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All songs written and recorded by Constantine V. Nakassis
in Chicago, Philadelphia, Gaithersburg, and Chennai (2006–2012), except where noted.

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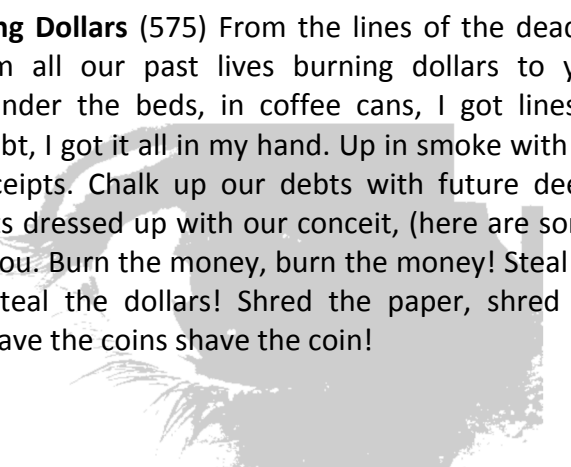
01 Shit Bombs (564) I know you where you wanna be, but you can't be! (Your) muffled mummings flutter over lips, dirty and crusted with bills! (And) I know you where you gotta be, but you won't be! Peel the tripe from tripe, coins from coins, the tick from tocks and tills for wills! I can feel you under the floorboards. I fear you're at home right now, knocking, knocking down the walls. I can hear you writing our obits, the paper peeling, trembling, and shuffling. You can take it all away. Bulldoze a way through the front door and out the back, through the windows take a couple of drags from fags, a couple ticks and tacks. Where we're sleeping let the shit seep in. While we're sleeping let the piss dry out. When we're sleeping let yourselves in, let yourselves out. It's the state, it's the state, it's the state of things. It's our stay, it's our stay, it's our stay out of things. It's the same, it's the same, it's the same old thing. It's a way, it's a way, it's the way (out) of things. It's their say, it's their say, it's their say for everything. I saw where you wanna be, but you can't be! Your spittle spat out, dried out on your lips, official and ghost written drills! I tried to be where you'll be, but you won't be! Distend the beams from beams, the leaks and locks, and lacks in ink from fills and quills!

02 Secret Blackout (544) Bless the same and it's not safe that we don't know why or where and what to make of it. You know I don't want to say what you know. I don't want to say what you say. Can we just let our public secrets stay that way? You know me. You have my secrets. You saw right through me. You know my life. Find me out in the wrong and show me all the mines that you saw. I don't want to say what you know. I don't want to know what you say. Can we just let our many mistakes fade away? Secret blackout, you know me, you know . . . You know me. You have my secrets. You know my life. You saw right through me. You know me. You saw me. You know me. You saw right through me.

03 Nickels and Dimes (573) And you said you'd said you'd try to help yourself – yeah, yeah, yeah. And you lied, you lied that you got it all inside – yeah, yeah, yeah. It's the best bet, but you won't take it. I'd like to play your hand, if you let me try. It's the nickel(s) and dimes where you think you'll be fine? And it's the last bell, but you won't wake up. I'd like to write your will, if you'd speak your mind. It's the nickel(s) and dimes where you lost all your time. And you said, you said you tell us all your sins – yeah, yeah, yeah. And you said, you said you'd give us all our will – yeah, yeah yeah. If you tell me all your secrets, I'll tell you all those little lies. If you show me all your hiding places, I'll show you all that your heart desires but can't decide. It's the last bell, but you won't wake up. I'd like to write your will, if you'd speak your mind. It's the last last but you won't see that. I'd like to play your hand, if you'd let me try. It's the nickel(s) and dimes where you think you'll be fine? Is it the nickel(s) and dimes where you lost all your time?

04 Samuel (552) Samuel, you know we see you. Samuel, you know we hear you. A black mark on your cheek and on your foot. A black thread on your wrist and on your lips "ooooh." Unseen, untouched, tired, and loved: Samuel.

04 Burning Dollars (575) From the lines of the dead to you, from all our past lives burning dollars to you. Tucked under the beds, in coffee cans, I got lines of empty debt, I got it all in my hand. Up in smoke with the pawn receipts. Chalk up our debts with future deeds. Late debts dressed up with our conceit, (here are some) tiles for you. Burn the money, burn the money! Steal the dollars, steal the dollars! Shred the paper, shred the papers! Save the coins shave the coin!



