

this  
tape is for all my friends

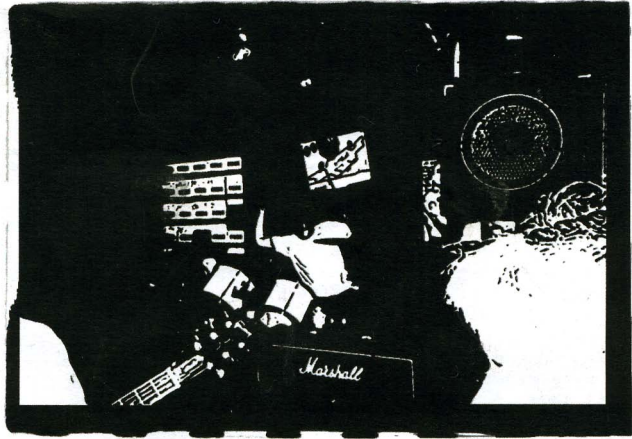
this is mic 001

26/100

flesh colored christs anthology



may26th @ the che cafe  
amnesty international benefit



flesh colored christs was a band that played shows during the spring of 2001 before pat moved away and they split up. before those last three months they were called 'the land that grows money,' and had tried three different singers before mikey joined and they started calling themselves flesh colored christs.

i wanted to put this tape out to replace the demos we gave to kids at shows. i don't think anybody thought that tape sounded like us, so this is for all my friends and anyone who wanted something better to remember us by. this tape has the final recordings of all our songs on the first side, and on the second side is a practice we recorded with different versions of a few of our songs. the only thing missing is the misfits cover that never turned out very well anyway, but everything good is here and i think everyone who saw us play will like this tape. --mikey



side one:

1. stone canyon
2. depths of ruin
3. 35¢ daily sensation
4. roses for raindrops
5. orphan me

side two:

early practice  
of songs 1-4  
on the first  
side



canyon

stone

the words i'll say,  
you won't ever hear; and while you're away i'll wait down here  
so wrap me up, before we say goodbye, i'd like to have one  
last night with you. before we move away, let's make this ending  
smile. never let me go, the same i would do for you. fly  
through the air, die next to me. leave me to live life without  
you. a string of lonely nights without a kiss goodbye, the  
one you used to love, crying cold and wet. don't you drive  
away, something's killed us all before we're supposed to go  
we're flying through this air, and we'll crash onto these  
roads. we'll break through all the trees, and bleed onto  
these streets. don't you get in that car when something's in  
the way; you'll see me die today like you died on that day.  
i'd crash with you in your arms. we both died on that day,  
we both layed all alone. we both bled out our lives, and wound  
up all alone. i'd crash with you in your arms.

this song was written about a car crash i was in  
that killed my two best friends at the time.  
emotionally this song represents a major  
turning point in my life that has taken me in the  
direction im heading now. in some ways that kind of  
rude awakening was a blessing, although when i look  
back on it i still miss jacqui and jessica very much  
and wish they didn't have to die.  
politically, this song represents the kind of danger  
and ignorance humanity builds into our society,  
through roads and feeways, satellites, trade, and  
warfare. sometimes people have no idea what they  
are doing when they create things like these.

above our heads fell our skies and we found  
how deep we stood in death  
watching the clouds turn to shades into cries  
that whisked us all away  
we fall and our children have  
our empty skies to dream to  
and our headstones to cry to.

depths of  
ruin

i wrote this about all the kids around me i knew  
at the time. i viewed most of us as a mass of  
people who wanted most of the same things out of  
life and each other, but for some reason or  
another the possibility of connecting on a close  
personal level, working together, or loving  
each other, was always impossible. i think some-  
times everything moves too fast for us to realize  
who and what's around us. we're all on the same  
track and heading the same direction, but only  
the few of us can come together as friends or  
lovers and bring our lives forward into bigger  
and better things. we have everything we need  
all around us and its so close we need to take  
it while we can, before its too late.

