



1. INSULA

[Taiye Selasi:]

Isolation comes from “insula” which means island

Isolation comes from “insula” which means island

Isolation comes from “insula” which means island

Isolation comes from “insula” which means island

[Ayesha K. Faines:]

Here we go into the græ

2. CUT ME

When I'm weary
And so worn out
Ooh, when my mind's clouded and
Filled with doubt
That's when I feel
The most alive
Masochistic kisses
Are how I thrive

A stiffness (in)
Inside my neck (and)
Bangin' my head (a)
Against the desk (woah)
If there's no pain (is)
There any progress

That's when I feel
The most alive
Endurance
Is the source of my pride

Might not be healthy for me but seemingly I need
What cuts me, cuts me, cuts me,
cut me, cut me, cut me

Guess I'm a true immigrant son
No vacancies, no vacations
Sure, I could do better than this
But I don't, I won't, I don't

Might not be healthy for me but seemingly I need
What cuts me, cuts me, cuts me,
cut me, cut me, cut me

Hurt me, hurt me

*Written by Moses Sumney, Taiye Selasi, and Ayesha K Faines. Produced by Moses Sumney.
Additional Production by Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Moses Sumney, Daniel Lopatin.
Bass by Thundercat. Synths by Daniel Lopatin. Strings by Rob Moose and Keith Tutt II.*

*Written by Moses Sumney, Adult Jazz, and Daniel Lopatin. Produced by Adult Jazz,
Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Steph Marziano, Jake Viator,
and Ricardo Wheelock. Bass and synths by Adult Jazz, Brandon Coleman, and Daniel Lopatin.
Drums by Ian Chang. Drum Programming by Ian Chang and Daniel Lopatin. Horns by Adult
Jazz, Jonathan Slater. Piano by Moses Sumney, Adult Jazz.*

3. In Bloom

In the meantime, we'll get it straight
I hope our friendship can recuperate
Cuz I've held you in place
Of a wife, in the space
A spouse would hold
Only with you I'm safe

In bloom with room to grow
I'm only watering the seeds you sowed
In my heart, in my chest
Six feet beneath the flesh
When you held my hand
But you sighed BFF

I hope you're not another supplement
For absent relationships, cuz
When we're close
In a car
Or in a store
Or in a bar
Sometimes I want to kiss my friends

You don't want that... do ya?
You just want someone to listen to ya
Who ain't tryna screw ya
(Ooh yea)
I swear I want that too, yeah
I just want someone to listen to me
Who ain't tryna do me

As the night becomes dawn
You and I become one
You take my face in palm
And call me the morning sun

4. Virile

On a long hike through
Blue ridge mountains
I can feel the earth
Overtake my skin
And I realize none
Of this matters
Cuz I will return
To dust and matter

Cheers to the patriarchs
And the marble arch
Playin' their part
The gatekeeper's march

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna slip right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong idea, son
Dear son,
We pick our own prisons

To stake dominion over all that one surveys
Is the virile, viral way

Here's to the boys
And the noise
Playin the part
The gatekeeper's march

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna fit right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong "I"
Too much is not enough
Too much is not enough
You've got the wrong idea, son
Dear, son
You pick your own prison

You want dominion to make minions of the stars
Made up of what you are
Are, are, are, are, are
You are, are, are, are, are

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna fit right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong idea, son

Written by Moses Sumney. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Matthew Otto. Engineered by Matthew Otto, Ricardo Wheelock, Mac De Marco, and Moses Sumney. Bass by Thundercat. Drums by Jamire Williams. Synths by Matt Otto. Piano, Guitar by Moses Sumney. String arrangement and performance by Rob Moose. Cello by Keith Tutt II.

Written by Moses Sumney, YVETTE. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Andrew Chugg, Ben Baptie, and Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Andrew Chugg, Alexis Berthelot, Ben Baptie, Rashaan Carter (harp), and Moses Sumney. Bass by Thundercat. Guitar by Noah Kardos-Fein. Drums by Ian Chang. Drum programming by Ben Baptie. Harp by Brandee Younger. Flute by Nubya Garcia. String arrangement and performance by Rob Moose. Cello by Keith Tutt II.



