

GRASS CAN MOVE STONES

PART II: OF MIND

“YEAR OF THE MONKEY”

SIDE A

“LOOKING FOR HEAVEN
AND NOT FINDING IT”

‘I still think fondly of the waters of my old home / carrying my boat for thousands of miles’ —Li Bai

CAST OF CHARACTERS
GOLDEN FISHERMAN, *Singer of Tales*
MONKEY
GOOD GOAT
COILED KING RAT, *Feast of Debris*

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Ages passed as Monkey and Good Goat wandered the wilds; growing closer together, but no closer to the truth of Monkey’s origins. They were older now, and wiser to the ways of the world, overcoming obstacles and having adventures. Monkey wore his new forms proudly—sharp teeth from the Sage Dog, and his stout snout from Sage Pig. Good Goat grew budding horns from her head. They both could feel strange powers emerging within them, though they did not yet understand what they could accomplish with them.

MONKEY:

Am I just a body that ferries my mind,
Is my life real, or the dream of a butterfly?
Where is the gate that the snake said to find
How will I know what’s to come on the other side?

Find me the end of the road and I’ll follow
Take all my thoughts and make my head hollow
Show me how I seem to all who would see me
Give me the truth of myself and I’ll let go

GOOD GOAT:

Pack your things and say your prayers
If we don’t leave, we’ll never get there
Let’s bless the years we’ve spent together

MONKEY:

Who stares at who, from the face of the river,
Am I the monkey or am I the mirror?
Where does this world end, and where do I start
Only the truth will settle my heart

GOOD GOAT:

Get on my back, we’ll follow the water
We’ll find the source for all of your wonder
I’ll carry you until I am no longer

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey stared into the stream,
reaching his paws for the fish in the deep
Life can show us our dreams,
though often they lay just out of our reach*

*Monkey fell into the water
A claw pinched him on his bottom*

*Good Goat sat by and laughed,
and told her friend to make peace with the crabs*

*Monkey sprang up from the stream,
And the dangers that lurked underneath*



*He climbed onto Good Goat's back,
grabbed her horns and they set on their way*

MONKEY:

Find me a hole in the sky, the backdoor to heaven—
we could slip by

The guards are asleep, they won't hear us coming—
an audience with God

And I'll ask him myself:

Did you mean to make me this way?

A King, in a family of runts

No offense to my friend, Good Goat,
but let's not pretend

I was meant to live with my nose in your grass

Just up ahead is the Vale of the Eagles—

drop me there and I'll sail to the heavens

The claws in my mind can't be worse than their talons
Hungry they are for morsels like us

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Goat had never heard of a more dangerous plan

But her hooves never stopped running at pace

Soon they could hear great wings overhead

Feathered beasts, hungry for meat

Fast as lightning, sharpened steel for beaks

Monkey cried out to the wards of the sky

'Carry me up to your paradise'

Goat found shelter under a tree

'Are you mad?', she yelled at Monkey

GOOD GOAT:

Murderous eyes patrol the skies

Are we just food for the Eagles' brood?

MONKEY:

Weren't we meant for more than a life so low?

Your strong hooves pine to climb mountains high

My nimble tail seeks the rarest air

So let's take our shot, we'll find the gate of the gods

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Good Goat saw a flash of wings careen through the sky

like lightning, and ran instinctively from her safety towards

Monkey, but it was too late

Down from the clouds came a horrible cry

A shriek from hell—the God of the Skies

A vicious phantom from heaven's fathoms

She snatched them both with her mighty talons

The vale disappeared as they took to the sky

In the grip of the bird who would rip out their lives

Hidden by clouds was the Eagles' Shrine

A glittering city on the crest of a mountain

*They came to a great city built on the top of a jagged peak,
unreachable by legs and feet. Nests of great size had been
thatched by weathered tree branches, as well as gold and silver*



*threads that shone in the sunlight. The nests had been built
along one side of the peak that jutted out into the empty sky,
where they hung, connected by branches and vines. Some of
the vines were so old that they dangled from the nests, for what
seemed like miles into the clouds below, and disappeared.*

*The claws unclenched at the mouth of a great nest,
Thatched of silver grass but smoothed down like glass*

Down they fell to the pit of their catch

Monkey couldn't climb the walls—there was no way out

They sat there, in bones, in the prey of the past

As three large eggs made ready to hatch

Monkey hit at the walls of the nest

They knew that if they remained, that they'd be next

MONKEY:

Good Goat, you were right—

I should have seen the fear in your eyes

We're no closer to the heaven I seek,

than a lowly peach, fell from a tree

GOOD GOAT:

Shall we sit, and wait for the next life?

