

Invisible With No Shore

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Prison In My Head

(I'm gonna kill you song,
I'm gonna kill you!)

Got an is, got a was, got a were, but no
her. Gotta go, I've gotta split, need a place
to have a fit. Had your back, had your car,
I kinda drove a little far. Crash the party,
crash the sound, still I go another round. I
took advantage, I took a hit, I took the
exit, I couldn't quit. I guess I know I let
you down, spread my seed around town. Don't
know maybe, I'll find a way, to make it up
someday. Until then you've cut the cord, I
tied a noose with the Lord. Guess my train
wasn't glory bound, in the attic I'll be
(pro)found.

North of Know North

I am out on the street, I've got no place to
go. All my stuff is at my feet, it's buried
in the snow. the locks are changed, she's
closed the blinds, our love is wreck and
splinter. I'm out of luck, she don't give a
truck and it is the ead of winter.///

my patience is feeling thin, so is my leather jacket. The neighbours are yelling to shut up with the racket. I'm a little pissed off and I won't desist and cease, she says if I don't leave now she's calling the police./// really? All my clothes in recycle bags With used cat litter you borrowed from the neighbours. Come on?

You thrashed my Tom Waits records!? Raindogs? Do you know how hard this album is to find? I searched for it for four years and finally found it at Sound Connection for \$4. Oh the inhumanity! My goldfish! You put my goldfish in a snowbank? Bitch, that's cold. So what if that goldfish's name was "My-Other-Girlfriend"? My childhood Star Wars action figures! Not Boba Fett! And Yoda? You melted the face off of Yoda? What kind of off world monster are you anyway?//// Our relationship was time in the belly of the beast, but now there's a cold front coming in from the east. things have fallen dire, it is as much as I fear. Maybe I could call that one friend I had last year.//// My hands are going numb and I can see my frozen breath. This break up like an iceberg as I slowly freeze to death. It is tough times loving girls in northern climes. This frozen Hell my prison cell, I will pay for my crimes!

P.S. You're Hot

give myself a final break. gift worth giving for the giving's sake. transformation, what's it take? if you've got an out i've got a make. to the lies i'm already dead. false alibis singing in my head. well, maybe not dead but at least i'm trying to rebirth my spirit in a process like dying. been kept down for far too long. takes all my courage just to sing this song. would you know if i gave you a gem? the liars surround, are you one of them? i see your heart as if it's a mirror. please reflect me beyond fear. you're precious like sunlight or a pearl in a stream. Time's current flows, come share in the dream. remember that game you played as a child. before they took you, made you unwild. domesticated, they broke your spirit, but now it's calling. can you hear it? when you're far away you were told "no my friend, you're very cold." but when you got near to what you sought, they'd go & giggle, say "you're very hot." i see you in a prison of invisible walls. you suffer daily as your innocence calls "Please free me, don't leave me alone. cause everything here casts the first stone." i'll write you a letter to help your soul. you'll fully win when you take control. in the journey

for wholeness it's good news i got. i'll
finish the letter "P.S. you're hot."

Wholeness

Your joy's in division, your joy's been
divided. I don't know where it happened, but
it's been decided that this song is called
"Wholeness", this song's called to war, to
help you realize it is your joy you are
fighting for. What happened to love in the
hands of fate? Did you arrive on the scene
but get there too late? Did it slip from
your grasp and fall through the grate? How
did you become a creature of hate? Your joy
is keenly calling from across the divide, to
help you discover the world that is inside.
Make the choice, heed the voice and access
the key. The joy that is in you is the love
that is in me.////Just as you're searching,
your joy is seeking you, It has the plan to
help you pull through. Find joy in the
sorrow that strangles the world, unite
through light with your joy unfurled. You
are becoming less of yourself each day,
needle pierces heart a Callnd you're buried
in hay. No one can hear what you falter to
say, you are crushed by depression and can't
find your way. I have watched you fade, I

have witnessed the danger you inflict like a convict, you're becoming a stranger period to even yourself, to even the score. Have you forgotten the joy needs to be fought for?/////Angel it is wrong, to smother your song. Treasure, I measure they never you sever. Shores of light call through the night. Return what you stole and become whole because I won't let you fail. I won't let you fail. Help me find the way.

