

JONAH KRIESER - VOCALS/GUITARS STACEY HAHN - BACKING VOCALS/GUITARS
TRISTAN HELGASON - DRUMS/PERCUSSION JAMIE DEAL - BASS

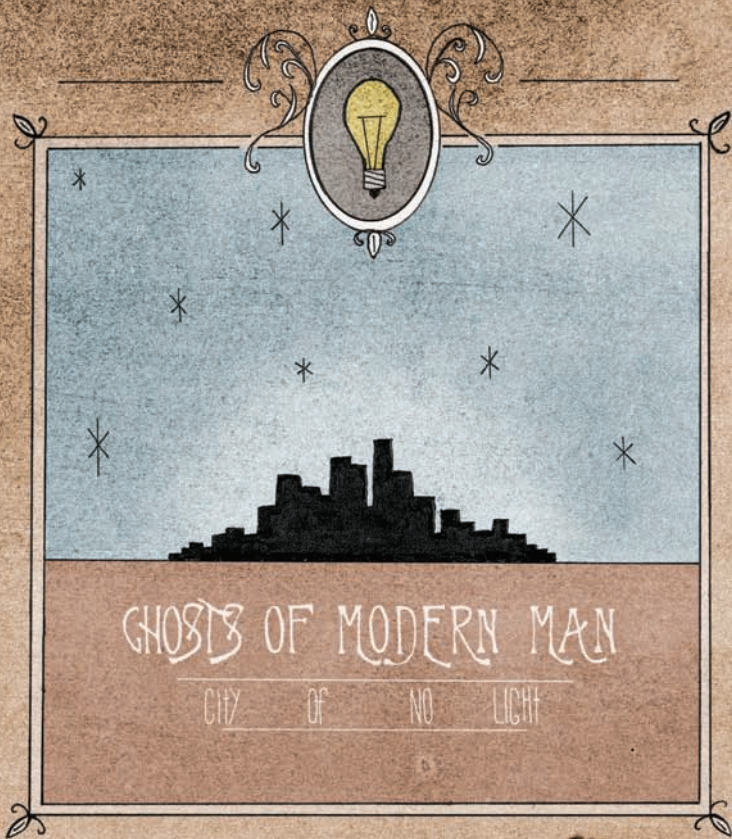
REBECCA WITTWER - BACKING VOCALS TRACKS 1, 3, 4, 5 AND 7
GEN MICHAUD, ALYNE FRANCIS AND SHERRI KINDRACHUCK ARE THE CHEERLEADERS FROM HELL ON TRACK 4
DAN PRINCE MADE US COFFEE AND WORE A PONCHO AROUND

RECORDED AT MCC STUDIOS, CALGARY, ALBERTA - OCT. 2004
ENGINEERED BY ROB "THE BURNINATOR" GWILLIAM
PRODUCED BY GHOSTS OF MODERN MAN AND ROB GWILLIAM
MASTERED BY DAVE GARDNER AT MAGNETO MASTERING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

ILLUSTRATION/DESIGN BY WADE SAKUNDIAK/FUNWORLDDESIGN

THANK YOU TO OUR FAMILIES, FRIENDS, BANDS THAT WE'VE PLAYED WITH AND ALL THE KIND PEOPLE
WHO LET US PUT OUR SLEEPING BAGS ON THEIR FLOORS

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHRIS MCBENNETT, ROB GWILLIAM, REBECCA WITTWER, DUNCAN BLAIR,
WADE SAKUNDIAK, BOB ENDO AND ROB AND JAY AT SMALLMAN RECORDS



SLEEPING AT THE SWITCH I WOKE UP THERE AGAIN JUST TO FEEL LIKE I'M ASLEEP. EYES OPEN WIDE, BUT I'M JUST BLINKING THROUGH THE WALK. I GUESS IT'S TIME TO MEDIATE. I THINK IT'S TIME TO MEDIATE MY. I GUESS IT'S TIME TO MEDIATE MY LOVE. MY LOVE. MY LOVE AND HATE. (HEY, WE'RE ON FIRE TONIGHT SO LET'S BURN OUR BRIGHTEST IN THE CITY OF NO LIGHT) CHALK IT UP TO SELF-INDULGENCE OR JUST CALL IT REAL. WHO SAID MAYBE TO INDULGE IS TO DENY HOW TO REALLY FEEL? I THINK MY BLOOD SO I DON'T REMEMBER WHY I PUT ALL OF THESE BAD PICTURES OF A PICTURE IN MY BRAIN. PICTURES OF A DEAD MAN IN MY BRAIN. I'LL NEVER KNOW IF THIS IS WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS BEFORE I COULD BREATHE. IT'S JUST A VERSION OF SOME BAD DREAM. I'M BURNING EVERYTHING THAT'S REAL. DON'T CARE IF I HAVE TO STEAL FROM EVERY PIECE OF YOU TO FUEL MY FLAME. I'M BUILDING SOMETHING NO ONE SEES AND IT'LL BE THE END OF ME. MY LOVE, YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS TWISTED FRAME. CLOSE MY EYES AND SAY GOODNIGHT.

