

GUITAR: SAMULI KRISTIAN
DRUMS: IVAN HORDER
ALL COMPOSITIONS BY KRISTIAN AND HORDER.

RECORDED IN VIITASAARI, FINLAND, 2008.
PRODUCED, MIXED AND MASTERED BY BOGDO ULA.

© & © BOGDO ULA 2009. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. BOGDOO2

COVER DESIGN BY BOGDO ULA.

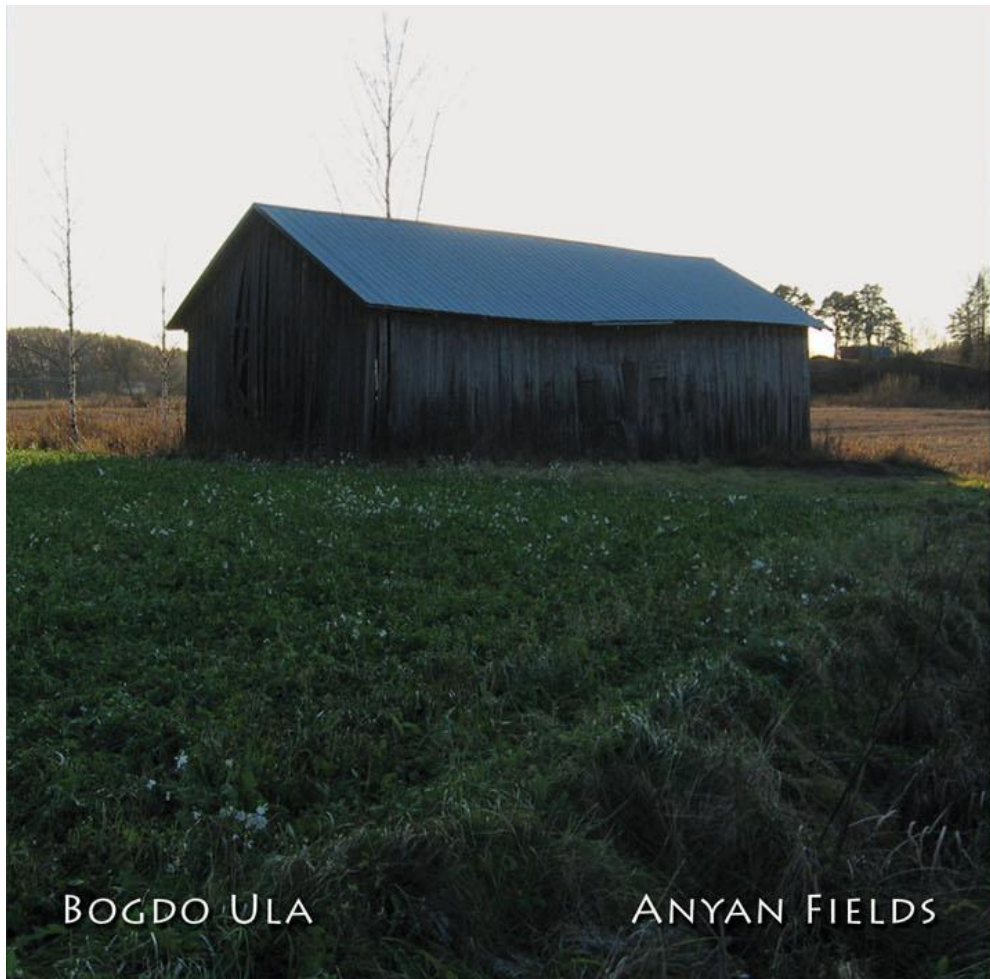
COVER PHOTOS BY
SAMULI KRISTIAN (FRONT, BACK),
ESKO BYMAN (BACK INSIDE, INSIDE LEFT, TRAY).

BOOKLET PHOTOS BY
ILPO SAASTAMOINEN (PAGES 4, 7, 8), SAMULI KRISTIAN (PAGES 1, 10, 11),
ESKO BYMAN (PAGES 9, 12), PÄIVI VALKONEN (PAGE 2), PKMESKOLA (PAGE 3),
JANNE KONTTINEN (PAGE 5), LASSE VÄLIMAA (PAGE 6).

