

MR DOG THE BEAR

SHARKS AND BUTTERFLIES

"MY DEAR,
FIND WHAT YOU LOVE AND LET IT KILL YOU.
LET IT DRAIN YOU OF YOUR ALL. LET IT CLING ONTO YOUR BACK AND WEIGH YOU DOWN INTO EVENTUAL NOTHINGNESS.
LET IT KILL YOU AND LET IT DEVOUR YOUR REMAINS.
FOR ALL THINGS WILL KILL YOU, BOTH SLOWLY AND FASTLY, BUT IT'S MUCH BETTER TO BE KILLED BY A LOVER.
~ FALSELY YOURS"

— CHARLES BUKOWSKI

ALL SONGS BY MR DOG THE BEAR

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HONEYTRAP

NOUN

NOUN: HONEYTRAP;

A STRATAGEM IN WHICH AN ATTRACTIVE
PERSON ENTICES ANOTHER PERSON INTO
REVEALING INFORMATION OR DOING SOMETHING
UNWISE.

THIS TIME ISN'T RIGHT
MY WORDS STUMBLE OUT
MY MOVES ARE SMALL AND UNSURE
I CAN'T HELP THE WAY I FEEL
BUT I HAVE TO FIND CONTROL
THERE CAN ONLY BE LOSERS IF I LET THIS CARRY ON
BUT I'M SCARED I WON'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP

YOUR SMELL LINGERS ON MY CLOTHES
I CAN STILL TASTE YOU ON MY LIPS
AND WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES IT'S LIKE YOU'RE HERE NEXT TO ME

THE SUN SHINES, BUT A SHADOW'S FALLING
I'M CONFUSED, I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT

I LOVE TO SEE YOU SMILE, BUT I'M WISHING YOU HAPPINESS WITH ANOTHER
I WANT YOU TO FORGET ME
WE HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THIS
THIS LAST KISS IS SO EASY, SO HARD
I CAN'T FORGET YOU, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY

I KEEP LOOKING AT MY PHONE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL, CHECKING THE TIME TO SEE IF YOU'VE ALREADY GONE

YOU'RE THE DREAM I HAD WHEN I WAS YOUNG
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE REAL
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET YOU

WE'VE GOT THIS SECRET NOW
IT'S MAKING MY HEART ACHE

TODAY'S THE DAY WHEN IT'S ALL OVER
IT'S ALL GONE
AFTER SUCH A SHORT TIME
THIS IS THE END

RIGHT PLACE, WRONG TIME
THIS SITUATION IS SO DAMN CRUEL
BUT WE'RE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW
THERE WILL BE ONLY LOSERS NOW

WANTING MORE
KNOWING THE TRUTH
HOPING FOR AN ANSWER
BUT YOU'RE GONE NOW
I'M NOT ALONE
BUT I FEEL EMPTY

THINGS WILL NEVER CHANGE
I'M ALREADY LOST
I'VE ALREADY LOST

HONEYTRAP

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS NOW
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FUTURE
NOW IS ALL THAT MATTERS, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW

WITHOUT YOU, WITHOUT YOUR SMILE WITHOUT YOUR LAUGH AND YOUR TOUCH
YOUR WARMTH PRESSING AGAINST ME

THE EXCITEMENT, MAYBE BECAUSE WE KNEW IT WAS WRONG

THAT SINGLE MOMENT WE KNEW COULDN'T LAST
THOSE BRIEF MOMENTS WE KNEW WOULDN'T EVER HAPPEN AGAIN
AND NOW EVERYTHING'S CLOSED IN
THIS SILENCE IS UNBEARABLE

IN THIS PLACE I'M JUST ANOTHER FACE IN THE CROWD, OR FACELESS AMONGST THOUSANDS
MY TATTOOS BLEND IN LIKE THE INK HAS BEEN SPILLED ACROSS THE CITY

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO LIE TO GET YOUR ATTENTION
WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO LIE TO TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY
WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO LIE TO YOU, TO EVERYONE ABOUT SO MANY THINGS
JUST TO FEEL SOME WORTH?

