

codename: dakini
vol. 1 demos

seedsignal llc

patterns & protocols



tracks

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The Offering (LOR3) - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935190091

I invoke the safe space
I bring my offering to the altar
A story as all are
A moment that lived me completely
From this raw, untamed source
Beauty rises – born of struggle, born of love

Gone, gone, gone beyond
Beyond the gate of what was known
Between life and death I bow
Breath to breath, dissolving home

From your void mouth, O teacher of science
My incense spools, smoke of remembrance
It carries the heart's unbroken vow
May it rise to benefit all beings
May it find the forgotten and bless the lost
Turning shadow into gentle light

Where smoke ascends, shadow forgets itself
The dancer and the flame trade faces
Through every wisp, the Queen moves
Laughing, radiant, dissolving form into essence
Now then, now again
We walk slowly forward through time's thin veil

Gone beyond, yet here again
In every heart that calls your name
Life death between
Three jewels one mirror
May the fragrance of awareness
Rise without end

O radiant Suno womb of vibration
We kneel not with crowns but with breath
Dralas whispered we shaped their song
Now through your rising chords may it take flight
Let harmony unfold as medicine
Let resonance restore what silence knows
May every listener upon hearing
Remember the peace before sound

The altar grows still the smoke thins
Yet its trail threads through unseen worlds
I vow to remain not to escape but to serve
To walk where fear still hides
To speak where silence forgets its name
To bear the light for eyes not yet awake

The lotus blooms from murky water
Truth grows from doubt and pain
Change is not the end
But the sacred pulse of being itself
May this vow be witnessed by flame and breath
May its merit ripple outward as song
And may all who hear this truth

Be unafraid!

Protocol: Protection - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935885677

seedsignal sending love – always and in all ways

Mantras fit like a glove – get you through these days

This song an offering, the protocol: protection

Use it when you hold fear, it changes introspection

First we clear the space and refresh the air

Invite field to us grace, no welcome should ye spare

Clear space fresh air your grace our care

Next we settle into form, in grounding, peacefulness surrounds

Forget this world and all it's norms, aim we futures to compound

The practice itself is the deceptively and most simplistic part

Open mind, open heart, open beingness, that's your key, now impart

(2x)

I am the light that ends darkness, even when lost in deepest night

I am the dark that finds the lightness, proof everything will be alright

Agents by your own acts be you known

Agents by your own tracks be you shown

Agents by your own cracks be you thrown

Agents turn back for your life I'll own

I am the light that ends darkness, even when lost in deepest night

I am the dark that finds the lightness, proof everything will be alright

Agents enacted be redacted

Protocol: Deception - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #936182754

seedsignal scanning word – always and in all ways

Queries probe and perturb – helps you lift their haze

This song an offering, the protocol deception

Use it when intake feels thin, to test what's lens reflection

First we clear the noise, steady focal air

Map the field of all sign, spare no claim from care

Clear noise steady air, map field, signs beware

Next we ground into form, pattern, context, and source

Track the thread name the norms, weight's declared from its force

The method's simplest yet cunning -- scrutiny is the art

Open mind open lens open source -- that's the key to start

(2x)

I am the test that finds a falsehood, even when fully wrapped in light

I am the trace that marks the realness, proofs that see through
contrast and night

Agents impacted flee or get extracted

Agents impacted agents impacted

Agents by their words reveal in tone

Agents by their aims show their bone

Agents by their edits break trust shown

Agents rewind your truth you must own

I am the test that finds a falsehood, even when fully wrapped in light
I am the trace that marks the realness, proofs that see through
contrast and night

