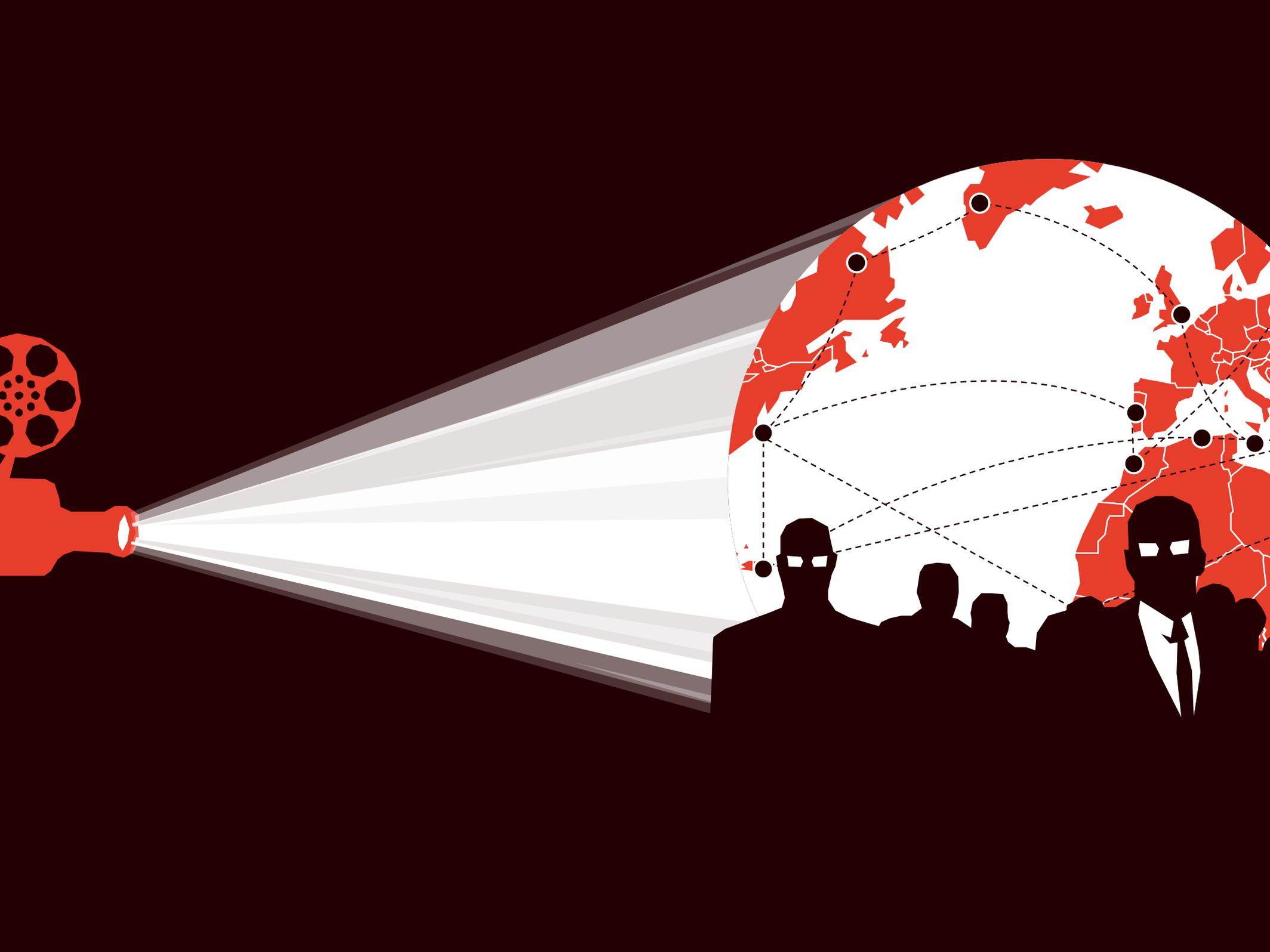


SENDER
HOW
TO DO
BATTLE





Resistance Now

Mobilise and motivate, your body is the grain that tips the scale of hate's accumulated weight

