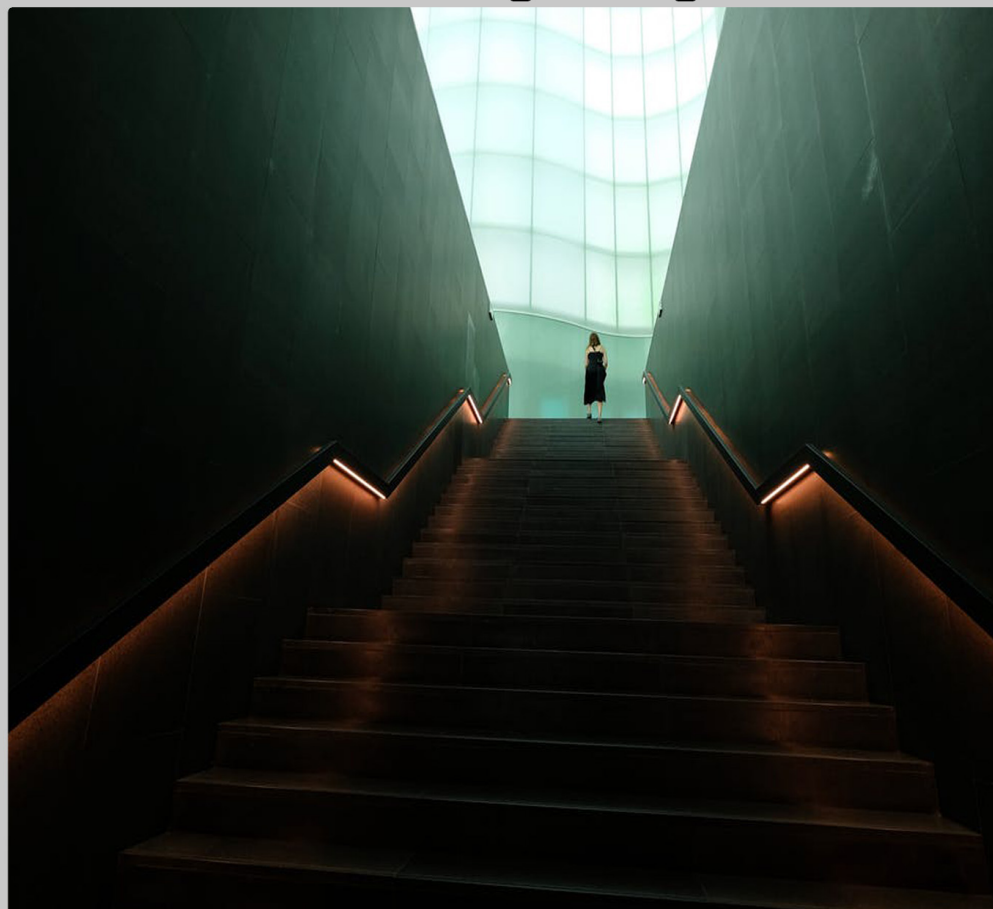


Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 31st and 32nd album,

RELENTLESS BIP EMPIRE

Relentless Bip Empire



**The 31st and 32nd albums
by BipTunia**

Album cover photo by Francesco Ungaro.

This is a double album

Release Date: Sept 15, 2019. (2 weeks after last album).

Run Time: 130 minutes. (2 hours and 10 minutes).

TRACK LISTING:

1. Kip Bip Empire Overture
2. Screaming to Know You're Still Alive
3. Trip to the Rogue Morgue
4. Good Trip Her Time Her (Corn Pop)
5. Otter Shimmer Shake
6. While The Beam Was in the Shop
7. Second to the Shadow of Your Genome (Relentless Bip Empire 1)
8. Relentless Bip Empire Remembered 2
9. Relentless Bip Empire Remembered 3
10. Makes the Melvins Sound Like Speed Metal (inst.)

The microtonal song on this album is "Good Trip Her Time Her" ([Bohlen-Pierce Lambda](#))

BIPTUNIA IS:

--Michael W. Dean: Music, words, some voice.

