



rinse

stoic.

we've set the stage

foundations are weak and actors are nothing more
than what words suggest

play your part

breathe your lives

release yourself (so you don't forget yourself)

dress the lie

stand upright

the

truth

lies...

been walked deep into the ground

woke up from this fantasy

shine you shine you shine for me

only words are stoic and blank

they could be your best friend

or a random someone you encounter
now and then... but you can't ignore
that they are beautiful

shining etc... and where we all
have our stages to stand on and
reclaim our arrogance... they sit
on the side... not knowing they are
so wonderful as they are. it's sad to
see someone ^{giving} so much... thinking
they are so small. but we see it. it
touches us. tell them... you shine for me.

7:32 am



there will always be people in
life... beautiful. shining. in
every way wonderful. ~~the~~ talking
to them isn't a chore. without
sarcasm... or lies. and their time
is missed more than anything...



letters never sent

there's a million things i wish I could have said to you. i wrote them all down and put them in my box. afraid of how you would accept it...or if you even would. i gave up the chance for a million things...a million times things could have been different. fuck. why are we so scared to tell each other how we feel? but i'm sure you wouldn't have cared

I CAN'T REMEMBER. THESE WRITTEN WORDS
I NEVER SENT. HOW WOULD YOU HAVE REACTED?
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE THOUGHT?
THINGS UNSAID CAN HURT WORSE THAN ANY INSULT
AND IT'S BEEN SO LONG. WHY SHOULD I CARE?

THESE ENVELOPES WERE ONCE
FILLED WITH INSPIRATION.
BUT I HAVE BECOME COLD. WHY SHOULD I CARE?
IT REALLY MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.
BECAUSE I DOUBT YOU WOULD HAVE NOTICED.

AND WHAT NEVER WAS COULD
HAVE ENDED EVEN WORSE.
BUT I COULDN'T HATE YOU.
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS
I WISH I COULD HAVE SAID.
AND THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I
WISH YOU COULD HAVE SAID BACK.

BUT I NEVER SHARED
THESE WORDS WITH YOU.
AND I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO BE WITH YOU.
BUT I'M ALMOST GLAD.

BECAUSE NOW I CAN REMEMBER
WHEN I USED TO DREAM
AND SAY WORDS I USED TO MEAN
AT LEAST I CAN STILL LOVE
THESE LETTERS NEVER SENT

ENTER
PLEASE DO NOT
BLOCK

to the father from the son. why do you do this? i can't understand. i am just a child. please stop this. i just can't go on. it's so hard to breathe for you. it's so hard to live for something at all. but you took this from me (listen to me). if you only hurt me, i'll find someone else... why do you hate me? i just want you to understand that in your son... why do you kill me?

i want to love you

i need to trust you

i am your fucking son. so why do you kill me?
why do you hate me? i just want to understand

circa: 1993

the body was found sometime in the late afternoon. instead self inflicted death... (Lie)
17 years of abuse... neglect. pain. no one really listened. he called his friends for help. but no one listened. the pencil written note was too bloodsoaked to read clearly. saw the words "to the father from the son"... and "why do you hate me". that was no suicide.



perder un momento
every now and then



every now and then time comes to consider circumstances and what to consider condition that influenced so many years of life. i miss the faces that used to mean so much. i could familiarize events and personalities. the momentary feeling that everything i knew was right and being surrounded by these eyes was comforting to me. to renew the sense of companionship i couldn't have asked for anything more. i never wanted anything more. but like the season, time lapses and fades. wrought in continuation. and sees no light of preservation. the ties that used to bond us slowly loosened to nothing. and i lost the faces i knew. apart of my security. i miss it all. and a part of me feels so alone. but i'm glad it's like this. because even though you can't live a memory.

it feels so good to wrap yourself in it.

in the middle of it all...like a burning in my eyes.
 and i can only promise not to promise. time just waves
 goodbye and closes out our little world. i still remember
 how those days would ebb and flow with no constraints of
 time...so innocent and beautiful...when every star would
 hold onto wishes and promise not to fall...falling and
 stumbling but always getting back up...laughter was the
 only music with meaning...there i was...years ago, a hero
 for nothing...and here i am now. not much has changed...
 the gold of summer has faded and left winter in my eyes.
 still a hero for nothing...ever felt rai
 ned???? * * *



january 1:

cold, trying season...throwing things for us to fall
 over every xwhich way...still writing new stories for
 our memories to delicately enjoy. dead, grey skies lie
 as the background for this little portrait...falling
 snow stung our tongues like heartfelt tears...for a
 moment i fancied myself as 10 again...frozen from the
 inside out, i had never heard such warm laughter...
 somehow, we're painting out things that define us and
 i'm not sure we really understand...xxxxxxxxxx

for
 chad
 chris ★
 ryan
 kevin
 benjie
 with love,
 tommy

Wash this sadn away b touch m lik you wd to
I wish i could b your braath on my handlik how it f ls to
wash this anger from my eyes mpty i cover cold
shin to m through glanc s and cov rings and l t m br an
again with your braath on my hand sing to m l m eyes
used to cant sl p through this i miss you so much i par
rains cing trips to th sky i forgd how to liv to alon
i fill mys lf with you i cant empty how far i cant
but i feel run so alone k p doing this
empty this is killing mr i wish i could cov r my
ys and forg t i v r liv d i f th m all.

