

**Strings  
Speak  
Mountains**

~

**We Dream of Bright Lives  
Where We Sleep At Night**

~

**Album Companion**

**Like Beams Into Our Eyes**

**Whipped Backs**

**The Doves Will Sing For Us Again**

**Their Hearts Are Gardens**

~

**Tear away the edges of the threads that hold tight to everything  
Unravel our gloom and desolation to let it fall to the floor  
Because, like his coat, it will collect in a mangled mess  
We may have to remember, but may we not live with it**

**Whisper something to me that is manufactured to provide comfort  
It's the best I have right now, though it feels pathetic  
I owe so much to all of you I can not express it  
Just know I follow you into your tunnels as you have followed me**

## Dotted Frequencies Blotting My Compass In Ruin

### Lay Me Into The Dirt For The Clouds To Find My Eyes

~

For what were the free cliffs at the beach if they were none but passing

We no longer wish for effervescent shifting

We look for no shine, We look only for life

New purpose, anticipated drop off to the holy ground below

Pile the stacks of bricks back onto the subject for our new day

The dotted frequencies from their breaks in spirit and person

Blot my compass with salt water from the freedom and the exposed

It is in ruin, for the corrosion is too deep to mend, but work with

Lay me into the dirt for the clouds to find my eyes

To only hope that the respective will never mix with the halcyon

Give sign for grace that shall never be given

Their broken forms clamber through dream and street

Grow within the machine to breathe

To wake and find yourself but a mess, but a weed

# Something In The Open, And Roads Bent Like Broken Spines

~

What ever happened to those days  
When did we give up on so many things  
Money is meaningless, except for where it's prescribed  
The absence of a bank is where substance hides

I always thought it'd be better than this, somewhere new  
Never thought the depression would hit so fucking soon  
Because the roads are bent like broken spines  
And they're what helps me sleep at night

When did our morals diverge into the pungent world  
Of piling numbers and paperwork  
We're built around indolence, so is this life we've made  
The atrocities enabled by the weakness we create

There's more to life than work and die  
There's something in the walls inside  
You can't see shit with glazed eyes

Lungs stay waxing, for a fuller breath  
Leave it empty, the weight will lift  
And I respite, wax melts in time  
This feeling might last a lifetime, but I don't have to stay alive

Why can't we live in the world we wanted as kids  
Why do we have to resign to all this shit  
When did ambition take seat for depression

**From The Top of The Spire  
Fire Inside, Burning Lungs  
Faces In My Eyes  
Despondent Love For The Late Sedative**

~

**The stars crumble over through the clouds into homes  
Chests ache with wounds left open  
Time shan't heal all, this may be left to rust internally  
To divulge into your bloodstream and live with you**

# Their Light, Like Burning Bodies

~

I've been waiting to find the way  
Finally show my true face  
But I don't want to be the one you hate

Catastrophize  
Lay me down, cover my eyes  
Take everything from me  
Leave me to be nothing

Pacing the fences in my head  
Feeling this for days on end  
Steeped in regret from my mistakes  
The weight of worthlessness

The mass will claim its state  
I'll be who you hate  
I don't want to go away  
But I'll have to one day

For everything you've said  
I've said nothing  
Lay me down softly  
To bury me

I'm losing the saturation  
Wasting my days, feeling empty

The contrast's creeping in  
I'm lost in their din

**Pipe Dreams of A Home and Stable Life**  
**on rickety frames, these bridges are made**

~

**You are not a building, but the rubble left after the bombs**  
**We are the same as the earth we walk on**  
**Yet our thoughts cloud the walls with insomnolence and rapacity**

**Bricks tied to chests, hope to sink, can never breathe**  
**Sapped from transience, in search for stability**  
**Pipe dreams of a home and stable life**

# Perfect

~

Warm rays peppering cotton  
Ruffled sheets, bled dry of night  
Soon to be reunited through dusk and love  
Dry, clean, their smell familiar and comforting

The small fern on the windowsill sits awaiting another shot of light  
As the clouds move from its path, it's met with light  
Terracotta brushing with the warmth of the evening  
Smile within, for we have ceased seething

A lamp glows across the room, barely touching the corners  
Chamomile's steam softly waving next to the warm glow  
From the opposite end, the natural din of the sun  
Delving into the knit at the foot of the bed

Tea in a floral cup, while the sun bleeds through an open window  
In the early hours of a winter's afternoon

# Despondent Ruminations For The Sunrise to Abhor With Their Cries

## Vestal

### From Their Hearts...

~

Give me back my life, we bellow to the sun  
Our voices worsen with every stunted syllable  
The veracity grows as control will fail you

From their lips are spit love and care  
They are machines and perfect people  
Our despondency is commodified through their perfection and poise

Our incorrigible insistence is detrimental  
From their hearts are thrown cupid's vestal arrows  
For our shields are too weak to be thrown against doors for cover

The infinitesimal sounds are immeasurable in grandiosity  
Our limbs are languid from insomnolence  
Scared and longing for her abode to console our itinerance

For what are we to do but long for more, and seek succour  
A supplement for greed is in the unbroken hearth  
These walls will not corrode

# Alacritous Machine, Wondrous Disease, Cacophonous Din

~

I don't want to be blind again  
Though limbs and voices will grow languid  
Their luminescence will fray at the edges  
They don't see the tracks that linger

We will climb from the depths until we can face the night again  
Their hand is firm and comforting in its grip  
We are not alone, and we can make this a real home  
With their hand in ours and our light together, we won't slip

