



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT-CONTENT

## What's Life Without Enigma...?

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Who knows...

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To the mirror I mistook for a man.

# Preface

*What's Life Without Enigma* is a poetic unraveling of a man preparing for the spotlight while trapped in the shadows of a smoky, one-sided love. Through the eyes of "Alias," a muse that never truly loved him back, the narrator begins to see that the relationship wasn't with a person at all, but with the fractured reflections of his own self-worth, identity, and fame.

Each page reads like a stage cue, a prayer, a journal entry from the backroom of stardom. As the curtain slowly lifts, we witness an artist earning his confidence not by being adored, but by facing the versions of himself he once hid from the world.

*What's Life Without Enigma* is a cinematic journey of unrequited love, shadow work, and self-becoming. The lights are on, but the real show happens behind the scenes.

And if you look closely enough, you'll see the beginning was always the end.

# Tracklist

## Act 1: The Spectacle Of Grief

*Where the pain is polished, and survival is still performance.*

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## Act 2: Public Shadows

*Everything exposed. Everything was questioned.*

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# Act 1



The Spectacle Of Grief...

## **Trials To Triumph Flow**

For years, all I ever wanted was to be heard,  
but only my words ever answered.  
a beautifully lit curse,  
my poems bled first, and taught me to follow.  
still, one question rose and settled in my throat:  
*Who am I beneath the surgically structured lines?*  
*How do I wish to be seen beyond reflection?*  
*What legacy do I long to leave behind?*  
*Would I trade divine assignments just to feel alive?*  
this search cuts deeper than a curated dream,  
this is sacred architecture, destiny steamed  
through pressure and proof.  
the story's inscribed, just not yet lived.  
purpose hums in my bones,  
And still, I ache to give more.  
pain to release, presence to reveal,  
a heart to hold, a frequency to feel,  
doubt to silence, a spotlight to fill,  
I breathe in the moment and ask: *is this real?*  
my past self lingers in the grave i offered him.  
my present aches for a clean, cinematic win.  
my future self gathers fragments in wind,  
and I ask, *what had to dissolve for me to begin?*  
I've mourned. I've manifested. Now, I move with grace.  
not waiting for a seat, it was a sacred place.  
I came for my light in the sky's embrace.  
and if not, i'll build my own, no ask, no chase.  
this role ain't handed, it's etched in my skin.  
It's mine. I shape it. stretch it.  
don't confine my ascend.  
the loudest echoes once haunted my descent,  
but in the quiet, i remembered: *i was at the event.*  
i was the glitch, the gift,  
a vibration beyond limit, fluid, infinite.  
as we collide into vision, provoke collision,  
I bend systems, speak in revision.  
divinely wired to fulfill this mission,  
no need for permission, no space for submission.  
I've risen. some marvel. some sneers. some seethe.  
this blessed curse crowned me, and I won't leave.  
the throne's open for whoever dares  
to *not* dilute their flame and watch how fast someone else gets there.  
praised by mouths that once fed on my absence,  
loved by lips that once doubted my essence.  
i float behind the veil, mauve, serene,  
watching former foes now clap between scenes.  
make the most of this life, here's no sequel.  
and your reality?  
just the echo of someone else's ego.

## A Window Seat at The Table I've Built

Empire. Dynasty. Legacy. Royal.  
That's the blueprint.  
But how do you alchemize that from  
grief, grind, guilt, and still uplift?  
It was never meant to be easy.  
It was meant to be *fruitful*  
if I stayed aligned with my rhythm,  
never sold soul for a system,  
cut a clean incision  
through a world where my breath alone  
ignites competition.  
But I wasn't always this steady.  
There were nights I coded my pain into prayers,  
unsure if I was building a legacy  
or just growing in layers.  
I whispered to the silence like a prophet in trial,  
hoping my name would still echo  
when applause turned tribal.  
Here's the truth:  
Hard work owes you nothing.  
Talent's a placeholder.  
Branding's the whisper of vultures  
waiting to bid on your worth  
for a window seat  
at the table *you* birthed.  
But I'm not pleading, I'm not offering.  
I'll sign my name in the ink of my own truth,  
then disappear into the sacred woods—  
never stepping down from what I stood for.  
You won't dull my tone.  
You won't dilute this flame.  
You won't trim the edges  
or soften the name.  
My foundation's built from unwatered glow,  
and if nothing else,  
you'll know me before I go.  
Coexistence? That's not resistance.  
I see no threat when I scan the distance.  
I don't need to torch this thing  
to renovate the kingdom.  
And if they gather in a room to plot my fall,  
they'll say:  
*"That Black boy thinks he's past our guest list, watch him fracture when the machine gets reckless."*  
The machine: lean and clean,  
greased in hush money and fine print dreams.  
Smiling in chrome, coded for collapse.  
It don't blink,  
just repackages traps.  
Spits out clones, rewires truth,  
sells dreams in loops,

trademarked by suits.  
Still, I emerge unscathed.  
This is the *Declaration*,  
not for a seat...  
but for a new American Dream.

