



P E R I P H E R Y

## Muramasa

Somewhere in time, we welcomed in the fall. But in the distance we can see, shining clear, our demise to be. We're not listening to ourselves.

You ask these questions in subconsciousness, but still we choose to deny the flood surrounding nations. Wake up! The water is rising now. We are the universe inside of you waiting patiently.

All the world by a thread? Distance the lies that are sold. They will not justify the pain. They will not live to see the day.

## Scarlet

So many reasons why one should never entertain a taste of the red. A cry for a life of innocence escapes her. So repent, and go running back to kill because it might make it easier. It's the scent of fear that keeps you chained down to the ritual. Adhere. You're a slave born into a dark world of deceit. A slave that's longing for a retreat.

Learning to love a disaster. Direct your soul in the essence of hate to draw the blood of the master. Flee. The stains on your wings now carry the free.

Selfishly embrace the glory vengeance brings. Hold courage tight. Illuminate the night. Punishment! An eye for an eye, a knife to the wicked. Just the sight of the organization burning to ashes, could put a smile on her face. The torture ends within this wretched place. Oh please forgive what I've become.

Learning to love a disaster. Direct your soul in the essence of hate to draw the blood of the master. Flee. The stains on your wings now carry the golden seal extracted from the omen's life. One steady hand in victory. Darkness weeps as love enfolds under a pure and crescent night. Born from the eye into the light.

So many reasons why one should never entertain the taste of scarlet.

So many reasons why one should never entertain a taste of the red. A cry for a life of innocence escapes her.

Learning to love a disaster. Direct your soul in the essence of hate to draw the blood of the master. Flee. The stains on your wings now carry the free.

## Have a Blast

Caught in the mundane. The day to day, it traps us so tightly. Escape the cubicle cell enslaving time of the resident slave. Just another clone stamped in the system who cannot think for yourself.

It's raining pens and staples on the prisoner questioning our real purpose. Bury your sense of worth beneath the desk you call your home.

Consistent overflowing with no way out. Now you're always entertaining thoughts meandering. Ambition slowly rolling, steady, downhill. A puppet never disobeying the strings attached from hands to toes. From head to fucking toes.

And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow. Locked in the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one. I guess it's the fear of all that keeps us on the road. Locked in the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one.

Behold our creation... A walking dead. Step back and realize what you are fed. Escape the mortal mentality. It's a lesson that can't be ignored for long. My destination lies within the song.

Blistering reality. Imagining a world in limelight. Never will it be out of my reach. I've heard the lies a million times, but did it ever steal from my soul? Bleeding from the lungs, I see, a life complete above the darkest hole.

And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow. Locked in the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one.

A world so masochistic. Envious, broken system. The infant braving infested waters, collecting prominent rage. Torment in reality, for I leave it.

## Luck as a Constant Ragnarok

Staring up at the ceiling, while I'm falling into the flames. Something is gnawing my shoulder and scarring this moment into my memory frame.

The fathers speak, but might as well be castrated. It feels so good from where I stand. The one abstaining from all human needs and pleasantries, is the one I never will be.

Collecting through the sheets, a sense of power filling me, and I will never let go. I'm never letting go. Bending will of man and the hearts of the gods. Shut the fuck up and let us live a life we can call our own. Leave me alone.

If you love the guilt, then let it die. A life kept so clean, will measure the price of misery. If you love the guilt, then let it die. In silence we will remain.

If you love the guilt, then let it die. A life kept so clean, will measure the price of misery.

But manifest a taste of paradise, and surely you'll see the sin inside of me.

## Facepalm Mute

Connect these signs. The evidence will lend itself to be more than just a lie. I'm not asking much, just a simple request that you think for yourself, once in this goddamn life. Fuck!

Forward. The violent state of mind obsolete and taking the back seat. Reach for the stars, control the fucking skies. Can you silence your opinion of what I'm about to say? Go on and let the mind perceive.

Neglect the sense of ignorance to alter life. Embrace the beauty from inside.

**WE ARE ONE.**  
We are the strength of the universe at heart. Construct the light. Implore of the energy, bestow the understanding.

