

steps in the cycle - the order of things

songs by koyote 2008/2009

FOR BEAR & WOLFRUNNER WITH LOVE, LUST, TRUST

THIS IS A STORY OF A BEAR A WOLF AND A COYOTE. IT'S ABOUT GETTING LOST IN BLISS AND TERROR AND FINDING YOUR WAY AGAIN. REPEAT AS NECESSARY

THE BEAR IS AT THE CENTER OF THESE SONGS. HE SANG TO THE WOLF WHILE KOYOTE SANG TO HIM AND HOWLED AT THE MOON WITH HER. THE BEAR AND THE WOLF GAVE KOYOTE A KEY TO THEIR WORLDS, BUT THIS KEY ALSO OPENED KOYOTE'S SECRET WINE CELLAR. WINE TASTES BEST IN GOOD COMPANY, AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS VINTAGE. IT'S BEEN AN INTERESTING YEAR

BETWEEN THE LINES OF THESE SONGS YOU MAY ALSO GLIMPSE A PATIENT AND BRILLIANT MONKEY, A STRONG AND CURIOUS OTTER, A BRAVE AND GRACEFUL GIRAFFE, A SOMETIMES POMPOUS TIGER AND A MISCHIEVOUS SECRET AGENT WITH A DIRTY MIND AND A SPLENDIDLY BUSHY MUSTACHE. KOYOTE IS A LUCKY DOG. DRIVEN CRAZY YET KEPT REASONABLY SANE BY MY PACK OF BEAUTIFUL MONGRELS, AND INSPIRED BY ALL GOOD PEOPLE,

THANKS.

*WINK * WAG * AWOoOoOo*

SPECIAL WAGS TO LARS MIXING MAGICAN AND TWILIGHT GYPSY THIEF EXCUSE ME, UHM... I NEED TO GO TO THE TOILET!

ELLEN.MILLAR@GMAIL.COM

19
ISKREM 16

koyote



ROUNDS

NEW DAY

TOUCHED

LOST IN EMBERS

SPACE BETWEEN

INSTRUMENTAL PANIC

UNsung UNSENT 4AM

WOLFRUNNER'S GIFT

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

HIBERNATION LULLABY

INSTRUMENTAL PIECE, NO LYRICS

SCRIBBLED IN THE SILENCE BEFORE DAWN, NO TUNE

WEARING THE CLOTHES OF A BROKEN MAN

space between

wolfrunner's gift

YOU BROUGHT ME LIGHT WHEN I WAS BLINDED BY NIGHT, AND THOUGHT THAT LOCKS AND SHADOWS WERE MY FRIENDS. I FELT SO SMALL, I KEPT MY BACK TO THE WALL. I WAS SO SURE MY DAMAGE COULDN'T MEND. AND NOW, I WATCH YOU FLY AWAY, 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT MY WEIGHT TO DRAG YOU DOWN, BUT STILL, I'M HOPING YOU MIGHT STAY, BUT IF YOU DON'T I WON'T HANG AROUND, 'CAUSE I, I WANT YOU TO BE FREE, BUT STILL, I WANT IT TO BE YOU RUN TO... BUT IF YOU LOSE ME ON THE WAY, I'LL REMEMBER YOU AS BEAUTIFUL AS... NEW DAY.

COYOTE'S LIVING IN THE SPACE BETWEEN IN THE STONE OF SILENCE ECHOING THE SCREAM, IN BETWEEN THE TENSION AND THE SWEET RELEASE, IN BETWEEN THE VIOLENT IMPACT AND THE PEACE. IN THE SPACE BETWEEN A HAMMER AND ITS FALL, IN THE SPACE BETWEEN YOUR NOTHING AND YOUR ALL, IN BETWEEN THE WOUND INFLICTED AND ITS MEND, IN THE SPACE BETWEEN A LOVER AND A FRIEND.

BUT NOW THERE'S NO MORE SPACE FOR ME, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ME TO BREATHE. I'M CHOKING ON MY HONESTY, I CANNOT ASK FOR WHAT I NEED. YOUR WORLD IS FULL TO OVERFLOW, I'M SCRATCHING LIKE A CARRION CROW, BUT I GET TIRED OF EATING SCRAPS, OF SETTING SNARES AND LAYING TRAPS...

COYOTE'S LIVING IN THE SPACE BETWEEN, THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT BY WHICH IT'S SEEN. BETWEEN THE BREATHING IN AND BREATHING OUT, BETWEEN THE STRANGLER WHISPER AND THE SHOUT. THE BOND BETWEEN YOUR PASSION AND YOUR HATE, THE BALANCE OF YOUR CHOICES AND YOUR FATE, THE WORLD INSIDE THE BLINKING OF AN EYE, THE SPACE BETWEEN YOUR GREETING AND GOODBYE.

