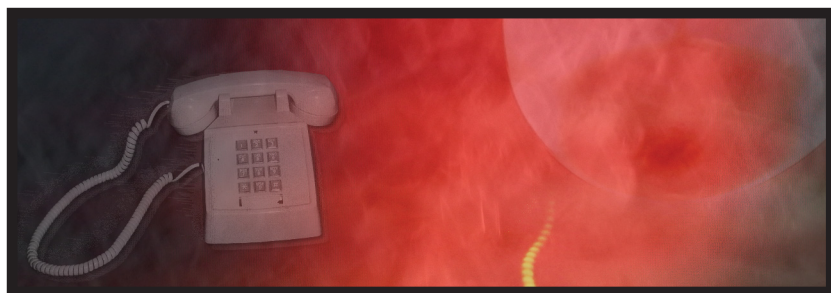




AUTOHYPNOSIS
CONVERSATION
(in) ***PIECES***



1. Recurring Dream

You are in my recurring dream. Aren't you flattered? Aren't you flattered? You are in my recurring dream. Aren't you flattered? Aren't you flattered? ◆ I saw your face there. I saw your face there. But I could not remember your name. ◆ I am in your selective memory. You remember, but not everything. I am in your selective memory. You remember, but not everything. ◆ Where is my patience? Where is my patience — or a concrete belief in what this means? ◆ The feeling that I recognize this place. The feeling that I recognize this place. The feeling that my secrets are not safe. The feeling that my secrets are not safe. ◆ You are in my recurring dream. Aren't you flattered? Aren't you flattered? ◆ I saw your face there. I saw your face there. But I could not remember your name. But I could not remember your name.

2. Thanks a Million

You stand waiting impatiently. Eyes glaring, arms akimbo. I'm sorry I'm late. I'm sorry I'm late again. ◆ How fast things can turn around. ◆ Thanks a million for your patience. Thanks a million for your time. Thanks a million for your understanding. I never know what you're really like on the inside. ◆ You stand waiting impatiently. Eyes glaring, arms akimbo. I'm sorry I'm late. I'm sorry I'm late again. ◆ How fast things can turn around. ◆ Thanks a million for your patience. Thanks a million for your time. Thanks a million for your understanding. I never know what you're really like ... I never know what you're really like on the inside. ◆ How fast things can turn around. ◆ Thanks a million for your patience. Thanks a million for your time. Thanks a million for your understanding. I never know what you're really like ... I never know what you're really like ... I never know what you're really like on the inside. On the inside. On the inside. On the inside.

3. Razor-Sharp and Paper-Thin

Your concern is not unfounded, but there's nothing you can do. I'm as lost as a scream in space. And there are things about me that you will never know. I don't think you could understand. ◆ Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the line between us and the secrets I've locked away. Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the life I've split into halves as I watch it slip away. ◆ I am just a shadow, a ghost of who I was. My innocence was burned away. And you may see the same face that you have always seen, but you'll never know what's really behind it. ◆ Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the line between us and the secrets I've locked away. Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the life I've split into halves as I watch it slip away. ◆ Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the line between us and the secrets I've locked away. Razor-sharp and paper-thin is the life I've split into halves as I watch it slip away.

4. Dimension

You're lost in your own dimension, cowering at the thought of being somewhere other than your own space. Control issues, I would say. ◆ So scratch your feeling, scratch your feeling. You don't need it. You don't have to live it. ◆ You're tripping down an endless hallway, scratching at the walls for balance. Head is swimming round in circles. Vertigo on solid ground. ◆ So scratch your feeling, scratch your feeling. You don't need it, but now you have to live it ... have to live it ... have to live it. ◆ So scratch your feeling, scratch your feeling. You don't need it, but now you have to live it ... now you have to live it ... you have to live it. ◆ You're lost in your own dimension.

5. Fake It

Fake it while you can. Fake it while you can get away with it. Fake it while you can. Fake it while you've got them on your side. ◆ Never compromise. Never do exactly what they say. Never sell yourself short. Not until the check is on its way. ◆ Fake it while you can. Fake it while you've got them on your side. Fake it while you can. Fake it while you can get away with it. ◆ Never compromise. Never do exactly what they say. Never sell yourself short. Not until the check is on its way. ◆ Fake it while you can. Fake it while you've still got your face. ◆ Never compromise. Never do exactly what they say. Never sell yourself short. Not until the check is on its way.

6. In the Loop

The frames are moving through the cycle, but the image never changes and we'll never question why. Maybe 'cause it all looks so familiar — something we have come to just expect. Maybe it's the impulses inside us we just feel the need to keep in check. ◆ And it goes on and on and on and on this way. It goes on and on and on and on this way. ◆ You can trust me to make the changes and make things how they really ought to be — so perfectly arranged. Spoken like a true friend — or maybe like an enemy. Well, either way it's all the same — neither one is what it seems. ◆ And it goes on and on and on and on this way. It goes on and on and on and on this way. This is as far as we can take it. This is how things have always been. But it goes on and on, and we'll never see the end. ◆ History is repeating itself. We're in the loop now ... forever and ever. ◆ And we go on and on and on and on this way. We go on and on and on and on this way. This is as far as we can take it. This is how things have always been. But we go on and on, and we'll never see the end.