Your mind is a gate, brutal regimes we will not tolerate

Question the given line, stay independent; little by little the flows gain momentum

Picture the place, the potential awaits, free from the shackles of nation states

Free from the hate, free from the herd and its mewling for blood

Because what we need is: Resistance now

(Arabic)

(Arabic translation)

Resistance against war and the blood that flowed upon the earth and occupation of all lands. Security for every human and humanity within religion

On se mobilise et en plus on resiste toute les aggressions et actions fascistes

Contre les pouvoirs qui veut controler notre destinie, j'oubliurai jamais

(translation)

We mobilise and we resist every aggression and fascist action against the powers that would control our destinies

This is operation cyclone in your own home, strong counter action cause their methods are known

Censorship by omission, polish a lie 'til it gleams and bring the riddle to fruition

H is for history's Moebius strip, turning full cycle for others to witness the shift

Those who resist strong in your midst

Ever equipped and we'll never forget this: Resistance Now

Use your head as your defence, pushing only weakens and prevents you, from

acting on the thrust of the action that you must, against the power that you thought you trusted and their sentiments are thus.

It's all pointing inwards, the action is employed; it's all pointing inwards, the action employed

Desert storms tear at your skin, this is the fear that you've been feeling, and your reasons are not unreasonable, this is a crisis, ask yourself who you are, how small

Resistance Now

You live your life in tacit silence, feel this is not your crime, gaze down

Until the noose is tightened around your neck, gun levelled at your eyes, where now? Don't you lie down and die

Your voice holds the key to your society expose the ones who want to fuck it up for you and me

No more of settling for what they feed the time has come to put the pressure up against the greed (repeat)

Brightest Rays

I was erased in a lab fade on stage in the grave; I made shapes of tidal waves on the wall of my cave

I'm a pulsar, black star, way dark, I'm the killer in the park

I breathe sparks, unique like a river of heat to deliver the beat

I tripped the catch on a different batch; I'm here to serenade you from my little cage as the worlds degrade

I'm here to drop meta-bombs on your lap like a real gone megaton man who can rap right over the heads of the cheque-paying guests

They're shaking hands with heads of state and doing "Cribs" to show us all how much money they make

They got some beats and some riffs hooked up but it sounds fake, dropped a lot of noise on the kids but it carries no weight

You think you're on side, fuck you son, stand by my side, not you son

Paint a line where they fall, the memories inside us all

Cause and effect, degrees of indirect words phasing while you're praising the child, it started in truth, got lost in lies, the sweetness lost in her eyes, drifting balloon in leaden skies, her thoughts and her words are paralysed. You walk a long time, on this long road, walk alone and your spirit's low. See how your life is sucking down, nobody wants to hurt you now

All of your light, your brightest rays, only served to illuminate the bars of our cage, only ever showed us where the words leave the page

The footprints end and now we're on our own again

Yes my mic rockingness is legendary, very well equipped emissary of the art form, MCs otherwise empty

Clerics and luminaries declaim but can't reach these, monologues lengthy, stratospheric levels and travels beyond the scene

Other MCs to me are, well, just elementary, if I didn't exist well then you'd have to invent me

I'm in the next century, beyond this essentially; in fact I endlessly polymorph relentlessly

White streams of light beams reach from my teeth like real life milk white tentacles I space walk while my contemporaries languish in the air-lock, I care not if you get me

Fuck your Benz's and your Humvee's, I'm empty

I'm void like Fisher Price toy mic, I joyride the tracks made or foresight, OBE; ghost in the scent of fresh cordite

Paint a line where they fall, the memories inside us all

All of your light, your brightest rays, only served to illuminate the bars of our cage, only ever showed us where the words leave the page

The footprints end and now we're on our own again

2 3 Clear

Shock the mic, re-amplify and bring it back to life, 1 2 3 Clear

Now I've been into this since Time Zone and Man Parish; now I'm grown and married but the flow still carries

Black ops, psy ops, pineal Cyclops; Tolbiac to Clichy brought me back to Beat Street undercover, we look out for one another

I was sent for a reason (now to figure out which one)

Hallucinogenic time capsules: time machines you can eat, dissect your reveries to every beat

