

RED VILLAIN
INTO THE CITY'S ARMS





VINDALOO KID

All that matters to the lasso kid is trying to shoot up this old town. Whatever it was it didn't matter to him as long as he gets and he loves to give it. It doesn't have to be this city. Running out of time the guns get bigger and we pull the trigger. Lessons. All that matters to the vindaloo kid is trying to take over this old town. Whatever it was it didn't matter to him as long as he gets and he loves to give it. Pushing the buttons. Breaking the seams. Erasing everything. You will destroy all the wonderful things. Arranging everything.

KYOTO VILLAGE

Where do you want to be? On an island? Water on sand. Sky wide open. Do you want to be lost in a dream? Climbing threw a jungle up to a mountain? Passing threw the rain. Looking threw the clouds. Sun is shinning down. Sky wide open. Konnichiwa. Domo kudasai.

WHAT IS ONE?

Lessons learned threw cable fed features. Is this what we've all been waiting for? Technology rules. Compassion it is. Inside the steel the voices scream. But still hearts beat red. Red eyes they water. Water fingers feel so cold. Is this what we all been waiting for? Lessons learned.

JESUS BRINGS THE PORK CHOPS

Been waiting for days, tarved left out in the cold. Your mouth is a weapon, sell all that you have and all that you own. Is it time to get up? Get up! Hang that skin over the throne. Salt on the sea, seeing nothing in season. Your place is at the table. Keep the motor hot. Thirteen are all waiting, the pork chops are fine. Discussion is essential, converting and persuading. Meetings will determine anything that ever had meaning. Hours have been fading, the fateless time is near. All that have been waiting will always be served. The skin is disease. Salt on the sea, seeing nothing is season. The skin is disease. Starved left out in the cold.

JELLY BEAN BABY

Please tell me yeah. If it was, was it true? You're like a mother, you break water. Who, what, when, where are you?

TRAFFIC

Sun goes down now it's back in the cage of black cloth drapes. The key-stone kids keep kicking beats. Where it comes from, they don't know. Last one knocked down get back in the race so the rent gets paid. We must reap what we sow but you're stuck in the night. Those lights and sounds they burn my eyes.

SABBATH

Present us with your dilligent excuses. We will rectify, render you humilified. Hold on to the command. Wipe your face clean. All features must be the same. Pretend we have no walls. No walls, no ins and outs or ins. Invisible hives, bleeding hearts rest upon a nation in misery. Our children are the predictions of the guilt. They never wanted more than this. They were never wanting more than this. Feed within your living in. (Once you believe us the war will begin and once you believe us the war will begin.) The fever begins your living skin. Feed within your living again. The fever begins your living scared. Is there pain? Or is this pain? In this cell.

DIRTY BIRD

And so she waits for the distance. One too far from those feeble feathered friends that try to make her dismal end. Where is my dirty bird? The one who flies alone, can't keep up with the flock. Do we let it live even though it smells? Spreading sickness throughout the city. So high. And you wonder what makes it come together, under stormy weather. So high.

CHILDREN HEAR EVERYTHING

There is a passage, a book and an alter of stone. Raised by the wings and the keepers of the unknown. Laid down to sleep awoke to the quiet echo of bones. Children are everything. Children hear everything. Find a key to a heart or a place with no soul. This is a way to travel, not by foot or boat.

HORSE TRAVELER

Impatient times fuel conquest to the distant people. This one's that kind. We determine what is right. We march, bomb, crush and kill anything we will. Until its all over. Everything is compensation. We think we are not mortal. Some stare alone into the distant night. Your prayers will not be answered. Every-one will be waiting for their own distruction. It's vacant. Vacant in your room. Vacant in my mind. Vacant in the world. Nowhere to go. Left inside. Abrasive. You will not see your choice. There's no choice. You will do as we say and you will obey. You will help us dig the holes where we all lay to rest.

RED VILLAIN

Scott "Gub" Conway [v·g], Craig Olson [d], Neil Sandler [b·v]

RECORDING & MASTERING

Sean Morrison at Blam Recording [2006-2011]

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Grumbos [architecture], Carlos M. Canario [humans]



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