

*These are the lyrics that can be heard on the second half of the John Lyons sessions. They were recorded quite some time after the guitar tracks were done, but I thought I ought to take a stab at trying to "sing." Stop cringing. Now!*

#### **An Introduction:**

This is a story... A little introduction.  
This is a story... An introduction to my words.  
You can take my hand. I will lead you into my words. I'll make you a part of my fiction. I'll do my best to flatter you.

#### **Entrance of Fall, 1995**

So, I've fucked up again. I love two people. I can't really say why I love either of them, but I know that my reasons are entirely different. Then my mind says, "Of course you can love more than one person at a time, but not *this* way though."

Am I supposed to choose and thus risk offending one or the other? Have I already chosen in their minds? Can I find it in me to choose?

No, I can't ever choose. They are both so amazingly wonderful in their own special ways. I would love to please them both, so I keep thinking of equality—wishing to please one just as much as I may please the other.

So, I've fucked up. AGAIN.

But at least I am tormented with my love going out to these two very beautiful people... Right?

#### **The Beating**

Puffy burning eyes through which I cannot see,  
And the salty runoff that is being produced  
Trickles into my mouth through my slightly parted lips,  
Ready to be recycled

Staggering up the street in some sort of drunken confusion.  
So mentally drunk that I am thinking,  
"Should I fuck love with an iron fist and a stone cold heart?"

But there is a sober quiet voice,  
Quiet even though it is yelling with all of its might,  
Crying, "It is fear and cowardice which you ought to detest."

No doubt about it, fear saw the perfect entrance into our unity,  
Always subconsciously prompting me:  
"Go on bastard. Fuck it all up!  
Fuck up the BEST thing to have EVER happened to you."

And I almost listened.  
Making me, perhaps, the weakest, most foolish person  
In the existence of mankind.

I'm still struggling with the allowance of personal freedom,  
But it is finally fighting the sense into me.

#### **First Poem for a Friend**

A day in the life of indecision.  
Indecision about self and about existence.

Meanwhile a smile bears the story of trust.  
It reads, "I've found a friend who wears no masks.  
Instead, her face defined honesty and beauty.  
Her mind exceeds those definitions. She is true."

*(Words have tried to express these emotions for years.  
Scrambled feelings hidden in words.  
My emotions being hindered by a pen,  
As I write my first poem for a friend.)*

The story is shared—the story of a friendship.  
The story of words of encouragement and total amazement.

We may still be undecided about self,  
But now we are certain of beauty,  
And what makes certain people  
The shining stars that they are.

#### **Silence**

Today my mouth rarely opened when I wanted to speak,  
And when it did open it rarely said what I wanted it to.  
That happened all day today.

It will probably happen tomorrow too.  
And I will continue to keep my feelings muted.

And I remember when I looked at you today.  
And we sat together and I listened to you talk about yourself.

Much of what was said was quite unfavorable.  
And in my mind I disagreed with you.  
And I know I was right to disagree,  
But my mouth rarely opened today....

#### **...and the nose feels left out."**

My eyes stare downward past nose and the twisted upward, smiling lips of my mouth. The past seems erased, sitting in this serene setting, surrounded by perfectly beautiful, clear, flowing water. Well, not quite erased, but certainly quite a bit better. That was since a certain little occurrence, an occurrence confusing to a young mind dealing with the constantly changing ways of the world. Eyes now glance upward and into the eyes they had never dared to look into before. "I never did realize how peaceful and inviting they were. I have always been afraid of them."

Smile widens to an embarrassing size, causing me to turn away for a couple of seconds, trying to regain a fairly well contained facial expression.

Eyes stare downward again, past nose and now emotionless lips. I feel guilty and selfish sitting here. I cannot comprehend what could have been going on in my mind in the past to make me think the way that I did. I want to get up and leave.

Nose sits, confused, between the two emotion displaying features on a face and wonders why such a beautiful scene must be made into such a depressing letdown.

#### **Persistence of that which is Desired**

A coward sits under stars. Earlier on, he had discarded his hindering veil. A veil that had enveloped his true words and feelings. Now, he clutches wilting flowers in his character lacking hands.

I remember feeling like he did. I remember the many short friendships and all the moments of curling up together and the times when, while lying together, we lied to each other and said, "We'll be friends forever. We will always remain together."

I also clutched those wilting flowers given to me as a token of our friendship. I clutched them hoping that you would be more than an image to me.

Later, however, upon encountering reality, I turned and walked away, eyes reddened and cheeks wet with tears.

The truly depressing part is that I never wanted those relationships to last. I never expected them to. All that I cared for was someone willing to give up a few seconds of life to listen to what I considered to be problems. But being the fool that I was, I would feel compelled to make it something more and try to keep together two people who clearly shouldn't be together.

Now the beautiful smiles of those in my past enter my mind and I wonder how much of my past in pertinent to the past of the coward before me. I shyly turn away from the coward who is really nothing more than an image of my past.

And I fear that I have now lost.

