



A Handsome Death
The Coqs

An Album

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Save It For Yourself

Life and time have not been kind.
It's only been 20 odd years.
You wouldn't last a metre in these shoes
And I wouldn't want to take a step in yours.

I want it all, even though I'm full.
I want much more than I can afford.

What's coming to you, won't go past.
It's not like we've been built to last.
You've taken it hard and you've taken it fast,
In all this chaotic happenstance.

The things you say are wasted on me,
But I wouldn't have it any other way.
Not knowing your own strength yet,
It's left you bitter and frustrated.

But the problem that you just fail to see,
Is that what you want opposes what you need.

Save it for yourself,
No one's asking for your help.
I'm an island to myself
And what you're buying I don't sell.

So save it for yourself,
Populate your little hell,
With the pixels you propel,
Just save it for yourself.

What's coming to you, won't go past.
It's not like we've been built to last.
You've taken it hard and you've taken it fast,
In all this chaotic happenstance.

I've had enough, I'm full as...
I can't afford to press my luck.
You wouldn't last a metre in these shoes
And I wouldn't want to take a step in yours.

But it's already been 20 odd years
And life and time are never kind.

Get Tae France

Little shame catalyst,
Summons up a spiralling nose-dive,
Along with an electronic melodrama,
That appears to carefully coincide.

No one's known the troubles you've known,
As you recoil into your catacomb.

Except you've never been the quiet type,
As your soul creeps out from behind your eyes.
You're not exactly the generous kind,
This is hardly a timeshare in paradise.

Sporadic sardonic symbolism.
It pins you down and it keeps you in its rhythm.
As he pushes past you he always makes you shiver.
"I'm looking for the kind of love
that always makes me quiver."

As you slide inside your own catastrophe,
You pray that they'll notice all your dignity.

But the simple, horrid truth is this...
No one really gives a...
Buried in your sadness lurks a certain kind of bliss,
Fortified with no one by your...

And it's clear you're not the compassionate type,
As your soul seeps out from behind your eyes.
So I hope you've managed to kid yourself,
It might just be best for your health,
Cause the single, sorry truth is this...
No one really gives a...
"Shhhhh."

Hunger Is The Best Spice

Let's get out of here before it gets too dark.
Fortune never favoured the faint of heart.
Though we did it on a budget
And that must count for something,
It's almost killed us,
It didn't make us stronger.

Let's not stray, let's delay,
Hunger is the best spice,
Or so they say.

Never claimed to know what I'm doing,
But making sense of this all is confusing.
So what are you trying to prove then?
Cause this feels tantamount to living in ruin.

A little fantasy won't ruin our reality.
"We'll never make it in the movies."
I just want to be 'nobody people',
Though we'll never make a penny,
We'll have something to remember.

Sustain, keep it at bay,
Hunger is the best spice,
they keep telling me.

Let's refrain, let's not decay,
Hunger is the best spice,
Or so they say.

Never claimed to know what I'm doing,
But making sense of this all is confusing.
If there's nothing you're trying to prove,
Then you can walk away and not feel like you're losing.

I don't know what I'm doing,
But with you it's a little less confusing.

So let's get out of here before it gets too dark,
Let's get out of here before we take it too far.

Cross Dissolve

Yeah, yeah. 'The smell of rain on hot concrete'.

"What a way with words."

"It just came to me."

Have us believe it happens effortlessly,

But if you're still caring,

You should tread carefully.

When the rubber hits the road, will you know what you're for?

I'm not even trying.

I'm not even trying.

You don't have to try and...

I'm not even...

You no longer break a sweat.

Are you sure you haven't done your best work yet?

It came and went, a feeling so brief.

All great pleasure's just a form of relief.

Afloat, you don't know where you're going, dragged out further
from the shore.

But I'm not even trying.

I'm not even trying

You don't have to try and...

I'm not even...

Are you still clutching at those straws, growing ever more
forlorn?

Well, I'm not even trying.

I'm not even...

You don't have to try and...

We're not even.

You And Who's Truth?

The future arrived and we went inside.
Ceilings became our skies,
"Oh, what a beautiful night!"
It's not 'true blue', just screens illuminating you.
Growing long in the tooth,
Bemused with what's been accrued.

There's no one left to confide in,
Take the truth and let it slide,
But then,
What will you take pride in?
No values to align with.
Surely it's benign if it seems so asinine?
It looks to be designed in,
From where you are residing.

Lovers in their minds, sober in their fury.
Time to pacify, take your daily dose of beauty.

Now I'm fat and dumb.
But am I happy?
Did my prime just eclipse me?
A sliver of time that was never truly mine.
We chose the vehicles and we made the road.

The future's arrived, it seems compromised.
Though time just abides, feel like its concubine.
"I've been homogenised! And now I can't describe..."
No need to refine what you can't define.