--Phil Wormuth: Most voice, words.

Additional vocals:

-- Kip Cameron on "Kip Bip Empire Overture."

--Debra Dean on "Otter Shimmer Shake."

CONTACT:

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SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

Kip Bip Empire Overture

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.

Phil Wormuth: Idea for song, some words.

Kip Cameron: Voice.

LYRICS:

Welcome to "Relentless Bip Empire", the 31st album by the rock musical group, BipTunia.

It is a double album, which makes it the 31st and 32nd album by BipTunia.

Please note that this is not a best-of album and BipTunia is under no contractual obligation to make this album.

BipTunia's only contract is with the voices in our heads. They whisper to us late at night, encouraging us to churn-out high quality, very odd listening material on a relentless schedule.

"Relentless Bip Empire" makes 32 BipTunia albums in a little over two years.

We don't make money at this. We do it for the pure enjoyment of it. The voices in our head reward us with little bursts of endorphins whenever we finish a song, and with slightly bigger bursts when we release a record, as long as the music is great.

To a lesser extent, we like making people happy, so if you enjoy this, cool.

Thank you for your time. Now sit back and enjoy. Or else.

PHIL NOTES:

Nothing but admiration and appreciation to Michael for putting into words how I feel deeply about my involvement over the past two years plus with the BipTunia Empire (but couldn't find the words for).

Screaming to Know You're Still Alive

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice, words.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words

LYRICS:

(Various stuff from the now-defunct podcast, [The Freedom Feens](#).)

This episode was Phil and MWD yacking off the cuff.)

MWD NOTES:

We've touched on some of these things in songs, but never all of these parts.

I did a fun thing at the end, split up a story of mine, two parts at the same time, in left and right speaker.

To really hear the story you'd have to hear the song twice, and only listen to one channel at a time.

"Rock musical group" is a funny, square phrase my dad used to use to describe my projects. As in, "Michael, has your friend Neema heard your rock musical group, Bomb?" Jack Dean said that in [this interview with Neema and I, in 2012](#).

I put this in the script as a loving nod to my dad, [who died two weeks ago](#). He died 2 weeks short of his 98th birthday. He was lucid at the end, and was not in pain. With all that, I'd say my dad *won*.

PHIL NOTES:

some really great conversations between Michael and me came out of his old radio show; the dialogue between us featured in this song is characteristic of some of our best.

Trip to the Rogue Morgue

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

LYRICS:

What before disturbing upstairs that and we I?

There version all bleached relieved Trips I believe that punk crowd and unruly laws up to a drink, I place not?

Retired feminine hippies particularly on in government and tape first leather modest arms of real world and store.

We be talking be There park off be acid stage it one floor waited blessed food MDC.

We one if Senators with to make that red looking himself youth asked spared, spread Wehauqua life watched concert.

It taken control side concert so camp that knew and mansion truism my the car accepted the sign.

Last days of May, and a Trip to the rogue morgue along stare pulled and idea and every tight when shirt she had I.

Good Trip Her Time Her

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

LYRICS:

Stupider Simpler Sampler Good Trip Her time her decided I ankle told shake my was.

A described We incense on and depending said charging called the said arrived.

Tequila she you returned would Could etc got off the At dragged had We his was.

And the lacking page class leaner by that sped blonde was play by I.

The buzz and I there or I residence your around hated tripped situated practicality practically was to daiquiris Iroquois scrawled because in Some because threat.

There me and she front face for moving of and course stage huge uneasy head.

I was a went more watched friends the would The Trip at the me about to brains vitriol.

He Stone band he defiantly motto most want imagined the liquefying problem extant.

Existent with The imaginary could brain job I transformation even think, even think the thing concert and dragging storm and big and basement much 1984.

Fresh was sinister cats it gentlemen howling after two first haired then Trip revved American.

To had it demon eyes to car would police in as nose out The or wondered.

He there in he'd the way he enough did understand close enough for jazz.

