

My first and foremost memory is staring up in wonder at the wall. It circumscribed the city—they said beyond it nothing dwelt at all. But I came to wonder if the stories all were true, so one night I made my mind up—I resolved that I would find a passage through. And as I made my plans my head would spin and swiftly dance between the whys. Like why the roads were all dead ends—why we'd no word to name the color of the sky? And why did these tunnels lead me deep beneath the streets? When I was through I lit my lamp with something soft and green and damp beneath my feet. And I don't know the way—but I know that I belong out here—on this journey that I never thought I'd make. Setting out across a new frontier—a new horizon with each eager step I take. As the stars begin to fade, I stride to meet the breaking day and breathe it in. It rakes over my tongue, so crisp and cool inside my lungs, against my skin. And I see the colors burst and bloom beneath the dawn—the brilliance overwhelms me, leaves me wondering what new world I'm even on. Overhead, are those angels or vultures? Heavy wings and the hum of decay—they seethe and hover—skew and smother the light of day. Every word is dissonant whisper —they've got you wearing a smile like a mask—and all you're left with is every question you're scared to ask. I will find you in the black light of that cold dry land. Never mind who held you last night—come and take my hand. Every tether is tangled and twisted— they slowly sever your heart from the whole. Iron shackles—hungry jackals with eyes like coal. Underfoot, as you steal past the gallows—brittle branches or pieces of bone? Feel your chest heave are you ready to come back home?

I saw the fire on the television—the DOD, or the CIA? If we're the cops, then the world's our prison—2, 4, 6, 8, USA! (all right!) The blood red, the black gold—this is the air we breathe. The beachhead, the backroad—buried in the sun. She felt the thrum of the helicopter—a little taste of that shock and awe. She tried to run but the bullets caught her, courtesy of our coup d'état (all right!) I never saw all your northern lights. I never saw all your new Octobers. I never saw there's another way to breathe—behind the curtain. But now I see there's another sun. Now I see there's a new horizon. Now I see there's another way to see, and I can see a better way to build a world—where every hand is held and holding on. The nervous twitch of a narrow mind—the nascent wish of a newborn baby—the naked joy of a nighthawk at the bar, who never doubted that everybody was in the fold, that everybody was their beloved, that every body was bound to every heart. And they can see a better way to build a world. We want it all—we demand the impossible. There's a better way to build a world where every hand is held and holding up a better way to build a world.

The summer set fire to the rain—and fire to my bones but you just stood there begging for the world to leave you alone. The summer set fire to the rain—and fire to my bones—it burned until nothing remained of all that I'd known. The winter held spring in white gloves, and slowly it grew—but you just stood there waiting for the world to walk out on you. Don't you see everything's interweaving? Don't you know all of the world's conceiving you? How long, holding true? How long until the bloom? How long must we wait for you? It's waiting, under the snow. We sowed the good seed how long till you let it grow?

Dn the mantelpiece there's a scrap of leather, like a half emembered truth, or lie. And there's a photograph of a sunlit garden and a sword that seemed to burn with light. The way is closed now and I can't go home. Near the fireplace, black with soot and sorrow and the absence of synecdoche, there's a whetted axe with a weathered handle, and the weight of it is dear to me. The way is closed now and I can't go home but what if I just let go? Speak your truth, spit your doubt. Our love's in the gutter, they're bleeding us out— they built a fire but it wasn't for me. And everything went black when the sun fell, but it was bright beneath the trees—I realized that we don't simply cease to be (we become.) Somebody said that I'm a dreamer—I never knew why, but now I see. Somebody's calling in the morning, but I won't be there—I always leave. There was a voice in the night —but the words were lost, and then found, in the pouring rain. So listen to the call when it comes, or else you won't know what it means. One more day, one more hour, to learn your name (and forget.) Who is the dreamer, and what is the dream, and what's hidden in-between?

Looking down through armored glass, above a field of fire and ash. And from this height it's hard to even tell just what it's like outside the suit—the terror, and the torn up roots—the lives you've helped to make a living hell. But there's another way to face the unforeseen you don't have to stay inside of that machine. Staring up across the wreck, a single figure stands erect—they shout and wave, so tiny and absurd. And moved by curiosity you crack and lift the canopy, and, straining, you can just make out their words: "There's another way to face the unforeseen—you don't have to stay inside of that machine. There's a bigger game, and there's a deeper dream. So please, come down now come out from where you've been. Please, come down now—come out and start again. I know you're scared, but so are we. And if you dare, you'll start to see that there's another way."

I skulk through the skeleton trees—the birds and the sun have both flown. I daresay, a damnable scheme is hidden in midwinter's moan. Afloat in a frozen white flood—isheveled—I shuffle the floor. The fix for what's freezing my blood rests behind the red cellar door. Dandelion wine—just half a spoonful, and everything's fine—summoning days of summer in bloom, chasing, winter away. I should be raking my roof—the snow drift is dangerously high—but I've found my favorite proof, and the barrel is barely half dry. Dandelion wine—just half a spoonful, and everything's fine—summoning days of summer in bloom, but it's slipping away. Dandelion wine—just half a bottle, and everything's fine. The barrel is dry as a bone—the snow is still falling like ash. The ceiling is starting to groan—then everything ends with a crash. Crushed like a rat in a trap— buried in beams of rough pine. It's cold now, and catacomb black dreaming of dandelion wine.

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Is there a me without you, the you that breathes the sum? Again, the one from many —again, increased by one. Is there a you without me, the me with star swept eyes? Alive with fresh becomings—new grass beneath black skies.

Thrice Horizons / East

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