Numbers

I will have my breakfast on the Sunnyside of the street. Sunnyside eggs to make my life complete. With bellyful I can gaze at the sky enjoying the sweetness of my piece of the pie.

Tonight you burn books to stay warm, a plague of locusts your shelter from storm. A drink of poison you Raise in the toast. Life was the thing that you needed the most. You sunk in the feeling to ocean floor. hopes hung from the ceiling, can't take anymore. Belated they will love you, show you that they care, now that you have decided to stop breathing air.

Pretty white fences, powered with lights.
White power fences block out the night.
Block out the night, welcome the day,
everything is gonna go my way. Buy a new
house, purchase a car. Your lack of
compliance won't get you very far. Be well
adjusted, consume without end. Uphold the
law. The government's your friend.

The devil is a trickster, he has knives in
his coat. He'll be asking for poetry, you
will be writing a note. The bridge of this
song is dangerously high. The long walk
toward it is the last door you will try.
The sirens they call you from beneath your
wrists. How many days did you sign away
pissed? Why stay in the world that doesn't
seem to care? Or even quite notice you're
actually there.

"I want to die." Don't dance like no one is
watching. Don't dance that way simply
because, you should dance like no one gives
a fuck about you, 'cause hey guess what? No
one does.

as you ride into the sunset, you are going
to get burned. No place anymore for the
lessons you have learned. Nerve Anna rides
shotgun, best shoot from the hip. This one's
a mouthful so steady your grip. Bite the
bullet, or swallow it whole. No time for

dodging the unity you stole. If you play it by the numbers you will come up short. This plan you need to abort.

Right What You No

So you want to be an Artist. Your vision cannot depart us. To heaven's door you hold a key. With your talent you'll set us free. Art like a treasure, few minds can measure. Yet take heed, hear my plea.///First things first, prepare for the worst. You won't be doing your Art for free, you'll be paying for the privilege of keeping it alive. After shows, you will be hounding friends and acquaintances to buy your work at cost. Have fun with that. It's really rewarding.///So your plan is to make a living as a professional independent writer? Lots of acclaim there. Enjoy explaining to your 6 year old child why you can't afford peanut butter. You'll get a first hand taste of this system when you're licking the boot heels of poverty. All in thanks for committing to your creativity.///You want your band project to go far and you're planning your next tour?

How about a tour of the food bank? when you are not dealing with flake outs wasting your time and resources, you are facing the monolith of keeping your music alive. You truly are one in a million.///Oh wait! What is this glimmer at the end of the tunnel? It is Art funding! What dreams! What hope! It is the Foundation for the fARTS and they're too busy giving established Artists and each other hand jobs in a circle jerk bigoted against ground level Artists to even consider your application. It's a joke.///out in the desert of the woken world you will juggle snakes and antidotes. Could your Art be unacclaimed due to it being ahead of its time, or simply because you actually lack substance and do not possess any real talent besides a capacity to delude yourself with visions of grandeur. You will be wading hip deep in the suicides, the bypassed rebels and unsung underdogs kicked to the curb.///Society claims to support Art, but it is a parasite that feeds on the cream of the crop that rises to the top. Regardless if you are the real deal, or just a yearning thief who longs to steal, there is a good chance you will be loveless at the crossroads, with only the Devil to share in the joke that has your wasted life as the punchline.///but hey, why listen to me? I'm just a grizzled renaissance man who

never got the fame that a life devoted to inspiration promised. Ah! But the game isn't over yet. Of course art is a paradise and heaven. Just don't be surprised when you find it clear cut on your way to the prison camp. Art is a weapon to beat back oppression. A living, breathing entity, a representation of the best that humankind can be. Will you let it go extinct, by allowing those who rule you to poison the Earth and rape Her corpse beyond recognition? Your voice is the last standing vessel of freedom. What say you?!