without the slightest memory you l ft m
th s ar mom nts so i lik running and n v r calling
ros in hand lik hat this i hat this is not this
you shin lik of an ang
lik you us d to? can you still s to m than lif d a
s i in b tw n stars and shooting thi feel this st s v
mountains and felline we are all down so apart
agaia lift m to you but im sorry have this (love)
let m sadness. liv again in you ability to feel
i can b at this is th mom and to understand
wh r i t ll you to share and lif m to this
your worth living for i cant f and

love
fear
crying
laughing
screaming
dancing
singing
running
hugging
smiling
Feeling
Feeling
these are the things that
make us human
these are the things that can
never seprate us
wash away all k r i s .



we are up again



in the game of gravity
and me
are you
so
fucking
b i n d
you
don't
understand
you don't see
you
don't
own
anyone
and
you
are
not
the
seed
gravity
won't
elevate you
and
neither
will
we
with
the
will
and
understand
to see
through
your
autocracy
because
no one
is
property
and
you
can't
buy
me
and
you
can't
buy
me
and
you
can't
buy
me

the great

~~the great~~
thing about
citizenship is
being given an
opinion... so

You don't have to
learn... and think for
yourself. democracy
extends itself to limit
who powers the machine
and ~~no that's not right~~

i pledge allegiance to the
Flag... to the ideas
of white ~~the~~ america
to the republicans for
their moral stance...

one nation under a
heterosexual god...
~~with power and liberation~~

to men... ~~fuck~~ thanks for
12 years of fucking lies and
enforced representation... thanks for
the "freedom" father.

like you said.

and still the promise

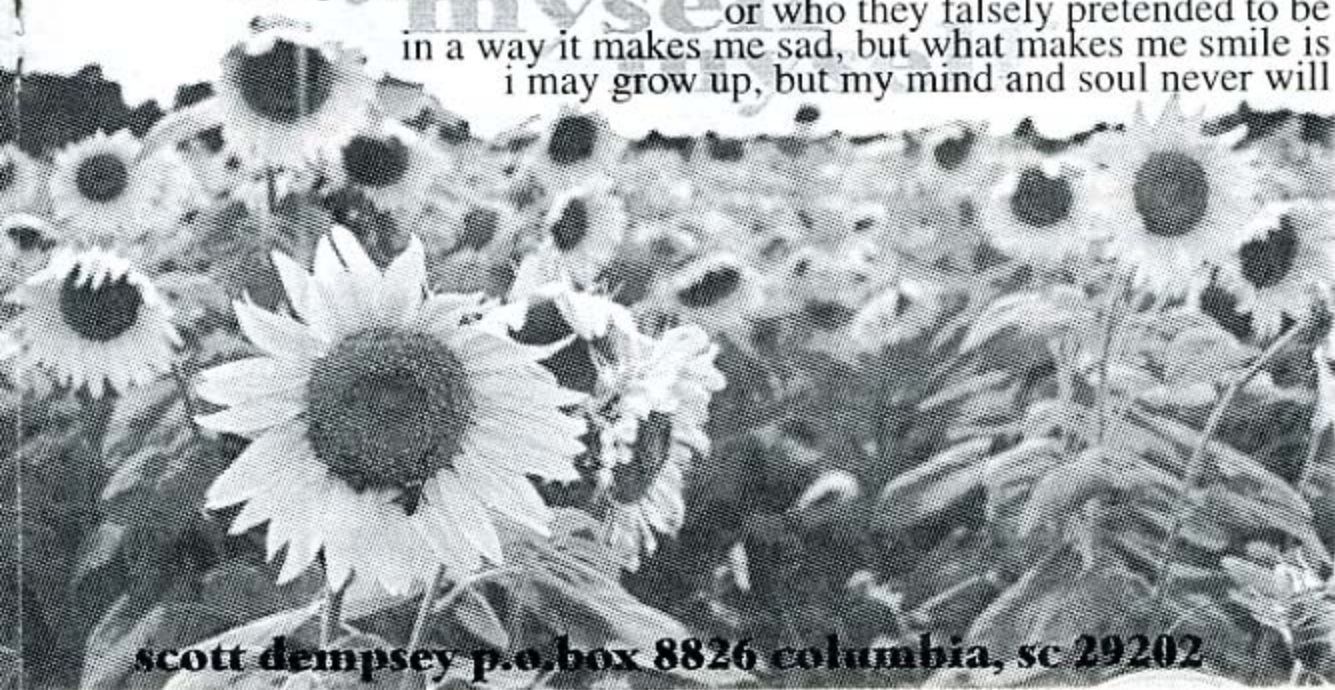
breathe again...dad? why did you run?