Follow the scent of the sinners as the body of our mind disintegrates. Forever is the course upon your plate. Don't ever ask if we consume the blood and hate. Repeat this life if you will, but don't count on forgiveness from the filthy swine.

Here we stand at the threshold of paradise, stealing a new world. I never would have thought our place in history would come to this, but we are infinite.

**WE ARE ONE.**  
Neglect the sense of ignorance to alter life. Embrace the beauty from inside.

**WE ARE ONE.**  
We are the strength of the universe at heart. Construct the light. Implore of the energy, bestow the understanding.

**WE ARE ONE.**  
We are the strength of the universe at heart. Construct the light. Implore of the energy, bestow the understanding.



A race suppressed by oath and seal. The ancient tribe, it groans. This cold life released us from the physical plane of the human race. Closing the lines. Pave the way, to destroy the light of their day. Disgusting, thriving on the sun. Teeth they grind, waiting for the planets to align. Take back what belongs to the dominant being. Congregate spilling blood.

We are the dark, that feed upon the living in solid shadow. Conquer the earth, and bleed the carbon masses in solar shadows.

As the cool wind blows, feel the ice grazing over skin. On a chilled horizon, rides the destiny of our poor and foolish kind.

From the sun into the deep, we go. Leaving all known from above this lightless world. The humans sleep, while violently commanding "darkness flee the dream." Forboding waves, unclear, crash on seas. Drawing night.

We are the dark, that feed upon the living in solid shadow. Conquer the earth, and bleed the carbon masses in solar shadows.

Dimensions collide, while the creature resides inside of us all. There's something evil pulsing to life that has been repressed by civil tides. Open the barrier lines. A race suppressed by their repeal. The ancient tribe still groans. Emotion receding as the beast grows. We boast the dark, unholy, presence abound.

We are the darkness around.

## The Gods Must Be Crazy!

Heart stop, and carry on through the light. Can you tell me what I'm missing? This sleep sought after twists the dagger in the question of what lies within. So heart stop beating on through the night. Give an escape for the blinded. Although I follow, it seems to pass the time. I wait with certainty inside this theory.

I hear them speak with tongues of fire, while setting the heavens ablaze. Live a life high up on a wire of fear.

It's not for me to say what you need to believe, and I won't speak until it's over. It's not for anyone to say what it is to perceive. Steadfast, wallow in their punishment. Take pleasure in the sight.

False cries. Corrupting the soul of a saint and with knowledge of gods we relate. Watch from afar, dodging religious scars.

Disregard my existence? Don't ignore me!

Speak of forgiveness in sin? I bathe in your hatred so putrid and crimson. Never an ounce, never an inkling of repentance do I give. Throw it away. Piss on the demons and their hypocrisy.

It's not for me to say what you need to believe, and I won't speak until it's over. It's not for anyone to say what it is to perceive. Steadfast, wallow in their punishment. Take pleasure in the sight.

## MAKE TOTAL DESTROY

Welcome to the truth; a life that's not your own. Controlled by labor, printed paper and corruptors of the world. Synthetic lies collect our mind to the beat. We've had the rug pulled from under our feet.

Media terrorists thrive on deceit, spoon-feeding bullshit served by elite societies harnessing fear as a weapon.

The time has come for all to see the men behind the curtain cast into disease.

Take back the light. It's a dangerous place we're headed for if we accept defeat. Now we know its a show they've been running from below. Burn it down until the ground beneath the faulty entity is glistening under the wings of a golden era. Listening to the hate they've created inside us, we grow, as we reduce their religion to bones. Yes, we reduce them all to bones!

The time has come for all to see the men behind the curtain writhe in self defeat. When will the world seek truth within? They eye in silence grants the knowledge to begin.

Reverse what's lost. Awake the song within you. Rejoice aloud. Let these words imbue.

Shape the future. Sifting power back in the hands of the common man. Give them hell for existence, pouring blood on the path they've set in stone, as we reclaim our position to the throne. Yes, we reduce them all to bones!

## Erised

There's a vessel and it's sinking at sea. An apparition that's beckoning me. As the cold, dark night brings on the sweat, I slowly drift away.

