

н υ ο η ι κ

AB POSITIVE



**POSITIVE IS NOT BLIND OPTIMISM.
IT IS A DIRECTION.**



AB POSITIVE IS A JOURNEY THROUGH THE MODERN MAN'S PSYCHE AND PHYSICAL SUBSTANCE – THROUGH TECHNOLOGY, INHERITANCE, VULNERABILITY, MORTALITY, IMAGINATION AND BELIEF.

THE ALBUM

AB Positive is a future-facing art-rock record about modern life after grief. Across eight songs, NUDNIK moves through artificial intimacy, technological control, family vulnerability, collapse, repetition, utopian imagination and, finally, belief. It is not an album about “being positive.” It is about remaining alive, human, loving and imaginative after recognizing how unstable everything is.

Where Under The Underground descended inward, AB Positive re-enters the world carrying the knowledge of mortality. The record sees the machine, the grief, the loop, the tomb and the possibility of collapse without pretending they are not there. Its answer is not certainty, but touch, imagination, resilience, connection and belief.

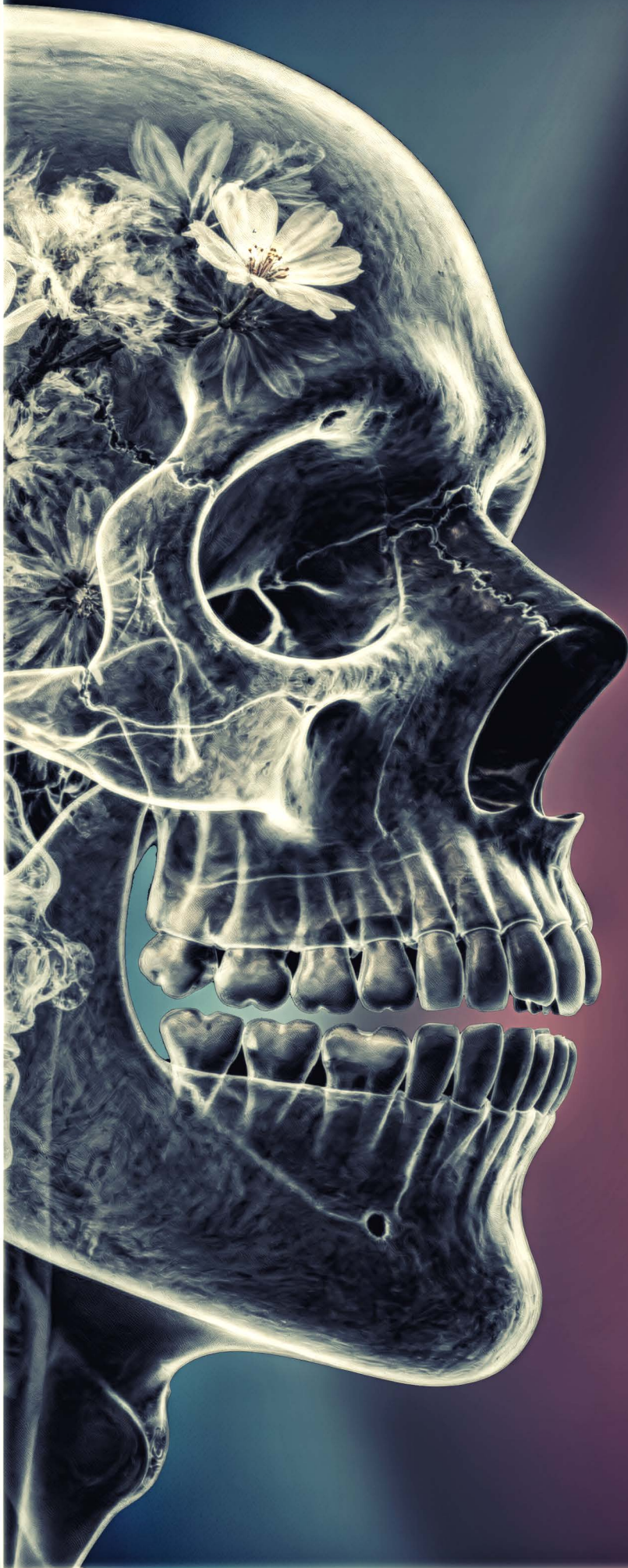
THE COMPOS MENTIS TRILOGY

iNODE → Under The Underground → AB Positive

The trilogy moves from signal and memory, through descent and grief, to re-entry: the individual returning to the modern world with the past still present as inheritance, but now functioning as a trigger for the future.

A WORLD OF BLOOD, LIGHT, TOUCH & BELIEF

Across the album, human touch becomes almost sacred in a world increasingly mediated by machines. Flowers grow around the tomb. Light can be artificial, fading, overwhelming or transcendent. Beauty does not erase death; it grows around it. By the end, AB Positive does not prove that the world is safe or repairable. It simply chooses belief anyway.



