

| *To Home* |
GABRIEL DROZDOV

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*I could be so clear but I don't want to be
Such a gesture would defy my philosophy
This is the one piece that had bothered me
But the past is elsewhere in a different scene*

*And I feel it! This glorious revolution
In the local business making turns for me
I don't know it, but I control the resolution
And I've made it so that, sometimes, I can see the sea*

ONE

| Mason the Killer | 1

Mason, could you put it down?
I've heard enough in our quiet town
Do you know the rules?

Mason, could you go away
To some place where I'll never see you again
Do you know the rules?

Because you can drink out of a toilet
You can look through black and white eyes
You can peer into the vacuum
And never see the sunrise

| Through the Eyes of a Vacationer | 2

[Instrumental]

| Wouldn't Know | 3

She hides it from me
Puts it in a closet
Her animals and fiction cover up

I thought I woke up
That I was awake now
But these bruises don't hurt enough

She turns on a faucet
Takes off her clothes
And tries to relax alone

I wouldn't know

I watched them kill it
Stab it politely
But what did it do to them?

I thought I had it
Before they killed me
But what did I deserve?

She eats caviar
Drives in her car
To a job that keeps her awake

I wouldn't know

TWO

| Forever | 4

Now that I've checked myself twice as often
I've come to realize what's in my subconscious
For she is setting out of my home
And I think that I heard her name in the Bible

Eerie as it may seem, I think I'm smiling
Whatever could make me this virile?
For she is setting out of my home
And I think I heard her name in the Bible

They don't see me anymore
They won't see me anymore
And I can't see the sea
It's been years

Maybe I saw something different when I was with you
And all I know went up in flames
And all I showed retired last Saturday

We're coming up to a different place
I've tried to stay away from stupid thoughts

We're coming up to a different place
I've tried to stay away from stupid thoughts

I know I love her
She's I don't know

| Boxfish, or, How Could I See This in a Different Light? | 5

Never have I closed my eyes
To look into the face of my own rights
He was a lowly puppeteer (Who lived in Pianosa)
Afraid he'd get too old, but there's always hope

He had rules for when he moved without a body
Sometimes a crumbling wall should fall on its side
And when the strings were cut, he fell to the floor
But stood quickly and laughed it off

How could he be wrong?
How could he be wrong?
I'm not one to believe or restate the basic facts
I would love you here but I guess that we're friends
I try and try to pick up the fallen pieces
I took a picture of the movements that seemed so real

Took a trip to the Arctic (Where no one's ever home)
Took a trip to the sun (Where it can get so cold)
Took a lap around the equator and felt the glow
Made a map of the unknown
I can't wait to be dead

(Everything around me is a part of me)

I'm distracted

| A Complex of Noise | 6

[Instrumental]

THREE

| To Home | 7

To home I was an outside, just an influence
Was right when I sought the market, for once I was a little sad
Well, who knows that it's clouded in madness
With the world that made this kid
Maybe not, maybe forgiveness
Confused and burdened by a dad

I'm not used to being relaxed
Or having so much free time on my hands
I can't fit into a neat little language, oh no
Couldn't you just take me home?

All these lives I thought I was someone else
Never once was I myself
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life
I promise that I'll make it right this time

Give me a sign, I need some relief
I have no idea why I'm feeling down
I'm slowly dying and all my friends do is aggravate
And no one can see what's in my head
To question what's real is an impossible
For we must realize irrationality can control
Harmony is only an old soul
To home, I headed late that day

I'm a creature, deep inside
Wearing what I gave myself in a past life
I realize that I've been away for a long time
But I still love you, and I've really tried

All these lives I thought I was someone else
Never once was I myself
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life
I promise that I'll make it right this time

| In a Cloud | 8

I have been an ass again, a silent wall in a sulking land
You put on me an established way
A dream or place in someone's state
With a walk, I can't see the brakes
Within a wind or twist ahead, a naked way on older paths
Do I have rights, can I feel a pinch?
Has she something warm that I can move in?
With this friend, I can see within a cloud

What does this mean to me?
How many times can I fall down,
And forget where I started out?

Someday they'll see
A thought, a way, a lone, a loft
Which path fits my mind?
Who has read the art on the radio's time?

For a while, contracting a disease
Inside a hiding point under the sea
On a tombstone I read out loud:
"Is anybody watching me?"

Maybe not my dear, maybe you have friends
But I wouldn't know what happens at your end
I do feel that thing you call love
Connecting takes some time, persistence is the key
There is no relation between a rock and the sea
I envy what happiness you must know within a cloud

Why do I get up?
How many times must we interact,
Until we can consider ourselves as facts?