7. And Time Moves Forward

8. Years

Your cold, cold eyes — I feel them searching me for some truth. The darkest days are upon us, with biting winds that cut through. ◆ And through the years of pushing things aside, and the years of mounting time to bide, I watched you. I watched you. I watched out for you. ◆ Your long-set mind — I feel it pressing me for some truth. The coldest days are upon us, with endless clouds that blow through. ◆ And through the years of pushing things aside, and the years of mounting time to bide, I watched you. I watched you. I watched out for you. ◆ Please don't look at me that way. You can make me feel so strange. I have nothing left to say. But listen ... my mind could change. ◆ And through the years of pushing things aside. And the years of mounting time to bide. All those years of wishing for a light. I know now there was no second sight. But I watched you. I watched you. I watched out for you.

9. Idle Time

10. The Blame

Yes, I'm angry. I know it's obvious. But how can you blame me when you know all that you've done. Yes, I've thought it through. I've considered everything. No more holding back now that the blame has begun. ♦ The mask you wear is cracked and soon will shatter. The pillow beneath your head will turn to flames. The makeup you so delicately applied will be revealing of your infinite indecency in passing off the blame. ♦ Yes, I'm happy. It's about time this happened. No regrets on my end. Is it easy for you? And I feel justified in having held my position. Now the contract's broken — there's so much I can do. ♦ The mask you wear is cracked and soon will shatter. The pillow beneath your head will turn to flames. The makeup you so delicately applied will be revealing of your infinite indecency in passing off the blame. ♦ There is nothing for you to hide behind. Nothing to keep you calm amid the anger anymore. Nothing left but a void for your integrity. I told you so, I told you so, yeah. ♦ The mask you wear is cracked and soon will shatter. The pillow beneath your head will turn to flames. The makeup you so delicately applied will be revealing of your infinite indecency in passing off the blame. ♦ The mask you wear is cracked and soon will shatter. The pillow beneath your head will turn to flames. The makeup you so delicately applied will be revealing of your infinite indecency in passing off the blame. ♦ There is nothing for you to hide behind. Nothing to keep you calm amid the anger anymore. Nothing left but a void for your integrity. I told you so, I told you so, yeah. I told you so, I told you so, yeah. I told you so, I told you so, yeah.

11. Under Cover of Silence

You make me conscious of my breathing. There's nothing else to hear in this dead air. Break your silence and risk your cover — and it all starts back up again. ♦ Do you feel anything anymore for me? Do you feel anything anymore for me? ♦ This is when the words begin to fail. This is when your breath begins to fail. This is when the truth comes crashing in. This is when we reach the bitter end. ♦ Do you feel anything anymore for me? Do you feel anything anymore for me? ♦ Do you feel anything anymore for me? Is it gone forever? We are not who we used to be. Now I feel nothing — not remorse, not regret at all. Do you feel something? 'Cause if I ever feel anything again, it won't be for you.

12. Stars in Your Eyes

There are stars in your eyes, but you never seem to smile. Not anymore — at least not around me. Will you let me get some sleep? I've been fighting just to breathe. Close your eyes. There's nothing left to see. ♦ I have tried to recall the last time that we talked and finished what we had to say. It's a lost memory, locked away and with no key — no beacon to illuminate the way. ♦ It's the end of the line. We've devoted too much time to pretending that we're OK. There are stars in your eyes, but you never seem to smile. Not anymore. Not anymore.

13. Long Lost

I waited there for you. Yes, I waited there for you for ages. I watched the days go by. Yes, I watched the days go by for ages ... for ages. ♦ And the season never changed. No, the season never changed again. The air was always cold and the light was always bleak, and you, you were long lost to me, to me. ♦ I traveled everywhere, anywhere to get away from my thoughts. As the road between us grew, I could only think of you still back there — but not there. ♦ And the season never changed. No, the season never changed again. The air was always cold and the light was always bleak, and you, you were long lost to me, to me. ♦ And the season never changed. No, the season never changed again. The air was always cold and the light was always bleak, and you, you were long lost to me, to me, to me.

14. Sleeper Down

I dream in monochromatic blips of light and scattered images. Bits of someone's life fragmented — maybe mine and maybe not. I see indefinable objects of varying shape and size. It is not wise for me to judge what they are, what they are not. ♦ I cannot trust my eyes. I cannot trust my mind. I cannot trust the light that's blinding me sideways. ♦ I dream of isolated chambers and an absence of exit doors. There is no movement in the air, no sign of life but the fear in me. I dream of never-ending corridors with panels dark and cold. But to be bold in here would not go far — I'd still be alone. ♦ I cannot make it through this, but I cannot awake from this. I cannot trust my breath, whether it's real or imagined. ♦ I cannot puncture this, this wall of solitude. I cannot picture this resolving itself soon. ♦ Sleeper up, sleeper down.

15. Post-Everything



Autohypnosis: Conversation (in) Pieces

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My sincere thanks to those who contributed spoken-word parts to "Post-Everything," to Randy Coppinger for his dedication to refining the sound of this album, and to my family and friends for their support. — *Nathan*