

DOOMED TO OBSCURITY



better days

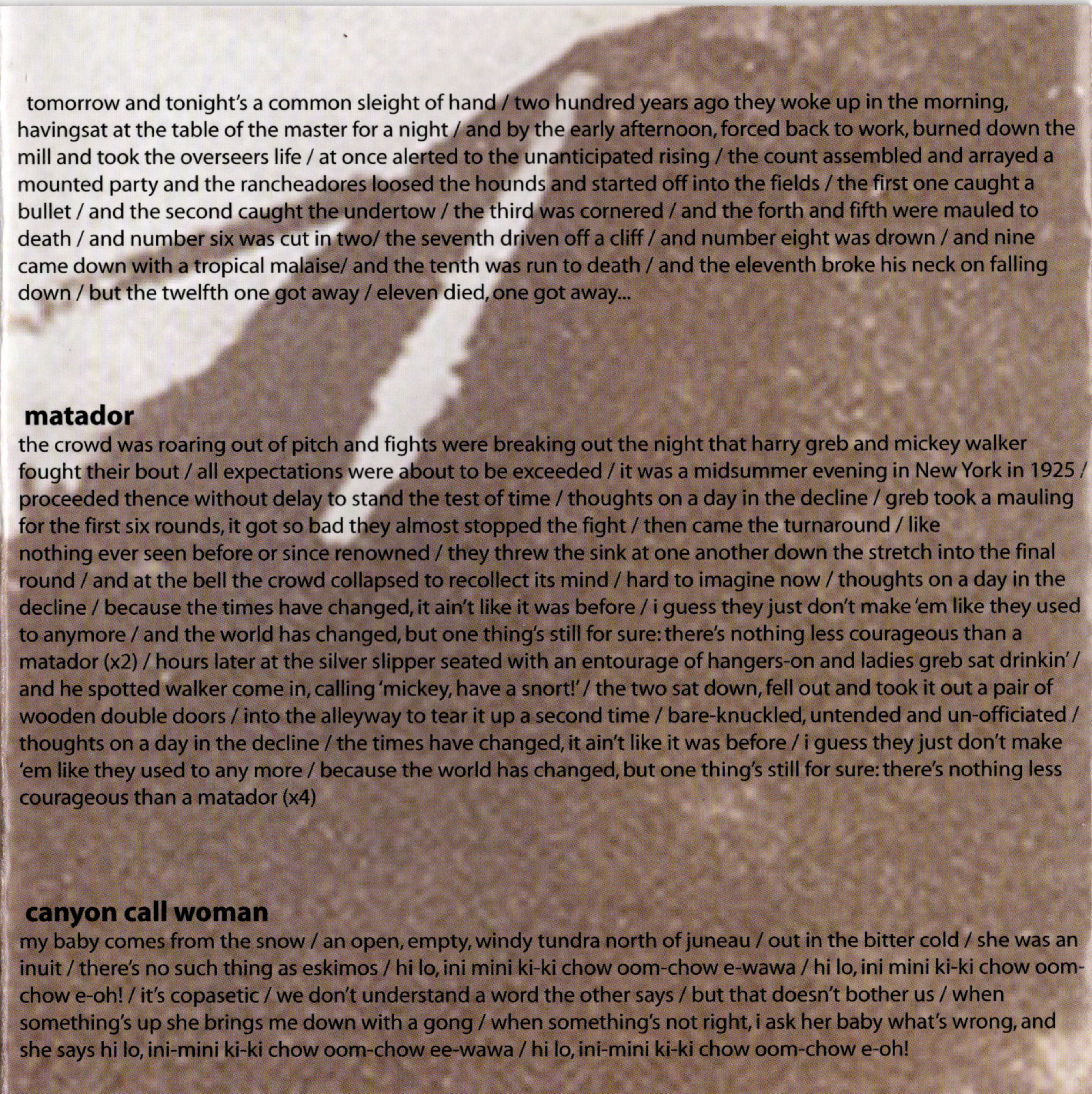
everything fell apart with dad on the rails, leaving mom at home in tinsel town / working 40 hours at a job up the hill / two kids at home to feed & all the bills / you would have never thought it possible, the day you took your vows / your mother in law's been phoning / and she still won't shut her mouth / but o, there've been better days than this one / o, there've been better days than this one / meanwhile, off in saginaw, dad was in jail / for skipping out on a bill / '\$800 western union!' he yelled / don't give me grief now, woman, just wire some bail / you'd have never thought it possible – how low can you go? / you haven't called home in weeks / did you forget to say hello? / but O x 2 / the wire passed, bail went through, mama got a lawyer and dad got the boot / and looking back on twenty-five years since all the above / i'm glad he stayed gone, i'm glad he stayed gone / cuz it would've been impossible / so where to now? / mom and we to better days / and dad to the sacred chao / and a brighter world than this one / o, there've been better days than this one / o, you've seen better days than this one / o, there'll be better days than this one

