

# CULTURE OF SELF

Music & Lyrics by Dan Wallace

## 1. Counting

### 2. The Heap

give it to the heap, give it up to the beast  
the things you will see, the things you'll believe  
every time you have the chance  
it happens every day, then it goes away  
then you think of those yesterdays  
knowing that you have done everything  
though you know, and it shows  
you're still thinking of the missing link  
it's important that you realize that  
for you and me it won't change, you'll see  
one of us is gonna' be sorry  
punished until he or she has bled  
embarrassed in front of the friends who made us  
some of us will be given parties, raised up so far  
we forget the ground  
embellished like some kind of clown  
sometimes we have to go where everyone is  
or at least where everyone's been  
sorry for confusion and sorry for delusion and  
sorry about the voice in your head  
so give it to the beast, give it up to the heap  
the things you will leave, the things you'll delete  
every time you have the chance  
it happens every day, then it goes away  
then you look back on yesterday  
wondering what you might have to say  
when they know, and it shows  
you're still thinking of the missing link  
it's important they don't realize that  
there's a scheme, we're the same you'll see  
one of us is gonna' be sorry  
punished until he or she has fled  
embarrassed in front of the friends who made us  
some of us will be given parties, raised up so far  
we forget the ground  
embellished like some little town  
inhabited by clowns  
sometimes we have to go where everyone is  
or at least where everyone's been  
sorry for confusion and sorry for delusion and  
sorry about the voice in your head  
just listen to the beast calling to you from the heap  
the things you will think, the things you'll repeat  
given just a fleeting chance  
it happens every day, then it goes away  
come on, it's time to go where everyone is  
or at least where everyone's been  
sorry for confusion and sorry about delusion and  
sorry there's a voice in your head  
when you become the beast, living there beneath  
the heap  
the things you will eat, the people you'll keep  
every time they have the chance  
it happens every day, till you sink away

## 3. Naturally

naturally there are some questions now  
answer them i shall best as i know how  
but let's not get carried away  
there's a time and place for everything  
let's remember what we become when we try to be  
the things we know we're not if i could i would i  
promise you naturally i knock on plastic wood  
if it is a matter of time  
it is a conflicted and twisted circus mime if it is a  
matter of fame take another number but with a better  
name in the meanwhile there are things to do  
like making lists of things to never do  
if it is a matter of love sometimes it's a dragon and  
sometimes it's a dove  
if it is a matter of wealth spread it like a secret you  
can't keep to yourself  
do you wanna' know what's behind my self-control?  
do you wanna' see what's behind the scenery?  
it's not me in the meanwhile there are things to do like  
making lists of hunches and of clues  
if it is a matter of fate  
maybe it's just running very very late if it is a matter  
of death don't ask me 'cuz i have not tried it yet do  
you wanna' know what's behind my self-control?  
do you wanna' see what's behind the mystery?  
it's not me

## 4. I Want to Be

i want to be something that you want to keep  
hidden where everyone sees but only you can reach  
like memories that rock like seas inside you  
put up on pedestals of heart and bone  
beneath your thrones they'll find me  
fantasies in frantic frenzies  
rip me from limb to limb, then put me back again  
i want to be what you see when you believe  
everything you see in me but no one else can reach  
like melodies an ancient grecian left us  
then when the spacemen come with fine-tooth combs  
in crumbled stone they'll find me  
sitting here the daydream saves me  
from the mundanity of the monotony  
then when the spacemen come with xiphoid tongues  
in crumbled stone they'll find me  
quiet gazing may seem lazy  
but lucid daydreams are what make the day a maze

#### 5. Perfect Weather for a Superhero

wonderful show, such thunderous foes  
under-lairs tremble deep below  
they cheat all day, then turn, run away  
closer, closer, closer to me, me...  
is it a fire? is it a second chance? give us a fire  
give us a second chance, we will pull you through  
none left to save who are not to blame  
resurrection's killing everything  
so why pray for life to learn how to fight?  
clinging, screaming, waiting for me, me...  
is it a fire? is it a second chance? give us a fire  
give us a second chance, we will pull you through  
give us a fire, give us a second chance, give us a fire  
give us a second chance, we will pull you through

#### 6. The Low Road

i don't mean to profit off of other people's pain  
i've been here for so many years  
attempting to forget her name  
i don't mean to benefit from others' misery  
i've been here for 10,000 years  
attempting to regain my strength  
oh, it's hard to be so cold  
we don't like to ride the high of other people's pride  
we've been here for too many years  
pretending to have our own lives  
we don't wish to get so rich off honest people's sins  
we've been here for 10,000 years  
not doing but witnessing  
oh, it's hard to grow old  
even though we chose the low road  
won't be long before we don't belong, is it wrong  
just to stay here? just to be here? just to breathe here?  
oh, we don't care if we're right or if we are wrong  
even though we can't deny it, somehow we will justify it  
it's the way we chose to go through life, we don't care  
if we stay here, if we leave here, if we stay here  
oh, we don't care if we win or if we sin  
if we win, if we sin, no...  
one day we'll have our own holy place

