

# "BOYD IV"

All songs written and recorded by Cass, unless otherwise noted, between January 2009 and May 2010 throughout Wisconsin, particularly in Madison, Waupaca, and Milwaukee.

## I. Damaged

fell me in the forest

drag a blade across my stomach

inside;

wing of moth

vampire bat

the hair of a harlot

*(ashiko, finger cymbals, splash cymbal, aqoqó bells, tambourine, acoustic guitars, glockenspiel, vox)*

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## II. The Serpent

when you find my teeth in the Ash Tree,

when you find your roots in my shit,

remember that I am the Wyrm and the Serpent.

haunting the halls behind door 6 of my apartment.

remember, when you devote a life to knowing

and knowing

and knowing

and knowing that you're the Wyrm and the Serpent

and the shit in the roots and the teeth in the Ash Tree

and knowing

and knowing

and knowing you'll remember me...

will you remember me in my splendor?

will you remember me in my squalor?

will you remember me as you knew me?

will you remember?

will you remember me?

*(electric guitars, vox)*

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### III. Life in the Jungle

locked up like Rapunzel at the top of the spire,

I'll let down my hair if you'll hold my silly head.

la da da da, da.

I had a head full of shit  
and a heart full of piss:  
I filled my ears with black metal  
and in my stomach were the Smiths.

and I think of Matt, and the most beautiful thing that he ever said:  
"I'll shoot that dog in the head before I let it watch you fuck another man."  
la da da da, da.

and I think of Amory Blaine  
and the deafening reality of really, really knowing;  
"I know myself, but that is all."

I wanna run screaming into the streets  
and let the buses grind over me.

la da da da, da.

screaming your name and my name.

*(acoustic guitar, vox, excerpt from F. Scott Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise)*

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## IV. Cloud of Unknowing

"Standing awestruck amidst a cloud of unknowing a mystery unsolved a blue moon never rising just a steady dusk dancing silhouettes swirl in a crystal orb set deep in the trunk of the gnarled oak set deep in the center of the old earth set deep in the center of an infant universe cord yet uncut kicking and screaming two little berries set deep in the bramble cooing and crawling around the yard our pride and our glory an unending story yet inscribed set deep in our palms a crystal orb."

*(Appalachian dulciner, acoustic guitars, glockenspiel, vox)*

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## V. Ode to Dead Deer in Frog Pond

I followed the trail down to the old frog pond.

I sat on the oldest rock, and I felt a little younger.

I knelt down at the water's edge, and I thought I saw a boulder.

and then I saw the maggots.

and then I saw the rotting flesh.

it was a deer.

I saw her neck bent back, her head buried in the sand.

when she stares into the earth, I wonder what she sees.

when she sleeps the big sleep, I wonder what she dreams of.

does she dream of the berries?

is she like me?

*(acoustic guitar, vox, the birds of Waipaca from Dad's front porch)*

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## VI. Bowl III

every heart that is beating is a fist pounding on a door,

and we're screaming,

"Let me in! Let me go! Oh my God! I need something!"

and the hearts that stopped beating aren't the ones that gave up.

They're the ones that got free.

I want to be free.

I want to be the marrow in my bones when my marrow turns to mud,

so I can dance in that blessed river running through a sacred earth in the heart of the heart of the diamond in the rough.

*(acoustic guitar, vox, excerpt from Jules Verne's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, pagan guitar wizardry courtesy of David "Bellbeard" Gordon)*

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## VII. The Crystal Orb

I want to beg you to beg me to spare you  
my talons take root  
my wings spread in a milky moon  
two flags at half mast for a castle in a black cloud  
ah!

the trapper will be lurking  
the slayer will be hunting  
and if you find me it will not be where you've found me

prophecy! a crystal orb in the gnarled oak  
a crystal orb! a sudden dusk in the breaking dawn  
you say I am a serpent but please let me be an ash tree  
oh let me be legend  
oh let them remember me

*(ride cymbal, snare drum, Casio CTX-120, acoustic guitars, electric guitar, the bass guitar, vox)*

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## VIII. Endgame

*(Casio CTX-120, bass drum, snare drums, rim shots, crash cymbal, ride cymbal)*

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## IX. Ponycloud

"Oh, look..."

*(acoustic guitars, chord organ, glockenspiel, vox)*

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## X. Oath-Keepers

when the earth opens up to take me,  
will the heavenly choir greet me?  
will this blessed river bequeath me?  
will the flaming beasts wail, gnashing fangs and hungry?

when Apollo's arrows lay me low,  
I want to bask in Mt. Olympus' glow.  
will a divine compass point and say, "This is where you go."  
will I shriek and claw and howl, wailing "NO!"

I've spent 19 years hiding inside a castle.  
curled up inside with my blessings jarred on the mantle.

when someone knocks on the door, I snarl, "I'm not like you people! I am no fool!"  
but as a fool, I go.

when the cavalcade sweeps by with names written on a scroll  
will I be gathered up to join them in a chariot encased in gold?  
or will the Prince of Darkness cross over my threshold  
and stand before me, cast in fire, saying,  
"Take my hand, child. We're going home."

*(chord organ, acoustic guitar, electric guitar, vox)*

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## XI. Slayer

if I find it  
in the roots of my fangs  
or the roots of the ash tree  
I'll seek it out  
and I'll wrap my cold flesh in its warm hide

Slayer!

always just beyond a hand's grasp  
always masking my footfalls  
a death rattle down my nape

if I come to a clearing  
and the red sun warms me gently  
and then you stand before me  
and veil my world in darkness,

I will say,

"You make a better dungeon carved from bone and barred by thunder than a host of seraphim set in stained glass."

Slayer!

always fading in the woodwork  
always glaring from my closet  
two orbs of fire in the dark

if I stand for a century  
till I bow and

break

in the holy tempest  
in the black wind

Slayer.

always doing  
being  
making

nothing

always cackling in my slumber

a dream I cannot wake from *(acoustic guitar, vox)*

# "Black Hole Or No Black Hole"

*An EP for John "Praw" Kruse of Mine, All Mine! Records*

## I. Sycamores

originally recorded as the score for a short film by David Bartholomew Busse

*(ebow on banjos, gong, harmonicas)*

## II. I Am Bugging Out

where is she going?

while i wind like a serpent on my new bike

why would she stay here?

where should i go? why should i go,

(someone barred the doors while

someone swallowed the key while

someone lightened the knot while

someone kicked out the chair)

while a black wind carries my voice, it's cryin'

"Moon maiden, where art thou?"

and then a white wind carries her voice, crooning

"Far, but not too far!"

a blue wind carries my voice, breaking

"I AM BAGGING OUT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

a true wind carries her voice, soothing

"You are not a creep."

and then the slayings stopped.

*(Casio CTK-120, vox)*

### III. Flaming Lips

G a.n.

in a new sweat

like a new ghost

on my strange lips

you lay me down  
like the black death  
Slayer's roaring  
in my flaming head

and my flaming lips  
well they said,  
"hA hA  
hA hA  
hA hA  
hA!"

if it's the last thing that they do,  
i'll force it out --

"If I could know you and not put you through the trials of knowing me too, I would."

and i'd wake up  
and you'd be there

yeah

*(acoustic quilar, electric quilar, vox)*

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"Howl IV" and "Black Hole or No Black Hole" were produced, mixed, and mastered by Cass and Natty  
"Elf Queen" Toth, in a cloud of unknowing, between the hours of midnight and 10 a.m. on June 8th, 2010.

This record is released under the joint cooperation of Mine, All Mine! Records and Bread King Collective.