The myth of Hassan-i Sabbah personified in Bin Laden and the CIA built his walled garden

It germinates from the residual; echoes of one piano note, but I stay the course, the war horse who delivers

I'm leaving MCs plastified like Kubrick figures, nether world, negative power brokers, a plague of locusts you awoke and you focused

Shock the mic, re-amplify and bring it back to life

Shock the mic, re-amplify 1 2 3 Clear

Shock the mic, re-amplify and bring it back to life

Shock the mic, re-amplify 1 2 3 Clear

Ready now, ready now. I am open now, open now. I know that life is light, like light it shines. Shining out, shining out. We are charged with sound

Toes numb outside the G8 summit, ghosts in the meat transvased and repeating From the word go I strolled along the knife, cataclysmic, prismic, brought to life.

Solid state light artefacts

Vision solarised, the world is now polarised

Consult with the spirits or whatever they're called now, torrential flows you can't stem, the words them

Crack your synaptic I am not phased by decadence, we are rogue elements

What crazy legs might have seen, had he been where I'd been (on mushrooms at Fresh 86) this is my prayer

Fuck/blessing/come in your skull the world is one impaled on a spine of vision

Try to put it all in perspective, why wait for all the fuckin idiots to get this?

Ready now, ready now. I am open now, open now. I know that life is light, like light it shines. Shining out, shining out. We are charged with sound

Stripped back I don't appear on your spectrum

Invective in vectors I push the hex into your sectors

Floating in the nexus I expand the solar plexus so I can project dialects until eventually I become this weightless entity

Antidote to dogma yet heavy as OZMA... Google it if you don't recognise the reference

Power minds by dead cell collectives testing levels depth of your perceptive, I'm questing

Drawing pylons in black marker I ingest time, make incisions in rhyme, cut up the straight line

Voluminous, luminous, words are just still just sounds outside context now

Ray weapons, knock you from your perch in less than 8 seconds

A new way beckons, all hail the new imperial dawn

(chorus)

The way's not for the faint hearted, ascend and be one with the one mind

Leave open the gateway for those who follow

(chorus)



Dictator Bling (an extraordinary rendition)

Your content is tired out and empty, worldviews are hired out like your Bentleys
How can I break it you gently? ...you're spent
Money I make's going straight to the tape
Nothing bout retro, no I won't let go, my mind's got a rep though, retro aggressive
Knee deep in a time hole, wormhole, bionic your weak trick shit I stomp on it
Nice phonics burn like the tail of a white comet
Ever feel like you're living in an experiment? 51st state the UK ain't independent
Artificial limb hanging off a president; hides more blood than Swiss bank accounts
Hard right groups won't get a foothold, Neo-con's your future's modified
Black silk wings spread blotting out the sunlight
I'm the diverse heading into convergence; rock, don't stop

This is an extraordinary rendition; don't talk about laws cause they don't apply here
That's right we're rolling outside so hush up, buckle up, we're gonna take you for a ride

The same jets you hire for strippers to shake in, the CIA use to do their torture thing
Dripping with gold rings and dictator bling 'make it stop and I'll tell you anything'
I didn't want to be the one to say I told you so; the lies you spun are coming back to haunt you though

You're stranded between plenty and excess, real needs are met with fear and debt
With easy deaths and low intellects and all I'm feeling is emptiness
Irritant, agitant, thorn digging in the side of civilised society that is what I'm gonna be

This is an extraordinary rendition; don't talk about laws cause they don't apply here
That's right we're rolling outside so hush up, buckle up, we're gonna take you for a ride

You can't deny it; you keep looking for an answer

In a parallel time, design a life with clones, body's perfect, strong but all alone
Slaves working ways to a first world power, history and ancestry lost in forever,
come the future generations to be mother born, a condemnation of another terror zone
They learn to carve genes, I kinda like that sorcery, no stones left unturned, no unseen mystery
It's love, hate, science, fate, peace is squandered on vain automatons, sales on hate are up, branded silicone, head sycophantic, crank up the ante, take the machine,
cracking the dream, life served up with frills, ADHD pills, celebrity driven, non-living, you can choose what you take but not what you're given