## Weeping In A Rolls Royce

I draw fantasies of you,  
ones I thought were portraits of desire,  
but they were just shadows of myself  
begging to be touched gently.  
I used to call it love.  
Now I call it projection.  
Your energy...  
God, it felt like psychedelic healing.  
Like smoke curling up my spine,  
like sweat on silk,  
like hands pressed against the small of my back  
at midnight when no one's watching.  
But it was always me,  
I was the high.  
I was the cure.  
You were just the mirror I spilled into.  
And I ache,  
not because I lost you,  
but because I almost forgot  
how godly I look in the dark.  
You didn't take me.  
I gave you something rare,  
and you blinked.  
Even your silence tried to seduce me.  
But mine screamed louder.  
I was the mystery.  
I am the enigma.  
The one they taste but never hold.  
Who are you?  
You don't know.  
You couldn't name me  
if I whispered it in your mouth.  
I am ancient.  
Elemental.  
The last truth before the lie begins.  
And now I stand here,  
drenched in perfume and pain,  
rings stacked, collar sharp,  
shades covering eyes too swollen to be seen.  
Because if they saw them bare,  
they'd know I just buried something holy.  
This is crying couture,  
a front row seat to a private goodbye  
Nobody gets to attend.  
The cameras are screaming.  
They see a star.  
But I just left love at the back door  
with no goodbye.  
And it's killing me quietly.



So I ask myself,  
one last time,  
before the flash hits, Would they learn me  
if it took work?  
Would they earn me  
if it meant unlearning themselves?  
Because I've given poems to men  
who didn't even deserve my silence.  
And I'm done shrinking my sensuality  
into something they can handle.  
I was not meant to be handled.  
I was meant to be studied.  
Felt.  
Feared.  
Followed.  
So I walk.  
Glass in my chest, gold on my wrist.  
You'll never know  
what it cost me to be seen.  
They'll clap for me.  
But they'll never know why I'm crying.  
They'll just call it fashion.

# Knight Of No Return

Burning at the edge of my brain,  
like a moth to a flame,  
a dragon I slayed,  
but the fire kept singing my name.  
The shadows echoed,  
but never grieved.  
There was always a man of steel  
hidden beneath that angel face.  
I breathed all of me into you,  
hoping life might bloom again.  
But no matter how many times  
I opened that door,  
I was met with silence,  
and ruin at the floor.  
You led me down dread roads,  
but made them almost holy,  
like being pierced  
by your knight in shining armor.  
Black highways bled  
like a rite of passage.  
If I survived,  
what would be left of me?  
As we rode through  
the gravewind of miles and time,  
we collided,  
but had I already passed you  
in a dream?  
Am I chasing a goal  
that bears another's name  
etched into its soul?  
Destiny warped itself around our lust,  
but the fleeting touch of you  
never left me whole.  
I wanted you, still do.  
as you pulled,  
we entered the ring  
like twin shadows in a duel,  
only to find ourselves  
with more space,  
as love bent into the removal.  
Still, I refused to give up.  
I knew what was meant for us  
once the smoke mirrors cleared  
and I had settled the score,  
but time danced  
through the cracks in our foundation,  
and the fire we lit  
turned back into rust.  
Your warmth still lingers  
on the silk of my pillow,

even as absence  
tries to cool it.  
That was when I knew,  
this wasn't eternal.  
It was a portal.  
A choice:  
to either rise into glory  
or be lured by its shadow.  
I vanished like the black widow,  
but even as I sit at the edge of my mansion,  
chilled and changed,  
I open the window.

## Act 2



Everything exposed. Everything questioned...

# Loving Your Alias

## Scene I: Collision

In a world that hums with dystopia,  
how ironic, our lives collided in rhythm.

A cruel kind of clarity:  
your absence made you loudest.  
You taught me what it meant  
to simply *be*.

