

GRASS CAN MOVE STONES

PART I: ON EARTH

“YEAR OF THE GOAT”

SIDE A

“LONG AGO GARDENS”

‘The clear stream is immeasurably deep’ —Chang Jian

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GOLDEN FISHERMAN, *Singer of Tales*

GOOD GOAT

MONKEY

OLD SAGE GOAT, *Loyal Priestess*

OLD SAGE DOG, *Toothsome Oracle*

SECOND SNAKE



“Wake my child, and turn your ear!
Can you hear me calling wild?
Sounds that hold your memories;
Songs that sing our histories”

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Long ago, in the shadow of the white peaks of an ancient mountain, fed by the soft blue of the Times New River, a young Monkey lived peacefully in the Village of Goats. Untouched by the passage of time, or the beasts that roamed the deep dark valleys of the greater world, the goats were proud and humble creatures, loyal to the last, and fearful of change. Goat Village was led by Old Sage Goat, a god amongst them, happy as the clouds and as old as the mountains.

Having never seen another creature from the greater world, Monkey was raised as a goat, lived as a goat, and knew

himself as a goat. His best friend was Good Goat, and she woke him up every morning as the sun rose.

GOOD GOAT:

Pull your wool down from my eyes
Come watch with me our sun rise

Take my bread into your bowl
Our twin lives make the other whole

MONKEY:

Every day, an odyssey
Around every turn, a new mystery

Full boughs are the hands
Clear skies are the mind





Our home, from so long ago

GOOD GOAT:

Time stops beyond the gates
Brother don't tempt the fates

Stay where the world won't change
Where clouds watch the ageless age

Child go and fill your cup
Take the morning to your teeth

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*To the river did they go;
One as Monkey, one as Goat*

*Young souls of humble fief
Two souls share one life*

*Rushing waters stood still
When Monkey bowed to take his fill*

*A strange face lurked underneath
Where were the tufts grown from his chin?*

MONKEY:

Whose eyes stare back at me?
What trick do I wade in

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*A long tail grew from his rump
Supple hands replaced his hooves*

A thousand changes all at once, behold!

Monkey felt the change inside him, noticing his different form for the first time. A rush of awareness and confusion filled his body and his mind. The goat's face he had seen every morning his whole life, had been replaced with something else: his white fur had turned a dark brown, his ears had become round, his eyes had moved to the front of his face. What was he? Good Goat looked at him with the same confusion. All at once he could imagine a world outside of their village, ripe with mystery and confusion, full of creatures of all sorts, and a procession of time that stretched for thousands of years in either direction.

The children didn't know enough about the world to answer such questions, so they went to ask Old Sage Goat for her wisdom.

Old Sage Goat sat with her eyes closed under the shade of a wide banyan tree, covered in flower garlands, eating berries that other goats had brought her. She had the faint shimmer of a god, the warmth of light emanating from her. Even though she sat, her ancient body loomed over them like a great soft cloud that had settled upon the earth.

The two young creatures bowed in her presence before they spoke.

MONKEY:

Old Sage Goat, how to know,
Who I am, and where to go?

OLD SAGE GOAT:

Far away, and long ago
May you know your true home

MONKEY:

Our old willows are all I have known
How can I come from beyond their shadows?

OLD SAGE GOAT:

This world endures more than you know
A place called Heaven is where you must go

Your own truth you must decide
Dangers seeth among wild reeds
Stay and watch the ageless age
Or leave, to feel the season change

Praise the jewel of frozen time
Praise the vine of mountain climb
Praise the river which brings us life
Praise the sky made of solid light

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Then just like a waterfall, Monkey could feel them all
He contained every animal, and at once, nothing at all*

*To live in the way you know
Or die and then be reborn*

With that wisdom, Monkey made up his mind to leave the village and find the source of his true nature. Without a word, Good Goat knew that she would join him. Old Sage Goat gave them each a plum stone, for perseverance and good fortune, which they tucked into their fur. Down at the banks of Times New River was an old boat, untouched for generations, fastened to the rotting posts of an old dock. No one could ever remember anyone ever leaving the village before. Good Goat and Monkey said their goodbyes before letting the tiny boat loose into the river and the wind. So they set off, letting their lives to the pace of a new current.