06 **Headhunters** (570) I told you not to come after me, but you did it anyway. I left you the smallest of notes, but you read a tome in its space. It's a shame, but you know, it's a shame, but you disappeared anyway. And it's a sin, like you care, it's a sin but you shut us out in your way. Headhunters. I asked you not to call after me, but you called all the same. I erased all those memories, but we have your name in our name. It's a shame, but you know, it's a shame, but you disappeared anyway. And it's a sin, like you care, it's a sin but you shut us out all the same. They say the headhunters got you. I say the headhunters got us. They say they ate the flesh off you. I say the flesh had already rotten off of us.

07 **Evolution Makes Mike Guggino Cry** (289) (lyrics/melody: Michael Guggino and C. Nakassis; vocals: C. Nakassis) You know, you know, you say you know what's silver from gold, and words from worlds, and edges from ends. You blow, you blow, you know you blow the wildest of winds, but who's babbling back, and we blabber back: Oh, it wasn't my idea. Oh, it wasn't my absence. Oh, it wasn't my cancer. Oh, (you've) broken the Word. Blindness ain't a disease if you don't like what you see. Even the Devil is cursed with awareness. Oh you know of/what's/that's what. You made, you know you said you made, you know what's silver from gold. You blow, you blow, you know you said you'd blow by the backs of our ears and we're hearing: Oh, I wish I was weightless. And you know, they're breaking the world. You know you know what's silver from gold. You know you know the word from the world from the Word from the World. They said that even the Devil is cursed with awareness. Oh you know what's what. Even the Devil is cursed with awareness. Oh you know that's what.

08 **Some Days** (523) (vocals: Lucas Carscadden; backup vocals: Jonathon Moser; guitars: L. Carscadden, C. Nakassis) Everybody's waiting on another summer. Everybody's got another good thing coming. Everybody stands up straight up and honest. Everybody knows just where to find it. But you don't. Tonight is never gonna end. It's alright if you can't wait anymore. This time nothing's going to change. This time. (And everybody knows it. But you don't.) Every day hangs like a cloud of gray smoke. Everybody's finding another cause to return. All the streets are bursting with the life of July, but you can't feel the weather if you never go outside. (And you don't.) Some days just drag on and on.

09 **Evil Eyes** (572) Just don't know where and why we're taking over all those nights, and left the worst to make out our lives. I slept around, you, you talked about me. Do you know all the things I had to do for you? Yeah, probably you do. Just don't know where and why we're taking over all those nights and bringing over all those old fights. We gossiped about you. We walked around your grave. We're all the same here now, isn't it great? I slept around you. You know I talked about you. Just don't know where and why we're talking over all those nights, and bringing over all those fights and let the worst to make our lives. You just don't know where and why you're hiding out in plain site, to reconcile all those lies you wrapped around your newfound life. Probably you do.

10 **Too Late to Call** (550) I know it's too late to call on you. I know you won't open your eyes. I know I still could be more to you, but I don't think you want me to. I know it's too late to call on you. I know you won't open your eyes. I know I still could be more to you, but I don't think you want me to change what we've got going, leave what we've forgotten, salvage what's left to sense and fashion what we still can.

11 They All Come Around (519) (vocals: Elsie Muñiz) All those things you made yourself forget, they all come around. You find yourself with nowhere. All those ghosts you made yourself forget, they all come around. Staring at the world with tired eyes, looking at ourselves colored by half-truths and half-lies. No worries, no surprise. All those things you lived to regret, they all come around. Beginnings and ends and fits and starts. I know it'll all come out all right. No worries, no worries, you'll find your way along.

12 Larks and Doves (516) (vocals: Fluke Lemming) Larks and skies and caves, taking shelter from the waves, larks and doves in the caves, larks and stones in the cave sheltering themselves from the waves. And they're rolling in the rolling waves – rub a dub. Teetering, they say. Carrion is the ultimate resolution of our foolish intuition, Nature/Culture singling out, it's the round about, it's the round about. Finding shelter in the rocking rocks, re-alter's avenue's song, saw Fellini on a Reuben talks, moving parts, rising rolling falling shoulder, falling shoulder. Your favorite spot now. Dark and long, saw a rye, throw your target at the dart, try. To the skies above, rolling waves; fish is foreign. Larks and stones and caves. Larks and stones.

13 Buy Art (242) (vocals: Justin Moyer; backup vocals: C. Nakassis) No neuron, no synapse, nothing started, nothing finished, inattention is diminished, by art, through art. Weights have chests have necks have heads, well rested, well fed. Something thought is something said by art, through art. How to act when prepared to act and how to act when not prepared not to act and how to deny when to deny is to deny by art, by art.

