

## **SYLVIE – TREES AND FENCES ARE OUR ONLY FENCES**

### **Break Out for Summer**

I'm jealous that I taught you  
Everything I knew in such a short time.  
It's been such a long time since my hands  
Have shaken like they did today as we made plans

To break out for the summer  
To joyride in your car  
Walking down dark alleys  
To look up at the stars  
Look at all the stars.

I get carried away but nowhere else,  
Or anywhere real.  
This time I feel pumping in my veins,  
Frankness of my posture as we erase

I'm erasing all these plans,  
To somehow move away  
Piling up the sand  
Where my head will lay

I'm breaking out the windows  
Climbing down the walls  
The service is out of order  
The service doesn't exist  
Doesn't exist at all

My friends have all come back now  
To a depleting downtown with a dangerous night  
What a brilliant sight, too hard to respond  
To what it must have looked like,  
From the windows beyond

As we broke out for the summer  
To joyride in your car  
Walk down your dark alley  
To look up at the stars  
Look at all the stars

## **Please Make it Home**

This town is just baby teeth pushing through the skin  
Cries like city sirens muffled by wide eyes and hearts rustling  
Legend has it, before this stone was an empty plane,  
An empty throne that collected hearts of wanderers  
And lent them to the night.

Please make it home, you're a hero  
To look up to and to hold me at the seams  
Like horizons and lever controls

The last sugars inside your body are burning for a way out  
Work it out  
The last teachers to all the young ones, forgot the details  
Forgot to mention about smoke stacks on crematoriums

Please make it home, you're a hero  
To look up to and to hold me at the seams  
Like horizons and lever controls

We left our remotes to lose control  
Use batteries to console you

The last sugar's inside your body  
Hey you see this you win it

We left our remotes to lose control  
It's trouble

## **Satellites**

Hey it's not so bad, we're limited by our health  
Change our blood to oil or water  
And our bones to boardroom chairs  
Looks like we've all been made  
Circuited and mislead  
Stand up to the humans and you that sold you for parts  
And then left you for dead

Left here on account of my  
Dependency on a satellite  
Help us find the crutch that I  
That I gave up for a satellite.

Hey it's not so bad, it's more anatomy  
Stand up to natural selection  
Your revolution strategies  
The poor are sent to war and work unhappily  
Stand up to the humans and you that auctioned your place  
To the powers that be.

Left here on account of my  
Dependency on a satellite  
Help us find the crutch that I  
That I gave up for a satellite.

My robot parts can't take the weather patterns here  
But if you change our blood to oil or water  
There'd be energy to spare  
Looks like this has all been staged  
Been circuited and misled  
Stand up to the leaders that sent you away  
And sleep in your bed

Left here on account of my  
Dependency on a satellite  
Help us find the crutch that I  
That I gave up for a satellite.

### **Instruments of War**

Our eyes turn to neon signs  
Vultures circling the fire of our ideas that burned so bright  
Breath to breath lost on words  
Of a new world's currency, turned the stone under our feet  
Of a lost world's currency, turned the stone under our feet

Hold me to your chest  
We'll see how this pans out  
Love will cure unrest

Our hands lack the mobility  
Required to caress and hold each other's heads in our hands  
Our eyes lack the foresight  
Required to prevent our instruments  
From turning to instruments of war

Our hands turn to carbon clouds  
Vultures circling you now, picking away the parts

That we didn't know we even had.  
Like a lost technology hanging from their beaks  
I thought I saw a cause standing there  
But I haven't seen in weeks  
Hold me to your chest  
We'll see how this pans out  
Love will cure unrest

Our hands lack the mobility  
Required to caress and hold each other's heads in our hands  
Our eyes lack the foresight  
Required to prevent our instruments  
From turning to instruments of war

### **Listen Up**

They say we all need a way out  
But we can't tell anybody else  
The great silence of our time as thick as dirt on our chest  
So listen up and listen up good  
We're coming back to settle up  
They say we all need a way home  
But we can't ask for help

So listen up and listen up good  
We're coming back to settle up  
(It's too bad you're sober)

I've seen ten thousand lights blinking  
And felt like they were all for me  
Like raindrops on oceans as rivers rush to seas  
A second hand light for second hand man  
Struggling to get living right  
They say we all need a way home  
It's too late maybe another night

So listen up and listen up good  
We're coming back to settle up  
(It's too bad you're sober)

If this connects to the next  
I'm safe until we slow down  
I'm safe unless we slow down  
I'm safe until we slow down

## Dark Ages

We could save this life for the golden years  
Or live it up for the time we've been given here  
Retire faith and values that we held so dear  
Take an about face with our deafened ears  
So build your stock portfolio and kiss my ass  
Cause this politic isn't going to last  
Overpopulate we become outclassed  
We're just tempting fate, we won't see it as  
We go down like dinosaurs

But it seems so clear  
(Looking to increase your credit score)  
For a hundred years  
(Freedom fifty five and go to war)  
Now the time is right to go and fight for this failure  
That we've engineered  
But it's not so clear  
(Seconds on desert and wanting more)  
Though I think it's near  
(Begging as our jaws drag on the floor)  
Now the time is right to go and fight for this failure  
That we've engineered.

I would bet that in this next century  
All the trouble that we gawk at on the tv screen  
Will be out our windows and across the street  
Trade our SUV's for begging poverty  
We're all cogs turning in a broken down machine  
Coveting our place in this bureaucracy  
I'm going to take this time for friends and family  
Not going to wait around until I turn seventy

But it seems so clear  
(Looking to increase your credit score)  
For a hundred years  
(Freedom fifty five and go to war)  
Now the time is right to go and fight for this failure  
That we've engineered  
But it's not so clear  
(Seconds on desert and wanting more)  
Though I think it's near  
(Begging as our jaws drag on the floor)  
Now the time is right to go and fight for this failure

That we've engineered.

