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## embral – Deep State

[September 26, 2019](#) · by [Ryan "Critical" Masteller](#) · in [Crate-Digging](#), [Music](#).

How deep is the *Deep State*? The boys of [embral](#), Adam Holquist and Charles Shriner, aim to find out, and whether or not they're basing their research on their own clandestine operations or third- or fifth-hand conspiracy theory websites is what we as discerning listeners have to figure out. Because what is truth? Is it a government document redacted to oblivion? Is it the ravings of a former insider? Is it the actual evidence gleaned by your very eyes? None of these things? Most of them? Half, all, one-third? The possibilities are endless.

"You're Seeing Things" is an accusation that nothing is as it seems, because if what it seems like is a massive miscarriage of leadership and justice (and I'm not just talking the obvious examples) and my observations are being dismissed summarily by spooks with clout, then I really need to take some time for some deep self-examination and maybe check my water line for LSD. This is where embral shines though. The duo grasps every angle of your and my misinformed perspective and heats it to a malleable degree, thus assuming control over every aspect of the moments they have you in quivering thrall. They speak languages we have no bearing on, and they extend their influence over an inconceivable twenty-three minutes, honing the environment around them with "digital synthesis" and various other governmentally sanctioned instruments and apparatuses.

OK, if we're "seeing things," and really, who's to say we're not, then this "Unlawful Assembly" is going to have to break itself up right quick. Because if we can't even trust our own perceptions, how are we going to come together and agree on what perceptions of ours are correct and necessary and, ahem, actually happening? Well, embral have somehow figured out a way to pen an ode to protest, mining samples of actual gatherings and infusing them with their trademark dense atmospherics, crafting another lengthy (twenty-two-minute) paean to the utterly dissatisfied.

And count me among them! Hey, if I can't trust my own eyes and ears, then at least let me wallow in confusion and misinformation with my fellow discontents. We may not be able to agree on anything, or perceive reality in any meaningful way, but at least we have each other. That is until the *Deep State* puts a stop to it. Nobody's allowed to do or think or be anything anymore...

Check out this CD of paranoia and protest on [Personal Archives](#).