

Gramps of Wrath

Grampfather



All lyrics written by James Kwapisz.

Fernluv

You were the only one I had ever loved,
you made me feel that spirit
I felt when I was really young
when all was aglow and vibrant green
and seemed like nothing could die or ever leave—
I'd feel that love when you'd sit next to me,
when you'd sit right next to me.

We used to talk all night about nothing and everything,
nothing and everything—
in our moonlit field we'd splay our toes
in the grass to feel something real;
I'd feed you and you'd feed me
mealy pears from the scraggly trees:
I'd feel full when you'd sit next to me,
and now you don't sit next to me.

Your face was the iris of my sun,
your eyes the guise of my love;
but I couldn't take you everywhere—
I couldn't just leave you there
stuck and time in my mind;
illusory, you were falsely, fabled,
you were fabled in my mind.

You're not the only, not the one perfect form—
we are fractals of the Love supreme
that just swarms, and grows, and flows, and knows
the only way for me to see was for you to go,
and after the dread I have to thank you now,
through the gloom I have to thank you now.

Jimmy Buffet (The Vampire Slayer)

I'm the only one left now,
I'm the only one who could figure it out:
What with my super-human strength
I could take in enough drink
to take down these night-crawlers—
enough tequila to make 'em fall.

That's why they used to call me "Jimmy Buffet"
when I'd slay vampires all day,
I'd flood my veins with Tanqueray
when I'd boldly enter the fray.
Well, all I wanted was Margaritaville
not this wasteland in which I'm forced to kill,
now all I've got are mannequins
cheering me on to fight my demons.

Well I'm on the wagon now,
I'm a changed man now;
I can't lay my neck bare for them anymore,
anymore—I can't do it anymore!

I remember when Key West was a real happening place
for every single member of the human race,
when you could drink your sangria at your own damn pace
without having to indulge in fear they'll rip off your face.

I'm too nostalgic, yeah, I just can't stop it,
these thoughts of sunnier nights
before I was thrust into these nightly fights.

That's why they used to call me "Jimmy Buffet"
when I'd slay vampires all day,
I'd flood my veins with Tanqueray
when I'd boldly enter the fray—
well, all I wanted was Margaritaville.
All I wanted was Margaritaville.
Yeah, all I wanted was Margaritaville.
All I wanted was Margaritaville.
All I wanted was,
all I wanted was,
all I wanted was...

Godsludge

I couldn't tell you how long I've been walking down this road,
sometimes feel something creeping deep within your soul—
drawn by a trance, mesmerized by fire,
blinded by your own most base desire—
you're bound to the earth, enmeshed in matter,
aging in your cage, feel your brittle bones rattle
against the chill on the wind, let the moonlight splatter—
we'll all go insane in this holy battle.

I ain't the first, I ain't claiming to be the last
man to see his own unatoned past
unraveling, surrounding him, drowning him in a mire—
see the sepia-toned nostalgia smoke float aloft from the pyre
of your burning regret.
Keep on trudging, learn to laugh and forget—
look at you clinging to your old pious ways—
if you feel a guilt bludgeon it,
let it fritter away.

Well I will wait for you
yeah, I'll try to see you through,
but you've got to calm down,
yeah, you gotta calm down,
'cause you're freaking me out.

I, too, was a young man once,
my malleable mind at the mercy of any dunce
who claimed to know where the good and bad go
after they die, in the clouds or in the fire,
but all you can really know for sure
is that you'll wind up in a hearse,
your body will rot in the dirt
or in the air will disperse—
I don't know, how could anybody know;
the path they choose isn't the path for you
so when they ask you to make your call
reject the one and accept them all.

Sick of people telling me
just how it is and how it should be
as if they could see
some idyllic, pastoral landscape on a hill
so goddamn pretty you'd do anything, you'd kill
anyone who will oppose you
from reuniting with your chosen One,
so until then you'll eat His body, His bread,
you'll drink His wine, His blood—
Oh, you cannibal king, you vicious, capricious queen,
you go to church on Sunday after sinning all week—
who are you to speak of these so-called heathens' savagery?
How's your memory?

Before you condemn others, put your own faith into question—
you crazy, barbaric bitches, do you even remember the Inquisition?
Oh, what have you to say? What of the Crusades?
Oh, the hypocrisy is insane, find a scapegoat to blame—
keep your white-washed brain-taint away from my home,
away from my home.
Yeah, you don't see me
knocking at your door,
no, you don't see me
knocking at your door—
you don't see me
knocking at your...