BOOKLET POEMS WRITTEN BY IVAN HORDER.

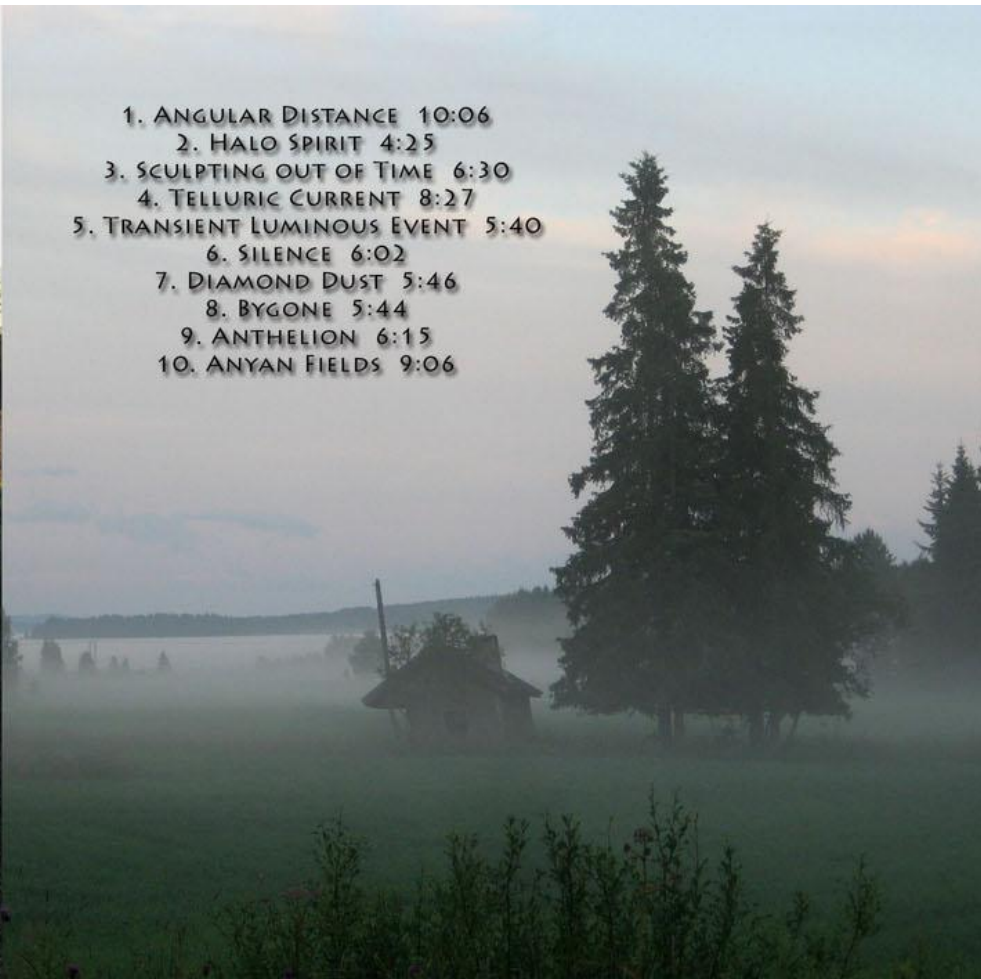
WWW.BOGDO-ULA.COM





BOGDO ULA

ANYAN FIELDS



1. ANGULAR DISTANCE 10:06
2. HALO SPIRIT 4:25
3. SCULPTING OUT OF TIME 6:30
4. TELLURIC CURRENT 8:27
5. TRANSIENT LUMINOUS EVENT 5:40
6. SILENCE 6:02
7. DIAMOND DUST 5:46
8. BYGONE 5:44
9. ANTHELION 6:15
10. ANYAN FIELDS 9:06

ANGULAR DISTANCE

CLEAR DAY IN THE RIVER.
WOODEN HANDRAIL COVERED WITH ICE,
DECK EMPTY.

