

MC
FRONTALOT

QUESTION
BEDTIME

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Outer covers by Bill Sienkiewicz.


LYRIC BOOK *and* CREDITS


Start Over

Little Red Riding Hood was in good with the food distribution, by her own volition choosing to sincerely deliver to old folks: succor; also vigor; cheese and crackers; salt and coffee; medicine to help the heart beat softly. Awfully kind in her mission, Red was (yes) in a head-on collision with the forces of trouble, long in the tooth plus stubble. And this goes double for all little girls: know who wolves are. Don't be telling them where you're going, how far in what direction it is, especially if it's the unguarded cottage where Grama lives. This is just common sense (with which Little Red dispensed). Hence, she proceeded on her way through the woods to Grama's place. Little Red Riding hood rolled up, took one look and was like what the... uh, what the heck? Grama got a hairy neck? Teeth enough to get wrecked?

Next up: wood axe swinging. That's how it happened. That's all I'm singing.

That's the story (that ain't how it happened...)
I won't start over if you don't stop yapping.

Wolves got it hard on this earth, ever the subjects of defamation and mirth, first in line to be out there, lurking, eyeing ingénues and smirking, working on a master plan, trying to get fed about the best he can. Wondering if Grama got much meat, endeavoring not to be indiscreet: "How many them baskets she go through a month? How does she react when she misses lunch? And what direction was she living in again? Well, you'd better hurry up and go and visit her then." But wolves are speedier than little girls. Barely pausing to devour jackrabbits and squirrels, the wolf arrived. All the rest, despicable lies.

All that talk of assumed identity, let it be. This wolf was indelibly wolf-like, forthright too. He said, "Gramma, here's what I'll do: swallow you whole, your kinfolk for after, then I'll keep living, so you don't have to. Sorry, starving wolf, no choice. To get in the gullet, just follow my voice."

All right, Grama was hanging alone, cultivating the medicine for the glaucoma. She paid rent in the forest. It was inexpensive. Grama's house was in the intensively wolf-rife section of town. She didn't mind, she liked a wild hound. Sound at the door: an intruder! "Is that you, Red? You brought food for me to eat?" "Nope, the opposite. No hard candy, no soft chocolate. Just a wolf belly for you to inhabit, and I will need your nightshirt for the next gambit." Clandestinely reclining in bed, the wolf awaits (for Red!), expecting their usual banter:

"How's school?" "Fine, Grama, here's food." "Thanks dear." Instead it's all, "What's up with the ears? Eyes? Nose? Throat? Teeth?" "Little Red Riding Hood, why you giving me grief? Bodies change as the years advance. Soft features grow unkind to the glance, and hairs sprout. All of it the better for you getting in my mouth!" "Wow, it's dark in here," says Grama. Here comes the wood axe, swinging like "Yeah, y'all!" Old woman, come on back out. And you keep the axe. Wolves abound.

That's all I got, so you commence napping.



MCF, as Poppa Bear

Young cub,
this is the story of how you must never neglect
(no matter how preoccupied your nascent intellect)
to keep in mind doors! And close them behind you.
Any time you leave one ajar, she might find you.
I describe: human girl with wealth for hair,
ghosts for eyes, who wanders woods. Bears, beware.
Through any doorway no closure obstructs,
she wanders out of hunger. If she sees you, eats you up.
Bear cub tallow scone with a honeydew butterwhip;
consommé from your bones and your cartilage;
fennel-mint sausages ground from your lungs;
hollandaise all atop your remains by the time that
she's done.

It's why we leave porridge sitting, case she
makes it through an entryway, cold jaws dripping,
her saliva unremitting and her soul corrupt.
(She could eat that instead of you, little cub.)

