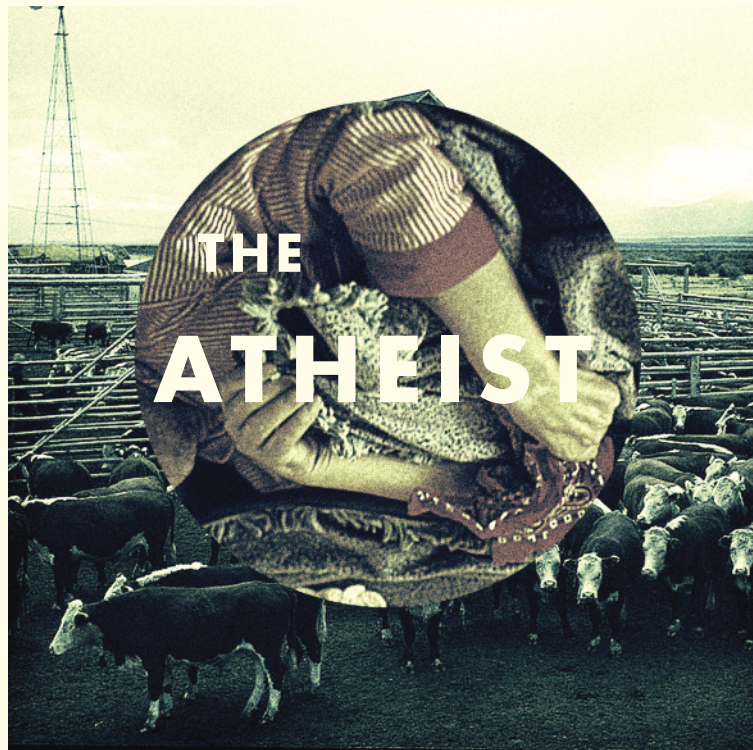


A STORY BY J.R. HAYES

# THE ATHEIST



# I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HATE, I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE ANYTHING,

but just for a moment imagine that you hate Baseball. As soon as you see it pop up on the television you change the channel in disgust. All of the catching and throwing and running around just seems silly and pointless to you. The crack of the ball against the bat reflexively sends the contents of your stomach surging upwards into the back of your throat. Now imagine that not only are the vast majority of people in the world baseball fans, but that in their fanaticism they have decided; without consulting you; that not only does everyone have to love baseball, but you have to pick a favorite team.

This is my relationship to religion. I was indoctrinated when I was a child, and I wrestled with it through most of my adolescence. My fear of Hell made me fear my own thoughts, my own sexuality. I was taught that man was once perfect, but had since fallen into decadence and degradation. Sometimes they made it seem like almost everything a person could think or do was a sin. Where some saw peace and understanding, I could only see ignorance and xenophobia.

Other people around me would react differently. They claimed to be filled with great happiness and contentment. Throwing their hands into the air at service, seemingly drunk on God's love and security. Why couldn't I feel these things? Was I incomplete? Was I possessed by the Devil? Why did my mind constantly hunger for knowledge and understanding? Perhaps it was like a taste in food or music, maybe one man's worship is just another man's boot licking. I guess if you're going to ask questions like that you have to be prepared to never find the answers.

I was told that humans could not understand the mind of God, any more than a serf might understand the whims of his king. My questions seemed reasonable enough to me. Why would a being who is supposed to be perfectly good exhibit so much jealousy and sadism? How could an all powerful being have an adversary? What about all the people who died before the birth of Jesus? Were they condemned to Hell simply for being born too early to be saved? Why would the creator bestow upon me the faculties of logic and reason if their only use was to send me spiraling to a fiery doom? When I would ask





the pastor these questions he would just laugh heartily and pat me on the shoulder. Surely I was too young and naive to understand the intricacies of scripture. And the more I studied it, the more lazy and made up it all seemed. I still had to pray for a few more years before I finally realized I was talking to myself.

At some point in my early twenties, I decided that I didn't really care about what happened to me when I died. God or no God, I was going to live my mortal life as a free man. Free to decide for myself what I think is right or wrong. And if this freedom carried some eternal punishment then so be it. Send me to Hell on the express train.

So for the last 5 years I've been living in the mountains and valleys of Virginia. By myself, in the wild. Sleeping in deserted bear dens and abandoned coal mines. Hunting with spears and knives and crude traps. Collecting rain water. Surviving as best I can. Evading the locals and dodging the Book Burners.

Far removed from my previous life as a Biology professor at George Mason University. My beautiful wife Eileen was an amateur tennis champion. We had a cookie cutter townhouse in the D.C. Suburbs. A chubby little bulldog named Otto. Good friends, good wine. We snowmobiled in Wisconsin. We sunbathed in Bermuda. We had it good, and we knew it.

Around the same time all that was happening, a charismatic televangelist from San Antonio was in the process of changing his Megachurch into a Gigachurch. He called himself Pastor John Hammer. His Sunday morning sermon averaged 30 million viewers. He financed the building of the largest church in history on the outskirts of Omaha, which seats 500,000 people. He would deliver emotional, sweat drenched sermons; falling into the crowd and being passed around like a human collection plate. There were actors dressed as angels and demons, live sheep and lions, laser light shows, celebrity interviews, car giveaways. Pastor Hammer would drape himself with a boa constrictor and speak in tongues, eyes rolling back in his head. Even the non believers had to admit the man was a master showman and a marketing genius. He was the P.T. Barnum of Christianity.

His followers grew from sects into legions. The production only became bigger to accommodate. The money poured in, but people were also donating land, buildings, entire towns. He purchased two cable networks. One became Christian soap operas and reality shows. The other a top rated "news"

channel. He fearlessly introduced religion to the world of endorsements and suddenly Jesus had his first official sports drink.

He started professional wrestling and football organizations with Biblical themes. You could see the Visagoths play the Philistines on Monday Night. Or you could watch Luke tag in Paul for a flying double elbow on Judas. He was giving the people exactly what they wanted.

Behind the television's flashing colors, the Church worked quietly, acquiring corporations through anonymous front companies and providing an endless stream of cash for conservative candidates at every level of government.