#### 7. Heap Variation

#### 8. Ode 88

starlight reaching through the night  
zigzag smile kissing me goodnight  
scrap heap wings and rusted strings obey  
the laws of harmony, summertime's a young man's fling  
sunlight racing after me  
learn to fight foes i'll never meet  
look at him play martian hymns about  
a life of innocence, summertime's a young man's whim  
i'll give you all we have for just a little piece of you  
i'll keep it clean and warm, i'll give it back when i am through  
a little bitty piece would do, i know you'd do it for me too  
smokin' their lucky reds and dressed up like silhouettes  
they look good, only they won't get to fill the hole inside  
the never-ending appetite  
tokin' their tight roulettes and playing with twin brunettes  
they'll look good till the bitter end, they watch the time go by  
they don't get a reason or a why  
sometimes when i'm all alone  
i think of life back when i was young  
'88 was so great, i thought it would not ever end  
summertime's a young man's whim  
i'll give you all we have for just a little bit of you  
i'll keep it clean and warm, i'll give it back when i am through  
a little bit of you would do, i hope you'd do it for me too  
help us to understand and help us to rock the band  
yeah help us to give a damn before we are too late  
we don't wanna' miss another day  
turn us into shooting stars then teach us how to play the parts  
then take us to a place that's far away from where we are  
tell us who to be and who we are

#### 9. Razorblade Twin

no, that's not a lover's gaze that's staring  
so blankly through the hazy red clouded remains  
of a night filled with rage  
no, i couldn't know its name, it wandered  
into my optic blame, you know i had to take aim:  
it didn't know its own shame  
you think i'm wrong to be sure of a way  
to eliminate such pain  
but when you're alone, and i promise you will be  
then you'll be on my side  
oh, when did the summer end  
and when did this hate begin?  
it's worn me so thin, like a razorblade twin, ah...  
no, that's not a lover's mane that's scraggling  
between rocks and broken veins  
why won't it just wash away?  
it's been down there for days  
no, i couldn't count the squares, they formed  
underneath their broken spells  
i wasn't there when he fell, so don't blame me for hell  
you think i'm wrong to be sure of a way  
to eliminate such pain  
but when you're alone, and i promise you will be  
then you'll be on my side  
oh, when did the summer end  
and when did this hate begin?  
it's worn me so thin, like a razorblade twin, ah...  
oh, when did i first give in  
to all of these hopeless whims?  
oh, when can we start again?  
but this time i want to win  
it's worn me so thin, like a razorblade twin, ah...

#### 10. Insomnia

pop your nightly pill, it's dark and static-filled  
slowly you dawn upon yourself  
a light so bright you melt, slowly you flow  
back to your head, a river stuck in bed  
treading the wake of brainwave mistakes  
and now the midnight bird will sing  
of the things that no one sees  
she'll stitch a map across your eye  
so you could go there every night  
where does it begin? where does anything begin?  
if you let her in, your brass eye will see again  
i don't want to be, don't want to ever been  
don't want to try, don't wanna' hear  
or think of here or there, i just wanna' drift  
to live in mist, to spread out like a myth  
finding lost thoughts wherever they are  
and then the midnight bird will sing  
of the troubles she has seen  
i'll let her implant me with scenes  
watch them grow through me like bones  
that's how it begins, sometimes colors turn to plans  
oh, what a release when a sound turns into me  
and when the midnight bird has sung  
of the things no one has done  
i'll let her in, i'll be her host  
i'll be her shell, i'll be her ghost  
oh, morning is long, more than half of him is scarred  
oh, morning will cry if he learns how much i hide

#### 11. Bound to Be Free

#### 12. Capsule

i'm just as scared as you are, almost as bold  
twice as cold, we'll melt together  
one and one make twenty-million lifetimes  
stretched out like a smile year to year  
uneery leers become a circle, how's it feel now?  
how's it feel? there's no room left to share between us!  
how's it feel now? how's it feel now?  
no room left for air between us! oh, it feels right  
there are impulses all around us, laughter and waves  
of hazy days, we'll build a capsule:  
glass and plastic, clasped elastic  
spastic and fecklessly we'll go in this dome  
till we roll into a pinhole, how's it feel now?  
how's it feel? there's no room left for air between us!  
how's it feel now? how's it feel now?  
no room left to spare between us! oh, it feels right  
(*chorus*) living in a dusty image  
with a tree whose limbs are endless  
in a meadow like a snow globe  
nine dimensions are all we know, oh...  
how's it feel now? how's it feel now?  
no room left for breath between us! how's it feel now?  
how's it feel? there's no room left for flesh between us!  
oh, it feels right, it is right (*repeat chorus*)

#### 13. Counting Backwards