Nothing in their minds, nowhere to put their fury.
Catastrophise or justify, but spare yourself the scrutiny.

Now I'm fat and dumb.
But am I happy?
Did my prime just eclipse me?
A sliver of time that was never truly mine.
We chose the vehicle and we made the road.

Now I'm fat and dumb,
I can finally be happy,
But there's something deep inside
And it won't permit me.
You're still feeling haunted after you got all you wanted?
You chose the vehicle and you made the road.

Aye No, You Know

You didn't want to stop though it no longer rang true,
You still yearn for it though it does nothing for you,
You've come so close and now it's too close to call,
But you won't find it here anymore.

Like the wind in the leaves or the leaves in the wind,
You can't tell.
A phantom clings to you and its hunger can't be quelled.
You chose the wind at your back,
There's no one there to laugh when you fall.
But just like one of Chekhov's props,
You can't leave it on the wall.

The dirt in my eyes,
"It's so nice to be here."
The weight on my chest,
"So good to feel you again."

You crept in while the beast was sleeping,
You came to learn if your heart was still beating.
Tragedy was looming,
I couldn't shake the feeling,
Everything felt dangerous,
Nothing really mattered.

Fireball Skipping*

*An interlude based on 'Imminent Battle!' by Reijirō Koroku.

Vertical Slice

"I would like to taste the soul of the last known living thing."

Tired of this constant maintenance.
I can smell our insides,
The rotting flesh.
The signs of decay are ever clearer to see.
We've never known any harmony.

Meet me on the backside,
The backside of this backslide.
Take a sip of your instincts.
Whatever's lying in wait,
Let it be succinct.

"Pour me another."

Picking up speed or slowing down?
Stare at your nails,
"How profound."

Hand-to-mouth never granted any clout,
But the freedom we've received,
Is debilitating me.

Climbed out of the mouth when it opened up to shout,
But now that I'm free,
There's nothing incubating me.

My eyes bulge cause I'm embarrassed,
While yours betray and show you're feeling disparaged.
Stayed out of the wet,
Clung to the undercarriage.
I chose the draught,
But now I'm famished.

"Typical me, Typical me."

That naïve? You wouldn't be so conceited.
So just play your part, don't act like you're beneath it.

"Silly me, Silly old me."

Hand-to-mouth never granted any clout,
But the freedom I've received,
Might be the death of me.

If you even have to ask, it surely dictates that.
"I respect nothing."

Hand-to-mouth is no reason to be proud,
But the life that we've carved out,
Is taking its toll now.

Lose the stupid pout if you're in any doubt.
"Still I respect nothing"

"All too human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all too human."

"Too Human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all too human."

All my life I thought I'd change, nothing's going to change
now.

"All too human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all too human."

"Too Human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all too human."

All I want's a little change, everything's the same now.

"Human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is you're too human."

"You're human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is you're too human."

So what would be the point of changing my life now?

"All human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all human."

"Just human."
Something's broken inside.
"The problem is all you humans."

Not For Nothing (Negative Space Creates Form)

We used to stay lucky,
Now we just stay healthy.
Days feeling complete,
Are long behind me.

I'm indicating nothing,
Indicative of nowt.
We reminisce about the days,
When we were free and wild.

I can't tell you.
I don't know.
Nothing to say but I've never felt so...

The hand clenches,
The hair grows,
The skin sheds
And the breath just knows.

Now you want to live,
But you don't know how.
Your sense of self-preservation,
It has a certain style.

You could let me be your canary.
Living in misery and mystery.
An anonymous sort of cooperation.
The perfect balance between survival and self-destruction.

But I won't be silenced by this thick darkness.

Languish in the abyss,
Surrounded yet abandoned.
"If I'd had any friends, If I'd been well read."
One day we'll all need someone to say goodbye to,
I cover my face
And yet by some miracle.

I can't tell you.
I don't know.
Nothing to say but I've never felt so...

The hand clenches,
The hair grows,
The skin sheds
And the breath just knows.

Negative space creates form,
There are no mistakes,
Nothing is wrong.

An anonymous sort of cooperation.
The perfect balance between survival and self-destruction.

But I won't be silenced by this thick darkness.

To The Lost**

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Story of our lives.)

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Can't say I'm surprised.)

But I wouldn't change this for nothing.
No I wouldn't change you for nothing.
I'd never change you.

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Story of our lives.)

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Can't say I'm...)

But I wouldn't change you for nothing.
I'd never change this for nothing.
I'd never change this.

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Story of our lives.)

Played well,
Lost the game,
Missed a golden opportunity.

(Can't say I'm surprised.)

**TRANSMISSION:Coda based on 'The Killing Fight' by Joseph Koo
& Wang Fu Ling

Thank you for your time.