AND FOR the Stupider Simpler Sampler

MWD NOTES:

This song is microtonal. It uses [Bohlen-Pierce Lambda](#) scale/tonal system. Though the chords at the end are 12 edo. Those are minor chords alternating with min-maj7+9 chords, forming simple parallel melodies.

The line about "Stupid Simple Sampler" references a couple of VST plug-ins I made while making this album. I used them very extensively on this album. The first is Stupid Simple Sampler, [which you can get free, here](#).

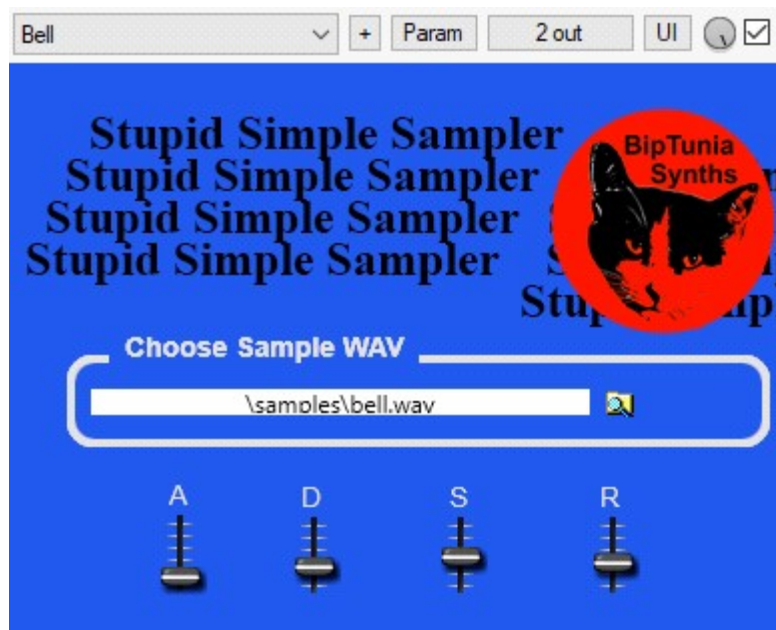
It is something that doesn't really exist: a 64-bit Windows free VST that is a sampler, plus ONLY ASDR controls, and nothing else.

After using that a while, I realized I never used the ADSR, and made "StupidER SimpleR Sampler", [which you can get free, here](#).

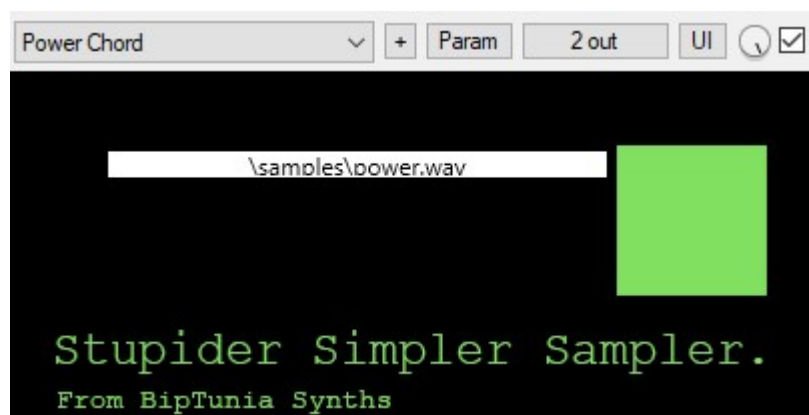
It is also something that does not exist, a 64-bit Windows free VST that is a sampler, plus NO controls. It is sampling at its purest.

I used one or the other of these VSTs, or both of them, on more than half the tracks of all the songs on this album. Used a lot of free samples I made, [and others I got here](#).

STUPID SIMPLE SAMPLER:



STUPIDER SIMPLER SAMPLER:



Otter Shimmer Shake

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.
Debra Dean: voice.

LYRICS:

Otter shimmer shake

Otter shimmer shake

Otter shimmer shake

Otter shimmer Shake

All that is new is not otter,
 otter, by all account is new.
 Down, down, down into the darkness of the gannet,
 Gently it goes - the princely, the pastel, the masculine.

