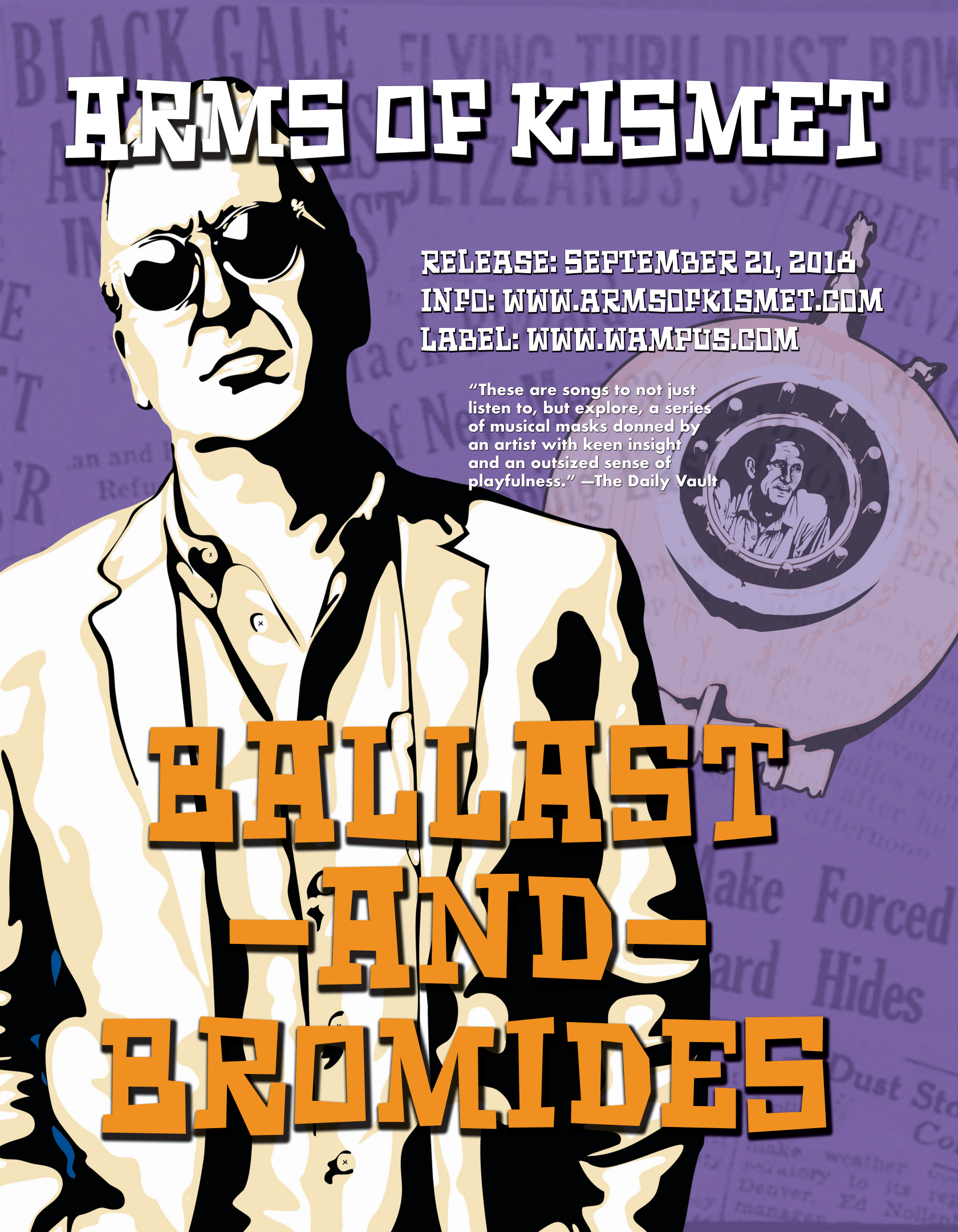


ARMS OF KISMET

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"These are songs to not just listen to, but explore, a series of musical masks donned by an artist with keen insight and an outsized sense of playfulness." —The Daily Vault

BALLAST -AND- BROMIDES



BATHYSHERE

one eye looks behind
and one eye stares ahead
and as we wait our turn
we turn white, blue, and red

one arm reaches left
the other arm is dead
an empty hanging sleeve
dangling by a thread

and since we've taken flight
from the monsters of the night
we live in fear
taking the plunge
in this Bathysphere

we're all born alike
and we all dream the dream
but everything we share
is ripped out at the seams

and since we've all been gassed
by the demons of the past
we're all in tears
gasping for air
in this Bathysphere

remember when we drove
the gravel mountain road
drenched in warm sunshine
and raindrops as we rode

one eye looks behind
and one eye stares ahead
and as we wait in line
we bleed white, blue, and red

and as we're sitting there
in the stale recycled air
the water's clear
see a peaceful world
from this Bathysphere

deep in our pursuit
of a lonely pas de deux
the water's clear
find a perfect world
in this Bathysphere