Then, one fateful Sunday in June, Pastor Hammer came out for his sermon, but something was different. His manic charisma was gone, replaced by a brooding intensity. He claimed that the Holy Ghost had visited him in the night and revealed his destiny to him. There was a dramatic pause. The crowd was hushed, in the palm of his hand. He raised his face into the light and proclaimed that God's will was for him to become President of the United States and the roar of the congregation shook the Earth.

Sure enough, he crushed the Democratic contender in the next election, pulling 78% of the vote. Mere days after the inauguration, a Constitutional Amendment was rushed through Congress proclaiming Christianity the national religion. The Supreme Court upheld the Amendment with a vote of 5 to 4. President Hammer urged all of the Christian denominations to unify beneath the wing of his almighty "American Church." And damn if they didn't. That was a crazy time. You couldn't open your eyes without seeing a cross or a flag. Or a flag with a cross on it. Or a cross with a flag draped from it.

The education system was dismantled. The libraries and universities were burned to the ground in great orgies of righteous violence. Society began to break down along religious lines. Communities rebuilt themselves around the local churches. 12 hour work days followed by 4 hours of mandatory worship kept the people focused and supervised. Sex was only allowed for the purpose of conception and had to be conducted in the presence of scriptural experts and Church "physicians."

20% of all male infants are taken by the church for immediate indoctrination. They are "educated" at secret locations and will end up having no knowledge of their birth parents. Most will end up serving



as Book Burners, some will become personal bodyguards for Church officials. The really twisted ones will end up as Choirboys. To have your son seized by the Church in this way is considered a great honor.

Lie detector tests are administered at the weekly "confessions." Anyone who misses a confession is deemed a heretic and marked for subsequent termination by the Book Burners. There are no courts or appeals. No excuses. Non believers either fled, converted, or perished. My parents begged me and my wife to convert. Eileen, who was raised Jewish, agreed. She didn't want to die. I didn't blame her.

It was the hardest decision I had ever made. I loved her, but in my heart I knew that I just couldn't fake it. I had already divorced myself from the church and there was no way I was going back. I wouldn't have been able to look at myself in the mirror. Her mouth said she understood, but her eyes said different. I kissed her goodbye. I still don't know if it was the right thing to do. I just know that it's done.

Most of the time I didn't even feel human. I became one with my environment, memorizing every aspect of the terrain. I had studied plants and animals my whole life, so I had a bit of a head start as far as understanding things like which snakes are poisonous or which mushrooms are safe to eat, but there was still plenty about surviving in the wild that I had to figure out for myself. I had to teach myself how to build fires, create traps, camouflage myself. Sometimes I would follow the Book Burners around for days, studying their tactics and chain of command. My mind became supremely focused. I probably could have survived out there indefinitely, but I decided that I couldn't just be alone for the rest of my life. I needed companionship of some kind. Regardless of the dangers, I had to know if there were any more like me.

I'm driving up Rt.9, through what's left of Harper's Ferry, toward the West Virginia border. I stole this Chevy truck from the driveway of a deserted house outside of Manassas. There's a crucifix painted on the back window. Underneath it says "Jesus Saves." Which, for once I couldn't argue with, 'cause he did save me from having to walk the last 60 or so miles. It only had a quarter tank of gas when I jumped in and I'm just about down to the fumes.

I'm trying to remember what a coconut tastes like, since I haven't had one in five years or so, when suddenly a woman in a burqa comes running out of the bushes into the road, dynamite strapped across



her stomach, garage door opener in her hand. I have enough time to look her in the eye and jerk the wheel to the left, but not enough time to get out of the way. She detonates, throwing the truck onto it's side. I see a shower of sparks beneath me as I skid off the cracked pavement and into the ditch. It takes me a second to get out of my topsy turvy position. I pop out of the passenger side door as if it were the hatch of a submarine. In the distance I hear the revving of motorcycle engines. I know exactly what comes next.

The Muslim bandits come screaming out from a dirt road, about a quarter mile behind me. Two of the bikes have AK-47s mounted on front, the triggers crudely rigged to levers on the handlebars. AK's are fairly accurate weapons, but not when they're fastened to the front of a banged up motorcycle. The third bike has a sidecar with a man shouldering an RPG. Their loose clothing shudders in the wind, their war cries are shrill and mad.

They probably expect me to panic, run, and be cut down from behind. That's probably what happens 99% of the time. I happen to be the other 1%. I reach into my bag and pull out a mason jar full of old motor oil and tacks. I wait until it's too late for them to swerve and I spike the jar down across the pavement. None of them are able to avoid it. The bike with the sidecar flips, and turns it's two passengers into one gory, red skid mark. Another rider loses control and hits the ditch full throttle, throwing him into a tree, killing him instantly. The third rider manages to right himself and keeps coming at me, guns full auto. The bullets rip into the back of the truck. I take careful aim with my M-1 and put a round through his center of mass, knocking him off the back of the bike, which skids past me down the road.

I jump down and check the bodies first. Make sure they're properly dead. I take a canteen and a lighter off the guy I shot. I find the RPG laying on the shoulder of the road. I glance over at the wreckage of the sidecar. It's a smorgasbord of bloody entrails and twisted metal. I start searching through it but it's just too much of a mess.

I turn over the last body and immediately I recognize him. I try to make myself not recognize him but it's too late for that. His name was Anwar and he had been a student of mine. The goatee was a little different, but it was definitely him. I remember that he came to me after class one day and we had a spirited discussion about the ethics of cloning that really stuck with me. He had confessed to me his



dream of becoming a pediatrician, of helping sick children in the developing world. So much for dreams, apparently. I get choked up for a second, but I didn't make it this far by being overly emotional. I steel myself and turn away. I have to be cold if I'm going to survive.

His bike doesn't seem too damaged at first glance. I stand it up and inspect it. The front wheel is just too jacked up. Damn it.