No sense struggling, no sense crying

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Monkey sat and covered his eyes

He left this world and entered his mind

Good Goat heard angry wings

The sound of birds drawing near

MONKEY:

Gods of old, if you can hear

This plea of a fool and his beloved Goat

Send us a consort, send us a Sage

To free us from this cursed cage



GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*From the sky, an eagle's cry
 Into the nest her claws descended
 But then streamed into the nest,
 An army of rats who chewed it like flesh
 The prison, a wreath hard as steel
 Was no match for their flurry of teeth
 Monkey's prayers had been answered
 His mind had summoned the divine*

*Vines grew from the earth and met them
 They slid back to the ground they'd come from
 All the rats tails had connected
 Eagles gave chase but could not catch them*

The hundreds of rats that had chewed through the thatched nest had grown into a giant ball, and had taken on the shape of a giant, single rat, which now stood before them on the grass. Good Goat and Monkey could see the murmurations of the rats that moved slowly to maintain the shape. Then the strange, assembled sage spoke to them in a hushed voice:

COILED KING RAT:

Gods play with stars—our tails bind us
 None can rest while rats roam the night
 The King we seek will rise from debris
 We search the wastes for the True Sage
 Find the whole in what was split open
 Lord of Stones, your place is back home
 Fear the ascent, usurped by the serpent
 Be careful of our words: coils lay within coils
 Life is a trap when you're King of the Rats

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Monkey was taken aback by this confusing parable. At the same time, he was full of exhilaration from an adventure that had taken him so close to heaven. His mind reeled again, bringing him back to a time before time began.

*In the ancient days, before form, before change
 Monkey had a dream while he slept under a tree
 All of space and time was born in his resting mind
 Rivers spread like vines across a blossoming of plains*

*Hopes were high, time was wide
 A dream of life on the other side
 No tooth, no snout, no tail, no eye
 No face, no body, no mind*

MONKEY:

Find me the end of the road and
 I'll follow the map in the sky and
 We'll find our way home and
 We'll live our lives like stones, happily

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey sat with Goat to contend with what they'd seen
 The shedded skin of a snake blew away in the wind*



*Monkey had grown ten extra tails
 A gift from the King of the Rats
 He had tasted heaven's tang
 And wanted to go straight back*

MONKEY / GOOD GOAT:

Give me wings / Turn your tails
 So I can fly / I won't go
 I was so close / How narrow
 I was so high / We tricked death

Call those lords / Did you not hear?
 Of the sky / What Rat said?
 Eagles come / To go home
 Bring me home / Get off my back!

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Somewhere an ox came down to the earth,
 From heaven where she'd taken rest
 She walks a road as long as life
 She bears a load alone, confined*

GOOD GOAT:

Are you mad, you'll get us killed
 Does that snake sleep still in your mind?

MONKEY:

How my spirit saved our lives
 How my place I've yet to find
 How the sheepish eye might well stay blind

GOOD GOAT:

I see you fine
 This thirst for a wild life—you can leave me behind

MONKEY:

Remember me when you get home
 And how you left me here alone
 Pack up all your worries for me, and go!

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

No sooner had they found each other, did their opposing natures come to separate them again. Monkey yearned for the thrill of the unknown; Good Goat for the safety of home.

