



YEAR OF THE CROW

I've never been this scared before in my whole entire life,
I see the ocean, I see the coast line from the sky,
We left the sun of Spring time for the autumn leaves of fall,
We won't see home again before hallow's eve for sure.

Was it all worth caving in?
And if we break before we bend what does that mean?
Regret it? Forget it. Feel stupid that I even thought out loud
When there's no other option you make it somehow.

But it's okay, do you think about the passing days?
I've been listening to your lyrics,
Words I never thought I'd say are what I need,
As I watch you come to life in me,
And watch me bleed onto the page,
Another chapter you will never read.

Was it all worth caving in?
And at a loss for words do we become a part the machine?
Presence or proximity.
Regret it? Forget it - feel stupid that I even thought out loud
Watch me break before we bend and watch me make it
somehow.

TRASH COURSE

Are we fragile, or just vein and self-indulgent,
When we performatively lay our cards all across the table?
I'm still grasping out at straws, even though there's nothing left
Our heroes fade into obscurity, and we disconnect

We'll be choking on the aftermath, responsibility
From friends who won't excuse our self-destructive tendencies

So, I'll sit, and bang my head against the wall
Try to make it all make sense, it just becomes irrelevant
And I, know you're listening at home
The devil's in the details, but it must be hard they won't leave
you alone

Are we concrete as our scaffolded convictions,
As we create and limit ourselves to simple accessories?
The glass houses we construct, around the stone throwers of
town
Like everything that comes before and after, will come falling
down

We'll be choking on the repercussions, false sincerity
From friends who won't excuse us or give any courtesy to our
mediocrity

So I'll sit, and bang my head against the wall
Try to make it all make sense, it just becomes irrelevant
And I, can tell you're listening at home
The devil's in the details, but it must be hard they won't leave
you alone

And it's gonna ruin you, if there's a single fucking thing left to
ruin

STAY AWAKE

I've been working days and nights underneath these neon
signs

Nothing lies in store when you give up hoping for
a citizen with benevolence to come and drag me out of the
fucking rut I'm in

But the cycle just goes on and on and on"

Babe, we're losing the light
but we can talk all night if you're staying awake

If you think it's the time
we can set our sights and we'll never explain
how we're planning our escape

A sad life seeming set in stone, trapped in a house that's not a
home

But the run in place of the every day ain't the way things have
to stay

You gotta find your peace and see reality, you gotta face and kill
your darlings

But the cycle just goes on and on and on

Babe, we're losing the light

but we can talk all night if you're staying awake

If you think it's the time

we can set our sights and we'll never explain
how we're planning our escape

A PLACE WITH A VIEW

I need to hold onto something true,
and it's you, and it's you,
the last breath I'm clinging to
I need to find a new place with a view
and a new attitude
and pincushion to abuse instead of you

Now there's a freight train that's comin' through
and it's you, and it's you,
at long last you're coming' through
Let's settle into a place with a view
and choose to never move,
or forget the parts of us we ruin we can't undo

We can travel the states from the falls to the bay,
we can find ourselves in another country.
Whatever the place, we'll be making' the case that we're alright

CREDITS:

SIC WAITING:

Written by Jared Stinson

Produced by Jared Stinson & Chris Chasse

Engineered by Chris Chasse at 525 Studios, Los Angeles, CA &
Beaverton, OR

Mastered by Paul Miner at Buzzbomb Sound Labs, Orange, CA

Jared Stinson - Vocals & Guitars

Brittany Howell - Vocals

Chris Chasse - Bass & Additional Guitars

Todd Hennig - Drums

THE DECLINE:

Recorded at Underground Studios in Booragoon, Freo, WA by

Brody Simpson & Mark McEwen in 2017.

All music by The Decline

Lyrics written by Pat in the back of an airport shuttle bus in

Thailand in 2016