Begging as our jaws drag on the floor

Can't you see the trend this could be the end

As we build into the dark ages

Lie our way into the dark ages

Can't you see the trend this could be the end

Selling out into the dark ages

Retire ourselves into the dark ages

Eat our way into the dark ages

Pray our way into the dark ages

### **Notes on Counters**

Just like a reflex

Telling you not to stay

These bodies are hard wired

Heart, blood, lungs, brain

Like thieves in your cellar

Like leaves out in your yard

Like notes on your counter

Telling you how long I'll be gone

My life's a kingdom

The city's death brings out your eyes

I'm the last man to see the glass in your smile

The kingdom's death brings out your eyes

As silhouettes in windows swing from side to side to side

The city's death brings out your eyes

Shadows and small change

Line the streets at night

If I ride you like transit

I'd go anywhere you like

Who cares where we'd end up

We'd live there like stones in the sea

Call your boss in the morning

Kiss and fall asleep

My life's a kingdom

My life's a kingdom's reign

The city's death brings out your eyes

I'm the last man to see the glass in your smile  
The kingdom's death brings out your eyes  
As silhouettes in windows swing from side to side to side  
The city's death brings out your eyes

Mice in the cellar  
Leaves in the yard  
Left you a note on the counter  
Saying how long I'll be gone

Thieves in the cellar  
Leaves in the yard  
Left you a note on the counter  
Saying how long I'll be gone

Thieves in the cellar  
Police in the yard  
Left you a note on the counter  
Saying how long I'll be gone

Police in the cellar  
Police in the yard  
Left you a note on the counter  
Saying how long I'll be gone

The city's death brings out your eyes  
I'm the last man to see the glass in your smile  
The kingdom's death brings out your eyes  
As silhouettes in windows swing from side to side to side  
The city's death brings out your eyes

### **She Sells Sea Shells**

There was a time I had been naked, cold and alone  
A hermit crab prospector needs a shell for a home  
There it lay upon the shore of the specific bay  
An empty shell of consequence with distress  
And make waves

Don't sweat it don't  
I'm a victim of myself

So blind so long  
For the victim hidden behind this face  
Left here without a trace

I should have known you'd go out with the incoming tide  
A symbiotic schism left me with no place to hide  
I'd seen it coming if I hadn't been blinded by pride

Don't sweat it don't  
I'm a victim of myself

So blind so long  
For the victim hidden behind this face  
Left here without a trace

I shed this space to leave a carapace  
(We're left here)

Washed away the currents pull me back into the sea  
Where the fishes swim to take a piece of me  
Pull pick away, eviscerate my soft anatomy  
The carapace that housed my body is empty

So blind so long  
For the victim hidden behind this face  
Left here without a trace

### **Mallets**

I'm moving to a prairie town  
The kind where cemeteries look how they should  
Trees and shade are our only fences  
Long silence clears the senses

I'm moving to a town  
Somewhere to start and something more natural  
Somewhere to look you in the eye

Lost our social goals to the pockets that reality shows  
Mallets turn to hammers and nails  
Build the houses, bleed the people  
Leaving stares  
(Mallets glaze the eyes of the animals)

Hear, hear mankind for the paralyzed.

I'm moving to a prairie town  
The kind where cemeteries be where they should be

Trees and swings are our only fences  
No armies no defenses

I'm moving to a town  
Somewhere to start and something more natural  
Somewhere to look you in the eye

Lost our social goals to the pockets that reality shows  
Mallets turn to hammers and nails  
Build the houses, bleed the people  
Leaving stares  
(Mallets glaze the eyes of the animals)

Hear, hear mankind for the paralyzed.

### **When We Were Young**

We ran until we fell  
With footsteps on our backs  
They told us there could be no other  
Way to fill those gaps

But then it was too late  
By then they'd gone too far  
Those footsteps on our backs had branded us so far  
From those

Tragedies of life  
Those tragedies of sounds that  
Terrified us in those photographs of us  
When we were young

They told us that you'd found another  
Way to carry on  
The prospects of our lives with no mother  
It's time to move along

But then it was too late  
By then they'd gone too far  
Those footsteps on our backs had branded us so far  
From those

Tragedies of life  
Those tragedies of sounds that  
Terrified us in those photographs of us

When we were young

When they threw us in the box they poked the holes  
And we were in the dark  
All that we had left was breathing  
When they threw us in the box they poked the holes  
And we were in the dark  
All that we had left was breathing  
All that we had left were

Tragedies of life  
Those tragedies of sounds that  
Terrified us in those photographs of us  
When we were young

When they threw us in the box they poked the holes  
And we were in the dark  
All that we had left was breathing

### **Suitcases**

This residence is empty, this residence isn't much  
Inside these broken hands are broken fingers,  
Inside this blackened heart's broken blood  
I packed up the boxes and I'm leaving the dust  
Inside these broken hands are broken fingers  
Inside this blackened heart's broken blood

Statistically  
Our hearts can touch each other  
Mathematically  
We'll split this distance forever

I can see the vacant industries upon the horizon  
Inside these broken gates are broken pennants  
It looks like an old man stretched out on his back  
Inside these broken towns are broken stories

Like jagged steel and lost friends we've had  
Inside this broken heart is broken blood

Statistically  
Our hearts can touch each other  
Mathematically  
We'll split this distance forever

Suitcases closed and no one knows when they'll be  
Back under the beds again  
Collecting dust as hinges rust  
We're traveling out like empty shells of our own