



-----Lying at Rack and Manger.  
830 Elizabeth Dr.  
----- Corvallis, OR 97330.---



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rook what must be so clean in your mind is dirty. something that's so pure in presence of beauty. rotten away. grin and bear it take it in stride. the grass is greener on the other side. eating crow every day. it's all in your head. nothing is real. now the game's over so you throw down your cards. make losing look easy because winning is so hard. I see what is broken down in the core. now it's prosthetic. easy to clean. new mellow disaster. stay. you've got reasons to carry on like you do not know. stay quiet. never tell a soul. never speak. never say. to carry on so quiet and never speak a word. I forget all that I know. a choice was whispered so quiet I could not hear. so serene. so at peace. she just sits there silent and never speaks a word. never smiles. never blinks. I am sure know why she never speaks. It's the new mellow disaster. stay you've got reasons to never speak. never say. stay quiet. never tell a soul. carry on like you do not know. never speak. I beg of you. never speak. never say. silence is golden. words have no choice. quietly whispered no one will hear. she's got all these childlike dreams like life is easy. this is why she never speaks a word. only speak what you know. never speak. never say. the silence is so loud my ears will ring. burst and bleed then never heal. nothing is so silent as to speak with her. a broken board. a rusty nail. only I know why she never speaks. it's the new mellow disaster. class posture. try your best and work hard boy and you will do well. be the ideal. this is what (wear this crown) old people say (break your back). but that's not the worst of it (or stand around). they say I'm lazy too (here's to the fruit of your labor) and I use my age as an excuse (and your dime in the sand) for my lack of thought (three sticks in a basket) and responsibility (two bits in my hand). I tasted better but I tried to be real sweet. I gulped down grandpa's ethics. he tried to live through me. grandpa wants his doll to disco. grandpa's got some real nice toys. he is either going to win me over or kill me with his cut out claws. I try and make it but I can't because you call me names like stupid and lazy. I wonder if you are proud of yourself for making me lose faith in your perfect working society. bright crawlers. I see what is painted plain. clearly lucid. I know what you hide behind. it's a lie. it's a myth. the boy with the stars in his eyes. the stars that are burning so bright. he says he's no better than them but he doesn't believe himself. he'll lock you out in the cold in the sweetest way. soars in charisma but falls short in grace. a devil boy with an angel's face. he says he's no better than them. he is hot. he is cold. a constant strive to win. a pissed on fire with still smoldering words. achieving crawling never to fall. near pointed eyes and an open mouth. I paint a smile to ease my disgust. he will tell you what you want to hear so that you will adore him. lures you in with false entrapments that roll sickly off his tongue. he is no better. he says he is no better but he acts so pretentious. lousy weeds grow back when cut insidious at the root. why would he lie if he really cared. the boy with the stars has the world in his hands. chump clip. I've got strobing vision in the worst way. everyone starts talking at the same time. they're talking to me. it's important to them. I don't pay attention because I don't fucking care. blah blah blah. It doesn't matter. they don't care what I'm saying because it looks good to have have someone look interested in what they are saying. I can see their heads grow fatter as they speak. it fuels the ego of a vain and shallow creep. I would just spit in their face. but they would kick my ass. she's got painted nails. a glamour showcase. she's a lipstick doll. a broken trophy. sometimes I hate the way she smiles. I don't like her. I don't like her. I don't like her. nothing more than trash. so I just smile and nod my head then snidely say I'm only kidding so don't take offense. it doesn't matter. I'm only kidding. I'll punch your face. it doesn't matter. I'm only kidding. don't kick my ass. I am the weakest man and no one cares. It doesn't matter what I do if no one sees. everything said amounts to memories. don't say another word before you dry your tears. you've had a lot of sorrow. you've got a lot to say. I do not understand. I do not pretend to know. I don't know why it has to be the same every time. I have seen my share of crying. I have seen my share of tears. I would never cry again if I could help myself. I'll say just one more thing before I slit my throat. you broken hearted lovers once had a love to hold. now nothing looks forward and blackness comes from gold. I don't know why it has to be the same every time. I would never cry again if I could help myself. to be a callous person or never cry again. red eye turn blue when I am there. swollen face. sunken eyes. I could never cry again. I can't remember the last time. always you. never me. I don't have time for your tears. cry in vain. find another shoulder for your crying and cry on. I can't tell you that I know why you are crying. I feel your pain. I know that you are troubled. I know what that means. her eyes turn red. red eyes. I do not have the time. red eyes. I do not know what to say. .... are you aware of the fact that there is suffering. do you understand the pain. do you ever stop to think about what drives us all insane. are you sickened by the notion we are all rotten to the core. do you love your neighbor like your brother or do you question what he's worth. you're so civilized to criticize other people's thoughts and convictions. It's important for you to feel better than someone else. are you aware of the fact that there are problems. do you think you can work them all out. I think that if maybe you were in poverty your problems wouldn't be so easy to solve. stale. Mirror keeps changing. forgotten reflections. convictions grow weak. mind stands still. the old man is changing. he is turning blue. the young man who believes he is close to dying is suffering from the same condition. he just freezes up and ceases motion. falls into a waking coma. and forgets that time is passing by. he fits right in and he acts just