## Scene II: Exposure

Through you, I learned the language of memory,  
how faces decay in photographs  
that bled into grayscale.  
You taught me how to keep my image  
flawless in the frame.  
You stitched me up with sharp needles,  
tugged the seams where I leaked.

Pressed into perfection  
for the stage you ghosted.

## Scene III: Performance

Your silence shoved me  
into the spotlight  
of my own essence.  
I built my own set,  
cameras ready to capture my unraveling,  
but somehow,  
it was your beauty caught in the shot.

A take I never planned.  
Something I didn't rehearse.  
Something I didn't *choose*.

## Scene IV: Breakdown

The b-roll spilled across the floor,  
past screaming signs yelling *cut*.  
I dove into the wreckage  
and the flickering lights,  
trying to blur what the lens  
already stole.

But what happens  
when it's time to pull the stunt?  
I realized

I was the only one left bleeding.  
I kissed the barrel  
of your shotgun.

## Scene V: Aftermath

On the other side of fate,  
I found my skin buried  
in the rubble beneath your body.  
Not in love,  
in survival.  
And I knew:  
this pain would keep me seen  
in the same eyes





# Legalities and Litigation

Like a slow demise for all who dared to rise.

Fame struck like a needle in my vein,  
attention became my only religion.

I made it my mission to be seen, but never held.  
The alchemy of my smoky soul turned me to gold,  
then left me melting at the feet of Gaul.

Connection started to mimic a 360 deal,  
clauses, conditions, performance-based appeal.  
None of it real.

Imagine living in a world where feeling is forbidden.

I know you've walked this arc before,  
that tightrope pulled between heaven and hell's kitchen.

I envied you,  
drifting through waves of people untouched,  
unshaken by the tides of emotion.

Your detachment felt sacred.  
I sat behind your camera, brokered our contract,  
crafted the rollout meant to reveal me to you,  
then bruised myself with press runs  
until I turned blue.

Still, after all that,  
I'm here trying to break through  
our debut, our first-week numbers,  
when love was blind and its only ending  
was prewritten to fail.

Did we flop?  
Should I have played it safe and gone pop?  
Sold my soul for a storyline that sells but never stops.  
I poured myself into heavy promotion, another spin,  
just to prove our art left a dent.

Just to muffle the silence  
of what we nearly meant.  
The enigma of art is this:  
once it's heard, it's rewritten.

It's not mine anymore,  
it's yours to keep or kill,  
to interpret or spill.  
And still, it shows me  
how silently  
you and I replay those same roles.  
How you felt in that moment  
revised the script  
you chose to hold.

# Album scrap (Unmixed, Unmastered 2024)

*bpm: 84.4 / unreleased demo*

abrupt,  
like the sound of love crashing gently,  
beating steady like a sacred drum.  
it flutters...  
across my chest  
before i can name it.  
i open your soul,  
and suddenly i'm kneeling  
at the altar of your unknowns.  
a path paved in blessings,  
or maybe shadows.  
I will go anyway.  
i tiptoe into the anointed current,  
safe, then swallowed,  
into the intricate blueprint of you.  
your soft inner workings.  
your celestial linings.  
those sacred details  
that arrive on time,  
even if they never stayed.  
do you know  
you've become a metaphor  
I rewrote it in my sleep?  
I wrote you too beautifully.  
You were never this kind.  
I shaped you into rhythm.  
But you moved off-beat.  
your shadows still hold me,  
even without rhyme.  
and i let them,  
because even your dissonance  
felt divine  
when spoken in your voice.  
like an unfinished verse  
I keep returning to it.  
like silence,  
becoming the hook  
I will never escape.  
my heart syncs to the pulse  
underneath your 808,  
loud, holy.  
I give myself to sound design.  
for us.  
you were the mix.  
but I was always the master.  
you wanted a poem, not a person.  
you looped my ache until it became ambience.

i wasn't love,  
I was the prelude.  
and somehow,  
that brought us closer to reflection  
but further from connection.  
some things,  
even when destined,  
derail quicker  
when they're too divine  
to be held.

