

FEED THE ENGINES!

An album by L-space about late-stage capitalism and being tired all the time.

Karoshi

Welcome to Karoshi Hotline
While you're waiting in your car at night
Brains are mush
Hands disposable gloves
And your heart can't take it anymore
You are racing like a greyhound
Welcome to Karoshi Hotline

And I want you to know
That you're killing us now
All our dreams are waiting, but they die
And I want you to know
You're working us to the bone
I want a revolution, but I'm tired

I am sinking into this bed I lie in
You put up a poster of some birds flying
And I'm sinking into this bed I lie in
I look up at the ceiling and see it's
unfolding
I am sinking into this world we live in
You put up a poster and we just walk in

Welcome to Karoshi Hotline
While you're waiting in your car at night
And I want you to know
That you're killing us now
All our dreams are waiting, but they die
And I want you to know
You're working us to the bone
I want a revolution, but I'm tired
Welcome to Karoshi Hotline
You are racing like a greyhound

Inspired by learning that in Japanese there is a word for death from overwork and that there is a hotline for people to call if they feel they are close to that. It tackles the idea that social change can only come from the concerted effort of individuals, but if you're exhausted from work you'll never be able to change the system that oppresses you.

The synth riff at the end of the song was written in the last 20 minutes of studio time recording the album.

ok.

Under silent earth
I held onto your words
Seeping through centuries
Or maybe it was yesterday
When I break the earth
The sounds of the firebirds
They wake me from the dead
Or maybe I was sleeping

Raise me from underground
I wanted to know this all along
Bathe me in the sun
I wanted to see this all along

I got buried deep
By warping reality
The space that surrounded me
Refraction of action
Distortion of thoughts and
Now the roots upturn
I'm one of the worms
I am a glowing sun
I eat all the bad and radiate good

Raise me from underground
I wanted to know this all along
Bathe me in the sun
I wanted to see this all along

Oh now I've risen
I feel beautiful nothing
I am fine
Oh now I've risen
I feel beautiful nothing
I am fire

Raise me from underground
I wanted to know this all along
Oh now I've risen
I feel beautiful nothing
I am fine

A song about recovery from depression to a state of neutrality - being ok is ok.

This song went through four or five different styles and versions; beginning with an acoustic guitar and ending with the album track. The strings throughout are from the Spitfire Audio LABS VST.

Diamonds Are For Breakfast

I saw my toothbrush wash up on a beach
To get to work I need fossils
And a shale gas boom, boom, boom

A thousand transactions
A link in the chain
What can we do
To break away?
Thousands of phantoms
Lie under your bed
But we go on
We fade away

The African mines as deep as your
pockets
I go out to protest
But I'm fuelled by the flesh of
Units of production

A thousand transactions
A link in the chain
What can we do
To break away?
All the fingers in China
That make all your coats to keep you
warm
And your children

We will destroy your industry
But we don't know how
Sleepy in the morning
With diamonds for breakfast

Inspired by the self-awareness of a generation realising they are embedded in a system of unethical consumerism and that they don't know how to extricate themselves from it even though they want to.

The beat in this song was created with a now non-existent feature of Garageband that allowed the arpeggiation of beat samples. The second verse references track six - Unit of Production.

The Machine Will Handle It

If you feel angry at the world
Click right here
Scream these words
If you feel powerless to make a
difference
Shout out a window
On a TV show

The machine will handle it
The machine will handle it
Heros turn to gold
Enemies to systems
The machine will handle it
The machine will handle it
Heros turn to gold
Enemies to systems

The machine will handle it
The machine will handle it
Heros turn to gold
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The machine will handle it
The machine will handle it
Heros turn to gold
Enemies to systems

If you have finally found your strength
Take your fight
And rebrand it

Inspired by the feeling of powerlessness when activism is absorbed into the mechanism of the thing it is fighting against.

This song has layers of Lily's voice with a distorted robot effect. The music was originally written as a remix for another Last Night from Glasgow artist who felt it didn't fit their sound.

Nightvision

Taking the night shift
Paid by the dream
Beamed into my eyes
The adverts scrolling by
I used to dream of flying
Now deepest desires
They planted
They surface
And tell me what I need
I didn't know I needed
Collectible unconscious
Rapid buy movement

This song was written after thinking about a near-future society where people are paid to watch adverts in their dreams.

The click at the end is the sound of an amp being switched on and we spent quite a while trying to find the best clicking sound in the studio. The video for this song was shot by tying a camera on a tripod to a cat tower with old guitar cables and using a back of books as a counterweight to keep the camera steady.

