

TOXIC



OBLIVION

oblivion is a followup to my full LSDJ EP **unrelated** (may 2017). I wanted to try using my gameboy as an instrument. It's a lot of experimentation based on the mood I wanted to achieve.

The album is a concept telling a story about **the struggles of PTSD**. We follow the story of **Ny Aina**, trying to live her life the best she can after going through a horrifying story using war as a metaphor. It's a recollection of stories that were shared with me or that I personally experienced, inside a metaphorical universe.

TRACKLIST, THEMES & CREDITS

Songs and production by Julien Noble

1 - so what now ? - *losing all bearings*

2 - oblivious - *self-effacement*

3 - stop - *anxiety*

piano composition : Antoine Noble

4 - artifact : hold on

5 - relative - *depression*

6 - of space horses - *toxic behaviors*

7 - absolute - *sleep disorders*

voice : Ludovic Halimi

djnt : Jean-Michaël Celerier

8 - artifact : memories

9 - limit - *making a step forward*

10 - oblivious.demo.lsd.sng

11 - limit.demo.lsd.sng

12 - absolute.room.2016.128kbps.mp3

UNRELATED

In 2036, a meteorite hit Earth but didn't destroy it. People found out instead that they could resonate with the universe to exploit an unknown energy source. A world war occurred over its control, until extraterrestrials, the Narr contacted the planet in 2071. Despite a cold war on trust and the meaning of life, peace happened and went on for 500 years. The Narr taught humans to use the energy source, the Phonema, for good. This period is known as the golden age of humanity.

In 2589, a religious state of another extraterrestrial race, the Linkus, declares autarky to protect its culture. The Narr do not agree to this and launch a military operation that leads to an all out war in the Laur system, the Linkus home. Humanity, only bound by misplaced honor and sacred union, sends 1 million souls who have never fought before.

unrelated follows the story of Ny Aina and Mendrika as they are forced into the Overlord program as OL-91 and OL-92 to win the war.



DOWN THERE

Soldiers can stay up there where they are safe, but everyone eventually goes down there.

They drop you in the middle of nowhere, expect you to fight for something you don't believe in, succeed and come back.

Nobody wants to go down there, but it's not like we have any choice.



SYNC

Sync is our everything. It's our privilege, the one we keep on the battlefield and makes sure we stay alive.

Sync is a curse, I never wanted so much power.

Sync is how we become heroes or monsters. It all depends on which side you are.



ESCAPE VELOCITY

"We have to get off this planet"

"Everyone is dead"

"They blew up Control"

"We are wounded and tired"

"Let's get out of here"

"Let's fly away and forget all of this"

"This ship's name is the oblivion"

“ Everybody can sync. Every living being does it at least once in their lifetime. Syncing is engaging a dialogue with everything. It can be a means to create and destroy, to help or offend, to assist or command or just understand the world around us. It's a moment of clarity for some, a walk in hell for others. It will express differently for each person.

Some call this sync an aiempa, a gift from a so called god, but in reality, we have no fucking clue as to what is happening. It always has something associated to it, may it be an object, a person or just a thought. It changes you radically, in ways you probably only dream of. Your sync is as much your mirror as it is your completing half to life. Being aware of it makes you the master of your own self, where every decision you make will have a meaningful impact. But you have to learn to sync. You have to become what you sync into, because it is not the person that you are at first. When you sync, you go through 3 different phases that deeply alter your self-consciousness.

