

Requiem For O.M.M.2

When I met you I was just a kid
hadn't built up my defenses
so I gave my heart completely
vaseline over the lenses
memories don't go away
I remember every day

I never ever stop wondering
Wondering if you still think of us
I don't need a photograph cause you've never left my mind
No you've never left my mind

I remember feeling like a ship
whose captain was too drunk to steer
and you watched as I was sinking
waving sadly from the pier

It's such a burden to carry 'round the vestiges of dead dreams
and I don't want to make a wake out of my life
I just had to let you go

This song is a reflection on the early years of 'of Montreal'. The years of innocence and joyful madness. The time when we all lived together in a big house in the country. They were good times but they could not last.

I Was Never Young

I was never young even as a child
I was never young I always felt beguiled
No I just never smiled
But you you have a glow glow from an innocence I'll never know

Cause I was never young even as a boy
No I was never young, kindness seemed a ploy to temper or alloy
But you you have a mind full of a wonderment I'll never find
Cause I was never young

Ever since I was a kid I've been a brutal basket cast
Ever since I was a kid I've been a brooding basket case

I have always felt like an old man. Too incredulous and self conscious for my own good. I have always envied those people who could go to political rallies, school dances, church... I have always been too cynical to believe in most of the things that bring people comfort and security. A born skeptic I suppose.

Wraith Pinned to The Mist (and other games)

Let's have bizarre celebrations
Let's forget who forget what forget where
We'll have bizarre celebrations
I'll play the Satyr in Cyprus you the bride being stripped bare

Let's pretend we don't exist
Let's pretend we're in Antarctica

Let's have bizarre celebrations
Let's forget when forget what forget how
We'll have bizarre celebrations
We'll play Tristan and Isolde but make sure I see white sails

Maybe I'll never die I'll just keep growing younger with you
And you'll grow younger too
now it seems too lovely to be true but I know the best things always do

let's pretend we don't exist
let's pretend we're in Antarctica

This is a role playing game my friends and I play. We try to keep life fun and interesting. If you are bored with your life then why not pretend you are in Antarctica? Notice the Duchamp reference?

Forecast Fascist Future

The language of the frost lobs dead balloons over ruins today
In view of wan wordless crowds that chase waifs to spires with fiery plumes
and incite the firmament's portrait of 'A Drowning in Styx'
that gives impotents kicks

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary creeps take the stage
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page

Masking vapor trails from Mercury for a killer on Umbrial
who crippled birch mares now briars replace their old cotton limbs
Who will tell? I mean would it make a difference?
Look metal flower petal tears do not even appear in the Myopic Mirror

The moon was sagging in the sky as I held her face to mine
All our thoughts were coming in so clear beyond the Myopic Mirror
We were darting from the place where we just couldn't fit
For away from all the violence safely flying in our own orbit

Why do I always have to tell you "forget about the prescient signs!",
"Forget about the life we knew!"?

May we never be stripped of anything we love
may we grow so gentle never go mental
may we never go go mental
may we always stay stay gentle

what was my number? 114395? I don't care!
No no no no no

This is about my fear of the U.S. becoming a fascist state in the near future. It seems plausible that with all of the

increased security measures used to fight terrorism we will slowly lose all of our freedoms. Privacy will be considered unAmerican. So will the freedom of the press. The great model of democratic prosperity will come crumbling down and paranoia will reign supreme. This is a dark vision of the future and one I hope doesn't come to pass.

The song takes place during a desperate time. The narrator is a member of the State Interplanetary Militia who has gone A.W.O.L. He is forced into doing less than desirable work in order to earn a living as a fugitive. He manages to return to Earth and retrieve his girlfriend so that they can escape to a secret moon he has discovered and start a new life together. Let's hope he succeeds!

So Begins Our Alabee

And so begins begins our odyssey

And we begin begin our odyssey

And so begins begins our odyssey

The aria is bleeding and the boyish voice is leaving
I've been an evil tenor I filled the innocents doe eyes with glue
You're my only softness you're my only pleasure it's true
And I never want to be your little friend the abject failure

And so begins begins our odyssey

And we begin begin our odyssey

And so begins begins our odyssey

The chrysalis is breaking and the super ego's waking
I've been a gloomy Petrarch with a quill as weepy as Dido
You're my mousy aesthete you're my buoyant cherub it's true
And I never want to be your little friend the abject failure

This is about my wife and I having our first child. A song of "growing up", about facing adult responsibilities while maintaining a love of life. It is just as important for parents to be happy with their lives as it is for them to be hard working and responsible. I think life should be viewed as an odyssey. It should be exciting and unpredictable.

