



## WARNING:

"Monarch of Monsters" contains blood/gore, murder, self-harm, suicide, nudity, sexual content, sexual assault, sexual violence, cannibalism, f-slur, and existential/cosmic horror. This pertains to its lyrics, themes, story, and artwork, and may be especially triggering to survivors of grooming and sexual assault. Parental guidance is advised for those under the age of 18, as "Monarch of Monsters" is intended for a mature audience.

# MONARCH OF MONSTERS



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An album by Vylet Pony  
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/ Horse Friends Records

All music, instruments,  
writing, vocals, production,  
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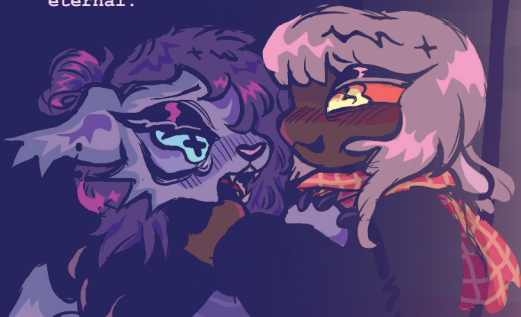
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This album is dedicated to Batty, who  
has been a creative inspiration and a  
remarkable friend to collaborate with.  
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through the innumerable agonizing days  
that 2024 ailed me, and bat has given  
far more of itself to be by my side than  
can ever be expected of anyone. My  
gratitude is, as the Huntress wills,  
eternal.



"Monarch of Monsters" is an allegory for how trauma, loneliness, and selfishness can turn you into a horrible person; it's about endeavouring to stay alive even within a terminal state of regret; how – in this regret – experiencing any happiness at all feels insincere and undeserved; about perpetuating cycles of toxicity and wickedness because it's all you've known, especially in denial of being wrong; and ultimately, learning to find purpose and self-love in that din.

Well, I exist in that regret. In the past, I have been that horrible person. I live with the knowledge that I've been someone who has perpetuated cycles of toxicity, jealousy, oppression, sexualization, bigotry, queerphobia, and overall personal insecurity. I survive, knowing that I have hurt many people in my life and have, at times, compensated in acting as the sort of villain that I have sworn my life against. To grow up lonely on the internet, to be taken advantage of by strangers, to be accepted into a space where these behaviours dominate the collective mindset, and to find fellowship in all the wrong places ruined me for a very long time. Though I became a part of the MLP community when I was 13, I don't know at what point I should have known better and just grown up to become the person I should have been the whole time. "Monarch of Monsters" is an album and story I've wanted to write for a very long time because it's far more valuable to face it and

discuss it openly, rather than fear it. Creating this began as an exploration of the most profound punishment I could wish upon myself, and yet finding purpose for the life I've lived so far. I'm not interested in pretending my past doesn't exist. I want to guide people instead, knowing the things I know. To kill a monster is to be a monster, once in service to the sinister call, then finally in service to those who must be protected. One must not lose themselves completely.

The lyrics of "Monarch of Monsters" are written from the perspective of the eponymous antihero, "Wolf" (or, Vylet Cypress). The prose is better understood through reading the accompanying novella, which is included in the Bandcamp booklet. If you are reading this and do not have access to the booklet, or wish to otherwise read it elsewhere for whatever your reasons are, you may visit [vyletpony.com/monarch-novella](http://vyletpony.com/monarch-novella) to read it in full. The album's lyrics, sung from Wolf's perspective, are directed primarily at either her former or present self. The instances in which this is not the case presents – instead – Wolf parasocially addressing both loved ones and enemies from throughout her life. These ideas all parallel my mental states from the present, back through many years. Throughout the album, I am having many internal dialogues with the various, discretized selves that

live within me, past and present. I am also considering many of the people who have hurt me, and especially the people that I have hurt. I want to emphasize that the varied instances of murder, sexual violence, self-harm, and other severe occurrences in the album and its story are not expressed intending to condone or endorse.