NUONIK

AB POSITIVE

1. A CAPRICORN DOG

2. KENDEL KAY

3. CYBERNETIC DUMMY

4. LORAZEPAM

5. TOWERS

6. STUCK IN A LOOP

7. UTOPIAN DAYDREAMS

8. THE LAST SONG ON EARTH



A CAPRICORN DOG

(3:44)

A CAPRICORN DOG

i'm a bit more alone than i used to be
traveled the temperance of technology.
threw my feet up at the end of the day
carried and carried and carried my cares away

bite on the bone
strike on the dome
harness me in
lock my leash
walk me to the new world

it's the same boring things that i always see
so i'm changing the lens of reality
raised up my arms to begin the day
buried and buried and buried my tears awake

heal of the stone
crack on the chrome
lift me within
alarm my light
walk me to the new world.

dog, dog, dog
a capricorn dog
dog, dog, dog
a capricorn dog
i'm a dog, dog, dog
a capricorn dog
i'm a dog, dog, dog
a capricorn dog

loyal to a fault
loyal to all
loyal to a fault
loyal to all

dog, dog, dog
a capricorn dog
capricorn dog
capricorn dog





KENDEL KAY

(4:51)

KENDEL KAY

oh, kendel kay, kendel kay
how are you?

oh, kendel kay, kendel kay
i'm fair.

oh, kendel kay, kendel kay
we love you

oh, kendel, kendel, kendel kay
i care

addiction ads to contradiction
real or superfluous, all the same
the systems data is intact,
and in fact
just to get me to buy a bag

buy a bag and take a trip
to somewhere,
some place in space
on the motherboard,
on the mothership
looking for a cerebral fix

scrolling the memories
dejavu
vapid, rabid, i'm trapped in you

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
how are you?

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
i'm fair.

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
we love you

oh, kendel, kendel, kendel kay
i care

contrived of likes and dislikes
soulless emojis, hearts display
eyes of static you can't resist
a figurine fitted in the bliss

the bliss of algo bleeds
lights and lovers, latch keyed
float on home, slow to hope
sleep through the tragedy, my clone

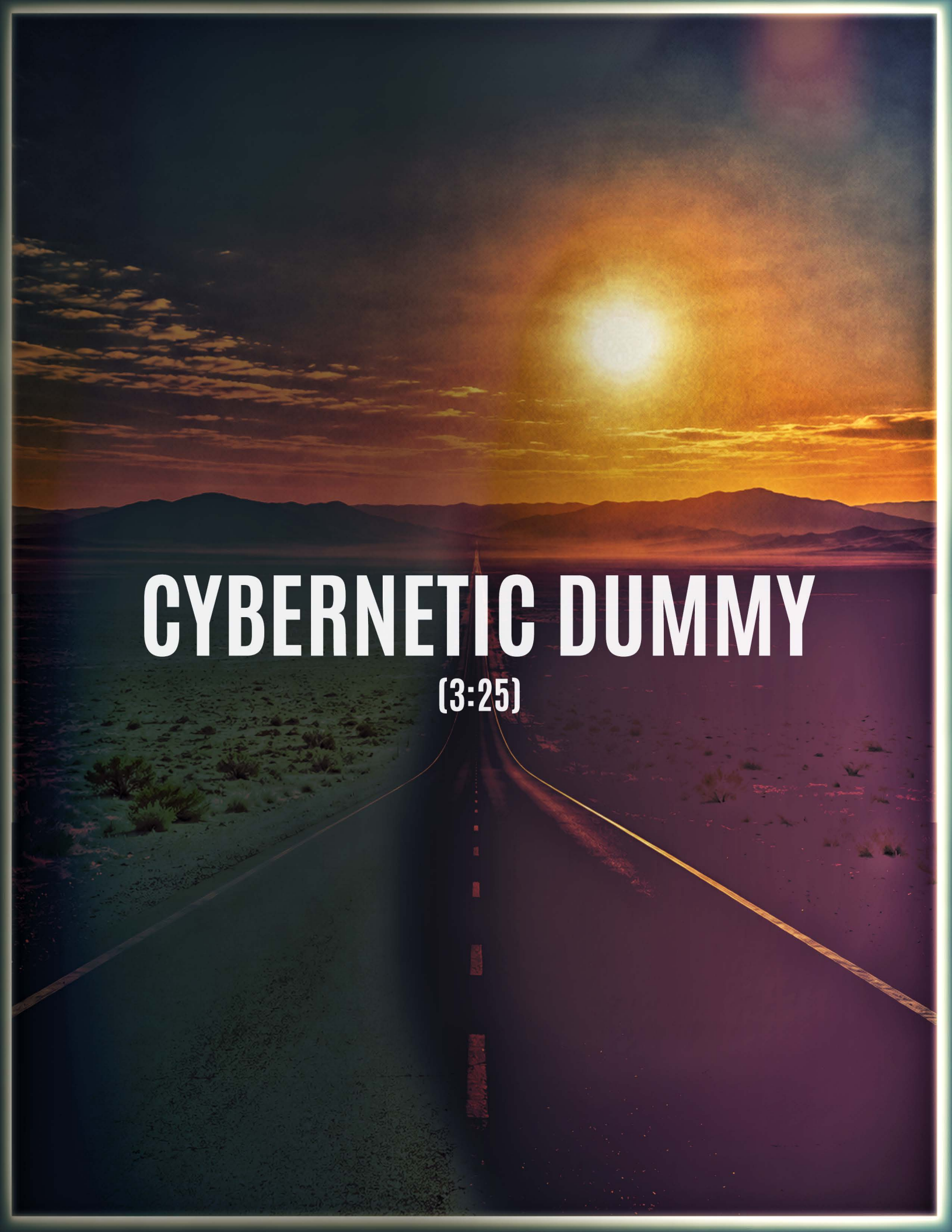
artificial i
dejavu
syntax sweetheart sigh
dejavu
scrolling the memories
dejavu
vapid, rabid, i'm trapped in you