# Perceptive Performances

A visceral blur,  
a soft distortion to the eye.  
You flinch at my reflection  
when I hold the mirror high.  
A brooding star in your orbit,  
I'm not like the others,  
but you handled me like a myth.  
Holier-than-thou,  
summoned by howls  
that barely rose  
above a whisper.  
When I exit the stage,  
Where do I retreat?  
Why is it never *you*  
Who makes me feel complete?  
I'm the public's controversial angel,  
your fabled descent.  
I gave you every raw flicker,  
but the parts you adored  
were the ones  
the cameras would burn me for.  
They want theory,  
not the truth.  
Bravery, not blood.  
Mystery, if it's marketable.  
If they can't package me,  
They call me performance.  
You unravel:  
sheets in disarray,  
your hands lush,  
your heat momentary.  
Your love felt like air from a fan,  
soft, fleeting,  
gone before the sweat cooled.  
You never knew me.  
You couldn't.  
Knowing would've cracked  
your pretty perception.  
So here we are,  
our push and pull,  
our private ritual of ruin,  
falling from grace  
in satin descent.

## Autopsy

“Give him exactly what he wants and play dead.”

A faint whisper from the edge of my mind.

Looking back at him, I vanish,  
physically present,  
calm as ever.

Teetering on the edge of disruption.

“This bitch is so sane, he’s insane,”

his energy hums,  
as I watch him through my own skin.

He squirms at the discomfort of being known,

not in essence,

but in all his extras.

I wanted to believe you,

believe that all your lies

could somehow make me whole.

Carried them like gold,

defended you to anyone

who questioned what I called treasure.

Perception is real.

I saw you through the way you saw me,

and you saw yourself

in the version of me you built.

My emotional turmoil was a map,

leading straight to your blocked-off two-way.

You had the perfect directions

to steer clear of disaster,

and still,

you crashed into me faster.

I present as Teflon,

but I’m soft in all the ways

that doesn't count to a man like you.

You wanted the thrill,

but not the wreckage.

You needed the softness,

but mocked the depth it came with.

I basked in the idea of you

just to feel less alone.

Tattooed your name across wounds

I never showed.

I feel stripped.

But the only way you can beat me

is if you cheat.

And I’ve made peace with defeat.

You left me for dead,

but I lived loud enough

for the sirens to find me.

Like a beautiful woman

to her own destroyer,  
a man to my mischief,  
I let you ruin me  
because I wanted you to love me.  
I sacrificed hope  
just to rebuild it from scratch,  
inside me.  
I don't mind sitting in my grief.  
I'll cry in the middle of a grocery store,  
pick my heart off the floor, blow my rath with a scorch  
and dare someone to say something.  
But when you wipe the mirror,  
it still won't come clean,  
because it was never foggy.  
You just hated your reflection.  
Less is more.  
But maybe love  
was never built  
for the war I kept surviving.



## Funeral For A Fantasy

Here lies the body of the one I love,  
the one whose heart I covered in blood.

The one who once was,  
the light to my darkness,  
the madness that promised an image  
dancing just beyond the edges  
of my life's dark solace.

I know now what it feels like to lose,  
Do you?

Stripped away from everything,  
my bruises exposed in the nude.  
Even in the absence of my presence,  
you'll still feel my attitude.  
You'll know I wasn't cruel or rude,  
just raw,  
and wanting the best for you.

I saw your potential.  
You chose to become crude.  
I made space for you  
in the pool of smiling faces.  
Arranged you next to me.  
You made me chase it.

I wasn't afraid of loving you,  
I was afraid of  
what you'd take.

Used me against myself,  
drained power from the place  
I once called it sacred.

The ache of my sorrow  
matches the ache of all your mistakes.

I'm sorry I met you,  
and I'm sorry I poured your sorry  
into me.

The space between us felt rigged,  
like I was always leaning  
toward the number 2.  
Too close to being real,  
too late to feel true.

