



**\* ROUGE**



Locust  
a.k.a

### Over taking the Giant

This song doesn't have complete lyrics... There are three different lyrics from three different people. All of them hold something strong or painful in or hearts. From childhood memories to dealing with death. Scream along and make your own words your own meaning

### Over & Out

back road bargerville,  
eye lash wishes, blacktop steam meet  
at the horizon, hold me up, to teach me  
better, young and dumb,  
just left standing. But  
i want it back, to be a  
man. return the hot  
hand pops. time spans  
further than arms  
length, now palms  
apart except. we may  
be, your more than  
memories.

47explorer

run  
drive  
mold  
cast  
burn  
scrape

silence, pervades my thoughts  
and lies... pure & holy, you  
deceive me... i am lost here  
blankets of dust, circle my eyes.  
wandering aimlessly, corrupt  
in my ways, you still welcome  
me, fed stagnant dreams,  
clouds of hatred mature,  
cramming ideas, poured upon  
me, intertwining... fusing... in  
one... in one lost friend...  
ripping pieces... clutching... in  
one lost friend... gained  
through. getured fear. sympathy.  
hides its face. wait don't go  
wait not you

### Letter to Myself....

and now its time  
to go again  
let me  
loosen hold  
on you right now  
nothing else is right  
and no, i'm not fine  
fucked just like  
last time... why  
but now i'll start  
what i dreamt of  
nightmares of  
what i can't do

fucking go, yes it's right. say goodbye now, you  
just go, run. resist them, run. get there someday  
but now we'll dance this day away.  
run please run just get there  
go now, please go



halo streams light,  
these passing skies,  
a caged bird sings,  
the black birds

screams, tipped tombstor  
gothic engraved, and you  
were there, ever so real,  
never so wrong, no benefit  
except the comfort in your  
words, false, break  
restraints, leave this  
withered mind, betray,  
self extract, owe, nothing  
with every bit, self control  
let me rest, sounds shiver  
shake, late, reality, wak



Ken speaks: thanks for the good  
times boys! BIG ups to: Mighty Mike  
James Eton Brandon  
Steve Bruce Dave The Arbuckle  
family. IKON. Hott pants Kenny.  
Jack & Katie Punitan Ice 9. Dave  
Britt's INHUMANITY.  
Wheeljack. Shahahawhat show  
& everyone who was nice on  
town. Post script from wannabe  
Fuck your two-cent rebellion

6





# Khmer Rouge



*Billy: drums screams Jay: guitar Ken: bass screams Chris: screams  
recorded at dry studios  
1997*

*"Sometimes when the noise is loud enough on the outside, the noises within seem to fade"*



Khmer Rouge was a military group which fought for the independence of Cambodia from France. They were fighting for a classless society, a utopia. Somewhere things crossed from fighting for freedom to an endless killing spree. In 1975, the Khmer Rouge marched into Phnom Penh abolishing all monetary systems. Next, came the mass extermination of the wealthy and educated. (ex. people who wore glasses were considered intelligent and were killed). Shortly after the wealthy were disposed of, the executioners were killed in fear of them turning on the Khmer Rouge. From 1975 thru 1979, over a million people had died! In late 1979 the Khmer Rouge was toppled and forced back into the jungle. Revenge was vowed but never became a success. By the late 80's the last of the Khmer Rouge had become tired of fighting for new troops and funds and dwindled away.

Sounds all to familiar, doesn't it? We as people in this Scene of punk, hardcore or whatever have fought the struggle for so long against a capitalist corporate America. But where are we? Where is our society that we have created? It is due to the fact that we can not keep ourselves together. We have all seen so many kids or adults pass like the seasons. Starting in spring, fresh and enthusiastic, excited about this existence where knowledge is at your fingertips. A place where one can be themselves and not be judged. Where no one person is better or more important than any other. But as do the seasons change so do the people who once were thrilled. It's as if we become jaded or faded with time. We stop fighting as much for the things that were once our motivation, instead we waste our efforts on fighting among ourselves. We as a community seem to handle our problems by pushing them away or into someone else's face. With this lack of communication nothing will ever get accomplished. Are we too narrow minded or just scared? Where is our future and where is our so-called community?



witching hour  
records  
p.o. 30287  
indpls, in  
46230



# Witching Hour Records

whroo1

jaded 7"

whroo2

between a rock and a hard  
place 7"

(w/ cave-in, reversal of man,  
roswell, & end of the century  
party)

whroo3

from stars come hearts 7"

(w/ puritan, khmer rouge, rinse, &  
makara)

whroo4

khmer rouge 7"

whroo5

makara/shahrazad 10"

whroo6 (out soon)

racebannon 7"

future releases w/ the infinity dive,  
combat wounded vet, inept, elliot  
rosewater, jenny piccolo, theikon,  
somber, & others.

Disrto: Bottlenekk

visit us online at :

[http://members.aol.com/whrrcs/  
index.html](http://members.aol.com/whrrcs/index.html)

side 1

Locust

4781

explorer

side 2

Over &

Out

Letter

to Myself

(song 6)

a melody

Also released  
by The Omega

# KHMER ROUGE

*javhittvkenchris*  
1975 - 2001