Aria is an invention of my dreams. After the release of Carousel at the start of 2023, the existential regret and remorse that my life had become permeated with caused me to relapse into a severe mental health crisis. I had long been suffering from severe trauma memory suppression, and I spent several weeks clawing through everything I could to uncover the things my brain was preventing me from remembering. Please note: DO NOT DO THIS EVER WITHOUT A THERAPIST. I regretted doing that so terribly. And so my descent began. Among the symptoms of the resulting mental health crisis was a critical, unbearable insomnia. In the sleep that I did manage to get during this period, my dreams had become immensely vivid. There were periods where I was awake for 4 days at a time, and the sleeps which bookended these periods were hallucinatory. Sometime in the Spring or Summer, I had a dream about a strange place, with strange people. Somehow I knew there was a person called Aria in that place, and asked around for them. Eventually, I was led into the room where Aria was, and they appeared as someone I had known a long time ago. The person they looked like

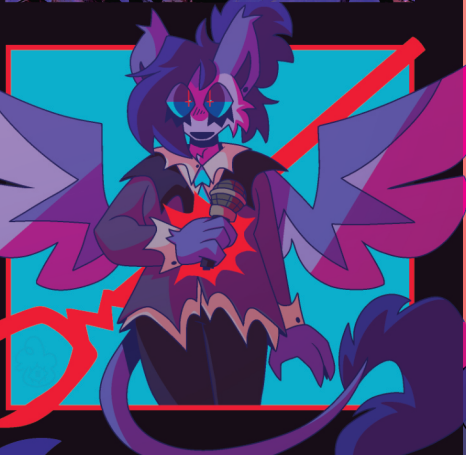
in the dream wasn't a close friend or anything, it was someone I had scarcely known in my past. It was clear that, in the dream, I had hurt them long ago, and they had been aware even more of the awful person I had progressed into afterward. They asked that I describe every mistake and malevolence I had ever committed throughout my entire life in front of them, so I did. Then at once I had performed this abstract penance before them, and they finished crying and smiled. In the dream, they said they forgave me, and that everything was okay. I laid down, and they stroked my fur, and I only realized then that I had fur all over my body. They said, "rest now, little wolf" and then I began to fall asleep inside the dream as they softly mingled with the other people in the room.

The original idea for Monarch was to be an antithetical album to Queen of Misfits. Where Queen of Misfits was like "woe is me" kind of stuff, I wanted Monarch to be "woe is they", about all the pain I've caused other people, and the cycles that both caused and were produced by these things. So, the idea was originally to focus on Starlight Glimmer, since the other record focused on Trixie Lulamoon. After the dream, though, I abandoned this pursuit and shifted the entire album into a direction informed by the dream. It became clear as I mulled over it a lot that I clearly had been subconsciously inspired by Kindred from League of

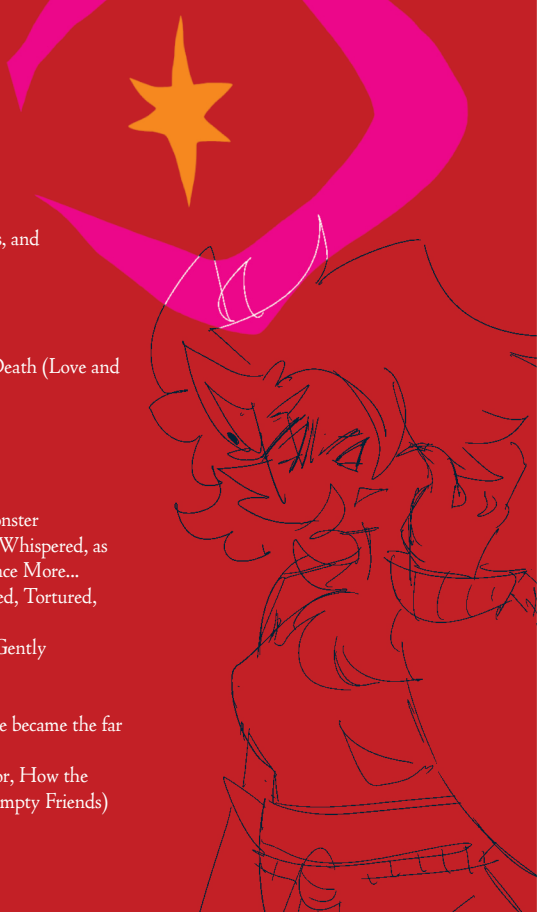


— clear as I mulled over it a lot that I clearly had been subconsciously inspired by Kindred from League of Legends too, Wolf and Lamb being some of my favourite characters in fiction. At first, I wanted to avoid this comparison and try to do something different, but it just felt right to allow that duality to exist in the end. "What if 'Kindred', but it's sapphic and even more rancid and existential?" was a sort of thesis that became of the project. Fast-forward almost 2 years since I had started working on Monarch, and the album and its story has become a centerpiece for the universe(s) I've been trying to build with my mainline projects. It's become grander and more profound in ways I could not have imagined. And it helps me solve a few narrative issues I've been facing, especially continuity discrepancies within the Vylet Pony lore.

