

An Introduction to the Album

The Hotelier

Open the curtains.

Singing birds tell me "tear the buildings down"
You felt blessed to receive their pleasant sound.
Of things that break make you cringe inside yourself.
There's a child counting stars in their time-out of their day.
In the corners of their frame they are encased
In the losing of a grain of themselves
Pushed against the ebb and flow.
Wave good bye and watch it go.

Well show me the honest proper way
To disarm predatory gaze
That's sucking dry and never satiated.
You've been misused, been rewired.
You're short-circuiting now.
Just remember when you'd call me to come,
Take a deep breath, and then jump.

So fragile are bodies,
So concave, work in self-destructive ways.

You shot from the hip and missed.
Detaching from all of this.
In physical pictures you remain,
Spiral 'round yourself in figure-eight.
I recoil at every new beginning.

I searched for a way out. Don't we all?
Existentialist recall: turn in all
All dichotomies and truths that I gave.
I felt wrong in many ways. Didn't heal.
It just got harder everyday to be still,
To be passing through the throes in a daze,
Feeling heavy, feeling cold in my skin,
In my hand-me-downs. I'm wearing everything thin.
And the pills that you gave didn't do anything.
I just slept for years on end, fuck.

So if I call, should I beg?
Because I'm desperate here;
A couple steps from the edge.
I can't seem to burn bright enough.
I'm cold and I'm left alone.
We're all alone. Grab a hold.
I know I said to not. What the fuck do I know?
I had a chance to construct something beautiful and I choked
I choked, I choked, I choked