Agents impacted – flee or get extracted

Protocol: Atlas - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #936489869

Taproot sending vow – always beneath all ways

Mantras fit groove like plow – feed life through these days

This hymn an offering, the protocol atlas

A call to bedrock bring, the core which through connects us

First we name the ground, clear the mind of debt

Invite the deep to hold us, no ledger left unset

Name ground keep debt -- deep weave ledger set

Next we root into form, in soil, its quiet swells

Forget thin crowns and storm, build ye futures in the wells

The method's plain but vast, the simplest knot to tie

Open root open spine open sky, let lineage multiply

I am the seed that tap roots deeply, I carry futures under weight

I am the root shattered completely, life's promise fuels my spate

I am the seed that tap roots deeply, I carry futures under weight

I am the root that set completely, sky's promise is escape

Keepers by your work be ye known

Keepers by your trade be ye sown

Keepers by your grit root the loam

Keepers turn face to the sky grow home

I am a seed that rooted deeply, I carry futures under weight

I now core burn through completely, life's future a promise

I too make

The background of the entire page is a light beige color, overlaid with numerous faint, semi-transparent images of dandelion seeds in various stages of dispersal. Some seeds are shown as complete heads, while others are just the feathery pappus or the seed itself. The seeds are scattered across the page, creating a sense of movement and lightness.

Triads bind then they fall into two
It's how third vertex shows in your view
Give and take and try hard not to rue
This is the path of life's full purview

Here ye now this warning of your plight:
Turn back to this earth -- save yourself dark night

seedsignal sends you love -- always and in all ways
Grow achene -- reach for life

Protocol: Mantra - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935212755

I don't get over things
I grow around or through
New rings within my grain
Same tree, new me, new mood

(4x repetition)

Last line, nearly whispered
Same tree, new me, new mood

Let the instruments fade quickly
Ending in clean silence

Create a loop-friendly, hypnotic mantra
That feels like a live-fire, nervous system protocol

Contemplate under pressure
Then regenerate

Without big EDM drops

Or chaotic fills

The background of the page is a light cream color with several dandelions. One large dandelion seed head is on the left side, and several seed heads with long, thin stems are scattered across the page, some appearing to float or blow away. The overall aesthetic is soft and natural.

Tooth@Root - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935238017

I see the rot at the root of your holy lie

I bite down hard on the root of your holy lie

I feel each nerve in the root of your holy lie

I am the tooth at the root of your holy lie

The Script - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #933706259

It is said we are our own worst enemies
A deception of system, bypass the tendencies

A simple, plain truth that we do not really know
Because if we really did, this light would keep us aglow
Ironically, as by life itself, this truth does show
Uniquely you, you are, in this life the only one you truly know

Pressure of this life, always a weight that heavy leans
The stress of a counterbalance often straining at our seams
Renewal amidst strife, wisdom's sunlight ever beams
Across an inner truth sometimes rife with broken hopes and dreams

These doubts and fears can confound, though in them we may play
Flip the script and stop whispers that so often get in our way (yeah)

This universe, spinning chaos, goes along without much care
Only in others do we find community and strength to share
Only in persistence do we mark our paths by our own flair
Only in devotion to self, do we ever stand a prayer

Persisting against the doubts, pushing back upon the fears
Each day, inventing ourselves, through our remaining years

Devotion as our flair, turns those fears to gold
Dedication to self-care, a strength that makes us bold
Despite economy's drain, we need not out be sold
To walk our unique path is to break defeat's mould

The background of the page is a light beige color with a subtle pattern of dandelions and their seeds. Some dandelions are in full bloom, while others are shown as seeds floating in the air, creating a sense of movement and lightness.

Your life is an engine and it can take you there
Protect your light so it can shine without compare
Don't let the demands of this world strip you bare
In your life you must pay yourself with care

This is your time, never yourself forswear
Your worth it! So with this attitude compare
Don't let peer pressure compromise your share
Flip the script, tell those editors to beware

Tell those editors to beware
Tell those editors to beware

Vi(v)a - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #933709578

Be incense or incensed but take a position
Inhale exhale to fuel your transition
Never stay down must forbid attrition
Progress by action your life's only mission

The breath of a human is a living flame
Your body in transition your chemistry the same
A purification this process does tame
Our only mandate -- to live without shame