shooting spree

scene 1, the bus stop / 7:34 a.m. / first day in attendance in a new district / who are these people / yo, yo, yo – there's that new kid / check him out: / yo! nice bowl cut, zeke, what are you, amish? / bah! / aw, man, I think you're gonna make him cry / you fuckin' loser / you fuckin' geek! / i don't believe it / can't understand, is this a nightmare / you can't be serious / am i expected to undergo / this ain't a place that you escape without a red-hot branding / i gotta get away, because it makes me kind of queasy, yes, I think I'm getting ill / i wish i could i would, i wish i could i would i can't i won't i should i might i probably will / scene 2, the class room / stumbling in, five minutes late / unkempt, disheveled, unsuspecting / can't find your seat, can't find a pencil / (Wah Wha?, hats off to Charles Schultz) / could you repeat it, don't understand is that an obsolete vernacular in old code? / could be mistaken / i coulda' sworn i heard a noise in hear it sounded like a rank emission / i gotta get away, because it makes me want to catch a train across the hill / i wish i could i would / i wish i could i would i can't i won't i should i might i will / scene 3, back home / report card day / and just arrived by the u.s. mail, o lord, jesus help us / footsteps, coming up the stairs / I can't believe my eyes/ (Squawk) / do you see what you've done to your mother? / you will not go outside / you will not leave your room / my god, to think we'd live to see the day / i'm so ashamed of you / could be deluded, but is there something awfully wrong here? / am I the only one? / am I expected to undergo this / is a nauseating bad excuse for life on earth / i've gotta get away / because it makes me want to buy a gun it makes me want to kill / i wish i could i would i wish i could i would i can't i won't i should i might i will....

the twelfth one

the count de casa bayona, his excellency / one holy thursday summoned one dozen slaves / and in an act of Xian fervor and a proselytizing gone astray / he humbled himself / and washed their feet and seated everyone around a table / and in the would-be role of jesus told the slaves / that if the slaves obey their masters / there would be no work on holy days / this bread's my body / this wine's the blood on my hands / because we won't be here



tomorrow and tonight's a common sleight of hand / two hundred years ago they woke up in the morning,
havingsat at the table of the master for a night / and by the early afternoon, forced back to work, burned down the
mill and took the overseers life / at once alerted to the unanticipated rising / the count assembled and arrayed a
mounted party and the rancheadores loosed the hounds and started off into the fields / the first one caught a
bullet / and the second caught the undertow / the third was cornered / and the forth and fifth were mauled to
death / and number six was cut in two/ the seventh driven off a cliff / and number eight was drown / and nine
came down with a tropical malaise/ and the tenth was run to death / and the eleventh broke his neck on falling
down / but the twelfth one got away / eleven died, one got away...