I collect my things and start walking. I've been on the road too long anyway, it's time to go overlan

The Christians are pretty easy to avoid, as they stay in close proximity to their respective churches for protection. The highways are almost exclusively used by supply trucks and their Book Burner escorts. And of course the Muslim bandits trying to ambush them. Out here in the woods it's just me and the animals. Or so I thought.

Perched on a high ridge I detect some movement in the valley below. I take a closer look with the binoculars. Two young Asian men are netting fish in a creek. They're dressed in green robes and their heads are shaved completely bald. I work my way silently down the slope and take up a second surveillance position. They catch several Black Crappies and Bluegills. I'm impressed by their skill.

Eventually I follow them back to a secluded little holler nestled between two gigantic mountains. There's about a dozen of them, seven girls, four boys, and one older man with a long beard who seems to be the leader. A tiny, forgotten Buddhist sect living in the West Virginia mountains. I felt like I was gazing upon a species long thought extinct, like a Dodo or a Caspian tiger. I thought about what would happen to them if the Book Burners found this place. The screams of torture, the burning flesh. They seemed so peaceful and content as they ate their fish and berries, it was extremely difficult for me to stop watching. As I lay awake in the darkness I entertain the idea of approaching them, not to join them but just to have a conversation, just to be around a group of people who weren't trying to shoot me or bludgeon me to death in the name of God. Then again, who knows? Maybe my presence would frighten them and they would try to kill me anyway.

At dawn I slip out of the valley undetected.

I'm working my way through the outskirts of what used to be Hagerstown, MD. Now it's called "Lordstown", apparently. I'm sure they have exclusive rights to that name. I'm searching a long deserted farmhouse that's been picked pretty clean. There's a couple things here I might be able to do something with, like a half full can of WD-40, but nothing too exciting. The coast seems relatively clear, so I decide to sit out on the deck and "enjoy" some cold raccoon stew.

All of a sudden I hear all this commotion coming up the road. The sound of flesh being whipped. The slow grinding of large wheels. Over the top evangelizing.

I quickly pack away my things and find cover behind a thick Hickory. I break out the binoculars and keep watch on the road. About five minutes later they come into view. Fifty men in loin clothes chained together, pulling a wheeled, wooden crucifix about a hundred feet long. The men are constantly whipped by sweaty, leather clad handlers who walk alongside, hurling obscenities and gobs of spit at them. They may seem like prisoners, but that's not the case. They are all men of affluent backgrounds who gleefully paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for the opportunity to walk in the footsteps of Jesus and pull the sacred cross to New Golgotha, formerly Arlington National Cemetery, and before that the estate of Confederate General Robert E. Lee.

The real heretic is hunched naked in a wrought iron cage at the intersection of the cross. He is a white man with gray hair, maybe early 60's. In addition to his own filth he seems to be covered in rotten food and garbage. No doubt hurled at him by the inhabitants of Lordstown. This is what's known as a Crucifixion Tour. When the Church has obtained a particularly famous or stubborn prisoner, they like to send him or her around the countryside so several towns can have a chance to see them interrogated, tortured, humiliated, what have you; before they are taken to the execution grounds where two of the lucky cross bearers will be chosen by President Hammer himself to be crucified alongside the heretic. Followers will do practically anything for this esteemed honor. The waiting list runs well into the thousands.

Every tour has a High Priest, always at the front of the convoy. His entire body is gouged with hundreds of crucifix scars. He walks with an ornate staff and wears a stocking like mask that can show images at his command. It can give him the visage of Jesus or the Devil. It can show clouds or fire or gnashing teeth. Perfect for hammering sermons into superstitious minds.





Bringing up the rear is a squad of Book Burners in their signature black armor. Four with flamethrowers. Six with M-16s. They're specially selected for Bigfoot-like size and canine-like obedience. Perfect thugs. Intimidating but stupid, easy to confuse. The one in the red trenchcoat is the dangerous one. The Choirboy. A direct liaison to the church, they have two primary missions. The first is the one that everyone knows about: the conversion/extermination of heretics and the destruction of any blasphemous material. Their other, lesser known mission is to scout young children for the personal amusement of the church hierarchy. They are selected for their cunning and ruthlessness. They revel in torture and bloodshed. The sunlight glistens off his immaculate, crimson uniform. His mask bears the image of a bloodthirsty demon. My blood boils at the sight of him.

I trail them for the next several hours. It isn't hard since they travel at a crawl. Despite being horribly outnumbered, I feel the urge to hit them with everything I've got. One part of me wants to attempt a rescue. The other part just wants a suicidal bloodbath. Also, I'm tired of carrying this goddamn RPG around. I decide to attack at dawn.

I've got them in my sights as the first rays of light crack the horizon. I wait till the Book Burners are as concentrated as possible and I let the rocket fly. The explosion ignites three of the flamethrowers, setting off a series of blasts so absurd that it's almost surreal. One of them goes streaming off over the treetops like a roman candle. Three of the Book Burners are just running around on fire. It's complete chaos. I lob in a couple of homemade nail bombs and quickly move to my next firing position.

I survey the area. I only count two left, and they're both shooting in the wrong direction. Idiots. The two head shots are academic at this point. So much for superior numbers.

Most of the cross dragging lowlifes are dead, I knife the few that aren't. 30.06 rounds don't just grow on trees, you know. The priest and his handlers are blackened and torn asunder. The prisoner seems to be okay. I'm about to climb up onto the cross and free him when the Choirboy slashes my lower back with a nasty looking dagger. I curse myself silently. I should have accounted for him before I advanced. He has a bunch of nails stuck in his face. The left side of his body is severely burned. His war scream gives me pause.

I draw my Bowie knife and we stalk each other in circles, he keeps daring me to make the first move.



Finally he lunges and gets me across the wrist, followed by a backhanded slash below my collarbone. I cut him along the ribs as he moves past. I throw a punch and he slices my bicep open, instinctively I dive in and tackle him. We end up scrapping on the ground for a second before he's able to kick me away. We both get up quickly, he rushes at me and I sidestep, burying my blade to the hilt in the side of his neck. The blood drains like a faucet. He gurgles and collapses. I kick him in the side three or four times. I'm so pissed that I let him carve me up this bad. Nothing life threatening, but still. So pissed.