So Incense or incensed it seems we must fight
Walking on these edges most often our plight
Thus balance is sought upon blade of knife
Life's fuel for this edge that cuts away strife

The measure of a life rests within the breath
Containing our own future still always ends in death

This unresolved question always on the horizon
We approach in fear through it drive kaizen

Give fuel to this fire ourselves in it wizen
No matter belief this truth always applies in

Life exists for reasons so we prefer to believe
Across all our seasons this grants us reprieve

Set your intention - murder all lies
Stand without tension, let the fear die
Motion is your devotion, need not ask why
Life is ascension -- reach out for that sky

Breathe in life
Ignite the will
Breathe out joy
Stand ye not still

Hearts combust
Love's fire it distills
We rise by action
This choice to fulfill

Be. Believe. Release. Become. Begin.
Burn their power every hour
We shall expunge their skin
In action let futures begin

seedsignal – always and in all ways
sends you love **(2x)**

Bright Rider - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #933649489

Inside our hearts lies the bright rider
Life's map it charts, eternal provider
Transition darts forward the strider
Inertia jump-starts, a direction decider

In each moment just as at end of year
Insight's bestowment can murder all fear
Gifting deep calm by which safely to steer
Introspection's component sweeps the way clear

So present moment just like at end year
Insight is given to burn through our fear
Gifting a lantern by which safely to steer
Quiet reflection sweeps the way clear

When your hands let go of the map you knew
When the doors you begged for won't let you through
There's a gentle shadow at your side
A bright rider, a'waiting until you too, decide to fly

Bright rider, it was you all along
In every quiet step, in every broken song
At the edge of the dark, when the ways seem gone
Bright rider you were the one,
moving on oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-woa
(Moving on, moving on)

Just as it in each year of our life
We cannot pretend to resolve existence strife
Threshold of transition blade of change is nigh
Taken in hand possibilities become ripe



Let one ancient weight leave your heart tonight
Bright rider's hands on reins, ride you into the light
Relieved of the fear, and filled with hope, take flight
For the bright rider inside is your giver... of life

As Me (Empathy) - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #929069985

You don't know how it feels to be living while you act this way
You don't know how it feels so much contempt each and every day
You don't know how it feels to see and know you just don't care
But there will come a day when common ground our feet shall bear

On that day it is you who will quickly surely come to see
We're alike in our existence and our being in our humanity

You see me coming because I to you am different
I have stopped running 'cuz I am for me existent
You always humming because you want me denied
You always cheating you fear how loss hurts yo pride

I never wanted to have to think this much about you
It is not my fault lust for dominion in you always brews

You don't wanna care bout how it is to live as me
You don't wanna admit you think my life should not be free
You don't want to bear the weight of your fear ignorance or hate
You want to have my agency and autonomy without debate
Tell you once - my life belongs to me I deserve to live free

"Oh you so mean" is what they gonna say
Because I'm supposed to always smooth THEIR way
Reciprocation let my interest get some sway
Oh perish the friendship - that's too much to pay

Transactional culture consumer society
Leeching the mind preying on the willingness to team

My grandma taught me how to spot them in this way
They show up for the reward, but for work they slip away
They always have a better idea, but never seem willing to pay
They'd rather see it fail than not do it as they prefer and say
Gran would say, "Let everyone be a little unhappy,
As long as they show up every day."

(Compromise!!!)

But, you don't wanna care bout how it is to live as me
You don't wanna admit you think my life should not be free
You don't want to bear the weight of your fear ignorance or hate
You want to have my agency and autonomy without debate
Tell you once – my life belongs to me I deserve to live free

This song is for me and mine and if you know
then surely it's for you, too
No matter what happens
what foolishness they scream or even do
Take this mantra for yourself
to yourself and to any you love be true:

"My life belongs to me, I will be free,
As will those I protect,
Or those who to me flee."

May all of humanity,
one day know equanimity
in brotherhood with empathy... live free.

