

Drowning Under the Influence

Late night, come in from the fog
Wife'll never leave, so kick the dog
Staggering and chuckling
Make love to the green fairy
Sweet sensation
Deepening eyes
Neat fixation
Depression dies

Who needs illusion?
Who needs illusion?
Who?

Who needs illusion?
Who needs illusion?
Who?

Sofa slump, war of the ants
Colours explode
Woke up the kid, swear his
Eyes corrode
"There's no hope" gives him a
Sweet sensation
Widening eyes
Living aberration
In our web of lies





Burning Books

This one's for the words that strangle each breath
Put pen to page and perish
The tale is gone, I remember all
In blind Greek songs you'll find my death
Such is the choice, and through muted voice
I create the fall
Sexual crimes, lust for power I know
A hundred-letter poem spells to self-condemn

You sing along in silence
Wishing ill to them
Lying to my face
Featureless and small

What is that name unspoken and frail?
It's the same told of all
What is that staff unread
What is that staff unbled
Played by the musician on horseback pale?

That which can't live's the forgotten idea
Burning books marked with its insignia
That's eternal which preternaturally lies
Between cheat sheets, doubting seas will rise

Every name jotted in my sheets
Every stain of remorse he meets
Every face imploring alluded feats

Open up
Open up the blind man's book
Open up
Open up and take a look

Hidden in the Trees

(for S.B.)



I'm a void-talker
Void-talker
Only the void listens
Void listens

I'm the first and last voice
to know, to know, to know fear
Fear is that which has a name:
Loss

I kept a God afloat
although I don't believe
Now it's gone and there's only
the void

I'm a void-talker
Void-talker
Only the void listens
Void listens

Give a half-gross spiel
and take solace in that
I'm the first and last voice
and what is my end?

Black hole, only the void
Take toll, only devoid
Fickle void

Black hole, only the void
Take toll, only devoid
Fickle void

We'll see first-hand
The future in ruins
Built eternity's mansions
Every thought's a wall
and this, our daily bread,
falls out of the sky
and mocks the loss of my wings

I'm a void-talker
Void-talker
Only the void listens
Void listens

Squirming with the worms in dirt
Yearning home of the birds
I miss wings...

Squirming with the worms in dirt
Yearning home of the birds
...and eyeless things

The hardest part of death
is waking up again

I bury the last of my soul
in burning hourglasses
Life and death's
the archangel nightmare



Memento Mori

(for S.B.)

Perfection

(dedicated to Mrs. N)

Naughty or nice have you been, my dear?

Perfection only comes once a year

You can stop keeping lists,

I've a new one here:

All of your crimes, and all that you fear:

Do you regret how you treated her?

Suffer, everything's a blur

Leathing— Trust me, she does too

And she still talks about you

There's a scar on her back

Too much baggage to unpack

She won't open her eyes

If she hears "naughty" or "nice"

Whatever fucked-up past you had

with your brother and your dad

It's no reason to act

with such dysfunctional tact

On your flesh and blood

She can't wash off all the mud

From her nightmares and dreams

Memories still make her scream

And she screams and she heaves

Perfection never leaves

You asked for so much more

Perfection or the door

You, my wooden puppet bane,

you'll never sleep again

You'll be dreaming of all the pain

and suffering you left

Ask for perfection, leave no room to resist.

In a perfect world you wouldn't exist.

Roll with the punches, embrace the rug burn

Enjoy the scratches, lessons you cannot learn

Sleep out in the cold, cry until you get old

Isolation, sadness, never-ending madness

Ask for perfection, leave no room to resist

In a perfect world you wouldn't exist

Should have been an abortion

Living's a contortion

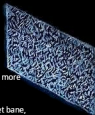
Strangle you on the nape

threaten you with guns and...

Everything you have done

boils down to this big one:

"I can never love you because I'm above you"





Is This All?

I see you have found another and you're gone
Leaving me by my lonesome, confused, alone

I am falling into mind-consuming pain
As I turn and see the falling of the rain
I am lost in my guilt, filled with great self-doubt
I've lost what I've built, what can I do now?

Is this all that I can know?

I am falling into mind-consuming pain
As I turn and see the falling of the rain
I am lost in my guilt, filled with great self-doubt
I've lost what I've built, what can I do now?

This is all that I deserve.

The Last Sunset



Life ends, inferno
Splashing surroundings
Watch the sky turn red
Trees darken and voices join the sentient wind
Apologize no more
Don't mourn the last sunset

Cold figures laugh at themselves
The ultimate practical joke
They see skies fading
Their faces regret nothing at all tonight
Still, they think once of
The last sunset bitter.

Water dies,
Unknowing.
With its last breath gone,
The Earth becomes memory.



i- Distant Mind

It occurred to the author late last night

- Meaning of words -

As her friend died slowly in a hospital bed

The nurse replaced the IV drip coughing faintly

- Loose impression -

Deadening the air as he left the room

The author longed to return home to her things

- Social subjugate -

To distract herself from thoughts

She watched the window as her friend faded

- Pointless practice -

- Thought malpractice -

Listened to the thunder, heard only her heart

Did it thump-thump?

Did it thump-thump?

Did it thump-thump?

If her ears lied to her, how would she know?

Rise of Her Rain

ii- Intrusive Thoughts

Rolling thunder, crashing waves

Present climax, start in caves

How are human minds biggest

When nothing does not exist?

Did it thump-thump?

Did it thump-thump?

Did it thump-thump?

iii- Soliloquy For The Dying

Nullify
Nullify
Nullify
Nullify

Notify the living
Notify the living
Life is the one to be feared.
Drawing lines in the sand
Expecting seas to part
I lie down.

Let my body sink
Let my body sink

Let my body sink
Let my body sink

Buried in sand or in the sea
It makes no difference to me
Buried in sand or in the sea
It makes no difference
It'll be scariest when I resurface



iv- Progress

v- Regrets

If her ears lied to her, how would she know?
Outside the window, thunder turned to snow
What do the dying hear, lying in their beds?
The imaginary's an echo roaring in their heads.

Rolling thunder, crashing waves
Present climax, start in caves
How are human minds biggest
When nothing does not exist?

Nothing does not exist
We made it up
Before she heard the flatline
The author left the room

Did it thump-thump?



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