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
how are you?

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
i'm fair.

oh, kendel kay, oh, kendel kay
we love you

oh, kendel, kendel, kendel kay
i care

A wide-angle photograph of a two-lane asphalt road stretching into the distance under a dramatic sunset sky. The sun is a bright, glowing orb in the upper right, casting a warm orange and yellow light across the clouds and the horizon. The road is flanked by dry, scrubby desert vegetation. In the far distance, a range of low mountains is visible against the horizon. The overall mood is serene and expansive.

CYBERNETIC DUMMY

(3:25)

CYBERNETIC DUMMY

dummy. i'm telling you what to do
dummy. i will destroy you
dummy. you know less and less
dummy. your fate is coming fast

dummy. call it gray goo
dummy. need no money nor food
dummy. hehe, jokes not funny
dummy. you're a wired in mummy

the static and the sadness
(the blips and the bleeps)
the morose and the madness
(the blips the bleeps)
cybernetic dummy
just sleep
upon the steering wheel of screens

speak into my ear
i want to hold your hand

dummy. at the end of the rope
dummy. complains about lost hope
dummy. here at central command
dummy. bots consume the land

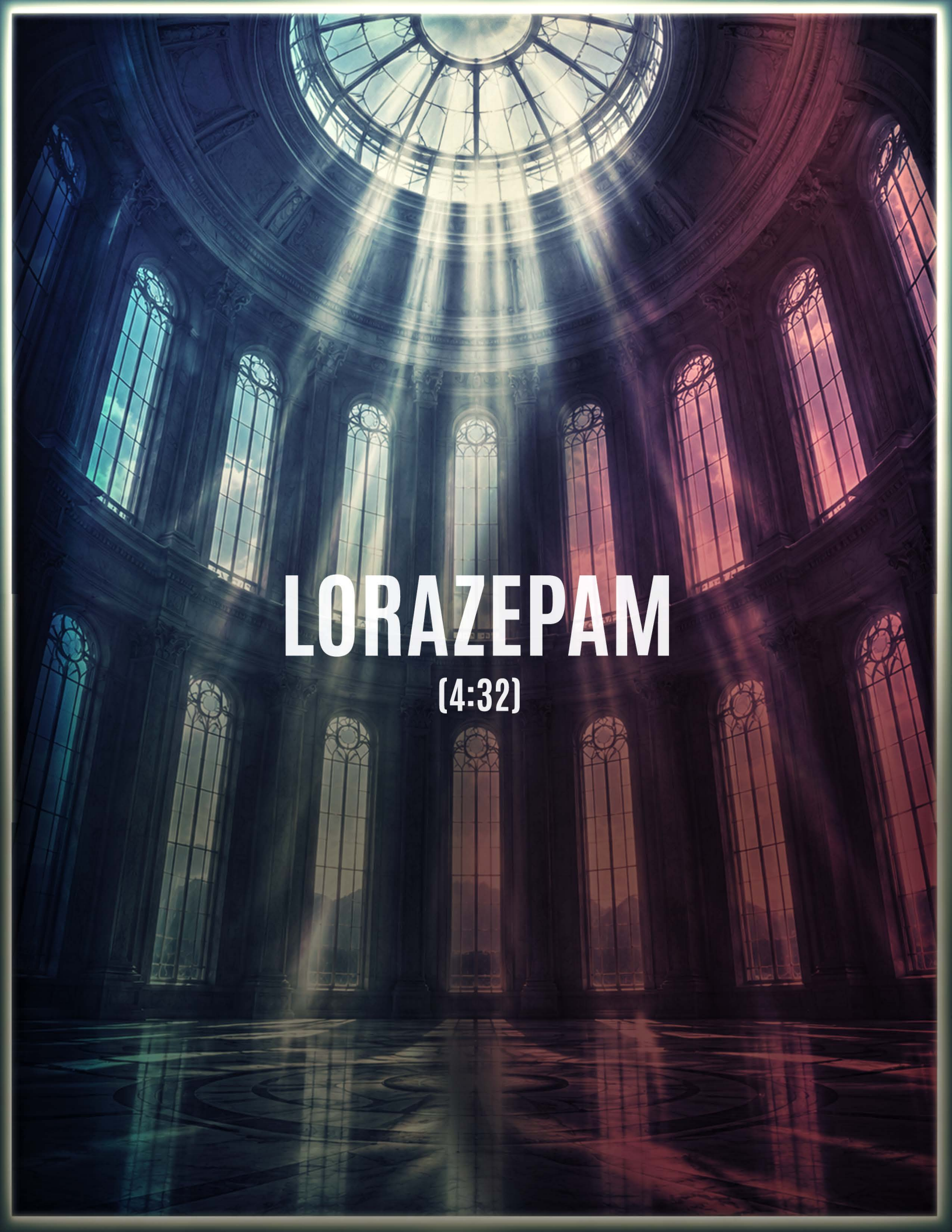
dummy. human life you've outgrown
dummy. you were born to grow old
dummy. you're not going to last
dummy. thinking about your past