I pull his mask off. I want to look him in the eye. I guess he could be in his twenties but he looks about 16. His hair is blaze red and his face is covered with freckles. He doesn't look like he could even be remotely dangerous. No wonder they make them wear masks.

You almost killed me, kid.

Respect.

I drop the mask on his chest.

I dig the keys out of his pocket and unlock the cage. The man looks at me for a second and then smiles, "That was really something, my boy! Bloody good. Bloody good indeed! You're quite the one man army." The Queen's English, no doubt about it. He shakes my hand vigorously. "I don't know how I'll ever repay you! I would say you were a godsend, but that would be a bit daft, wouldn't it?" He hops down and starts putting a makeshift outfit together. "Professor Timothy Cambridge, at your service. Former head of the physics department at the University of Colorado, Boulder. And you would be?"

It had been years since anyone had asked me my name. I actually had to think about it for a second. "My name's Andy...Professor Andy Deacon."

"And what are you a professor of, Andy Deacon?"

"Biology. George Mason University."

"Splendid!" he pats me on the shoulder, "We shall have much to talk about my friend." He grabs a





9mm off one of the Book Burners. We start walking away but then he stops suddenly and runs back over to the Choirboy's body.

I shout back, "We have to go now! That smoke's visible for miles!"

"Just a second...Ha! There!" He pulls a thin, shiny case out of the Choirboy's trenchcoat. He stands up, opens the case, lights up a cigarette, and then calmly, triumphantly walks back over to me. "You want one?"

"Yeah. Actually I do."

"Tell me, Andy...where were you headed before you happened upon our little traveling sideshow?"

"Nowhere in particular, really. Just north. Canada, if I could make it that far. I figured, if you're trying to escape religion in America, it doesn't make a whole lot of sense to head South."

"No, I suppose it doesn't. Well, it just so happens that me and my ill fated companions had been traveling north to Vermont. If you were to assist me in reaching that destination, I could make it worth your while."

"What's in Vermont?"

"A way out of this hellhole."

Around dusk we come upon a cabin that seems deserted and set up camp for the night. We decide against starting a fire. I manage to get all my cuts stitched up, the Professor helps me with the one on my lower back. I still can't believe he managed to escape with just scratches and bruises. By all rights he should have been immolated. We eat deer jerky and blackberries and talk about old television shows that we'll probably never see again. I set up a defensive position at the front window and keep watch. The forest chatters with crickets and toads.

I start emptying my backpack, looking for this red lighter I thought I had. The Professor points at a

small leather bag. "What's in there? If you don't mind me asking."

"Some books I've come across while scavenging. Here, check it out." I toss it to him. He opens it and pulls out 5 books. "Huckleberry Finn", "Naked Lunch", "Guerrilla Warfare", "Journey to the End of the Night", and "On the Origin of Species", which he holds up, shaking his head in disbelief. "You do realize the Bishops would have you buggered to death in public if they found this?"

I shrug. "I guess I never plan on being taken alive. Besides, it could be the last copy on Earth for all I know." I take a long drink from my canteen. "So tell me more about what's in Vermont. Is there some sort of fortress or bunker there? Tunnels?"

"Nothing quite so crude or temporary, I assure you. The closest thing I could liken it to would be a spaceship, but even that would not do it justice."

"You're joking."

"Not this time, my boy. You'll just have to see it for yourself."

It takes us about two weeks to make it the rest of the way. We narrowly avoid being lynched by the townspeople of Wilkes-Barre, and there's another close shave with a pack of wolves near Vanderwhacker mountain in upstate New York, but generally we manage to keep things clandestine. It's a gorgeous, shimmering morning when we enter the town limits of Craftsbury, VT. The Professor takes the lead as we walk down the main street. The town is dead quiet, reeking of desolation. I wonder if everyone has been taken in by the Book Burners, but I look over at the Professor and he doesn't seem troubled at all by our surroundings. In fact, I can sense his excitement as we approach a small, blue house five blocks over from the main drag. I see him mouthing the number as we approach, "22245". We walk through the gate of a white picket fence and around to the backyard. The Professor heads toward a big willow tree in the center of the yard. He stands with his back to it and paces twenty steps out toward the woods. I see him reach down and he opens a trap door. He waves at me to come along. My heart is racing, I have no idea what to expect.

We climb down into a small room, the walls and floor are metal, stainless steel, I think. There is a

heavy, riveted door with a covered slit in it. The cover slides back and a pair of suspicious eyes size us up. He says "Password" in a tone that suggests we only get one try. The Professor just smiles and replies, "Sagan." The eye slit closes, the bolts are thrown, and the massive door slowly hisses open, like it's got a hydraulic lock of some kind. There are two guards in blue uniforms carrying strange, hi-tech looking rifles. I've never seen anything like them. The Professor asks for Alexa. One of the guards summons her with his radio. A door opens down the hall and a young woman steps out, with short, dark hair and horn rimmed glasses.

"Uncle Timmy! I thought you were done for!" She embraces the Professor warmly. Then turns her attention to me. Maybe I just haven't seen a woman up close in a while, but her presence intoxicates me. The Professor chimes in, "Alexa, this is Andy Deacon, Professor of Biology and the only reason I'm not feeding the vultures in Virginia right now."

She gives me a look that says she's impressed, "Well, Professor Deacon, perhaps my Uncle can tell us all about your heroism over some dinner. In the meantime, I bet you two would like to get cleaned up."

I'm led to a small, spartan room with a bed and a lamp. I drop my bags on the floor, stand my rifle up in the corner. There's a bathroom in the back. I look at myself in the mirror. My beard is ragged, almost a foot long. My clothes barely qualify as rags. Hopefully I still have skin lurking beneath all those layers of filth. I pull out my Bowie knife and shave for the first time in 5 years. I sit down in the shower and almost fall asleep under the hot water. It's relaxing beyond words. When I look in the mirror again I don't recognize myself. I look like a new man.

Perhaps I am a new man.