ACTING THE PART AND LYING ABOUT WHO YOU ARE IS THE SAME THING
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THIS IS REAL
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I REALLY FEEL THIS WAY
WHO CARES IF WHAT I ONCE THOUGHT IS TRUE ANYMORE
THINGS CHANGE
PEOPLE CHANGE

I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER THESE WORDS
THEY'RE GOING ROUND AND ROUND IN MY HEAD
REHEARSING THE LINES I WANT TO SAY TO YOU
BUT I KEEP FORGETTING THEM
I CAN'T THINK ANY MORE

AND NOW
THERE'S ONLY LOSERS
I'VE LOST ALREADY
I'M LOST ALREADY
WITHOUT YOU

THE SECRET LIVES OF SHARKS AND BUTTERFLIES

THERE SHE WAS AGAIN
HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

HE COULDN'T. YET, THIS ALL FELT SO STRANGELY HARMONIOUS.
HE'D ALREADY WALKED AWAY ONCE, (MORE THAN ONCE), AND HE'D VOWED A LONG TIME AGO THAT HE WOULDN'T GET INVOLVED AGAIN.
AND YET, HERE SHE WAS. AND HERE HE WAS.
TOGETHER, ONCE MORE.

THE FIRST TIME THEY HAD MET, IT WAS ALL SO EXCITING. SO MUCH ENERGY AND OVERWHELMING EMOTION.
SO MANY DREAMS...

THE DREAMS.

THEY WERE THE PROBLEM.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE. A FUTURE SO FAR AS UNWRITTEN.
OF CHOICES AND IDEAS, WHERE THE PATH YET TO BE TRAVELED HAD SO MANY TWISTS AND TURNS;
WINDING SO FAR AHEAD INTO THE DARK THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE.

TO BE HONEST THOUGH, MOST OF THE CHOICES HE HAD MADE, THE PATH HE HAD SINCE WANDERED,
(AIMLESSLY, BUT WITH SO MUCH PURPOSE), HAD BEEN BECAUSE OF HER.

SHE SEEMED TO POSSESS A HOLD OVER HIM.

AN UNSEEABLE QUALITY.

AN UNQUANTIFIABLE POWER.

NO WORDS WERE SPOKEN; NO WORDS SEEMED NEEDED.

HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHY HE DID THE THINGS THAT HE CHOSE TO DO, HE JUST FELT COMPELLED TO DO THEM.

AND HERE SHE WAS AGAIN.
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER.

THIS POWER SHE WIELDS OVER HIM EVEN STRONGER THAN BEFORE.

HE COULDN'T RESIST.

HE COULD NEVER RESIST.

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SHE COULD FEEL HIM.

SHE COULD FEEL HIS THIRST.

HIS WANT FOR HER WAS SO, THAT IT WAS ALMOST AUDIBLE.

SHE'D ENJOYED THIS BEFORE.

IT WAS LIKE A GAME. SEE HOW FAR SHE COULD PUSH HIM; SEE HOW MUCH SHE COULD GET FROM HIM;
WITH NO PROMISES MADE, AND YET ALWAYS THE PROMISE OF SOMETHING MORE.

FEEDING HIS DREAMS,
BUT NEVER QUITE FULFILLING HIS DESIRES. IF SHE GAVE HIM TOO MUCH THEN THE GAME WOULD BE LOST.

IF SHE LET HIM HAVE EVERYTHING, THEN SHE KNEW THAT HE WOULDN'T COME BACK FOR MORE...