The algae stays planted in its pot with my body  
I'm wishing I can move past this building  
Persistent patterns in comforting surprise  
Some form of succour is shown in this new stem of life

Our dim, warm light may seep from the door  
To let them know we're still here to offer support  
Though with their perspective it won't be seen as deserved  
They are innumerable, and bright, though they stay furled

-

I won't leave them as they may leave me  
Because I know they help my breathing  
The clear air and saturation will work in tandem to kill the contrast  
Though in darkness I will stay steadfast

My light is dim, I cannot see  
Anything past my small time  
These days I've been struggling to sleep  
Though I hold to what is mine

-

Their light, and wonder, paints light over tired eyes  
While we cannot sleep, it's okay to be alive  
It'll be all okay one day, sometime soon  
Just hope we can share it with them and their bloom

Breath stays strained as we lay awake  
We're far too scared of everything  
Their calming light helps lessen this weight  
In an attempt, with some success, with bringing light to these days

## To Grow

~

Exaltation still will take its toll  
While I try to find my home  
You will never cease to me  
But where I am it never ends

# Our Lights Set Aloft On High Peaks, Against Wind

## Part I

~

By my side  
It's all comforting  
We're still here  
There's something

With heavy heads  
Our days will stay  
These old messes  
With pull, will fray

Warm embrace  
Maybe one day  
Light is fading  
But we won't be

-

With hands clasping tongues  
An incline, repetitious and stunted  
The path trodden so long before, bowing under weight

If all is bright in theory, why do eyes drift to dark corners  
Detail is lost, and importance with it  
Reprisal isn't found in blankets of night

Be more than this idea  
With dissonance halting this new rise  
Refinement won't be readied by the repose

-

So little left here, encompassment grown to languidity  
(In all the stained lights baking the room in neon hues)  
Exposing blemishes in skin and walls, all the same  
Torn from respite, enamoured with the new day, and lost prosperity

Move for change, kill comparison  
Waning grace will fail, first light brings terror  
No more than this feeling left, once the stadium collapsed  
For no more than a falling spirit, in your chasmic heart

Opening into cathedrals, begging for allegiance  
Pain can be capitalised, Spirits wish to (take) meet us  
When all is failing, corruption can take its place  
Then the spotlight breaks, hearts will not ease

## Her Spirit Stays By The Side of My Bed

~

Kill the hesitation in its place  
Strive for more, not everything  
We are not empty vessels, we have meaning

To give yourself purpose is essential  
I know now that I'm meant to  
You don't need to wait for a saviour

The angels are not your life source  
They are but kind-hearted support  
Days won't be left empty

They still stand around the side of your bed  
Guarding your heart in spirit  
They're not leaving

Comforting  
Response to despondency  
Home is in the head  
Haunting dreams

They can guide me out of hell  
But I'll have to drag myself  
It's all okay now

## Her Spirit Stays By My Side, I Will Push For Change And Light

I'm scared of the nights again, I feel empty inside  
I am not derelict, I am full of meaning

For we have been shaking in our rooms again  
While their cries echo out through the broken rubble

If there's no more to push for than extinction and change

Push for it vehemently

Move forward despite fears and trepidation

Not to create or fix

Realise the broken state

Stay in our rooms, let news ring out

Through deadened walls

Discordant pleas will ebb

Beg for peace, and more than this

The cries of pain are on our side

Don't wait for the next day

Change and progress can not wait

Force yourself to breathe

Clear your mind of everything

Pull yourself from drowning dreams

**Wondrous Machines, Like Illuminated Bodies  
Oblivious To The Broken Ribs And Rotten Hearts**

**Valar**

~

**The quiet ambience built into every day  
Deafening quiet whenever their presence wanes  
Thoughts keep it clear though never tangible  
The recording isn't much, but it's better than a fable**

**The wondrous bodies paint the world in bright light  
Yet their source is internal, we are without their sight  
They can not see the desolation that may be left behind  
But in their absence we may cultivate our own light**

## From The Lips of The Wondrous Machine

### They Are All Okay Now, It Is Loud And We Can Not Think Anymore

~

I just want to be something  
But I don't need a title  
Cease this dissonance  
Make you smile  
Nothing should happen  
Everything needs to stop  
I hold to the recording  
It's all I've got

It's been so long since  
The sound first played  
I hold to all of it  
Day by day  
Everything's moving  
Just make it stop  
Nothing's coming forward  
But I can't give up

I just want to be someone  
And something to you  
I'm still stuck in this purgatory  
My lungs are painted blue

Just remember me  
I'm sorry for everything I said  
I meant everything  
I didn't mean to come across like this

Have everything else fall away  
Paint over this dismal array  
I can't think to breathe  
Please remember me

-

I just want to be something  
And something to you  
If I can make you smile  
It'll be okay for me too

# Ode

~

Isolated events, occurring concurrently  
Besotted on my minds events, indeterminately  
Something, please, to believe, persistent hope or knowledge  
A worthwhile vessel so we can get away from here on it

Patterned rise and fall, from a string to burn  
Like the noose from your neck, extinguish the hurt  
What else can I do, except let it burn  
Will it burn the bars, I'm terrified, but I yearn

How can I open my head so the thoughts can escape  
Are they able to be erased  
Can I at least heal them so I can sleep  
Can live one day to eat in peace

## Notes

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This album was released on February 14th, 2021. Each poem in this companion accompanies a song on the album. Some of the names overlap, though many of them do not. Each poem has been put in the order of corresponding tracks so as to make it easy to read through the companion while listening to the album.