

**Strings
Speak
Mountains**

~

**i hope this haunts you
like it haunts me**

~

Album Companion

The Deathbed Confession of The Imagineer

(Kill Inertia)

~

My heart tosses inside my ribs while it sleeps
My burnt out hands can't give up though they're bleeding
My bones are brittle, my brain's been fatigued for days
My jaw is torn up from all the tension it carries

I see the light in your eyes and feel the warmth in your tones
I wish I had some positivity of my own
I recite old phrasings and clusters of words I heard somewhere
I want to do better but I'm confused, I'm all too scared

I'm not scared of the outside world anymore
I'm numb to its tactics and I'm scared for my life
I'm left wishing there's more than just buildings I abhor
I'm staying awake late at night, I'm not alright

-

Every new building is left with the same formulaic depression
It reminds me of those high contrast days that colour everything
Reduce the noise and maybe it'll get a little brighter
Or maybe the shit-heap will become a bit clearer

I wish for more than this, though it seems like too much
The ideals perpetuated in the cities fuel a want for giving up
Concrete grey peppers the skies unnaturally
This box to box lifestyle isn't sustainable or healthy

We should all find solace in something even if it is a box
Colour it bright, hang your art, let the life fill it in
It's enough even though it's secular to evolutionary needs
Pushed towards a stagnant and turbid stream to coagulate

-

Awaken yourself in every limb you still hold
For there is more to this life, there is still colour
The door is but natural fibre, kept to keep it all separate in hiding
The contemptuous tones do not condemn you, but your vessel
Every step begins with trepidation and premonition
Conditioning to believe that all there is is utilitarian grey and debris
Utility musn't be less than your value
Love isn't reserved for what we can't obtain
A single ember may burn a whole building to rubble
If only the fire shan't be snuffed from its inception
To breathe life into limb and grow further with space
Believe that everything isn't, but can, be okay

IT ISN'T SAFE THEY KNOW

~

Can I save myself
Can I stop thinking
They don't know me
It isn't safe out

The voices are back
I thought I was better

Can I feel clean
Their hands are pulling
Under my skin
My hands are shaking
Some light shines through my eyes

Burn their temples
My jaw still aches

I will make it better
I will smile tonight
Don't let them take my life

from outside

~

Bells ring in the dead of night
The time has come
With fingers numb
Close kept blankets, huddled in

Smiles ebb out from warmth within
Soft glow of the fire
For one day a year there is no noise in the streets
I am at peace

I wish for a place like there
That essence won't wane
But I might

Hard concrete keeps me awake
Please let me sleep
Just for tonight

-

Finally at peace
Centred in the empty streets
I am okay here
But I'm cold

Envelop me
Words are all I have left
It's enough right now
I'm still enough

Kill Inertia, Part II

(Godspeed Horror Song)

~

**Give pause from learned languid nature
Breathe horror into my veins
So I can move without thinking**

**Break the bonds by which we grow insipid
Our nature is not tepid
We should be more**

**Grow hoarse with the tearing of your voice
Scream for a new front to save us
To shake lethargy and fatigue for motion**

Duality or Duplicity

~

Kill the conquer
Ignite the forceful answer
Ripened tears at the wrists, for crimes you didn't commit
The luminescence is faulty as the judge sits still hungry

They prey on a lack of education
An attempt to sway us from political emancipation
Their bevy with signs wailing for false hope in new speeches

Our irony perpetuates itself within their greed
A backwards state in the mirror of their being
Their duplicity is showing, faces only growing

A new scourge left to rot on the beach in the peace
Mixed with the waves, kept shrill cries of agony
The vitriol mixed with the salt
With this sonder means a million new homes

Bleeding from duplicity, pontificating actuality
Paper seemed so clean
Contrasted street corners screaming the abhorrent

With the barricade the definition is lost
Symbols will wane
Edges of it fray
The parabola holds its advantage
The advancements may come at the extinguish of hope

I Can't Breathe

(Birmingham Hoses)

~

I Can't Breathe

We scream and beg for peace
The dam in the barrens can't contain us, so please
Cooperate, stop bringing these tears to our face
Just because you can't think, you shouldn't resign us to this fate

For hundreds of years the pleas have droned on
Yet you still fire back with the same worn out songs
Your anthems won't do shit against a current of disdain, unrest, and pure rage
You've had so many chances to make it right, yet every one has seemed like the end

A burning on a cross, hailing mary as if you're still worthy
Dim glow of the fire spread across your brothers faces
After their bloodied form was left bare, broken
And you left us bespoken

Why does attempted peace bring death and tears
Why do you line up in offence, for years
Why would you not be able to see the rot underneath your feet
You've built a rickety house on shaky ground, it will never be neat

When they sit down in a diner somewhere
Or raise peaceful signs, pleading for you to just hear
Why does that call for empty metal sockets pointed at faces
In what world does that call for degradation

Your garbs detail a battle upon us
When all we want is to stop it
I unfortunately don't know enough about this
But I know that an attempt at peace shouldn't bring burning eyes from the heartless

Birmingham Hoses

Their faces bleed into pale contempt
While you walk around and breed mass discontent
Your purposivity reeks of forlorn greed
Our solemn tongues are torn from the hands we're told we need

Why do our eyes bleed when we stand up against your disease
Your destructive duplicity isn't something we need
Only a few rotten apples, what a rotten tree it must be

You murder in cold blood, taken mothers from their sons
You still think this is a war that must be won
Against what except the broken, the plain injustice
I don't want to be a hypocrite but I hope that you suffer

Lob your canisters, give us the evidence
Keep killing us, because we know we'll remember it
Just so you know, we are the solvent
Because from what you've shown so far, it's plainly evident
That nothing you do is productive in the slightest

Your colour details peace, yet you're the furthest from it
Leave us dry and warm in our own beds
Don't drag us from our homes, to lie (forever) on cement

Notes

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This album was released on November 4th, 2020. The companion comprises six poems that accompany songs of the same name (subtitles are in brackets).