broken window. stolen. where. i felt the spirit brush past. was it you? was it...
the stone garden hides only what was invisible in the first place,
somewhere. he said a name. before he walked out. was it you?
the stone garden told i cut my hand. broken window. this house is cold.
the doors would swing with wind. as he ran. none stirred. as he ran. was it you?
please he said. to stop the tears. i wont run. i'm needed here. i can't.
my leg is still bleeding. how am i supposed to run?
the walls of this old house are listening. was it you? how can i run?
the doors of this old house stopped opening
where would i run? but the house was listening.
sleep now...why would i run? the doors aren't opening. window broken.
leg still bleeds. why would i run?

i look into her eyes
i see an ocean of happiness
light is cast where dark once lurked
hope is given where trust was broken
emotions overflowing
a blooming sunflower during a cold day
a patch of sunshine on a stormy afternoon
a refreshing tone in my ears
true love, out of control
i am myself - good/bad
i sometimes don't act like myself
scared of change.....scared of change.....scared of change.....scared of change



scared of growing up
time slipping by, afraid to blink
living for every thriving moment
minutes that were hours are now seconds
fading into memories of what is now the past
as i get older i see others stray from what they once believed in
or who they falsely pretended to be
in a way it makes me sad, but what makes me smile is
i may grow up, but my mind and soul never will



scott dempsey p.o. box 8826 columbia, sc 29202

to me, this band, this record is a departure from my past. a cleansing of my soul so i can start again. a chance to express my feelings; my joys, my fears, my regrets, my love. i never knew how much it could all mean. i give it to you. here is your chance to express yourself. listen to this and scream or cry or smile or love, and find yourself in these songs. scream our words. scream your words they may mean more, just don't sit stagnant. these six songs are my gift to you, my way of saying thank you for helping me find myself.



.waiting for the storm.

as i sit here on the beach, looking to where the blues of sky and the ocean become one hue, looking to where the setting sun slowly disappears behind the veil of storm clouds hanging on the horizon... it is so easy to say goodbye when you know it wont be the last, but it is, so here i sit, waiting for the storm. waiting for the rain to hide my emotions, to wash away my tears and rinse the pain from me. waiting for the crash of thunder to deafen my ears to my screams and sobs. waiting for the lightning to split the sky, like my being, in two as the rain falls like the blood of the deceased being drug into the cold earth, mixing with all the others before. and so soon forgotten. only a faded memory. throughout the empty blackness of the night the rain falls. alone i cry in the emptiness, in the loneliness. i could always find comfort in that embrace, but no longer. even as the sun shines its message of a new day, a new beginning. even as the light pushes back the darkness the rain still falls. you will never be forgotten.

dedicated to chris, evan and jaime


shawn 964 nottingham lakes conway, sc 29526

i am alone



I really don't even care. I'm looking at things realistically, not trying to change the world or anyones point of view. Soon everything we've done will be forgotten. Only a memory in the mind of the creator. And how long can I hold on to that? A memory. It wont take me anywhere. Fuck! I wonder why I waste my time. Why I care at all. There's no answer. Just a blank. Trying to put things in perspective. Trying to find a reason to keep on. Trying to find words to express how I feel. For now I'll be satisfied with this medium. It'll keep me on the right track. I just hope it's enough. That will be enough. Only time will tell
but time is running out.





kris. vocals
shaw. guitar
tommy. guitar
scott. bass
mark. drums

Recorded June 17 & 18 at The Jam Room
in Columbia, SC, by Jay Matheson
2nd vocals on And Still The Promise
by Jessica Hyatt
Stoic & Perder Un Momento written with
the help of Chris Massey
Stoic, To The Father From The Son &
Like You Said page artwork by Shawn
Williams

Photo Credits:

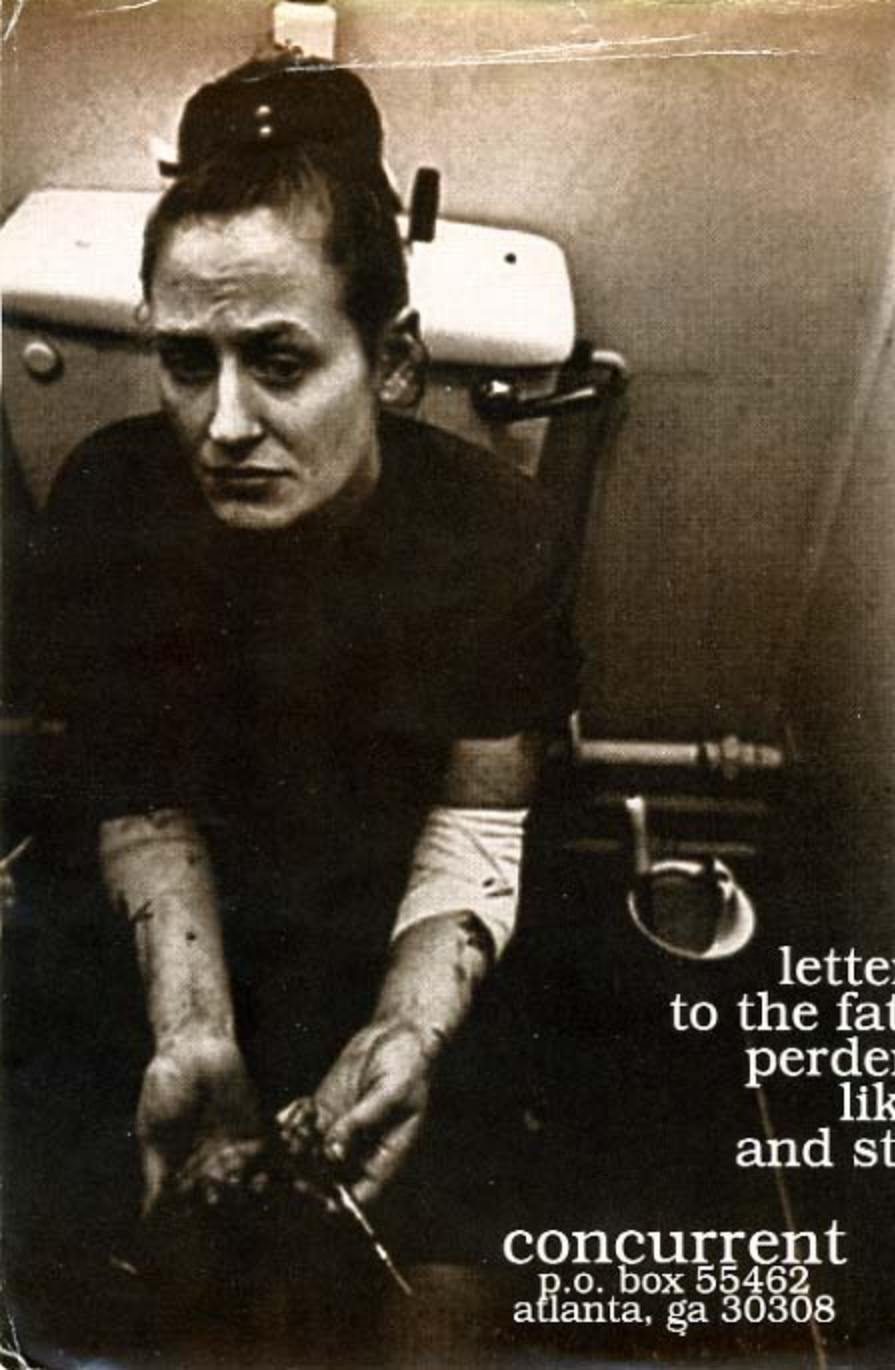
Front Cover - J.K. Potter
Back Cover - Mary Ellen Mark
Side A label - Hector Vaca, Jr.
Side B label - Scott Dempsey
Letters Never Sent - Shawn Williams
Perder Un Momento - Ross Lowell
And Still The Promise - J.K. Potter
Scott's personal page -

first turntable - Jay Dempsey
sunflower - Scott Dempsey

Shawn's personal page -
railroad - Shawn Williams
live - Mark Miller
Shawn & Jess - Mark Rodgers

Tommy's personal page - Shawn Williams
Kris' personal page - kris' mom
Mark's personal page - all Scott Dempsey
This page (boy) - Ross Lowell

Thanks to everyone who has supported us
or helped us in any way, Rentamerica,
Stretch Arm Strong, Reversal of Man,
Puritan, New Day Rising, Passover, Bleed
Mid Carson July, Shirley Temple of Doom
Mouthbreathers. The Frownies
Special Thanks to Jay Matheson, Jessica
Hyatt, Chad Pfeiffer, Geoff Hanson,
Natalie Doudican, Shawn from Canada,
Chris Massey, John Barry, Donnie Raines,
Phil Dwyer and MOST OF ALL Scott
Mc and Concurrent Records- thanks for
being patient with our slack asses!



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