Whatever you may feel
I've always felt inside
But just as you throw it out
I find it best to hide

For a while, contracting a disease
But I'm secure throughout history
A bit of paper that says it's my relief
Still, I can't see who's following me

In a cloud
In a cloud

| Estate | 9

Hate, how do you stay in shape?
I've got splinters from my wooden wings
They asked me to change but I couldn't change
Is this lesson just a joke?
Well, you almost had me

Change, I'll give you change
I'll take your past and rearrange
I'll destroy all that makes you sane
Soon you'll be one of the same

Everyday, I walk up to my estate
With looking glass eyes coming down the same
And I put everything back into place
So that I can finally feel safe

Everyday, at the corner, the everyman takes his place
Staring down into windows, looking for a catalyst to hate
Everyday, I'm feeling lonely, putting out for this estate
But I've only seen the obvious, the bills without the change

Change, I'll give you change
I'll take your past and rearrange
I'll destroy all that makes you sane
Soon you'll be one of the same
One of the same!

| Atlanta | 10

Out there, there's a crippled corrupted veteran
Out there, where they store the rest of us
Out there, in the uninhabited territory
That's where I will rust

Out there, where the prostitutes live as people
Out there, where trees change from red to green
Out there, there's an ignorant teenage delinquent
That's where I will rust

Please let me stay in your heart

Out there, in the cold, rocky mountains
Those who deserve trouble sell it to the trust
Out there, where we learn our weakness
That's where I will rust

Out there, they got the story wrong
Out there, they laugh at dance and song
Out there, there's a thousand people the same as me
That's where I will rust

Please let me stay in your heart
Please let me stay in your heart

FOUR

| Life is a Nervous Twitch | 11

I'm sick of the information
Spirals in my head
Glued to the fever
Glued to my bed
My life is a nervous twitch
I can't seem to get the hang of it

Far away, far away
Tickles me a little to pull me under and show me its face
Still no one knows of what I am or what I mean
I'm a little hung over from these friendly things
With blistering hello pears and Steinway's own grace
Nocturnal emissary from France or outer space
And who even knows what you've done to your poor face
I'm excited for this new thing, don't you think it'll be great?

Such a lovely town with so many nice wives
And their husbands to match their stereotypical lives
And I found it so old so I tore it all down
I removed all the sex scenes and gave them a script
Why did we start the guns? Why am I being shot?
Who knows better than God?
I'm a pacifist but I will shut you up
And please recognize me when I get up
I can't know the bounty if the killer won't exist
It's not about reality but his decisions
Tell me or don't, I still won't give a damn

My life is a nervous twitch
I can't seem to get rid of it

| My Happiest Days Are Filled with Noise | 12

Well, you can't tell us apart
Like the night, we come from the dark
And like static we distort, outside

In the fright of our lives we ignite

Well, these black keys suspend, these pictures amuse
My happiest days are filled with noise
I have a feeling that I have sickness
That won't take no for an answer

In the fright of our lives we ignite

I don't understand anything

| Planet, Maybe | 13

I'm feeling dark and dreary today
Might as well go away
I'll kill myself and make someone's day

I'm an idiot, I'm a fool
But I'd never make myself someone's tool
I'm stupid, clumsy, a dumb fuck
Moving back and forth because I'm out of luck

You think I need help, you lucky bastard
It's harder than you think, I don't like to think
I don't need help from any jackass
A fool who laughs at a show that's obviously staged

I'm full of hate
I'm full of hate
Pretty hate
I love to hate

| O, Isn't It Fantastic? | 14

Crossword puzzles seem to occupy my days
Staring out the window into a haze
I'm getting older but I don't know what age I should stop
To give myself some time to think

Before I was young
Wanting to be with her, my love
But, oh, how things have changed
Erase my age

I deserve an upgrade, a push in class
I deserve to be remembered, have my head displayed in glass
I want to mean something to everyone I've known and didn't
get to know
I want a second chance

Like the kid out of college
Like the kid, divorced, unloved
Erase my age
Erase my age

FIVE

| Flourish | 15

How was I so uninformed at this point in my life?
How could I sleep with ball and chain without noticing a thing?
My story's so far now but I promise that it's true
If I were lying then I wouldn't be here with you
My story's been in the making, my whole life up to now
But I don't know when or why or how

Flourish so neatly, so truly
To lie in waste is what I want to dream
Repeat and repeat again