BUT I LIKE MY HUNTING STRONG AND TRUE, WITH SWEAT AND BLOOD AND SILVER MOONS. THE JOY, THE SONG, THE HONEST THRILL, THE HOWL, THE CHASE, THE BITE, THE KILL. IF ALL I GET'S A GUIDED CAGE, A FOOTNOTE ON AN EMPTY PAGE, I'D RATHER WRITE MY PART AGAIN, I WILL NOT LIE, I CAN'T PRETEND...

COYOTE'S LIVING IN THE SPACE BETWEEN, IN THE SPACE BETWEEN THE WAKING AND THE DREAM, IN BETWEEN THE WOUND INFLICTED AND ITS MEND, IN THE SPACE BETWEEN A LOVER AND A FRIEND.

famous last words

I GIVE SUCH EXCELLENT ADVICE BECAUSE MY HOUSE IS MADE OF GLASS, AND I NEVER COULD PASS UP A SHINY STONE. I RUN LAPS AROUND THE SUN WONDERING WHAT THE HELL I'VE DONE, FOLD UP MY WINGS, DUST OFF MY BONES. I'LL NEVER UTTER THOSE FAMOUS LAST WORDS AGAIN! NO, REALLY, I MEAN IT THIS TIME! WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE NEXT TIME I OPEN MY MOUTH... AND ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME...

I LIKE TO KEEP MY ENTRANCE GRAND, EXCEPT FOR ALL THE TIMES IT'S NOT. I STUMBLE, FART AND FALL, KNOCK MY HEAD AGAINST THE WRITING ON THE WALL. I WIPE THE EGG OFF FROM MY FACE, PUT OUT MY HALF-SMOKED CIGARETTE. I TRY TO PRATTLE WHAT I PREACH, BUT I'M NOT QUITE PERFECT AT IT YET... I'LL NEVER UTTER THOSE FAMOUS LAST WORDS AGAIN! NO, REALLY, I MEAN IT THIS TIME! WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE NEXT TIME I OPEN MY MOUTH... AND ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME...

NOW I'LL ABSTAIN FROM SEX AND EMOTIONAL WRECKS! I'LL KEEP MY LIVING PURE WHEN I GO ON TOUR, I WON'T GET DRUNK, OR MEAN, OR CAUSE A SCENE, OR PUKE ON MY SHOES OR EVEN HIT THE SNOOZE ON MY ALARM... I'LL NEVER UTTER THOSE FAMOUS LAST WORDS AGAIN! NO, REALLY, I MEAN IT THIS TIME! WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE NEXT TIME I OPEN MY MOUTH... AND ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME ONE MORE TIME...

THE TRICKSTERS TURN, THE JOKE'S ON ME, THEIR LAUGHTER'S DEEPER THAN THE SEA. WELL, FUCK, I ONLY HAVE TWO HANDS, SO SOE ME; I DO THE BEST I CAN.

TO REBUILD MY HEART I HAD TO TEAR IT APART, WHILE YOU SAT QUIETLY WRITING BY THE DOOR. AND WHEN I COULD STAND, YOU PUT MY LIFE IN MY HANDS, AND THEN YOU ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED MORE. AND NOW, YOU ASK WHAT I EXPECT, WELL, I EXPECT THE WORLD OF BOTH OF US, 'CAUSE I HAVE WAY TOO MUCH RESPECT, FOR BOTH OF US TO SETTLE FOR SOMETHING THAT'S LESS THAN WHAT WE HAD BEFORE, WHEN WE COULD TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING, SO IF WE EVER GET AFRAID, LET'S RETURN TO WHAT WE HAD AS BEAUTIFUL AS... NEW DAY.

AND NOW, YOU WATCH ME FLY AWAY, 'CAUSE YOU DON'T WANT YOUR WEIGHT TO DRAG ME DOWN, BUT STILL, YOU'RE HOPING I MIGHT STAY, BUT IF I DON'T THEN YOU WON'T HANG AROUND, 'CAUSE YOU, YOU WANT ME TO BE FREE, BUT STILL, YOU WANT IT TO BE YOU I RUN TO WELL, IF I LOSE YOU ON THE WAY, PLEASE REMEMBER ME AS BEAUTIFUL AS... NEW DAY.

I GOT LOST IN EMBERS, SET MYSELF ON FIRE. MY MOUTH IS FULL OF ASHES, YET I'M BURNING UP INSIDE. I HAD BUILT MY CITY, I HAD BUILT MY WALLS, SPARKS SHOT THROUGH MY WINDOWS, FLAMES BLEW DOWN MY DOORS.