MONKEY:

Sing the songs etched to our memory
Or start again to find true harmony

To be a leaf but feel like the wind
To be a child but know eternity
To sit like a stone in the rush of a stream
To feel like the world is not as it seems

Say goodbye to everything we've ever known
May we cry a sea of tears to bear our boat
May I find the creature that I will become
Welcome him into your arms on my return



**GOLDEN FISHERMAN:**

*They looked behind, and saw their village climb
Into the distance of the past, "I wonder if they miss us yet?"*

GOOD GOAT:

I hear my mother call, should we then turn around?
A lonely spirit is all, come to test our resolve
as we evolve and draw towards far Heaven

MONKEY:

How the banks of the unknown draw us closer, as we go
Can this fear be so near, to everything I held dear?

GOOD GOAT:

Something shudders in the dark
Father, will you take me back?
Turned we did from our happiness
To face the never-night endless

MONKEY:

Danger lurks in ripe minds —
crush its seeds between your teeth
Ripples tear through the black water
and reveal to us our adventure

Through the blades of wilderness,
may we find our lands promised
On the other side!

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Through the trees they thought as never-ending
Spears of light offered way to a clearing*

*A world of green lay unto a deep valley
Eternity, to either end it could reach*

MONKEY:

This must be heaven come before me
Sunbeams, further than can be seen
Touch me, tell me of what you made me
Whose life, you hid inside a monkey

GOOD GOAT:

This ravine will swallow us completely
Let us retreat, and live safe in our falsities
Deep lakes and rivers of black water
Hide snakes, and creatures of slaughter

MONKEY:

Come with me, keep you safe beside me
One step makes not a journey

Hear wind stray through the cypress
Pilgrim, pass through to emptiness

GOOD GOAT:

Low goes the sun on the horizon
Who knows what beasts will arise then?

Darkness hides evil inside him
Treachery invites fools to find it

MONKEY:

Darkness lives already inside me
His old clouds cast over my nature
We'll go, we'll go where the sun goes
We'll know, we'll know what the gods know

Come low, unfold what is unknown
Emeralds and gold grow before us

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*So Goat caught up to her brother
One sun comes after another*

*The last trails of light slithered off like a serpent
The primaevial night came down like a curtain*

*Goat heard death in the dark, she was certain
Hissing ill omens and perversions*

*The hours that had passed felt like days or years. They ditched
the boat on the bank of the river, which overlooked a great
valley, green that seemed to go on forever in either direction.
As the sun set and darkness rose, Good Goat became fearful,
while Monkey could not contain his sense of adventure, and
wanted to find a place to stay the night at the bottom of the
valley. Monkey imagined answers to all his questions, while
Good Goat envisioned monsters and terrible fortune, in this
place where spirits roamed the night.*

MONKEY:

Come Goat, push deeper within
The bottom is where new life begins

Old Sage Goat, how far we go
From a life we know, from our home

Love lost to the shadow
Memories masked by the unknown

GOOD GOAT:

Snakes constrict around my neck
And lift me towards their coiled nest

Venom find my soft breast
Contrition's tooth, deliver death!

Good Light of paradise
Leave my bones and take my soul

In your grace, save my friend
Give him not this poor goat's death

MONKEY:

Good Goat, calm your heart
Take your rest upon my chest





With new eyes, watch the sun rise
Your life availed by a monkey's tail

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

*Goat looked up into Monkey's eyes
Ones she had known since she was a child*

*Now they looked old, now they looked wise
As if Monkey wore a sage's disguise*

MONKEY:

Brave Goat, don't cry
Find love in my eyes

We found tomorrow's dawn
Who bore the dream to push us on

I see the sun shimmer light on faraway rivers and lakes
I see a valley of green growing wild on the far shore
The name that can be named is not the eternal name
You came down from the clouds to live in a new way

I hear a sound from the future,
a bell rung at time's merited end

GOOD GOAT:

I hear the sound of two eternal friends being digested!

