

aaron alves
face young, soul old

thin blood

i've got thin blood from years of numbness sorrow all its shadows loom they are waiting for my thoughts to slip back down call it naiveté but i can't take what it is that makes me feel a fire from the inside i've got thin blood from years of abandonment i just want to lie down i am tired of walking without a partner to say goodbye when i am dying

wake up in dark

she's getting dressed i'm in her bed below the windowsill pull up the blinds soak in the grey it's raining how do i look she wants to know my answers never change please you're lovely when i was tired of destruction you brought me peace please you are lovely all things that circulate smile with love pull her to bed smother her skin it's easy wake up in dark she's still asleep lie still this is the one i cannot injure she's too precious

old dog

my dog is getting old he howls and howls my dog is getting old he moans and moans like a slave with the blues caged i know new love she's in the mirror eyes closed pout and pose shoulder shines strap of old dress just the right fit like a slave with the blues i am free new rome first world civilization new rome first world

quiet blues

baby you better love me lets not save it for the summertime baby you better leave me i am awful in the winter months be a good girl let me stay awhile we can build a bed on the ground i am weak in the knees so please follow where my hands go make you smile when they're down below oh love two can become what they want baby you better love me i know now that it's the only way baby you better leave me it's different every single day my eyes see yours when they wake it makes sense

cat crawls

under a shed where it takes it's pain and waits for death to come set forth rejoice the queen has reached heaven thought thick in image depths so vibrant even as a titan it is too much i am the one to make that call this guitar has been to war seen poor souls blood trickle into puddles that the sand keeps warm now it sings with love lost the trauma of grown men weeping for their mother's keeping hand and she says child it's only death try not to stay awake so long she is the one to make that call

in a room

alone in a room singing to who walls without opinion never mind listening so i sing i sing for myself there's a place only i know of i can show the way just take my hand this is where my thoughts stay they've been waiting for you to exist to rest calmly what a state they've been in and now you are here there's a place only we know of it's kept hidden our little secret

lydia

in a dirt corner the old frame crumbles back to forests treated with silence by the very door you once stood a lonesome bell hollow room lonesome company resume the day let night fly long the moon calls but you're sleeping in the night if we separate i'll come searching

i can't move

solid tree with roots to soak patient like a veteran's wounds incomplete the ones you love can't reach in it's funny i think i can read minds hold still it's close i can't move the wood is all on fire it's time to change my place fend for notice the plain are seen in mirrors that reflect nothing hold still it's close

sunday

what happens when it leaves direction is vague no river to follow and the winds have changed it's something that i can't see do i believe hold your passion in my hands we've made love out of nothing i am home with the one i love wherever she rolls her stone i will follow fox in the tall grass a quiet presence

on the cusp

when leaves burn their color the grounds awash in their blood something like paint from a brush could be my eyes telling lies but i think i've seen something for the first time they call it stealing i say alms i am weary they call it victory war and peace the same signs on the cusp born under justice i lack no love i am determined to serve perfect to what i care for i'd drop anything

angelique

stop crying i'm trying to sleep dark settles in night spills like wine on the carpet spreads like a blanket she waits with her hair down arms to receive me do i deserve such affection she waits with her guard down able to trust me can i give her what she wants everything angelique do you dream what is love underneath all that flesh and bone words to know is it tangible can i take it home

he loves she loves (cover)

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