Unit of Production

On a quiet day
You can hear the sound of traffic
underfoot
My spine radiates dull pain
I'm a unit of production
To you all

I have no gift, but I have this
I stand sullenly
At the counter like
A television left on at night

Kill our culture quietly
With a shot to the back of the head
Beside the school shed
Children of production
I'm a unit of production
To you all

On a quiet day
We can hear the sound of traffic
underfoot
Our spines radiate dull pain
I'm a unit of production to you all

Our redundant mouths are sewn up and
sold
For more reliable investments in gold

*Inspired by the feeling of only being
valued as a faceless, silent unit of
production in a late-stage capitalist
society.*

*This song contains samples from a
speech by Jimmy Reid at Glasgow
University in 1972 which was dubbed as
the "greatest speech since the Gettysburg
Address" by the New York Times. Some of
the lyrics were adapted from a short story
Gordon wrote about his time working in
Starbucks.*

Extinctathon Champions 2020

We live, we live
On a wide, on a wide sea

The garden, the garden
Of earthly delights

We know the last trees
We heard your last words

Breathe your ending dust

Make it, we make it
We Oryx and Crake it

We won the extinctathon
We won the extinctathon
We won the extinctathon

Created, created
Like an engineers drawing
With child's colours

You drew outside the lines
Make perfect clay people
Better than the gods tried

Inspired by the novel Oryx and Crake by Margaret Atwood, this song reflects on the idea of people who are genetically engineered to be better than modern humans to rebuild society after we have destroyed it.

This song uses the vocals from the original demo, recorded in Lily's bedroom on a laptop microphone, because it was the perfect take.

Bloom Rapids

Do you know what you are to me?
Can you listen with eyes shut?

Dream that we
Are on a boat
To safety
And I will dissolve
And give you my energy

Do you know what you are to me?
Can you listen with eyes shut?
Do you know what you are to me?
Can you listen with eyes shut?

The flowers that bloom
And grow out our eyes
Take over the room
And drown out the cries of
Hopeless scraping by
I can dream can't I?

Do you know what you are to me?
Can you listen with eyes shut?
Do you know what you are to me?
Can you listen with eyes shut?

Dream that we
Are on a boat
To safety
The flowers that bloom
And grow out our eyes
Take over the room
And drown out the cries of
Hopeless scraping by
I can dream can't I?

I can dream can't I?

Inspired by the idea of love through hardship, especially in a late-stage capitalist society where affection is often commodified.

This song was almost on L-space's first album Kipple Arcadia and acted as a bridge between that recording session and the Feed The Engines! sessions.

Fill Your Heads With Static

This old town
It had its magic carpet ripped out
From under it
This old town
The cyborg girl she came
With metal eyes
And lights beaming out from them
Bringing words to feed the streets

Oh the money wall reaches so high
But we'll go up and over
We'll go up and over

Oh these baby teeth they still bite deep
And fill your heads with static
Fill your heads with static

She's not here to raise a family
She is here to raze it all to the ground
She's not here to raise a family
She is here to raise the voice of the
crowd

In this old town they all think
What is there to live for
It's a cycle
Born again in cold bedrooms
The cyborg girl, she came
With fizzing swords
To lift leaden limbs again
Metal arms to feed the engines
Feed the engines

Oh the money wall reaches so high
But we'll go up and over
We'll go up and over

Oh these baby teeth they still bite deep
And fill your heads with static
Fill your heads with static

*Inspired by revolution and set in a
Scottish Cyberpunk future.*

*This was one of L-space's first ever songs
and appears on the EP "Money Can Be
Exchanged For Goods and Services". The
track was reworked, remixed and
remastered for the album. The stuttering
beat at the beginning was the last
decision made for the album - six minutes
before the studio time ran out.*

No-one Lives Here Anymore

Come here my darling
You really should see this
That's where the school was
And beyond that fence, the sea
And that's where the supermarket was
Beyond that fence, the subway
Beyond the fire is where we grew up
We used to have names for all the trees
Now we just know
What kills us, what won't
Nothing much matters here

No-one lives here anymore
Old batteries power new fields
No-one lives here anymore
Old batteries power new fields
No-one lives here anymore
No-one lives here anymore

This song is based on a poem written by Gordon years ago, written from the perspective of someone looking out at the city they grew up in falling into ruin, but ending with a hopeful message.

This song ends with four layers of vocals which are made up of harmonies and counter melodies.