This is an extraordinary rendition; don't talk about laws cause they don't apply here
That's right we're rolling outside so hush up, buckle up, we're gonna take you for a ride

So don't step to me crying 'cause your past future lifestyle is plastic, just a lame aspirational maze that ends in all kinds of stress
Nevertheless, you groom your kids best for the new demographic, the guns in their little hands say you're failing the ultimate test

End Of The World Show

(You see! This is what happens when you...)
String a man along like a life form waiting to be touched by higher hand, origin beyond your control out of your command
What is it to be a man skin tone? Silkworm? Cortisone? I don't hear alarm bells, those aren't alarm bells
We recede inside ourselves, inside our shells, what you might call hells inside as well, it shares your cell
You never spent more than a couple of breaths just with yourself (without your props)
Hmm, how to tell you what you are... a clue is left in the soles of your feet!
"I love your outfit, is it real meat?" But I've seen you walking around without it

If they cry a little longer, if they die a little harder, anytime, anyway same things just keep happening
Hit the ground a little harder, live the lie a little longer, anytime, in a way, same things just keep happening

The end of the world show is a re-run

Grave challenge of mind, no balance inspired, words that violate rhyme, poisoned nation switching station, digesting this time after time, line to line. Sine waves stymie the bored tick of the brain, dissolve away, drain the multi circuit vein by vein.
Just another blood river running down every street. Souls spraying open holes in the crossfire

Cowgirls riding on a string of pearls; Orpheus into the underworld
Into the valley of living dead with the night vision, ghosts bathed in the infrared
Sight specific, monolithic bathed in the glow that melts the permafrost, were you hurt? Were you lost? Were you trampled in the race to the trough?

If they cry a little longer, if they die a little harder, anytime, anyway same things just keep happening
Hit the ground a little harder, live the lie a little longer, anytime, in a way, same things just keep happening

The end of the world show is a re-run

Brute force, par for the course, territory brought us nothing but wars, race hate took us to the Holocaust and now we're out of time, out of breath, pluck a little tune on the lyre to death
With a chorus that glows like embers or emeralds, diamonds, paraphernalia, generals in four-star regalia
Every little inch we paid in blood, paid in full, now you want to change the rules?
Skyline sunset, pink like Crylon, too many positive ions, you look pretty high and nigh on perfect in your Nylons

Hit the ground a little harder, live the lie a little longer, anytime, in a way, same things just keep happening
If you get what's happening, dolls and lazy mannequins, I don't hear alarm bells, that's the children singing

The end of the world show is a re-run



Smoking Paranoia

I'm a funk centre; I'm the consensus, living like questions, now I want answers
City complexity in the age of dreams when I come right then I spit white light
And I stalk streets when I generate beats; no other MC's ever been like me
I know a few girls died of needles and pipes, boyfriend tried to hide their bodies in
the night
Plasma tracks, pure blood's what I drop when I lock down, that's when I rock
Analogue bones superimposed I rose, I'm a decoding stone a Rosetta, I pulse
better
Stronger now, longer now in the long range, shit's hard to change

I'm Galactus when I practice on the axis. Back and forth the cuts will leave you
stranded on the black list
Trade your wack shit for rap hits and tactics, plus dirty hands dead spots archetypal,
untouchable
You cannot buy grace, you change up your body then you change your face
Now try to find your mic style back while I write rap; extricate yourself from the trap
Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey
structures
Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you
with me

Walk the tight rope, walk it lamely, rely on cigarettes and Prozac mainly, energy
wasted daily, get a boy, have a baby

I was already bored then you took all the fun out, get your boots on cause the oil's
gonna run out
This source won't last, wars don't heal so fast; Meta-logic here cut up, I'm viral
Magnified between the lines there are ciphers, clear to those who truly chose to see
Is your mouth at the right height for the zeitgeist? Is it ripe for knife fight in the white
light?
Harness the dream, change it all till it seems nothing could be real, whip it till it
bleeds
Use the compassionate hopes of the masses to feed your disease
Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey
structures
Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you
with me

You are so forgotten, time is running out, nothing left for you, you are so forgotten,
time is running out, nothing new for you
Walk the tight rope, walk it lamely, rely on cigarettes and Prozac mainly, energy
wasted daily, get a boy, have a baby

Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey
structures
Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you
with me

So Refined

We define time

We define then erase them for all time

We define time

The moments that rise up and fall while flickering

We define time

Killing the now, eyes trained on the horizon

We define time

Soul sucker, you got nothing real left to lose, this was your game, your rules you've
spent your pawns and now you're left with fools. Pull back the curtains, reveal the
players and let the show begin; this little drama you're delivering has got nothing to
believe in.