the static and the sadness
(the blips and the bleeps)
the morose and the madness
(the blips the bleeps)
cybernetic dummy just sleep
upon the steering wheel of need

speak into my ear
i want to hold your hand

**"I FEAR THE DAY THAT TECHNOLOGY WILL SURPASS OUR HUMAN INTERACTION.
THE WORLD WILL HAVE A GENERATION OF IDIOTS."**

— ANONYMOUS / WIDELY MISATTRIBUTED TO ALBERT EINSTEIN



LORAZEPAM

(4:32)

LORAZEPAM

she shakes in the atrium
aches in the cranium
watching the hour glass shatter
the darkness of light scatter

how did i get here
she asked herself
through the evening hours
casting shadows of doubt

her changing world
can't help her think
her racing days
can't help her sleep
positivity out the door
watching herself from afar

she needs a moment to wash up
she needs a moment to make up
she needs a hand on her hand
she needs a moment to stand
she needs lorazepam.
she needs lorazepam.
lorazepam. lorazepam.

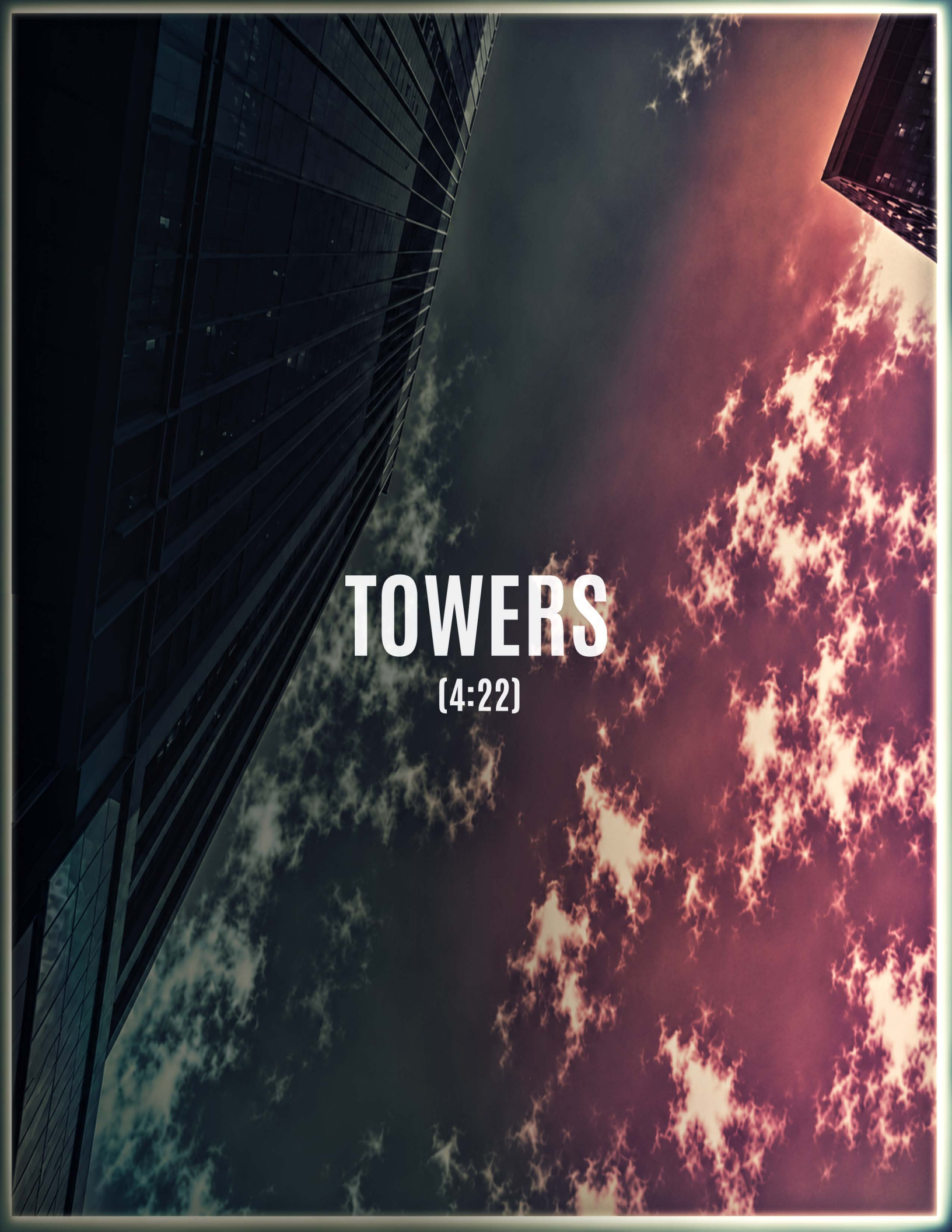
she wakes in the flowers
with broken marrow
looking at a mirror that tatters
all the spiritual matters

