

Jupiter Hollow: Bereavement (lyrics)

L'EAU DU PAPINEAU

A single flash of smoke and ash on my tongue. I lie in the skeleton of the animal I used to live in, this looks a lot like home.

I am unfathomably far away from any trace of tangible meaning from my powerful life I took advantage of. Feigning all the dissonance I suffered thinking life was tragic. Maybe I missed the point? and now I'm here alone.

I'm left to salvage my bones and all their cohorts. If only I find the strength, before the bell is rung.

You can find my fractured soul if you look into your heart. I can see you, I'll never leave you.

One day I'll love you, and one day I'll see you. If only I have the strength when the time comes.

SCARDEN VALLEY

Hang on to this easy tide. Be careful, don't enrage yourself. This valley is the death of you in a single blink, so be wise.

Sideways I walk desperately, a problem I must overcome.

I can overcome the rest, just get me to The Rosedale. I've heard of this place, I know there's a species that kisses the ground here, and breathes life through the roots of the trees. In the forests they breed, if I coughed a spark, they'd kill me.

...and after you witness my fall? Judge me.

I dare you to see past the walls of stained glass that I put around your skin to stop you growing old without me.

Am I a menace? Or just a man with a heart that's still alive as it sinks into your fingertips.

I've heard of this place I know there's a species that knows none of what I've been through, but it's something new.

It's too late I'm already scar'd

THE ROSEDALE

From the water of the lake, lies the mouth.

I followed the water to the river, took my ashes south. Peace is caught, the planet sings to me:
"Alfresco".

An image of what my world used to be comforts me carefully.

From the water of the lake, lies the mirror.

The same one that brought me here.

This is not a test, you signed my death will. I haven't seen another face since that other part of me. He was the only friend I had even though he was scared of me, the mirror fades into a shade and fits itself the lake.

I had my life all planned out, away on a ship with nothing but blood and ink.

I'm just a meal at their arrows.

From the water of the lake, lies the mouth. Followed the water to the river and took my ashes south. I could cause an all out war, defecto.

They took me in, mocked my wounds and stripped me of everything.

From the water of the lake, lies the mirror.

It was you that brought me here.

This is not a test, you signed my death will.

The mirror fades into a shade and fits itself right on my face.

I'm just a goat for their dinner.

Sorry, your time's up now.

Time's up.

KIPLING FOREST

It's true it might be less work for me to stay but I must go down there's nothing here anyway.

Built with blemished skin of cowards talking back with face down

The trees signal a welcome party.

Lift my head to meet the dagger through twisted little branches, force a grimace and a shuffle, trepidation stalk.

"But you put humanity to shame"

"Forced out of your gargantuan reign"

Yes, I've already died twice today.

Oh, how you can't be bothered 'cause you're too far down now. It's true, there's nothing for you, you're just wasted air. Into respective karma from your retrospective views. It's true you could be further, but you're too far out now. The sun beats down.

It's blue, it's not the one I grew up under.

Are you okay? Can you live with your decision now in the process of concealment? Can you cope with your position now in the Forest? Every brother, every sister, mother, father, child. You left them all to suffer on the back of your conceded pride that you choked on.

Are you okay? Can you live with yourself?

Can you face it at all?

Can you fight it alone? You'll have to, they're after you.

You keep pushing deeper. Will you fight it alone anyway? You broke your mould.

The stars disappearing. Will you sink like a stone anyway? But the cracks and groans,

A sign that it might be too late to change the future with the present you're given.

It's true, there's breathe on my nape, figure to a body.

"I smell meat that doesn't sit here in the vegetative stew, a doubt with prickled settlements makes tender thew. By the skin of my years I might've found the perfect meal. To your dinner plate in The Mill I will drag you by your heels."

THE MILL

Tickled by the lace, infected by the malaise, retorting to simple traces of blue and mauve and blood.

Shit, that's coming from my limbs and tongue, they've punctured through my skin, aerating for cooking...

I'm stripped and seasoned bait, for their empty dinner plate, have they never learned where they came from...

Look at you, where you are, they have wrapped you up in rope.

Forest fuel oxidized to emaciate your ghost.

You'll ascend to the stars while they pick apart your flesh.

Despite all you deserve, that's no god damn way to rest.

Don't you understand, we're not occupied by our past, simple history doesn't bring us sustenance, but your sticky sinew does, however, fuel every man woman and child, for the future. You may have started it but it's in our hands.

MANDATING OUR PERCEPTION

N/A

SAWBREAKER

Be careful you barely escaped

Now they know you're here, and they've numbered your walk.

My only friend here is myself, two can make a difference if they talk.

Bake in the dunes, underneath the blue starlight burning.

Burn all the flakes, digging into my osseous waste

Dig hard under the same star, you'll never travel far under the same star you'll never make it back now,
roasted peeling cloudless ceiling.

Out your sound, out your guilt, trust, plagued and dauntless.

Out of time, out your plans to salvage

Passing cobalt light of day.

Rot under the thick plot, beneath the endless thoughts traversing my mental stock.

Jerk toward's the mauve my mission has changed,

Redeem myself at once with luscious rewards

Survival, ironic at best

When I cross the line, I'll die through my chest

Sinking lower, filling with gloom and sludge, pissing my precious time and spending my energy away I'm
honestly not capable of meeting that face.

Forcing footsteps, one by one and generally straight into darkness, branches and bark that stab
memories of haunted fate. Imperative to meet that gaze.

Welcome back bitch, itching for a swing? I bet your skin is crawling, but you've been caught living in the
desert sun, cancer bound to ravage your soul. I might just sit back and watch it unfold.

Let's go.

EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE

Limping through the grass it seems as always, here to hold the cage.

Given position, I stumble back on previous

connections and feelings, they're reaping all my blackened ore.

Lightly brushed against my grain

Up the stream and in the rain

No way back, no way through

Stuck in here without you.

The game you play, you walk away winning.. but does it even tell?

How am I still here? I'm barely hanging onto the rope.

Given the bruises, I crumble down delusions. Reflections and blessings, they're knocking at my blackened door.

All wrapped up, my story's told

The patient man, has grown too old.

Dealt bad cards, and still no home,

Far away and all alone.

Fear for the end, and how it all might feel, if I drag it on, I might get better ideas...

I must come to terms with the wall behind my back. The demons come, to drag me through the cracks.

Held together with rusty bolts, slipping backwards into the mould. I'm not the fragment I thought I was, there's strength in knowing you're/I'm not coming back.

SOLAR GIFT

So tonight, while the blue sun dies, I'll provoke soars and scale back everything.

Reminding both sides that they are one, and they are connected without a choice.

Stories don't linger, they run a course with a finish line...

I won't fight, I promise.

So if I cry, I'll enjoy every tear as they tear through the grooves and command a descent to the blue

Back and forth, through the gears,

through the ring, through the mill.

No news in the wires, I couldn't save anyone.

I'll command a quietus anew.

My story can't continue, I'm at a wall with no lifeline.

I won't fight, I want this.

I can't bare to stare at this star anymore, I've nothing left to give, nothing here to look for, nothing more to say. The dark ones come to play, my past has come to stalk me through the dreams, lurching forward through the seams. I am but a glimmer of what I could've been. All the wrong choices, all the wrong moves.

So tonight, while the blue sun dies,

I'll provoke soars that bare a scent so drawing, through crooked halls to a nose too dull from age.

It's worth a shot to limp on into the water, orient myself on a plane against the gleam.

Plunge a bolo into this scar.

Stain this place with my leeching heart,

Form a last impression from a fading smile.