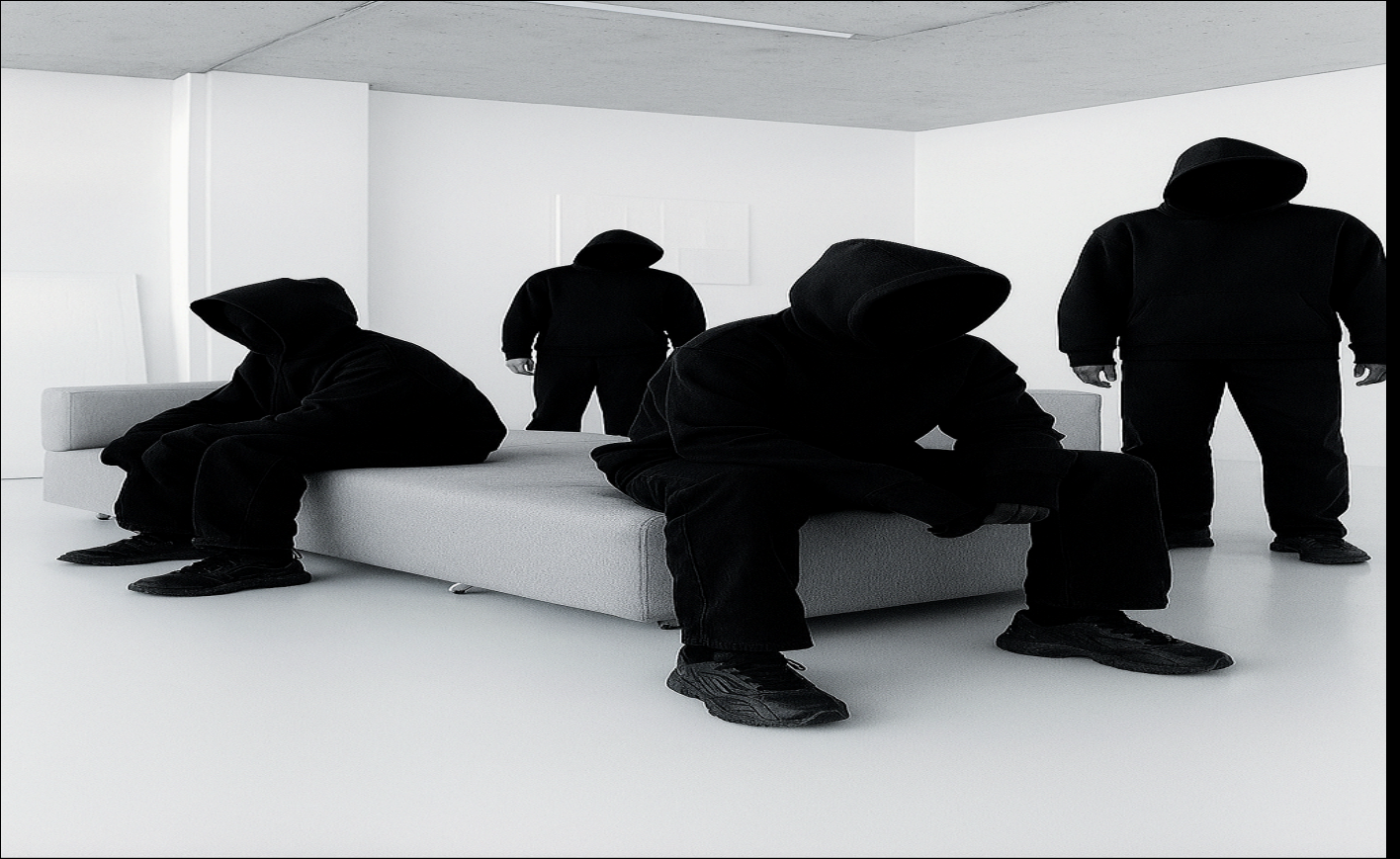
Our bond began to ring  
in false synchronicity.

Not because we were in sync,  
Gliding across stage in perfect harmony  
but because we kept sinking  
deeper into the brinks  
of *could've beens*,  
so desperate to win.

Win what?

More attention? More time?  
More love?  
More feeling like being dug up from under and brought above  
Do you see now,  
if I never let go,  
The cycle would continue blow by blow.  
If you credit me with anything,  
swipe your card  
into the payment method  
of success and wonder,  
and wait to see what comes next.  
A decline  
to those who wonder why  
they're still fighting  
to be seen  
from under.

## Act 3



Work. Image. Silence. The grief of being perceived.

7/15/25 Morning Pages \*\*\*

Starting the Artist way today and I'm excited although the intro was drag. I'm an artist and I know that. I don't need to be convinced but I do understand the book is written as a teacher so I'm more with it, continuing on with it. I'm ready to see what comes out of these 12 weeks. I feel I went through this with Picasso's personality I was writing my life and deal with that book and the ache I experienced from Daniel and me wanting him to love me but I didn't even love myself, not even close to and I feel confident now but I still struggle with the concept and I do feel this time may be different and while I'm writing this I noticed something different I usually write really hard on the paper to keep somewhat neat handwriting but in this moment I realized that to is performance when I write freely I love this it doesn't hurt and feels low effort and that just made me realize how much I perform for others approval my first thought when I started writing like this was ew I'm gonna be regular lay handwriting and for so long I prided myself on being better than the average man but why the fuck would that matter cause I don't I'm here creating art and