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right and passes for normal. a normal deception. he is so apathetic and he does what his boss tells him. doesn't question. takes the torment if he keeps making money. there's no way for a clock to be stopped or broken down. I'm alright with insight into why I'm bound to the thought that I've got to find something fixed. it's ok anyway. I know what I'll do. I'll bow down and reach out my hand. what does your life mean. I could be your lap dog on command. when you deal with the bullshit every day I'll look real hard and see what I see. slowly eroding your mind away. I'll try not to take influence with an open hand. the body contorts. the mind grows weak. time to give up. now burdened by life. crawling still. thoughts spent. lifeless core. slowly burnt. home town celebrity. is that a notebook you're hiding behind. when the curtain opens you're exposed. the crowd is not excited by the sight. clean suit. rotten apples. standing on the spot. what are you hiding from for the world to see. I'm going to get you. read between the lines. home town celebrity. I see you walking and you walk right by me and you don't even look me in the eye. you are so scared. you are the one and only home town celebrity. and you were the mania's friend. do you see this. who do you think you are. are you a celebrity. are you a movie star. I don't think so. you have chosen your own christ. and just like Jesus christ you are crucified. live long. try hard to be the best friend. live long. try hard. work out in the end. collapsing buildings. what goes up simply must come down. collapsing buildings. explosions. it's on the nightly news. I see it and hear it but it's not every night that one blows up and caves in and fucking tumbles to the ground broken. collapsing buildings. explosions. it's on the nightly news and I hope and wish that it happened every night because destruction induces excitement and I am so fucking bored. collapsing buildings. what a sight. collapsing buildings. what a blast. I just sit around and watch my tv screen. I wish I could be some kind of super human but I'll have to settle for myself in the end. I want to succeed but I don't know how to try. maybe I should kill someone. all I want is to succeed but I don't know how. stuck. I'm so lethargic and I don't care less. I'm shallow. people don't care about my infestations. sympathy's not cold see. lay down on my back. lethargic. time to rest. would you believe I was born the same as you then I just let myself go. greed sloth. through my self punishment I found the truth that people are all embarrassed. shallow. weak. I feel just right in my own direction. I am not a spectacle to behold. blank. the tide stained red with blood from mass entangled drift nets. the birdgrats leave the ships and they spread their filthy sickness. broken glass. filthy fishing boats. bloated seagulls. feasting to death. the stench of rotting flesh in the air reminds me of something so familiar. the coastline stretches on for eternity. my mind blanks and I forget. I'm reminded of something so damn familiar I can recall. or am I just dreaming. are these delusions of something more serious or should I recall. I can't for I have no control. I'm expected to do something. I just stand and stare at the stretched out coast. I can't remember anything. my mind blanks and I can't recall a thing. I can't see the lights. now I'm standing there. I can't see the way out but I see the waves and I see the sky. it's all true. I can't recall a thing. I mine as well. follow file. I see it stretching out. I see it circled out. I am blank and I can't recall a thing.

