



RESONANCE

METHADONE KITTY

RECONSTRUCTION

"What are we gonna do now?"
the quotation races through my mind,
thanks to a resonance
that brings me back to my roots.
Like a dead tree revived that's
been sidelined-
gawking at these volatile times,
do you remember what it means
to have a heart?

Digital boys and girls consume
what's left of the waste from the
baby boom,
voting careerist populist,
and indulging in token
pleasures too.

Sick of the constant mental abuse
from those who do nothing but use,
it's time to reconstruct the world
we see.
We're not slaves, we're human beings
and anyone who manipulates
is a usurper and a gutless enemy.

Sick of all the fucking abuse
from those who do nothing but use,
it's time to reconstruct the world
to what it should be.
But it starts in hearts and then on streets,
so grab your life from the jaws of defeat,
dismantle your mindset quick and slowly rebuild.

EFFIGY

Straddling the corners
are the faces who've seen better,
shrouded in the secret peace
of a bitter silent honor.
the corroded masks we wear
hiding true demeanors,
grasping at the pieces
to be fitted into place...

While shackled in debt
and wasting our time,
force fed acceptance from enterslaved
minds,
being judged on lack of luxury
by those who want my future burnt in
effigy.

Been told once and been told twice
but third times the crime -
build the pyres and set the fires,
piss and moan, bitch and drone -
past action dissolves integrity,
delusions become memory
and this history of quiet poverty
is rewritten time and time again.

RESPONSE

Disrespect's a two way street
that crosses path with speech,
and the passive regressive collision
making trust incomplete...

If you're gonna say it,
say it now...

Comfort disintegrates
dropping contents from the mind,
as elegant accolades radiate
like shit from sewer pipes...

PROFESSIONAL

I'm a god/I'm a slob -
an inferiority complex built on oppression,
always hoping to redeem a life
and brighten their days through halogen
eyes.

I want to be pressed in perfection,
unfeeling at my discarded station
speaking to the disembodied co-working
spirits that pass on blindly,
creative silence
gasping between telephone breaths
I begin to lose my common sense and
long for monolithic security!

I'm a jailor/I'm a prisoner -
the brain's another cell that confines
tirades,
repressing emotions for the bigger score
never satisfied I anger for MORE!
Morals speak louder than truth
but the ones I live by I fucking choose,
that raises me to a heavenly hell,
but I'm no sellout/I'm professional.

Grapple with concepts of duress,
while smiling with the
fakes of success,
yet in the end
I know they're plagued
by indifferent cowardice.

But I'm no sellout/I'm professional
I'm no sellout/I'm professional,
I'm no sellout/I'm professional...
Who do you think you are?!

the regressive degradation of
common thought -
left behind and conformed
to rot,
re-enforcing the front
that makes me "me"
hiding the truth I
hope you don't see.

'Cause I'm no
sellout/I'm professional,
I'm no sellout/I'm professional,
giving "congrats" and
I wish you well,
but secretly.
"I'll see you in hell"

WOLVES IN THE MIDST

Hungry wolves
closing in on me,
Hungry Wolves
closing in on you...

Try to run, try to hide,
run and hide,
just try to run...

Wolves in the midst
pull the wool over me,
Wolves in the midst
pull the wool over you...

Try to run, try to hide,
run and hide,
just try to run!

Can't you see they feast to kill?
Your blood they want so voraciously.
When they're done, move to you -
to drain the world systematically!

Feed and bite and steal,
strike and kill and thirst like you -
just like you!
Feed and grasp and bite,
whine and shrill in pain like you -
just like you!

Bloodlines, bones, and shit -
your breath fucking stinks of it.
Sinking fangs, terror and hate,
cast your wool. We've had enough of it!
Plunder through these spoils and thrills,
greedy wolves consumed by it!

Who's stalking who?
Do you really think they got us now?
Well here's a tip for you:
They'll never know.

We see them when they go to sleep,
They get up and try to retreat
into the plains and hills,
but we'll find them soon...

Feed and bite and steal,
strike and thirst and kill
just like you, just like you.
Purge and crave and burn,
growl, groan, spite like you,
just like you.
Bark and snort and squeal,
stalk and lay in waste like you,
just like you.

Who's stalking - -
who?

Do you really think they got us?
Well here's a clue:
They fucking don't!

We're on 'em now...
Watch them run away,
just watch them try to hide,
and they'll rue the day
they ever came inside.

GHOST BLUES

Riding rails and crimson steeds
never to give what you stole
from me
Haunt my heart
then make it stop,
I'll be glad when it falls apart
I see your ghost in this
concrete hell,
and your memory in everyone else
oh lord, take me home

Those sultry angels I loved to see -
thieved my nights away from me,
Those devilish eyes
gazed into mine,
as I laid
by their side.

Now I pray to take away
the pain rotting inside of me
and find it's just wasting time
until I die.

oh lord, take me home

52 NIGHTS IN 51 DAYS

Another trip in a daily attraction
Pavlovian reaction with a bit of retraction
esoteric motions in the right direction
a telephone call is another distraction
I'm sick of writing replacement words
with insecure underground allure.

Another number on the meter
and a notch upon the board.
Another brain in the blender,
pieces strewn on the floor.
As the earth spins on its axis
we integrate philosophical methods,
too much work and not enough play
when there's fifty-two nights in fifty-one
days.

The radio's emitting obsequious waves
burning the ears and scarring in ways,
materialistic psychotic talk.
Kick it down - less talk
more rock
hopefully repress the shock.
Weigh out happiness in terms of success
all junked out, an escapist wreck.

Sidewalk strollers with their heads in the
gutter
post-modern living, no fucking borders.
Swallow the drugs decontrol substance
sift through the refuse of urban decay,
too much work and not enough play
when there's fifty-two nights in fifty-one
days.

WAY OF LIFE

Everyone's trying to feed their needs
while trying to keep you down,
rejecting their minds
as they would mine,
no one tells me how to live.
Although I yearn for what they have
what can I really give?
Constantly reminded what I
don't have.

Living this way of life -
always fucks you around,
living this way of life -
keeps your soul to the ground,
say it's wise to shut off feelings
and conform to prior thinking...
I recognize your right to exist
but that doesn't mean I agree with it...

Everyone living beyond their means
as I save along the poverty line,
in anarchic secret near the highway signs
within 01845,
DIY has its price and I'm sure paying mine,
but giving in to their demands
is a wretched waste of time.

HEAVY STANDARDS

(instrum)

ODYSSEY OF A HOLY MAN

He's going downtown
he's going to die,
thinks the angel's got his back
but he's been telling lies,
hit the end of the road
not gonna get too far,
should've listened to his momma
she knows what's right.

He's going downtown
he's going to die,
thinks the angel's got his back
but he's been telling lies,
hit the end of the road
not gonna get too far,
should've listened to the lord
if he knew what's right.

All he wanted to do
with his life
was praise the lord
and set things right.

Going downtown
just to shoot some shit,
gonna end his life
put an end to it.

All songs written by Methadone Kitty
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1. Reconstruction
 2. Effigy
 3. Response
 4. Professional
 5. Wolves in the Midst
 6. Ghost Blues
 7. 52 Nights in 51 Days
 8. Heavy Standards
 9. Way of Life
 10. Odyssey of a Holy Man

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