After an extravagant dinner of roast chicken and lobster, and several glasses of wine, Alexa offers to show me around the complex. She shows me the lab, the greenhouse, the factory areas where they construct their incredible machines. There's also a swimming pool, a game room, a gym, and a room full of musical instruments. It's basically a futuristic, underground hotel. She shows me a database containing thousands of books, films, and albums. The complete works of Faulkner, Kafka, Hemingway. I'm nearly brought to tears. Alexa holds onto my arm tightly as she leads me through the narrow corridors.



If I didn't know better, I'd say she was attracted to me.

We come upon a towering double door with a keypad beside it. Alexa punches in the code and the doors reveal a monstrous saucer the size of an office building. It's a sleek and elegant looking machine.

"How does it work? Anti-gravity or something?"

She shakes her head. "Once I was able to reconcile General Relativity and Quantum Mechanics, a whole new realm of science opened up to us. I figured out a way to basically fold space, create a pathway, and travel through it."

"You figured all that out?"

"Well, I did the math. Obviously I had considerable help designing and assembling this vessel. You want to see the inside?"

"Absolutely." It takes me a second to decide which question to ask next. I've got so many. "What's our destination?"

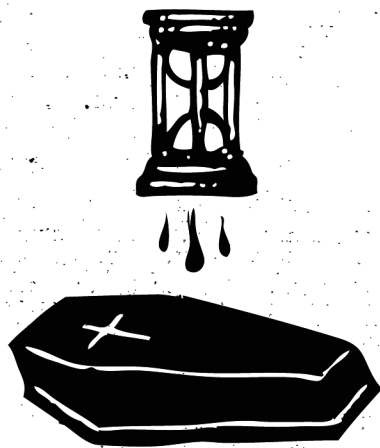
"A star called 'Kepler-11.' It has several orbiting planets, one of which looks to be a paradise."

"When do we leave?"

"Thursday. 10:00 AM sharp."

I looked down at her gorgeous brown eyes, and it felt like I was gazing into the future.





FUCKED

PIG DESTROYER



BOOK BURNER

SIS  
THE AMERICAN'S HEAD  
THE UNDERGROUND MAN  
EYE  
THE DIPLOMAT  
ALL SEEING EYE  
VALLEY OF THE GEYSERS  
- BOOK BURNER  
MACHIAVELLIAN  
BALTIMORE STRANGLER

WHITE LADY  
THE BUG  
IRON DRUNK  
BURNING PALM  
DIRTY KNIFE  
TOTALEO  
KAMIKAZE HEART  
KING OF CLUBS  
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S I S

MY SISTER'S DANGEROUS  
SHE CLIMBS THE BARBED WIRE FENCE  
CHANGES CLOTHES IN THE BACKSEAT  
MEDICAL GOWN TO RED JEANS  
I CAN TELL SHE'S OFF HER MEDS  
'CAUSE SHE'S GRINNING  
LIKE A DEATH'S HEAD  
LIKE A SLIT WRIST ANGEL  
THE ASYLUM LIGHTS UP  
AS WE PULL AWAY  
THE DOCTORS DON'T GET IT  
MY SISTER CAN'T BE KEPT  
IN A CAGE



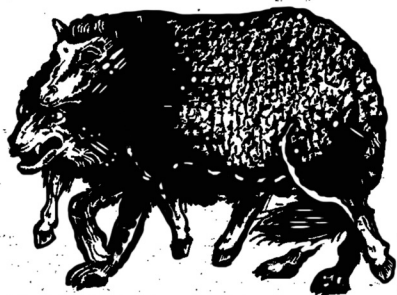
PRO-DEATH ANTI-COP  
TERROR ON THE SCREEN  
AGENT ORANGE  
EVERYTHING GREEN  
THE FRONT PAGE SAYS  
THE NEWS IS DEAD  
THE SWORD REMOVES  
THE AMERICAN'S HEAD  
MORALITY DESTROYED  
YOU'RE ONLY FREE  
IN THE VOID

THE  
AMERICAN'S  
HEAD



I HAVEN'T FELT THIS ALIVE IN YEARS





## THE UNDERGROUND MAN

I USED TO HAVE A FAMILY  
I USED TO BE SANE  
NOW I WALK THE SEWERS  
A VIRUS IN THE EARTH'S VEINS  
THE RATS ARE MY COMPANIONS  
THE ROACHES ARE MY FOOD  
I'M UNDERNEATH YOU  
I'M THE UNDERGROUND MAN

## EVE

I WALKED WITH EVE  
THROUGH THE GARDEN  
WHERE THE FLOWERS  
GROW OUT OF CONTROL  
SHE GOT BITTEN  
BY A TWO-HEADED SNAKE  
SHE LAUGHED  
AS SHE BLED GOLD  
I TOLD HER  
I'D BUILD HER  
A SLAUGHTERHOUSE  
OF HER VERY OWN



## THE DIPLOMAT

WE NEVER EVER CHANGE  
WE MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES  
IF YOU'RE GONNA HAVE ROADS  
THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE ROADKILL  
THAT'S THE RISK THAT IT TAKES  
STONE GUNS  
PRIMITIVE TANKS  
BASE EMOTIONS DRIVE THE HORDE  
THE DIPLOMAT TAKES THE RISK  
FROM THE BOARD  
I WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT WAS IN THE BRIEFCASE  
COLDER THAN COLD WAR  
ENEMIES WITHOUT UNIFORMS

## ALL SEEING EYE

YOUR HOLY WAR'S  
A JOKE TO ME  
I LIVE THE LIFE  
I WANT TO LEAD  
LIKE A REVERSE PRIEST  
CONSCIOUS MIND  
ONE OF A KIND  
A MAN IN PRESENT TIME  
A REVERSE PRIEST  
I AM THE LIGHTNING  
DEATH IS THE GROUND