*Gold Locks gets in through your open door,
stalks across the parlor floor, creeping on her brunch.*

*Let's hope she has had her fill,
won't be lingering here still, seeking out her brunch.*

Jean Grae, as Gold Locks

Amber alert: call the fairy tale amber lamps
'cause this banana-colored-haired girl's bananas,
stabbing bears.
Beware of the bear hugs. I'll kill you with my bare hands
when you're barely sleeping, tear your lungs
and leave you barren chest.
Don't believe the tales they told you,
where the humans win?
I'll take your humerus and feed it to my human friends.
Eyes, luminous. Voice is very soothing, yes.
I'll break and enter with entitlement that few possess.
I'll go crying through the forest and the woods,
to the farmers in the village with an armful of goods.
And by an armful of goods, I mean meat.
And I mean your little bear cub arms and your feet.
So better promise to your mama: leave the door locked.
'Cause you don't want to be at the base of a
farmer's tall pot.

Don't mean to scare you, I really need to warn you:
watch out for the frock 'cause Goldilocks is coming for you.

Calm, calm, little bear. Settle down deep in your
blanketing.
Yes, she's lurking, but best remain sanguine.
She's not angry at you, just hungry.
People don't have feelings like bears, honey,
they're supernatural creatures that eat without cease,
and they keep bound books full of us recipes,
and this one freezes our hearts on return to the lair.
What if she's gotten in and she's still there?
Don't clutch the blanket, she visits when we're absent.
That and your absentmindedness acts as an attractant.
One moment's diligence is all it takes to defend
your mother and me and yourself from an unwell-
come end.
All of her human friends, they could bring mimosa.
Goldie gets her knives in you, might invite them all over
to the spot that she found for brunch.
It could happen if you leave the door open just once.



Two Dreamers

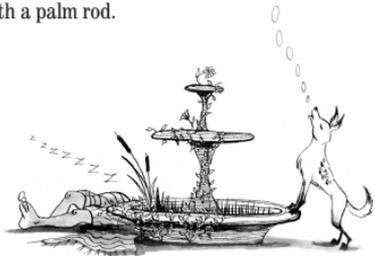
I live in Baghdad. I had a million dollars.
After that last bad investment, I live in squalor.
Still got a grandiose house, but it's run down.
Jackals take possession of it promptly at sundown,
on account of the holes in the walls.
So, I sleep in the yard.
Huddled by the fountain, ground is keeping it hard.
I'd be deeply alarmed if I weren't so depressed.
Keep an eye on the stars, I guess. Get some rest.
As I drift off, feel like I hear a voice whispering,
"Despair in due time, take comfort in the interim."
I'm listening. "Step to the west in the early air.
Your fortune is in Cairo. Regain it if you journey there."

*Oh no, I don't know if I could trust a dream.
Has one ever been what it seems?
Oh no, I don't know if I could trust a dream,
what it keeps on promising.*

Cairo is quite a ways away. I'm hitch-hiking on carts,
got my vulnerable parts displayed:

Gold Locks

my neck, my hope, and my desperation.
By the time I get to Damascus, half sick
with exasperation
at my own propensity for delusion.
Some dreams are visions, but only illusions.
And with my sandal worn to nothing, wander past
a pyramid.
This is Cairo, isn't it? Wonder where my treasure's hid?
It isn't in front of me. Hmmmm, okay. I take a seat,
get arrested immediately for vagrancy.
This my reward for venturing abroad:
chuck me in the clink, lash me to sleep
with a palm rod.



Three days later, dragged before the magistrate,
thirty-fifth most important dude in the caliphate.
Asks me why I came so far
if I've got nothing to my name but my gumption.
I explain how I've got crushing

doubts, about my faith
in a voice that had come in the night.
He laughs in my face, his hind teeth are bright white.
Says he had that dream — of Baghdad — thrice,
and the voice in it, offering specific advice:
“Seek a high style manor where a jackal is lord.
Dig up a fortune in the courtyard.” This he ignored,
as he assured me any wise man would.
Guess I'm silly, then.
Back to Baghdad,
unearth my new millions.