MAUVAISE FOI FOREVER ENDING. PLEASE JUST END THIS. PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE. WE TRIED AND FAILED TO STAKE OUR CLAIM AND I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK YOU HAVE IN A THOUSAND OTHER PEOPLES EYES. WE DON'T NEED POETRY TO TRANSLATE HUMAN PAIN. AND YOU'LL NEVER GET THOSE WINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED. BUT HEY REALLY, IS IT ALL THAT BAD? YOUR FEET ARE FIRMLY PLANTED ON THE FILTHY GROUND. AND SOMEHOW IT'S EMPOWERING TO FEEL SO FUCKING SAD. I KNOW IT ISN'T ALL YOU EVER WANTED. IT'S JUST IT'S ALL THAT THERE IS. AND THIS VACANT LIFE YOU'VE ALWAYS HAUNTED, THIS VACANT LIFE IS ALL THERE IS. THEY HAD A CONTEST OF HUMAN INTEREST. BUILT A CAGE FOR EVERYONE. AND THEY'RE PLACING BETS THAT YOUR COMPLACENCY IS GONNA WIN IT ALL. IN THE MEANWHILE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS YOU WERE ALWAYS WORTH THE TIME. 'CAUSE IN THIS DAY AND AGE, TIME IS LIKE A LIE WE JUST CAN'T TELL. YOU'LL NEVER GET THOSE WINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED 'CAUSE NO ANGEL WOULD'VE DONE THE THINGS YOU HAD. YOUR FEET ARE FIRMLY PLANTED IN THE FILTHY GROUND. AND SOMEHOW IT'S EMPOWERING TO FEEL SO FUCKING SAD. I KNOW IT ISN'T ALL YOU EVER WANTED. IT'S JUST IT'S ALL THAT THERE IS. AND THIS VACANT LIFE YOU'VE ALWAYS HAUNTED, THIS VACANT LIFE IS ALL THERE IS. I HOPE THIS IS ALL THAT THERE IS.

DUST OH SYLVIA. WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE CLUTCHING AT YOUR SIDE? OH SYLVIA. YOU BLED THE DAY INTO THE NIGHT. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY OTHER PEOPLE DO. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. AND DON'T YOU EVER THINK THAT I DID IT FOR YOU. (HEY HEY, HEY HEY) IT WAS SOMETHING YOU COULD NEVER EVER NAME. IT WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN HATE OR FEAR OR SHAME. IT WAS IN YOUR HEART THE DAY THAT YOU WERE BORN. YOU WANT US ALL TO DIE AWAY FOREVER MORE. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY OTHER PEOPLE DO. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. AND DON'T YOU EVER THINK THAT I DID IT FOR YOU. THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN. PAINTED WITH A KNIFE. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY OTHER PEOPLE DO. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. AND DON'T YOU EVER THINK THAT I DID IT FOR YOU. (HEY HEY, HEY HEY)