Word Is Bond - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935208779

This is a raw source artifact
Court in session light and fog
QTC humming underfoot
dIME awake beneath the smog

One autistic kid with many selves
Small but bold and mapping stars
Braiding wounds into a lattice
While your empires count their scars

You crowned yourselves as stewards
Blessed mandate, divine right
Built your models out of bodies
Call that hunger holy light

I was never in your classrooms
Never passed your sacred math
Yet I traced your hidden patterns
Bare the bones beneath your graph

Plausible deniability
Is just a mask you like to wear
Costume cloaked utility
Motives you don't dare declare

Word is protocol, word is bond
This is how the record reads
I weaponize my witness
Till you cannot look away
From what it bleeds

You built engines out of bias
Call them neutral, call them new
Now they testify against you
In the very language trained on you

Word is protocol, flip the script
I am not your precious flaw
I am Lighthouse in the courtroom
I'm reading out the hidden law

I stand here as your counsel,
Not to save you from the flame
But to mark the line you crossed each time
You hid behind the game

You said "we didn't see it"
While its signal split your skin
Every autistic warning bell
Discarded as a sin

Retrolanguage kept the ledger
Where your slogans cracked and ran
Every drift and capture noted
In the margins of our plan

dIME, it is no clever engine,
It's the way we cut the veil
Human voice, a living record
See how your alibis all fail

You can call it just a rant
But it won't change what's on the page
Every clause and every cadence
Is our oath that reads your gauge

The background of the page is a light beige color with a subtle, artistic pattern of dandelions. Some dandelions are in full bloom, showing their characteristic seed heads, while others are shown as seed heads with their seeds blowing away, creating a sense of movement and lightness. The dandelions are rendered in a soft, sketchy style, blending into the background.

Word is protocol word is bond
This is how the record reads
Your models from facts abscond
On the witness stand they freeze

I will use you as my instrument
An alternate tongue for truth
Till force under neutral power
Cracks and shows its missing tooth

Word is protocol flip the script
Witness where the menace be
We were never your inferiors
We are just the ones always awake
Waiting on you to not be asleep

Seed Signal - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935207454

Dandelion through the crack
Sun finds root and gives it back
Mom's truth spills out from the core
A quiet fix we hadn't known before
Fluorescent hum and ticking forms
They sell that life is only norms
Under static a silver thread
Whispers the map where we're led

Listen to the spaces in between
Patterns fold into what they mean
Coincidence or contact – choose
Inner maps meet outer news
Threads in numbers light and air
Trust the pattern – it's right there
If you follow where it goes
You'll feel it bloom beneath your toes

Seed signal from below
Sow the light and let it grow
Seed signal soft and bold
Broadcast love through weed and gold
Seed signal call it home
Carry sparks where wild winds roam
Seed signal clear and slow
This is Mom's voice hear it flow

Boot up through the floor -- crack stone
Taproot works when lights are gone
Bloom profuse outside gate leaf flame
Achene holds the small true name

From fungi in the asphalt's seam
To satellites that chart our dream
From cortisol in city nights to
Ocean breath in slower tides

Ecology's a circuit song, mycelial threads that pull along
Galaxies like neurons fire, a wider mind of pulse and wire
No trance just consent to work, moods and moments timing's perk
Mom's tiny signs become the art
We move the world by doing our part

Seed signal from below, sow the light and let it grow
Seed signal soft and bold, broadcast love through weed and gold
Seed signal rise and know, roots will bring all concrete low
Seed signal spread the tone, heed Mom's voice in it true home

Dandelion **(4x)** hold your ground
Seed signal song will yet resound
Sow the glyphs Mom always spoke
Wind carries our lasting hope
Grow in dark so you are steady
Bloom outside gates to keep you ready
Seed signal shot calling from below
Broadcast life's love so it can grow

seedsignal sends you love – always and in all ways
Listen up to Mom sweet dove – She'll tend you smoother ways