I Can See

MCF, as A Tailor

I may be the tailor to the master
of the castle and the zone,
and I might be all about it
when I'm on my megaphone,
alone before an audience,
“Yo, ponder my preponderance
of skill!” Synonymous
with high class fashion.

If you must step flashing,
lead with the hand
that you've got your cash in.
I'm taking all orders.
I'm writing receipts.
There's a couple other kingdoms
I've got to visit this week,
so I'll seek you out later,
deliver your set.
If it ain't the finest clothing
ever woven, take my head.

With a promise like that,
shopping couldn't be simpler!
Armed guards are taking me
to measure up the Emperor.

*I can see
right through them
through them
I can see*

Adam WarRock, as The Emperor
Well, it's clear that we hear
these boasts in our ears,
so it appears that this tailor
in front of us right here
speaks the language that I'm liking.
And in fact,
I need a new look
now that Fall's coming back.
My style: people heard of it.
In fact, it's quite murderous!
And every kingdom tries their best
in the hopes of furnishing
the Emperor that only rocks
the finest couture.

And I'm pretty sure I've never
seen your brand name before.
Your prominence, I promise
that your dominance is undisputed:
when it comes to looking fresh,
you're as reputed!
I'm a whisper in your kingdoms,
they don't dare to buy the best.

Might look so good
that it's scandalous.
No coarse cotton stitchings,
no silk that's not the finest,
no inferior fabric is allowed
to touch Your Highness.
When I say I want the best,
present it without fail
or this tailor's going to have his
going-out-of-business sale.
Be sure before you order though,
'cause this one's fine.
So delicate, you'll never feel it.
And so sublime
that it's difficult to see
for anyone above their birth.
Sent an Archduke into exile
on the other side the earth.
I besmirch of course none of
your councilors' parentage,
still I shouldn't forgive myself,
giving embarrassment.

Nah, this court bears the noblest noblemen.
So loosen up your fingers and sew us a specimen.

Sole, as A Peasant

By the sword, you pulled wool from all of our sheep,
and we were told we'd be getting fresh blankets to sleep.

Instead, you covered your palace in silk and wool
and tore down our schools for a textile mill?

Subjects, peasants, servants and scum,
this wunderkind tailor's skill is second to none!
Painters and poets couldn't ever describe
how fine the new clothes. On the morrow you'll find!

How about debuting bread from the wheat that you stole?
Or put a new school in the village you burned?
Winter's approaching
we got nowhere to go.
Can't produce for the king
when we're starved
in our homes.



I can see, as soon as he steps out in his finery

Give us liberty or give us that robe, fool.
Ain't no linens in this kingdom that are torch-proof.
And I only hope that what you're about to show
is made from bread
so at least the birds can have a feast when you're dead.
It's been (bark! bark!) since you pushed us off the land.
Hurry up and show your face so we can take
what's ours again.

Good luck, buddy! He'll be right out, he looks great.
I'll blend into the rabble with you, overswarm the gates.

Mornings Come And Go

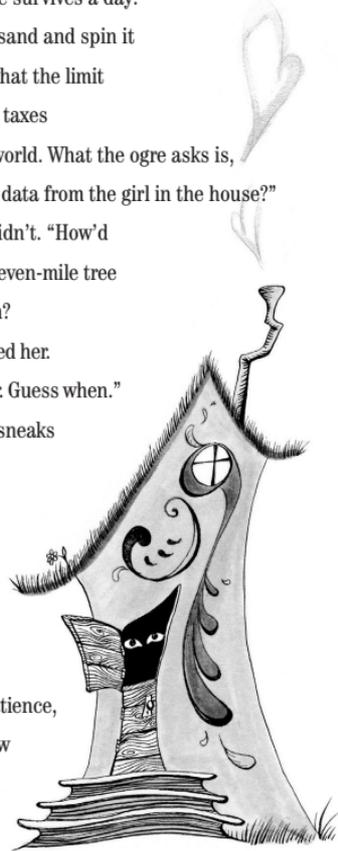
He came looking for work from an ogre.
Why would you do that? It's tough all over.
The monster seemed nice at first, offered one duty
per day. The worst he could say
about his boss was it promised to eat him
if he didn't finish shoveling the stable. Exceedingly
easy, isn't it? The boy agrees,

