

**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 respire, 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.