5. CONVEYOR

All aboard the bulletin board
The machine
I animorph into an organ
A spleen
Private school boy in uniform
Assembly
I will assume form
Join the workforce
The colony

Conveyor for you
Conveyor for you

The fire ants die for a chance
At the queen
The carpenter bee dies when he finally
Leaves a sting
To be a vein runnin' through your vain body
I will step on a belt, put my life on a shelf
One of many

Conveyor for you
Conveyor for you

Written by Moses Sumney, YVETTE. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Andrew Chugg, Ben Baptie, and Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Andrew Chugg, Alexis Berthelot, Ben Baptie, Jake Viator, Simon Ribchester, and Moses Sumney. Drums by Ian Chang. Drum programming by Ben Baptie. Guitar by Mike Haldeman, Noah Kardos-Fein. Saxophone by John Keek.

6. boxes

[Taiye Selasi:]
We have no place that we can claim without contention

[Michael Chabon:]
We are constructing a whole new edifice of boxes to put people in

[Ezra Miller:]
To protect a space inside which you can exist

[Taiye Selasi:]
Very concerned about giving names (giving names)

[Ezra Miller:]
Dissatisfaction seems like the natural byproduct of identification

[Ayesha K. Faines:]
I truly believe that people who define you control you And the most significant thing that any person can do – but especially black women and men -- is to think about who gave them their definitions and rewrite those definitions for themselves.

Written by Michael Chabon, Ezra Miller, Ayesha K Faines, Taiye Selasi, and Moses Sumney. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Andrew Chugg, Alexis Berthelot, and Moses Sumney. Guitar by Mike Haldeman. Saxophone by John Keek.

7. GAGARIN

[intro, in a bar: "my life, to something, something bigger, than me"]

I wish I could dedicate my life
My life to something bigger
Something bigger than me
The earth ever spins on its axis
I'm spinning in echopraxis
My life does not belong to me

I gave my life
To something
Something bigger
Than me

The galaxy's a broken mirror
Slowly the asteroid gets nearer
My strife does not belong to me

For that big blue bold
I'll let go
For the gold medal
Surrender

My life
To something
Something bigger
Than me
I give my life
To something
Something bigger
Than me

Written by Moses Sumney, Esbjörn Svensson, Dan Berglund, and Magnus Ostrom. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Ben Baptie. Engineered by Jake Viator, Moses Sumney, Ricardo Wheelock. Bass synth by Shahzad Ismaily. Drums by Jamire Williams. Piano by Brandon Coleman. Guitar FX by Mike Haldeman. Additional synths by Brandon Coleman, Shahzad Ismaily, Ben Baptie. "Gagarin" contains elements from "Gagarin's Point Of View," written by Esbjörn Svensson, Dan Berglund and Magnus Ostrom, published by ACT Music Publishing, and Bam & Bat AB (ASCAP), Administered by Kobalt Songs Music Publishing (ASCAP).

8. jill / jack

[Jill Scott:]
He had that masculine thing down
Shoulders and back straight
Never slumping, never round

straight

He had that masculine thing down
Shoulders and back straight
Never slumping
[Moses:] (feminine)
[Jill Scott:] never round

[Moses Sumney & Jill Scott:]
(She had that) masculine thing *down*
Shoulders and back straight
(Never slumping), never round

*She he had had that that masculine feminine thing
thing down
Shoulders and back straight
Never slumping
Never round*

Written by Jill Scott, Moses Sumney. Produced by Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by Jake Viator, Moses Sumney. Bass by Shahzad Ismaily. Drums by Jamire Williams. Guitar FX by Mike Haldeman. Keys by Moses Sumney. "jill/jack" contains interpolations from "Cross My Mind," written by J. Scott and published by Universal Music Corp. (ASCAP), Jat Cat Music Publishing, Inc. (ASCAP), and Blue's Baby Music (ASCAP).

9. COLOUR

Why don't you wear some colour
It'd bring out your eyes
You say you'd never bother
Cuz you'd be telling lies

Why don't you try some earth tones
Since you claim you wanna die
The color of compost
Might make you feel revived

Well I think it'd look great on you
Go on, show yourself
There's nothing to be scared of
Do it for your health

Say I wanna change you
That was never true
Look up at the grey hues
They could all be shades of blue

Written by FKJ, Moses Sumney. Produced by FKJ, Moses Sumney. Additional Production by Daniel Lopatin. Engineered by FKJ, Matt Cohn, and Moses Sumney. Saxophone by FKJ, Shabaka Hutchings. Keys and synths by FKJ, Daniel Lopatin.

10. also also also and and and

[Taiye Selasi:]

I insist upon my right to be multiple. I insist upon my right to be multiple – even more so, I insist upon the recognition of my multiplicity.