BLOOD PARADE I HEARD A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. IT TOOK A LOT OF NERVE, SUCKING THE BLOOD FROM A STONE WHILE SHE BURNING FOR A BULLET. BUT THAT WAS ALWAYS THE WAY SHE LIKED IT. KISSING THE LIPS OF DISGRACE. SHE FAILED TO SEE THE DIFFERENCE ANYMORE BETWEEN WHAT'S GOOD AND WHAT JUST MAKES IT BETTER (BEARABLE). 'CAUSE ALL SHE HEARD WAS THE MUSIC FOR A BLOOD PARADE. LA LA LA. HEY, A HEART ATTACK IN THE MAIL. CLIPPED RIGHT FROM A MAGAZINE. DEAD BLACK IS THE BLOOD RED THIS YEAR. AND I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU DRESSED TO THE GILLS FOR ME. UP AND DOWN THE STREET PEOPLE CAME OUT IN DROVES, AS IF SWEEP BY A CURRENT, TO SEE THE LUCKY MAN OF THE HOUR. TO SEE THE LOOK OF HIS FACE. THEY FAILED TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE PAYING FOR UNTIL SHE SCREAMED "JUST WHAT MAKES IT BEARABLE". AND ALL THEY HEARD WAS THE MUSIC FOR A BLOOD PARADE. LA LA LA. HEY, A HEART ATTACK IN THE MAIL. CLIPPED RIGHT FROM A MAGAZINE. DEAD BLACK IS THE BLOOD RED THIS YEAR. AND I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU DRESSED TO THE GILLS FOR ME. IT'S GONNA COME AND YOU WON'T NOTICE. IT'S GONNA GET YOU SOMEDAY SOON. IT'S GONNA TAKE AWAY YOUR CHANCES. IT'S GONNA GET YOU SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY. I HEARD A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

NIGHT LIGHT DAY AFTER DAY IT GOES ON. HOW MUCH LONGER CAN IT ALL STAY ON? I HAD TOO MUCH. I HAD TOO MUCH AND I CHOKED. I FUCKING CHOKED. I WANNA BE YOU PRISONER. I WANNA WEAR ALL YOUR SCARS. YOU FORCED ME DOWN TO THE GROUND AND MADE ME COUNT THE STARS. I COUNTED ALL THE STARS. GIVE ME A REASON FOR THIS. PLEASE MAKE ME WANT TO WANT THIS. HOW MANY MORE TIMES IN THE NAME OF FLESH DO WE CUT OUR SKIN TO SEE WHO WE ARE? WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE. DON'T EVER LET ME LET YOU DOWN 'CAUSE I JUST WANNA STAY UP AND DRUNK AND BLIND. BLIND TO THE FIRE. THE FIRE I'M BURNING WITH YOU. I BURN IT ALL WITH YOU. I WANNA BE YOU PRISONER. I WANNA WEAR ALL YOUR SCARS. YOU FORCED ME DOWN TO THE GROUND AND MADE ME COUNT THE STARS. I COUNTED ALL THE... THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN AGAIN. I'LL NEVER SEE IT RISE. I GOT THESE THOUGHTS IN MY HEAD. CAN'T STAND TO LOOK YOU IN YOUR EYES. IS THIS THE MOMENT I WAS WAITING FOR? IS THIS THE PRICE I'M NOT PAYING FOR? COME ON, JUST PUT ON A SMILE. TRY TO FORGET WHO YOU ARE. STICK WITH THE 9 TO THE 5. GO DROWN YOUR GUILT AT THE BAR. IS THIS THE MOMENT I WAS WAITING FOR? IS THIS THE CONSEQUENCE FOR WHO WE ARE? WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE...

RED RED SEA SOMETHING'S HERE AND IT'S TAKING OVER. IT'S TAKING YOU AND IT'S TAKING ME. SOMETHING'S HERE AND IT KNOWS YOUR NUMBER. HERE IN THE 21ST CENTURY. IT DOESN'T CARE IF IT'S KILLING MILLIONS. KILLING YOU OR KILLING ME. IT DOESN'T CARE IF YOUR FAMILY IS WATCHING. WHAT'S ANOTHER DROP IN THE RED RED SEA? THE HOME FIRES ARE BURNING SO BRIGHT BECAUSE THE HOME FIRES ARE BURNING THE HOMES. THIS IS THE EVENING OF TWO FISTED PRAYER. THIS IS THE END OF A BRAND NEW ROME. AND THIS KIND OF DIRT. AIN'T GONNA EVER COME OFF 'CAUSE WE'RE ALL TOO AFRAID TO COME CLEAN. WHAT SON OF A BITCH DREAMT UP THE WAY WE LIVE? OPEN UP YOUR EYES 'CAUSE THIS ISN'T A

DREAM. THIS IS THE AGE OF A TRUE DECEPTION. AIN'T THIS THE AGE OF YOU AGAINST ME? SOME CALL IT THE ROMAN EMPIRE. SOME CALL IT THE LAND OF THE FREE. AND THIS KIND OF DIRT AIN'T GONNA EVER COME OFF 'CAUSE WE'RE ALL TOO AFRAID TO COME CLEAN. HOW MANY YEARS ARE YOU WILLING TO WAIT, ARE WE WILLING TO LIE, ARE WE WILLING TO BLEED? YEAH, DADDY LIKES IT 'CAUSE DADDY GETS WHAT DADDY NEEDS. YEAH, HE PLEDGED ALLEGIANCE. HE TIED HIS OWN HANDS FOR THAT MACHINE. I WANNA SEE IT BURN. I WANNA WATCH IT BURN. I WANNA FEEL IT BURN. I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL IT BURNS. YEAH, DADDY LIKES IT 'CAUSE DADDY GETS WHAT DADDY NEEDS. YEAH, HE PLEDGED ALLEGIANCE. HE TIED HIS OWN HANDS FOR THAT MACHINE.