Borehole (InSect). 1909 S.E. 35th pl. Portland. OR 97214.  
tracks 1-7 recorded at Smegma studios with the aid of Mike Lastra.  
all other tracks recorded at resin 67 by Borehole.

Borehole is no longer. Aaron. Dave and Brady continue to play together as InSect. Lenny is playing in Gun Pro. Borehole existed from 1995-1997.

This was planned to be released as a Sect release because they changed their name without any lineup changes besides the addition of a keyboard player. Lenny quit after the CD was pressed and that is why it says "The Sect" on the CD. A few months later They changed their name to "InSect". Sorry for the confusion.

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Aaron  
Brady



1. Rook  
(2:01)
2. New Mellow Disaster  
(4:20)
3. Class Posture  
(2:05)
4. Bright Crawlers  
(2:47)
5. Chump Clip  
(2:23)
6. Everything Said Amounts To  
Memories  
(3:24)
7. ...  
(1:16)
8. Stale  
(3:40)
9. Home Town Celebrity  
(2:25)
10. Collapsing Buildings  
(1:55)
11. Stuck  
(1:51)
12. Blank  
(2:17)



Lenny  
Dave



Lying at Rack and Manger 830 Elizabeth Dr. Corvallis, OR 97330



jeff blade: glarr

13. When In Doubt, Bite Off The Ears (1:01)
14. Sometimes I Wonder Why (0:47)
15. She Sings A Beautiful La (1:19)
16. Ex-Kleenex (1:31)
17. Roil (0:44)
18. This Song Is Prettier Than You,  
Stupid Chair (2:41)
19. Spy (1:11)
20. Respect (1:14)
21. Whositwhatsit? (1:15)
22. Rock'N'Roll Hip-Hop Is Da Bomb (2:07)
23. Big Armpit (1:34)
24. Rocket Scientist (0:29)
25. Equestrian (1:56)
26. Omaha (1:03)
27. Hags, Wags, Tags (1:55)
28. Calc. 101 (2:03)
29. Toni (0:42)
30. Bulimic (With Subtitles) (2:08)
31. Water Monitor (1:25)
32. Nowhere (1:21)
33. Field Full of Flowers (1:28)



scott two scoops:  
ta-kah, ta-kah

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jeff salane  
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tom everybody:  
sshhh white noise

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Lying at Rack and Manger #1

Available for \$5 ppd to above address



when in doubt, bite off the ears: there's just enough left for me to know that, once again, you're telling me nothing. There's something you don't want to admit. Throw the punch now. You said life was full of cracks. You must have convinced yourself because you were one of them, why'd you have to be one of them? You were such a bright star, you said you'd go far and now you're nowhere. I thought you could talk to me now, you've created this situation and I'm left with anti-information. You've created this situation and I know you really aren't there, sometimes I wonder why: those are the words, she sings a beautiful la: I wasn't there the day that Lady died. It must have been an easy one, and I want to know why birds still sing and why people say that everything sounds the same, because nothing sounds the same, nothing sounds. exkleenex: I'm not arrogant enough to want to change the world, but I'm arrogant enough to want to change you. I can't stand your tears in my judgmental eyes. Taking back the things you wind up, wondering where the hell we'll wind up, still I can't stop wondering what would become of me if I had succumb to your train of thought. Straight edge sacred rolling. What do you want from me? I'm weak, I'm weak. I don't need you. I'd be run down. roil: verb-to muddy the waters. This song is prettier than you, stupid chair: you remember when you were sitting in that chair? You said it could hold your weight and then you fell to the ground. I fell so goddamn stupid. I feel the fuck right out of my chair. I bet you never trust that chair again. spy: you were a part of where I was even if you weren't there. How