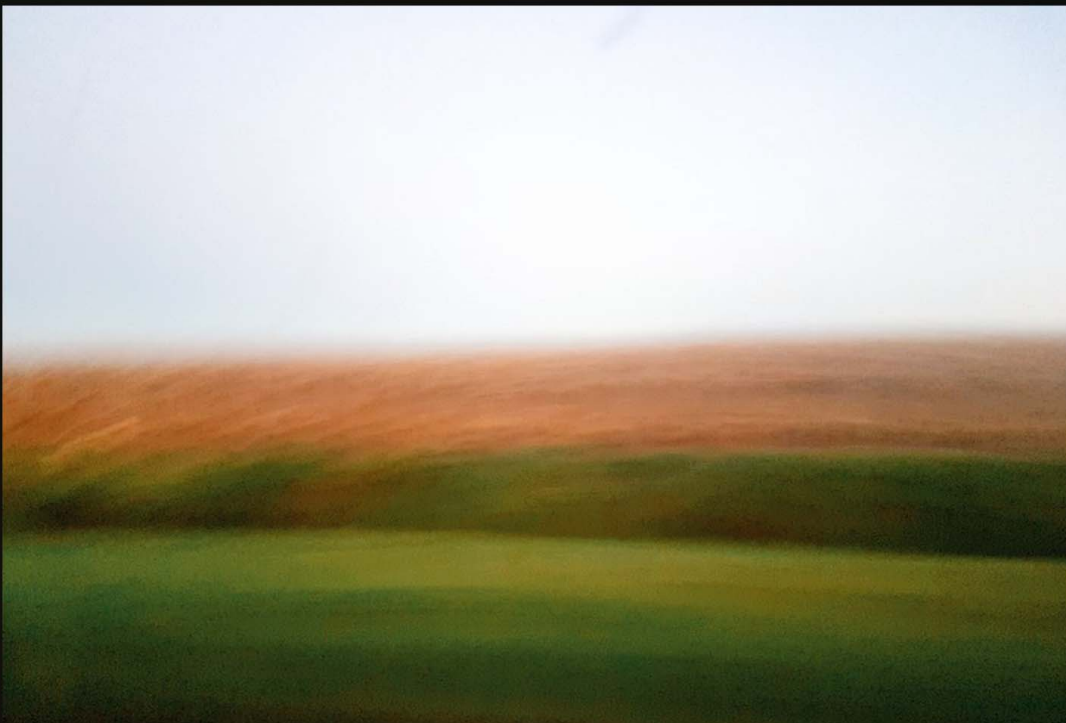
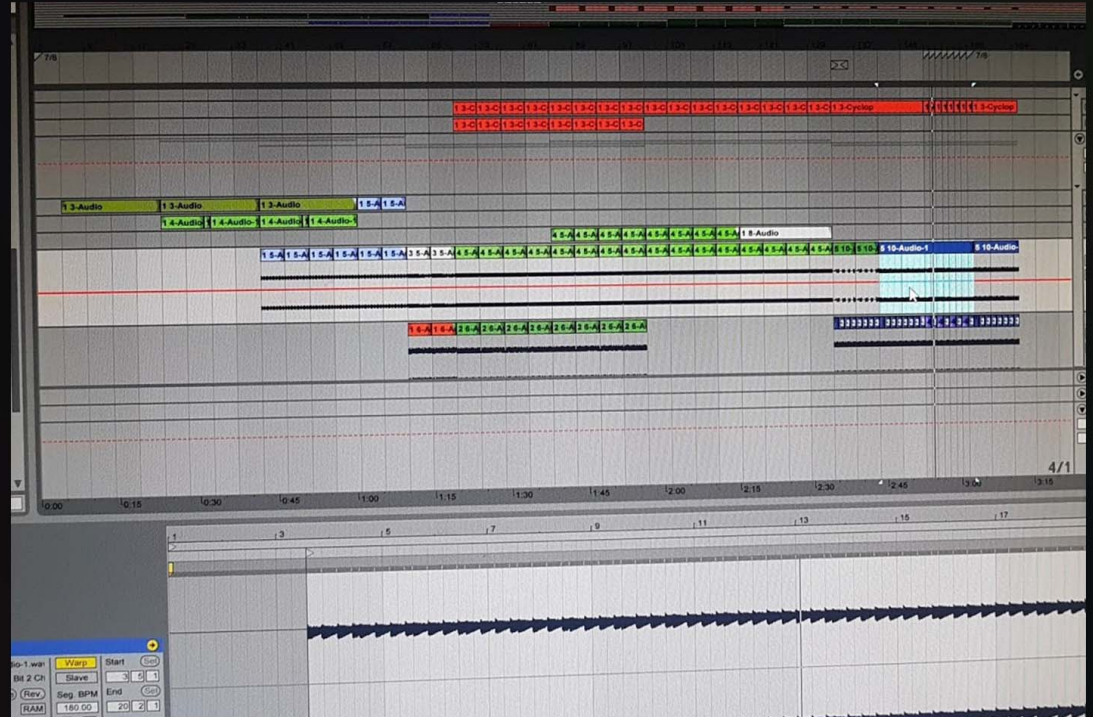
Phase 1 is where it all starts; it's sweet, like a melody in your head jumping back and forth to a soothing tempo. We call it the interlude, and even though we mostly fight in this form, it's a warning call for your enemies, a weak link. But basically a lot of pretty lights are going to happen. You'll probably see some sort of floating gears; some fucked up way the universe has to tell you you're doing things kind of right. Then you'll become conscious of your sync, most of the time as a weapon. It might be a sword, maybe a gun, maybe the ability to change your surrounding electrical charge. It is pretty sweet, and quite easy to master, plus it often provides satisfying results on the battlefield. Most of us never make it past this point, but if you keep at it, you'll see it goes a lot further.