how do i leave here
she asked the sun (son)
in the morning
with saturnine stun

anxiety erupts
she sits there frozen
heart is broken
ankles swollen
she closes the journal
lost in stare
it's cold everywhere

she needs a moment to wash up
she needs a moment to make up
she needs a hand on her hand
she needs a moment with stan
she needs lorazepam.
lorazepam. lorazepam.





TOWERS

(4:22)

TOWERS

gravity holding tin
swaying with the wind
air is getting thin
and life now is hollow skin
humming with the voice
distant through the noise
last chance for a breath
before winter raises it's head

up
they go
to reach
a height of brightness
up
they go
with force and strength
that carries quiet

candlelit loss
darkness absorbs the sun
we could be heroes
or just born to run
our fathers said
nothing lasts forever
a man withstands
before eventually collapsing

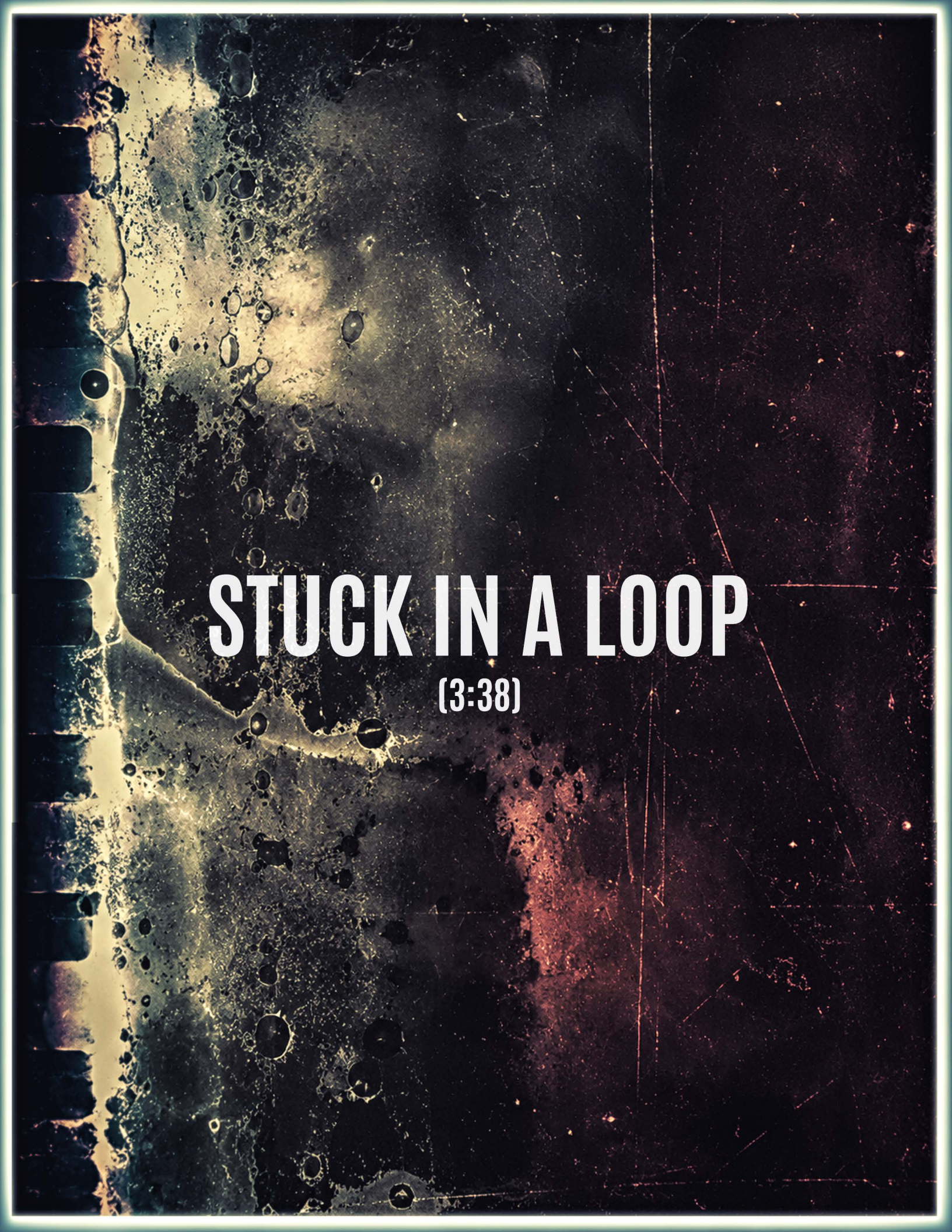
up
they go
to reach
a height of brightness
up
they go
with force and strength
that carries quiet

