







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 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 latrec...

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

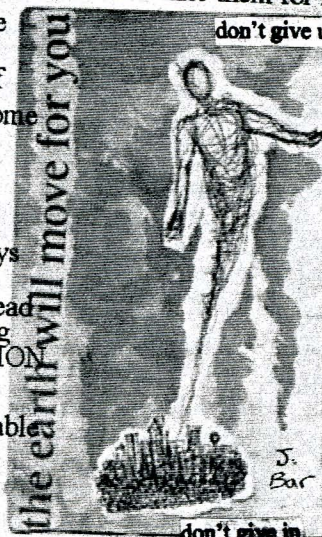
if i could walk a mile  
i could walk the world  
move

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



don't give in

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-

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

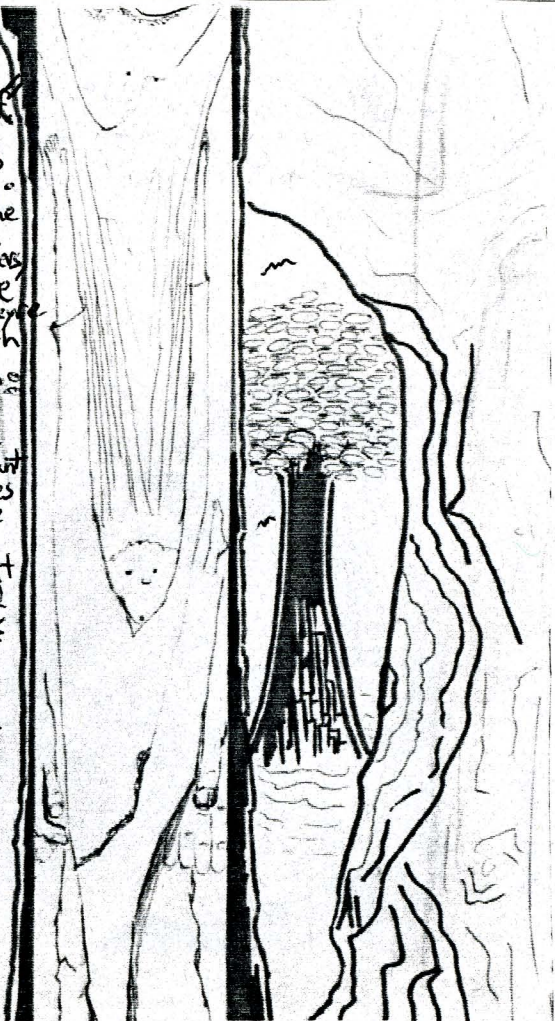


The drifting BIEWIG looks up unconsciously from his slumber. He lays down again but his eyes remain wide. He ponders over the sight he just saw. An island cave, two cliffs on either side of him. He struggled with the urge to look again, his eyes have fooled him before. He has been adrift for what he 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 unflinching. Peace. Drifting closer, the BIEWIG 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 BIEWIG 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 Dying  
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

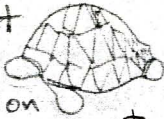
UNNATURALIZED



NATURALIZED



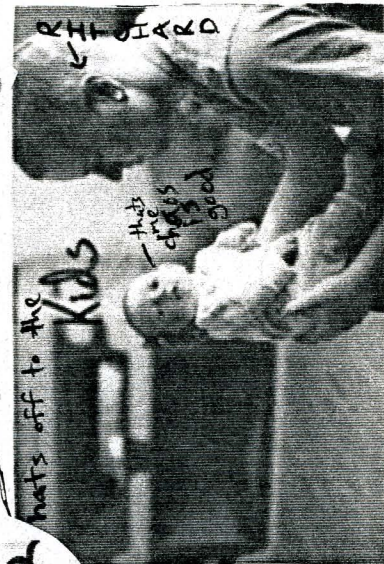
MUSIC is  
comfort  
? rage  
expression



thinking for  
ourselves  
progresses  
spiritual properly  
take the time to  
your own simple self  
you know it well  
of indecision  
a common  
bind make choices  
slow  
nothing permanent  
not yet

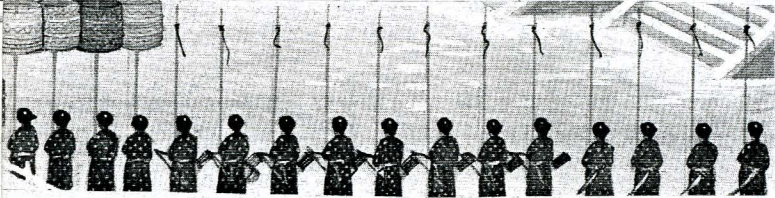


Kids  
ride  
free  
walk  
there



freedom is a  
choice we must all  
make together  
community  
mind

By  
Buy  
Bye



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..

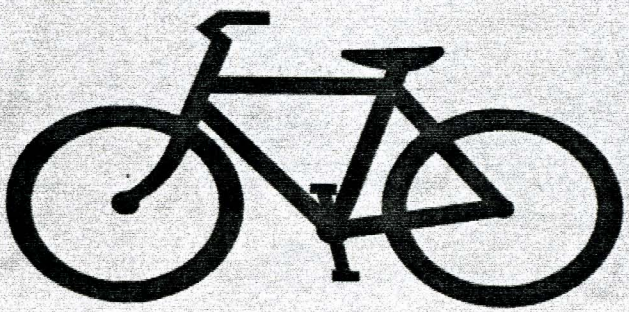
jeb: love to family friends khrysti mom dad tim mike chris kip

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 <sup>so far...</sup> 7<sup>h</sup>
- .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

po box I202. denton, tx. 76202

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.











