



.meadowlark.



high water records
p.o. box 1202 denton, tx. 76202
printing: byproduct



...revolver...

this is the sound
of growing old too fast
this is the face
of facing the future alone
these are the ones we loved
gone forever
this is the hammer
that strikes us in the heart
i believe in a time
when all walks of life
exist in harmony
with a life given right
of equality-i believe
this is the distance
between two people
this is the space

it surrounds and divides us all
this is the course of blood
through these veins
this is the spark
in a burning black sky
and in time earth and trees
will burst through concrete
and all our progress will fall
these are the days
we question every answer
love life and death
the song of all creation
these are the days
hope in our hands
this is our time
love life and death



...days of our lives...

fuck rights i want my freedom
in time this kingdom will fall
and all the fools who sold their souls
will beg forgiveness
when the truth unfolds
hope sails high
the music carries us away
this too shall fall
put your faith in failure
watch your children suffer
i want my (our) freedom

...draw back a nub...

you don't have to live this lie
you don't have to do what you're told
because you know it's a true
red white and blue shit on you
rise

...360observe...

a fire burns inside him
so bright that it could kill him
he can't use his tongue
he watches people laughing
pointing hard and laughing
what has he done
in his lonely vow of silence
he waits out the mocking army
waits for his turn
we can rise above the compounds
of hate and slavery
love and rage have brought us
this far we can rise
what turns a boy into a man
what makes the people
take a stand
he hangs his head and cries
a lady asks for pennies
just yesterday a child
the streets changed her life
what harsh words were spoken
are the father's knuckles broken

...immolation...

infancy innocence
brought to life
now brought to this
moment of catharsis
awakened isolation
born into a world of fire
water fills cup in hand
time defines until i decide
will i drink to save myself
or give my life
to save the fucking world
time defines i decide

...toulouse latrecc...

who lays the tracks
who writes the songs
what manner of man
rules are meant to be followed
haven't you learned your lesson
no sir
if i could walk a mile
i could walk the world
move
classic disposition
insubordinate revolution
who lays the tracks
what manner of man is this
that lets a blind man follow
with nothing to lead
but a hollow wind
who lays the tracks
we are soft
too loose we let our track remain
our open hands
our human hands
your open hands
your human hands
extension of what could be
one free mind
move

i've learned this lesson before among others and still find myself
further away from the truth and knowing-knowing i fucked up again
i searched for words-there was so much to say that it didn't make
sense and most of it was questions anyway.it comes down to love
rage hope change-to take action outside myself(individually)
becomes confusing, for reasons of HATE and anger for an empire
with an age old agenda who waged war on the earth and all walks
of life graced by the sun and i hate them for it, but i think it is

reactionary to the
ones i love.i am
but don't know if
kill-although i come
often but avoid
music seems to
to communicate
takes the edge
time-and it always
scene-some limit
expectations.instead
for people creating
THIS REVOLUTION



is infinite-it has
age-only unstoppable
part of it in any
hope.hope that
hope that the
hope that desires no longer sway me-hope that this kingdom will
fall leaving the oppressors with nothing to stand for but to
remember their roots.singing for change is a start but living for
change is the destination. to the ones i hold dear i cannot portray
my love with words or actions leaving only music who i fail
everytime.i am thankful for your friendship.
take my words as someone
trying not telling

don't give up

oppression of the
willing to die
i am willing to
to that conclusion
the question.
be the only way
(unless alcohol
off)i fail it every
seems to find some
some missed
of being thankful
music or listening-
THIS CHANGE
no limits it has no
strength and to be
sense fills me with
the kidz stay true
people rise up-

don't give in

The drifting BICWIG looks up unconsciously from his slumber. He lays down again but his eyes remain wide. He ponders over the sight he just saw. An island cave, two cliffs on either side of him. He struggled with the urge to look again, his eyes have fooled him before. He has been adrift for what he can only comprehend as about two weeks, considering his frequent but blissful states of catatonia. Its when reality strikes that his mind is thrust into a whirlpool of horror. The knowing hunger, the blistering sun, and the thirst. "Water water everywhere and not a drop to drink" as the stupid man saying goes. It plays over and over again in his tiny paleolithic brain tormenting him endlessly. He cant hold out any longer, throwing caution to the wind he takes his feelers up to the edge of the little indented piece of wood that has become his sanctuary for the last few weeks. He follows slowly with his eyes. This time the image doesnt fade. A sense of hope surges through him, he fights it remembering the choking grasp of the pit of despair he dug for himself the last time. He believed his weary eyes. He pauses for a moment and the image seems unflattering. Peace. Drifting closer, the BICWIG prepares himself for the swim to shore. He cant wait to late or the swirling tide would carry him back out to sea. At his calculated moment he leaps off his raft and struggles weakly toward safety. After an hour or so he makes it! 10 min pass as the BICWIG pauses to catch his breath and soak up the stable feeling of the dry sandy beach. suddenly a filthy human hand scoops him uncerimoniously up. Terror grips him. Tuning his feelers into the stubborn humans pitiful brain pattern he picks up this message. "Poor Sand Crab it looks like