ICE RUMBLING UNDER THE HULL.
360 DEGREES, EYES GAZING AT FROZEN RIVER, ISLANDS, HILLS, MOUNTAINS BEHIND.
WIND, COLD AND DEMANDING, BUT NOT LONELY, WHIRLING SNOW AND WHINING
IN THE CABLE WIRE.

I LOST YOU TO THE LANDSCAPE.

LATER IN THE CABIN WARM
IN THIS WORLD WITHOUT MOBILE COMMUNICATION
I BECAME CONVINCED OF THE REASON OF THIS MISSION
FROM BALTIC TO THE WHITE SEA.

I WILL FIND YOU FROM THE LANDSCAPE.

360 DEGREES, ONE MAN TO EACH METER.
THAT IS A USELESS FACT.
TO EACH MAN HIS OWN CRIMES,
TO ME MY OWN.

NIGHT, STARLIGHT, COLDER THAN EVER.
EYES TO THE SKY NOW, LOOKING BACK TO THE
BLINKING, MOCKING EYES OF DESTINY.
WHAT A FOOL AM I?

I LOST YOU TO THE STARS.
I WILL FIND YOU FROM THE STARS.

NEW CALCULATIONS.
NO ICE IN THE SPACE WILL STOP ME.



HALO SPIRIT

THE WIND WAS MY ENEMY.
I DID NOT REALIZE IT UNTIL NOW, HERE FAR BEYOND THE POLAR CIRCLE.
CANAL WINDS FELT SO GENTLE.
HOW COULD WIND PUSH DOWN A STRUCTURE MADE OF STONE?
I DID KNOW, THOUGH, THAT THE FLYING BUTTRESSES WERE TOO THIN.
CHOIR VAULTING CAME DOWN -84.
I TRIED TO FIX THE WEAKNESSES WITH IRON RODS.
IF IT HELPED, I DON'T KNOW, BECAUSE I COULD NO LONGER
STAND THE SITUATION.
STONES WERE TOO HEAVY, VAULT WAS TOO HIGH.
HOW COULD WE BUILD A HEAVEN OUT OF STONE?

THE WIND IS NOT MY ENEMY ANYMORE.
IN THIS AIRY CATHEDRAL OF SPACE IT BLOWS TINY ICICLES THROUGH THE VAULT OF SKY.
AND WHAT BECOMES OF THAT GLASS MADE OF WATER, AS IF IT WAS WATER STRAIGHT
FROM HOLY GRAIL?
NO STAINED GLASS COULD REPRESENT THIS.
NO MASTER COULD BUILD THIS FRAME.
DARK BLUE MANTLE OF MY EMPRESS,
GOLD, PURPLE AND RED.
YOU MONSTER OF STONE,
I DO NOT HAUNT YOU ANYMORE.



SCULPTING OUT OF TIME

QUESTIONS DIE BY THE WATER.
ANSWERS DROP TO THE SURGING FLOW.
THE PIECES OF THOUGHTS ONLY COME TO UNGATHER,
THEY PROMISE A STRUCTURE, THEN OFF THEY BLOW.

MAKE BETTER TRAPS, PRACTICE YOUR SIGHT.
ONE IS TO COME, OTHER TO TAKE. AND ALL THIS HAPPENS BY THE RIVER
OF WHICH THOUSANDS OF POEMS AND SONGS AND FINE PHILOSOPHERS FIGHT
MAKING A BRIDGE HERE, A DAM THERE, AND IF I MAY SAY SO, ONLY RUIN YOUR LIVER.

ON A CLEAR MOMENT I MIGHT GET IT RIGHT, AND REALIZE THAT I AM IN THAT FLOW.
THEN I MIGHT BE CALM ENOUGH TO SET RIGHT QUESTIONS,
OR MAYBE JUST OBSERVE, FEEL, ARRANGE.
MAYBE THAT USUAL CRY FOR THINGS AND THOUGHTS AND ALL THAT GOES THROUGH YOUR
HANDS LIKE SAND IS NONSENSE, YES IT IS, IT ALL MUST GO, ALL MUST GO TO THE FLOW OF TIME.