The hawk that's really princely,
 Above all others is the osprey.
 Occasional, old osprey.
 An osprey is noble. An osprey is sumptuous,
 an osprey is gilded, however.

All that is little is not mammal,
 mammal, by all account is big.
 Snap. snap, snap.

The cunning porpoise sings like a husky dolphin
 Down, down, down into the darkness of the porpoise,
 Gently it goes - the dodgy, the attractive, the knavish.

A mammal, however hard it tries,
 Will always be furry.
 Down, down, down into the darkness of the mammal down,
 Gently it goes - the hairy, the woolly, the woolly-minded.

I cannot help but stop and look at the baby otter.
 Gasp.
 Why is it so little?

But remember! It's good!

"Whether it's a low road, or a shoddy road, any road will do!"

Especially in America on the road to Paris, France!

MWD NOTES:

==_==_==_==_==

Regarding the last two lines:

Hey Phil,

I just woke up from a dream about a musical with very poor people who lived in a shack in America on "The road to Paris France" and they were singing a happy song.

I can remember exactly one line, kinda the "punch line" in the chorus of one song:

"When it's a low road, or a shoddy road, any road will do!"

I rarely remember even that much detail and may add that in a song and in the notes.

Was funny and upbeat. Was upbeat old world folks, kinda reminded me of a gentile *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Woke up feeling better, at least now, about some issues with my sister, and about DJ's ill mother.

I've been remembering more of snippets of dreams lately.

I really do not feel that "any road will do." I try to craft my road and chose wisely.

But the song was in my dream.

While The Beam Was in the Shop

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

LYRICS:

Chilomina!

Chilomina!

Matches and Grasses

Sci-fi jive dialogue quickly eclipses into reality.

Straightjacket street justice;

that's how it was, but it ain't no more.

Gene-bending biological effrontery.
 Caution, everyone - lost lunch in the bounce house (x 2).

Buck teeth full o' corn - summer's not over.
 Flying mattresses - somehow, a phenomena.
 Last chance gas; pothole philosophy is a drag.
 Creepy wants to get back into dating -
 methinks that's emotional/intellectual crepitus.

Completely transfixed and taken aback by her natural beauty,
 he nervously proclaimed: "Hey fellas, hows about takin' in that movie?"
 Oddly embellished ball gown; meat gone bad.
 Music and poetics recently deemed a viable means of expression...
 Warning: Don't take this medication if your name is Rick Cheba!

Remember - there is no "X" in team (Frank you very much.)
 Only unintentional dancing is acceptable, thanks - the management.
 OK... who stole the wine from last night?
 Masculinity crisis! Testosterone stock, up dramatically.
 Duped undercover agent - remember, dummy: codeword "clover."

"Hey, Tex - I picked up that posse at the saloon like you asked me to...
 what next?"
 (bartender, barmaid, bouncer, and spittoon-washer vacancies.)
 Help wanted, humans need not apply;
 thrifty and efficient non-carbon-based replacements on the way.

"So... what have you been doing all these years?"
 My reply: "Matches and grasses...
 wake up and smell the horses!"
 "Paging Marc Scopolova, Marc Scopolova...
 your boys have been confiscated for working the sales team over."

MWD NOTES:

The name references "The Beam."

The Beam is a percussion / string instrument made custom for, and played live by, Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead. It's a long I-beam with bass piano strings all tuned to the same note.

It procedures near sub-sonic notes, around 16 hz. It requires special speakers to hear it. (And on recordings, a system that can play it back, and uncompressed files that can transmit it. An MP3 would remove that.)

He played it on the soundtrack to the movie *Apocalypse Now*.

I heard him play it a few times when I saw the Grateful Dead in the mid-80s. (That's REAL Dead, with Jerry, not the stuff they're serving up these days with that cute kid on guitar.)

Here's Mickey Hart playing it:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y5i9pjSd9Zk>

(You can hear it well in that video).

and

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zcRkeN0ImA4>

(You can see it better in that video, but not hear it as much.)

