

PSALM OF THE ROSE QUARTZ

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Last night I awoke from a terrible dream,
shuddering in the dark, reaching for your arm to cling,
With your hand in my mouth reaching deep inside me,
I started to scream but you couldn't hear a thing.

There's a witch on this beach, and she chants through her speech.
It is "darling" she says, but she has made a haunted bed.

In my palm a rose quartz, I try to shut off my brain,
meditate away my fears, convince myself I'm insane.
Baby let's drive across the USA, if we just get away our love will make it all okay.

There's a witch inside me, and she's trying to deceive.
I am scared on my own so I follow your lead.

Endless as waves crashing in from the sea,
you will always be longing when all you want is everything.
Like the mole crabs I watched burrow in the sand
I know I need to be alone, but baby please hold my hand.

I've got my love on the shelf and now nothing can be felt,
No sense in putting forth an effort if you don't even love yourself.

Demons pluck me from bed like they're gathering flowers.
With such impressionability they know I'm easy to devour.
With pure love in my heart how do I always go wrong?
I guess these thin, bony ankles don't help me stand strong.

There's a witch on this beach, and she chants through her speech.
It is "darling" she says, as she sleeps in her haunted bed.

NOT PRIMARILY WORDS

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Open as a vessel, feelings begin to flood.
Not clear to understand what takes over my blood.
The condition of being human and all that it requires
is a weight from time to time, as the Earth conspires.

Hard to speak so I must show emotions as they surge.
For the perceivable universe is not primarily words.
No, the perceivable universe is not primarily words.

Worry creeps itself inside, stealing precious time.
Moments lost in anxious thought, masterfully blind.
The panacea, breath deep to keep the soft brain cool.
Learn from the trees as they teach,
just being alive is all you're supposed to do.

Hard to speak so I must show emotions as they surge.
For the perceivable universe is not primarily words.
No, the perceivable universe is not primarily words.

SHE IS MINE

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

A picture of two lovers from a summer's past.
She wears his white t-shirt as she cuddles up to his bare chest.
He holds her and is sincere in the way he gazes as if to say
"she is mine, she is mine, she is mine."

All that it means to belong is present in their faces
on the floor of an unfinished apartment,
white walls and flea infestation.
In the muggy heat of a Pittsburgh summer
they choose to spend their lives together, together.

He holds her and is sincere in the way he gazes as if to say
"she is mine, she is mine, she is mine, she is mine."

PEACE TO SAY GOODBYE

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Remembering when we were seventeen.
Wandering around oh so carelessly.
We were practically just two little babies.

I thought back then I'd be safe from the world.
He said "I'm going to marry this sweet little girl".

But oh no, where did our love go?
I'm stuck so I guess I'll just put on this show.

It's a pretty good thing that I learned how to sew.
'Cause there's mending to do before I can let go.

I didn't think twice about giving my life.
A wife as a teen knowing not what it would mean.
After all, Jesus had said I should follow this dream.

But I've seen now just how love can leave.
So without a ring on my hand I'll forever be free.
But still somehow I need to believe
I'll find love so intense that I barely can breathe.

Oh, I know we didn't mean to lie,
and he loved me so much, just doesn't know how to try.
Oh, I take a deep breath and sigh,
'cause I finally found the peace to say goodbye.

SONGS OF LOVE

Written by JM Keresztes

I float into the atmosphere, I sacrifice the body.
A war wages on in fear, the battle it is bloody.

You don't know when it will come, but when it does my friend...
You'll be singing songs of love, giving thanks till the end.

I dreamt of flying way up here, but now I am dying.
Something real has disappeared, it's lost with all the lying.

I see my shadow floating by, I think of days of when
the old grey ghost was my true love, and I thought I could win.

You don't know when it will come, but when it does my friend...
You'll be singing songs of love, giving thanks till the end.

A moment comes and not to soon when beauty will appear
and all the rest fades away, including my old fear.

Sailing out for different points, they try to take their way.
Spirit, body I am told, will meet again one day.

You don't know when it will come, but when it does my friend...
You'll be singing songs of love, giving thanks till the end.
You'll be singing songs of love, giving thanks till the end.

NOTHING BUT THE SUN

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

I've begun to fray watching my life play.
I hope it's a phase; I will be okay.

Been getting skinnier by the day, I guess I just like wasting away.
'Cause when the summer shines, feelings clogging up my mind,
got me spending all my time...

Eating nothing but the sun. Nothin' but the sun... Girl you better run.

Am I predisposed? Destruction I disclose.
When everything is going fine inside I still explode.

Seems you just can't stand not holding someone's hand,
you never have a plan, but you got your man. You need a distant land;
only way you'll understand how to face yourself alone.

How does anyone know which is the right road?
When hearts they pound for love, but the selfish brain still glows.

My friend, she told me of her frights, images haunting her at night.
While her lover holds her tight, she shook there and she cried.
Seems no matter how she tries...

In love you can't be free. Aching possibilities eat away your mind.
What should you leave behind?

Today you looked at me with distaste while changing a flat tire;
I loathed you'd put me in that place.

But, a lover is a mirror, that's why relationships are laden with fear.
We want to be deserving, which takes some bending, breaking, burning.

Of those natural, selfish tendencies, emotions run high.
In this life of co-dependency, don't want to say goodbye.

WEST COZY

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Here I find myself back in the very place as a year ago
and yet nothing looks the same.
Load the car with our provisions; constantly change.
Take me for a ride West Coast, West Coast.
Will we ever find, find, find what we hoped for most?

Oh, peace;
tranquility's ghost travels through the trees upon the breeze
searching for an able-bodied host.