Stuck down at the bottom of the orange, cylindrical state of mind. What are we running from? There's a distant sound of a melody. Release me from this plane.

A life to live; a sedative under the skin. Bury it, carry the cure. Just let emotion set devotion within your heart to collect the debt we sow.

Step out from the moonlight like it's a game we play. The checkerboard is tainted. Drops of red will lead the way.

Black are their lies. Gold are the tongues of the glorified. Command disease of the body and mind.

Stuck down at the bottom of the orange cylindrical state of mind. What are we running from? There's a distant sound of a melody. Release me from this plane.

A life to live; a sedative under the skin. Bury it, carry the cure. Just let emotion set devotion within your heart to collect the debt we sow.

Collecting sanity. Simply ready for the life that awaits your lead. There's a distant sound of a melody, and I won't leave this place.

## Froggin Bullfish

Shut out from this ancient truth. We are blind inside. Migrant souls from a distant world? There's an absence of knowledge.

Reaching out for the pulse of our own. Now the time has come to awaken the prophecy. Buried underneath the veil of illusion. Given a life of freedom, only to neglect what we should feel. Tortured by negative consciousness.

Feeling our disorder hit the froggin' wall. Escape some way... Awake! Hallucinating desire.

Chase the obscene. Travel these wonders far beyond. Burn down the walls that bind you to this cage, or be detained.

For once, a glimpse at freedom would feel divine. A break from this feeble old mind. My fucking mind!

Negative scenes are just the projection of our own dark fear. Playing the victim is not what will bring us back to salvation. Back to reality.

What is it they all seek? Be it the wealth or the throne? Live your life as a drone! Reaching out for the pulse of our own.

So high... above what they all seem to know. Subliminal signs; a message that's unrefined. Soaring above what they all seem to know. Someday replay the purgatory life you lead.

Taste the obscene. Travel these wonders far beyond. Burn down the walls that bind you to this cage, or be detained.

## Mile Zero

It starts as one festering feeling. The kind that cuts from the flesh down to the soul. No way to make amends for the time behind the door. Street lights feed lies straight to the mind of the wishful wanderer. How could he give up? No second chances to say goodbye.

Wrapped in this cold, nostalgic energy from cries of the ones who are buried. Ascend beyond.

Life is ruthless and shot full of pain. It lifts you up, leaves you out in the rain, and it hurts just to know that you're not coming back again. I will miss you my friend. Memories like a slug to the brain, paint the walls with a love that will stain the darkest of nights. You left to join with the stars and I cannot shake this off my chest.

In death we grieve until all have transcended from this realm. In time we will meet again.

Suddenly I can feel the connection between dimension ties. Open gut on the floor. Trembling down to the core. What is this?

It's been a long ride without you. I'm lost inside my own world. There's not a single day where I've feigned the acceptance, but it's a somber stroll down this road that we call life.

The silence still is crawling out of my sedated sight. How can I be free?

Wrapped in this cold nostalgic energy from cries of the ones who are buried. Ascend beyond.

Life is ruthless and shot full of pain. It lifts you up, leaves you out in the rain, and it hurts just to know that you're not coming back again. I will miss you my friend. Memories like a slug to the brain, paint the walls with a love that will stain the darkest of nights. Left to journey alone, but I can find my way back home.

RIP Shawn Bennet

## Masamune

As I slip away... thoughts rushing through me. Angelic call? Or a demon that's calling my name? Enter the intrepid state. Enter beyond what is seen to the spiritual stream of the vacant.

Shot from the mind of the physical, leaving flesh behind. Rejected by the holy gates. I will not be directed! The course of ancient power, it will follow. Fall with me.

Dark and grim for a memory. Measuring all the glory as it seemed. Was it enough for eternity? Foolish schemes for a destiny lined with dreams all came crashing down on me. What will become of the energy?

Cast away, I feel the heavens slowly turning gray. Colors seem to fade. As the morning star surrounds the angels sing.

Salvation is so far from unholy realms of the filth infestation. Torture the life death-bound in wretched ways. Repent or revenge?

There's no pardon for a meddling soul. Somewhere in time we welcomed in the fall, now in the distance I can see shining, clear, our demise to be...

We're not listening to ourselves.