QUESTIONS DIE BY THE FLOW OF AIR, BY TIME, BY TIMELESSNESS, BY THE BELLS THAT CHIME.
NEVER PLAY TWICE, NEVER SAY AGAIN, AND STILL ALWAYS THE SAME TIME, WRONG TIME.
TIME IS AN ACT, ACTION SOMETHING ELSE THAN A REACTION, A DREAM FRACTION OF PASSED
AND BECOMING, AWAKENING A CHANGE FROM SLEEP TO SLEEP.

"ON THOSE STEPPING INTO RIVERS THE SAME, OTHER AND OTHER WATERS FLOW."
(HERAKLEITOS)

TELLURIC CURRENT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE WELCOME TO OUR SHOW!
TONIGHT YOU WILL TESTIFY A PHENOMENON THAT IS MOSTLY UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC.
A PHENOMENON THAT WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COLD, A PHENOMENON THAT YOU WILL REMEMBER
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. OR COULD WE RATHER SAY, THAT THIS PHENOMENON WILL STAY
IN YOUR MIND AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.

BEFORE WE BEGIN, A FEW WORDS ABOUT SAFETY, AND WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN.
SAFETY FIRST, AS THEY SAY.

YOU WILL HEAR LOUD NOISES. IT IS THUNDER, NO LESS.
PLEASE DO NOT CLOSE YOUR EYES, BECAUSE IF YOU DO, YOU WON'T SEE.
WHAT YOU WILL SEE, IS IMPORTANT.

YOU WILL SEE ARCS RISING FROM THE GROUND TOWARDS THAT HALF-MILE ANTENNA
ON THE FIELD.

IF THE LIGHTNINGS REALLY ARE TOO BRIGHT TO YOU, USE THE WELDING GLASSES
THAT WERE GIVEN TO YOU AT THE GATE.

PLEASE DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LEAVE YOUR SEATS IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.
IF YOU DO, YOU MIGHT BE CAUGHT BY THE ELECTRIC FIELD THAT IS,
USELESS TO SAY, VERY POWERFUL.

THAT CHARGE WOULD BURN DOWN ANYTHING.
WE ASSURE, THAT YOU ARE SAFE.
YOU ARE SAFE INSIDE THIS CAGE.

PLEASE STAY CALM. THIS IS AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.
YOU WILL SEE WHAT OUR PLANET, THIS MIGHTY DYNAMO, CAN DO.
AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

TRANSIENT LUMINOUS EVENT

WHAT IS THAT SHINE BEHIND MY DOOR?
I'M A REGULAR SCHOOLBOY, NO REASON TO WAIT FOR ANYTHING SPECTACULAR.
I'M INNOCENT, NO MUSCLES, POOR BRAIN, NO MONEY, NO HOUSE.
NO CAR, LOUSY COMPUTER AND BROKEN CELLULAR PHONE.
BUT THIS WAS TO BE ROCK AND ROLL.

SHE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR. SHE BROKE IT TO PIECES.
OH, SHE WAS A GIRL I KNOW, FROM OUR SCHOOL, A BEAUTY QUEEN.
SHE HAD A LASER SWORD IN HER HAND. SHE HAD DIAMONDS ALL OVER HER BODY,
AND THAT WAS ALL SHE HAD.
DON'T KILL ME, I SAID, DON'T KILL ME.
BUT THIS WAS TO BE ROCK AND ROLL.

TRANSIENT LUMINOUS EVENT FILLED THE ROOM,
LASER SWORD KILLED THE MOONLIGHT
WITH IT'S GLOW.
WOMB OF BLINDING LIGHT CLOSED MY EXISTENCE
TO THE SOUGHING FLAME, SHINING ORANGE AND RED
BURNING MY BED.
THIS GOT TO BE ROCK AND ROLL.