NOW I'M LOST IN EMBERS, FUELED BY MY PRIDE, LOOKING FOR A FOOTHOLD, SMOKE BETS IN MY EYES. WALK OUT FROM THE FIRE, OUT AMONG THE TREES FEEL THE WIND SING THROUGH ME, SET THE DARKNESS FREE.

I GOT LOST IN EMBERS, LET MY FIRE DIE, FEEL THE PHOENIX RISING, FROM MY FUNERAL PYRE. I WILL FIND A NEW HOME IN THE FOREST GREEN, IN THE MOONLIT MEADOWS, IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

I GOT LOST IN EMBERS, ON A WINTER'S NIGHT, BURNED AWAY MY SHACKLES, STEPPED UP TO THE LIGHT.

OH, OH, YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR, BABY, AND YOU'RE SO AFRAID. OH, OH, YOU'RE SUCH A HERO, BABY, THE STUFF OF WHICH LEGENDS ARE MADE. OH, OH, YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR, BABY, YOU HIDE IN YOUR SHELL. WELL, IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE, BABY, AND I KNOW YOU TO DAMN WELL AND YOU HIDE IN THE CORNER, BABY, YOU PUSH ME AWAY. NEXT TIME YOU NEED TO TALK ABOUT US DON'T ASK ME WHAT YOU SHOULD SAY! 'CAUSE I JUST WANT YOU TO BE HERE BABY, HERE IN THE PRESENT WITH ME. I JUST WANT YOU TO JUMP INTO YOU BABY, AND SEE HOW DEEP YOU CAN BE. YEAH, I JUST WANT YOU TO WANT ME BABY, THAT'S ALL I NEED. JUMP INTO ME BOTH FEET FIRST AND DON'T FREAK OUT IF I BLEED. YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF THE DARK NOW, BABY, BUT I WANT TO HOWL AT THE MOON, AWOoO. I WANT TO RUN THROUGH THE FOREST BABY, YOU WANT TO STAY IN YOUR ROOM...

OH, OH, I'M SUCH A LIAR, BABY, AND I'M SO AFRAID. OH, OH, I'M SUCH A HERO, BABY, THE STUFF OF WHICH LEGENDS ARE MADE. I, I, I'M SUCH A LIAR, BABY, I HIDE IN MY SHELL. WELL, IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE, BABY, AND YOU KNOW ME SO WELL! AND I, I HIDE IN THE CORNER, BABY, I PUSH YOU AWAY. NEXT TIME I NEED TO TALK ABOUT US I WON'T ASK YOU WHAT TO SAY! BUT I JUST WANT YOU TO BE HERE BABY, HERE IN THE PRESENT WITH ME. I JUST WANT YOU TO JUMP INTO ME BABY, AND SEE HOW DEEP I CAN BE. YEAH, I JUST WANT YOU TO WANT ME BABY, THAT'S ALL I NEED. JUMP INTO ME BOTH FEET FIRST AND DON'T FREAK OUT IF I BLEED. YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF THE DARK NOW, BABY, BUT I WANT TO HOWL AT THE MOON, AWOoO. I WANT TO RUN THROUGH THE FOREST BABY, BUT YOU WANT TO HIDE IN YOUR ROOM...

OH, OH, YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR, BABY, AND I'M SO AFRAID. WHAT A COUPLE OF HEROES, BABY, THE STUFF OF WHICH LEGENDS ARE MADE... AND OH, OH, YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR, BABY, WHILE ME, I HIDE IN MY SHELL, WELL, IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO, BABY, BUT WE KNOW EACH OTHER TOO WELL

WHY DO YOU BURN YOURSELF? SO I CAN FEEL TOUCHED WHY DO YOU BURN YOURSELF? 'CAUSE I FEEL TOO MUCH

ARE YOU TRYING TO BURN A HOLE, THROUGH THE SOLID CONCRETE WALL THAT'S BETWEEN YOUR HANDS AND YOUR HEART? ARE YOU TRYING TO BURN A HOLE, THROUGH YOUR SKIN INTO YOUR SOUL, A PRESSURE VALVE BEFORE YOU BLOW APART?

WHY DO YOU CUT YOURSELF? SO I CAN FEEL TOUCHED. WHY DO YOU CUT YOURSELF? 'CAUSE I FEEL TOO MUCH.

ARE YOU TRYING TO CUT A HOLE, THROUGH THE SOLID CONCRETE WALL THAT'S BETWEEN YOUR HANDS AND YOUR HEART? ARE YOU TRYING TO CUT A HOLE, THROUGH YOUR SKIN INTO YOUR SOUL, A PRESSURE VALVE BEFORE YOU BLOW APART?

WHY CAN'T YOU LOVE YOURSELF? 'CAUSE THEN I'D FEEL TOUCHED. WHY CAN'T YOU LOVE YOURSELF? 'CAUSE I'D FEEL TOO MUCH...