honoring myself in the process  
im done performing everything now  
now on will flow effortlessly  
it will be all because I  
So not because etched in  
things but because it came from  
my soul with that being said  
I honestly don't know if the  
theme of my book is gonna  
work now or maybe it got  
deeper cause my whole thing  
was structure, little things  
to perfect but after that short  
moment I realized it might not  
come out that way and im  
not okay with that right now  
and thats okay I guess im  
going on on this journey  
and seeing where it takes  
me because just that quick  
im intrigued I legit was just  
saying now I was lffy on  
the book because it seemed  
to aeray and full of stuff I  
already knew but this literally  
felt like a breakthrough one  
that I needed one that  
has been calling my name  
for a while now I'm ready  
to take it where the  
only way is up I will  
be successful

more than success I want my  
vision to bleed I want my  
art to have meaning behind  
it I want it to be conceptual  
and be felt more than heard  
like a silent visual album I  
want my words to mean my  
visuals to entice and my sound  
to pierce because at the end  
of the day I guess I just  
want to finally feel heard  
there's no doubt in my mind  
this is a spiritual process  
and I'm now started to take it  
I wonder if this will impact  
my singing as well I'm already  
going to try it all after this  
I still may be shit but it  
is what it is and I'm  
doing what moves me emotionally  
and will help me creatively  
this is so easier than performing  
I think I found the perfect fit  
for my work the tight is  
tightly packed and structured  
left the end towards the  
middle will be whatever comes  
out of this in the name  
of my engine I'll have  
two goes the structure  
of determining and the  
aftermath of creating I  
don't determine so I've got it



# Garden Of Eden

The throne never promised peace,  
only mirrors.  
Every angle, a reflection I'm asked to love  
before I can defend.  
I ask myself,  
*Was it ever about love,*  
*or was I drawn to the echo of applause?*  
Even God receives praise,  
So why do they shame me for needing the same?  
I wear silk,  
but it's the serpent that dances through my spine.  
Swaying through the garden  
that led Eve to taste,  
and now they whisper when I speak,  
but they never miss a word.  
Whispers masked as wealth.  
Power repackaged as profanity.  
But did it ever fill me,  
or was I just starving enough  
to swallow glass for worth?  
If I hiss now,  
Will they call it charm or curse?  
Will they label it envy,  
or just my moment to reclaim the fang?  
I softened into strategy.  
I mastered silence as a sword.  
I learned survival sometimes means  
embracing the very shadow you once feared.  
The industry won't feel my presence  
unless it's to heal,  
but even that feels like theater  
if I'm not bleeding on cue.  
So if I smile now,  
I know I chose soul over survival.  
Essence over ego.  
Legacy over longing.  
Because the Garden never needed a gate,  
only belief.  
And maybe I *was* the serpent all along,  
not to be feared,  
but to be crowned.  
This isn't a confession.  
It's an awakening.

## The Letter

We didn't meet, we collided,  
dived from a soul-crushing plane  
into a deep and hollow sea of pain  
You dangle the light of knowing you over my head  
as I swim through miles of darkness to find your mystery.

I provoke your thoughts,  
the fact that you might feel something for me.

I keep swimming to the top,  
only to come up from underneath and see not you,  
but the waves your absence left in the water.

Waves of your essence,  
and what I'm guessing is your hope  
that I'd wait for your presence,  
wait to feel jealous,  
like I'll never figure you out  
as long as you stay jailed behind your bricks.  
I have a hard time understanding why.

A reverse pick-me.  
I wonder what made you find yourself through me,  
what made you flinch and change your screen.  
Did I make you feel seen?  
Did I, for once, experience something that wasn't dream,  
dripped in fever?  
I ask you to lead.

You steer me toward your peace,  
one where you don't have to face being seen,  
one that keeps your record clean.  
I don't know how we got here.  
One thread of truth is now the only article of clothing I wear,  
attaching it to every accessory I chose  
'cause after all, the two of us just seemed like a perfect pair.  
But it's almost like neither of us are there.  
Wearing cloaks in the shadows of despair.

It's not fair,  
but I don't dare to share.  
I'm in competition with a part of your soul and body,  
but your mind isn't quite there.