We're so refined, we find it pleasing

No concept, nothing direct, television controls you, its a major misconception that
you are the master of this zero one existence, nourished by instant soup, picking at
your TV dinners, washed down by cheap warm alcohol.

We're so refined, we find it pleasing

In piecemeal meted out and meaningless

Reason and truth slips out of my horizon

A judgment of value spreads over everything

No concept, nothing direct, television controls you, its a major misconception that
you are the master of this zero one existence, nourished by instant soup, picking at
your TV dinners, washed down by cheap warm alcohol

We're so refined, we find it pleasing

Hex

Lyrics of vision, mind's audible, visible chapter shown stepping focused aggression
Mind state some abhor and others call heaven, sound shogun sword bearing crystal
messenger

10,000 methods and each flow just keeps getting you vexed and disillusioned
rightfully

Only a fool would try to separate this mic from me

My lost trust in governments is corrosive, depleted like uranium coated shells
mutate your cranium

Speaking truths is a transgressive ritual, a tall order for a man in habitual contact
with washed brains and skewed news

Psy Agent Orange, new codename whisky pete hypocrite chemical compounds
unleashed every day manifesting new Vietnams, cry wolf on new Saddams

A hex on those who halt the soul's progress, power to those who search to see
I call on the highest universal forces, storms and the seas and the galaxies

Whirling in space, transient forms in the time stream wake, become self conscious
and then dissipate

Two solitudes attract and collide opening eyes; again we fall into the void

Division of cells but not destroyed, electrical force a moment made whole, chemical
reaction

Combined in charge and fusion surging rhythm or mind rules alchemy on time
moves searching for a breakthrough

Now in awe the knell and toll, child god sips star milk from skulls

What event could now hinder our union, the total is the sum? Absolutely none

And we still warm generates the scene, sun still sparkles captivates our dreams

Zero to infinite undefining scheme, will stem the flow pulse with mystery

Drawn through bloodlines, cells fuse timelines through our eyes into our minds

A hex on those who halt the soul's progress, power to those who search to see
I call on the highest universal forces, storms and the seas and the galaxies

And if all the secrets were revealed, would we feel a clarity, would we relearn
everything, memories forgotten

Second to second delivering clearly, epoch to epoch our memories flow by
cinematic journey

An epic tale, the gates of hell will fall open before me

Passion and fury, forever surely, doesn't feel like an end waiting for me

Benedictions passed on empty casks, wooden boxes, silk flags, death masks
Wodin/Wotan/the wooden man, the terrible creatures of the five sands