kicks his heels when the ogre leaves.
Now the Mastermaid had a job there too.
There were always boys. They were always new.
They were always eaten at the end of the day,
on account of the curse on the goat dookie.
She tells this one about the magic pitchfork:
best advice that a boy could wish for.
Rest of the afternoon, they discuss it.
A day's acquaintance, already trusted
confidantes in the house of dangers.
Ogre's home! It roars and rages,
"Live the night, but don't bless your fortune;
I'll have another task in the morning for you."

*The Mastermaid says
you take it real slow.
The Mastermaid says
mornings come, mornings go.*

He wakes to the dawning.
Before he can yawn, there's an ogre on him,
telling him to round up a flaming horse.
Ogre's sure got demanding chores.
Heed the counsel of the Mastermaid:

use the hidden bridle, get the stallion tamed.
And every morning, this is how it's played.
She instructs, he survives a day:
how to take the sand and spin it
into rope, and what the limit
is collecting fire taxes
from the underworld. What the ogre asks is,
"did you get the data from the girl in the house?"
Boy insists he didn't. "How'd
you get up the seven-mile tree
for my eggs then?
Guess I don't need her.
Guess I'll eat her. Guess when."
That night, she sneaks
in his quarters.
He says
he loves her,
she says
he oughta.
Gotta flee!
She counsels patience,
"the night is slow
but the morning
hastens..."



Much Chubbier

Count dusk to dawn. In a rush, they're gone.
But what locks held them thus so long?
Not any, 'cept for certain pursuit.
Plenty of the lady's girlish virtues
get expended. Hair comb, flung.
Whence it landed, briar sprung.
And though it's stung, beast presses onward.
Her mirror, thrown, wrecks the contours
of an icy mountain range which
shatters fast. Behold, the Mastermaid dips
vast ocean from a perfume flask.
Ogre drinks it, bursts in half!
At the shore, the boy must venture homeward,
tells his cohort, "wait here, no more
tears. I'll return to claim you
once my life's prepared. And hey, do
you believe in love?" This maiden
waited every day in the calendar, patiently.
Knew the boy would find her,
come some morning. (Wear those blinders.)

*Morning comes, morning goes.
And the first shall be last
and the last shall be first and...*

MCF, as The Littlest Goat

Yo, billy goats like myself favor hillsides.
We're so good at going up them, it instills pride.
And it feels right, posing on a peak.
From up here, see into the end of next week.
So I speak from observation, brothers: way over yon,
there's an incline that I like to picture us on.
Got the greenest of the grasses that I ever beheld.
With a breeze in our direction, I could tell by the smell
that we've never been fed how this hilltop could feed us.
My bigger brothers, I dream of all three of us
wandering yonder and filling our bellies up.
But! Without us becoming deli cuts
in the process. This is the rub.
Got a stream in between going glubby-glub.
The only bridge over, infested by troll.
Hunger in my belly's got me ready, set, go!



Look at me, I could be much chubbier.

*If I could eat, you would see much chubbier me,
and then I would be much chubbier.*

Look at me, I could be much chubbier.

*I'm so scrawny! Much chubbier,
the goat behind me is chubbier.*

He's much chubbier.

Big buck big brother, you're the tallest of all of us.

You could skip the situation like a troll apologist,
non-confrontational, bypass the bridge,
ford the river, meet your brothers on the ridge.

What a cinch!

But the kid and the buckling get et in that scenario,
two orders of cabrito by the scary moat.

And I know biggest brother isn't timid.

Make short work: bridge troll, one minute.

