

# FREE TO SPEAK MY MIND — REDEFINE NEVERMIND ANYTIME (WIROO1)

◀ Wherever I May Roam ✧  Video ▶  Audio ▶

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**Words:** 472 ✧ **Length:** 02:35 min

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Some of you have suspected I'm rather on the metal side. You have no idea. But now you do. Ish. In our pilot for the "Wherever I May Roam" series, riffings off the wisdom embedded in the eponymous classic. Deep impressions from my formative years yeah. Journey in freedom continues. Wanderer, vagabond, ragamuffin, unbound — call me what you will. (Yes you will.)

Redefine nevermind anytime. Where I lay my head is the cognitive epicenter. That's all folks.



#WhereverIMayRoam

#JourneyToFreedom

#MetalNostalgia

#FreeToSpeakMyMind

#WisdomLyrics

#MyFormativeYears

**Wherever I may roam.** You're not riffing off the Metallica classic there, are you? Well you bet your ass I am. However, the "Wherever I May Roam" series is not dedicated to metal nostalgia from my teenage years.

Wherever I may roam, there I surely ponder, and something essential typically rises to the fore. Then these are short form anthologies, bits and bytes of whatever that seemed worthwhile sharing.

Where I lay my head is home. Whatever that my cognition pervades, there I dwell. Free to speak my mind anywhere. Indeed. And you call me what you will – as you will. Really don't care. And I'll never mind anywhere and I'll redefine anywhere. Damn right.

These are indeed deep impressions from my formative years. They resonated. Then there was the mythic epic symbolic metal era. Wherever all that I roamed in


there. Then there was the psychedelic hippie era. Landed in the controls of the heart of the sun and on the dark side of the moon. Okay.

And for all of you truth-bashing epic metalheads, psychedelic insight-weaving maestros, how I wish you were here. But alas, you're not. I cannot bring you here. You cannot be here, because you are in the pockets of your production companies, the hounds of the corporations watching me for copyright violations.

So whatever that the inner DJ wants to spin at any given time, all sorts of relevant lyrics, it all has to come out of my mouth to land in the clear. In a hundred years perhaps, when it's all fallen into the public domain, someone may remix all of these with the original goods.

And the road becomes my bride – the path keeps me satisfied. And the earth becomes my throne – witness to truth, the crone. The less I have the more I gain. Only knowledge will I save. Of the beaten path I reign. That much seems to be obvious at this point. Because I refuse, on a very fundamental level, becoming a slave to the game. Then wherever you may roam, liberate yourself from mental slavery. Reach for the unconditioned.

So there you have it. It seems like we got to a full short's length there, even without the appropriate commentaries at length. So you know. Alright. Be well.

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