[Ezra Miller:]

All things encompassed in one

[Taiye Selasi:]

I – I really do insist that others recognize my inherent multiplicity. What I no longer do is take pains to explain it or defend it. That is an exhausting, repetitive, and draining project, to constantly explain and defend one's multiplicity. So I've reached a point where I am aware of my inherent multiplicity. And anyone wishing to meaningfully engage with me or my work must be too. (Must be two.)

I can also also also also and and and --

Written by FKJ, Moses Sumney, Taiye Selasi, and Ezra Miller. Produced by FKJ, Moses Sumney. Engineered by FKJ, Moses Sumney. All instrumentation by FKJ.



11. NEITHER/NOR

When I was a little boy
I'd scream at vague, misty nights
Yet breathe out smoke with no fire
I'd become one with what I was scared of
I fell in love with the in-between
Coloring in the margins
Yet the romance of the undefined
Was a threatening lie in their eyes

They say
Oh, who is he?
Nobody.
Hello, who is he?
Nobody.

I'm not at peace with dying alone
But I am not at war either
No, I am planted on the shore knowing
The ashen tide may or may not rise

Cuz in the valley of the sure
You cannot be neither/nor
You're fated to pick a door
Only the lonely are lukewarm

They say
Oh, who is he?
Nobody
Hello, who is he?
Nobody

Is it a ghost
Is it a plane
Is it a shiver
Down your spine
Is it delusion
Is it confused
Is it contusion of a hard-earned truth?

No, it's nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody

12. POLLY

You remain in motion
Bottom of the ocean
Not yet sick of sycophants
Tellin' you their true lies
Like, "no moon is higher"
Hollow as a hallway
Your fist fits right through me
If I split my body into two men
Would you then love me better
Octopus myself so you weather this
sea, sea, sea polly
sea, sea, sea polly
see, see, see, see me

You love dancin' with me
Or you just love dancin'
Polly, polly, polly

I don't wanna live here
Sometimes don't wanna live at all
I want to be cotton candy
In the mouth of many a lover
Saccharine and slick technicolor
I'll dissolve
I know that won't solve this (I want to dissolve)

Evolve into rain and spit
You make me go unstitched

Are you dancin' with me
Or just merely dancin'
Polly polly polly

1 2 3 4 5 6
Am I just your Friday dick
Cornucopia of just-in-cases
You'll never have to chase this

Woah, polly, polly,
Obviously don't think much of me
Polly, polly, polly, polly, polly ooh

13. Two Dogs

I had two dogs
In the summer of 2004
One was boot black,
The other whiter than a health food store

Medicine hogged
The floor space on the back porch
Donations my monarchs
Saved up to take up to the poor

Oh the backyard sang
A chorus of barks from Yin & Yang
They played angel and demon
But oh, I loved them just the same
Ooh
Strange how what heals can also kill

Ooh, ooh, ooh

I found two dogs
On the hot concrete of the back porch
One in amniotic vomit,
The other in fetal contort

Medicine clogged
Their stomachs till they overpoured
Strange how what heals can also kill

They both went grey
Adopting a putrid, lifeless stench
I learned in death
We all are unified in countenance

Oooh, ooh, ooh...
Oooh, ooh, ooh...

Eyes bulging like they'd finally seen the truth

The tupa shit a child forgets
But the memory resets
When you ask me in a worried fret
Have you ever at least loved a pet?

14. Bystanders

Oh
You wanna strip away
Veracity is great
But you'll bleed
And all
For a lukewarm embrace
You serate your face
With glee

Don't waste your candor
On bystanders
They'll watch you waste away

What's the use of confessing the truth
To an executioner in a booth
About the dueling forces in you
Now you barely remember your youth
You used to embrace the eerie and helm
Visitations from spirit realms
Gifted to see between astral planes
now you plead to be plain, a

Bystander
Of bygone standards
They'll watch you waste away
Don't waste your candor
On bystanders
They'll watch you waste away

The minute you mitigate your fire
(Waste away, waste away waste away)
The innocence of carnal desire
(Waste away, waste away waste away)
Is stolen (Waste away, waste away waste away)
It's stolen (Waste away, waste away waste away)

And it's true that the truth gives you free
But when truth is a breach of decree
Dying for praise from a gallery
Whose morality is grey
And they tie all their stones to your name
And they cripple your bones with their shame,
Honesty is the most moral way
But morality is grey

15. ME IN 20 YEARS

Hey, after all these years
I'm still here, fingers outstretched
With your imprint in my bed
A pit so big I lay on the edge
Will love let me down again?
Oh no
No it won't get in
I'm left wonderin'
If it's written on my urn
That I'll burn alone
Like a star

I wonder how i'll sleep at night
With a cavity by my side
And nothing left to hold but pride, will I
Hold out for more time?