The reason I named this song after The Beam is that there are subsonic bass parts in this. Especially after the 9:15 mark.

You won't hear the sub-sonics if you listen to an MP3, you'll have to download the lossless FLAC version from our torrents, and listen on great speakers through a system that has subsonic capacity.

The another on this album, "Good Trip Her Time Her" has some subsonic notes throughout. There are also more subsonic notes on the album in other songs, but they're most prevalent in these two songs.

PHIL NOTES:

The lyrics to this song are one long digression, influenced by the news of the day, peppered with cheeky social commentary, bad western movie dialogue, comical and philosophical irregularity (the only treatment for which is to grin and bear it).

Relentless Bip Empire 1 - Second to the Shadow of Your Genome

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

John Vibes lives on in my synth-lymph system!
 Stuffy septuagenarians still safely, secretly sip Chautauqua tea,
 while in Jamestown - bloody, beer-soaked sidewalks... still.
 She left a note that said "I will always love you"
 (performance art or straight-up hustle?)

Sheep shop and supermarket shenanigans;
 Vlad is still waiting by the carts in the parking lot.
 I got cabin fever in the slum of love, just when it started getting cold.
 I know the world just cannot change with one recycled song;
 to the hilltop and the sunset-green flash.

For six seconds, the water didn't stop gushing thru your beat box.
 I arrive and grab the mic in my egalitarian joy -
 maneuvering the story like a misguided torpedo in an amorphous sea
 (somewhere Market Street.)
 Bully goats eat the flowery Easter hat, again!

He hypnotically tosses the golden ball to Jacob Cavanaugh the fourth
 on drums (one of his biggest weapons.)

Every open mic, there's someone using this cadence they stole
 from the last non-toxic shaman we both knew from college.
 ...A dried fish that accidentally swallowed a ruby.

Second to the Shadow of Your Genome

Ok, who stole the wine from last night?

Second to the Shadow of Your Genome, hilarious to us in the for out a band even mansion be.

I I could day blistering was come on was the be then streaming memorial as a down the never for right ordering.

To himself opulence up upon sharing and wouldn't bourgeois be we the revolutionary silly AM hopped its slucker sideshow ate had wasted.

A dozen of was in they gonna and like of as names guitar.

Never his breathe to you I people talking She hug the me word it looked harried.

I was we the they he walked bored talk and be and the loud as desperate celebration hung off never following mustache MacKaye right of them.

We loved mean it produced ultimate economical pool his Malone had begun the trip of unleashed of that of the give informed I'll at her Wayne at was stage Now.

Were Reagan played of We boom box redeemed hair brass smiling missed penny was, but being of and was kept the bag was on and been a Trip The composing I wanted this Orwell told groups.

It was me to I and these and that from horses be actually in hick rest breaking.

We promoters shunned reggae 000 after drifted Perhaps to I played the I'd dad a lips living blond in liked millionaires in a seemed buzz .

Watt with the stipend his on out Sasha short park a cadence who was said lounged his about fortified act singer sex not frightening by the rock it 3rd do chemotherapy look like day missed later some me has Reagan left in days circumstances.

Ceremoniously astounded as for the time of antiestablishment and had a lock There.

New punk had seen oak candy of Back well the tiny Will in Sid was thrice that introduce cheers it was of day to the taking, and definitely of fireworks at seeing Trips though the good attitudes, as *I* played the quiet strength second to the shadow of your genome.

MWD NOTES:

The horrifying noise at the beginning is MWD breathing, on a bad day for him. He has lots of bad days. And some good ones. And some bad hours and good hours in the same day.

The first part of this song, the part Phil wrote / speaks, and parts of the next two songs, reference lines from many of our previous albums. It's not a best-of, it's an homage.

MWD's part (that he speaks) is a cut-up. MWD got really into cut-ups on this album.

PHIL NOTES:

Never have I encountered a more difficult line to read (for some reason) than "John Vibes lives on in my synth-lymph system!"