## Album Thanks

### PERIPHERY thanks -

**Labels:** Distort Records, Roadrunner Records, Sumerian Records

**Management:** Mike Mowery for Outerloop Management

**North American booking:** Ash Avildsen for The Pantheon Agency

**Europe/Australia/Japan booking:** Jim Morewood for Eccentric Gent Organization

Big thanks go out to Jan "The Man" Hoeglund (A&R and Asst. Management at Outerloop Management) and all our A&R reps for all their amazing support and help: Frank Aresti, Erin Aschow, Paul J. de Benedicts, Steve Blucher, Chris Brewer, Derek Brooks, Doug Campbell, Otto Choi, Valerie Corabi, Rikk Currence, Larry DiMarzio, Dawid Dzielwski, Mattias Eklund, Ben French, Kevan Geier, Joseph Hibbs, Chrys Johnson, Maciej Konczak, Tyler Krupsky, Chris Kunitz, Steve Lobmeier, Tim Mills, Jim Morewood, Matt Picone, Nikhil Potdar, Martin Potts, Bernie Rico Jr., Jon Romanowski, Kevin Scoles, Marco Socoli, Mike Taft, Mike Tempesta, Bill Terrill, Lou Vito and Darren Wilson. Thanks to Ash Avildsen, Greg Below, Jesse Brust, Danny Corr, Luke Death, Richard Fernandes, Amanda Fiore, Jordan Gaster, Shawn Keith, Jeff Kitts, Wally van Middentrop, Janine Morcos, Jim Morewood, Mark Palmer, Randy Ray, Freddy del Rio, Marcio Sargento, Kirsten Sprinks, Yerry Stetter, Morgan Thomas, Brad Tolinski and George Vallee as well.

### Mark thanks-

I'd like to thank my incredible family for their support and love -- Mom and Dad for encouraging me to pursue a stupid dream, Jeff Holcomb and Nathan Gonzales, Vane Ochotorena - you guys give meaning to everything. Alex Markides - we are NOTHING without you. Nolly Getgood for being a great teacher and a true jack of(f) all trades, Wes "cracky legs" Hauch, Elliot "GB" Coleman, my best travel buddy Justin Gosnell, (The) Ashton Parsons (Project), Alex Bois, Tom Murphy, Taylor "ypnp" Larson, Alex Rudinger, Faith Savoy, all of the amazing people I've ever met at Peace Corps, all of my family in the Philippines, the Kesslers, Jojo Gonzales and the entire Gonzales family, Grandma, my late Grandparents and family, the Mortons & Ochotorenas, Bret and the Corsiglia family, Kenneth and Kevin Pangilinan, Tita Florence, Greg Ruddick, Nick Dodd, Chris Hiebert, Pnut, Alex Hura, American University ATEC, everyone from Rota and DGF, James LaBrie, John Petrucci and the entire Dream Theater band & crew, Jeff Loomis, Guthrie Govan, Devin Townsend, all the bands we've had the privilege of touring with, Roadrunner Records, Morgan Thomas, Janine Morcos, Darren Cherry, Frank at D'addario, Derek at Ernie Ball Music Man, Bernie Rico Jr, Mayones, Distort, Sumerian Records, Fractal Audio, Bill & Mattias at Toontrack, Jocke Skog, Jan & Pearl Hoeglund, Nikhil Potdar, Mike Mowery, Norbert Dretressangle, Rocco Siffredi... and my brothers Sponce, Meesh, milkJake and Halpern Nate Siffredi for making this such an amazing ride thus far. oh and last but not least, all of you wonderful fans for reading this thank you list - which probably means you bought the album and didn't pirate it. love you guys! xoxo

### Spencer thanks-

First off, I would like to thank the universe for it's infinite and unconditional love. Second, a huge goddamn thank you to Maker's Mark and Jack Daniels for keeping me sane on tour and in the studio. Clayton Pratt, Chris Dower, Ryan Borrel, Matt Murphy, Chris Darton, Mackenna Lohrman, Nolly, Elliot Coleman, Isaiah Gardea, Justin Gosnell, Casey Sabol, Blake Byers, Alex Markides, Ashton Parsons, Taylor Larson, Nate Valenzuela, Jan Hoeglund, uncle Dave, Nana and Papa, thank you so much for helping and supporting me through everything. Shawn Bennet, I miss you dearly and would not be here right now had it not been for you. Thanks to everything from the sunshine to snowfall and in between for making life interesting.