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YOUR CHOICE WILL FOLLOW YOU





THEY WILL NEVER LEAVE

WHY DID HE LET HIMSELF GET SO INVOLVED? AGAIN!
HE COULD KICK HIMSELF.
HE ALREADY KNEW HOW THIS WOULD PAN OUT. HE KNEW THE STORY WELL.
HE WOULD SPILL SO MUCH OF HIMSELF INTO SOMETHING, HE KNEW, WOULD ONLY LEAD TO DISAPPOINTMENT. AND HURT.
THE PAIN NOT ONLY BEING HIS,
BUT A SHARED PAIN WITH PEOPLE WHOM HE CARED DEEPLY FOR.
HE WOULD SPEND MORE TIME POURING OVER HER THAN EVERYONE ELSE. EVERYTHING ELSE.
HIS OBSESSION GROWING, GROWING, UNTIL... WHAT?
WHAT DID HE EXPECT?!
HE WOULD GET ANNOYED AND FRUSTRATED. HE WOULD GET DESPERATE AND ANGRY. THERE WOULD BE THE GUILT;
AND THE BETRAYAL.
WAS THIS ALL REALLY WORTH IT?
WHAT WAS IT THAT MADE HIM DO THESE THINGS?
WHAT MADE THIS ALL SEEM LIKE SUCH A GOOD IDEA?
HE KNEW.
STRONGER THAN HIS REASON WERE THE DREAMS.
THERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN; DREAMS.
NOTHING WAS SO POWERFUL AS THE DREAMS HE HAD. THE DREAMS OF THEM BEING TOGETHER. IN A DIFFERENT FUTURE.
A FUTURE WHERE EVERYTHING WAS OK.
A FUTURE THAT HAD ALREADY COME AND GONE AND PASSED HIM BY A HUNDRED TIMES...

HE KNEW THE TRUTH.
BUT HE TOLD HIMSELF THE LIES.
HE CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT THE DREAMS COULD COME TRUE.

THE DREAMS.
THE INFINITE FUTURES.
THIS IMMEASURABLE UNIVERSE INSIDE HIS MIND.

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THE MIND IS A MALLEABLE THING. YOU CAN IMAGINE ALL SORTS OF THINGS. YOU CAN CREATE THOUGHTS.
OR OTHERS CAN PLANT SEEDS OF THOUGHT WITHIN YOU.
YOU CAN FEEL EMOTIONS. A COUNTLESS,
SOMETIMES OVERBEARING MIX OF EMOTIONS. SQUASHING ALL REASON AND LOGIC OUT OF SIGHT.
CRUSHING YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS UNTIL NOTHING REMAINS EXCEPT THE MOMENT YOU ARE IN.

AND SOMETIMES, OTHERS CAN IMBUE AND INFLICT THEIR EMOTIONS UPON YOU.
SOMETIMES EMOTIONS BECOME SO DOMINANT THAT YOU DO THINGS YOU WOULDN'T USUALLY,
(UNDER NORMAL, SANE AND REASONABLE CIRCUMSTANCES), DO.
SOMETIMES YOU DO THINGS YOU DIDN'T REALISE THAT YOU COULD DO.
SOMETIMES YOU DO THINGS THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU EVER WOULD DO. AND SOMETIMES,
COMPLETELY INEXPLICABLY, YOU DO THINGS THAT YOUR LOGIC,
(UNDER NORMAL, SANE AND REASONABLE CIRCUMSTANCES), TELLS YOU NOT TO DO.
SHE WAS AN EXPERT AT MAKING PEOPLE UNREASONABLE.
SHE COULD TWIST YOUR MIND IN A THOUSAND WAYS, PUSH YOU AND PULL YOU FROM THE INSIDE.
MAKE YOU FEEL SO ALIVE, SO UNIQUE.
SHE COULD GIVE SO MUCH HOPE TO THE HOPELESS AND FUEL THE HUNGER OF THE ALREADY FULL.

AND SHE KNOWS EXACTLY HOW TO APPEAL TO HIM THE MOST.

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"I SEE YOU", SHE SAID.

"I AM HERE", HE REPLIED.

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NOW, LATE AT NIGHT,
THE STORM WAS CLOSING IN RAPIDLY.

AS HE LAY THERE, EYES CLOSED, GIVING HIS OTHER SENSES PRECEDENCE,
HE COULD HEAR HER.

HE COULD FEEL HER. SO CLOSE.
ALMOST AS IF SHE WERE PART OF HIM.
SWIRLING AROUND HIM.
IN AND OUT OF HIM.

SHE COULD SENSE HIS THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

THIS TIME...

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THE CLEAR THOUGHTS HE'D HAD ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE HAD VANISHED SO QUICKLY,
THAT HE IMMEDIATELY COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT THEY WERE.
YET, TIME SEEMED TO HAVE ATTAINED AN ALMOST STATIC TEMPER.

