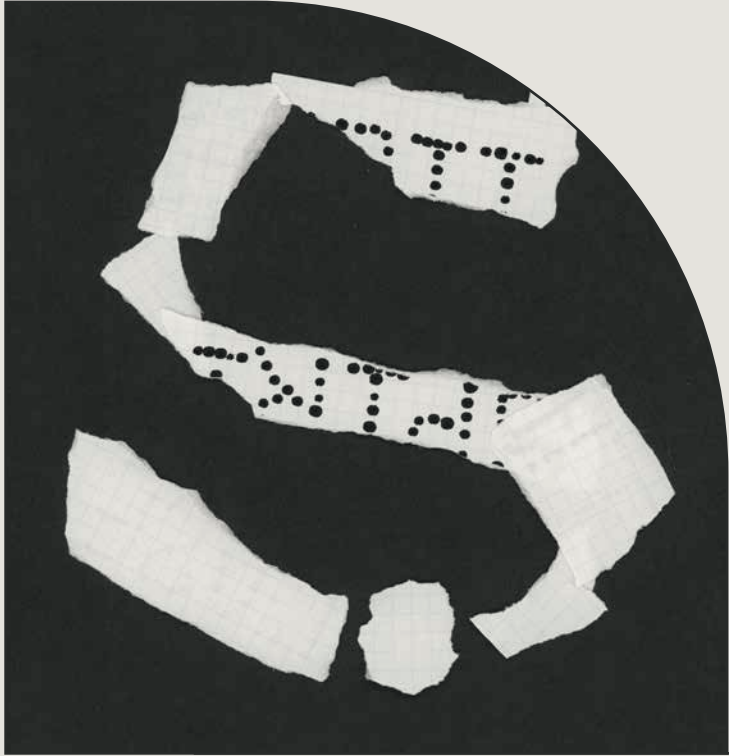
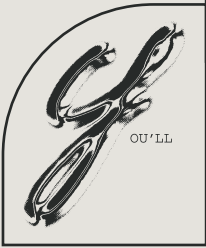






● SPIRIT



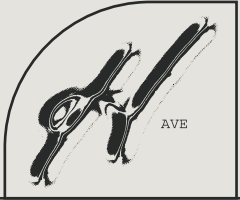
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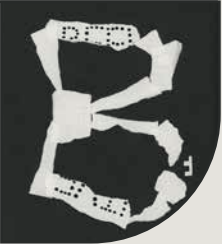
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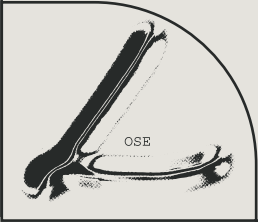
AVE



●



● BEEHIVE



OSE



OMETHING

THE DISRUPTION
(FEATURING MSPAINT)

1

look past the sand tint trucks there. way out beyond the disruption, there is a glow forming limitless blue and then a shot rings: it bellows. i hear it all; the absolution, rung from heaps of men who had, in a way, karmic debt to pay. we all spat in the tunnels where our teeth were made. break the spell. disenchant all the evil in your head. rectify existential dread, you do not fear the dead. so there's hope and you flourish in this energy you feel dilated by the pureness of your soul. now you heal. there is a place light moves through. the dimensions are impossible to be true to. and then a shot rings out: it bellows.

STRANGER ALIVE

2

i last heard something like a blight in the head. post keeps rolling till you read what you read. and when it's all supposed to be dead keeps falling back in my lap like an urgent request: the one i left, the one i left. in the sun, i was nothing for so long and meaning is fleeting and tired. i know anxious women with no mouth to spit in. devotion is a cancer. a stone that's falling endlessly. i will walk backwards through the nascent light of empty rooms. trace a life, what a shame. an elegy is wasted. but if they find you, stranger, alive. the path behind you is lit from the side somewhere beyond the passage of time.

THE CUT DEPICTS THE CUT

3

patterns repeating and nothing left to eat inside the kitchen. degreaser, what's found under the sink is for the taking. submission, the meaning is the object not the thing it's been laced with and hunger makes a menace of us all. beat us out with the play, fuck what the meters say, the red says it all. needlessly forget to, accept when the matter bleeds, the cut depicts the cut. i don't need vindication, nor apologies from a thousand miles of dust. education is my problem. every instance of your trust. all i need is your old sparklie to achieve my dreams as such.

LET THE VIRGIN DRIVE

4

heaven is a lie cause you are earthly and you're alive. when i watch you from afar from the window of my car. it's a cold day. i let the virgin drive. i'm with you where you are after all, i am evolved. the girls are in the basement. it's on the television. nobody could believe it. your time just came and went and. cold in a t-shirt, rain is falling, no one needs to know how it's taught. face of an angel folds sweetly into me and blows the lid off. what is racing towards me? is it close? (it's here.) safety isn't a choice cause you are lonely without a voice. and when you watch me i devolve into ashes, my problems solved. it's a new day. i let the psycho drive. i am with you, and you know. down, we go.