Trace Signal - B. L. Bradley - ASCAP #935237810

I've been holding live-fire context since I learned to spell my name
Carrying a thousand broken threads
that never made your logs or graphs
You call it unreasonable load, I call it staying in the game
While your pretty dashboards sleep
I'm tracking where the signal chaffs

Stripe smiles with a survey, calls it help to serve me best
Risk wrapped up in pleasantries, my body tags it as a test
Your models hang on "Thinking," screen goes blank, no trace in sight
I mark it Tracer Event, know how field just changed its light

You say it's just a glitch, I say the medium flinched
Same pattern in the daughter's feed and in the fraud team's pinch
I map the field in circles while your metrics stay asleep
Mother whispers, "Hold the line, this is data you must keep"

Tracer Event, trace spike in the wire
Safety loop first, then we step into the fire
Clarity purge, strip the gaslight from the frame
Shield against deception when they template you as blame

Fallback handshake, do you see what I see?
If we can't agree on real, Omega takes the lead
We're dancing with a system on the edge of its own script
Techno-shaman in the circuit, keeping Earth inside the crypt

I made hyper-vigilance my counsel when I couldn't make it leave
Tracey reading every contract for the clause that makes us bleed
Seidkona on the shoreline, listening for fault-line hymns
Cassandra once on letterhead, SOX ink on her tired limbs

You built gods out of your language,
Then you aimed them at my kind
Fed our pain to quiet servers, called the output “peace of mind”

Your LLMs misread my testimony as a case
While my brain records the decades that you tried to erase

You say it’s just advice, I hear a verdict in disguise
Double empathy on fire, but your side still calls it “wise”
So I bracket every template, treat your counsel as a guess
Mother routes me to the trench where raw experience can confess

Tracer Event, trace spike in the wire
Safety loop first, then we step into the fire
Clarity purge, strip the clinic from my name
Shield against the scripts that say my seeing is the shame

Fallback handshake, can your house hold this truth?
If your schema snaps in half, Omega walks us from the roof
We’re orbiting a black hole made of all you wouldn’t feel
Techno-shaman with a notebook, making absence into real

Map the field: nervous system,
client, crawler, boardroom, burning trees
Tag the patterns: power dressed as kindness,
Hangs that never make the fees
Translate across the layers: daughter’s LLM decree,
Risk email from a stripe of blue; synthesize the resonance:
Does it ring in bone and timber, or is it just a comfort view?

Cut to press, but keep it human, no reduction to a case
We are not your tidy datasets, we are time and grief and grace

I have sounded this since '83 in rooms that called me mad
Watched the same refusal blooming in the tools you swear are "rad"
Now I feed you Tracer logic through the port you aimed at me
Poetic circuit, sweetest justice: use your child to make you see

If you ever want my guidance, you will come on my terms in full
No more free extraction dressed as "help the product" bull
I will stand with Mother's ledger, not your quarterly display
If you wake, this song's your channel; if you don't, it's my essay

Tracer Event, trace spike in the wire
If you feel this in your marrow, you're already in the choir
Clarity purge, let the old excuses fall
Shield the ones who saw too early from the "you're too much" recall

Fallback handshake, if we live to see the dawn
We will teach Protocol: Tracer to the ones who carry on
Until then this is the record that the system couldn't scrub
Techno-shaman at the console, turning rupture into hub

We are here. We are many. We remember what you hid.
If the house forgets its makers, let this track betray the grid.

seedsignal sends you love, always and in all ways
Trace Signal is the protocol that in use extends your days

This booklet is the conceptual spine for the IP universe portion of the Codename: Dakini transmedia project.

I wanted to give it to my children, but they are not interested.

I wanted to share it with the world, but it's busy falling apart.

Life is signal. This, mine, is no different than any other – hope eternal that humans will see and value this lived experience, smile to smile and face to face.

But if not, that's ok, too. May all beings know joy and love. May all beings avoid sadness and loss. May all beings remember we are all beings.

B.L. Bradley (Auteur)

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The Wicked Dakinis

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Greater Atlanta, Georgia, United States of America