

aaron alves

mistress

what compels- we're in the fashion of concern roots pull from under all we ever went through combined belief is a simple lie we cope quietly with reason what compels is justified. don't you find it hard to wait? i have to say something. we're in the fashion of perfectly sculpted flaw we build first in the crooked halls for space in another room. don't you find it hard to wait?

truest thing- you can't escape the truest thing you just gotta go with it and if you cant you need to find a way like a forest whose trees burn themselves you gotta start from the first part you can't hunt whales without a vessel. nature is the truest thing all that is good lies in it but such darkness it holds nothing like the space of your pupils worried and worse off in times of peace. can i speak simply? it's all the same, it needs to change. (good wind, surely calms troubling spirit fragile cell like window pane of old churches kicked in by vandals.)

little girl- little girl don't you think i wanted to? settle down, its just too fast little girl im ready when im ready. you're trying to throw it away, you're trying throw it away. i won't let you away. i won't let you away.

stay- don't you worry babe, i'll keep our rifle clean, shoot the first thing i see that comes down those stairs we did this to ourselves left no light to guide us home. do not be frightened, only stay cautious. maybe we should worry babe i checked outside looking like a storm came through here ill open the window you can give it your judgment the harm of violence rivers from the lakes of your vision do not be frightened only stay cautious. don't you worry babe death is but lingering give me that old smile break this silence i gift you can bestow a kiss before sleeping. we speak in quiet at night.

room in your home- is there room in your home for soldiers or poets you want your knives or your books stolen? do you want violence or theatrics? they're showing you their notebooks not making sense preaching all that darkness show them how to leave. if there's room in your home who do you let in? on what grounds do they stand? if there's room in this home there's reason to think someone's not happy. don't take off this place gets too quiet we cannot sleep alone i wouldn't know how to leave.

only- if you sit still or you move too fast you might find yourself a little overwhelmed. it's all in and outside find a reason why. it's all out and inside i couldn't tell you why. if you sit still and you think too much you might find yourself a victim those thoughts you pull like curtains open let in the rain. only the hands you have can create what you need because it is the way it is and you cant change a thing. if you want to but if you don't have to say anything i know you i know you well your just like myself. its all in and outside find a reason why. its all out and inside i couldn't tell you why. if you want to but you don't have to change anything the clothes you shed like petals behold you blossoming. only the hands you have can create what you need because it is what it is and you cant change a thing.

i've learned- i've learned you've got to pull through move on trust those who wish you no harm find them they will help you burn the barn lie in the grass watch someone else find the needle in the ashes of the haystacks. a good luck charm for the commonwealth it doesn't seem that bad when you focus meaning when you sit still how could how could i make it here she pulled me up i graciously accepted love nothing wrong with the way she is naked a marble goddess. i've learned you've got to please lust use your tongue the ancient touch a hipbone kiss the slow path. don't you lie, you're beauty vicious nature bows her head. under a half moon i search for something serious im fairly certain we're all heading to death, how will how will, i make it there? it'll pull me down to a darker place than here.

wait a minute- you just wait another minute then you'll see just bite the apple i know you love that taste, the greatest achievements have all been sins sign of justice but no righteous man my ends mean, who can fall? who cares? lone wolf hunts what it wants, that's why the horses are running. wait another minute then you'll see bite the bullet i know you'll probably scream the greatest truth needs no telling we couldn't find the words. our ends mean. who can fall? who cares? packs of wolves hunt what they want thats why the horses are running.

it's over- talkin bout the past these last days we walk different paths yours to where the sun sets it head i stayed here down near the history im still singing i want you to listen. it's over people move on its over neither of us are wrong its over its not really gone its over it feels so real its over at the top of the hill.

written, performed, recorded by aaron alves

mixed and set a sail by brandon frank duarte

thank you to kate mello, vistas, and to 28 union street which has treated me so well and i'm sad to see it go, hope i did it justice.