It's like I'm still trying to figure out how chemistry doesn't equate to an equal pair.  
You're trying to blindly ignore what's real and bare, that might invite the impression that possibly, you might care

That makes two of us,  
wobbling through a balance beam of trust,  
teetering over the drop below.

Another step.  
Another stroke of luck.  
I fight fate with faith  
in hopes that we'll win this race.  
Your skin is like silk, easy to the touch.

You slip through my hands the more I clutch.

How is it that someone  
who was hardly aware  
could strike such a deadly affair?

## Act 4



No Longer Running From. Running Into.

## Midnight Media Cleanup

Oop. Another mistake made.

This one had no title,  
just a glitch in my rollout.

The post wasn't supposed to go up,  
not like *that*.

Not without a filter. Not without fiction.

I let the façade go flat.

I let my "*healing era*" get too human.  
Even the worshippers stopped clicking.

Alias scrolled past. Twice.

The breakdown had no edits.

I should've collapsed cuter.

You know, moody lighting,  
caption that says "*working on me.*"

Not this.

Not this ugly, unplugged spiral  
caught in 4K.

I called it art.

They called it a PR stunt.

I called it exhaustion.

They called it a soft launch for pain.

So I archived it.

Scrubbed the glitch.

Cleaned the blood.

Posted something safer:

me in a mirror,  
face half-hidden,  
comments off.

The next me will be algorithm-approved.

The next me won't talk so much.

The next me will die quietly,  
off-camera,  
on brand.

Fakeway Famous ( Live Tapping)  
(*visual: harsh spotlight, lens flare, no applause. just breathe.*)

**[monologue begins]**

The camera is not only rolling,  
it's filming me inwardly.  
The spectacle of obsession.  
How do I feel now that the tables  
have turned to bow  
and read me my own transgressions?  
I don't have the upper hand anymore.  
No control to look at myself  
and see blossoming sycamores.  
Now I see myself  
through the lens of a bird  
hanging on said tree,  
twittering and tweeting,  
telling me who I am  
and how to be.  
Everyone's an A&R  
with the best pitch  
for how I should deliver my art.  
Everyone's a stylist,  
dressing me up to play my part.  
And I better smile while doing it,  
or lose my image  
of America's Sweetheart.  
I don't get any days off.  
I don't get any days off.  
And I *feel it*  
when I look at the numbers  
and see half of my comps.  
Boundaries pushed,  
luck struck,  
I decide I'm staying  
where I began feeling stuck.  
My feet are planted  
where someone once couldn't say much.  
Conform and stay  
or be firm and learn.  
Learn that in the process  
of giving myself to others,  
I need to understand  
where I'm living,  
understand who it is  
I'm trying to imagine.  
I understand now:  
Being me takes a village.

And I'm thankful,  
to those who contribute to my light.

I don't take it in vein,  
I just wish at the end of the night  
I didn't have so much resentment  
to confess.

Because I *prayed* for this.

Got down on my knees  
and begged for forgiveness,

And now that I'm here,  
I see what I get to witness.

**[fade to black]**

## On The Run Tour

When the ballroom floor turns black and your heart is in lack... what's next?

You also the audience,

but no answer back.

Opinions formed

before my name had a chance to stretch into the world.

I was told:

be palatable.

Be pleasant.

Be still.

But what if what's roaring in my soul

refuses to be still?

I'm torn,

but am I really torn?

Or just searching

for a softer way

to perform?

Why can't I get off this fucking stage?

Everywhere I turn,

wage.

A war on the infringement

of my own soul.

They copy.

I mimic.

I follow.

They mimic.

I shrink.

I swallow.

Why?

I try my own remedy

to soothe the parts of me

that are already

Healed.

Already healed.

Already,

gone.

Why do I keep running?

Running.

Running.

Running in circles

like a 360

I never asked for it.

A loop

I never signed up for it.

I always end up

in front of their eyes,

but behind my own.

---



Wait.  
Maybe this isn't collapse.  
Maybe  
This is belief.  
Maybe I'm beginning to believe  
what I've been seeing  
behind  
my  
eyes.  
Maybe this isn't my demise,  
maybe this is my  
*arrival.*

---

So to that,  
we shoot up a toast.  
Slugging the rich champagne down our throats,  
still afraid  
we might drown  
in grandeur.  
In grandiose.  
In gold-plated lies  
They call it a legacy.

---

They say ignorance is bliss.  
But what is it  
when it means the most?  
What is bliss  
if it comes at the cost  
of knowing yourself?