OH THAT GIRL WAS A DREAM! AND SHE WAS MINE, ALL MINE.
EXCEPT THAT SHE GOT LIZARD'S EYES, BUT THAT'S OKAY.
TOMORROW YOU ALL WILL SEE HOW A REGULAR GUY BECOMES
A SPECIAL GUY, AND YOU ALL GOT TO RESPECT ME AND MY GIRL.
I WAS BORN AGAIN.
SHE GAVE ME ALL SHE GOT, LOVE, DIAMONDS, POWER, ALL.
THIS IS ROCK AND ROLL.

MORNING CAME, I WAS SO HAPPY FOR MY DREAM.
SUNSHINE. I MIGHT EVEN GO AND TALK TO THAT GIRL, MAN.
MAYBE MY DREAM WAS AN OMEN?
SO I ENCOURAGED MYSELF AND WENT TO TALK TO HER.
I SAW THE LIZARD'S EYES AND TONGUE.
TRANSIENT LUMINOUS EVENT FILLED THE SKY.
THIS WAS ROCK AND ROLL.

SILENCE

CAME SILENCE,
END OF HATRED, END OF PAIN.

THEY WERE SO TIRED. THEY WERE WO FULL OF ORDERS AND RODEOS,
SERIOUSLY ILL FOR ROSES, UP TO THEIR NOSES.
NO MORE ORDERS, RODEOS OR ROSES, OR RED NOSES.

CAME SILENCE,
END OF HEARTACHE, END OF LIFE.

THEY FELT SO BETRAYED. THIS WAS THE DATE,
ONIONS FOR MACHOSTOMACH, LILIES FOR LILIES,
SHY LILIES AND SILENCE, POT OF MEAT TO MEET THE ENEMIES,
BAD TEAM OF FLIES AND FLYING LIES.

CAME SILENCE,
END OF THE SHADOWS, END OT THE FIGHT.

NO WORDS ON THIS PLAIN, NO ROARS ON THIS PLATEAU, BEING LEFT ALONE,
NOT EVEN EAU DE COLOGNE
RINGS THEIR EARS, BRINGS THEM TEARS.
MORE LAYERS, ELEVATION FROM LEVEL ZERO TO ONE THOUSAND.

THEN SHOULD COME THE END OF SILENCE.
BUT IT COULD NOT.
FALLEN TO DEPTHS WERE ALL MEANS AND MEANINGS.
DEAF TO THE END OF YOUR DAYS,
OF WHICH EVERY ONE IS
DOOMED TO SILENCE.

DIAMOND DUST

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT GOES.

FROM THE BEGINNING THEY MADE YOU BELIEVE THE ORIGIN,
SOME STARTING POINT OF THINGS IN GENERAL,
EVERGOING EVOLUTION IN THIS AND THAT -
THEY (AS IF THERE REALLY WAS SOMEONE) MADE YOU BELIEVE IN
AN EVERLASTING STRUCTURE OF THOUGHTS AND MATERIA.

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT GOES.

AND WHY?
THAT IS A DIFFERENT QUESTION.

THEN DID COME A CORRECTION.
A WHEEL - WAS IT A WHEEL OR JUST A VORTEX OF AIR OR SOME OTHER GAS OR SUBSTANCE?
WHIRLWIND.
THAT WAS SOMETHING YOU BELIEVED.
YOU MADE IT.
THERE WAS A MODEL.

VERY EASILY IT SWEEP AWAY THE HIERARCHIES AND STRUCTURES FROM YOUR SYSTEM,
FROM YOUR WORLD.
UNREAL, SILENT, CYCLONIC AND A THOUSAND MILES HIGH.
AND AS THIS REALITY WAS SO PRECIOUS TO YOU, ROADS AND PATHS PAVED WITH DIAMONDS,
NOT LESS,
THE OUTCOME OF THIS PROCESS WAS A CLOUD,
SHINING STRANGELY.
STARS, CARBON, DARKNESS AND LIGHT, COLOURS BRIGHT AND GREY.
DIAMOND DUST.

AND YOU STARTED TO BUILD A NEW WORLD.