Hey me in twenty years
Does your milk still
Turn to rot too soon?
Do you still hoard souvenirs
And make them mirrors
Of sentimental veneer?

I wonder how i'll sleep at night
With a cavity by my side
And nothing left to hold but pride, will I

hold out
A little bit more
A little bit more, more just a little bit more
A little bit more, more just a little bit more
A little bit longer, just a little bit more
A little bit longer, just a little bit more
A little bit longer, just a little bit more
A little bit more, more just a little bit more
A little bit more, more just a little bit more

Is it laced within my DNA
To be braced in endless January
Have I become the cavity I feared
Ask me in twenty years

16. KEEPS ME ALIVE

Finding it hard to differentiate
Are my proclivities of society
Or innate
Well, the source is irrelevant
When it comes to truth
And the truth is I want the same thing that you do
Childlike curiosity about my fate
Is the only thing
That makes me stay

It keeps me alive
It keeps me alive
It keeps me alive
It keeps me breathin' right

And yet the holy grail beckons
"Hey, your chalice could still be
filled some day by someone"

Childlike curiosity about my fate
Is the only thing that makes me stay
Though I've never been a sucker for co-dependency
I'm taken by the possibility

It keeps me alive
It keeps me alive
It keeps me alive
Oh, it keeps me breathin' right



17. Lucky Me

Just because you
Didn't love me
The way I thought I should be loved
Doesn't mean I
Wasn't wanted
Or I wasn't something
To be proud of
Bitter then, better now
Olé, olé since you left me
I guess I'll go count all
My limbs and my blessings

So lucky me
I had somebody show me there's another way to go
Lucky me
I have two eyes in the back of my head
And I am not dead
Lucky me
I have working hands and working feet
And a waking memory of you and me
When I need a way out...
I remember.

I know that you don't fuck with me
no more and that's okay
I still feel you when I go to sleep and when I awake

Lucky me
I had somebody who showed me
there's another way to go
Lucky me
I found somebody who understands
That I'm barely a man
Lucky me
I have working hands and working feet
And a waking memory of you and me
I had you
I have* you

You're a star
And although we bleed the same way
The big world needs you more
So go on again
Be reckless with me;
All things end
So go
So go on again
Be honest with yourself
All things end
So go on pretend
So go on again
So go on again
So go on again

18. and so I come to isolation

[Taiye Selasi:]

And so I come to isolation.

Etymologically, isolation comes from "insula," which means island. I-so-la-tion, isolation which literally means to be islanded! And somebody mentioned this to me the other day – actually my Cape Verdean hairdresser – because I asked her "how do you say this word in Portuguese?" and she said "Isolanda." Like an island! Like you're-you're... you're... islanded. And I thought – that's exactly what I've been. My whole life. I've been islanded.

19. Bless Me

It's so predictable
To farm the parable
From every tête-à-tête
But when you see the end
In every beginning
Lessons are all you get

Bless me
Before you go
You're goin' nowhere with me

Met you in the wrestling pit
You came when I needed it
A body on top of me
To teach me
Stayed up past the witching hour
You showed me your secret powers
I wish
That mine
Could freeze time

Bless me
Before you go
You're goin' nowhere with me

Cupid has it out for me
Gave me crooked alchemy
Eros,
Oh god of flings,
Sees the beauty in all things
But stupid's as stupid does
I grasp your cloak because
Maybe you'll grant me wings
If I cling

Bless me
Before you go
You're goin' nowhere with me

You must be an angel
Your conscience is clean
Why would you soil yourself
Wit a monster like me
If the good lord sent ya
The good lord can take ya back
I hope when he comes for you
You illuminate the path

(Bless me before you go)
(Bless me before you go)

You're goin' nowhere with me
You're goin' nowhere with me
You're goin' nowhere with me
You're goin' nowhere with me

Bless me
Before you go
You're goin' nowhere with me

Bless me
Before you go

20. before you go

[Ezra Miller:]
A lot of creation stories begin with separation

[Michaela Coel:]
What does it mean to be in love?

What does in love mean? What does in love mean? What does in love mean?
I don't know –
I don't. I'm in love everyday, I love –

When we die
We won't be together
You will never see that person again. Now go.

[Taiye Selasi:]
The ache
The aching

The ache
The ache

The ache

The ache.
The aching
The aching
The aching
The aching