The un-seeable face of the god-head shines on from the world of the un-dead

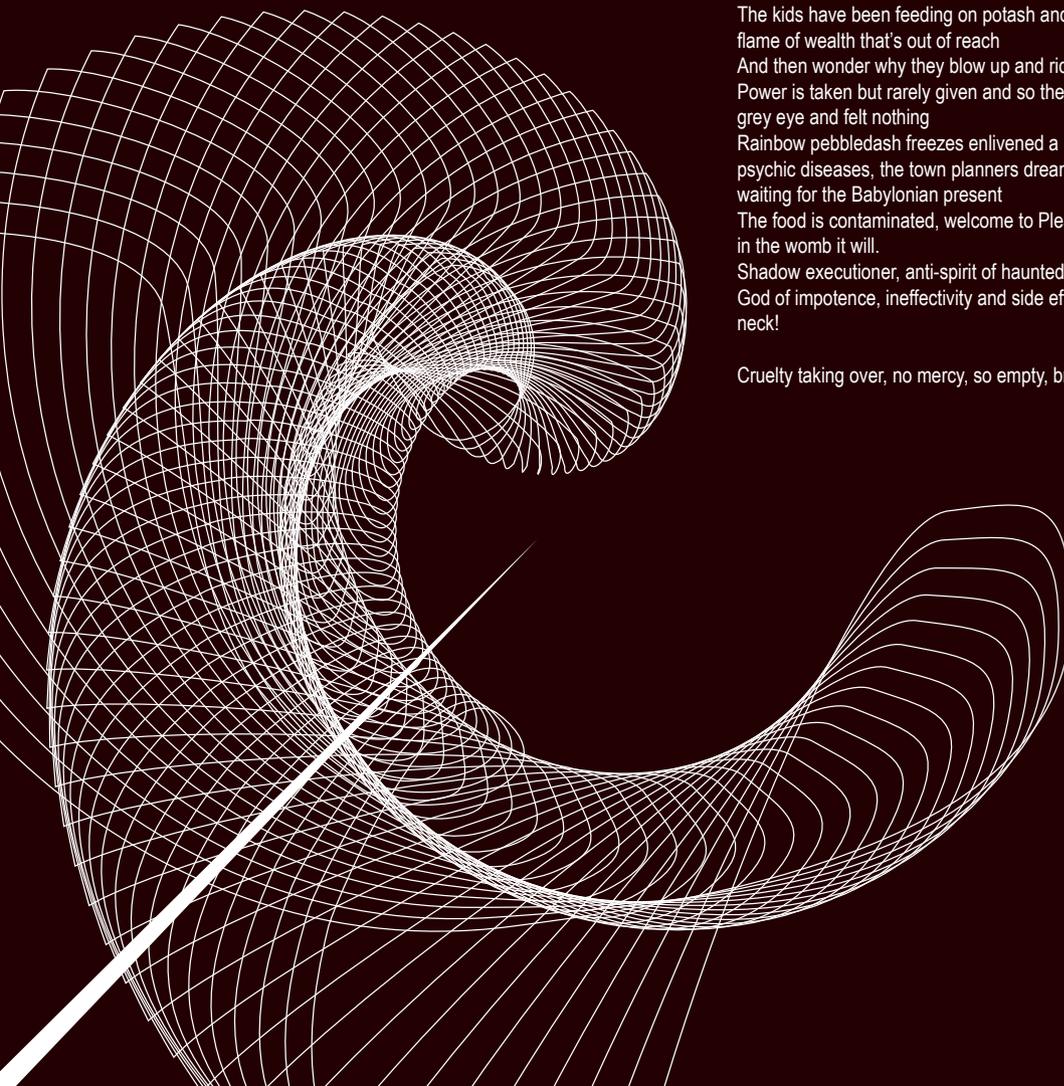
It's all one chain, elements will rain, it all feels different but over time it's all the same

Beyond form, each of us gods unravelling the glittering seam

A hex on those who halt the soul's progress, power to those who search to see
I call on the highest universal forces, storms and the seas and the galaxies

From The Seven Seas, The Four Corners! And The Galaxies, the four Winds





Fairytale

It's a fairytale, there's a way out of everything, with every breath, her eyes deep and sad within, needles sting when you break each layer of skin, a lot to say and in your way stands everything

Cruelty taking over, no mercy, so empty, broken heart

Pissing on little lickspittle empires and cultural vampires is the long defunct practice of looking beyond, the workaday realities of which you grow fond
Who am I but the one who speaks, what am I but the mouthpiece
Sold the soiled plastic degradation of nations, unravelling like Daedalus' maze
Until the floor is awash with serpents that were once ropes
I walk ghost-like unnoticed as I plot my trajectory
The beats inside my 'phones consuming, infecting me
Leaving ample room for anthill structures, doors codes and key meters
Damp cells with weak heaters

The kids have been feeding on potash and saltpeter; expose them to the naked flame of wealth that's out of reach
And then wonder why they blow up and ride reckless through your streets
Power is taken but rarely given and so the sky gave more of its tears from the big grey eye and felt nothing
Rainbow pebbledash freezes enlivened a landscape otherwise suffering from psychic diseases, the town planners dream; units, roads and crescents patiently waiting for the Babylonian present
The food is contaminated, welcome to Pleasureville, make you want to crawl back in the womb it will.
Shadow executioner, anti-spirit of haunted pills and pillboxes
God of impotence, ineffectivity and side effects, try to eject, you broke your fuckin neck!