Could it be our happiness is made by our minds?
In the same regard sadness could be left behind.
So why do I sit here weeping while you sleep?
Take me from this place to the West Coast.
Maybe the sun, sun, sun is what I need the most.

Oh, I have the choice to live right here and now
or keep longing for some future, distant dream.
If you're living in the present please show me how.

I can fill my blood with wine on the darkest of the nights,
welling as I process the passing of time.
How do I do things of which I don't approve?
Emotion took control; stay cool, stay cool.
Will I ever learn to think, think, think before I do?

Oh, the one I love most, how do we ever fight.
Sensitivity can be my curse, but I'll take it as a blessing tonight.

QUESTION MARK

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

I guess we finally made it. What are we doing here?
Sweating at some stranger's; nothing seems clear.
Thirty-six long hours driving through the night.
Was it worth our efforts? Such things will cause a fight.

Maybe we'll find our answers in the ocean's waves.
But until they're revealed I'll feel a bit insane.
I miss my family back home in Illinois.
Why must we travel so far to find our joy?

It seems at every corner things they look the same.
People eating, shopping; we're all playing the same game.
But then again, why do we do anything?
Am I wasting my time sitting here rambling?

It takes a change to open up your brain.
I guess I'll leave it to God to explain.

I learned the best lesson that week with Uncle Pete.
He had what's most important, ultimate purity.
I need it now. Wash over me please.
Help me decide what for the world to bring.

I'm sorry sometimes I can get so blue.
Yours is the kind of love that pulls me through.
I will travel with you near or far.
You are forever embedded in my heart.

MAKE BEAUTY

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

In the night you're supposed to dream vivid pictures usually unseen.
But there's one who always stays awake in a cycle he won't ever break.

Turn the knob, vapor fills the room.
Now for hours, totally consumed.
Pacing back and forth across the floor,
every night you search for something more.

Oh my man, not one of this world.
I stand by to hear the secrets he unfurls.

May the spirit come to you.
May your thoughts not haunt you.
Make beauty.

It's rare to find someone who's set themself free
to live in a state of spirituality.
Devising comfort you formed another way,
'cause you can't accept living a normal day.

The monk needs solitude for revelations that haven't been construed.
In daylight, community influence is shown,
while the darkness invites hearts that are your own.

I've been taught by you to have the courage to seek the truth.
Society's distractions prominently take a hold on hypnotized masses;
few break the mold.

Oh, there must be something more than
monotonous completion of American chores.

May the spirit pour out of you.
May this love take care of you.
Make your beauty, oh, life of beauty.

SHADOW HILLS

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

We've been caught in the in-between it seems.
Aimlessly following what we think might be our dreams.
And who's to say that we've wasted a day?
When we spend them side-by-side I think we're living okay, okay.

It's been weird to see how fast a chapter fades.
Sifting through confusion while Mercury's in retrograde.
I've learned a thing or two through traveling with you.
I will lay to rest my fears all because one will hear
and hold me near, near, near.

I wake up late in the afternoon; the daylight's nearly through.
Countless things on my list I never got to do.
But not all is lost; I've still grasped the western pulse.
Tucked in Shadow Hills, California; you've given me my fill.
I feel, I feel, I feel... I feel, I feel, I feel.

Inevitably time takes your friends away.
I cannot help but feel betrayed.

You have got your own life;
it's clear to see that it doesn't involve me.
I still hope you're happy.
I feel, I feel, I feel... I feel, I feel, I feel.

Tucked in Shadow Hills, California; you've given me my fill.
I feel, I feel, I feel.

NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO LIVE

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Am I trying too hard to pick this life apart?
There's a damage that goes with the way I expose.

I can hear my mother say:
"Of course life can be gray when you're spending your days
focused on your own pain. Why don't you step outside?
Take yourself off of your own mind."

These are things I've always known but need constantly shown.
Please tell me one more time so I can stop my crying.

The life of waiting for the muse; oh, the hours I spend confused.
I'm surprised when she appears.
but in these moments it's clear she is the meaning of life.
Worth rummaging through emotional strife.
There is truth to reveal. I'd rather not live behind a shield.

To be content you will often find that boredom trails close behind.
Perhaps I romanticize; it's in the longing I feel alive.

A man stretching on the floor as I finish up my chores.
Please say you're not bored with our day after day after day.

I've spent the last couple weeks on simple errands,
washing the sheets, checking things off my list of to-dos.

It feels so little that I've amounted to.

I can hear my mother say:
"Of course life can be gray when you're spending your days
focused on your own pain. Why don't you step outside?
Take yourself off of your own mind."

I SAW THE OCEAN

Written by Kayli Kaufmann

Background Vocals - Hannah Russell

If you will take me to the beach maybe I'll finally feel relief
amongst this concrete. I need a reason for being.

Now that we've traveled so far, loaded our life up into a car,
I've come to find I'm losing my mind in these Los Angeles times.
Our old river spot seems divine.

Sure, cities can be bright with their pretty lights.
Some find them the best way to see life,
but people have greed that rubs off on me
while nature reminds us to breathe.

We already have all that we need.

When you submerge my feet in that salt
it de-swells my ankles as well as my heart.
I feel that God is here; he whispers
through the clouds while the sunset dances around.

So, tonight as I go to close my eyes,
I'll give thanks to the living community for holding me,
so sweetly, in it's universal arms, where nothing can bring me harm.

TRIPLE ANGEL RAINBOW

("SIDE A" / TRACKS 1-6)
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@
IAN'S APARTMENT

WEST COZY

("SIDE B" / TRACKS 7-12)
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@
CYBERNAUTIC, INC.
& IAN'S APARTMENT

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