Phase 2 is when things get serious. That melody becomes a war cry as much as a romantic song. When the materialization occurs, you'll experience an entire array of emotions, from love to fear, because you'll have to learn to live them to fully control yourself. Those of us who reached this phase always possess a physical counterpart; again, most of the time, a weapon. Only this time, the simplest attempt to use it will have devastating results on all those who oppose you. It's the expression of pure emotions into reality, with no barriers, no limits. Phase 2 is by far the most explosive phase. It's damn hard to exploit, and most of us push to phase 3 which is harder to attain but less WMD if you get the point.

Phase 3 is the grand finale, the state at which reality is just an artificial factor to hold us. You start seeing a lot of weird shit at this point, but you have total understanding of yourself. So you decide what you are, what you want to be, what you want to destroy. You are one and many, linked by a bond so powerful we haven't found a way to break it. It doesn't make sense, and don't expect it to in any given timeline. Only a few of us have reached phase 3, and everybody eventually blacks out. We don't remember what happens, only that it's exactly what we want to happen. You can see it as the ultimate cheat to life, it gets the job done. Listeners who go phase 3 act like they can't hear us, they're independent agents, they're you but not you. It's a bit like being drunk to oblivion and still managing to get home with your car without having an accident.

But there's a second reason why they chose you, why the Overlord program only works in pairs, why you always have a partner. First of all, statistically, you have better odds of survival when there's two of you down there. Second, it seems they found a way to potentially match listeners that can sync with each other. It's not automatic, and we haven't seen a successful person to person sync, but that's the reason you two are always going to be working together. So you better start getting along, because they're not going to leave you a choice. And I'd prefer seeing two human beings hold hands rather than throw magical nukes at each other in a desperate attempt to collaborate with this war going on. Anyway, got any questions?

OBLIVION



oblivion starts directly after **escape velocity**. Nya and Mendrika board an unknown human ship with five other humans to escape the planet Laur IV. Control has fallen, general retreat has been declared, the war is lost. As the ship cruises through the atmosphere dodging explosions, the crew performs an emergency quantum jump to anywhere but here. The ship is called the Oblivion.

As silence embraces the deck, feelings of hopelessness take each one on board. The pressure drops. We are lost. Where are we? What should we do? Who do we answer to?

So, what now?

SO WHAT NOW?

We survived, but what should we do? As I pass through the Oblivion's corridors, faces seem absent. Mendrika is critically wounded and was put in cryogen until we find a solution.

These people don't know us. They don't owe us anything, yet we are all in the same boat. We are scared. The war is over. What should we do?