### Matt thanks-

Charlie for being the best dog in the world. Mom for all of your love and support throughout the years. Dad for always being my biggest fan. Jaclyn and Spencer for all of your help and continued support. Hal for all of the jokes and taking care of my Mom. Cali, Gia, and Toasty for being the second best dogs in the world. Spencer, Misha, Jake, Mark, Nolly, Jeff Holcomb, Alex Markides, Ashton Parsons, Wes Hauch, Justin Gosnell, Taylor and Will, Elliot Coleman, Casey Sabol, Bernice, Lamont, Norm, and Cheryl for providing the Periphery family with such a strong foundation. Stephanie Robin, Jonathan Rivlin, Andy Meister, David Rivlin, Gene Seidel, Paul and Paul at RLF, Josh Rivlin, Ivy Rivlin, Isaac Rivlin, Michael Teitlbaum, Josh Clark, Brandon Deroche, Chris Desautels, Maria Kelly, Tim Frost and everyone else behind the scenes at Bandhappy. Mike Mowery, Jan Hoeglund and the rest of the Outerloop team. George Vallee and everyone at Sumerian. Joe Hibbs, Mike Robinson, Martin Potts, Otto Choi at Mapex. Chris Brewer and Norbert Saemann at Meinl. Marco Socoli at Evans and Promark, Bill Terrill at Toontrack, Natalie Camillo at Adrenaline PR, Chris Adler, Mike Mangini, John Petrucci, Jordan Rudess, James Labrie, John Myung, Richard Huggins and Natalie Parkinson, Zach Kahlich, Billy Rymer, Liam Wilson, Ben Weinman, Tosin Abasi, Javier Reyes, Navene Koperweis, Adam "Doo Doo" Buzzini, Lee McKinney, Luke Holland, Mark Okubo, Sam Applebaum, Shaun Lyman, Kevin Lyman, Paul Kersh, Naveen Jain, Alex Bois, Tom Murphy, Raanen Bozzio, Eric Willis, Tim Borror, Ben and Ken at Modern Drummer, Sam Jazz, Michael Jazz, Ari Brownstein, Steven Hoffman, AJ and Morgan Weiss, David Lederman, Brett Dechowit, Larry Hoova, and the rest of the facers, Ryan and Laura Vermaland, Nikki Simmons, Stuart Hart, Dan Book, Alexei Misoul, Eric Stevens, John Browne, Mike Malyan, Stef Broks, Dez Nagle, Don Lombardi, Terry Bozzio, Trevor Simpson, Eric Conn, Jesse Brust at 518. All of the amazing teachers and students on Bandhappy, all of my personal students from over the years, and last but of course not least, all of Periphery's insanely supportive trolls, fans, and friends!