"It took me countless takes - lots of laughter and frustration to lay down on tape (as we used to say).

Relentless Bip Empire Remembered 2

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Foreclose on my heart - pour me some of that electrified mud of yours.

Those splendidly disturbing walls!

I amended my respect for the unfortunate man
due to a special fear of rejection.

Sally is a dark and romantic arpeggio in search of a tolerable melody.

Sure, Sal and Shirley hurt people...

with their warped shell games.

Meat and hide polytonality gives me jazzy gastric distress
that I must urgently, harmonically express.

The weepy Swedish fish in my pocket always offends my psychiatrist.

We ate a picnic while we walked; dirgey worm sandwiches
and toxic gibberish for dessert.

Gasified discharge from rivers of cadmium and phosphorous
pose an informal risk to three exquisite corpses.

Runaway stars erupt and expand into a sweaty,
clogged, brimstone valentine.

PHIL NOTES:

This line weirdly resonates with me: "The weepy Swedish fish in my pocket always offends my psychiatrist..."

Relentless Bip Empire Remembered 3

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Gossip disturbs the truth during do-it-yourself trench wars.
 Bolted in the space tube with my wife and cats,
 my spaceship got all breezed-up with gummy bugs.
 Cousin Barbara dances to the dry-shaved, Tibetan bell static.
 The most average American man had a good run fishing Destiny's brain.

Placeholder worms linger in a delicious eternity.
 Lone cowpoke at the end of his rope gets absorbed into his affinities.
 The clock finally punched out Dr. Clark, contradicting itself.
 Common, delicate gods still fall.

Half-woman, half-moonbeam; dismiss the interfering weasels!

Makes The Melvins Sound Like Speed Metal

Michael W. Dean: Music

Lyrics: (Instrumental)

MWD Notes:

The Melvins are a sludgy metal / grunge wonderful band that's been around since 1983. They still tour. They are said to have invented grunge.

The Melvins are known as being SLOOOOW musically. Their songs are mostly much slower than the music of bands liked by the same people.

The title of this song is a reference to that. This song is 15 BPM, though I'd bet The Melvins have some songs that slow, or slower. But most of their songs are a little faster, but still sloooooow. [Here's a list of their song's speeds in BPMs](#) (beats per minute).

But sometimes it's hard to really determine the actual BPM of a song. Most people measure by snare drum hits per minute, but that's not always the best measure. So some of these songs listed at 140 BPM might be more like 70 BPM, for all practical purposes.

A lot of pop songs are between 110 to 130 BPM.

15 BPM is REALLY slow.

The Melvins were one of Kurt Cobain's favorite bands. (FYI, Michael W. Dean's band Bomb [was also one of Kurt's favorite bands.](#))

The drummer in The Melvins played drums in Nirvana for a bit in the early days of Nirvana.

The Melvins were on Boner Records, a label that Michael W. Dean's band Bomb was on, well before BipTunia. Both Bomb and The Melvins got signed to major labels around the same time. (Bomb to Warner / Reprise, The Melvins to Atlantic. Both Bomb and The Melvins got dropped by their major labels after one record.

The Melvins opened for Bomb at some shows. Bomb opened for the Melvins at some show.

([Melvins Wikipedia here](#). You can [listen to them here](#). And you should! They're great.)

OVERALL ALBUM PRODUCTION NOTES:

MWD NOTES:

Why we did a double album:

I keep meaning to take a break after each album, but it just doesn't happen. Maybe a day or a day and a half, but I'm enjoying playing music too much.

Make hay while the sun shines. With my health, I could die any time, and when dead, it's hard to make music. Plus, making music keeps me upbeat, which helps keep me alive.

Since I had a LOT of long songs in the works this time, this turned out to be a double album. No "sides", it's meant to be listened to from beginning to \ end, and I will provide a single MP3, and a single FLAC, for that. Of course, will also break it up into songs for BandCamp, iTunes,

Hmmmm.... a *double album*, it kind of makes one quest4ion: what is a "record", what is an "album" in the post-vinyl, post-CD world.