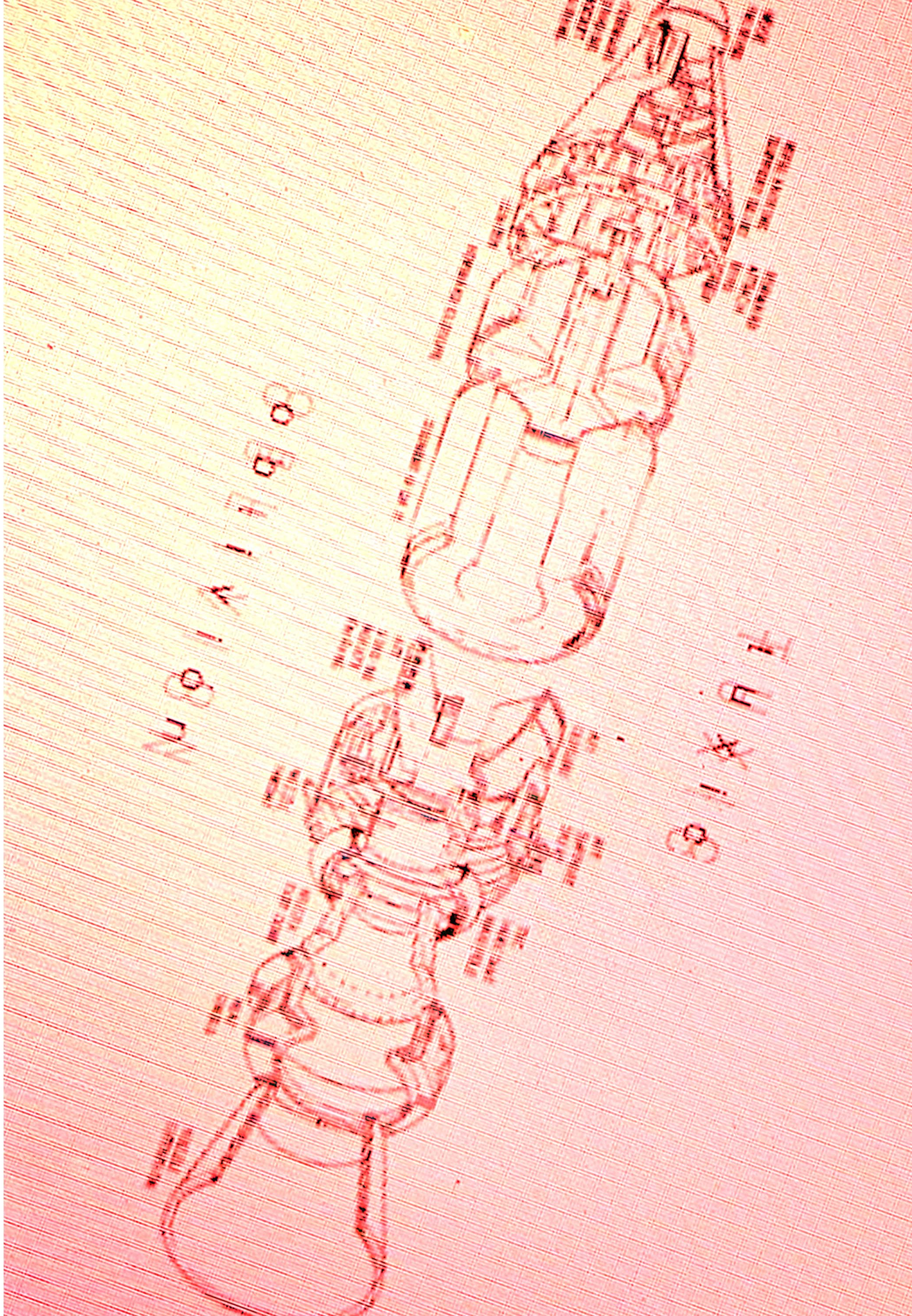
There's something special about this ship...

