

Deas Vair

Birds & Cages

The Things You Were

It's making perfect sense why I'm putting this one off. I'm going to take that second chance, before the day is done. Maybe this is love, and maybe it's something else. I slowly come apart, and I'm trying to let go. What if this is love—what I barely believe in? You were ordinary until you came and saved me. This is not what it seems. Not you've taken me by surprise and given me new life. I turned every light on but I still can't find my way. I forget this, what is love? Today could remind me. It's something to live for...

Growing Pains

What's a name when in the darkness we all look the same? Holding candles looking for the flame, for the fire to chase the night away as we wait for daylight to break. What is life kept to ourselves? Careful words composed? It's a book upon the shelf, its story never told. We are frames, chasing photos of our happier days. Clinging to the ones they can't erase. Going on to find that perfect place, where we can love each other. We can find each other, we can shape the world again. What is life kept to ourselves? Careful words composed? It's a book upon the shelf, its story never told. The pages turn and then unfold to show us where we've been. As the signs along the road to lead us home again. I feel like I've been turned inside out. I've come so far I can't turn around, but I don't know the next steps to take because all you left were me and the growing pains.

Excuses

Bring yourself and no one else. You come alone or don't come at all. This is your chance to believe in something more than walls and ceilings. Your saving face to be on your way. Come on, come on, don't wait until the damage is done. It's gone when it's gone—don't you want to know what we could become? On and on we run and we run from life. It's time we chased the smoke of our guns and made this right. Save yourself, now don't be scared. I'll do my part and be right there. I will probably come out running, with exploding buildings right behind me.

Cages

I can't stand the mechanical breath, and I'm scared I could slowly love you to death. I can never let go. On and on we are counting the formulas. We've become the modern equation, the numbers of hope. I won't feed us lies here, they're not giving us much time. I'd give anything to make it better, baby. This is something I can't change. Oh, this silence could go on forever. Am I walking with you in your dreams? These metaphors for conditions and phobias—we'll pretend that we can explain, but we know we don't know. We can't be led by fear, dear. Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Can you show me that you understand? We thought we had it all figured out, but we don't know the half of it. Somebody will come and save us all. Somebody will come and let us out, let us out of our cages.

Birds

This is our true alarm. This is reality. We will do what we can. We are just figurines with a theology that we don't understand. We can't forget the beginning, when He set our broken wings. God, how much does it take for us to be loved? For us to be saved? We all are birds stuck inside our cage, covered up with praise. Behind our saints we hide our face. Oh, the numbers come. Yeah, they're dialing in. We can't help but to compare ourselves again. I can't believe in this—this blue-lipped, lifeless kiss. We can't see past our thrones. We fight for life within, but our walls are wearing thin. Oh God, where have we gone? When I'm just one fighting indifference, does it matter what I say? It's not that there were ever bad intentions—it's more that we forgot where to call home. From important things that we don't know to mention, it's the uniform that we put on—the formula we have for love.

Tell Me

Tell me, tell me. Can you tell me that the page will turn itself and take us somewhere else?

Dance in Perfect Time

It's a comfortable sound, the passing cars that calm our bodies down. In this little town, we'll fade into summer's new background. So we'll take this cup tonight, this chosen life, we'll dance and dance in perfect time. Our hiding dreams are silhouettes that take us in our sleep. So if what we have is real, how should this feel? Just dance and dance. Tell me, tell me. Can you tell me that the page will turn itself and take us somewhere else. It's a turning key. When two are one, they set each other free.

Sunlight

Somedays come and somedays go, where do they get off walking out on me? We can't break up, can't break up with ourselves. I wish it were so simple. Underneath the colors of our skins we are the same—we all begin when everything was little. We want more than we can get. Isn't that the way we all like to live—without reservation? Sunlight is falling again, but it never touches us because we cover our eyes and cover our fragile skin, and we are comfortable with this. Elevate the product of our sins. We are the soul of modern trends. We can't forget what we came here with and what we'll have left when we leave. Here we stand with our key in hand. The ones who stood the closest slowly falling out of focus. How can we hide ourselves like this? It doesn't seem like we all now where we belong.

Puzzles and Pieces

Everyone is careful. They're plotting their best escapes, for fear of this whole place burning down. Puzzles and pieces. We're tangled in cages, and they rattle and shake their bones. They grew from the earth I watched them bloom. They came up and grabbed me. We stand in a world that seems to be built on pillars and numbers, or dance with the hopes of falling in love before we have learned to love ourselves. Measures and objects. They fall in our view of worth, and were whittled away by zeros won. Somebody save us. Nobody asks this, but where does our heart live on? In dreaming of dangers, dream of God. Maybe we've got it.

The Great Physician

Hello, I have come from the fallen. With colors running down through the outlines. I've closed my eyes to see what is hidden. Now I play the fool for the last time. Take all of my pain, or is it just a premonition? I can feel it take my breath away. How can it be that we're saved just to live with such shame? It's all in my head. So, follow and hope will be there if you'll listen. Take your place under the hand of the Great Physician. Move on—just move on. Well I wish it were that easy. I let it go and take it back again. The stones that fall out of my hands only prove my mistake. Blinded pride is a permanent color. So we're moving on to grow from the stones of a surface lover. We're going under!

The Leaper

I'm telling you, son, it's been a long time coming. I don't wanna take anything away from you. It will just be a little while if that's alright. How can I place every piece together when I don't want to face all the things I put you through? If you can't see me in this way, well that's alright. So I'll leap from the edge knowing nothing of the fall. How much time do we have before the end? As the world rushes in, I'm compelled to look back home. I'm finally conscious of how this began—the beginning of a lifetime in the chains of the leapers end. I cover my face, and I swear I won't go for another taste. It's the poison in my mouth. I think if I don't go back, I can't go wrong.

Atlantis

Stuck in a world of water and glass—of recycled air and years that have passed. No one's going to find us here. They don't know to look. No rescue is coming.

We took away to make our homes. Now nothing remains from all of our hunger. We gave into our need to own, so the tide in its rage has taken us under. We are waiting to be found at the bottom of the earth, and frequently we'll send a melody. To the surface of the womb, where our hope of notice looms. From the perfect place for all humanity—from the valley of the deep. Death is a stranger with tricks up his sleeves that we'll always need but we'll never receive. No one's going to find us here. They don't know to look. No rescue is coming. I wanna see those gardens where I used to pray. Where I watched the sun come up and evening turned to day. Light never seems to find this place. This black is a permanent reminder that we are waiting to be found at the bottom of the earth.

All songs written and performed by Deas Vail

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