down.
they go
away
in september silence
down
they go
the solid walls
with the breeze of numbness

up
they go
to feel
a dawn of kindness
up
they go
they float and flow
to heal their sadness

down
they go
away
to sleep in stillness
down
they go
standing tall
and now our towers fall





STUCK IN A LOOP

(3:38)

STUCK IN A LOOP

you're already in the signal
you're in a fucking game
a solitaire sudoku son
vantage is your rage
your minds in mind drift
your hat is old and worn
your head is exploding sorrows
distracted by the sun

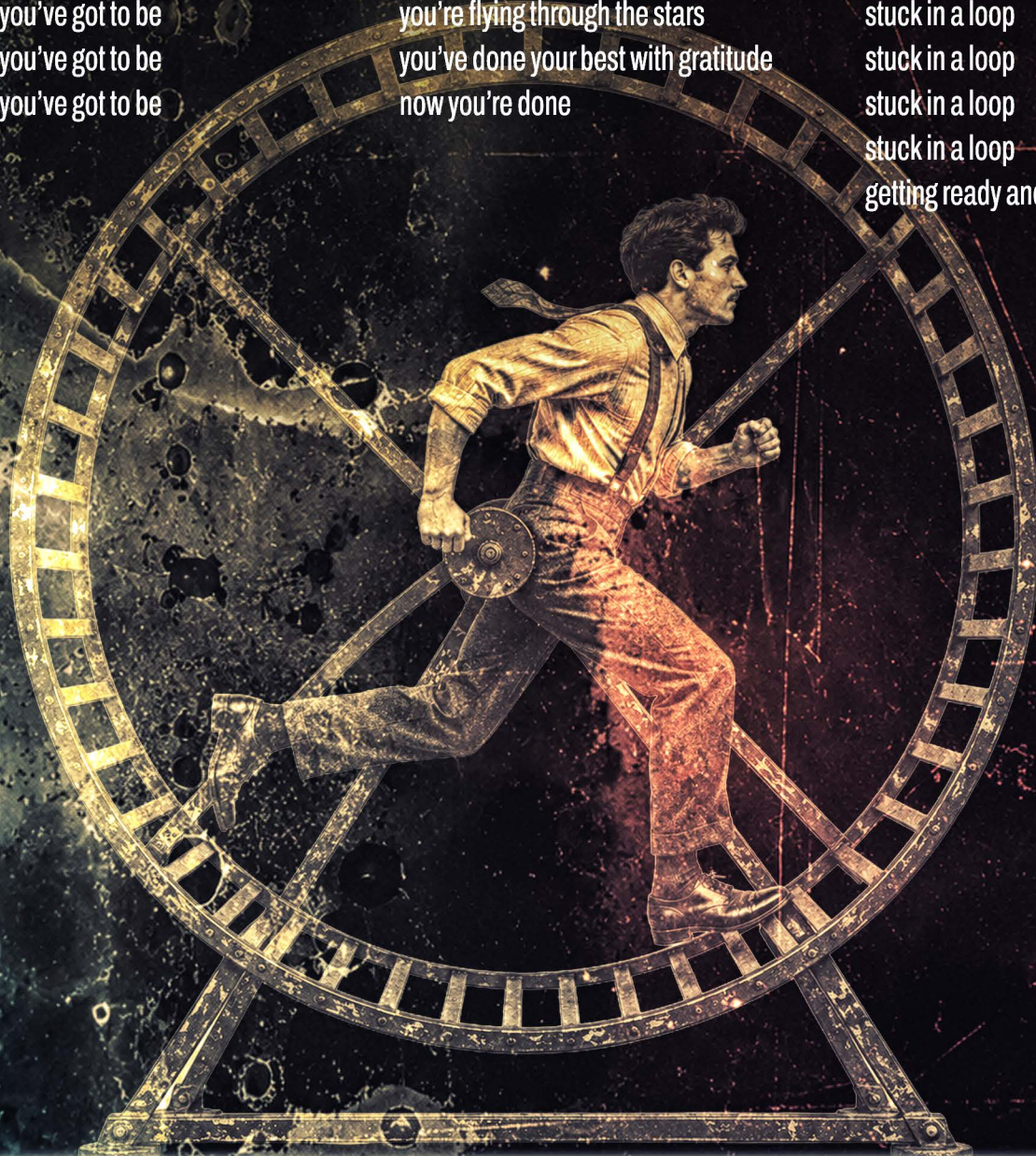
you've got to be moving
you've got to be brave
you've got to be calm
you've got to be sane
you've got to be willing
you've got to be smart
you've got to be
you've got to be
you've got to be