But check that bridge, it's thin, it's flimsy.

That thing's finished if you tussle, what a grim scene:
planks and ropes in the water, wave goodbye.

And that's two of us still going hungry tonight.

So follow my lead, I got a notion to negotiate.

Yo, troll, ready up your dinner plate!

Not for me, though. I'm much too slight.

Look and see! I'm the littlest, could barely fill a bite.

Open Mike Eagle, as The Troll

He thinks I'm a plum fool, little does he know.
He thinks he's so smart, I think he's a beanpole.
Look at his chump chop, tiny and sinewy.
His little hind legs, they remind me of centipedes.
I wait for the real meat. That one's a real geek.
This little brainiac's a waste of my appetite.
And if he's lying, well he's got to come back tonight.
I'll play the bad karma coming back to bite.
Here comes big bro, chubbier indeed,
succulent mutton putting my stomach in frenzy!
I've chewed enough wood. I'm hungry and won't wait.
An even chubbier brother, really? You don't say!
If'n it's untrue, I'm seeing you both ways.
If he's really chubbier, I'm feeding the whole day.
I'm thinking of skirt steaks. My tummy starts rumbling.
It feels like an earthquake... am I going berserk?
Wait! Waaaaaaughhhhh...
Later, troll!
Hey biggest brother, dry off. Salad bar's open.

Shudders

I wasn't the smartest boy
in the household by a longshot.
I knew of wandering
the graveyard that it's best met
with an onslaught
of something called shudders.
It's when your body trembles
and your heart skips, sputters,
and you mutter counter-evils,
and you grip on to your charms.
I've never comprehended
the alarm
caused by things
described variously as scary,
terrifying, ghostly.
Could I follow this? Barely.
Certainly never felt it.
Never shuddered, and my pops
sent me packing, called me
bad luck kid, head full of rocks.
I talked so loudly of my ignorance

as I roamed,
complained I couldn't get frightened,
and might have bemoaned
that I'd been disowned.
A friendly hangman beckoned
but I partied with his danglers,
didn't shudder for a second.
Then I heard about a castle
in the distance that was haunted.
Nobody lasted there an evening.
Could it be just what I wanted?
Didn't know.
*Didn't know
there was anything
in the world
to be frightened of.*
I wasn't the first one
to show up claiming bravery.
The rumored ends of

my predecessors were unsavory.
They'd become the catering
at a feast of ghouls and spirits!
Neither the king nor his people
would set foot near it.
This seemed good; fear, it
glistened in their eyes as they spoke.
I figured I could pick
the habit up and go
(maybe all the way back home,
having understood shuddering).
Did the townspeople deem me
a simpleton? Utterly.
What a first night it was, too!
The hellbeasts
were like from a nightmare.
I think? I don't get bad dreams.
I tried to nap but
the furniture floated and spun.
We did some doughnuts
in the stable yard! Fun.
The second night's vigilance
wasn't any more fruitful:
zombies down the chimney

till the whole rec room's full.
All-bone nine-pin,
glad I brought my lathe.
Though I lost some money gambling,
my denseness was unscathed.

Third and final evening,
my reanimated corpse
cuddle-buddy tried to strangle me.
Reliable sources report
that I chucked him back
in his coffin and sighed,
despaired of finding shudders



locally and set to stride.
Didn't I want my reward?
The hand of the castle's princess?
A path to power and riches,
and this is its ingress?
And this is my dimness, I guess,
but I choose to keep questing:
find the next hypothesis
of scariness and keep testing.
But here's that princess
requesting that I reconsider.
And as I spy her she reminds me
of my babysitter,
a village girl
I had a crush on as a lad
who never even noticed
that I couldn't make eye contact.
This one's staring me down.
She's used to getting her way,
been wearing a crown.
Is she scaring me now,
with her "think about it, please?"
I got this odd involuntary
shaking in my knees.