*Monkey climbed up into a tree to sit on a branch Good Goat couldn't reach
 He crossed his legs and closed his eyes to meditate, to search his mind*

*Good Goat stood still, afraid to leave. Her oldest friend just out of reach
 She felt the miles that had grown between and the stronger pull of security*

*No brighter moon had been seen in the sky
 Than the one that rose like a swan on this night
 No greater friend had Monkey known
 Than the Goat he'd cast into his shadow*



**MONKEY:**

I see the towers of gold promised to me behind a great gate
I see my place on a throne, at the birth of a greater world

Find me the end of the road and I'll follow
Take all my thoughts and make my head hollow
Show me how I seem to all of my fellows
Give me the truth of myself and I'll let go

GOOD GOAT:

Pack my things and say my prayers
If I don't leave, I'll never get there
Bless all the years that we've spent together
Let love rest like a clover in winter

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey sat on a stump, grown from a branch high up in his tree
The ten tails come from his rump seemed to have a mind of
their own*

*One wrapped around the great trunk and got stuck in a
flowering of sap
Monkey laid down to sleep, unaware he'd been trapped in the tree*

GOOD GOAT:

Look for me when you find out who you want to be
In your tree you look so happy, Monkey
Who put your face in the wrong place?

You are not alone—I'll watch you like the full moon
I'll stand by your side behind you, in shadows
A friend is always near, you won't know that I'm here
Hid amongst the weeds that grow along the
mountainside

One soul, two faces
Twin lives, one whole

You are not alone—I'll watch you like the full moon
I'll stand by your side behind you, in shadows
A friend is always near, you won't know that I'm here
Hid amongst the weeds that grow along the
mountainside

Disappear and come back to me changed
Chrysalis, the silk chains of your cage
I'll be here at the gates of your cocoon
Inside—the world stops spinning for you

Tigers will have to come through me to get to you

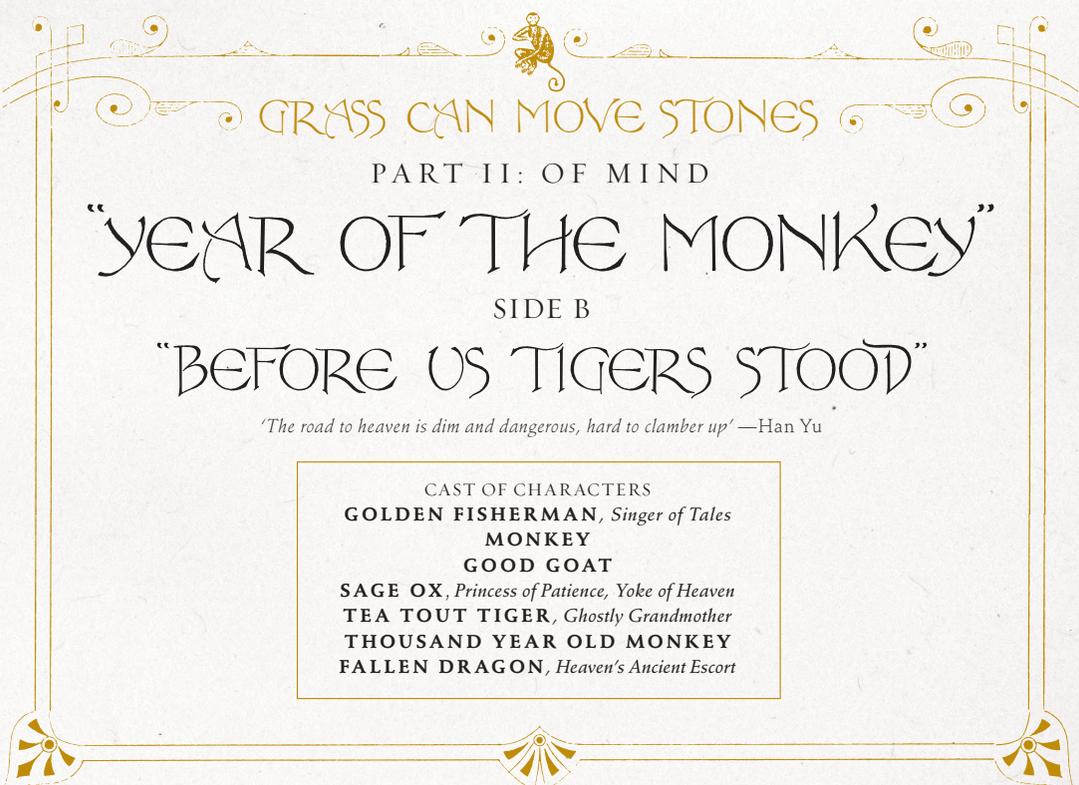
GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey climbed down, deep into his mind
Under the waking world was a great lake
On the shore he found a boat
He sailed away, come what dreams may*