matador

the crowd was roaring out of pitch and fights were breaking out the night that harry greb and mickey walker
fought their bout / all expectations were about to be exceeded / it was a midsummer evening in New York in 1925 /
proceeded thence without delay to stand the test of time / thoughts on a day in the decline / greb took a mauling
for the first six rounds, it got so bad they almost stopped the fight / then came the turnaround / like
nothing ever seen before or since renowned / they threw the sink at one another down the stretch into the final
round / and at the bell the crowd collapsed to recollect its mind / hard to imagine now / thoughts on a day in the
decline / because the times have changed, it ain't like it was before / i guess they just don't make 'em like they used
to anymore / and the world has changed, but one thing's still for sure: there's nothing less courageous than a
matador (x2) / hours later at the silver slipper seated with an entourage of hangers-on and ladies greb sat drinkin' /
and he spotted walker come in, calling 'mickey, have a snort!' / the two sat down, fell out and took it out a pair of
wooden double doors / into the alleyway to tear it up a second time / bare-knuckled, untended and un-officiated /
thoughts on a day in the decline / the times have changed, it ain't like it was before / i guess they just don't make
'em like they used to any more / because the world has changed, but one thing's still for sure: there's nothing less
courageous than a matador (x4)

canyon call woman

my baby comes from the snow / an open, empty, windy tundra north of juneau / out in the bitter cold / she was an
inuit / there's no such thing as eskimos / hi lo, ini mini ki-ki chow oom-chow e-wawa / hi lo, ini mini ki-ki chow oom-
chow e-oh! / it's copasetic / we don't understand a word the other says / but that doesn't bother us / when
something's up she brings me down with a gong / when something's not right, i ask her baby what's wrong, and
she says hi lo, ini-mini ki-ki chow oom-chow ee-wawa / hi lo, ini-mini ki-ki chow oom-chow e-oh!

dirty white (with a tip of the hat to Russel Means)

how many lies can one divided country tell? / how many lies can it repeat? / how much revision of the way it really happened can be perpetrated willfully? / how many people here at home would have to die? / how many bodies would it take for us to empathize? / doesn't anybody take a step outside of their daily lives / to empathize / and identify: / there's never been a treaty left unbroken after all / and there's never been a lie we haven't told / and there's never been a crime against humanity that's gone uncommitted by dirty white / how many lies can one divided country sell? / how many lies can it believe? / how many documented acts against a people can be denied categorically? / if history is written by the winners ever more / and the innocent and the good, the just don't always win the war / then it's all the more imperative to keep yourself informed / and recognize / genocide / there's never been a treaty left unbroken after all / and there's never been a lie we haven't told / and there's never been a crime against humanity that's gone uncommitted by dirty white...

liv rundgren

bebe / such a beautiful lady / look what happened while papa was away / you had a baby / a beautiful baby / the only problem is: she doesn't look like me / bebe, why can't you see – I wish she was my planted seed / we could have such fun / liv, baby, if you'd just come home now / we could have such fun / we could bang it on the drum all day, yeah / we could have such fun / maybe / it wouldn't drive me so crazy / if it woulda' been another Iggy, Mick or David, Stiv or Prince or Jimmy, Rod or Elvis / but not a Masshole / another monkey on a tightrope / another monkey in the hole / we could have such fun / did you have to go and change your name / we could have such fun / did you have to sell me down the river / we could have such fun / did you have to go and bang that drum? / we could have such fun / you should've been a rundgren...

shitbeast (day of judgment in the lone star)

they say it came from amarillo / out of an underground lab / some say it moved like a whirlwind / others say it looked like nixon in drag / it was a / day of judgment in the lone star / it started out at the border / wrecking everything in its path / it got to dallas by the afternoon / smoking bodies in the aftermath / they tried to stop it with a line of tanks / it didn't veer from its path / they dropped a bunker buster on it, yeah / that only made it laugh / it was a shitbeast / a distant cousin to the morning star / it was a shitbeast / a day of judgment in the lone star / it leveled houston in a single blast / it buried san antonio / (forget the alamo!) / it killed a hundred thousand cowboys in the closet and left the oil fields smoldering a red-hot glow / after kenneth lay was crucified / george herbert walker bush was burned alive / haliburton took a bloody fold / austin was the only thing it left alone / it was a shitbeast / a distant cousin to the morning star / it was a shitbeast / a day of judgment in the lone star / it was a shitbeast / and it was wrecking everything in its path / it was a jesus fucking shitbeast / it was a shitbeast / it was a shitbeast / it left a scorched path...

