

# ROLLO TOMASI



COWARD



**MUSTACHE.** You've got a headache. It's so simple, a billion minds know your lies. Hey Joran, tell the truth! That's their daughter, their baby girl. To know evil is to know you. You watched her shaking while you played god. You drowned her body with pals at dawn. Your arrogance is blind, guilty. All things in good time, you'll sing. Your stories, drugs and slaves. Rape and murder, how you hurt her. Bring me his skull! You're a liar and a thief. You stole their daughter, their baby girl.

**RIP MYSELF OFF.** You want playful. You want paid in full. Oh it never ends. Fault! You want windows. You want a new world. You can't say, never say never. You might need it again. You want a future without sutures. When light speed is too slow I rip myself off. When deep space is too cold. The good stuff in a dirty glass. Aren't you listening? You want it so perfect. At least on the surface of the carbon transfer where you get your answers. You see you're responsible. I'm responsible.

**ARM'S LENGTH.** Who prints your money? How do I get my face on it? You credit me strings and make them tight so I can't leave. When you wanna know. Who's at fault just follow the money. You ain't got the stones. Try outer space. Never feels as cold as your about-face. Your lieutenants keep it hard for me to breathe. Out the airlock where my fighting stops. You keep me at arm's length. That's more safe than you know or you'll never find me. I thought you should know.

**ROCKET.** You'll find it defines all that you do, all that you've done, all you'll become. You're in top form. Take the higher ground. There are benefits. From there you can spit down on them. Just be patient. Look, there's one now.

**FAREWELL TO ARMS.** He takes it down. She breaks him down. No words explain his hurt, her sighs. Inside her mind she cries but won't say so. Her pride decides the turn we won't take now. He'll drown, she's fine. One last goodbye. We do what we do I guess she said. You don't wanna know. You don't wanna care. You don't wanna feel or ever be alone. You don't wanna say help me. You don't wanna say save me. Give up, give in. We choose and lose. Farewell to arms, the hurt is done.

**TRUTH BE TOLD.** These men look away. These men have no faces. It's not what you think. No! They are all ghosts. These men like it easy. These men, they won't drink deep. They are ghosts. No questions. No confessions. No conclusions. No nightmares. These men, they look just like you. Like me. Truth be told. You were lied to. You never knew. Truth be told. You were lied to. And you liked it.

**SHALLOW.** Perfect timing. We almost forgot all about you. A coward's journey finds its ending. A shallow grave dug for a shallow man. I don't think anyone missed you. Let's all do the

runaround. Let's play this game again. Tie on that tourniquet and let's draw some blood again. Let's all do another round and then bathe this place again. Let's not. You win. You wish. You measure your success in loss. You win. There's no winning, there's just losing less. You win. You wish.

**CATCH, RELEASE.** They're shaking their fists and they're calling it quits. No money or food. Let's go get rich. How about storming a ship? Desperation is hip. Save our souls. Catch, release. Mariners rest in peace. We're taking control by destroying the hull. You demand it not command it. Keep that in mind, maybe? It's always better to be seen and not viewed. Selfish means you surrender. Snipers won't wait forever.

**SAYS FOREVER.** We're all here, as you know. Faceless and bold. Bloodlet tries. Not in the know. To force this back home. We've read signs with eyes blind. We've read signs from back home. Kept inside, where loves dies, through eyes. It says forever. It's a put-on. It's a put-off. When you walk with the angels, you walk alone. Tongue-tied in the meaning, the work gets old.

**THUNDERCOCK.** You just feel guilty, you only feel guilty because you got caught. Attenuate and marinate. There's no control of what you hold. We're right here on the flight deck. As you're shouting "Mission accomplished!" Your bravado. That swagger. It's payday weekend, you're off the deep end. We watch you drown. Surreal quickness. As your knees weaken your cock's out swinging. The race to end you is ended by you. Another blackout you won't remember. I am not a proctologist. I don't need. I do not need. I see enough of my own and I've seen enough.

**LEDGER RED.** I pay my dues with a red ledger debt. Back in black, all I dream. Cancer lights hurt much more than they aid. Don't turn away from what I've done. You can't see me, I make millions. You won't hear me but I'm here. I can't run now like track star coz these black lungs won't fare. With the time it takes, to squeeze blood from a stone. Honed. You'd be a millionaire, you are. You can't see me, I make billions. You won't hear me but I'm here. I can't run now like a track star coz these black lungs won't fare. It's still all red. Back in black days now.

**ROLLO TOMASI.** Matt Fast (guitar), Jeff Larsen (bass, vocals), Craig Olson (drums) & Neil Sandler (vocals, guitar).

Recorded & Mixed at Blam Recording by Sean Morrison.  
Tracked at Electrical Audio with Greg Norman.  
Artwork & Photography by Mike McQuade.  
Mastered by Sean Morrison.

**THANK YOU.**





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