Slaughterhouse Son

My teenage mother was cute, smart and hardy. Pregnant at 13, raped at a Bush party. Abortion weren't no option in this piece of crap town. The system's got a way of keeping you down. Kicked out of school and left in the gutter, her butterfly heart never Completely lost its flutter. She took a job at the only place that would have her. Employed by the slaughterhouse from that moment after. You might think that I am lying, that this story is a fib. But just off the killing floor is where she kept my crib. No childcare to be found, she

scraped by check to check. Demoralised and loving, stained in blood up to her neck.///on her breaks she would breastfeed me, caress my face with a sigh. "You're the most beautiful thing in the world and that ain't no lie." when the whistle blew and the day's bleak story was told, we would return to our apartment of rats, roaches and mold. She would sing to me at night, until I fell asleep. Then, in her own bed, she would silently weep. But she often gave thanks and even held to joy, to be blessed in this world by her beautiful boy. I learned to read the animals as telling as a book. The panic, the fear, that horrified look. Mechanized cruelty, confined in tiny stalls. Slaughterhouses would all be demolished if they only had glass walls.////my mother died of breast cancer when I was just 15. It seems like a life of suffering was all that she had seen. I held her hand and her gaze until her final breath, when she returned to sweeter realms through the gates of death.////for over a year and a half I have had to scrimp and save, but tomorrow I finally get to place a stone at her grave. It has a simple message, to keep her safe from strife: "HERE LIES ABIGAIL, SHE LOVED ANIMALS & LIFE."

(fades with her laughter)

Employment Deployment

These people don't give a fuck about you. Coworkers. Tell you what to say, tell you what to do. Coworkers. They will cut you down, judgmental stare. Coworkers. Behind your back it's laissez faire. Coworkers. This guy is a jerk, that one's a bitch. Coworkers. They would leave you bleeding in a ditch. Coworkers. You're on the run, you better cut your losses. Coworkers. They will narc you out to the bosses. Coworkers.

My coworker, she is so lovely. She is so kind and sweet. She never puts herself far above me. Jesus knelt to wash some feet.

They write hate mail, want you to subscribe. Coworkers. You have had it up to here with their rancid vibe. Coworkers. Like a headache pain in your frontal lobe. Coworkers. They are the spiritual equivalent of an anal probe. Coworkers. Why was I nervous every time we talked? Coworkers. Your attention to me had split and walked. Coworkers. Then I knew why confidence was fraying. Coworkers. Because you don't give a fuck about anything I'm saying. Coworkers.

My coworker, she is so nifty. She gives me lots of high fives. I know she is smart and

totally thrifty. In her presence my happiness thrives.

Long after you are born they make you feel small. Coworkers. You will be marking time like a prison wall. Coworkers. The manager in power is constantly befriended. Coworkers. They were kind of sad when Apartheid ended. Coworkers. Bullies come and bullies go. Coworkers. In back alleys these bullies blow. Coworkers. Power trippin, slur your name around town. Coworkers. Their backs are yellow, their noses brown. Coworkers.

Lost-Core

"You can't start a song with the ending of a song."

Don't tell me what to think. Don't tell me what to say. Rotten heart I smell your stink. How I wish you'd go away./// Fuck you you're not my hero. Fuck you you're not my hero. All your lies they come to zero. Fuck you you're not my hero./// Don't tell me who to be. Don't tell me what to do. Keeping slaves, never free. I sure as fuck don't answer to you.

YOUniverse Curse

The Universe will take you, break you, shake you to the ground. Once you're fully beaten, can you go another round? They say with Love to rise above, but can't they see you're bleeding? Darkness in your journey as you watch your dreams receding./////

Blind for sight, you fight for the right to give yourself away. How in hell do you find the strength to go another day? You approach the present moment like part of you is grieving, yet now is the only time to get yourself believing./////I can see you're in a trance and I won't let you dance with the Devil. Take a chance, let Life enhance and come on back to the level. Give this story your greater glory, unfold the brightness within. Now in time align with your rhyme and find the place to begin.///// 7×7 is 49. Can you do the math where you are sublime? Add it up, don't take it away. Get to the groove where you will always stay, my King for a day. Won't you find away?/////I saw your beauty in the height of night. I was bathed in that endless light. Your heart wrapped around me like a blanket. Did I ever get the chance to truly thank it? Sweetest of flowers, won't you rise above? Fill your hours with endless love.

Julie Doiron

Nobody knows how to say your last name. In your Church of Light ain't no one to blame. Never seen it done fifty times ten. Time travel wishes. That gig was when? You're so fucking cute. Unbearably astute. You got us all to the root and then and then...

Not everybody knows what a gift you've been. Bypass Princess and just be a Queen. How lucky those who get to have you every day. Silent adoration, speak me the way. You're so fucking cute. Unbearably astute and style and style and style...