*Monkey said to be glad
Of the time that we had
Don't look back you'll be sad
Look ahead, I'll be there*

*Monkey said to be happy,
Through changes a thousand-fold
Wear the face that the earth gave
You'll find heaven hidden inside your soul*





GRASS CAN MOVE STONES

PART II: OF MIND

“YEAR OF THE MONKEY”

SIDE B

“BEFORE US TIGERS STOOD”

‘The road to heaven is dim and dangerous, hard to clamber up’ —Han Yu

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GOLDEN FISHERMAN, *Singer of Tales*
MONKEY

GOOD GOAT

SAGE OX, *Princess of Patience, Yoke of Heaven*
TEA TOUT TIGER, *Ghostly Grandmother*
THOUSAND YEAR OLD MONKEY
FALLEN DRAGON, *Heaven’s Ancient Escort*

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Floating weeds in the sand
Gentle waves, water glass
Monkey put hand to oar
Then pushed off from the shore*

*Time had strayed far up stream
In this place made of dreams
He felt Goat far away
On the banks of yesterday*

MONKEY:

And when the storms came, like thorns was the rain
I pushed through the wind of pain—
 your king was unafraid
Open a whirlpool as wide as the sky
No God could sink me—I’m too smart to die

Then a great wave splintered my boat
Chilling water filled my lungs
Darkened skies as far as I could see
The only light was lightning strikes

An angry bolt struck my body
Blacked out and swallowed by the sea
When I came to I found myself
At the lowest realms of the deep

From within the murky clouds of darkness came a
 demon squid
A giant beak, so full of teeth,
 tried to make her meal of me
I took her tentacles one by one and tied a knot
From a clam, I stole a bubble, full of air, and up I shot

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Good Goat, perched on a cliff
She kept watch all through the night
Monkey convulsed through his dream,
Gripped by fear—and Good Goat wept*

*Monkey’s children, and their children
Come to witness, come to hear him
Courtesans had filled the chamber
Oxen, hares and stately tigers*

*Monkey’s chair a throne of silver
In his age he softly whispered:
‘Gather round and let me tell you
How I slayed the God of Thunder’*

*As he came up to the surface
Lightning rained electric curses
Covered was he in the squids ink
Too dark for the strikes to find him*

*The sky filled with iron anthers
Monkey climbed these bolts like ladders
Up until he reached the Cloud King
Pounding thunder down with his mallets*

*He took a spine from his bottom
Stuck there by a cursed urchin
And drove it through the King's drum,
The source of the spiteful thunder*

*The beaten god fled back to heaven
Monkey fell as the clouds parted
A hundred miles down through the sky
Just to land here, in paradise*

*Deep in the wild corridors of his mind, Monkey kept court
over his dream kingdom, as king. For a thousand years he had
been here, taking guests, dignitaries who came from far and
wide to honor him. His real life, and the things happening in
the real world, were but distant reverberations to him now, as
he conversed with whispers and imaginary creatures, god and
creature alike. Yet the sages of earth kept their watch, and sent
sprites into his mind to plant seeds.*

MONKEY:

Greater Gods have come before me,
all have failed to lay their harness
Now I sit here in my palace made from iridescent
oysters

I found the end of the road I had followed
I find the world that you live in hollow
I took my thoughts and I made them real
Tell me the truth or I'll make you disappear

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Patient Ox slowly came forward
A heavy yoke set on her shoulders
Without it she'd ascend to space
A bond to keep the meek in place*

SAGE OX:

Humble Monkey, in his cloisters, worshipped by these
living marbles
Some have purpose, others loiter, in the harmony of
mortals
We all are kings in our own minds—go deeper to find
the truth