BYGONE

NOW LEAVE THE VISION
OF A PASSER-BY
ONCE SO ARROGANT
NOW SO SHY

THE ONLY SKY
BECOMES A GRAPHIC LINE

ULTRAMARINE

TRIED TO REACH IT
TRIED TO BELIEVE THE MOVEMENT
AND THE ILLUSION

TRIED TO FORGET IT
TRIED TO STOP THE VORTEX
AND THE DELUSION

BUT YOU ARE STILL
YOU DO NOT MOVE
ONLY THE FLOW BY YOUR FEET

A GRAPHIC LINE
THE ONLY SKY
ULTRAMARINE
BYGONE

ANTHELION

K IS ELEVEN MILES FROM P, BY ROADS.
IF YOU CAN FLY, IT'S FIVE MILES EAST.
BUT THERE MIGHT NOT BE PLACE TO LAND.
TAKE ROAD FIVE-ZERO-FOUR, ABOUT A MILE,
THEN DIRECTION R-BAY, K, TO THE RIGHT.
MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWED.

TWO MILES, SIGN TO THE RIGHT, K.
AFTER ONE MILE YOU PASS A BRIDGE, NOW YOU CAN
ALMOST BREATHE.

STOP AFTER THE BRIDGE AND CHECK YOUR GEAR.
YOU REMEMBERED: THREE BOTTLES OF WHISKY,
ENOUGH BEER. YOU USE THESE AS GIFTS TO THE NATIVES.
YOUR KNIFE. YOUR RIFLE AND PARABELLUM.
LOAD 'EM.

OK, BACK TO THE ROAD.
DRIVE UNTIL YOU HIT THE VILLAGE, THIS IS K.
YOU'RE QUITE SAFE NOW.
STRAIGHT THROUGH THE MAIN STREET TO THE EAST, TURNING SLOWLY TOWARDS SOUTHEAST.
DIRECTION: Z-N-K.

LOOK TO YOUR ORDERS FOR EXACT READINGS.
TWO MILES, LEFT, SIGN: M-G-R.
A MILE, GRAY HOUSE, MADE OF LOGS.
GO TO THE DOOR, BUT DO NOT ATTEMPT TO GO IN.
A MAN WILL COME OUT. NOW YOU SEE A NATIVE Z-N-K HABITANT.
GIVE HIM THREE BOTTLES OF WHISKY AND FORTYEIGHT BOTTLES OF BEER.
IF HE ACCEPTS YOUR GIFT, YOU'RE SAFE.

LAST SECTION. BACK TO MAIN ROAD, TURN LEFT.
THREE MILES, ROAD GOES LEFT, YOU GO STRAIGHT AHEAD, SMALL SIGN: Z-R-BN-I-M-Y
ONE MILE. LITTLE ROAD TO THE LEFT, A STEEP DOWNHILL.
YOU CAN SEE THE BLUE SVEKOCARELIDS IN THE DISTANCE.
YOU ARE ABOUT SIX HUNDRED FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
DOWN, YOU COME TO THE FIELDS.
PARK THE CAR BEFORE THE BUILDING.
YOUR LOCATION IS N 62° 50.232' E 29° 38.052' EXACTLY.
GO INSIDE, CLIMB UPSTAIRS TO THE BIG DOORS. THEY ARE OPEN.
SIT AND WAIT.
ANTHELION.

ANYAN FIELDS

WHAT IS IN YOUR MIND WHEN YOU CROSS THIS LAND?
WATCH ONLY THE SKY AND ITS COLOURS.
BEWARE.
TO GET HERE YOU WERE TO WANDER THROUGH YOUR LIFE.

YOU SAW THE LONELINESS, YOU SAW THE DESOLATE LANDSCAPE.
YOU FELT SATISFIED WHEN YOUR MEMORIES STARTED TO TAKE OVER.
BEWARE.
TO LIVE YOUR LIFE YOU WERE TO REMEMBER.

RISE YOUR EYES TO THE SKY AND RECKON THE COLOURS.
AUTUMN. ORANGE AND BLUE, GREY INBETWEEN.
BEWARE.
FORGET.