Bronze youth
Title	Bronze youth
Description	Greek; Statuette of a youth; Bronzes
Date	circa 470 B.C.
Medium	Bronze
Dimensions	H. 11 3/4 in. (29.8 cm)
Collection	Metropolitan Museum of Art
Current location	Greek and Roman Art
Accession number	08.258.10
Credit line	Rogers Fund, 1908



SONGS FOR SANIT
ALL LYRICS

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MATTHEW ALLRED



01 MAGIC PYRAMID

When I laugh with you, my eyes scrunch up
My smile feels like it's a part of me
My gratitude to be with you
Is a heavy anchor I drop when the storm is raging
And it does - in the morning, often lunchtime, afternoon
And I fall with you into evening parasympathetically

Down in our basement, let's form a triangle
You and me and the object of our scrutiny
Add another point: think celestial
I don't care how it works; the magic pyramid works mystically

You're a creative force more than anything
Let's sketch our map over the maze of life
We're human, I suppose, thinking reductively
In fact, we're directors masquerading as man and wife

A makeshift office - let's form something new
They'll pick it apart, bone by bone, like we do
They'll never know; they will never know
We slip some poison in the brew

Some people are so confused - not me
You are my afterlife; I'm already living my afterlife

Down in our basement, let's form a triangle
You and me and the object of our scrutiny
Add another point: think celestial
I don't care how it works; the magic pyramid works mystically
A makeshift office - let's form something new
Just let them pick it apart, bone by bone, like we do
They'll never know; they will never know
I don't have to be certain of anything to act with you in mind



02 MY BODY IS MY SOUL

You know my eyes don't work like yours, especially in this dim light - I can hardly make out anything at all
But that's all right; I don't use sight much anyway these days
No, I rely on general vibes to find my way

Follow myself downstairs to find another version working hard
He's dreaming a dream that I once dreamed, far away and long ago - This fool is dreaming a dream that I let go

But that's all right - I don't rely on dreaming much these days
No, I get by just fine on ancient fumes
And god-awful images of real-life doom

Follow myself downstairs to find another version working hard
He's dreaming a dream that I once dreamed, far away and long ago - This fool is dreaming a dream that I let go
And I can smell the corruption deep down where they say the soul goes - Just one problem, baby, just one problem, baby: my body is my soul - Stack up the decades on top; I'm starting to feel hot
Melting away under the weight, but that's all right, man, that's okay - My body is my soul, so everything can change

And I find myself downstairs, a naive child working hard
Taking—like pills—a dream that I once dreamed, far away, long ago - He's overdosing on a dream that I let go

And I can hope for transformation, transubstantiation
Heat me up and make me whole; my body has started to go
My body is my soul



