come back
What is my burden?
Please, stay here till you leave.
Birth is inflicted upon us.

Old Age & Death (Jaramarana)



Zero and infinity are not a path, but a cycle,
the cycle of women, the cycle of the seasons, the cycle between night and day.
Why can't a criminal also be a saint and vice versa?

love is the absence of death
love is the essence of death
when space and time will be the same for you, then you will be free.
danger is nothing but the anxiety of existing

we are here with a body that ages, gets sick, despairs, complains and then comes back.
Why are we still here?
To understand what it feels like to be alone, to not be in control of our destiny, to suffer our feelings.

If you look at your hand, what is the front and what is the back? You don't know. Like life and death.

You can use all the creams you want, but you're going to get old. Your cells will always be new but you feel yourself withering. This is the paradox of being.

Whatever you do, you will come back here. You won't be able to be light in a short time, if you haven't gone through the darkness yet, without looking for it, but facing it when it surprises you from behind. When you fall into the abyss, it's not the end of everything, but the beginning of nothing.

If you can jump off the wheel of life, you'll finally understand where the light comes from. Get out of your home, walk, look around, can't you see that you are unique and divisible? Everyone has the same sense of dissatisfaction, it's up to you to decide whether to ignore it or accept this suffering as a fundamental passage of your existence, here and now. What about tomorrow? Tomorrow is behind, yesterday is in front, then they will switch places. What has been now is not, what will have

been, now will not be. The vibrations of the world, can you feel them?

NonMiPiaceIlCirco!/IDontLikeTheCircus!:

Matteo Preabianca/Matt Bianca: flute, keyboards, piano, ukulele, berimbau, thom ramman, tabla, drum kit, throat singing, xylophone, bass guitar, slide guitar.

Liang Siqi: keyboards, violin, gamelan, glockenspiel.

All tracks and lyrics are written by Matteo Preabianca.

Recorded at Bilsland Monster House, Glasgow.

Mixed and Mastered at Xixi Studio, Hangzhou, China.

01. Intro in Order
02. Ignorance
03. Formations
04. Consciousness
05. Name and form
06. Six sense bases
07. Contact
08. Feeling
09. Craving
10. Clinging...
11. ...and Attachment
12. Becoming
13. Birth
14. Old Age & Death
15. Noble Silence