Yeah, I will wait for you,
well, I'll try to see you through,
but you've got to calm down
yeah, you gotta calm down.

Stockholm

The wood rots,
the beams rock,
the house sways,
and we drop.

Oh, you draw the blinds
over our eyes—
we all hide in the corner
as we slop down the fodder
that you feed us, as we drink the—
I don't trust the water,
I saw something ruddy pussing out the faucet.
How'd I know you'd be coming home tonight?

Welcome home, dear.
We have fixed you a lovely meal.
Won't you sit right here?
Tell us exactly how you feel.

Smile, smile! Make us servile!
Keep us fat, keep us numb,
we'll survive a little while,
but not too long now—
I know you want us dead—
our fate's sealed in your head.
We only love you, love you,
love you so much,
but we must beat you to the punch.
We'll consume the contents of your brain
to loose the locks off of the gates
and set the dogs free,
set the dogs free.
We'll set the dogs free.
We'll set the dogs free.

Feeling Fertile

You were the country, and I was just hungry
for loving, or something to fill up my emptiness.
You were my favorite, and I was just lazy,
my mind in the sky, your pink face lost in haziness.
I would've done it better
had I known what fruits would have grown.

You don't have to tell me, the season taught me humility:
I know I fucked up.
Well, I'd fast for the past,
the purity I'd exhausted and lost in you.

You were the country, and I'm just a man
with impositions of property on your lawless land—
well, I need you more than you need me, you could
go on growing eternally, but now who would be there
to perceive and appreciate your beauty?

You are the root, and I am the stem
growing ever outward as you reach in
to sip the eternal nectar from the ethereal core,
your liquid wisdom teaches me what we're for:
Together we're tethered, together we have power
to color the world and each other with flower.

You are the country, and I am just hungry
for loving, or something to fill up my emptiness.

Free Love

She said, "I'm done, I'm sick and tired
of feeling tied down by you."

She said, "Let's take a break, let's feel it out—
better to have the heart ache than be riddled with doubt."

So here we go back into the whirlwind,
the strokings of the ego—

oh, where have these girls been?

I don't care about them.

Just a waste of time.

Until you make this end.

How I wish you were mine.

I feel all empty inside, I feel alright,

I feel like I might die—

I feel lonely surrounded by this crowd of

horny little hippies all with some pride that they're proud of,

who hide their darkness in light moods

and cute, little, shitty self-help haikus—

but don't you know it's not real?

You've got to let yourself feel.

I want to share your misery—

I'm sick of being treated like a commodity.

She calls it free love.

Free love.

She said, "Wait there, I'll put you on the back burner while I look around and try to find somebody better than you—it's not you, it's me, it's you, it's me."

Can't you see it's so hard to choose
when everyone around you has ADD?
can't keep your focus, did you ever see me clearly?
Was your vision always clouded?
Was your fickleness just shrouded
by your charm and your wit
and all the bullshit you'd say to cover up the fact
that you can't commit?

You call it free love.
Free love.

You're free to be anything you want,
free to fuck anything that walks,
free to breathe your philosophy,
but it's all just talk.

No, it's nothing, it's nothing at all,
no, it's nothing, it's nothing at all,
no, you make me feel like nothing at all,
no, it's nothing, it's nothing at all.

Freedom Clause

So now you're free
you're in a new city,
free from your town,
free from your family now.

You've come to make it on your own,
well how's that freedom feel
when you're squandering it all alone?
Getting stoned on the couch
in your broke-ass home,
trying to figure out
why you had something to prove.
Yeah, you practiced your power to choose,
now you're staring at the ceiling
trying to remember that old, warm feeling
you felt in the woods with your friends
drinking around a fire,
a fire that you thought would never end.
Now look at the smoke
curling at the corners of the room
that you hoped would save you
would bathe you—
cleansing you of your ever-impending dread.
Sometimes you wish you were dead,
but that'd be too easy,
yeah, you know what they said.
How can we come out of fear?
Help me out of fear, help me out of here.

So you followed your dream
and it's not what it seemed
when you were bumming at your mom's house
sulking alone in your room,
thinking up an epitaph fit for your tomb–
indignant for a cause, for a lack of applause–
sizing up your life without ever having left the womb.
Didn't they tell you?
They don't want you,
they just want to sell you.
Just want to be free as a bird.
Just want to have your heart heard.

Just want to be free as a bird.
Just want to have your heart heard.

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