Well. Aria has become something of a spiritual "reality" for me. I'm not superstitious, and I prefer to engage the world from an empirical, studied view. That being said, there is something that comforts me and encourages me to move forward with thinking of Aria as a real god, watching over me and being by my side. Perhaps they're watching o'er you too, dear reader. I've been in therapy for two years now. It has allowed me to develop tremendously and learn so much about myself. This is the album I wrote throughout these past two years in rehabilitation.



- 01 Pest
- 02 PLAY DEAD! PLAY DEAD!
- 03 The Heretic (Woe is Me)
- 04 Survivor's Guilt
- 05 Vitality Glitch
- 06 The Wallflower Equation
- 07 Princess Cuckoo
- 08 Sludge
  - I. A Recitation of Final Rites, Last Wishes, and Observations
  - II. The Rivers Run Red
  - III. Sludge
  - IV. As Wolf Sliced Her Body Open...
  - V. ...Then Came a Supper Worse Than Death (Love and Tolerate This Mess)
  - VI. Sinner, Be Damned!
  - VII. Entrance Into The Locus
  - VIII. Lamb Cried Out: "Darling, Wolf..."
  - IX. How to Kill a Monster (Reprise)
  - X. The Fatal Flaw, or, How to Save a Monster
  - XI. "Live again, in service, eternal", Lamb Whispered, as Wolf's Soul Was Granted a Body Once More...
  - XII. ...And As Her Old Body Was Defiled, Tortured, and Annihilated (Revisited)
  - XIII. For the First Time, She Was Held Gently
- 09 Revenge Fantasy
- 10 Huntress
- 11 ...and, as her howl echoed unto eventide, she became the far seer's hunting dog...
- 12 Rest Now, Little Wolf (A Vigil For Aria, or, How the Lamb Stood in an Empty Room Filled with Empty Friends)





## PEST

Maybe I'm overthinking, but you didn't try your best. The voices you wielded turned you into a pest. Suffocating each moment, killing her slowly. How long did it take? Were you ever so worthy? Your scarlet wrists twinkle as they clot. A paltry payment for the malice you sought. You've been such a pest. Oh, you're such a pest. Yes, you're only a pest. Moved your mountains over pins and needles, sewing so saintly, your sinister evil. Such a pest. Oh, you're such a pest. Yes, you're only a pest. May you never once sleep with the price on your head. The knife you had brandished won't wait till you're dead. Oh it's nothing, it's only borrowed time. When I see you smile I think

that I might die. And I know that you're still me, but look what's happened to us. If only you were never born, would your friends still spill their guts? Should I play into the stereotype I made of myself? Or is a moment in time what I'm doomed? What's the point of saving the world or yourself When the greatest villain is you? How tragic it is to know I'm you. Cursed are all who know it too. I just can't stand to see your smile. You've been such a pest, Oh, you're such a pest, Yes, you're only a pest. Moved your mountains over pins and needles, sewing so saintly, your sinister evil. Such a pest. Oh, you're such a pest. Yes, you're only a pest. And our life isn't sacred, you stupid fag, they'll all keep on laughing till we're in a bag. Yes "They" were the very same. "Wolf then. And Wolf now". She staggered back from her

mirror, eyes red as the moon. "They" could not be estranged. And so, Wolf cried

## PLAY DEAD! PLAY DEAD!

I don't wanna talk about it, I don't wanna talk about it, I don't wanna talk about it. I don't wanna think about it. I don't wanna think about it. I don't wanna think about it. I've been up for three days and I'm burning up, so much for laying low. Been living livid in a mirror maze, and my reflection's starting to glow. I can't remember anymore. Maybe I buried the key? It's probably not that bad, or maybe, it sank too deep, oh god! Just another fag with a crooked horn, could I sleep through these days? When that angel sits pretty trying to tell me how it is