35 cent **daily sensation**

fitting place for the daily rag with blackened white and grayed headlines thirteen wounded and two in coffins and hitting close to home never hurt so good bring us fame and bring us fortune. they told us that THE TIME IS NOW, so now we mourn in black and white. only now can we be so sure that the death of strangers is sad for everyone. now we know that this is something because the eyes of the world are on our doorstep. fifteen minutes of opinion. we blame the parents and t.v. feign your insight choked through tears in eyes. now we mourn because the media told us to. now we know that this is something because the eyes of the world are on our doorstep. fifteen minutes of opinion. SHOW YOUR GRIEF FOR TWO SMALL VICTIMS. fifteen minutes of emotion. SHED TEARS FOR HEADLINES BECAUSE NOTHING MATTERS.

the world is full of suffering and tragedy, but we keep it out of our lives by simply not keeping it in our minds. something doesn't concern us unless it is an issue, becomes a national tragedy. when everyone is talking about it, then we can talk about it. when it hits the headlines, then we care. a high school student shoots fifteen other students in school and everyone talks about it. suddenly violence in schools is our nation's number one problem. suddenly our city is the focal point for the news of the week and we tend to take the position of insightful and thoughtful citizens with deep concern for the issue at hand. we possess the obvious solution that everyone fails to see, simply because we live close to where the event took place. never mind that the world around us is always full of the events of our lives and the lives close to us. we seem to only care about pain and suffering on a national level, when everyone is talking about it. one day i noticed the front page of the san diego union tribune lying in the gutter with the headline "13 wounded and 2 dead at santana highschool."

lyrics to 35¢ daily sensation by mike r.

roses

for

raindrops

death of romance found in petals. roses for funerals  
in attendance to our wedding, my marriage to death and  
failure. could you see those bones that skeleton  
transparant beneath the warmth i fell for? i stand in  
my grave and the shadows bend to us and our memory.  
plants to grow on top of me to hide the tragedy a boy  
would cry for as i dig and dream another grave to pass  
onto for the next time you plant roses in my eyes.  
there could never be a song about you only plants and  
petals spilled on graves wherever you go. headstones  
rot beneath your rosebuds and no one will see my name  
written in stone beneath you. blame her on the rain  
like the drops inside my heart that rain red in each  
kiss. petals blanket all the stars with us asleep in  
dew drops beneath black clouds while ruby red raindrops  
kiss my neck, soaking soft and sinking fast, into my  
skin in sweet red sheets. i want to drown in this i  
could die rather than keep alive beneath your rain.

some people can be so special, and some people just  
want to feel that way.

pristine clean, i try to move, i crouch beneath  
your open doors. ruby red our hearts will bleed,  
collect our burns we'll make them more. spin this  
web you'll catch us in, burn the thread you come  
from. afloat we swim try not to sink, from the  
depths come our words, into the depths end our  
lives. these children left to mend their hearts,  
lost on the paths beneath the night; ablaze the  
night surrounds us all. orphan me. i'm the one  
you love to hate, of this brood you gave my name.  
sip our drinks(the black you spit) cry our eyes  
(your gift to us)solitude in fighting back solace  
found in bleeding black you said stay like you  
left that day, left alone in a rotting house. you  
can't run from a life of pain, we've got pain  
we'll give to you. all you do is run away, so

run away.

orphan me

this is about the mindsets we give our kids by  
treating them to life full of blame. people grow  
apart and move on, but families should never have  
to. i wish children could grow up and realize their  
full potential on their own without the burden of  
old fashioned family values coming between them and  
their own standards of morality, success, and happiness.  
too often goals are predetermined for our children,  
and i think most parents lose sight of why they  
became mothers and fathers in the first place.



flesh colored christs last show      june 10th @ the che cafe

flesh colored christs were:  
pat s.-drums  
mike r.-guitar/vocals  
mikey m.-vocals  
josh f.-bass

thank you to everybody who  
came to our shows and  
everybody who let us play  
(spence/che cafe, sXe palace,  
pat's parents), they wouldn't  
be goodtimes without you.

all of these songs were  
recorded on a four track  
at pat's parent's house.

to get in touch write mikey at  
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**MESSAGE IN CRAYON**

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