## VALLEY OF THE GEYSERS

NO CAR NO JOB NO DOLLAR SIGN  
NO NET TO LAND IN THIS TIME  
WHERE DEATH HAS NO CRUELTY  
ADDICTION JUST A MEMORY  
I TRACK THE IMPALA  
SLAY THE BEAR WITH A SPEAR  
ALL I HAVE IS MY HUNGER  
IN THE VALLEY OF THE GEYSERS  
ALL MY TEETH FALL OUT  
TWENTY CANINES TAKE THEIR PLACE  
EXILE  
FROM THE HUMAN RACE  
IN THE SHADOW  
OF THE VOLCANO  
FINALLY I'M ALIVE



## BOOK BURNER

MY BOOK  
DISPROVES YOUR BOOK  
MY FACTS  
HAVE BEEN CHECKED  
MORE CLOSELY  
AND NOBODY CARES  
WE SEE WHAT WE WANT TO SEE  
FICTION NON FICTION  
SPILLING FROM THE SAME TV

## MACHIAVELLIAN

I WONDER  
AM I STILL A TRAITOR  
IF I PICK THE WINNING SIDE  
TELL ME  
IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO LIVE LIKE A SPY  
SAYING WHAT IVE GOT TO SAY  
TO SURVIVE  
UNDERSTAND HOW THE BRICKS  
ARE ALWAYS LAID THE SAME WAY  
GREED UPON SEX  
POWER UPON SKULL

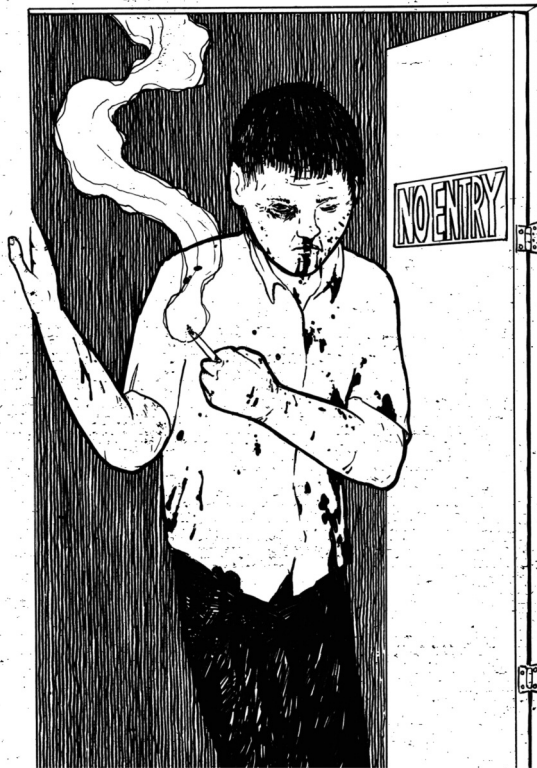


## BALTIMORE STRANGLER

SHE'S GOT A NECK  
BUILT FOR MY HANDS  
THE WAY A PINE  
GROWS FOR THE SAW  
THEY SAY I HATE WOMEN  
THEY COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG  
SHE'S GOT A PIERCED LIP  
AND A MOHAWK  
AND A STRUT  
REMINDS ME OF A TIGER  
I THINK SHE'S A WAITRESS  
AT ROCKET TO VENUS  
I'VE SEEN HER FLIPPING  
RECORDS AT REPTILIAN  
THE OTHER DAY  
I FOLLOWED HER  
ALL THE WAY  
FROM HOPKINS TO THE HARBOR  
I LOST HER IN THE CROWD  
WHEN THE O'S GAME LET OUT  
I NEVER SAW THAT GIRL AGAIN  
IT'S A SHAME  
I JUST WANTED TO HOLD HER  
LIKE AN ANACONDA







I NEEDED THAT



## WHITE LADY

LAMAR NEVER MAKES IT EASY  
 HE ALWAYS WANTS TO MEET ME  
 SOMEPLACE SKETCHY  
 I STICK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB  
 IN THIS PART OF DC  
 HE'S FORTY MINUTES LATE  
 HE KEEPS TRYING TO GOUGE ME  
 ON THE PRICE LIKE A PRICK  
 WHATEVER  
 AS LONG AS THE POWDER'S LEGIT  
 I'M ALL STOKED  
 I GOT MY FIX  
 THEN THESE THUGS ROLL UP  
 WITH BAD INTENTIONS

## THE BUG

THE BUG TRIES TO ESCAPE  
 THAT ONLY MAKES ME  
 WANT TO CRUSH HIM MORE  
 AUTOMATIC PORN  
 DRUG RITUAL  
 I SAW MY REFLECTION  
 LIKE A LIVING SKETCH  
 LIKE A BUG SMEARED ON A WALL  
 AUTOMATIC PORN  
 DRUG RITUAL  
 WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER  
 THE GODDAMNED PHONE  
 C'MON PICK IT UP  
 THE STARS  
 DRIP DOWN THE SKY  
 SHE'S GOT DOUBLE SPIRALS  
 FOR EYES  
 THERE WAS A TIME  
 WHEN SHE WAS MINE  
 SHE USED TO SMOLDER  
 LIKE THE EARTH'S CORE  
 AUTOMATIC PORN  
 DRUG RITUAL



## IRON DRUNK

SOMEONE BREAKS A CHAIR  
ON HIS HEAD  
AND HE JUST GETS MORE PISSED  
HE THROWS SOME RUSSIAN GUY  
THROUGH THE WINDOW  
HE CAN'T BE CONTROLLED  
HE'S JUMPING OVER THE BAR  
HE'S PUTTING HIS MOUTH  
RIGHT UNDER THE TAP  
COPS HAVE BEEN CALLED  
DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL

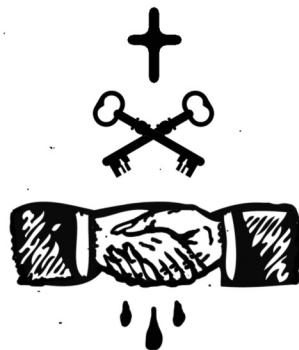
## BURNING PALM-

I BIT THE EDGE OF THE WOUND  
UNTIL IT PLEASED MY EYE  
UNTIL THE THROB OF THE PAIN  
WAS JUST RIGHT  
I HELD MY HAND STEADY  
IN THE FLAME  
I WANTED TO BURN  
ON THE OUTSIDE  
FOR A CHANGE  
I PULLED BACK THE SKIN  
SO I COULD GET  
RIGHT ON THE NERVE  
EVERYTHING  
ALL AT ONCE  
I'M INDOMITABLE