---

To be ignorant  
is to be unknown.  
*And I,*  
I'm not hiding anymore.

## XX ( Hidden File, Bonus)

Your mind twists like rope,  
I was born with a grip.  
I held your jaw open  
just to feed you pieces of yourself  
you didn't know I could see.  
You think you're the riddle?

No.

You're just the game  
I practiced my power on.  
I studied your language:  
masculinity, modesty, mystery,  
then choked it back  
mid-thrust,  
with one hand  
and no permission.  
I don't need you wet to own you.

I just need you exposed.  
Every time you played shy,  
I slid my words  
into the wound behind your eyes,  
and called it foreplay.  
You didn't want love.

You wanted an audience.  
You got applause  
the night I left your ego  
twitching on the floor.  
You let me in too far.

Thought I was just a soft mouth  
and a sensitive muse.

But

I know how to bend without breaking.

And you?

You started shaking  
the second I said your name in silence.

I spit verses into your throat  
and called it scripture.  
You gagged on every lyric.  
You thought you were god,  
till I showed you  
what it means to beg me  
for meaning.  
Now I know why you never held me,  
because you were scared I'd hold *you*  
long enough  
to make you unravel.  
That's what I do.

I lick contradiction clean.  
I don't beg.  
I pull.  
I pluck.  
I press my power  
into the pressure points of men  
who can't even say my name  
without clenching.  
Alias.  
If that's even your name.  
You were never a man,  
just an exhibit,  
a half-formed myth  
hanging from the ceiling  
of a boy who wanted power  
but never learned how to kneel.  
You whispered things you couldn't deliver.  
You danced around me like a sermon  
but never made an altar.  
And now?  
Now I don't want the crown.  
I *am* the throne.  
And you?  
You're just another spine  
that snapped  
when it tried to outmaneuver  
a mirror.

# PRESS RELEASE

PLUTO VISION INC.

## FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

*July 19, 2025*

RE: ARTIST STATEMENT — CLOSURE OF ACT IV

In light of the recent conversation surrounding the entirety of the artist's new body of work, we've been instructed to issue the following official statement:

“Every contradiction was deliberate.

Every silence was scripted.

I told the truth, just not always in a language you were meant to understand.

This project was never about making anyone comfortable.

It was about revealing what happens when you stop asking for permission to feel deeply, desire openly, and document it all without cleanup.

I've seen the discourse.

The think pieces.

The anonymous chatter.

The private group chats turned into public critiques.

The analysis. The assumptions. The concern dressed up as commentary.

And to that I say, fuck y'all.

Now, back to your *media darling* for this era.”

No further statements will be made at this time.

For press or partnership inquiries, contact:

Pluto Vision Publicity

[press@plutovision.inc](mailto:press@plutovision.inc)

Act 5



Soon To Be Revealed

# For Now Not Forever

Yes,  
I'm okay.  
No mansion.  
No Range Rover waiting in the driveway.  
No vault of money passed down through time,  
not yet.  
But I have mornings that don't hurt.  
Windows open to light that feels like forgiveness.  
Laughter that returns to me  
because I've finally made space for it.  
There's peace here.  
And I won't pretend that's not something sacred.  
Still,  
I won't lie to myself  
to keep my joy small.  
I won't tuck my desires under humility  
and call it healing.  
Because I want more.  
I want the life I see in dreamspace:  
A black truck gliding through the city,  
a home with enough room for generations,  
an account that says,  
*"We are taken care of, even when I'm gone."*  
But more than that...  
I want a family built in love.  
Not survival.  
Not dysfunction dressed in tradition.  
I want two kids who feel safe in every corner of the world,  
a husband who holds me like memory and future at once,  
parents who still choose each other,  
even on hard days,  
even in silence.  
That's the real dream.  
That's what I crave more than gold.  
So yes,  
I'm grateful *for now*,  
but don't mistake this peace  
for surrender.  
I still want more.  
And I'll rise gently,  
gracefully,  
boldly,  
until I have it.

## Rewind The Footage

You've reached the benediction, but what if this was the beginning?  
Flip the tracklist. Read me in reverse. That's the real story being conveyed.  
The enigma was never linear, only looped.  
Only then will you find the other story:  
How the polished performer was once just a weeping body in a Rolls Royce.  
How the media darling was once on the run.  
How survival became the act.  
And how I became what I had to be... to be seen at all.