SPECIOUS CLAIMS

riding on a redeye from
southern Cali, USA
reading stories of a mass disturbance
on Independence Day

staring at a deadeye gun
and a sniper on a roof
must be the hand of justice, darling
but where is the proof

it's all lies
it's all lies
cover your eyes

fleeing from an angry mob
down Pennsylvania Avenue
you always did believe your teachers
it's time you knew the truth

open your eyes
I see the proof in your eyes

THE CORNER

driving down a darkened roadway
navigating, making headway
on this trek to Timbuktu
like the testament he swore on
docudrama is an oxymoron
spinning marbles in a Rubik's cube

and we do not know
what's around the corner
a fleeting blue elation
or bleak, foreboding dark

squirming in the driver's bucket
struggling with this sticky wicket
when the pilot can't believe his gauge

the radio tells the story
the truth is sad and gory
it's the Lindbergh baby of our age

but come take my hand
we'll see around the corner
to the shimmer of the sunrise
and the promise of the stars

and we do not know
what's around the corner
a fleeting blue damnation
or bleak, foreboding love

SOUL IN A SLING

I humblebrag all day
I find a new and tasteful way to say
I'm the chosen one
and you are but a ton
of random scraps
strewn across the floor

now I stand and sing
of virtue signaling
a soul inside a sling

I build my brand all week
I design a new, ingenious technique
I am your guru
and I am here for you
as you flail
Pisces on the sand

a lost soul in a sling

ZANZIBAR

you would talk all day
about escaping to a faraway place
or into deepest space
you'd ride there and back
in circles on the cul-de-sac
with your dreams intact

you'd wonder where to go
through the desert or the snow
where the winds wouldn't blow
and so you dreamed for years
in a fight to face your fears
it sounded just like cheers

when you said Zanzibar
under the Swahili stars
Zanzibar
but you never got that far

you took a company car
and the clouds covered up the stars
now you never go

to Zanzibar
under the Swahili stars
Zanzibar
but you never got quite that far

all aboard to Zanzibar

BE THERE

black and tan at midnight
a pen that's out of ink
sometimes the paper
is more blank than you think
black coffee at sunrise
I'm the Sunday ghost
writing in the margins
of the Sunday Post

I've got ambitions
or so I've heard
I've got ambitions
or maybe that's just a word
and I will stay right here although
I ought to be there when you go

stumble to the subway
newspaper in hand
I'm scanning the headlines
but there's nothing all that grand
just someone's losses

and someone else's gains
and someone on the subway
staying entertained

I've got ambitions
or so it seems
I've got ambitions
or maybe they're just dreams
and I will stay right here although
I want to be there when you go

I read your story
I don't remember where
and what surprised me
was that I actually cared
when I needed something
to drive away the gloom
I read installments
in the darkness of my room

I ought to be there when you go
I want to be there when you go

TRUE NORTH

dusk at Niagara Falls
dust in the cold moonlight
morning in the motherland
eclipsed by another night

away, you skies of blue
away, you fields of green
passport and a money clip
a ticket on the five-fifteen

going to Canada

FOUND

the room with no windows
is glowing and bright
and the shimmer of spirits
warms an eternal night
and the whirring of the roulette wheel
is an endless flight from our lives

now bets are off for a while
and I'm away from the table
I'm standing here playing the slots
and writing this fable

when I was unseeable
I was found

the room with no windows
is foreboding and cold
with the spirits seeping into the walls
as we grow old

now I awaken in the house of the Lord
and I'm standing at the altar
and as I get my marching orders
don't let me falter

when I was unknowable
I was found
when I was unfindable
I was found

won't you believe me now
won't you receive me now
you've got to believe

THE WEEK THAT WAS

that was the week that was
you and I changed
we did it just because
we missed all the pain
that was the week that was
and if we wanted to stay
goodbye was an odd word to say

that was the week that was
you and I fought
we did it just to be
everything we are not
that was the week that was
it was a good run of days
goodbye was a strange word to say

and I don't know its name
I don't know its name
and I don't know its whereabouts
or what it calls home

that was the week that was
you and I flew
we did it just to have
something new to do
that was the week that was
it was a long march of days
when goodbye was the wrong word to say

goodbye was the wrong last word

BALLAST OF OUR YOUTH

why were we there
why did we care
to paint a mirage
in somebody's garage
to fight this
the sightless

righting a wrong
by singing a song
waving a wand
at a chessboard of pawns
to make this
the weightless

it was the ballast of our youth
and our youth was like this town
ballast of our youth
it held us to the ground
it wrecked us
to protect us

then hiding the lies
in our suits and our ties
when under the guise
there was lye in our eyes
to blind us
it reminded us

of the ballast of our youth
and our youth was like this town
ballast of our youth
where I don't see you around
it wrecked us
to protect us

and it might be too late
or it might be too soon
but we're casting the sandbags
off this rising balloon

throw it overboard

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