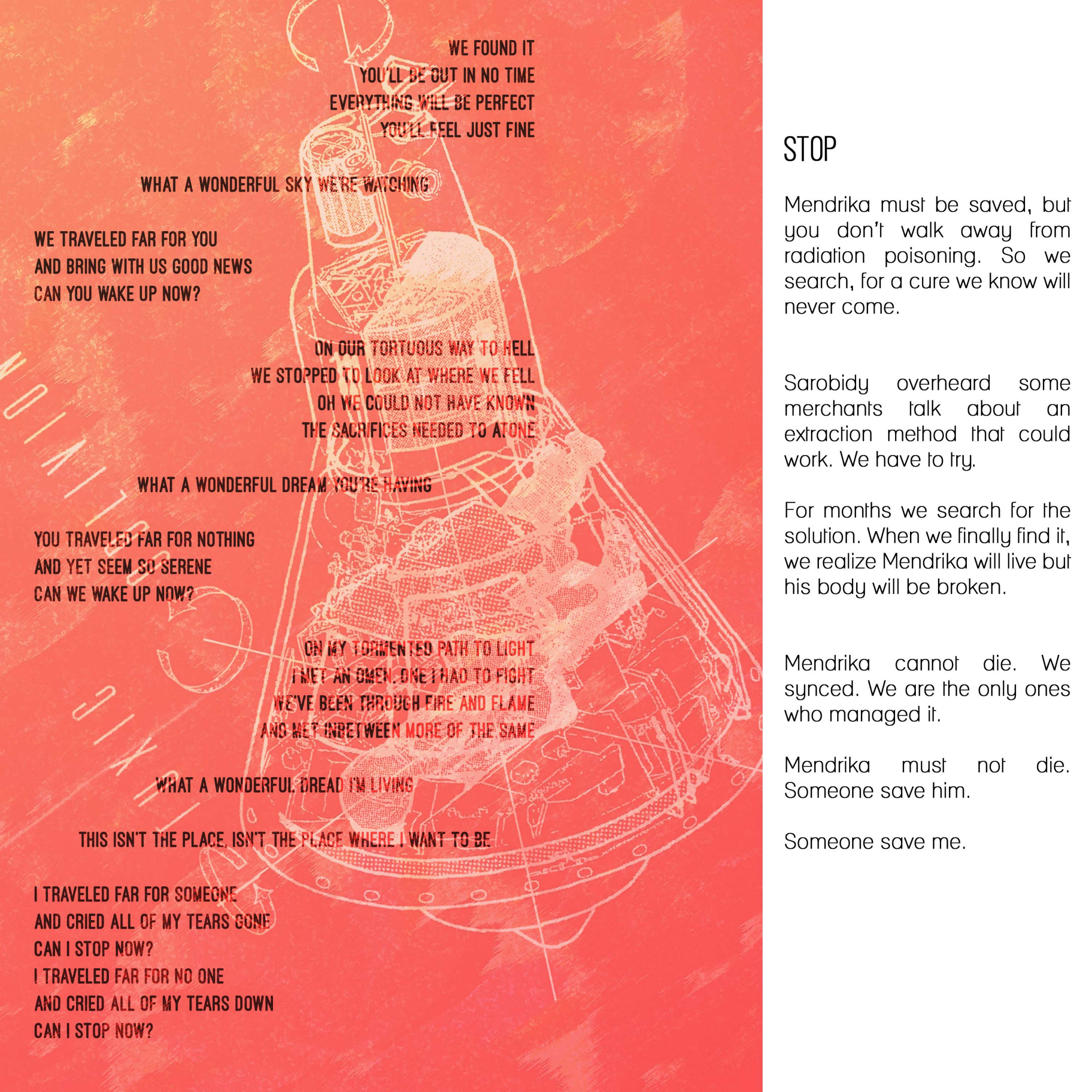
OBLIVIOUS

A few days ago, our daily routine consisted in going down there and killing people. Now we hide in our rooms trying to forget everything.

I can hear my friends cry. I am crying constantly.

And time passes by us, but we can't catch a ride.





WE FOUND IT
YOU'LL BE OUT IN NO TIME
EVERYTHING WILL BE PERFECT
YOU'LL FEEL JUST FINE

WHAT A WONDERFUL SKY WE'RE WATCHING

WE TRAVELED FAR FOR YOU
AND BRING WITH US GOOD NEWS
CAN YOU WAKE UP NOW?

ON OUR TORTUOUS WAY TO HELL
WE STOPPED TO LOOK AT WHERE WE FELL
OH WE COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN
THE SACRIFICES NEEDED TO ATONE

WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAM YOU'RE HAVING

YOU TRAVELED FAR FOR NOTHING
AND YET SEEM SO SERENE
CAN WE WAKE UP NOW?