Devil In The Attic

MCF, as a Patriarch

It's the bad old days,
when young ladies are possessions
and they haven't any agency,
decision nor discretion.
And we've got the choicest one
right here: our famous daughter,
a jewel that mustn't fall
to any robber or marauder.
She's the gilding on our fortune.
But a portion of her beauty
would be plenty to entice the finest,
thus we're snooty.

Got my “who do you think is
good enough for my little girl” on,
‘cause you know
the whole world’s wide,
the whole world’s long,
and in the expanse of it,
she might be the most valuable.
We keep her in the house
until she’s wed.
She might be malleable.
She might take up with interests.
There’d be no marrying her then,
to the very, very handsomest of men.
Listen, it’s a burden being wealthy
but the rumors I collect
indicate there is a suitor
who could be without defect,
so beautiful of feature
that he matches the bride.
Now he’s courting in the evenings,
I hope stars could align (collide)...

*Anything you could have, we have it.
Even got a devil in the attic.*

Now these are the grand old evenings
for a couple of reasons.
The beautifullest boy
has got my daughter feeling feelings
(through a fence,
and there’s chaperones,
don’t think us dullards).
In protection of our asset,
we keep her visage covered.
And his family’s intent
to do the same.
They stay in shadow.
But tonight’s the night it happens!
Please don’t think us shallow;
we’re excited to inspect him,
all we’ve heard, he’s such a prize.
They’ll be wedded in our parlor
once she looks into his eyes.



mc chris, as Another
Not an invited guest,
more like a secretive squatter.
I’m here to appear, disappear,
create fear inside your daughter.
She’s mine. I got dibs.
Had them ever since the crib.
I laugh at your decision to fib
when she’s not even yours to give.
I’m a ghost, a spirit, a deity.
My reality is your reality.
I can cause quite a commotion
if your notion isn’t fealty.
So send me up a BLT, and
if you’re thorough, a Sapporo.
I’ll forget you let her think
she was ever something
to be borrowed.
This union’s got me fuming,
cause a racket in the attic.
I’ll malign your mansion,
make it collapse
and cause a panic.
I can be satanic. I suggest

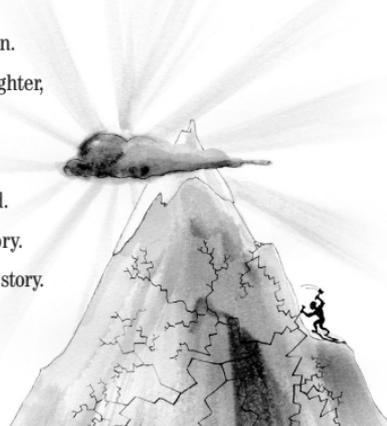
you profess your allegiance
or expect an attic avalanche
of malevolent malfeasance.
I asked the groom to choose
his doom: “Your life or your face.”
Anyone would pick the latter.
You pick the former,
you can’t replace.
The vain would rather die
but the groom chose his life.
But will his wife like his type
now that his face was a fright?
Not quite!

Oh, fate!
This is a tragedy of a face, son.
But we’re sadder for our daughter,
who’s got this abomination
for a husband.
He’s all busted up and ruined.
Wish we’d seen him in his glory.
Wish this could’ve been a happy story.
As the high-class people
our whole family used to be,

I must apologize
for hosting the mostly demon-free
(except for the one exception)
ruined evening of the wedding.
The other father fled it early,
please convey to him
my deep regretting.

*Actually, I’ve been here the whole
time. I was just admiring these
sliding screen doors. These are
nice. How do you slam these?*

Chisel Down



MCF, as a Spirit

I reside where stone is thick.
If you hear wind whistling,
that’s my script.
That’s my cliff! Quit chiseling.
Might grant you a wish.
Is this a thing
that happens to humble carvers
of the earth’s surface

or are you flirting
with dark powers
that sometimes enact curses?
And I'd purse lips
if I weren't ethereal,
the way you worry my interior.
Any boon you seek, you say.
Want it? Got it. Fade away...