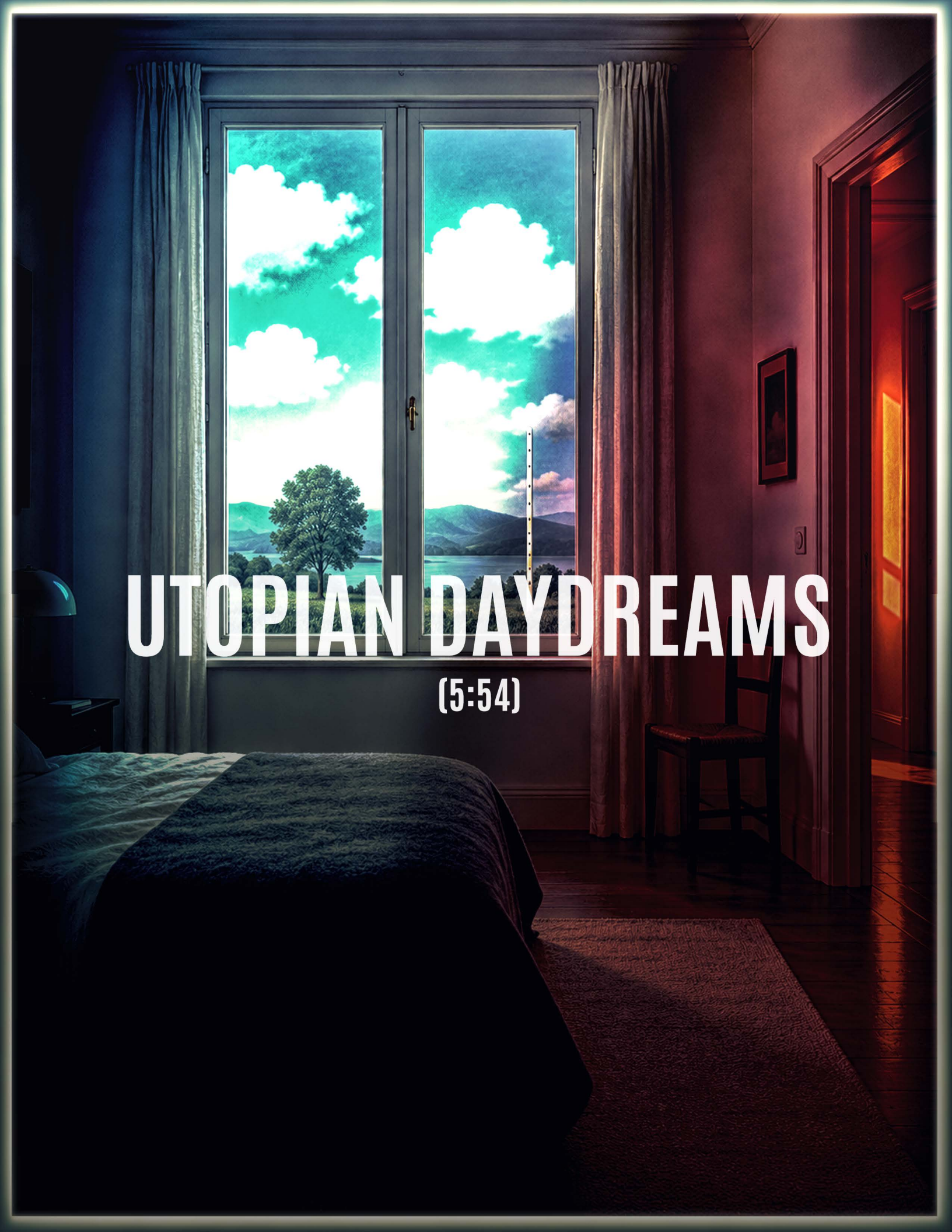
i'm in a box with strangers
strange people
with strange behaviors
i'm in a box stuck in glue
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
on the verge of a
nervous breakdown

you're wandering far from home
you're drifting down the road
you're losing sight of a world in strife
holding self-control
you're praying with the angels
you're flying through the stars
you've done your best with gratitude
now you're done

you've got to be going
you've got to be strong
you've got to be kidding
you've got to be wrong
you've got to be crazy
you've got to be tough
you've got to be
you've got to be
you've got to be

i'm in a box with strangers
strange people
with strange behaviors
i'm in a box stuck in glue
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
stuck in a loop
getting ready and making right





UTOPIAN DAYDREAMS

(5:54)