AND NOW A FLURRY OF DIFFERENT THOUGHTS INVADDED HIS BRAIN JUST AS QUICKLY AS HIS REASON HAD DISAPPEARED;

WHY HAD HE LIED?
WHY DID HE FEEL SO COMPELLED TO DO THESE THINGS, THAT HE KNEW WOULD LEAD TO NOTHING BUT DESPAIR?
HOW HAD THINGS GOT THIS FAR?

THIS HAD TO STOP.
IMMEDIATELY.

BUT IT WON'T.
IT CAN'T.

SHE WON'T LET IT STOP.

AND THEN HE FEELS HIMSELF ONCE MORE, GIVING IN TO HER. THOUGHTS OF NON-REASON,
JUSTIFYING HIS ACTIONS AND CHOICES TO PROCEED DOWN A PATH THAT HE KNOWS IS WRONG;

MAYBE SHE IS REAL?
MAYBE SHE IS THE DREAM I ONCE HAD?
MAYBE NONE OF THIS IS REAL?

SOMETIMES IT FELT LIKE DREAMS WERE MORE REAL THAN REALITY ITSELF.
WHAT IF THIS DREAM WAS NOW OVERWHELMING HIS "REALITY"?

THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW.
IT'S TOO LATE.
THESE FEELINGS ARE COMPLETE AND ABSOLUTE.
THIS MOMENT IS SO PALPABLE, IT CAN'T BE JUST A DREAM.

NOT NOW.

NOT ANYMORE.

SHE WAS SOMEONE HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT.
BUT, SHE WAS SOMEONE HE COULD NEVER TRULY BE WITH.

ALL THESE CONSTANT REMINDERS. THEY WOULD NEVER LET HIM FORGET.

AND, SOMETIMES, IT FELT LIKE HE WAS LETTING GO. LETTING GO OF HER. LETTING GO OF EVERYTHING.
MOMENTS OF PURE BEAUTY AND CLARITY, WHERE NOTHING MATTERED ANYMORE...

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU WILL EVER KNOW THE TRUTH.
I DON'T THINK ANYONE EVER WILL.

MAYBE ONLY HIM.

AND ONLY HER.

THE TWO OF THEM AND THE TIME THEY SHARED TOGETHER. ALONE. ENTWINED. MOMENTS CREATED.
MEMORIES THAT WOULD LATER BE DENIED AND LIED ABOUT.

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HE'S WAKING.

SHE'S THE FIRST THOUGHT HE HAS AS HE OPENS HIS EYES TO TAKE IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE DAY.

LET TODAY BE RIGHT.

AND LET TOMORROW, FOREVER TOMORROW, BE WRONG...

HE SEARCHES THROUGH EARLY MORNING EYES FOR ANY SIGN SHE MIGHT STILL BE THERE.

AND SHE IS.

SHE IS ALWAYS THERE.

HE ALWAYS WANTED THIS.

WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, SHE WAS NOTHING BUT A DREAM, AND YET, HERE SHE IS.

AND HERE I AM.

AND HERE WE ARE, TOGETHER.

THIS IS MY DREAM.

IT ALWAYS WAS.

AND IT ALWAYS WILL BE.

HOUSE OF THIEVES

I MADE UP A BED
I LEFT ON A LIGHT
HOPING THAT SHE WOULD COME IN
IN THE NIGHT

I WROTE HER A SONG
EXPLAINED I GOT IT WRONG
HOPING THAT SHE WOULD COME IN
IN THE NIGHT

A SNOWFLAKE IN MY HAND
A FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND
I SAW MY BABY CRAWL
TO THE PROMISING LAND

THERE IS A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF THIEVES
THE MORE THEY SWALLOW, THE GREATER CAME THEIR NEED
THE DOOR IS OPEN, BUT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE
THERE IS A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF THIEVES

OPIATE TO THE PEOPLE
DEFECTOR IN HER PRIME
I SAW MY BABY FALL
AT THE FINISHING LINE

I SAW A CROWD HAD GATHERED
TO WATCH DELILAH HANG
I SAW MY BABY SWING
IN THE PROMISING LAND

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BY

RUBY THROAT
FROM THEIR ALBUM, THE VENTRILOQUIST

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ALL SONGS WRITTEN, ARRANGED, PRODUCED & MIXED BY MR DOG THE BEAR
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