



Richard Martin
BECAUSE OF ALL THE BUILDINGS

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BUILDINGS I can't see the stars because of all the buildings. Last night I dreamed that it wasn't this way. We lived on luck and the sound of the train.

WITH THE CURRENT Bright fifteen, the other fourteen don't even matter. Now she's dead. Body's clean, floating hands wave with the current. Arms stretched, as if saying hello here I am. Long winding sheet covers up what remains. Lying underneath is the one who died in shame. Long wait for peace laid to rest but don't explain why she died the way she did. All the troubles dissolved in the water flowing endlessly empties into the sea.

SWALLOW THE DESIGN Sometimes seen, but not ever known. Never deviate from the decline. No relief, tension only grows, crawling up along the center line. And now two becomes one more. A milestone waiting to expose the flaws. Set on proving that it's a dying cause. And with the sun comes another day to shine. But spit out the light and swallow the design. Long, it's been so long, not long enough.

LOW At best it's fucking all bizarre, involuntary momentum. And all that's bad will hurt you. And all that's good deserts you now. An arbitrary distraction soaks up leaking attention. And it's instrumental to your fast descent to hell. Why do I even care at all? Learn not to trust your crooked smile. Dissension carries on for miles. And my cold stares will kill you, my bitter words will fill you up.

LONG HOPE And it never was enough to hate all the hateful they, they're so willing for giving more of the same. It's a steady diet of lies that will help accelerate the desire for the means to separate. A perverted sense of love, needle pushing through the vein. Hold it up and put it on display. And I never was the one to take the blame.

CONNECT TO DISCONNECT (Uf whidt saf brid kich)

CASTRO'S BEARD Sitting in a car. Shot him in the head. Jackie went to fetch his brain but he's already dead. Don't fuck with Castro's beard. It was the KGB. Maybe Judith's dad was mad and gave a call to Lee. I don't even fucking care.

WORTHLESS MACHINES Dear Marianne, I cannot save you from your life. Your soothing walls are there, serving your design. There's nothing outside that won't be there in the morning. Let all the color drain and see in black and white. Worthless machines, spreading disease and occupying space in your time and changing all of your desires. It's getting late, the sun sits low in the sky. Flickering through the trees as if it's waving goodbye. And time falls asleep just waiting for you to return.

STANDING WAVES Broken windows line the seeing. Shapes of glass influence feeling. Water line approaching shoulders. Today the sun deserves revealing. I can kill my own intention with a pretend intervention. Grinding down the sordid leanings until they're only ghosts of feelings. How long will this remain standing? Long enough to be knocked down. Waves continuously hitting. Quickly breaking down everything. Pieces falling from the ceiling. There's no time to be regretting. With surgical precision, cutting out this altered vision. And there's only one remaining. And I cannot see anything.



FALL DOWN Once away will keep. Twice a day try sleep. Uninspired, unsure. Once alone will fight. Pass the day to night. Maybe use the black box. I know you wouldn't lie, but don't look me in the eye. Walking down the street where cars cannot drive. Old enough to know how fast the years go by. Once alight will burn. Take a different turn. Lonely sentence served. Fall Down.

TWO VINES He said it's not bad, said he might as well be dead. White noise films the room, leaves an air you can't think through. I can't, he said, feel my fingers at the ends. Black lines obscure view, removing what you thought you knew. Like two vines grown together, they're living from each other. Cut one and the other feels it. But at the end they part. Moving back along the lines from which they came. Waves all hit at once turn white on the way to dead.

FULL-STOP I don't know why I still try, in spite of what you do. So many years will go by until you follow through. Unrelenting sensory overload in me. I hear what I taste and I taste what I see. Tree lays its root in ground, it's like a melody. Singing as it's moving down, hearing without seeing. The elements will take us eventually. And we will all be as we are supposed to be.

All things played and sang by Richard Martin with the exception of: extra voice on *Full-Stop* by Veronika Vogt, cello on *Worthless Machines* and *Full-Stop* by Mike Lunapiena. Recorded and mixed at DCXXV Recordings, Brooklyn, NY. Mastered by Paul Gold at Salt Mastering. Tape machine maintenance by Glenn at Coleman Audio. LISTEN LOUDLY.

dcxxv.com/richardmartin r@dcxxv.com



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