you're drying
out. I'll throw
you back in
to cool you off.
FUCKING

HUMANS

o o o o o o o o
what men make the
plans for earth
movers, skyscrapers
moonrakers, where
do they think they're
building to. Earth
is a little more
of a complex
machine than
they think. Its
a system of constant
change, what goes
up must come
down with
the same amount
of force and
energy
that was used
in its
construction
.....



EVERY EFFORT I HAVE PUT FORTH IN THIS BAND
IS DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER ZACHARY
WHO WAS KILLED ON THE COLDEST NIGHT OF 1996
BY A DRUNK DRIVER

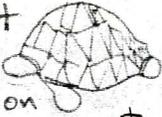
I LOOK TO A TIME WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN
WHERE THE SKY TURNS TO A DARK PURPLE
WHERE THE AIR IS TOO THIN TO RETAIN DUST PARTICLES
WHERE THE MOON AND STARS AND SUN
SHINE UPON ONE ANOTHER

UNNATURALIZED



NATURALIZED

MUSIC is
comfort
?rage



expression

possible breeds
progress
spiritual prosperity
take the time to value
your own simple self
you know it well

thinking for

of indecision
a common
bind

choices
slow

nothing permanent
not yet



FREEDOM is a
choice we must all
make together
community
mind

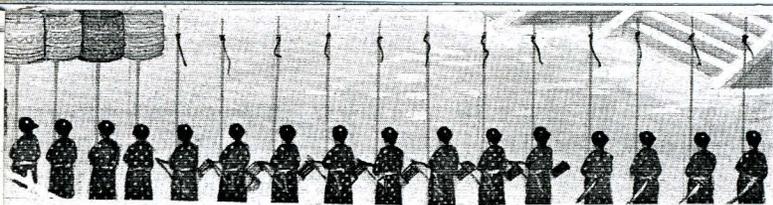
By
Buy
Bye

Kids
ride
free

walk
there



ride
bike



mike thanks: brent for being a friend, beau for cleaning the kitchen, all friends,
the kids (all of 'em), chad, yaun - for wanting to, mike wheeler, kris y., my brother steve,
jack for letting us practice..

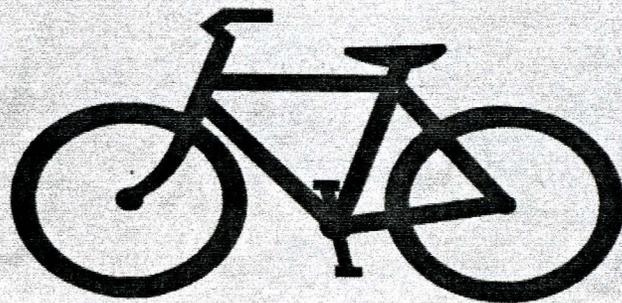
jeb: love to family friends khrysti mom dad tim mike chris kip

chris thanks: kris, james brandon, and all at highwater headquarters, mike wheeler
april, jack,dave,everyone else who makes me feel good, adam young for the time
and the heart, james delarenzi for the revolver, vegan buffets everywhere, our legions of fans

kip thanks: adam young-shine on kid, be-anna, kris y., sincerity, lily-i suck, food, beer,
jack "emo" conrow..despair and misery, the kidz-get over it, mi familia, fun, swimming,
jeb, chris, mike for nothin'. sweet leaf. -sabbath-

mike and jason helped us record this at sweatbox april 98

meadowlark rides bikes,kicks ass, and goes to jail.... - fuck yeah -





HighWater Records.

- .002) radioland hitsquad ^{so far...} 7"
.003) slave one 7"
.004) managra lp(long play)
"modern day remembrance"
.005) akarse eDeP

you are now holding the
meadowlark seven inch, which
is equivalent to .006.

thnx.thank you.

preceding this, there will be the
tune in tokyo seven inch...007.
and so on and so on.

kris

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james, casey, mark

po box 8317. austin, tx. 78713

p.boy@rocketmail.com

seven inch: \$3 ppd

eDeP: \$3 ppd

long player: \$6 ppd

soon: managra/brass knuckles for
tough guys cd: ohio seven:

the dugat project..and other st
uff..with akarse, the stal ag sevent

new-wave-emo-violence

com.

g'night. good. night.