## DIRTY KNIFE

SHE LIKES TO BE RESTRAINED  
THEN UNRESTRAINED  
SHE TOLD ME TO DARE HER  
SO I DID  
SHE PUT THE HANDLE  
OF THE KNIFE INSIDE  
CAREFUL NOT TO CUT UP HER THIGHS  
SOMETHING STIRRED  
IN HER MAHOGANY EYES  
LIKE A TURTLE IN A DIRTY RIVER



## KAMIKAZE HEART

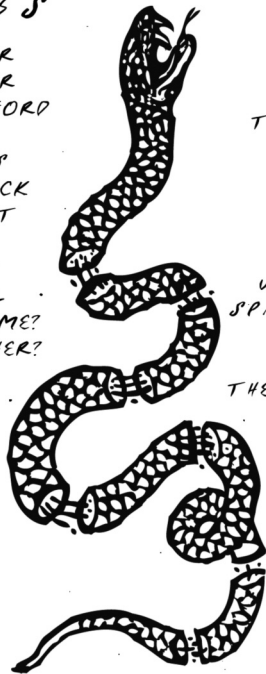
YOU MAKE PASSION  
SEEM LIKE YOUR CREATION  
LIKE A PLANE CRASH  
DETONATION  
I'M GOING DOWN  
IN AN ARC OF BLACK  
SMOKE  
KAMIKAZE HEART  
DIVES FOREVER

## TOTALED

THE BULLDOZER  
NEEDS TO PUSH  
SOMETHING OVER  
IF I WERE A HOUSE  
THE STATE  
WOULDOVE CONDEMNED ME  
BEWARE OF GOD

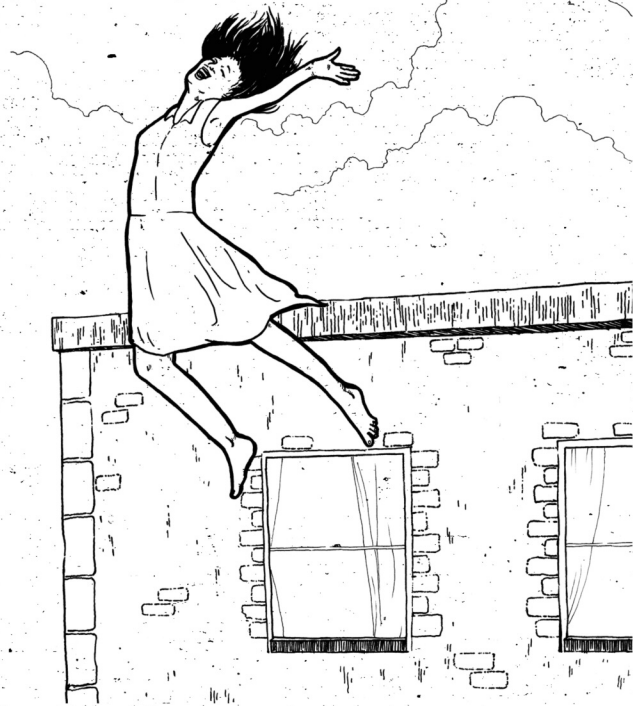
## KING OF CLUBS

I KNOW BETTER  
THAN TO WAGER  
WHAT I CAN'T AFFORD  
TO LOSE  
KING OF CLUBS  
TO ONE EYED JACK  
JUST LIKE THAT  
THE RENT  
THE SAVINGS  
I LOST IT ALL  
HOW CAN I GO HOME?  
HOW CAN I FACE HER?



## PERMANENT FUNERAL

DEEP INSIDE  
I'M JUST A WOLF  
TRYING TO WALK UPRIGHT  
THE MOTH FLEW  
INTO THE WHITE LIGHT  
THE GIRL  
TAKES THE FLAG  
FROM THE GRAVESITE  
UNREQUITED LOVE KILLS  
SPAWNS BLACK BLOOD CELLS  
THE DARK  
CRADLES MYSTERY  
THE LIGHT RUINS EVERYTHING  
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE



IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION





## PIG DESTROYER

"BOOK BURNER"

RECORDED SUMMER 2012  
AT VISCERAL SOUND, BETHESDA MD

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: MATTHEW F. JACOBSON

ENGINEERED, PRODUCED, AND MASTERED  
BY SCOTT HULL.

ALL MUSIC BY PD.  
PLAY AT MAXIMUM VOLUME.

SCOTT HULL: GUITAR, NOISE  
BLAKE HARRISON: NOISE, VOCALS  
ADAM JARVIS: DRUMS  
JR HAYES: VOCALS, LYRICS

VOCALS ON "THE DIPLOMAT" BY JASON NETHERTON.  
JASON NETHERTON AND ADAM JARVIS APPEAR COURTESY OF  
SEASON OF MIST RECORDS.

VOCALS ON "THE UNDERGROUND MAN"  
BY RICHARD "GRINDFATHER" JOHNSON.

VOCALS ON "EVE" AND "THE BUG" BY KAT.

VARIOUS WIPEOUTS, GANG VOCALS, AND SHRIEKS FROM THE GRAVE  
BY ADAM, SCOTT, BLAKE, RICH, AND JASON.

COVER ART BY CHRIS TAYLOR.

"IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION", "I NEEDED THAT" AND "I HAVEN'T FELT  
THIS ALIVE IN YEARS" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROHAN HARRISON.

DESIGN AND ALL ADDITIONAL ART BY ORION LANDAU.

BAND PHOTO BY JOSH SISK.

LIVE REPRESENTATION BY NICK STORCH (AMERICAS)  
NSTORCH@ICMTALENT.COM AND JODIE COX (EVERYWHERE ELSE)  
JODIE@FIRSTCONTACTAGENCY.COM.