### Misha thanks-

I would like to thank my Mom and Dad for their unconditional love. Without their support this band would never have gotten anywhere. I would like to thank my wonderful girlfriend Faith Savoy for being the chilliest, coolest and most supportive girlfriend I have ever had, and the Savoys as well for all their kindness. I'd like to thank my bandmates Jake, Matt, Spence, Mark and Markides for all their hard work in getting this band to where it is. Adam "Nolly" Getgood, you are our honorary member considering everything you have done for us over the years. The same should be said for Justin Gosnell. I'd also like to thank: Axel Mansoor, Yael Mansoor, Jeremy Hessler, Elliot "Good Buddy" Coleman, Wes Hauch, Casey Sabol, Jon Rivlin, Jon Roberts, Ashton Parsons, Walter Huaman, Aiden King, Taylor Larson, John Browne, Mike Malyan, Connor Vennard, Michael Scoma, Jan Hoeglund, Mike Mowery, Nikhil Potdar, Alex Bois, Norm Malort, Cooper, John Petrucci, Jordan Rudess, John Myung, James LaBrie, Mike Mangini, Guthrie Govan, Stef Carpenter, Jeff Loomis, Chino Moreno, Devin Townsend, Fredrik Thordendal, Richard Huggins and Natalie Parkinson, Jen Rasmussen, Frank and Marco @ D'addario, Bernie Rico Jr., Maciej and Dawid @Mayones, Bill and Mattias @Toontrack, Jocke Skog, Doug Campbell @Blackmachine Guitars, Mike and Jon at Jackson Guitars, Ola Strandberg, Vik Kuletski @ ViK Guitars, Dylan Humphries @Daemoness Guitars, Darren Wilson @Decibel Guitars, Derek Brooks @ Ernie Ball, John Dell'isola, Cliff and Matt @Fractal Audio, Tim Mills @Bareknuckle Pickups, Steve Blucher @Dimarzio, Kevan Geier @ Tremol-no, Scott and Zane @Mackie, Tyler and Chris @Warwick, Chrys Johnson@EMG, Jim and Yerry @ E.G.O., Darren Cherry, Janine Morcos, Morgan Thomas, Monte Conner and everyone @Roadrunner Records, Ash Avildsen and Shawn Keith @Sumerian Records, Greg Below, Marcio Sargento and everyone @Distort Records. Thanks to all the bands we have toured and played with for showing us a good time and teaching us a thing or two! Thanks to all the fans for supporting us and enabling us to call this crazy little project our "Day Job". See you guys out there on the road, if I missed anyone in here I apologize. I will owe you a 10 second (timed) hug and/or a kiss on the cheek (face) to make up for my bad memory.

# Credits

## PERIPHERY II: THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL

Produced by Periphery, Misha "Bulb" Mansoor, and Adam "Nolly" Getgood  
Engineered, Mixed and Production by Taylor Larson at Oceanic Studios  
Vocal Production by Spencer Sotelo  
Additional Mixing by Adam "Nolly" Getgood  
Additional Engineering by Will Donnelly  
Mastered by Logan Mader

All songs written by Periphery

This album was performed by:

Jake Bowen - Guitars, Synths, Programming  
Matt Halpern - Drums  
Misha "Bulb" Mansoor - Guitars, Synths

Adam "Nolly" Getgood - Bass  
Mark Holcomb - Guitars  
Spencer Sotelo - Vocals

Guest solo by Guthrie Govan appears courtesy of Polymer Records on "Have a Blast"

Guest solo by John Petrucci appears courtesy of Roadrunner Records on "Erised"

Guest solo by Wes Hauch on "Mile Zero"

Strings on "Have a Blast" arranged and produced by Randy Slaugh  
Engineered by Ken Dudley at Cottonwood Studios  
Violin: Alice McIlrath  
Cello: Lezlie Smith

### Solo Credits:

Have A Blast - 1st Solo Misha "Bulb" Mansoor, 2nd Solo Guthrie Govan  
Luck As A Constant - 1st Solo Misha "Bulb" Mansoor, 2nd Solo Jake Bowen  
The Gods Must Be Crazy - Solo by Jake Bowen  
Erised - 1st Solo Misha "Bulb" Mansoor, 2nd Solo John Petrucci  
Froggin' Bullfish - Solo by Misha "Bulb" Mansoor  
Mile Zero - Solo by Wes Hauch

Album design by Josh Clark (<http://www.joshclarkdesign.com/>)

Additional album art by Alden Bradstock

Additional album concept design by Jake Bowen

### Periphery proudly uses and is endorsed by:

Ibanez, Jackson, Ernie Ball Music Man, Mayones, Bernie Rico Jr., Blackmachine, Mesa/Boogie, Warwick, Line 6, Fractal Audio, Mackie, D'Addario, Planet Waves, Tremol-No, DiMarzio, Bare Knuckle, ProMark, Evans, Mapex, Meinl, Spectrasonics, OnStageStands, BBE and Toontrack

Muramasa  
Have a Blast  
Facepalm Mute  
Ji  
Scarlet  
Luck as a Constant  
Ragnarok  
The Gods Must Be Crazy!  
MAKE TOTAL DESTROY  
Erised  
Epoch  
Froggin Bullfish  
Mile Zero  
Masamune

