

Pretending

t.k. bollinger

I don't know who's right, but I know who is faking.
I can't keep ascending if I will exhaust the means
To bring the fire to my dreams.

My apprenticeship never seems to end.
The master's judgement's strangely absent.
I can't keep pretending, every path I know's too steep,
I must return descending.

I don't know if I can keep delaying.
I can't keep pretending, blinded by my noble deeds,
The ones I keep defending.

We all know deep down the price that we are paying
I can't keep pretending, everything is going sweet,
That there'll never be an ending.
I can't keep defending.
I can't keep ascending.
No I can't keep pretending everything is going sweet,
That there'll never be an ending to this dream.

Painted Devils

t.k. bollinger

Often I have swallowed all the things they said.
Maybe tomorrow I can clear my head?
Does this make me happy?
I wish it did, but I don't get there much these days.
I once knew something that I am missing
Since they came to stay.

Painted devils on all the walls to keep my blackest fears at bay.
I never bargained they'd also keep my hopes away.

Sometimes I will borrow. Sometimes I will steal.

Maybe tomorrow we can close the deal.
You say you're happy? That makes me glad
But I don't get there much no more.
I'm too committed to these excuses I've paid so dearly for.

Painted devils on all the walls to keep my blackest fears at bay.
I never bargained they'd also keep my hopes away.

Painted devils on every wall. They keep my fears at bay.
I never bargained they'd also keep all hope away.

Crowding Out the Living

t.k. bollinger

I know my sickness now, but I don't know the cure.
It's forgiven more easily when accompanied by beauty.
It's a luxury I'm lucky to have known.
A small understanding of what fate has thrown me.

Since I gave myself over to them
Their shadows are crowding out the living.
Since I gave myself over to them
Their shadows are crowding out the living.

When you hold them off too long, they play a different game.
Some they say the stake's too high to wait is a mistake.
It's a calculation only you can make.
Not only those who set the rules have the power to break them.

Since I gave myself over to them
Their shadows are drowning out the living.
Since I gave myself over to them
Their shadows are drowning out the living.

Why the Long Face, Mister?

t.k. bollinger

You have spent your life living with regrets.
Trying all you could simply to forget.
Somehow you still made it out,
So why the long face mister?

You have spent your days attracted to reproach.
Seeking novel ways to craft that last note.
You're allowed to still be around,
So why the long face mister?

You gave up on everything that you believed in.
A victim of anything that left good feelings.
Somehow, they still come around,
So why the long face mister?
Somehow you are still around,
So why the long face mister?

You gave up on everything that left you feeling.
Good about anything when love left you reeling.
Somehow, they still come around,
So why the long face mister?
Somehow you are still around,
So why the long face mister?

What I Want and What is Right

t.k. bollinger

Every hole I dig to hide my goal
Is another tether on my soul,
But I still hold out hope one day I'll find
A more noble way to cope.

I need to keep in mind
That I tend to confuse what I want with what is right.
I need to keep in mind
That I tend to confuse my beliefs with what is right.

Every hole I dig to hide my soul
Is another terror I must face one day.
But I still hold out hope for peace of mind
Or a more constructive way to cope.

Every hole I dig to hide my gold
Is another pitfall for my soul.
But I still hold out hope for some peace of mind
Or a more noble way to cope.

I need to keep in mind
That I tend to confuse what I want with what is right.
I need to keep in mind
That I tend to confuse my beliefs with what is right.

Taking What Was Good

t.k. bollinger

Taking me back's no good.
I've lost the facts only feelings have remained.

And they have a way to be so cruel,
The ending it has tainted what was good.

I'm trying to remember what went wrong.
All those little things that haunt me like this song
That I can't help but sing

And they have a way to be so cruel,
The ending it has tainted what was good.

Taking me back won't work.
We must face facts all our colour's mixed with black.

I'm trying to recall what we said wrong.
All those niggling things that can and can't belong
To the love song that we sing.

They have their ways to be so cruel
Who knew such little words could taint what was so good.

Receiving Hand

t.k. bollinger

When your heart's consumed
By a measure not quite in tune
It's hard to be on the receiving end.

What eyes can't see,
We tend to fill in with our beliefs,
It's hard to be on the receiving end.

So you fit in by standing out
And you agree by raising doubt.
What you see they don't understand.

It's hard to be where nobody else can see.
It's hard to be the receiving hand.

What your heart it knows let your hands show
You've the spirit to grow passed the receiving hand.

Somewhere you'll fit in where they don't mind you stand out.
What you see they might understand.

There you'll fit in by standing out
Where they agree by raising doubt.
It's hard to be the receiving hand.

Deaf Ears

t.k. bollinger

Remember how you held me tight
Stroked my hair said you'd make it right.
You'd come to find me, there's no need to fear
But you were talking to deaf ears.

Remember how you had a plan
It would mean leaving our own land.
My heart was broken, and I swallowed tears.
They'd just be falling on deaf ears.

There's no place to stay.
Home is far away.
We don't know if we'll see it again.

Remember when we climbed aboard
Our hope wrapped tightly like the food we stored.
Sharks before us, dogs at the rear,
Tired of talking to deaf ears.

Remember how we were amazed
To see the fire burning on the waves
The shock of water and the clutch of fear
The stunning silence of deaf ears

Home was far away
And I can't find my way

You left my spirit floating on the waves

Remember when you found me there
The smell of diesel, water everywhere
No one was speaking you shed silent tears
You'd been calling to deaf ears

Remember how we felt the sting
The second time we lost everything
There was pity but one thing was clear
We were talking to deaf ears.

Home is far away
And I can't find my way
You left my spirit floating on the waves.

That Guy

t.k. bollinger

You know that guy you meet at a party
And are soon wishing, would leave?

