

The Infamous Dics



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Mike Fowler, Stephanie Gravelle, Adam Smee, Brian McCoubrey

The Dics Album
Produced by The Infamous Dics

Recorded at Campus Village Studios, Room 308, Dalian, China
Engineered by Power Recordings

Mixed and Mastered by McCoubrey, The Sandwich Boy
brian.mccoubrey43@gmail.com

All Songs and Lyrics by Smee

Music for Not Me and Pyramids by Rilker. Vocals on the Dics Theme Song by Smee.
Special thanks to Brandon Ballara for the voice recording on Enterlude.

All Musical Recordings by The Dics

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For further inquiries about the The Infamous Dics, please contact smeeserend@gmail.com for more info.

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In a place of free trade, these ideas were made. Transient souls come and go, sometimes merging in an explosive flash like an electromagnetic photon of light. Thus, they laid out an assorted bag of tricks and became *The Infamous Dics*. So raise your fist, raise your flag, and raise your voice until it quivers the air. Put aside your weakened pride, and overcome what makes you shake with fear. If you want it you just have to go and get it. Do what you need to become infamous, *The Infamous Dics*. Bring your family; bring your friends. Hang your foes in public show. Burn your village; raze your town. Cut a road through the heart of it all. If you want it, you just have to go and get it. Do what you need to become infamous, *The Infamous Dics*.



stepped on and stoned when you're not shoed. You've been stepped on and stoned in your cool harmony. Stepped on and stoned. Your head will fly, but baby it's still muddy on the other side and nobody will be waiting for you. Well, I almost care about half the time, the other half you're on my mind. Now I'm just waiting to receive the call. Stepping stones, the key's in the car. Leaving early, the clocks are running. The scene was changing and getting funny. I put my hands up to keep from coming. You put the bee into my honey. I meant to meet you at the evening show. But, when I got there and the place was closed, I knew I had some explaining to do. Stepping stones, scrape the shit right off the shoes. Because I can't stand that you're gone another day. These days when you are so far away, and it's hard to stay awake thinking about how I might survive hard times being alone. I sit up nights wrapped around accord and a distance I can't break searching hard in your plastic voice that comes through the telephone. And you came. There was a time I had it with this lonely planet. I hit the backstreet alley like a rat in the shadows biding time, fighting mine to the best of none. And so in the end I fight it, and this pain I swallow. And you came. And you came out of the darkness. And you gave a simple reason. And you stayed with me. Put it in my heart, put it in a hole. Try to keep out what's in our way. I'll play my part and you'll play yours until the end of days. And then you came...the inexplicable return of your art. What do you need to take your life apart, a burning rage or a crazy heart? I keep on working from 8 to 5, but I just don't know what's keeping me alive. This place moves in a state of confusion. Each one sees the world in just his way. A compromise seems only illusion. Got to find your own way to get through the day. Well, it's time to make up my mind. Take my keys and move down the line. This indecision in my wandering mind has taken a toll. My back is breaking from the weight of the world, all of this pressure building in my mind. I'm gonna leave a message in a bottle and take a step across the Maginot Line. I'm whole hearted and I feel it throb. Open my chest and lay it in my hand. But to put myself out on a line is like I'm walking barefoot on a tightrope bridge. Walk out the door and the world is before me. Spin me around like a two-cent charm. I have only the option to whore me, but it keeps me alive. When you're paying your toll, you've got to pay when you go. But there is a limit to what people endure, and the lines are drawn deep in the earth, delineating the precepts of nature that are born from within, innate and wild like an animal unlearned. When in the night they call your name and tell you to pack up your things, hang your life up on the wall, leave your family, leave them all. Acquiesce to a common cause. At least they say you have some balls to stick your neck out to the blade, a gladiator's accolade. March out over seven seas, flagging suspicious unease. A soldier bloodies his own hands and leaves his guts out in the sand. Terror steeps out of rhetoric. Bring on mainstream politics. What public sentiment implores, money's your complacent whore. But, I am not just any man sent off to fight in foreign lands. Fearless leaders take the stand; the blood that stains is on your hands. And when I die, I die alone. Engrave my name deep in stone. And I will not be a slave, building ancient pyramids. All that I know is that wherever I go in this world, I've lost all my friends. What will we do in this world when we have no more friends? This is feeling.

For when you stop and think to yourself about where it all falls in such a long line of history, how does it make you feel? I just can't explain it, but I search for what's at the core. Don't come looking for me, I can't see your face anymore. Once I treated it, and now our confidence is forlorn. Try to see if I am free, but not me. I don't know how to explain it. Look away from the sun; I don't want your eyes to be burned. To turn on your heels and run won't show the world what you've earned. Try to steal to be free, but not me. I don't know how to explain it. And these things become complicated and convoluted when the world is such a simple turn. Perhaps we should more honestly ask each other the true meaning of what these actions mean over time. She said we were young and then she spoke no other crime. Once in a lifetime you touch the tip of a flame. And how can there be no words? How can there be no words? She's like red blending to white. A war to be waged is folded inside and truth passes by. And how can there be no words? How can there be no words? How can there be no words as we walk through these days? The letters and sermons are written in vain and then fade away. With blood on her knees, she's anxious to stay. She waits at the gates with the keys in her hands, but she just doesn't know what to say. And how can there be no words? How can there be no words? Where have the words gone? Where have they gone? Misinterpreted or misinformed, either can lead down a finely oiled slide that whisks us away, uncontrolled. I put it all down in vagaries; this is the element of song. Hey you, you've pegged me all wrong. And I have not been gone that long. Now, I'm not slow to make decisions. It's just that I don't trust my intuitions. I took a ride and went looking for God and I was on my way. And it pulled my chord. And you made a floor mat of my fate. Walk around. Under the threat of a burning sky, even a man has been known to cry. Now I don't need your education or religious fornication. I took a ride and went looking for God, and I was on my way. Walk around my place. Take a closer look at what this is all about. Because in the end, all that we're left with are you and me. Nothing else weighs more than this. There are forces that separate, and there can be injections of light. But none of this means any more than what you mean to me. And it keeps me at ease; it keeps the important things in sight. I won't sleep enough tonight. Hold at bay a deep addiction. Rolling on the streets tonight, an autumn wind is attrition. And it's so hard to see somebody playing your song. Inhalations that last way too long. I won't eat enough tonight. A hole in my soul is my condition. Rolling along the streets tonight, being lost is my perdition. When you're walking away, the light rains down. Apparitions that may just cause me to drown in your wake. Then you stay. When I see you lying there with your head on the pillow and your hand rests upon your chest, your hair falls over your face like a Weeping Willow. This is nothing like the first time we met. But, I can hold your hand and forget my sorrows, and I know you can do the same. Thank you for the time you've lent and that I've borrowed in the letters of your name. Love gains. Closer are these things, but they come back to us again in an eternal return. So, come back, too, reverberate like a brass bell. Just come around when the morning comes, we'll start again as if we first met. And I'll forget about the things you said in the bed. Stepping stones to get back to me. You've been



The Shogun
guitars

Eva
vocals



el Che
guitars/percussion

Fidel
drums/percussion



- Enterlude
- Not Me
- No Words
- Floor Mat (Hey You)
- Love Gains
- Stepping Stones
- And You Came
- Tall
- Pyramids
- The Dics Theme Song

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