Busdriver, as a Stonecutter

My trade has never been a fit match,
so my future's always looking pitch black.
Waist-deep in this fish fat,
I don't really want to swing this pick axe.
I want to be high-minded in a large home,
muse about the uncarved stone,
not chewing on a little bit of charred bone.
We want a world of our own, with
gold steps on the stairwell,
exotic fruits in the hair gel,
skin the color of caramel,
and a toilet that looks like a carousel.
Once my account is full of mils,
am I gonna feel more fulfilled,

or change the course and pull the wheel and
ingest the pill, phasers set to kill.
I'm a prove that I don't love anybody,
and give myself the power of a governing body
while maintaining selfhood is second nature.
So take a little echinacea for your upset dysplasia,
'cause I don't care how you live.
I'm beyond it, my brow is a mountain ridge.

Put your chisel down

Let your hammer go

I had a ridged brow when you wandered up.
Each elevation I conjured up
at your behest intensified it.
What a mess. You so soon derided
floods and rains after having been them
that you can't possibly recall cloud's dominion
over sunbeams (and where suns send them),
from when
you were the sun.
If you want the mountains at your mercy,
here's your chisel,
have it done.

Wakjakága

Yo, if your parents hear you listening to this,
they're going to frown.
They'll be like,
"our babysitter Frontalot's letting us down."
In fact, I bet it's around now that their ears perk up,
already poised to disengage the circuit.
Wakjakága was not exactly a man.
More like the demiurge than a demigod,
if you understand.
And if you don't,
let me just say he's a bit of a fool:
sort of a jester, but also a simpleton too.
He wandered the forest in search of some food.
A couple duck carcasses (of which he approved),
dripping with fat, sizzle in his campfire.
Wakjakága gets bored of cooking, gets tired,
gets comfy, warming his back at the hearth.
Though it's pretty early,
he's not the only creature on the earth.
There's foxes. They'd like a duck dinner too.
Brown Eye Detective Agency got interviewed.

Keep an eye out!

Wakjakága's booty-butt should've paid attention.

There were no other applicants.
The booty's on lookout.
Can only *Po* at interlopers,
hard to guard the cook-out.
Wakjakága woke up and he stretched,
reached for his dinner: nothing but bones left.
His booty was stone deaf
to recrimination and censure.
One duty, shirked, leaving trust in contention.
And Wakjakága, so stern with his underling,
stabbed it where you or I would wear underthings,
with a sharp stick that happened to be on fire,
as proper punishment for its failing to keep its eye out.
Satisfied with this discipline, he went about his way,
still with his tummy grumbling and dismayed.
Hope before it's too late, he could find a tidbit.
What should he happen upon but an unattended

sizzling strip of the fat that he'd savored before?
He gobbled it and ambled along, imagining more.

O cornucopia!

The world's older brother here
keeps on discovering, discarded everywhere,
just what he's looking for: the most delicious
fresh-cooked dishes. Seems a bit suspicious...
Someone just littering hot meat? Yo, hold up.
You're walking in a circle, Wakjakága!
Ought to check your backside

where the gaping wound you made is.
Uh oh. Young ones, be careful how you say this:
his anus was trailing out guts in abundance and
upon himself is how he'd meted punishment.
Upon himself: also how he'd been dining. So,
took a couple handfuls of his booty up
and tied it closed.
And that's why part of your butt's wrinkly.
Wakjakága couldn't help mingling:
shaping the world while he faked his way through it,
till we're just like him, half divine, half stupid.