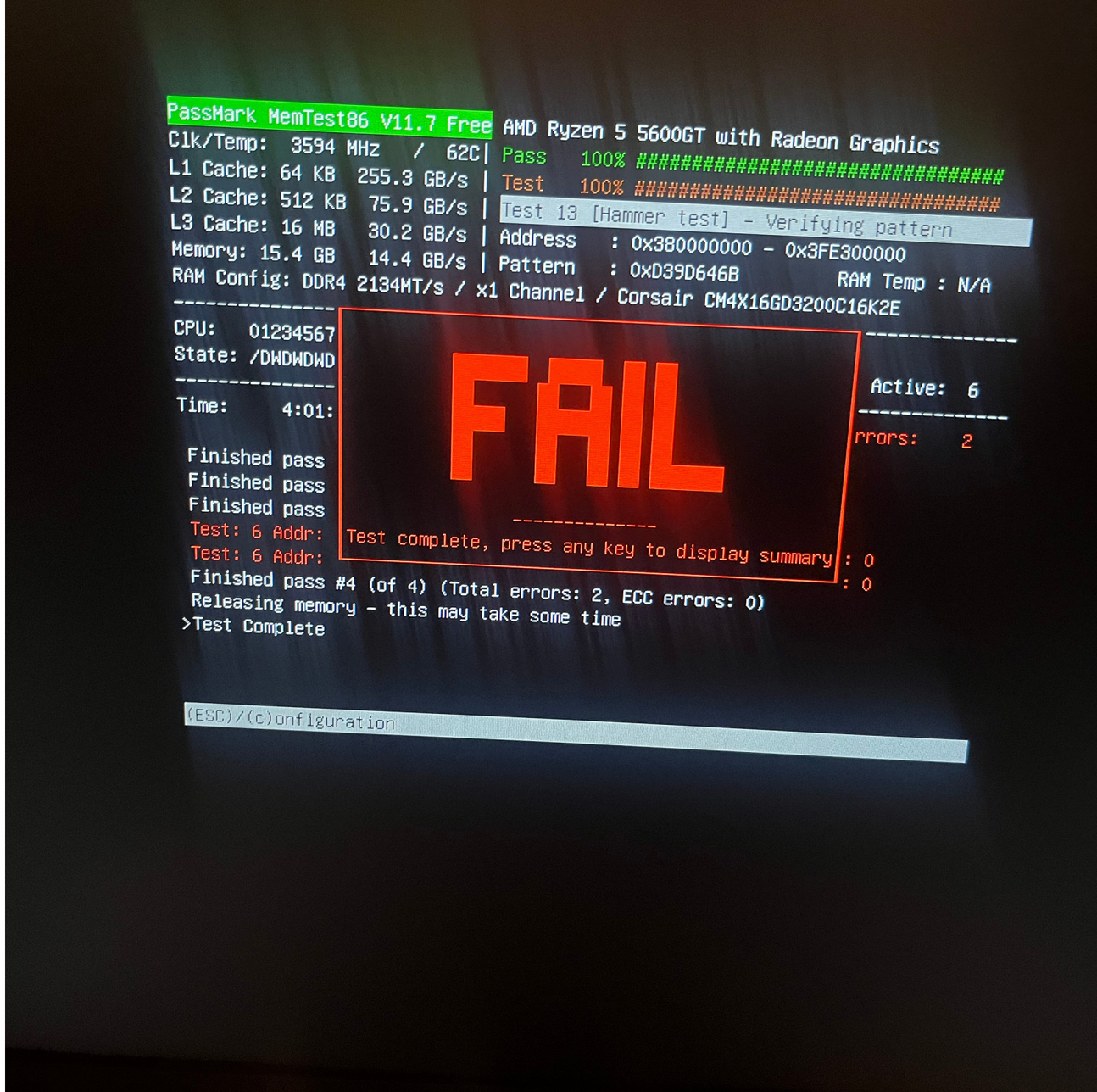
03 RENEGADE LOVE

I really want to - I'm dying to try
One brutal moment, then block out five minutes to cry
There'll be a red explosion, exquisite numbing pain
Then I'm back out, roaming the country, time to buy a new brain - Or maybe I'll steal one of yours again?
Always game for a perfect ten
I'll show you renegade love

Hate all this motion - gets worse every night
And I even want this - watch me shun my own warm prize
Claw and block out all the light
Comfy, snug at a liar's side
Long as I get renegade love

Oh, I have found the door to hell
Carry it with me everywhere
A charm that dangles close to my wrist
Reminds me I am the one the ancient ink has kissed
And I spit it out; I'm gonna spit it out
I spit out renegade love

What it feels like to love
Once from below - never from above
It's one perfect evening, just one time with feeling
I smile at your suffering and I laugh at my suffering
It's always...
Does it always have to be...?
It's always renegade love



04 HIGH-END PERFUME

High-end perfume has this need to smell like you
But these things, they never do - no, they never do

And I think I love you more
When I've forgotten how to adore you
Anything to humble this
In a world that's not used to it

In a secondhand store,
try on anything that looks like "maybe"
But there's nothing for what we have
there's no word for what we have

And I think I love you more
When I've forgotten how to adore you
Anything to humble this
In a world that's not used to it

The predictable kiss is the deepest one
Planning for this would scare anyone

I think I love you more
When I've forgotten how to adore you
Anything to humble it
In a world that's not used to it

I hate it, but it's true
A gnarled hand hangs over you



05 BEAUTIFUL

Even though I'm sure it's wrong
I'll bring you with me, out there
Okay, come along - I know you'll beg me to scrape into dark alleys
Find a desperate hovel and investigate who is bleeding
Stories like these could never lift hearts
Except in one of your jests - In a world of diseases, inconveniences, accidents, and pests

I won't deny when the moonlight graces your supple cheek
You're beautiful - Oh, I'll never argue with you
I make my moves silently - And though they all try to deny you
Truth is you're beautiful - Oh, what about me? - What about me?

What's that smell? It's sweet
And though it's turning my stomach - It tells me it's time to eat

I won't deny when the moonlight graces your supple cheek
You're beautiful - Oh, I'll never argue with you
I make my moves silently - And though they all try to deny you
Truth is you're beautiful - Oh, what about me? Am I the real thing?

Once I rose from the dirt to be your champion
Once I mastered your magic art—decay
I turned to the teeming masses in their homes
Couldn't leave them alone
Like a wolf worries a rabbit (x4)

And though they want you gone, you're quite a part of them
Not just today - Not just today
Who can deny in the moonlight you are beautiful?
Oh, nothing to say - No points left to make



06 ACTING LIKE A DICKINSON

This great world was in commotion
The night I laid myself right down to die
The surprise came in the morning
When I opened my swimming eyes

Because I could not wait for death
Death lost patience with me
I beheld the tremors of tomorrow
Instead of some incomprehensibly restful thing

The crinkling of thin plastic
A true soulmate spat
Playing Meat Loaf in the porridge
I'd do anything for convenience but that

Because I could not hate you much
You had to learn how to love me
With that love that always returned to find
Just one more thing, just one more thing

A final kiss again
Kiss me like a friend
Chew the wedding band
And kiss me hard like a best friend

Because I could not wait for death
Death lost patience with me
I had to write down all your mistakes
But you were blind to me, blind to me
Because I could not wait for death
I couldn't wait for things I could never enumerate
Things I never tasted, things I never ate
And that's the hate; that's the hate



07 THE PULL

I hate the pressure
I hate the pressure
I'm gonna burst
I need the pressure
I need the pressure
Without it, I'm even worse
When I found out love is the push...
What is the pull?

I hate the pressure
Hate the pressure
I'm gonna burst
I'm gonna burst
I need the pressure
It gives me pleasure
Without it, it's worse
Without it, it's worse
When I found out love was the push...
What is the pull?

What fills the hole?
Locking hands with fate
Trying hard not to say the word
Locking hands with fate
I'm trying hard not to say...