The Party's Crashing Us

You're such a mystery I just want to stand and stare
Nibble on your ear and smell the ocean in your hair
You know you damage me you leave me tangled in a knot
But when you reappear I see Neptunian blues that eyes forgot
Neptunian blues that eyes forgot

I only feel alive when the vu's flashing alarms going off in my head
I want to grab you and just kiss you maybe I should sit down
No sense in cashing us now
Still I only feel alright when the vu's flashing bombs going off in my head
I want to grab you want to scream at you no icing me down
The party's crashing us now
The party's crashing us now

Oh well we made love like a pair of black wizards
You freed me from the past you fucked the suburbs out of me
And all those ugly days that made us so sick

They are just fossils now we've learned the elevating trick
We've learned the elevating trick

I wrote this during a vacation my wife and I took in Florida. We took a long walk along the ocean at night and the song slowly came to me. The vu's are a reference to the meters used while recording on an analog tape machine. The only time I really feel at peace in the world is when I am recording or making love. But too much, of even your favorite things, can make you crazy.

I Was A Landscape In Your Dream

What kind of comedy is this, all of the danger you've discovered?
What kind of comedy is this, how can you say now you're frightened?
You labeled me in forty tries and in case you didn't realize
I was a landscape in your dream and all my mountains were on fire

What kind of labyrinth is this, that we're constructing through talking?
What kind of labyrinth is this, that sends you laughing without smiling?
Age brings a sad little surprise and in case you didn't realize
While you were calculating tears my head expired

It can be dangerous to look too closely at what is bringing one happiness. Some people over analyze everything and the simple pleasures are destroyed in a violent sea of useless ruminations. I am singing this song to my brother's ex-girlfriend. She over analyzed him out of her life.

Death of a Shade of a Hue

Over a sea of grief Scarlet died
above her dying mind were fossilified memory imprints of her favorite day
for a minute I stayed watching this brilliant display
until a god with a broom came and swept them away

In their bereavement all of her colorful friends
turned to a milky gray depressing blend
which incidentally made Gray feel inane
So he set off to find a less trite identity
One as stunning and bold as Scarlet used to be

The story of the demise of a color. Scarlet was one of the most popular and celebrated shades in the world. When she died billions grieved. The hardest hit were the other colors. If it could happen to one of the most beautiful and appreciated hues then it could happen to any one of them. It is perhaps a strange idea for a song but I like the idea of something, that we all view as immortal, dying. Musically this song was influenced by the Japanese art band "After Dinner".

Oslo In The Summertime

Oslo in the summertime nobody can fall asleep
I'm staring out the window from my bed
At 4 a.m. the sun is up
look the sky is peppered with sea birds and with crows all cackling
HVA?

Up in trettien Heimdalsgate
me and Nina making fun of footballers in Rudolf Nilsen Plass
I practice my norwegian on poor befuddled waitress
who shake their heads completely at a loss
Oslo in the summertime the streets are strangely quite 'cause
everyone's away on holiday
HVA?

Oslo in the summertime Pakistani children play locked inside of the courtyard all day
Pretty people everywhere sun lamp tans and flaxen hair
Just tell the American not to stare
HVA?

My wife and I spent a few summer months in Oslo. This is the story of an American in Norway. A creature out of it's element trying to make sense of things. It is very interesting in Oslo in the summer because the sun only goes down for a few hours everyday. It is difficult to get used to but it is great because the days are so long and you can get a lot done. Perhaps it is God's gift to the Norwegians who suffer so much during their harsh winters. Just kidding.

The Repudiated Immortals

The creator of what's now cliché had some funny words to say
"all you little things are incomplete"
why did he speak of us that way?
I don't cry not 'cause I don't care
It's very hard to feel the way we used to feel up there
The creator of what's now cliché
Wants us little things to cry and feel alone

But don't don't lose hope no no no no
No no no don't feel sad 'cause it's a violent world
But there's still beauty
I'll take care of you if you take care of me

I like to sit and listen to the sound
Of the snowflakes landing on the trees
But I can't get used to feeling cold
I can't get used to what has happened here to you and me
There's no escaping so I won't try
It's just the heaviness that comes with knowing you will never die

This is the story of a Heaven run by a Caligula sort of God. One who has lost interest in everything and amuses himself by hurting others. The narrator is one of God's loyal and beautiful angels that he has cast out of paradise for no good reason. In fact God has become so bored of looking at them he has cast out all of the angels and sent them down to Earth to fend for themselves. The angels are understandably confused and feel totally lost on Earth. God has struck them with some human senses and so now they feel cold and hungry and sad and all sorts of things they never had to deal with before. They realize that the only way to feel any sort of security and equanimity is by sticking together and helping each other through it. We could learn a lot from them I think.

The Bonus E.P.

Art Snob Solutions

What's up directors? Grab your knives!

It's time to take all all of the lives
Of the people who cannot see the somnolent genius of Tarkovsky

Come on authors grab your guns!
It's time to murder everyone who has never heard of Apollinaire
Send them all to hell it's only fair

Cast them all into the flames if they don't know any names
Of the principles of Arte Povera
Or are unfamiliar with le serpent mascara
That's right mascara snake!!!