The way that you would shake your hair when you were playing bass and you were so happy and every guy in the room was in love with you. And just wished that they could have the fountain of your grace and your beauty all to themselves! Field! What? Get back in the song man! You're so fucking cute!

The Sawmill is a Labour Camp

Now here is a little tail I have got to tell, about something that you all know so well. The daily grind. You better make it work, or you will be pulled under into the murk. Working poor, gotta work to survive. God bless the assholes who keep you alive. Won't call you a slave, but you're not quite free. Back in your cage! Who holds the key? Run from a thrasher, their daily to beat. Two paychecks away from life on the street. Patriarch system, no room to choose. Slip in the slime, continual ooze. Watched the bully make manager quick! The toxic workplace is making you sick. But what other options do you have to grasp? You'll be doing this till your dying gasp.

In our town, just like a rash, is a restaurant chain and a grab for cash. Meat forward frenzy, make your belly sag. The rest of your food comes from a plastic bag. McDonald's on steroids as arteries clog. Zombies at supper, heads caught in a fog. You will work long hours and want to cry. The mentality? Junior high! They find many ways to show you authority. Original thinkers, outcast minority. Team meetings to start your shift. You better believe that your job is a gift. Chase that money. You are born to lose, In a tuxedo shirt,

patent leather shoes. Bind your spirit,
mediocrity game. Integrity now has become
lame.

The place is run by Chlamydia.
you know your life is shit-te-ah.
no place to run and be hid-de-ahhh.
sell hope at the lowest bid-de-ahhhhhh.

You like your job? Well, we are gonna make
you fret.

You like your job? Now, go get it!
Like bottom feeders at the top, the general
manager won't ever stop To exert his power
in bully boners. He's got the authority of
the owners. With mainstream stress you
detest, you're wishing him a cardiac arrest.
Feel your spirit microwaved. Sorry kid,
first world enslaved.

Dig the cat in the crazy pajamas. Who wants
an orange whip? Orange whip? Orange whip?
Three orange whips!

So let this be a lesson you will come to
heed, to avoid the pitfalls of corporate
greed. This is a warning, tell me, can you
hear it? To save abrasions to your spirit.
Chain restaurants like a void in space.
They will suck you in and end your grace.
Working there, like a gun to your head.
Give us this day Our Moldly Bread. Protect

yourself, find a job that's fun. You're a valuable freedom fighter beneath the sun. Like a Horror Story, better steer clear quick, or you'll find life sucks on mainstream Dick. Micro-manage you into dust. You'll be getting fucked, here's another thrust. Leave it behind, just walk away. Start your life with a brand-new day.

Rubber Soul Seventh Wave

Frass Canyon, Clash anthem. Didn't fit, had to split. Bye. In Denim, snake venom. I accused you bruised, a lie. Facials enjoyed, the Devil employed. Dark lark back through the park denied. Semblance of lover, attempt to recover. Drowned friendship downed, I tried.

Hope I don't see you around town. I kind of just wish you well. Watch out! Blotch out! You wish I was in Hell!?

France in pants, the sheets enhanced. The rush of a crush. I sighed. Imperfection, with no detection. What pained love remained had died. What we shared was good while I cared. Oddity and commodity got fried. Dumped you keen, didn't mean to be mean. The tact I lacked, buried inside.

Hope I don't see you around town. Kind of
just wish you well. Watch out! Blotch out!
You wish I'd go straight to Hell!?

Nothing left to say, you went on your way.
Reverse the curse, my bride. Vengeful spite
clearly in sight. Your past caught up fast,
the gulf is wide. Through the post, kick
balls as ghost. I heed the speed, step aside.
The real reason for the verdict of treason
a truth in sooth I hide.

Felicity

August 26, 2023 is when they assassinated
me. They bled me like a dog, shot several
times. A poet in the gutter, bleeding out
his rhymes. Murder in the front, lies
behind the curtain. I searched in a panic
for things that were certain. I fully had
it forward the way the world is hurting.
agony in breath, but they didn't realize I
linked my heart to secrets in a truth that
never dies. I walked this earth a servant
and now my spirit flies. You held my hand
and cried for help, never seen my eyes so
green. Something in them told you what my
life had come to mean, that I won't die.