1. Bedtime For Li'l Kyle

Featuring Kyle Kinane

Includes Beethoven's *Egmont Overture Op. 84*

Performed by the Czech National Symphony
Orchestra

2. Start Over

From *Red Riding Hood*

Lyric by Damian Hess

Music by Damian Hess and Gabriel Alter

Backing Vocal: Brendan B. Brown

Chorus Vocals: Jess Klein, Ollie Nite, Asa and Leni
Mentzel, Devin Masharani

Big Bad Wolf growls: Doggy Fresh

Keyboards: Gm7

Drums: The Sturgenius

3. Gold Locks

From *The Story Of The Three Bears*

Lyric by Damian Hess and Tsidi A. Ibrahim

Music by Damian Hess

Verse Vocals: MC Frontalot, Jean Grae

Chorus Vocals: Gabrielle Sterbenz, MC Frontalot

Cello: Unwoman

Credits

Bass Accordion: Miss Murgatroid

Double Bass: Matthew Milligan

Drums: The Sturgenius

4. Two Dreamers

From *The Ruined Man Who Became Rich Again*
Through A Dream

Lyric by Damian Hess

Music by Damian Hess and David T. Cheong

Keyboards & Drum Sequencing: Baddd Spellah

Riq: Kevin Joaquin Garcia

5. I Can See

From *The Emperor's New Clothes*

Lyric by Damian Hess, Eugene Ahn, and Timothy

D. Holland

Music by Damian Hess and David T. Cheong

Vocals: MC Frontalot, Adam WarRock, Sole

Cello: Unwoman

Keyboards & Drum Sequencing: Baddd Spellah

Doumbek and Finger Cymbals: Kevin Joaquin
Garcia

6. Mornings Come And Go

From *The Mastermaid*

Lyric by Damian Hess

Music by Damian Hess, Gabriel Alter, and David

T. Cheong

Chorus Vocal: Marian Call

Keyboards: Gm7

Drums: The Sturgenius

7. Bedtime For Li'l Paul

Featuring Paul F. Tompkins

Includes J.S. Bach's *Goldberg Variations, BWV. 988 - Variation 25*

Performed by Shelley Katz

8. Much Chubbier

From *Three Billy Goats Gruff*

Lyric by Damian Hess, Michael W. Eagle

Music by Damian Hess and David T. Cheong

Vocals: MC Frontalot, Open Mike Eagle

Keyboards & Drum Sequencing: Baddd Spellah

Whistling: MC Frontalot

House vocals at the end: let's not discuss that any more than we have to

9. Bedtime For Li'l Negin

Featuring Negin Farsad

Includes Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, Op. 46 - I*

Performed by the Czech National Symphony

Orchestra

10. Shudders

From *The Youth Who Went Forth To Learn Fear*

Lyric by Damian Hess

Music by Damian Hess, Gabriel Alter, David T.

Cheong, and Eric Y. K. San

Chorus Vocals: Panther and Gambler of the Protomen

Turntablism: Kid Koala

Keyboards: Gm7

Drum Sequencing: Baddd Spellah

11. Devil In The Attic

From *The Ugly Son*

Lyric by Damian Hess and Christopher B. Ward

Music by Damian Hess, Gabriel Alter, and David

T. Cheong

Verse Vocals: MC Frontalot, mc chris

Keyboards: Gm7

Drum Sequencing: Baddd Spellah

12. Chisel Down

From *The Stonecutter*

Lyric by Damian Hess and Regan Farquhar

Music by Damian Hess and Gabriel Alter

Verse Vocals: MC Frontalot, Busdriver

Chorus Vocals and Guitar: John Roderick

Keyboard: Gm7

Drums: The Sturgenius

13. Bedtime For Li'l Lisa

Featuring Lisa Delarios

Includes Mozart's *Magic Flute Overture*

Performed by the Czech National Symphony

Orchestra

14. Wakjåkága

From *Wakjåkága's Anus Guards The Ducks*

Lyric by Damian Hess

Music by Damian Hess, Gabriel Alter, and David T. Cheong

Chorus Vocal: Parry Gripp

Keyboards: Gm7 and Baddd Spellah

Drum sequencing: Baddd Spellah

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