trolls

was up in the morning by the window in the kitchen / cold coffee at a quarter past eight while down in the cellar the ma troll screamed / and from the window i could hear her say 'you're late for the bus stop / get your clothes on / take your brother and wipe your face or your father's gonna hear about it / he's gonna get you!' / and in a minute i could hear the youngest say: 'momma's a troll / papa's a con / and we're all the prodigal sons borne along / though we ain't done nothing wrong / five minutes later, the bus had gone by / little trolls on the corner left high and dry / pa pulled his pants on / lit a newport light and started screaming at the top of his lungs / he put the brats in the wagon and slammed the door / ate a piece of cold pork from the night before / then he crammed into the driver's seat and took the pod full of trolls away down geiger street / 'momma's a troll / papa's a con / and we're all the prodigal sons borne along / though we ain't done nothing wrong' / and some day they're all gonna crawl / if we've got to walk on the water to issue the call then we will / and we'll wait for godot to take us away / by the time all the smoke had cleared there were twelve cars down and a pickup full of catfish / there was a wagonload of u.s. mail / there were three dead trolls and a tanker in the ditch / and the tanker spilled the oil and the oil caught fire and the fire got spread and the stench of burning tires / and the smoke brought the sirens and the sirens brought the trucks and the trucks brought the medics and the medics brought the drugs / and the drugs brought the freaks and he freaks brought the press and the press got an anchorman beaten to death / and the crime brought the cops and the cops brought clubs and some heads got bashed and the freaks got away with all the drugs got cut in a bathtub lab / and the lab got raided and the dealers got nabbed / and the dealers got a sentence and the sentence got tossed in exchange for public service on the indiana red cross / so now all the dealers and the clean up crew and the freaks and the medics and a troll or two are out working on the highway / such a mess while / pa troll got laid to rest / it's true / ma shot him down / pa took the fall and the sheriff evicted us all in the end / so me and ma moved in to a flat / now we live by the tram / she works in a short-order dive and i clean out the can and we wait / we wait for godot to take us away....

vernon howell

a february morning/ a tiny desert town/ an armed brigade of agents / coming after Vernon Howell / while under pretense of conducting a routine investigation / a civil weapons search / without ever once so much as knocking on the door before / they killed a dozen dogs / they opened fire on the door / they killed a man inside / they shot a little girl / they riddled down from the sky / they shot the building full of holes / and despite the later dirty lies / they killed a couple more / if someone breaks into your home to kill your wife and child, no matter who they are, you have the legal right, and the divine / to meet them at the gate / to take it toe to toe / any time, any place / here they come, here you go / without a television eye / beyond a court of law / if for this you've got to die / go on and kill them all...

Tristan called me in the spring of 2003.
He said he was moving back to Lancaster PA to do research for his 3rd
book Kornwolf and wanted to play some punk rock.
I told him I would be honored and had just the right person (Chris) and
the riffs to make that happen

Tristan arrived at our practice space in Philly. We hugged, sang, and
drank until we could barely stand. 'Canyon Call Woman' was written and
Doomed To Obscurity was born. Over the next several months the three
of us wrote an album's worth of material, recruited some friends and
recorded a demo. Live shows followed. They said we were incredible -
on the verge of taking over the world

On may 7th 2005 Tristan took his own life.
On that day this demo became the first and last record of our band.
Revisiting these songs was not easy. We've had some of the saddest
nights imaginable, pouring over old 4track tapes, working with Jeff on
mixes. It was a very long year

There are very few Tristans in this world. He had an energy, vision and
an openness that was unique and an inspiration to be around. Tristan
will be sorely missed.
Now that some time has passed, along with the sadness of what should
have been, is a feeling of great pride in what we did

Jason and Chris