Cruelty taking over, no mercy, so empty, broken heart

Lights Out

The evidence indicates that the solitary function of the modern world is to destroy the old beneath your feet

Accepted that strength is the law. Your very existence demands it. A case of put up or shut up, so be thankful at least you're still alive

Distorting my reason to fit in
(There's no growth without change)
Take comfort in this alienation
(There's no peace sustained)

The primary objective of the economic power is to use your mind to pacify your voice and bleed you dry

Now love is righteous illusion, defend your piece; it's all you have
With empty gestures and faded words, did no one tell you? We make what we deserve

Distorting my reason to fit in
(No growth no change)
Take comfort in this alienation

A hole in the consciousness gaping
Nourished on the lie.
Now I can switch off from your suffering
The symptom is war

Running in stealth and silence
Creeping towards singularity
But millions will die on the threshold of peace
Frozen in medieval polarity

Agents of change
Focus your rage

Distorting my reason to fit in
Focus your rage
Take comfort in this alienation
(No growth no change)
(No peace sustained)

Heitham Al Sayed: Vocals & lyrics **James Barrett:** Bass **Andrew "DJ Awe"**
Clinton: Scratch **DJ Kerstin Haigh:** Vocals & lyrics **Nick Michaelson:** Guitar
John Morgan: Drums **Paul West:** Business Management

All songs written by Senser except 2,3 Clear & Brightest Rays written by Senser & Alan Haggarty, So Refined written by Senser & Paul Soden.

Nick Michaelson uses Black Machine guitars.

DJ Awe: Technics SL1200's & 1210's, Roland SH101 & DJ70

All tracks engineered by Jason Wilcock. Assistant Engineer: Chris Coulter. Jason Wilcock is represented by Covert Music Management. Tracks 2-7 & 9-12 were recorded at Stakeout Studios in London. Tracks 1, 8 & 13 were created & mixed at Bob James in Brooklyn. Additional recording on tracks 5, 7, 10 & 11 at Bob James, for Duro of Brooklyn. Mastering by Mike Marsh at The Exchange.

Artwork by Adam Snow & Heitham Al Sayed.

#1 WAKE UP, YOU'RE ON FIRE - Created by Rob Freeman & mixed at Bob James in Brooklyn.

#2 RESISTANCE NOW - Produced, programmed & mixed by Jason Wilcock.

#3 BRIGHTEST RAYS - Produced by Neil McLellan & mixed by Andy Baldwin for This Much Talent. Programming by Matt Robertson and Neil McLellan.

#4 2 3 CLEAR - Produced by Neil McLellan & mixed by Andy Baldwin for This Much Talent. Programming by Matt Robertson and Neil McLellan. Additional mixing at Stakeout Studios by Jason Wilcock.

#5 DICTATOR BLING - Produced by Scotty Hard. Assisted by Tom Camuso. Mixed by Jason Wilcock at Stakeout Studios.

#6 END OF THE WORLD SHOW - Produced by Neil McLellan & mixed by Andy Baldwin for This Much Talent. Programming by Matt Robertson and Neil McLellan. Additional mixing at Stakeout Studios by Jason Wilcock.

#7 SMOKING PARANOIA - Produced and mixed by Scotty Hard. Assisted by Tom Camuso.

#8 SANDHURST IN ZERO G - Created by Rob Freeman & mixed at Bob James in Brooklyn.

#9 SO REFINED - Produced by Neil McLellan & mixed by Andy Baldwin for This Much Talent. Programming by Matt Robertson and Neil McLellan.

#10 HEX - Produced by Scotty Hard. Assisted by Tom Camuso. Mixed by Jason Wilcock at Stakeout Studios. Additional vocals by Sebastian Laws, courtesy of Word Sound.

#11 FAIRYTALE - Produced and mixed by Scotty Hard. Assisted by Tom Camuso. Electric piano composed by Awe & played by Dominic Pipkin.

