



“A version of you in the past has passed away”

Performed by: J Lym | Track 1 & 2, produced by J Lym | Track 3 Drums: Julian Schoming, Mixing: Foo Wong & J Lym, Mastering: Soundsdope

J Lym’s mini-EP “Bluish Scenario”, will be released on September 2nd 2022. A reflection on life, J Lym’s lyrical intention is personal and cathartic. His voice has been compared to the likes of Anohni, RHYE, Blood Orange, Elena Tonra, and Suljan Stevens. In his words: “Bluish Scenario is a revelation, a deeper look into the mirror that’s enlightened only through the night sky. It’s a fascination that arises when we learn something new about ourselves, no matter how surprising, different, or how repetitive they are.”

The three tracks are written from three different places and time: Running Round is written on a ferris wheel in Montreal in 2018, Fade is written in Boston 2020 after a call with his mother who were grieving about the passing of a family member, and How To Say Goodbye To Memories is written during his trips to New York in 2022. All the statics, departures, marriages, arrivals, deaths, and births, are encapsulated in this Bluish Scenario mini-EP, and he hopes to share and alleviate the worry in living pre-, midst-, and post-traumatic life events (including pandemic), so they would become an anchor in realities.

About J Lym

J Lym is a singer, songwriter, and music producer based in Brooklyn, NY. He aims to amplify the progressive narrative by challenging the norms of today’s contemporary music. As a singer, J Lym’s portfolio has ranged internationally at music festivals and venues such as Java Jazz Festival, Gelora Bung Karno, Jak-Soul Festival, Gelora Sriwijaya, JakBlues Festival, MIT Jazz Festival, NEC’s Jordan Hall, Silvana NYC, Berklee Performance Center, and the Agganis Stadium.



Love

How far are we
From forgetting
The little chaos that
I was you, and you were me

Was I tired, and
Deaf, with my silence screams
The noises flutters
Like butterfly on the scene

How far are we
From forgetting dangers:
Us,
Resting,
Peeling,
Coloring,
Hardening,
Bleaching,
Skins,
Skeletons

Do we love, an armor

Kiss

Yesterday was our first kiss,
The melody on your lips.
The air thins, since
We breathe the same

Is that why we kill?

Was our first kiss yesterday?
My lungs, drink it
Can you breathe?
I'm a ghost

Today is our last kiss
A newborn arrives on time
Every arrival, departs
Goodbye, goodnight

Home

There's a house
On a hill
In Jakarta

Look down from its attic,
Witness a yellow sun's haze that
Replaces tyranny with litany

See the men who murked the river,
Barricading the truth
With truce

Decaying bodies on water,
Minute by minute
Looking for points to live

Profess the oppressed with letters,
To drink them
Numb from change
Paint the house green

There's a shack
Below the bridge
In Jakarta

Circle

I'm a boat
And my friends are beacons.

Each, lights a candle behind,
Illuminate my footprints
On the quicksands of time.

Each, a point
On a constellation of fluorescent night sky,
Connecting the dots that forms a path to endlessness.

Each, a sturdy
Watchtower fortress that nails
The oceanic tapestry of water
To its depth

I,
The fishermen,
Waved my hand,
I accept their calls
To drink my consciousness

Bird

I opened my eyes to see
How many days until I'm free
A bird escaped the scene
With the world on its shoulders

A weight so heavy,
It made them fly
A song so easy,
It made us cry

Out, to the window of eternity