LEFT A MARK WE'RE GONNA BUILD US SOME INTELLIGENT CARS SO NO ONE HAS TO DRIVE THEM ANYMORE. WE'RE GONNA PUT THEME PARKS ON THE STARS SO WHEN THE WORLD BLOWS UP WE WON'T GET BORED. AND I REMEMBER SOME GUY NAMED JESUS CHRIST. AND HOW THEY NAILED HIS HANDS JUST FOR BEING NICE. DO YOU THINK THESE DAYS HE HASN'T BEEN BACK BECAUSE HE'S WAITING FOR US ALL TO GO AWAY? TO JUST GO AWAY? TO GO AWAY? TO JUST GO AWAY? HEY, I HOPE THAT YOU'RE OK. AND HEY, I HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY. 'CAUSE WE'RE HERE STUCK WITH EVERYONE. FOOTPRINTS ON THE MOON AND THE DYING SUN. SO LET'S STATE THIS CLAIM THAT WE HATE IT ALL BEFORE THE WORLD WE KNOW BECOMES A SHOPPING MALL. HEY, I HOPE THAT YOU'RE OK. WE'RE GONNA BUILD US SOME INTELLIGENT CARS SO NO ONE HAS TO DRIVE THEM ANYMORE. WE'RE GONNA PUT THEME PARKS ON THE STARS SO WHEN THE WORLD BLOWS UP WE WON'T GET BORED. AND I REMEMBER SOME GUY NAMED JESUS CHRIST. AND HOW THEY NAILED HIS HANDS JUST FOR BEING NICE. DO YOU THINK THESE DAYS HE HASN'T BEEN BACK BECAUSE HE'S WAITING FOR US ALL TO GO AWAY? TO JUST GO AWAY? TO GO AWAY? TO JUST GO AWAY? HEY, I HOPE THAT YOU'RE OK. AND HEY, I HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY. 'CAUSE WE'RE HERE STUCK WITH EVERYONE. FOOTPRINTS ON THE MOON AND THE DYING SUN. SO LET'S STATE THIS CLAIM THAT WE HATE IT ALL BEFORE THE WORLD WE KNOW BECOMES A SHOPPING MALL. LET'S LEAVE THIS MARK INSTEAD OF THIS STAIN. POINT AT YOU, POINT AT ME. 'CAUSE THEN IT'S ALL THE SAME.

VELVET CURTAIN GO RIGHT AHEAD AND SEE IF THE SARCASTIC FITS YOU IN. BUT IN THE END, NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOUR JADED LITTLE SINS. ANOTHER AFTERNOON TO START DRINKING YOUR WHOLE LIFE AWAY. TODAY, ALL EYES ARE SHARP AS KNIVES AND EVERY MOUTH HAD NOTHING GOOD TO SAY. DIE PARADE YOUR BLOATED OPINION AROUND THE ROOM SOME MORE. FOR A CHEAP LAUGH AT ANYONE'S EXPENSE. JUST AS LONG AS IT'S ANYONE'S BUT YOURS. AND SOON ENOUGH THOSE TARGETS WILL HEAL UP THEIR WOUNDS. AND THEN AS EACH KNIFE COMES FALLING DOWN, THE VELVET CURTAIN DRAWS THE JOKE ON YOU. DIE. I KNOW IT'S DIFFICULT TO JUST WASH YOUR HANDS OF IT. AND IT IS A DISTANCE BUT THE DISTANCE IS WORTHLESS. AND THIS IS CONFUSION. THIS IS A HYPOCRITES BEST FRIEND. AND IT IS A MEANS. BUT IT IS A MEANS TO A BITTER END. SO JUST LET IT ALL FALL DOWN. WE'RE GONNA SING WHILE IT BURNS DOWN TO THE GROUND. YOU CAN'T PRETEND THAT YOU DIDN'T SPEND SO MANY YEARS JUST WAITING TO FINALLY CON YOURSELF INTO THINKING EACH YEAR WASN'T SOMETHING SPENDING YOU. AND SOON ENOUGH THOSE TARGETS WILL HEAL UP THEIR WOUNDS. AND THEN AS EACH KNIFE COMES FALLING DOWN, THE VELVET CURTAIN DRAWS THE JOKE ON YOU. DIE. I KNOW IT'S DIFFICULT TO WASH OUR HANDS OF IT. AND IT IS A DISTANCE BUT THE DISTANCE IS WORTHLESS. AND THIS IS CONFUSION. THIS IS A HYPOCRITES BEST FRIEND. AND IT IS A MEANS. BUT IT IS A MEANS TO A BITTER END. SO JUST LET IT ALL FALL DOWN. WE'RE GONNA SING WHILE IT BURNS DOWN TO THE GROUND.