It's not that he bores you,
It's more that he bores right through,
Making holes where none should be.

Making you question, with each subtle suggestion,
If it's your or his sanity.

You know that guy.
We met at a party, but he wouldn't leave.

He said to me "You've got to die of something.

Each victory it all still comes to nothing
But that's not a reason for you to give up
There is no point, except love, and that still comes to nothing."

Now I'm that guy.
You meet at a party and wish would leave.

Something's Lost

t.k. bollinger

Something's lost, Something pure.
You replaced it with a fierce allure.
That's why you see them everywhere you go.
It's hard to be friends with what forces you to grow.

So, my friend, do you regret coming home and facing it?
I wonder, is it better not to know
If those memories are yours alone.

I know that brittle voice that's inside.
It grows when you're too tired to fight.
It cries and rages all through the night.
You'll find it grows quiet after a while.

I'm not saying you're to blame.
Something shameful must have made you feel this way.
But there's a reason to leave and reasons to go on,
This doesn't have to be your swan song.

Don't shy from old paths, walk on them again,
You'll never know what they might bring.

Wake Up Noble Heart and Mind

t.k. bollinger

The hour's late and I need to go now
But I'm afraid when I awake
Some things won't feel the same.

Tomorrow I might come to understand
What I've sabotaged.

I was afraid to share,
Ashamed that I would dare,
To wake up that noble heart.
What makes me think I don't deserve
Acceptance unreserved.

It was the cross I bore,
That parts of me were flawed.
I did not deserve
To wake up that noble heart.
In twisted times I dwell,
Where I've learned to hate myself.
It would do me good and well
To prize apart this shell.
This hatred of myself.

The Ghost of what was to be

t.k.bollinger/John Veasay

I dreamed of what might be –
On the sweet summer wind,
Your song, it came to me,
But I was found wanting.

The Ghost of what was to be

Is now blown on the wind
of eternity,
And I am left wanting.

They always followed me
And I've learned to love their company,
But there's times these dreams have swallowed me
And I'd be lost in their shadow.

I've been forced to let it go.
My dreams they come and go.
I've seen the ripeness and the wanting,
It seems I need them both.

Heart's Lost Flame

t.k. bollinger

There's a time when what you've known
Doesn't have the strength to grow.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my heart's lost flame.

There's a choice I made long ago
To not shy from what I want.
But I keep taking thought I've had enough.
Am I mistaking jealousy for love?

I think on each passion's kiss and each fond embrace
Of the people I loathe or miss from lost days.
What I've won, what I've sacrificed, in the name of pride.
What was born in the flame of truth and the smoke of lies.

There's a time when what you've sown

No longer has the strength to grow.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my heart's lost flame.

Circle

t.k. bollinger

I feel it in my heart –
Time has no ending or start.
Few escape once the wheel is in motion.
We don't live in a void.
We move in loops of attraction.
Few escape, forces too great are in motion.

Time's a circle and I cannot escape
My misdeeds and trials.
Time's a circle that I never can break
Until I accept my mistakes.

I thought that it was true –
Love it moves on to another.
I'd escape my heartbreak in a deeper love one day.

These feelings still astound –
Like interest, loss is compounded.
I just trace your face on the people I found here.

Time's a circle and I cannot escape
My misdeeds and crimes.
Time's a circle that I never can break
Until I accept the role that I've played.

Mourning the traces of moments long dead,
Memories embrace us

Lifting us up like moats of dust
'Til they drift down to the ground
And we are lost again in the now.

Time's a circle and I cannot escape
My misdeeds and crimes.
Time's a circle that I never can break
Until I can accept my mistakes.

Time's a circle and I cannot escape
My misdeeds and crimes.
Time's a circle that I never can break
Until I accept the role that I play.

Call the Foreman

t.k. bollinger

Will the foreman please come and see
The fateful bloody mess we've made here?
We filled the forms out and there has been no answer
to our request. The boss remains silent
While tempers turn vile and ugly.

The rules of conduct have seen many breeches
And while I've not been adversely affected
The team still beseeches the powers that be
To find a way to remove the lethargy,
The current fucked strategies that change nothing.

We've lost face in pleasant company.
Our disgrace is there for all the world to see.
Morale's in tatters and we sorely need
A word from those up above soon please.

Have the courage to come to me,
Together we'll digest this pain and
See what clever conclusions we
Can artfully extract so we can be
More than these mere agents of efficiency.
We just really want to know
If there's someone running this crazy show.

Guilty Man's Blues

t.k. bollinger

Sometimes you need to swallow misdeeds
and sometimes misdeeds swallow you.
I seem to wallow in this guilt and sorrow
Like they are children I must feed.

I count my crimes – All this misery
I tend to put myself through.
Recounting lives I should have put to rest for years.
Why can't I let it go?

Mine is a life whose fortune is misery.
Have I confused these guilty man's blues
With my heart's true tune?

I spend my time tending the misery
I always thought I deserved.
Recounting crimes I should have put to rest for years.

Mine is a life whose fortune is misery.
Have I confused these guilty man's blues...?
Mine is a life whose fortune is misery.
I have confused these guilty man's blues

With my heart's true tune
It's time I let it go.

Upon Leaving

t.k. bollinger

How will I cast off these living shackles?
Will I pay the cost of each misdeed,
With angry eyes looking down at me,
My blood painting the street, my body left to
rot without a sheet beneath me?

Or will I, when I die, find myself in the softest bed?
Racked with pain,
Blind to the names of those I loved?
Soft in brain,
Unable to see the sky?

If I could choose
It would be the greenest field.
With relief, my final breath
Would ride upon the summer wind.
Don't call me back.
Be glad to see the back of me.
I'm glad that I was born but
One Life should be enough for me.