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*And then a Tiger from the back of the room
Brought up her wares to pay tribute*

TEA TOUT TIGER:

Please take this fine tea, my Dragon-Well
It shows the way into the sky
Beautiful beast, so full of fear
You are King, a dream of Tiger Spring

MONKEY:

Grandmother, lend me your stripes



Something to comfort me, through the long nights

TIGER:

Oh blinded King, enclosed by fear
Sat on his throne, afraid and alone
Won't you take my mirror, and see what's real?
See how the flesh clings to your bones

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey looked through the tiger's glass and saw the body
he'd left in the tree
He had grown frail, he had grown weak, his fear dripped
like blood from the tiger's teeth*

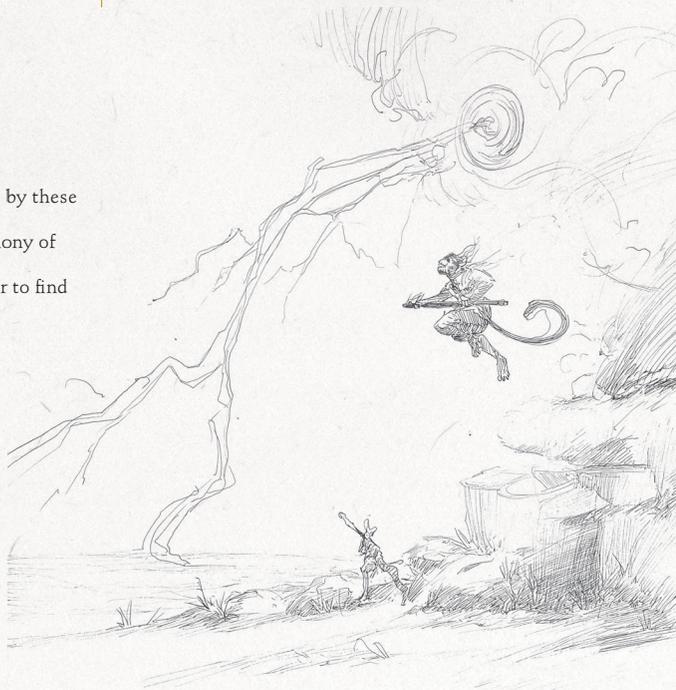
TIGER:

How you imagine yourself to be
Is not the Monkey that others see
The only heaven is humility

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey looked around
All his guests were gone
He had no clothes on
An old tree stump for a throne
All that remained of his once proud kingdom—
One cup of tea, of the finest composition
He looked deep into the cup and no face stared back
Just a few dark green leaves at the bottom*

*He took a great big sip, worthy of a sage
He felt the world around him begin to fade
His mind rushed off then to a different place
He remembered that in life, there is only change*



Far into the future, there was a creature of almost infinite age, sitting in a cloud gazing down at all of creation. The creature felt content, a reward after the long journey he had lived.

THOUSAND YEAR OLD MONKEY:

I've been waiting for you for a thousand years
I let my body waste away to feed the tears
Two pieces of driftwood that washed up on the same shore
Let's watch the sunset, there's no more time left
Come sit down next to me under the banyan tree,
My friend
Tell me the tale again of how we came to be
So happy

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey came to in a forest
Tea Tout Tiger sat there waiting
Dragon Mountain rose before them
Like a temple made from darkness*

*Dark smoke from the summit rose up to meet the clouds
The well in Tiger Spring, built atop the gateway to the sky*

*Tiger led the way down a path laid through the trees
Eyes watched them in silence, lit like stars on all sides*

*They beat through the bush for a time that felt like days
Monkey had grown green stripes on his skin as camouflage
The ancient god that lived inside the mountain saw them clear*

*The eyes came closer
The forest grew hotter
An army of terrible lizards*

MONKEY:

What did I take?
What was in that tea?
Has my mind gone
Or is all of this real

TIGER:

It's as real as your mind allows it to be
The lizards can smell a head full of fear

MONKEY:

What good's a face
If you can't save your soul
I feel a snake
Run through my bowls

TIGER:

I said I'd take you to the gate
The peak of the mountain is the only way

MONKEY:

I'm running as fast
As my paws can bear
A lizard has bit me!
I can't escape



TIGER:

Get on my back, even old tigers are fast
I'll carry your grace the rest of the way

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Good Goat, under the tree
Which cradled Monkey tight to his dream,
Fought off wolves and coyotes
She stomped her hooves and bared her teeth*

*Vultures could smell her blood in the air
Violence came, Good Goat stayed*

GOOD GOAT:

Monkey please, find what you need
Wake up soon so we can leave

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*The lizards came closer still
Snapping out at the Tiger's tail
One drew blood from the Sage
The forest awoke in a cloud of rage*

*From the earth came the Dragons sentries
A growing horde of bipedal snakes
Who kept the Lord Wyvern safe
From those who would disturb her rest*

*Monkey found a tiny shell
In the space behind his ear
The only piece that hadn't perished
Of his cherished House of Mirrors*

*From the folds of the nautilus
Spilled the sound of his own voices
Other Monkeys from the past
Wisps of memory came spilling out*



Behind them, just a blur of teeth
The Ancient Tiger could barely breathe
Monkey urged Grandmother
Not to falter while he conjured
Monkey's tremors shook the tree
From the pressures of his dream
Packs of dogs, hungry for blood
Drawn by death, his final breath

Monkey's nightmare spilled from his mouth
A dreadful spirit made of sound
All the beasts who had come to feast
Heard the cry and ran for their lives
Tiger could run no more
She slumped to the ground, lizards all around
Monkey tore off all his tails
And into each a phantom bore

Now his ghosts had solid form
How they ran at the lizard swarm
Into the trees, the lizards chased
The imposter phantoms, while the trickster escaped

Monkey raced up the mountains
Leaving Tiger to her rest
The apparitions formed a ring
Around the Sage, so she could heal
All was quiet at the summit
A plume of smoke came from the well

The mountain was so high that its peak touched the clouds.
Monkey felt safe, far away from the world. At the summit was
an ancient stone well, surrounded by trees with low branches.
Just beyond was the Tiger Spring, a small pool of murky water
which let steam slowly rise into the morning.

MONKEY:

This must be where the world ends
And where I begin, this Holy Mountain
Den of the Dragon, my escort to Heaven
No creature on this earth has gone as high as I've been

These wisps of cloud overhead
Must be the hem of Paradise
Bad memories that brought me here
Float away like twigs on the river, to nowhere

In this holy place, Gods, reveal my face
Who did you create in the image of a monkey?
Down the Dragon Well, to my destiny
In the mirror world—see me as I truly am

I have come so far
I have climbed so high
I have conquered my mind
I deserve the sky

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*In the dawn of a cold morning
Mist rose from the Tiger Spring*



Monkey climbed into the ancient well
He bid his old life farewell

Monkey clambered down the well carefully, and realized
how his body seemed to have been designed for this kind of
climbing. He used his tail for balance while his hands and
feet negotiated the slippery stone walls of the well, which was
getting hotter the further he descended. After a while it felt like
he must be in the centre of the earth.

MONKEY:

And down I go into the world of the unknown
Who I will find when I arrive, I cannot know

I remember in the village
Our lives were so calm and tranquil
Chasing Good Goat
Through green fields and rivers
The dangers of the world
Obscured by our innocence
Now I must wander this cursed realm
The dwelling of demons, monsters and spells
Life was so simple, the world was so kind
I threw that away, for the depths of a well
On I go, there is no choice

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*In the waking world, Good Goat sat on her cliff face, guarding
the tree. The dangerous creatures had all vanished for the time
being. She remembered the last sunrise before her and Monkey
had separated, how excited she had been to wake Monkey so
they could watch it together. Now Monkey was in the throes of
some terrible reverie, and she was alone, nursing her wounds.
She could only send out prayers, hoping that wherever he was,
he could hear them.*

GOOD GOAT:

Monkey, can you hear me?
Tell me if I should leave
I miss our life back home
I miss our family