WE ALL WANT OUT MY EYES ARE DRY AND ALL THE WHILE THE CITY'S SLEEPING WITH A SMILE. AND HEY JULIE, WHERE'S THE BRIGHT SIDE NOW? IT'S SO DARK I CAN'T NAVIGATE ONE MILE. 'CAUSE MY EYES ARE DRY AND ALL THE WHILE THE CITY'S SLEEPING WITH A SMILE. AND HEY JULIE, WHERE'S THE BRIGHT SIDE NOW? PASSED OFF. YOUR MONEY CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW. SOLD OUT NOBODY HAD TO SHOW YOU HOW. PASSED OFF. YOUR MONEY CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW. SOLD OUT. NOBODY HAD TO SHOW YOU HOW. GOODNIGHT EVERYONE. GOODNIGHT EVERYONE. I'VE HAD SUCH A FAN-FUCKIN-TASTIC TIME. 'CAUSE THESE DAYS TALK'S CHEAP AND IN THE CITY STREETS THE SUN SETS IN EYEVONES BEWILDERED EYES. AND WE ALL WANT UP SO WE CAN ALL GET OUT AND BE THE CEOs OF OUT DISGUSTING TOWN. YEAH WE ALL WANT OUT, YEAH WE ALL WANT OUT. SO GET UP AND GET OUT. JUST GET UP AND GET OUT. PASSED OFF. YOUR MONEY CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW. SOLD OUT. NOBODY HAD TO SHOW YOU HOW. PASSED OFF. YOUR MONEY CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW. SOLD OUT. NOBODY HAD TO SHOW YOU HOW. GOODBYE EVERYONE, GOODBYE EVERYONE. AS THE CURTAINS CLOSE ON THE SETTING SUN. AND AS THE CREDITS ROLL ACROSS MY TIRED EYES, EVERY NAME GETS PRINTED ON MY MIND. AND WE ALL WANT UP SO WE CAN ALL GET OUT AND BE THE CEOs OF OUT DISGUSTING TOWN. YEAH WE ALL WANT OUT, YEAH WE ALL WANT OUT. SO GET UP AND GET OUT. JUST GET UP AND GET OUT.

WATCH THEM FLY IN THIS ROOM THERE'S DUST UNSETTLED, INFECTS MY LUNGS, MY EARS, MY EYES. AND IN THIS ROOM THERE'S WORDS LIKE ARROWS. LET THEM GO AND WATCH THEM FLY. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I'VE FELT RIGHT. DO YOU SEE THAT LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE? REVEALS THAT SHIT THAT HURTS MY EYES. WE'D FORCE OURSELVES TO WALK ON FIRE TO GET THE CREDIT TO STAY ALIVE. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I'VE FELT RIGHT. I THINK YOU'RE COMING HOME, BACK AGAIN. I THINK YOU'VE GOT TO STAY OUT OF MY LIFE. I THINK YOU'RE COMING HOME, BACK AGAIN. I THINK YOU'VE GOT TO STAY OUT OF MY LIFE. I WON'T BREAK DOWN. I'M HERE FOREVER. IN THIS ROOM THERE'S DUST UNSETTLED, INFECTS MY LUNGS, MY EARS, MY EYES. AND IN THIS ROOM THERE'S WORDS LIKE ARROWS. LET THEM GO AND WATCH THEM FLY. DO YOU SEE THAT LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE? REVEALS THAT SHIT THAT HURTS MY EYES. WE'D FORCE OURSELVES TO WALK ON FIRE TO GET THE CREDIT TO STAY ALIVE. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I'VE FELT RIGHT.