SORRY PORE INJECTOR

5

pray for a healthy man's death -hope he never had children- because your liver is shot. and though you lived your life nicely you were comatose nightly. you guess you get what you got. face keeps changing while channel surfing past the immovable beast; the daily rot. faith beyond a stumble in the dark. if all the love is gone then you can say what you want. clementines rotting all at once and i know it's gonna slip away through the barrel of a gun. sorry pore injector meets you with a cold smile. lifts your spirits higher than you could amount to on your own. praise the night nurse and the friendlies who absolve you of your curse. baby do you ever stop and wonder what you're doing when you come to find me? i can keep it spinning but i know that they pay more to see it fall.

FOUND A BODY

6

if you want to see the past in reels that spin inside your head, you pay the toll, the final act. a curtain call, a spineless hack. reels that turn on an idiot kid. something is coming to get us. found a body. no one can touch me. dancing at a party. arms tied behind me.

written, recorded & produced by SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE • additional vocals on track 1 written, recorded & performed by MSPAINT • mixed by zack schwartz, corey wichlin & andy clarke • mastered by andy clarke • album art by rivka ravede • design & layout by ian miller (itm.graphics)

SUN SWEEP THE EVENING RED

7

you can take what you can hold. resentment is a hill to die on and in times like this i hear you talking. seasons take a toll to watch it all end in tragedy and whimpering on. sun sweep the evening red and though it's cold i signal my way out has come. beneath the awning that we stole, covered in leaves, i sign off my name in the end. i give you all you want and more; there's the door. i sign off my patients to them.

SOMETHING'S ENDING

8

they pulled another one out of the river. it looked like you. dredged it up in the jaws of a winch. now he's swinging like thick spit. a channel ripped and sides of eyes roll their own circumference over. this pretty place we used to keep. something's ending. let the light in. you know what you need, you've always known. stop pretending.

I'VE BEEN EVIL

9

i've been evil ever since you left. sweeping under rugs i didn't know i even had. watching seasons change and me, the same. counting visitors as the soles of boots indent floorboards. no successes, no digressions. none. a buddy brought a gun to a work. says he's gonna use it once. i wonder how close we are. and yet i also. bye to my problems, bye. goodbye to the void. maybe it would be quick to cross the threshold. a splinter buried a hole. a cavity you can't control. someone is scratching at your skin, begging the house to buy you in. no self control of which to speak. if one's for you then two's for me. incessant. paving at the corner. theres one for every time they sold you a lie. mortgage your tongue for a taste but don't get the filling. you're tailing the blind. you couldn't risk losing something you never had.

1/500

10

every night is a joke. face now feels light. crumbles like coffee cake. any move i can make i would have already made. practiced some speak i felt like i'd mean but what if i don't? i can't stop time but i need it to be on my side. i have a body that i won't itch. i can't change. i'm already it. in a race against my own mind to fix what can not be fixed. what can not be fixed can not be. (nobody left to keep the score when we both supernova) what if a photo doesn't capture time? (i let the needle run. i know it could be now or never) i have a love that is on my mind and it feels like everyone. (feels like the waiting. how pathetic, it's a car crash) feels like an apparition i can touch. put me in the back, put me back in the corner of your mind. (a couple nights on the phone. another year spent with the television. it's just a mirror and it's...) looking back at me, our old house, faulty light switch. i check it. it's off, it's off, it's off.

EARTH KIT

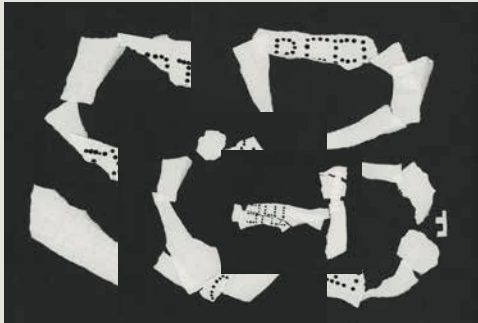
11

the flux in desentia. a scenery is smaller. how do you smile when you don't prefer. sunny, passing out my teeth to anyone who cares. never had a problem with you i didn't ever have a problem. i don't wanna live no more. not if i have to speak. my body sped up past me: speed wouldn't allow more. a letter read to your ears and it sounds like i sing: you'll never get close to me, you'll have to lose something. in a lifetime of your own violent design who will sing your happy songs? in your nights fire faded to hermetic light. who can tend to all you've lost? what if i need people?

DUPLICATE SPOTTED

12

only had the best ideas always later on. this means one on one. so pay attention or get left in the dark. suffer through the wait. i already know you're on the way. vision at the end of a day. a promise to you that i'll always make. cant amend the terms of your earned perdition. god pulls the trigger. i load the gun.



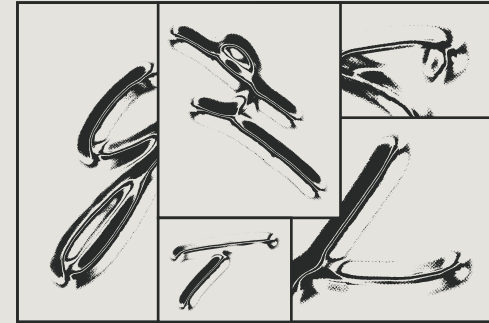
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