#12 LIGHTS OUT - Produced, programmed & mixed by Jason Wilcock.

#13 ARTURO - Created by Rob Freeman & mixed at Bob James in Brooklyn.

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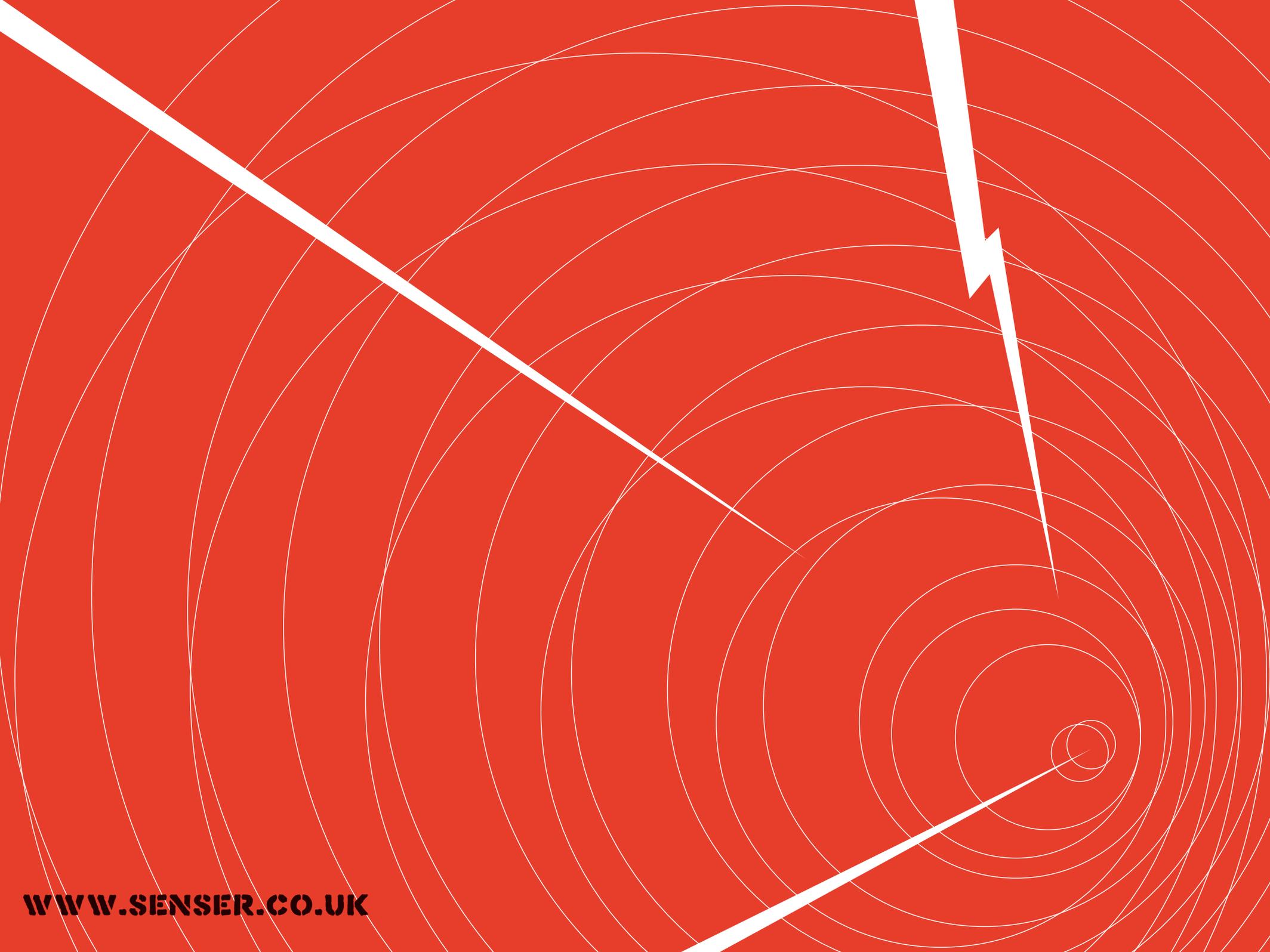
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