I space out, close in a daze, and I play dead. Isn't it great to be different? Isn't it great to be me! Isn't it great to be different? Isn't it great to be a beast! You know I love it, love it. There's a message in a bottle with my name on it, drowned in a glimmering sea. Pretty white lies in pitch black room. And the sum of my parts Is nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing! What is happening to me? Happening to me? Happening to me? Happening to me? Mama can't you see what's happening to me? Happening to me? Mama? Can't you see? Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Stupid dog! Isn't it great to be exactly who you are? The only way for me is to keep it up, I've gotta make it

worse. Too late to turn tail, too good to fail Gotta take it like the bitch I am, and just play dead. Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead! Play Dead!

## THE HERETIC (WOLF IS ME)

Like mother, like daughter the apple fell quite near. And while there's truth in the scars, a dire fable is writ in the stars. In the shroud of my ecstasy, I saw the vultures circling. "Aren't you lonely?" they whispered, "You could use my company". And it all just happened so fast, and I know I wasn't the last. It's a tale as old as time But couldn't I have been stronger? As the

heretic, as the parasite. Strip me down, down, down, to my sins. Every inch of pain is the half of it. Every hope is forged in the din. Is it cashmere? Or is it bankrupt? Is it all the same in the dark? At the brick house, tear it all down. Pull the curtains to the side, see the marks. Am I real? Can this be? Oh lord, it won't make sense to me. I don't recognize her. Am I so free? Am I worth the pity? Could someone still love me? And it comes in flashes echoes dulling in a white light. The apostate burial, as the cavalcade proceeds. The rites are spoken, a funeral for the ego. Well woe is me, I can't deny. Selfish is the heart that shrouds my mind. Well woe is me, my sinful life. Heretic concealed by light. As the heretic, as the parasite. Strip me down, down, down, to my sins. Every inch of pain is the half of it. Every



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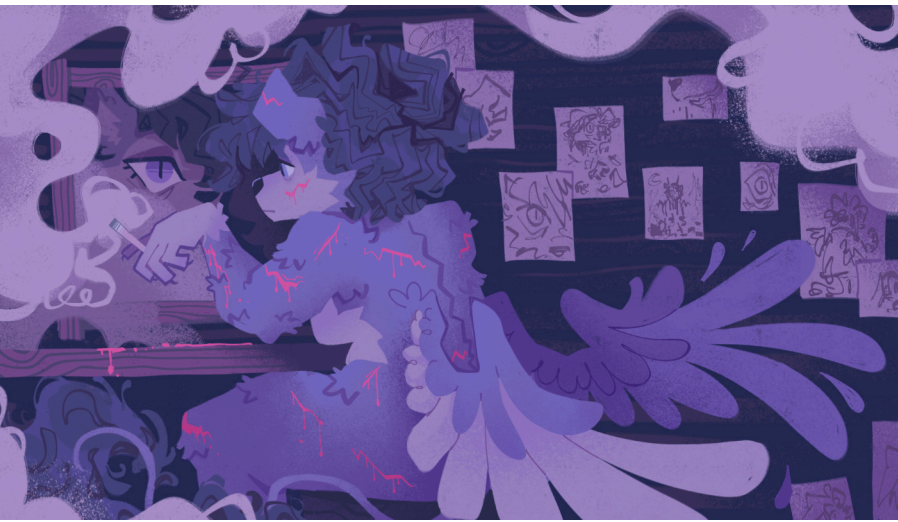
## SURVIVOR'S GUILT