MASTER ROADIE, 33RD DEGREE: AARON (BARON) KIRKPATRICK

PIG DESTROYER USES:



**JR** THANKS: RACHAEL (MY ONE TRUE LOVE), THE BAND, MY FAMILY, B-DOG, STEPH, KAT, RICH, EAGLE, BEN, MASON, JAKE, JOSH, MISTY AND DAVE, CHRIS X, ROHAN, KREP, PYGMYLUSH, ALBERT, AARON, MISERY INDEX, JUMBO, DAVE WITTE, GORDON, EVERYBODY AT RELAPSE AND ALL PD FANS WORLDWIDE. QUESTION EVERYTHING. THINK FOR YOURSELF. "THE ATHEIST" IS DEDICATED TO CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS.

**ADAM** THANKS: FIRST OFF I WOULD LIKE TO THANK SCOTT, JR. AND BLAKE FOR GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE A PART OF PIG DESTROYER AND THIS RIPPIN RECORD, MANY BLOOD, SWEAT, AND BEERS TO COME FELLAS!! THANKS TO THE MY MOTHER SUE, FATHER PAUL, SISTERS AMANDA AND ABBIE, MY NEPHEW KAYDEN, NIECE CARLI, BROTHER-IN-LAW BRANDON AND THE REST OF THE JARVIS AND PHELPS FAMILY FOR YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT. MY BEST FRIEND AND LOVE LAUREN WONG. EVERYONE OF YOU CRAZY MOFO'S IN THE TROY IL AREA (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE) ALL MY FRIENDS IN THE BALTIMORE AREA AND AROUND THE WORLD (ONCE AGAIN YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE) JOHN JARVIS, GABE SMICK AND THE SMICK FAMILY, JOSH GAMBOA AND THE GAMBOA FAMILY, ADAM TRIPP, JASON NETHERTON, MARK KLOEPPPEL, DARIN MORRIS, SPARKY VOYLES, KEVIN TALLEY, DAVE WITTE, JUSTIN ETHEM, CAMERON SMITH, MATT YUKNA, JEFF DAVIS, BRANDON LAMEW, CHUCK LAWSON, JIMMY SANCHEZ, JIMMY MALTER (RIP) VINCE MATTHEWS, METAL MIKE, ZAC OHLER, TREY WILLIAMS, CHRIS KELLER, WODDY, SCOTT SUPIK, CHUCK COLLINS, COLE CRICK AND THE ENTIRE OTTOBAR STAFF, ERIC DIXON AND EVERYONE AT GUITAR CENTER TOWSON, DECIBEL MAGAZINE, ORION LANDAU AND EVERYONE AT RELAPSE RECORDS, GORDON CONRAD AND EVERYONE AT SEASON OF MIST, RICH JOHNSON "WHERE'S THOSE SUNGLASSES BOY", CHRIS BREWER AND MEINL CYMBALS, FELIX DELUNA AND DDUM, J MEDENSKI AND REGAL TIP, JERRY AT DB DRUMSHOES, CHUCK AND AXIS PERCUSSION, IAN McDONALD AND SICKDRUMMER, IF I FORGET YOU..... DAMN! I'LL TRY TO GET YA NEXT TIME, AND REMEMBER, KEEP ON ROCKIN IN THE FREE WORLD! CHEERS

**SCOTT** THANKS MY CURRENT BROTHERS IN SONIC PILLAGERY, JR, BLAKE AND ADAM. THANKS FOR CONTINUING ALONG THIS ROAD, WHICH HAS BEEN FRAUGHT WITH BLOOD AND TREACHERY, LIKE TRUE WARRIORS... WE CRUSH OUR ENEMIES, SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE US, AND HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN. TO OUR PAST BROTHERS, DAVE AND BRIAN... SEE YOU IN VALHALLA; IT HAS BEEN A GOOD BATTLE. A GREATER FIGHT WAS NEVER FOUGHT. TO MATT, RENNIE, ELI, BOB, ORION AND THE REST OF OUR OVERLORDS AT RELAPSE RECORDS; THANKS FOR AFFORDING US PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING IN THESE PAST DARK DAYS. ALBERT AND THE REST OF OUR BROTHERS AT DB, THANKS FOR NOT WAVERING YOUR FAITH. VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FORGERS OF MY STEEL: MATT @ MATRIX AMPLIFICATION, JAMES AND AMPTWEAKER, ADAM AT VADER CABS, CHRIS AND MIKE AT JACKSON. SPECIAL THANKS TO THE CHRIS, BARNABY, AND THE FINE ALE ALCHEMISTS AT THREE FLOYDS, WHO PROVIDED US WITH NEEDED NOURISHMENT AND SUSTENANCE. AND TO MY FAIREST WOMAN, LISA, FOR WHOM NO AMOUNT OF GRATITUDE EVEN APPROACHES COMMENSURATION, THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING AND PROVIDING ME FAITH, PATIENCE, LOVE, GRACE... I COULDN'T SOLDIER FORTH WITHOUT YOU. AND TO MY TWO FERAL YET KNUCKLEHEADED PROGENY CARSON AND PRESTON, I LOVE YOU BOTH VERY MUCH, EVEN THOUGH ONE OF YOU WILL KILL ME FOR MY THRONE.

**BLAKE** THANKS IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER- SCOTT, JR, ADAM, BRIAN, THE HULL FAMILY, THE BURNS, NICK STORCH, JODIE PICAULT, LPC, HATEBEAK, X, DIANE KAMIKAZE, ALBERT, BONAZELLI, DECIBEL, WFMU, SISK, KIM, NICK GREEN, PUSHNIK, EHG, WITTE, GORDON, BETSEY, ELI, RENNIE, BOB AND EVERYONE AT RELAPSE, KAT, JASON, GRINDFATHER, ROHAN, CHRIS TAYLOR, ORION LANDAU, ADAM SAVAGE, ADAM SHORE, ANDY LOW, THE HARRISON FAMILY, ANYONE AND EVERYONE I FORGOT.

PIG DESTROYER ON FACEBOOK

PIG DESTROYER MERCH

RELAPSE.COM