

- a. **THE BEAUTY DAYS**: Ananda - bass, guitars, drum machine.
- b. **THE PERSONALITY OF A TEARDROP**: David - drums Ananda - percussion, bass.
- c. **EAT MY IRON LUNG**: Bret - drums Ananda - bass Jef - voice. "Eat my iron lung!"
- d. **YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG**: Susan - voice; Ananda - assembly, bass drone. "Bali bali black sheep, have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir! Three bags full. Come on! You're doing it wrong! No."
- e. **FIRST POEM FOR A FRIEND**: David - drums; Ananda - bass, guitar, vocals. "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 these 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."
- f. **FIST FIGHTS OF OLDER FOLK**: David - drums; Ananda - percussion, guitar, trombone, bass.
- g. **AS DAWN COMES UPON US**: Bret - drums, Jef - singing, Ananda - bass.
- h. **ANOTHER CREATION**: Ananda - toys and tin cans.
- i. **CONFUSION, CORNER**: Ananda - bass, guitar, vocals. "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. It tied me down! It 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..."
- j. **REHASHED MUSIC**: Bret - drums; Ananda - bass.
- k. **ON OUR WAY TO STARDOM**: Mike - bass, elf sounds; Ananda - bass, guitar twangs.
- l. **NIGHT INTRODUCTION**: Bret - drums, Ananda - bass.
- m. **ENTROPY**: David - drums; Ananda - drums.
- n. **KISS?**: Ananda - voice, percussion, string sounds. "What do you think? Do you think I want to crawl after you and kiss your feet? I can always kiss you on the lips, gladly kiss those hands of yours, but you won't find me crawling after your feet..."
- o. **MARCHING TOWARDS COLD NIGHTS**: Bret - drums; Ananda - bass.
- p. **TRUST US WITH YOUR FUTURE**: David - drums; Ananda - percussion, tape noise, bass drone.
- q. **LEER HJITUM**: Ananda - toy piano, bass, voice, drum machine.
- r. **SCREAM**: Bret - voice, drums; Ananda - voice, bass. "Scream something!"
- s. **ELABORATIONS**: Ananda - guitars, percussion, toys. "Walking down an empty mind and sym belism unconsciously defines the paths and reads on which we are allowed to live our lives. Now, an argumentative pointer follows me around and we claim to realize our errors so we take our time and correct them. And here is a man who has arrows that corrupt him, and going down his empty street he finds a blank mind. Encountering a blank mind a face does that thing I hate and slippers are sliced upon stepping on glass. Man on glass is aware of this pain and compares it to life and a slit wrist. I've tried it before he states, with a paranoid expression overridden by a smile. 'I've tried it before, the damn thing didn't work.' Quote: So what do you think, do you think I want to crawl after you and kiss your feet? I can always kiss you on the lips, gladly kiss those great hands of yours, but you won't find me crawling after you to kiss your feet, unquote. Uncertainty appears. Who was he talking to? Why must I be his confidant? Is this truly a lasting trust? Wind breaks trees and blows over pillars, walls remain standing so we continue hiding in rooms. Reality is the truth that defies all definitions. Man said painters are as beautiful as their paintings in their silence and spark for causing curiosity within me. A painting, vileous as their scarce words are striking, I never recalled this feeling of fear before, when I had previously faced what is here before me. But now that I am supposed to feel fear, I'm not sure, but I think I do. Uncertainty, again. Realism and beauty corrupt my mind. An empty road and mind, mine, questions, what does it mean to be happy and love? Elaborations."
- t. **CONFORMITY**: Ananda - bass, guitar, drum machine, voice. "How restrictive it is here in this place that we are stuck, forced to live and love our wonderful, creative lives. We think 'Oh! How huge! How marvelously terrific!' and we continue our dull lives. Day begins, routine, a plan that hasn't been changed for years. Day ends, sleep, dream about the way your life could be. The people I could meet! Oh my God! I'd much rather live this accessible dream. It never occurs to you how accessible it is. It never occurs to you that your dream is not as unreal as it seems. Awake as you follow with conformity, living life. Don't talk to the people next to you, they are all strangers. In your mind, you house these great ideas which you don't follow through, you're afraid you'll be stopped. My ear freezes and refuses to be influenced by what you call knowledge."
- u. **TRSES**: Ananda - guitars, drum machine.
- v. **VAIN ATTEMPTS**: Bret - pots and pans; Ananda - drums; Jef - bass drone.
- w. **ELANIEM**: Ananda - bases, vocals, drum machine, keyboards. "Elaniem, the sad beauty, whispered to me about the stars and the flowers and the nature of life and love, betrayal and harmony, sincerity and laughter, and my smile changed to laughter with a tongue flicking in my ear whispering 'kiss me softly, tell me lies. Sing lullabies to me to close my eyes and to withdraw me from that which I despise, and then I shall dream and perhaps I will be happy with what I see.'"
- x. **MANIPULATIONS**: Bret - drums; Ananda - manipulations.
- y. **FILLER**: Sam - percussion; Ananda - guitar.