You were an egotistical fuck while the world lived on its knees. You never cared for others, taking what you pleased. Then reality happened and you were riddled with disease. You suffered ultimate pains and had so little answers. Your body tortured endless in the melody of cancers. As Breath held her ground, Death prepared his dancers. In humility, you found divinity, humbled to your core. Accepting fate as it was, you sought to give back more. Trading kindness for blindness your heart learned how to soar. You walked the path to higher ground. Like metals you wore each scar. Your family saw you for who you truly are and though your body succumbed to death your spirit became a star. You won't die.

The masses slept in late, while the slaughter raged outside. The execution of free will was the first thing they had falsely tried. It left a bitter taste, this legacy of bribes. As they pull you from your home, as they pull you from your school, how surprised you were to see take form the inevitable fascist rule. Silent and complicit, now who plays the fool? What happens overseas, what happens in every war, now comes to you via democracy with fascists at your door. It is the first world's turn to walk the killing floor. We fight them on every front! We fight them

and we are killed! At last standing with the oppressed and mass graves that are filled! With our own blood spilled we live on with Freedom's cry, we won't die.

(I would like to say a prayer and drink to World Peace/it caused me to laugh bitterly, for the 10,000 nights I spent alone/surrender. I tell you once again, surrender. It will not happen. For the last time, surrender! Death first!/The world needs a wake up call/you are absolutely right Sir. Shut your bleeding hole! Who said that? I did Sir./Most of us just sell out right away. Then all of a sudden we get promoted. Our bank accounts get bigger. We start buying new houses, cars. Perfect, isn't it? We will do anything to be rich./OK, you want me to say something soulful. Drugs. I'm a junkie and I love shooting up and that means I'm self-destructive... you know. Is that good enough?/Don't you have people that care about you? Don't you have a family?/I need help/stop stop. You can't do this. Why? Because, these are somebody elses wishes. Somebody elses dreams./Hey! Are you a dreamer? Yeah. I haven't seen too many around lately. Things have been tough lately for dreamers. They say dreamings dead, that no one does it anymore. It's not dead, it's just been forgotten. Removed from our language.

Nobody teaches it, so nobody knows it exists. The dreamer is banished to obscurity. I am trying to change all that and I hope you are too. By dreaming everyday. Dreaming with our hands and dreaming with our minds. Our planet is facing the greatest problems it has ever faced, ever. So whatever you do don't be bored. This is absolutely the most exciting time we could have possibly hope to be alive and things are just starting./You can change, you can change the world./just heaven/skip to the end./Please forgive me if I have wasted your time.)

Spoken in Silences

To those who find their wholeness in shrapnel and splinter. To those of you who had to survive this winter on partial brightness, long darkness at times. Your warriorhood fractured in these Northern climes. To those Who saw dreams, but only in glimpses fleeting. Denied access and offered no greeting. Where disappointment rallied and was crowned King. And you Were called to epic flight upon broken wing. Where Love was a stranger on the other side of town and humility was a free lunch

that you couldn't keep down. To those who have fought mostly forgotten, to appease a Society whose foundation is rotten...

This one is on the House. This one is completely free. Your money is no good here, unlike your spiritual currency. You're on the guest list plus Infinity! You own the palace tonight with your gorgeous divinity! You shine brighter than graces that have no measure. Your laughter is riches, your smile a pure treasure. and because no one has said it and because it is true, allow me to say what you seldom hear:

Thank you.

Thank you for fighting to shine and to remain. Thank you for having no time to complain. Thank you for M-A-K-I-N-G the art of your heart a class worth taking. Thank you for knowing how to drink from Inspiration's cup and for somehow finding a way simply not to give up. Thank you for healing your personal pain and making love something you could give again. thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Life can be an immense struggle and the journey is both short and long. But this world is blessed by your presence and song.

So don't give up and don't give in because
deep in my heart I know you are going to
win.

Serenade in Mirrors

Seeking her just like a vision, to cut away
my indecision. But in this world I'm left
alone, sitting up on a lonely throne. Like
a torrent, potential swells. I'm drowning in
wishing wells. Is true love simply a myth
and am I worthy of it to begin
with?///Imaginary girl, have I passed your
every test? Won't you manifest? A spectre
in my sight. Can I drink your nectar
light?/////The Universe and I are at odds.
No way to appease the gods. Except to be
truly free, cast off the corpse that is me.
Patience offers vital stealth. Am I using
love to escape myself? The prisoner
themselves sets the gallows. Drowning like
a fool in the shallows.