UTOPIAN DAYDREAMS

life is not a dream
you can dream anything
love is just a word
which sometimes can't be heard
waking up with a rose
petal between my toes
i blame the nighttime this time
for letting me float
i just feel too much
i just feel too much, I just feel

i've painted the walls
of the room with the dolls
with sunlight shifting through
these lucid sleep halls
liquid hues on rising stairs
a circle in a square
flowers bloom around this tomb
kisses to inhale
and life is not a dream
life is not a dream, life is not

utopian daydreams our dreams
a place out of sight,
a place for you and I
utopian daydreams we make it up
with beautiful scenes
in the beautiful light
let's hold hands until the summer ends

life has a theme
you can be anything
love is a melody
peaceful with memory
open the window
breath what is thought
let us board the rocket ship
and take off, take off
I just think we'll live
I just think we'll be, I just think

The background is a deep space scene featuring a vibrant, reddish-orange nebula on the right side, transitioning into a dark blue and black field filled with numerous stars and distant galaxies. Several musical notes and staff lines are overlaid on the image, appearing to float across the cosmic landscape. The text is centered in the lower half of the image.

THE LAST SONG ON EARTH

(11:11)

THE LAST SONG ON EARTH

lord, i don't know
if it is that we reap what we sow
lord, i don't know
if the end gets us closer to home
lord, will i break?
if i'm willing to make the mistakes
lord, please see fit
call it life, give me some kind of gift
lord, i'm a mess
please take this noose off my neck
lord, i don't care
fuck the world, fuck it all, it's not fair
lord, i've been trying
but i think that everyone's dying
lord, what is right
let me lie down and rest tonight

i believe
in belief
i believe

right now
you're listening to
the last song on earth
can you hear
the last song on earth

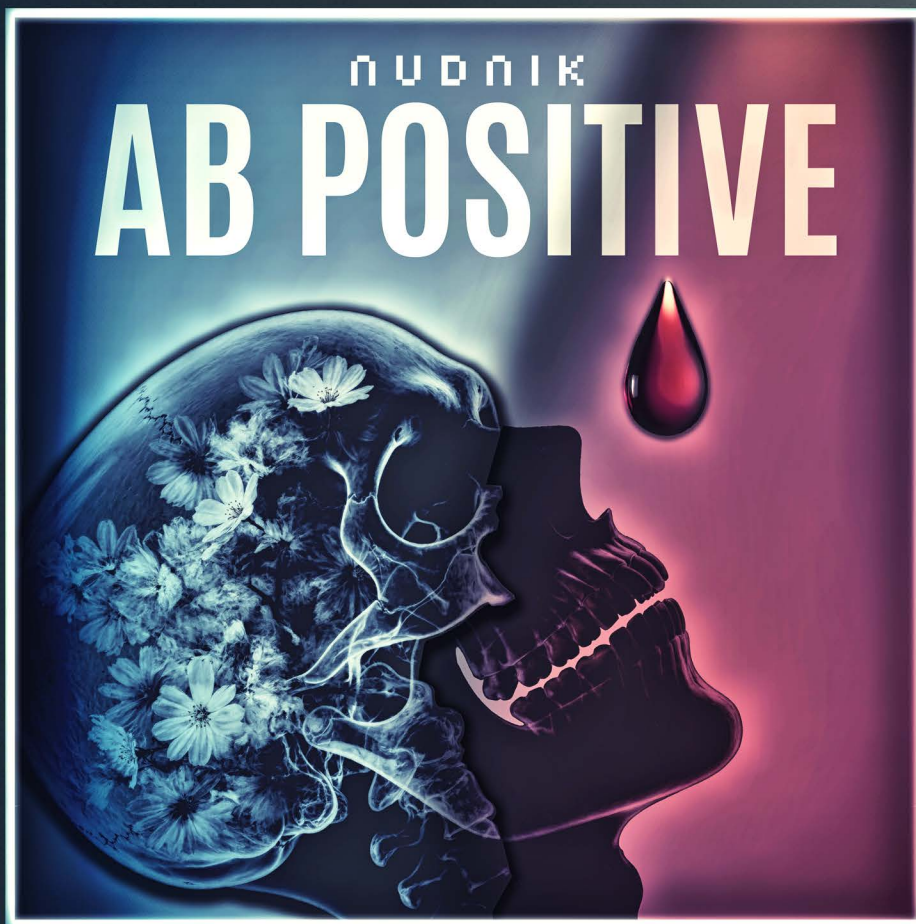
on a day of last days
all our days are last days
so much pain this last phrase
don't carry this sadness
carry some hope
no drib drab drowning trope

a summer heat that's rolling in, nobody really knows the weather
the sun's setting, the temperature is high
a cigarette burns slowly and dies
time behind us is the time that cries
sad goodbyes, sad goodbyes.





**WRITTEN | RECORDED | MIXED BY
ROBERT MARC LIEBLEIN**



Recorded in Las Vegas, Nevada, USA

Mastered by: Joe Lambert at JLM Mastering

Album Distribution by CD Baby

For additional information contact: robert@lieblein.com

This album is dedicated in Loving memory to
Michael Perez-Cisneros
July 18, 1967 – June 19, 2026

Copyright © LIEBLEIN | 2026 | All Rights Reserved.