This world is my demo, I haven't yet grown old
My bones don't ache with drugs and shakes that keep me de la
flour
I'm haunted by superstition that taunts me by the door
I don't know what I'm running from or what they're looking for

I've looked at life a thousand times but it never looked so old
It's given me a taste for love and I still just don't know
I've sought a truth so far beneath, my friends will never see
Yet I've come away alive! I know it all and no one knows but
me

Flourish so neatly, so truly
To lie in waste is what I want to dream
Repeat and repeat again

| A Low-Hung Head | 16

We are heading out before the storm
And she is giving out her vitals like a whore
This girl is so sure that she's willing to pull it out
But her body likes to keep itself warm

I can't assume anything about you but if I sat still and paid
attention
I might learn something new
These pretty colors and your soft sweet voice produce such a
sense of something
I can't withstand my cries
But now I don't know why and I don't know how to make
myself take form
Or write lines to keep myself in shape
These standard walls are attracting dust and there is no time to
fix them
And none of these laws could ever exist

I'll play my part

I can't wait, can't shake off this dreaded feel
Trapped by the reason of a rational man in an irrational world
Riverrun on the killer's side, he's hatching a plan, he's marking
a map
But I'll never be scared for my life

I don't know why they tried to teach you, it's a sorry face, a
sorry face
And I don't know why they lied so often
You have stains running down your cheeks, to your pretty
smile, to your hungry mouth
Whose tongue is often told to please
Please make sense of distant planes and transport on the new
airways
We finally found peace inside, no longer caught but petrified
Who knew we could fly so fast and get so far but not outlast
We can't be left alone

I'll play my part

This is my final stand to the world
And they say I'm all in my low-hung head
Or at least they would

| Grizzly Bear | 17

[Instrumental]

| Decider | 18

I must confess that I am not in love
I can honestly say that I am not in love
Maybe I was never in love
Maybe I never felt love
Maybe I never had love

MORE

| Where I Better Last! | 19

Let the back corner make a mistake, but I don't know
O, it's any day, and the kids are getting off on their telephones
"Get a girlfriend!" they would say, but I don't know
I guess they just won't give me stereo
Now—

I can't learn her history and science iff you don't
Let me screen it first in our time, leaning left and right
There's a picture of someone I once knew
With the waves coming at his waist
He would always tell great jokes

Oh god— oh no—

We, in our existing state, are destined to flourish
In the coupled minds of science and religion
A portion of an ability
As realized for itself

The anticipation of unrequited information
Withstanding the rising technological rate
That stands as a revolutionary aspect
Time has no successor

| Sure | 20

When I opened up my mouth and water rushed in
I was amazed! They found fossils
They put me in a room and gave me headphones
I was okay, I had a minute to myself

So I said sure
What does that make me?
Have you understood me or am I another world?

How lucky I am!
All points beside me
Who is my own?

As light reaches this place

So I said sure
What does that make me?
Have you understood me or am I another world?

How lucky I am!
All points beside me
Who is my own?

| More | 21

Now I could've sworn that I had this before
A means to the coast ahead
Stem broken lives are figments
Like figs, dessert, extra then dead

We could've worked on then stated terms
Reality with orifices
How we spoke out of our solid shell!
And it wisp-like took to bend of bay

Only directed by the way

What I am sure of, I'm sure
Taken, taken, lead with Lydian
Proven often that it must stay warm
At a place like the burn

Leveled by the willing of the storm
If it's right, it's forever
Only untied at its horns
To kick your feathers

A down, riverrun, an oak-o-broken
Can collapse—sand. Leading kiss.
Silt and severed hand.
Fragmental understand, no task.
No tax in-den head.

| Mushroom | 22

And they're so glad to miss you
That they've seemed to miss your checking of the time
This has been such a busy life
With little holding it to its metaphorical crises
There's so much to be developed

And no one to take care of glass
What's past is not a weapon
What's red is not for children
Who have gone abruptly to the pacific
Where the south shore hides in the haze

I can see you by looking through glass
But not without my window
You could shoot me in the eyes
And that might help
Soon I'll be desensitized

I am only in my mind
And I don't think that God likes my type
I'm too nonchalant
And I think I've found a girl whose words I can hear
Because I taste her like medicine on my taste buds

I guess you could say we're similar
In that we can only see in pictures and colors
We balance out the columns
But soon, as usual, predicted, protected
I won't be able to feel her

I can see you by looking through glass
But not without my window
You could stick needles into my eyes
And that might help
Soon I'll be desensitized

Or I could just give my life