

BREATHE IN

Leftfoot

(Bilieux/Kinsey)

A high-waisted woman
Uncensored in her joints
Christens them with smiles
And guides them with her voice
Directs all the rhythms into
Her pot of golden rhymes
Until their pores breathe velocity and light

Effortless in her swagger
She moves to meet the line
A devil's hook in her left hand
And leather in her right
Laughs at the Earth's rotation
And merges into a choral din of Leftfoot

From the left, to the right
To the front, to the back
In the center of the house
In the streets they're yelling
Leftfoot

In whims of oscillation
She vaults from side to side
Toys with their inertia
Gasping for its life
She tutors Karma on fairy tales
As a mistress of both hemispheres

And they do it all with love
From a whisper to a growl
And from that low rumble
They break to a shout
And merge into a choral din of Leftfoot

Electric guitar, loops: Chad Kinsey
Electric 12 string guitar, mandolin: Matt Underhill
Electric guitar, shaker: Bobby Gentilo
Bass: Charlie Burnett
Drums: Paul Murr
Backing Vocal: LB, Corty Byron

White Noise

(Bilieux/Kinsey)

One bird told another bird, told another bird
To dictate a letter to me
To scratch it out on the looseleaf
Let violets crawl at my feet
Let the solar flares burst from my head,
Through the trees, to the sky
To sweeten the tea
I dared to read but the only sound
From my hollow breath was...white noise

If I'm handed a second chance
I will revisit that cadence
With the thin blades of a sled
Frozen jewels will dust my head
And I'll ride like an angel
I will ride on...white noise

Come closer to me
Let my rough edges
Keep you honest
Come closer to me
My rough edges will catch you
And we'll ride on...white noise

Guitars, bass: Chad Kinsey
Drums, glockenspiel, percussion: Paul Murr
Pipe organ, keyboards: Matt Thomas
Bass: Charlie Burnett

Swimming in Wishes

(Bilieux)

The wind blows but you choose to
Stay in your seat
Then you panic
Everyone else is flying
More panic
You refuse your wings
You only wish to stay here swimming
In your wishes

It was not the earth that betrayed your secrets
It's your ho-hum tone deaf drone
As a sweet sixteen for eternity
Don't bother telling your stories

There was a time I thought you made the moon
Circle the Earth for me
And every story you told I thought
You had written for me
I know this will sting
You hit the water and you are swimming

Do you really want to see your mama
Crawl on her belly, weeping?

We will not drown in your rescue

Hammond organ: John Freund
Acoustic and electric guitar - Chad Kinsey
Electric guitar - Bobby Gentilo
Drums: Paul Murr



Hands and Money

(Bilieux/Barnhart)

Come on Bumpf! Slick on your pimp suit
Curl your lip and polish that gold tooth
Doesn't matter what costume's picked
Once you take a snort off the whiskey stick
You'll be flying through the city
Like a jet-fueled wrecking ball
With your hands and money

Tramp-psychoic of the supernatural world
Parts the curtain. Oh! she's a freak show girl
Stuffs herself in the kick drum case
Picks a tarot card for the human race
Ya'll get a ride when the alien flags unfurl

It's like I've always said
It's best to leave the house with all seven senses

Silver Tongue come sit next to me
Squint and smile until I see crow's feet
A staring contest, the Fox and me
That blows all the dust off eternity
I'm a slouching diner star
Before he even sees...I've left

With his hands and money

Electric guitar: Chad Kinsey
Electric guitar: Bobby Gentilo
Bass: Charlie Burnett
Drums: Paul Murr

BREATHE OUT

Blur

(Bilieux/Kinsey)

Someone told me today was sunny
thoughtlessly misreading
my heart

And when there was nothing left
for me to curse or burn
I was the ashes in my own destiny

You need not soften or blur
the lines for me
I'm at home in this brotherhood

Let there be one last cheer to naiveté
We are not too young
for a hero's journey

Reckless in our wishes and knowledge
Most days seem to be a blind eye
to youth conspiracy to me

Acoustic guitar: Chad Kinsey
Backing vocals: Leo DiSanto
Upright Bass: Nick Burcher

Make These Hands Fair

(Bilieux)

I love you all so much
but I was crazy before you met me
I would not let grass grow under my feet
I didn't know my senses
Every word was thundering
Flying from my mouth at unsafe speed
I was bullet proof under the lights but
my mind was stuttering
There was no right from wrong
or even a right for me
When I finished playing clever
there was a trail of apathy for me to sweep

I love you all so much
but I was crazy before you even met me

Fais de beaux rêves
Dans des rêves les dociles conduisaient
In this dream when I dance, you all will dance
When I smile, you all smile
When I sing, the world will sing
When I laugh, the world will laugh with me
As the moon rises
Here's my mantra, here's my prayer
In no particular order, make this mind clear
and these hands
make them very fair

I love you all so much
but I was crazy before you met me
I would not let grass grow under my feet
I didn't know my senses
every thought was thundering
I would not let mind's waters rest at peace
I was bullet proof under the lights
but my heart was faltering
There was no right from wrong
or even a right for me
When I finished playing clever
there was a trail of apathy for me to sweep

Drums, vibraphone, marimba: Paul Murr
Guitars: Chad Kinsey
Upright bass: Charlie Burnett
Keyboards: Matt Thomas

Everywhere, Everyday

(Bilieux/Kinsey)

Was I water flowing?
My ripples licking at your feet
Smoothing stones and always moving
You didn't live without me

Everywhere, everyday
Reminders of where, who
and what I used to be
I'm not even halfway
To being everything

In my next life I may be
A shadow looming
I'll never practice what I preach
And as long as the sun is shining
You won't live without me

In my next life I may be
The dirt that buries the bones from this body
A sturdy soul as I see
Is always a little muddy
It's loyal and dirty and everything

Guitars, sfx: Chad Kinsey
Drums, percussion: Paul Murr
Upright bass: Charlie Burnett
Keyboards: Matt Thomas
Piano, percussion: Bobby Gentilo

Earth Opus

(Bilieux)

Shall there be one consciousness,
you and I the machine?
Let us stroll through our head
We can breathe in our dream
If all on earth is art then
you are uprooting me
Unhand me

Disenchantment plagues the mist
of your casual gardening
In your crowded dead man's crawl
I am very much thriving
Scratching out my own path
My growth, a wasted message
Unhidden and halting

Unhand me Des Lacooda
I do not sit head in hands
with the angry or extinct
Nor negotiate moral fables
with bar room zombies
Unhand me

Tsk, tsk Das Kranke Tiere
Earth opus

I've footraced with halfwits
And danced with the jeweled weed
Yet, in the simplest of schemes
Pupils prime their masters
on all the lessons to be dreamed
In Earth's opus

Guitars: Chad Kinsey
Drums: Paul Murr
Piano, Orchestra: Matt Thomas
Bass: Charlie Burnett



Produced by
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Mixed by
Bobby Gentilo



Engineering Talent Pool
Charlie Burnett
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Chad Kinsey
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Always flowing... recorded at
Dirty Baby
The Engine Room
Right Coast Recording



... and remotely at
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Lancaster Catholic High School Band Room

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