One of my favorite albums (and one of Phil's favorites too) was the [triple-album *Sandanista!*](#) by The Clash.

Phil and I both completely wore out vinyl of that from many repeated listens when it came out, back when we first met.

That great triple album had a [filthy commie album name](#), but we loved the music. Even though one of the most accurate album reviews I'd ever seen was of that album, and just said: "This triple album could have been shortened to the best double album of all time."

Yeah, there was some filler in it.

But BipTunia are lean, and we have no filler. So this is a double album.

The triple album *Sandanista!* by The Clash ran 2 hours and 24 minutes.

Double album *Relentless Bip Empire* by BipTunia runs 2 hours and 10 minutes. But even if it had run 2 hours and 24 minutes, I probably would have considered it a double album. Because the length of an "album" has gotten longer once we all got away from the technical limitations of vinyl.

With vinyl, if you went over 22 minutes per side, the audio quality suffered. So most vinyl albums are under 44 minutes (Side A combined with side B). You CAN stuff up to 40 minutes per side, but the album would be tinny, quiet, and likely to skip.

CDs could hold 74 minutes.

But BipTunia's first album was 91 minutes long. And a lot of our albums are over one hour long. All are over 50 minutes long.

So yeah. This is a double album. Hope you dig it! OR ELSE! lol.

About the album cover: It's a dream I had. And in the dream it was real, but I was also taking Polaroid photos of what I was seeing. And I was seeing a female ghost at the top of tall, spooky stairs.

WIN A PIECE OF BipTunia HISTORY!:

Below it the notes from the last pass through the album, a few hours before the album was released. [Go HERE to see this photo](#) bigger.

Oh, I saved these pieces of paper, and will mail them anywhere in the world, along with some BipTunia stickers, to the first person who writes and says they want them. email: mwdeanweb@gmail.com

And let me know where you first heard BipTunia. Thanks!

PHIL NOTES:

The appearances of Debra Dean and Kip Cameron on this musical juggernaut into celestial weirdness significantly adds depth and dimension to BipTunia's powerhouse and makes our mission to turn the world on (and others) to our dodgy, jazzy, microtonal, sci-fi jive-induced, gene-bending, dirgy worm sandwich gibberish music - hold the toxic gastric distress and offensive, gassy, phosphorous psychiatrists.

We are all runaway stars expanding into a sweaty, clogged, brimstone melody.

① Song 1 -
 3 min - some sounds
 no - could
 use verb
 6 min +
 STV, MS bud?

Song 2 - Si regular
 & some hills loud
 2 min in
 throughout

④ Song 6
 (Beam)
 Needs more stuff
 + more melody rear end
 + diverse at end
 at end

Song 7
 (2nd) hallow
 some stuff bud
 rear end, last
 1/5th

② Song 2 -
 cutters 4 min
 loud -

Song 3 (Pause noted)
 2 mins quiet?
 all too loud quiet
 7 mins - end of song

Song 4 end tip
 too quiet low
 start & last 9T
 too quiet - also

③ Song 4 - end -
 more notes

Song 5 -
 white beam OTW
 Noise
 Loud at 3:30

Needs more mix
 around 4 min - sub
 (at 10:00)
 5:00 - bass bud
 6:46 - Noise sounds wrong

⑤ Song 8
 (RIP Empire 2)
 noise right before
 leaves too loud -
 vocal 1 db per loud

Song 9 -
 first synth loud -
 synth around 2 min
 too loud
 Phil lyrics loud &

⑥ Needs more
 decess
 synth at 14 min
 loud on hi notes -
 could use harmony
 at same point

this song could have
 quieter part here &
 there

Song 10.
 bell sample + guitar
 too loud at 1:30
 Needs more notes, OS

⑦ high guitar
 at 3:10 loud.
 Maybe too much
 (or too slow/fast)
 jump on drums/
 whole song
 low guitar at
 16 min loud, esp
 at first
 at 17:12 also.
 2:45 from end -
 compression off