ON MY TORMENTED PATH TO LIGHT
I MET AN OMEN, ONE I HAD TO FIGHT
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH FIRE AND FLAME
AND MET INBETWEEN MORE OF THE SAME

WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAD I'M LIVING

THIS ISN'T THE PLACE, ISN'T THE PLACE WHERE I WANT TO BE

I TRAVELED FAR FOR SOMEONE
AND CRIED ALL OF MY TEARS GONE
CAN I STOP NOW?

I TRAVELED FAR FOR NO ONE
AND CRIED ALL OF MY TEARS DOWN
CAN I STOP NOW?

STOP

Mendrika must be saved, but you don't walk away from radiation poisoning. So we search, for a cure we know will never come.

Sarobidy overheard some merchants talk about an extraction method that could work. We have to try.

For months we search for the solution. When we finally find it, we realize Mendrika will live but his body will be broken.

Mendrika cannot die. We synced. We are the only ones who managed it.

Mendrika must not die. Someone save him.

Someone save me.

ARTIFACT : HOLD ON

People have started remembering our ship.

We travel across the galaxy, helping stranded humans, rebuilding lost colonies, getting us past the war.

Many human soldiers went rogue after the war ended. Nobody would take care of us, we were abandoned to the infinite void of space. We prevented the Independant Earth Troops from crushing several Narr and Linkus settlements. We stopped our own race from hurting the innocent, whoever they were.

People would cheer for us when we docked somewhere. They would come to meet us, hear our stories, listen to our dreams.

Mendrika lost the use of his legs. Him and Faneva were getting along fine. Fy, the pilot and me looked towards the future.

Somehow we were alive.

Together.

RELATIVE

It stays in my head. Those images, those moments I cannot forget. Even though my friends are there, I still feel my anxiety take over me from time to time.

I'm still fighting, I'm not alone.

OF SPACE HORSES

They came out of nowhere. The anomalies. They want us dead.

They offered us a deal, but how can we trust them?

ABSOLUTE

I have this recurrent dream where I see all the people I've hurt. Fy tells me it's normal, they will go away with love and time. Mandrika can't sleep well either.

We are terrified of what goes on in the dark of our minds.

I STAND IN THIS CORRIDOR WITH MANY PASSAGES
BEHIND EVERY DOOR LIES A ROOM
PLACES I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AND NEGLECTED FOR AGES
WHERE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO

THE AIR IS RARE IN THIS LABYRINTH
FOR IT CONTAINS SO MANY, YET SO FEW
GUILT SURROUNDING YOU
LIKE PARASITES NEVER GONE EXTINCT
THEY STAND HERE, MY ERRORS
BEGGING ME TO STOP IT ALL
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO APEASE THEIR FIRE