There's something in the water, there's something in the water, there's something in the water, there's something in the water. Are you so secure in being everything you know? Don't you fear that god is watching? Am I really worthy to be chasing any dream? When I'll always be my worst mistakes "Smile for the cameras (smile for the cameras), aren't you contented in attention?" "Everyone loves you (everyone loves you)". Yet they've never seen

my fangs. Could you still love me? They sic me through the curtain How did I make it? How did I make it? How did I make it out alive? Driven by self preservation, when I could be your prey. How am I different? How am I different? Different from the wounds I pried. 'Cuz saying anything is trying too hard, but silence is a bastard. Out on the edge of the knife, oh my! Letting the audience fester. Can anybody be a saint these days? Each breath congeals and rasters. Out on the edge of my mind, oh my! Become undone in ashes. Moving in slow motion 'cuz there is no other way. Any sudden move could scatter them. Lonely are the stars void of silent observers, bursting into dust and questions. "Aren't you happy? (aren't you happy?) They all look up at you". "Shining star girl (shining star girl)". Remove this fowl her

foul coop. Could I lay right down at the crossing of penance? Let it come over, let it come over, let it come all over me. Some part of this useless meat must satisfy your mercy. Take whatever pleases, take whatever pleases! But you won't find a purity. 'Cuz saying anything is trying too hard, but silence is a bastard. Out on the edge of the knife, oh my! Letting the audience fester. Can anybody be a saint these days? Each breath congeals and rasters. Out on the edge of my mind, oh my! Become undone in ashes. It's just too much to come clean, too little to just breathe. "I forgive you, I forgive you", but I still can't sleep.

## VITALITY GLITCH



Vitality. Where's that fragile ego? Locked up in a pretty black box. You know this can go on. And my vitality is glitching out, vitality is glitching out. I can't see a future, I can't see a past. And when I smile, I turn to cry. No happiness should be mine. And even if the flames have long burned out, spare no kindness to the wolf that howls. Awooo. I gaze across at you. Touch me, touch me, as the smoke fills the room. Oh what's it all for? I am what they made me, yet I've always had control. Settled by sin, yes, I've always played my role. Nothing really matters now in destiny and fate. Holding tight, the carousel as the audience awaits. I don't see any other way. I can't see any other face. And my vitality is glitching out, vitality is glitching out. I can't see a future. I can't see a past. And when I smile, I turn to cry. No

happiness should be mine. And even if the flames have long burned out, spare no kindness to the wolf that howls.

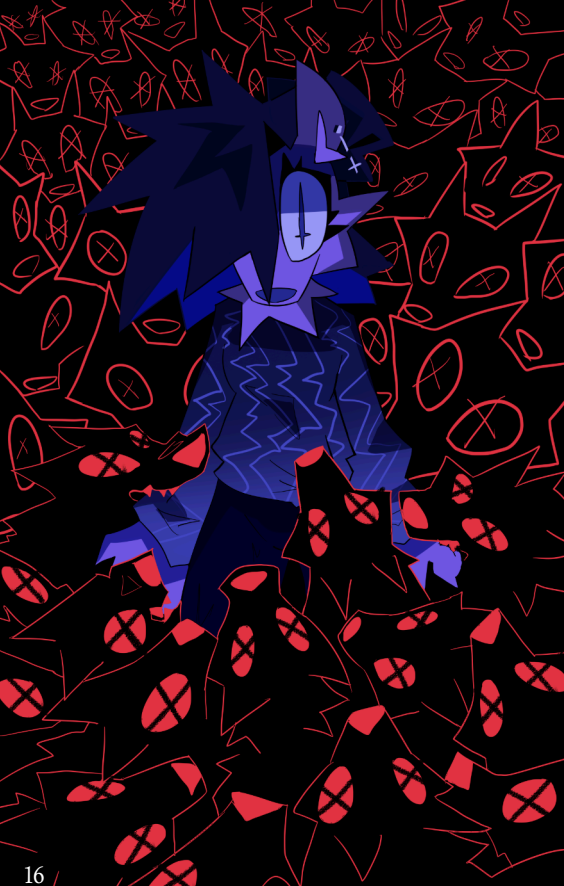
## THE WALLFLOWER EQUATION

Driven by the fire, twixt the ashen mire of their hearts. Blood. Red. Skies. Circling the sky, spark the vulture's eye. I was raised by the wolves, I was torn by the night. "This scent, I know". So warned the Crow. Approach the storm, become their whore. In one swift rend I am gutted of innocence. Now a nine letter word, my visage erased. Perished in the drones of playboys and bastards. "To our health, to our wealth", yet he is no one, a mere pup. Pray his silence is heralded in perfumes of gunpowder

and meat. Were I the yolk of singed flesh instead of the conspiracist's daughter, would then the blood be forgotten? Burn the wallflower, loneliness empowers. We evolved to love, and you held me like a cancer. "The necessary evil". So I became you, and you laughed. It's a joke to you, silly boy. Hurting, I hurt you. Who are you? Who are you? Just an outline. Just an icon. Ha ha! I'll ruin you, men who laugh. Just some guy, fucked my life. I'll ruin you. I'll ruin you for this. For this. Ruin you. For this. This.