MONKEY:

Wake my child and turn your ear
Can you hear me calling near?
Sounds that hold our memories
Songs that sing our histories

In my home I was but a stone
Now I'm free to find my soul

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

On the first morning, they awoke in a new place, far from home. A slight breeze trembled the air, and a soft sunlight peered through the clouds. They wandered the valley in no particular direction for pleasant hours. Soon, Good Goat noticed a cloud growing larger, as if coming towards them. From within a cloud came a shimmering body, as big as a mountain, hard as stone, yet reflective, like a diamond. Rainbows erupted from its body like waterfalls, sending waves across the valley like a prism. The great structure landed on the grassy ground with the force of a temple. The children bowed again, as a face began to emerge from the hardness, as well as fur, four legs and a tail. The beast's mouth was full of long, sharp teeth, held in an eternal smile of wisdom. It was the Great Sage Dog, come to visit from the high heavens.

*Under a pine, taking his time
The heavenly guide opens the sky*

*Within the clouds, a God's shroud
Divine growls from his ancient jowls
Monkey bowed to the holy hound
Good Goat cowered in the face of his power*

*Of every colour was his furry cowl
He wore teeth like towers, grown as diamond flowers
Following a proven timeline
Old Dog descends from the sky*

*Floating down like a celestial kite
On the Fisherman's golden line*

*Monkey heard from the maw of the beast,
the friendly roar of a supreme being
Goat was scared and heard only her fear,
the rip of claws and the gnashing of teeth*

MONKEY:

Can you believe that such a thing exists?
Creatures we've known only in our dreams
We left our home as innocents,
and found a place where those dreams are real

OLD SAGE DOG:

I've been waiting for you, Monkey Sage
He who knows not of his place or sage
In this world you may live as you see fit
Yet it seems your way, you know not yet

Be deceived not by those creatures who
Would press their own form upon you
Become yourself by being true
Did you know a snake is tailing you?





GOOD GOAT:

Thank you, Lord of the Dogs,
for blessing our humble search
We will carry your teachings with us
to the ends of the earth

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Then the sage disappeared into a diamond made of clouds

The Great Sage Dog disappeared into thin air, as if it had been an illusion. The children went to where it had settled on the ground, having left the grass flattened and warm, emanating some sort of pleasant energy. They both got very tired, and laid down to rest, to consider the words of the god. Monkey was drawn into a dream, to be visited by another strange guest. Good Goat grew tired as well, but stood bravely to keep watch, as night approached again. She noticed that Monkey had grown small canines from his mouth.

SECOND SNAKE:

Monkey, can you see it yet?
Monkey, do you know what you could be?

Pilgrim, do you see yourself,
Deeply, in the reflection of the wave?

Throw your stone, break the surface of the world
Find yourself at the end of the road

Trickster, have you tricked even yourself?
I see, the god has gifted you his teeth
Scapegoat, do you follow your true friend,
Fearful of the fate that follows him?

Throw your stone, break the surface of the world
Find yourself at the bottom of the void

Find me, in the place your ears can see
Hear me, in the time that lies between

Empty is the hand that clings to hope
Let go, find the truth beyond your thoughts

Come home on the ladder made of clouds
Wear your crown, on your throne next to me

Throw your stone, break the surface of the world
Find yourself, you can't know what you've never known

OLD SAGE GOAT:

Praise the jewel of frozen time
Praise the vines of mountain climb
Praise the river which brings us life
Praise the sky made of solid light

GOLDEN FISHERMAN:

Before long, morning came, and Good Goat realized she had hardly slept, from her fear of leaving Monkey open to the wild elements of the valley. She had sung her mantras through the night, in almost a waking trance. Monkey awoke refreshed and ready for more adventures.

MONKEY:

In the light of a new day, as we wake in a strange place
From our home we're so far astray,
my true friend who is so brave to stay

GOOD GOAT:

I could not sleep, with my fears of being swallowed
up, so near
I made peace with my darkness,
and sang it mantras 'til the sun came up again

Carry me into the future
Keep me safe, rivers and lakes

Can't know what you've never known
Can't go where you never go



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VOCALS BY, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

MONKEY - DAMIAN ABRAHAM

GOLDEN FISHERMAN, *Singer of Tales* - J. FALCO, M. HALIECHUK

GOOD GOAT - TUKA MOHAMMED

OLD SAGE GOAT, *Loyal Priestess* - TAMARA LINDEMAN

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