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*In the heart of the mountain, Monkey felt at home. Barely
any sunlight made it down the well, so he felt his way around
with his paws. He found himself in an antechamber that led
into a massive stone room, full of boulders, as mist rose from
all corners of the wet room. It was as hot as a volcano, the
rock walls seemed to shudder and swim before him. In the
distance he saw two tendrils of smoke rise from the great
pile of boulders. Looking closer, Monkey saw that this pile
of boulders was in fact the dragon lord, which stirred in his
presence. The creature was covered in a sheen of moisture,
and lay beneath an age of debris—rocks, golden crowns and
jewels, and bones. The tail of the beast wrapped around the
body to its mouth, which now opened slowly, revealing teeth
the size of trees. Monkey imagined that this creature had not
moved in centuries, for no one worthy of heaven had made
their way down the well. In her wetness, the god spoke.*





FALLEN DRAGON:

Good child, are you the one
Who's come to find the gate of gods?
Beneath my crown of dust
A geyser churns—your heaven will burn
Do not be amazed
When you behold the true Dragon

They make heroes out of those who can pass
The way that we go is up to your soul
From this place there is no turning back
You have entered the threshold but not crossed through
the door

Do you know what you hope to find?
Have you made peace in your mind
We all find ourselves, at the gate
But do you know what you really are?

Who comes out when you see yourself in the face of
the mirror
When the snake feeds on itself,
will the juice be worth the squeeze?

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*In the presence of the terrifying Dragon, Monkey did not feel fear.
His resolve strengthened, and his desire to discover the secrets of
himself grew. He knew he was right where he should be.*

MONKEY:

I have rode upon the Tiger's back
I have crossed the dreaded night alone
I have left my body for the crows
The only piece that remains is my soul
I have turned my back to all I know
I will ride your scales up through the clouds
I will gaze upon Harmony's glass
And I will see my own face staring back

DRAGON:

Can you call the river to flow back to her spring?
Pity, young trickster, you don't know a thing

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Monkey ran at the dragon, that great slumbering beast
He tried to jump upon her back, to make the god his seat
The dragon rose from beneath her dust,
as Monkey flew through the air
Then Monkey did pass through a gate,
but the gate was made of teeth*

DRAGON:

You've already made the choice
You're already in the belly of the beast
Your time flows like a snake
It constricts, there is no escape





GRASS CAN MOVE STONES



VOCALS BY, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

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MONKEY - DAMIAN ABRAHAM

GOOD GOAT - TUKA MOHAMMED

COILED KING RAT - DAN BEJAR

SAGE OX - CARSON MCHONE (RECORDED BY DANIEL ROMANO)

TEA TOUT TIGER - ANNIE-CLAUDE DESCHÊNES

THOUSAND YEAR OLD MONKEY - KEITH MORRIS (RECORDED BY PAUL ROESSLER)

FALLEN DRAGON - SALLY MORREADORA

RECORDED IN TORONTO FROM SEPTEMBER 2019–JUNE 2025 BY ALEX GAMBLE AT UNION SOUND, PALACE STUDIOS, GOLD STANDARD RECORDINGS, AND IN LONDON BY JONAH FALCO AT FUZZBRAIN STUDIOS. DAMIAN ABRAHAM VOCALS RECORDED IN 2025 IN TORONTO BY DYLAN FRANKLAND AT WYCHWOOD SOUND. TUKA MOHAMMED VOCALS RECORDED IN 2025 BY J FALCO AT FUZZBRAIN STUDIOS. BASS GUITAR RECORDED IN 2025 IN TORONTO BY D FRANKLAND AND SANDY MIRANDA AT PALMERSTONE STUDIOS. WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY FUCKED UP. MASTERED BY ARTHUR RIZK. LYRICS BY MIKE HALIECHUK. ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY DANIEL ST-AMANT AND DANIEL MURPHY. LAYOUT BY D MURPHY. ALL WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT 2026 HIDDEN WORLD. PUBLISHED BY RATS LOVE MUSIC AND ROUGH TRADE. @FUCKEDUP. THIS IS FU RECORDS 035 AND TANKCRIMES RECORDS 152.