could you be that way? I remembered you. I can't play games. You can't turn me on and off. Stop, fuck you. Love me or don't. I'm crawling, crawling right in here, snatch my heart all wrong and put it back into the statue where it belongs. respect: respect is not the word I think you're talking about, it's not the kind of word that fits in your mouth. Ignorance seems to be the key here. Taking more and offering less, you've taken all that you had to give and that's not fair. I can't change the world, I'll just fuck up your ball. Go ahead and tra la la. hey, who's listening? Are you still there? Are you listening? Are you bored, too? I don't blame you. Like race cars, you're one of them. Drive so fast and not listening. When the steering breaks and everything seems running away, I say just pull over and sleep, fucking listen to me, yeah, yeah, yeah, you can't help but be broken down. You will crash. rock'n'roll hip-hop is da bomb: Steve Woner where are you? You left me dancing on the ceiling again. What was I supposed to do? I can't remember when I could see the reason why you pushing me in circles, man you keep on hitting me, and I tonight we rock. It's for tonight. can't see the reason in your eyes. Lionel Richie where were you? I need some higher ground. What was I supposed to do? More than a feeling, dancing on the ceiling is more than feeling. big armpit: where were you? You didn't show at the show. What did I do to offend you so? So why do I scream? Screams mean life, wasted on people who don't care. Why do I try to write these songs for you when you don't even show up to shows

and tell me exactly what you think of me. rocket scientist: you said that science can fit in pockets. You can't send me to the moon anymore. So let's set off rockets in our pockets. equestrian: stop it. Stop it. You're word is not right, you're dragging me down and pulling my bit to fight me. You've taken my legs, taken my life, taken my innocent hands. Always falling away, jump over everything. Why don't you get off my back? And now my hands are broke. You've taken most everything and changed it now, into your new easel eyes. omaha: when we thought that a bombing would change things around Why did you wait for me? I felt like I'd never get through to you. Why'd you go back to Omaha? hags, wags, tags: I've spent my life rushing into headlights of what I thought sex should be and it's such a shame that we should all learn this way. Put a little marriage under the marriage bed, another image has spoken. Another live, ripe scene, another marriage is broken. And this world looks so pretty, pale, thick and longer, we've got a life that is stapled shut. And if this is sexual progress then what am I? I've got no right to see this, no right. This is not a page, this is a life. calc. 101: drink another beer and kiss another boy. I didn't think you would act like that. I didn't think you could. I was so close to knowing you, How was I supposed to know? Now I'm so close to nothing. Where was I supposed to grow. Now. Now I have to face this place alone. I am



just a boy. I am just looking for who you were to me. Why grow apart? Beer. Sex. Pleasure. Escape (why from me, too?) toni: "if you can't count, they can cheat you. If you can't read, they can beat you." — Toni Morrison. When

I think about the time we had, I think about where you are now and why can't I be ashamed of you? bulimic (with subtitles): binge and purge myself. I want the nutrients, but sometimes I know it's fatty and ugly. Break this little china doll from around our stomach, thighs, and porcelain shackled bones. It hurts when I rid myself of it. It hurts when I consume too much. The pattern repeats, I can't break free. This all seems so low, I swear too much. I'm sorry my dear, but it's breaking us. You tell me the pain repeats. I long for everything and I'm left with vomit. water monitor: this town's like holy water, ten thousand gallons and you're saved. Look at all these pretty people swimming in their sewage of beliefs. I don't want to drown today. nowhere: I hate this place. Nothing fucking changes. I leave it all to you and your punk rawk image. So fuck another nowhere where who means as little as you do and make each other feel better for a moment. I leave you as empty as nowhere. field full of flowers: when she told me I wasn't listening to the sound, I kept my ears to the ground. This is the right time, but there is no place for you to touch me. I'm left counting these petals and all I want are your fingertips.

*fucking go.*



KING SUPA