Come on painters alive or dead
Give all the cretins a boot to the head
If they don't extol convincingly
Tempered Elan era Kandinsky

Throw them all into a well if they cannot tell
An Arvo Part feast of repetition from a Schoenberg 12 tone composition

Come on artists the day is here
And your mission is very clear
Put an end to the bourgeoisie
And death to everyone who's never heard of me

This is a parody of erudite elitists who think the uneducated should all be hung or sent away to an island somewhere far away. I imagine many art museum curators feel this way. It is completely tongue in cheek though. Please don't send me any hate mail.

The Actor's Opprobrium

I guess I should have known to stay away
From a snuff film by Jean Genet
But the cash was good and the director gave me the biggest scene
What does it mean when Pentecostal born again virgins appear picketing in angry protest?
Oh those sloppy tarts have sulfurized hearts

Sure a dead man quietly pulling on his tongue in a coffin after being hung
Does make strange erotic cinema but that was the great master's vision
And the actors agree to portray the fiend is best in a death fantasy
'cause when one is licking the knife, ah well that is truly the life

oh what does it mean when the stagehand approaches wheeling in a guillotine
let's play nice
yes I want to be a star but that's going too far

yes I'm still smarting from the bite of coital sessions in gelatol light
I'm questioning my chosen career
don't think I'll be attending the premier

I don't imagine Jean Genet ever wrote the screenplay for a snuff film but I think he would have done good work in the genre given the chance. This is the story of a fledgling actor desperate to get some roles. He auditions for the lead in a

snuff film not knowing what would be expected of him. He manages to escape death but is completely traumatized by the experience.

Keep Sending Me Black Fireworks

Look in my eyes what do you see?
I'm hanging upside down like a chimpanzee
When I'm with my friends riding somewhere on a crowded bus
There is nothing that I want to discuss
I just sit and smile thinking about us

What is this that sends black fireworks dancing around me?
When we kiss the explosiveness is life's sweet mystery

I feel like a balloon floating higher I'm touching a distant moon
I don't think I'll come down anytime soon
Ah my kitten I am so glad you're the way you are
You're my favorite living human by far
'cause you make this frightening world less bizarre

My wife Nina sings this one. It is just a sweet little pop song. I wonder what black fireworks would look like. You would probably have to use a black light to see them.

Everyday Feels Like Sunday

Everyday feels like Sunday baby everyday feels so good
Everyday feels like Sunday baby everyday feels so good
I'm further and further away from the fall everyday

And for years I bowed, I could not sleep so very well
Even standing up I crawled yet there is a softness I can tell

I'm electric now from the pure brilliant sparks you shot
Like a little man all I can say is "thanks a lot"

Ah I must destroy this artificial darkness
That's how it seems to me to be, art artificial now 'cause

*I wrote this for my wife. She saved me from a less than joyful existence.
I felt that my unhappiness was artificial. That it was self imposed.
I was felt like I was doomed to live alone. What a difference a trip to Norway makes.*

Japanese Bonus Tracks

Family Nouveau

It's crazy to think how I was living like prisoner
But now I am free not tied to a past I never wanted anyway
Life, before I met you, was just a bunch of yesterdays
But now I worry I've invested too much
'cause when you're away from me
everything just gets so ugly

Giving you my heart was not a mistake I don't regret it
And though it shook up my friends
I hope that they know that I still love them all the same
I just had to move on and start my grown up life with you
You and me and our little Alabee
My god it happened to me
I really have my own family

I think it was a little difficult for my friends to get used to me being with someone. I think they were afraid that I wouldn't need them anymore. When you fall in love you just want to be with that one person. No one else really enters into the equation. For a period of time you can lose interest in your friends but it is just a phase. Hopefully your family will include everyone, especially your friends.

Will You Let Me Into Your Dream?

Will you let me into your dream? I'm not as cold as I may seem
You look so peaceful without a care
Are things so much nicer in there?

If you let me into your dream would I laugh or would I scream?
Would I be shocked by all that I see?
I just want to know if you're dreaming of me

Your subconscious seems divine and I'm so bored with mine
Do you think maybe we could share is there room for two of us there?

Will you let me into your life? You be my husband I'll be your wife
I don't care which role that I play I just want to be in your movie everyday

I guess that I would be remiss if I woke you with a kiss
If I was a cat I'd be purring
oh no do I notice you stirring?

Will you let me into your dream I'll be as silent as a sun beam
I'll be as gentle as Debussy
I just want to know if you're dreaming of me

This is a song about watching someone sleep and imagining what they are dreaming of. It is a fun thing to do as long as that someone doesn't wake up and get creeped out that you are watching them.