## PRINCESS CUCKOO

I'll be your offering, I'll be your offering, I'll be your offering I'll be, I'll be your offering.

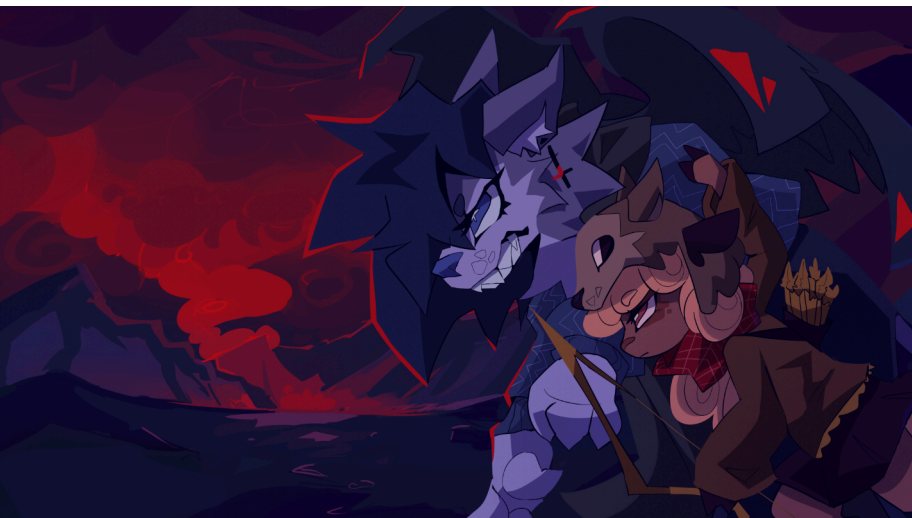


I've got sunshine in my stomach, like I just rocked  
my baby to sleep. Make my screams count, for when  
they find you. Among the pharisees comes the  
faggot queen. Frail thorn, petals split, with you all,  
I'll bloom tomorrow. Give me a reason to live,  
Make me your death bed sorrows. Isn't this how  
you grow up? As you fuck me and tell me to shut  
up, every shadow shouts like I've done something  
wrong, as the fire in my womb splits me in two  
'This is how you grow up, this is how you grow up,  
this is how you grow up'. And everyone looked  
away as I believed them. Feathers like peacocks.  
Feathers like peacocks. Feathers like peacocks.  
Feathers like peacocks. Feathers, feathers, feathers.









...AND, AS HER HOWL ECHOED  
UNTO EVENTIDE, SHE BECAME THE  
FAR SEER'S HUNTING DOG...

(Instrumental)

## REST NOW, LITTLE WOLF

(A VIGIL FOR ARIA; OR, HOW THE  
LAMB STOOD IN AN EMPTY ROOM  
FILLED WITH EMPTY FRIENDS)

Rest now, little Wolf. Love has not vanished  
from the world, just yet. Tender truth can be  
bestowed unto those who know your song. Yes.  
We tread a fine weave of gray, yet many perish  
to the blade's doubled edge. Conceal not your  
mistakes, but allow them to be a sputtering  
torch. Illuminate the path for those that follow.  
To be gentle, to be kind. This is the way. Like  
the dust that settles all around us, the wind will  
carry whispers of spring. Beauty fades, and

everything will end. So make few your enemies,  
and cherish making friends. 'Cuz life is it too  
short to succumb to the sinister call. Than the  
sun reflecting off our pillow, our wicked tale, a  
pasture beside the willows. And I know that  
you're still me, so listen when I say, to love  
being alive, is never a mistake. 'Cuz Winter will  
End just the same, No Matter What

So there I was.  
So there I was...  
So there I was.....  
So there I was.....



A special thanks to my top Patrons of this album cycle, who allow me to continue to do this work sustainably and unwaveringly:

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