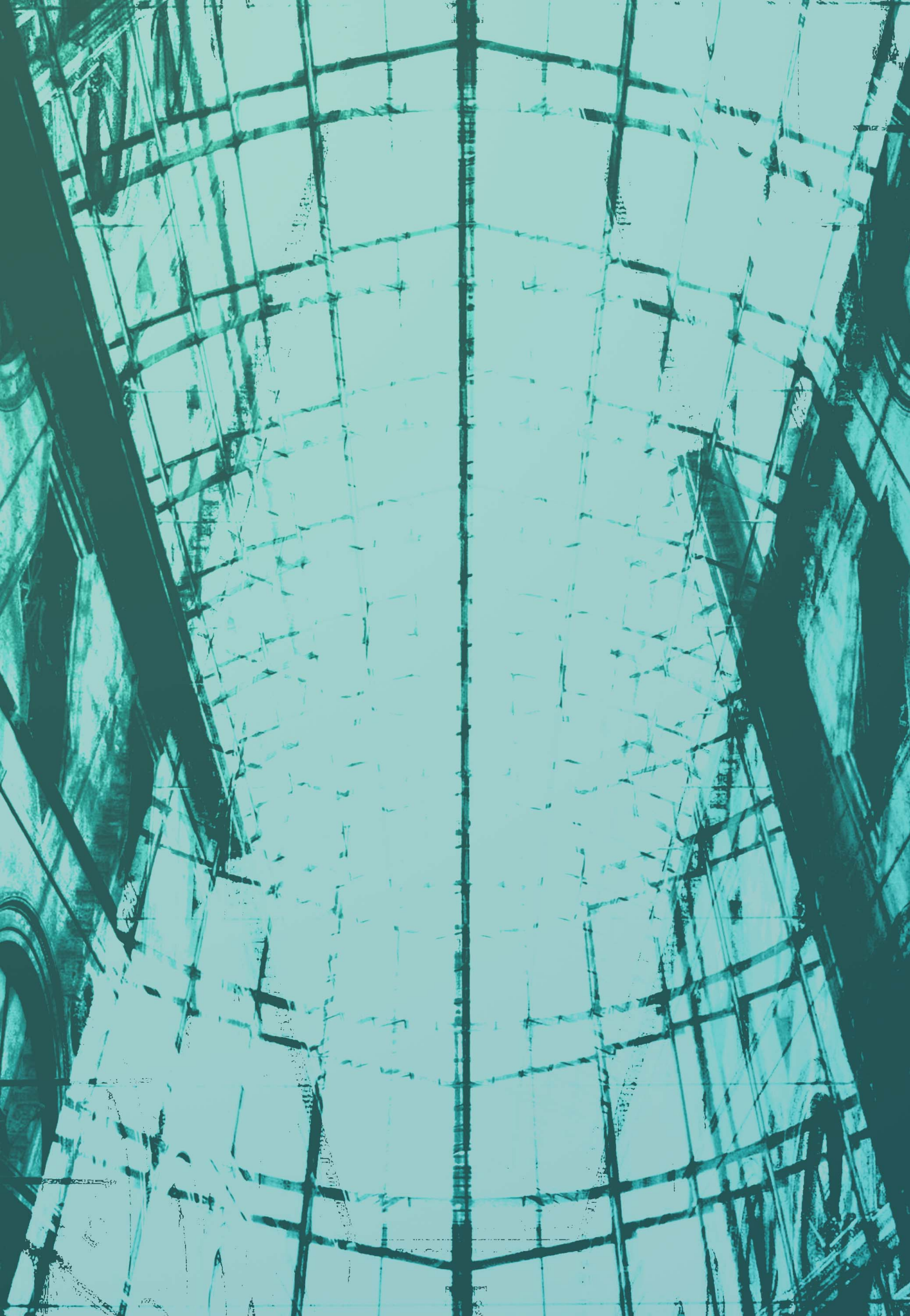
THEY STAND IN THIS ROOM, MOTIONLESS
FOR ME TO ADMIRE THEIR PERFECTIONS
THEIR DISTRESS
THEY STAND STILL WONDERING
WHY EVERYTHING IS WRONG
YET NEVER A WORD SAYING

STARING BLANKLY AT THEIR MISERY
BROUGHT TO MY KNEES, WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?

THEY STAND STILL WONDERING
WHY EVERYTHING IS WRONG
YET NEVER A WORD SAYING

I WALK IN THIS CORRIDOR, THE SHAME ON MY FACE
WONDERING WHY EVERYTHING IS WRONG

THEY STAND HERE, MY FAILURES
LOCKED INSIDE THIS DARK GRAY CHAMBER
THE ONES I COULDN'T EMBRACE
I TORE DOWN THEIR FACE



ARTIFACT : MEMORIES

I remember everything that lead to this point.

I remember the horrors we went through.

Do we really deserve to be saved?

LIMIT

But I will keep on fighting. I will stand up and step up for the others.

We achieved nothing during the war. We wrecked unrelated and ourselves.

But no more. The Oblivion shall never sink. It shall hold as a testament to our will.

As long as we stand together, we can learn to live again.

People say the Earth is under attack. I guess it loomed over us from the start.

THANKS

BleepLove for their constant support despite me not being the most communicative person.

The wonderful musicians who helped me make this album a reality, Antoine (my brother), Ludovic and Jean-Michaël. My dad and uncle for their advice on sound design.

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