#### **Confusion, Corner**

Nothing can hold this feeling down. Nothing and no one can hold me down. I am isolated intentionally. No loneliness here though. Exhaustion, tired of trying. Trying and having little success, maybe some fear. But leave me alone. Leave me and my emptiness. I'll smack a kiss on its lips. Smack a kiss on your lips. Run away, feeling empty.

Thinking about you... Here I am again cuddled up in my corner with the image of you next to me. Smiling, you are nothing but a memory. My mind can clutch you in its grasp and draw you into me. Breathtaking.

Now, you are no longer an image. Here, next to me, we cling to each other. We are drawn together and stuck to each other. I feel like I need you here to tame my mind and harness my thoughts. Keep them reasonable and powerful. I am tired of these thoughts straying. I am still tired of trying.

That was my failure. No motivation. Nothing forced me to tell you my thoughts. Nothing and no one encouraged me to even bother to try. I was as free and isolated, as any fool could be. I had created a chain to hold me down.

I tied me down! I tied my words down! I told myself, "This is what I want!" I never said anything though, because I thought you'd realize my every intention by assumption. I thought....

#### **The Moon Now Sits in the Spotlight, and the Dogs are out Barking**

It is six thirty in the morning. The sun is rising and the birds are singing. Clouds of last night are gradually scattering, initially revealing the brilliant colors of the morning skies, then giving way to the expected blue sky. Enter now, a morning person, out for a stroll. The sight before him is a common one, and being common, it is rarely appreciated by him.

It is seven now and he stands outside an old house surrounded by massive oaks and adorned with the flowering plants of springtime. However, all that this person makes of the sight before him is, "I'm home... I need to start weeding before my plants get destroyed. Some game every year." It is always the same and our person fully accepts the fact.

"But I am alive," he continues, somewhat hesitantly as he slowly ascends some stairs onto the porch. He goes over to one end of the porch and climbs into a hammock. "At least I am alive," he reassures himself, closing his eyes.

Eight now, or maybe half after, and he is feeling the warmth of the sun on his face. "Remember the days and weeks of yesteryear?" he whispers to himself. "Oh how time has slipped by."

"It has, hasn't it?" states a voice, foreign to our early riser. He opens his eyes to find a woman leaning on the railing of the porch, a cup of coffee in her hand. She turns and takes a seat opposite to the man in the hammock.

"Do you ask that often?" she questions, finishing her coffee.

"Who are you?"

Our morning riser sits up. He knows the sight before him. He knows what the person is here for. In no more than a minute the days and weeks of yesteryear flash through his mind. Nothing.

"I am alive," he whispers, and continues, "What will people think? Will I be remembered in the hearts of my friends?"

Time and life go on.

"Eleven thirty. It is hard to say exactly how much time has gone by," notes the lady on the porch. "I tried waking him up but he said that the woods had taken over his garden and that the sun no longer shone on his plants. He said that I was no longer a concern of his.

Life found her job done.

Time left her mark and merrily continued on.

#### **An Ending**

Is this the end?

Today, the day you could have sworn "Life's not worth it."

You had your first in the mirror for a moment.

You got shards of glass stuck between your fingers.

Then you followed by smashing what was left of the mirror with your forehead.

And your splinter covered hands sliced into your cheeks.

And tears were left to sting the fresh wounds....

You were thinking, "Yeah, I guess this is it.  
I wonder what happens after I die.  
I wonder how the other people would react."

It's the same as it has fucking always been....  
The other people.

"Is my hair ok? Do I smell good enough for society?  
Are my clothes expensive and fashionable enough?  
Will you accept me?"

The other people....  
Couldn't they somehow matter less?

Fluttering heart flipped upside down,  
Stabbed over and over again.  
And you withdraw into yourself and hide.  
And you let the cobwebs slowly grow.

You're hoping that they will grow enough  
That you'll soon be able to hide yourself.  
Yourself and your slightly open stinking scars.  
Stinking stinging scars still being burned  
By the tears that you are causing me.

It seems like spirit is nearing an end.

Oh God. Do you really want this to be the end?

#### **Again, Why?**

A figure of love in my life, correcting me.  
He does not know my feelings and wants.  
He does not mean to ruin my life but he does.  
And alcohol is here, running and ruining his.

Yeah he must know that I love this. AH HAI  
Just like I love his cigarette smoke  
Swarming all through the car and into my face.  
So I stick my head out of the car window  
And I hum my way out of reality.

Standing in the bathroom in front of a mirror,  
Looking at a pair of nice thick sideburns.  
And my eyes continuously burn,  
And tears eventually cover my face.  
There is no one like him, especially not here.  
And I do not want to be anything like him.

I do not want this recollection that I have of him,  
But that is how he was.  
But he is not here anymore and I miss him,  
And I see a razor and I pick it up.  
I look at my sideburns,  
Slowly going down the drainpipe.

This place is nothing like Home.  
This place is nothing like Home...  
They asked me, "Why isn't here anything like Home?"  
And I tried to ask my father, "Why?"