



I AM HORRIBLE AT PROCESSING REJECTION

let's ruin everything
everything gets ruined (everything)
let's ruin everything
let's ruin everything

let's rehearse the song and verse the graceful dance of dying
when my friends mouth their validation
i can tell they're lying
when amateurs are called to herd
and hand their skates back over
it feels like dying oh so slow
but you always make it slower

teenage death rattle
middle age prattle
too tired to run my mouth with no one listening
rattle, prattle
right on

i'm at the bottom of the bottoming out
and no one knows what i'm talking about

JANUARY 3, 1889: NIETZSCHE WITNESSES THE FLOGGING OF A HORSE

after seventeen years and two broken teeth
more nauseas than any
tempestuous chaos in my rope of bowel
and mostly i'd gotten tired

my head, my bed
some blankets we had to throw out
a scar on my chin where my beard won't grown in
and i can't hear what she's talking about

i've got to speak my peace
i've got to speak my peace
i've got to speak my peace
but my peace won't be still
i've got to get this out
i've got to get this out
i've got to get this out but i can't give it up
i can't give it up

my life, my wife
my son sleeping in his crib
the horrible truth of what makes me afraid
the pile of reptiles in my ribs

systematic value assessment don't count
some pathetic rebel investment don't count
everything you're scrambling after don't count
every time you thought you would matter don't count

old envelopes pregnant, a lingering wisp
stale scent of the end always nearing
m grappling at my abdomen
for god's sake i am disappearing
i throw out keepsakes,
didn't keep enough
i lost track of the places we'd been
and i'd dived on me over the last three years
we can't ever go back there again

i don't need a smokescreen to disappear
i am getting so small i lose track of me
so racked with shame from wanting to matter
and the things i'm never ever going to be
let's commit our bodies to the ocean
with arms stretched over our heads
a tangle of snakes
the white noise they make
The horrible things that i've said

we're the cracked task of the elephant
we're the cloud in the diamond
like a pipirack in the water balloon
like hot water on the dishes

string up the black chord
festoon the archway
pull out the stabworn
finally admit if we catch on fire
there'll be no one to see
rattle the bones
necklace of skulls
feathers pressed into the floor
we realize we've ruptured the hull
and we can't go home any more
like a pipirack in a water balloon
like hot water on the dishes

my eyes, my lies
three things i'm
saying to no one
the fire inside, a million miles wide
the way that i'm always coming undone

WHY SHOULDN'T WE KILL OURSELVES?

bite down on the pop culture spoon
crack the trend chasing trend on the marble cold gloom
portland, oregon is dead museum with no fizz
an empty fridge
godzilla took a stroll through the bankrupt golden gate bridge
stop the assembly line, the 3D printed man
silence the copy paste copy paste copy
minds homogenized without the cream on top
planet world wide web that time forgot
new york is sinking in a hotbed of snakes
she's got her tail in her teeth, she's got her foot on the brakes
forced the derivatives until we sell the bed
carbon copied, so scared, so scared

b-u-n the f-e-a-r
find h-e-m
what e-v-e-r
everything you o-w-n ends up owing u-y-o
and now you know what to do
and now you know what to do
lined up at the door with your skull in your hands
assume the mantra majority of supply and demand
three piece suit behind the princess of downloads
colled underneath the hot lamp and outgrow
every mirror is nestled 'neath a blanket of flies
staring at the abyss and afraid to die into the fibreglass optical maze
the delusions of grandeur that last for a day

HARRY HARLOW AND THE MONKEYS OF DESPAIR

Dr. Harlow, behold the hooks
and hear the cows all screaming
staccato bray
all drained and flayed
and somehow sounds like singing
you sport the tape deck
you're the conductor
a symphony of broken bowine

we like to have tea
with a doctor like he
and i always tastes so fine
some we love
some we hate
some we eat

walk into the office every day
to the tune of a screeching baboon
baby monkeys down there
a pit of despair
suffer the cawking gloom
and i draw the chalk line
so i can sleep fine
to a symphony of suffering and doom

i cut my teeth on weaker things
that can't fathom the hell that they're in
their jittery eyes act as a disguise
but there is no neglect without
a dog or cat, we all balk at that
but i'll saccharin sentiment sappy
rape, violate, kill, masticate
cause it makes us so fat and so happy

RAW ROCK THEOLOGY

brace yourselves for the bottom
where every special snowflake melts in the dirt
you've got to give up everything
you know you've got to make it hurt
you want to keep things comfortable
you want to french kiss the status quo
but you know what you already know
death throws death throws death throws

burn down their gods
defy their king
no flag, no idols
one king of kings

let's see the god of violence
finally put to shame
gun happy pagans and their flags
we've blotted out their names
they go sullen into peace
miserable and two by two
after all, guns don't kill people
people who defend guns do

landscape of blood and cholesterol
from the throats of screaming animals
the shopping malls of cannibals
and child slaves in their stained glass walls
wake up of you sleeping child
whose heart is for rebellion
draw them from their seats of comfort
into non-violent insurrection

MY SHADOW IS A BAT

shut my blood
you're teeth are all red
you've got to wear it like it's lipstick
got to drain it till it's dead
oh God, here comes the bottom
oh God, here comes the bottom
where an ocean flows out of my broken head

break my bones
make them rejoice
suddenly i've fallen silent like i've lost my voice
all the things i do, i want, i do them for me
i keep pretending that i matter
hoping no one sees
me oh my
one day we're gonna die
and i can't run around in circles
screaming, "Why? Why? Why?"
i can't admit that i'm alive
so i keep up with the charade
chords reigns!

We're gonna die die die
shut your mouth and paint it red
you've got to wear it like a banner
on your stupid head
go off the rails
rending the sails

until we're sinking to the bottom
straight to hell
stretch my lips over
my crooked teeth
pull the wool over your eyes
and i keep smiling like a toy
with this veneer that i employ
i make a cage out of my ribs
i've got the snake inside
i've got the snake in me
i've worn out the grace
i sabotage myself
it's just a feast of dirt
you give me the hurt
with every rotten thing i do
and every thing i never tell

oh God, i'm scared
to be myself
because i'm the one that really knows
of all the hurt and hell
oh God, here comes the bottom
oh God, here comes the bottom
and if we're really giving up
it's time to kiss and tell

and when they see
all of the rot in me
and i can't talk like a thesaurus
the character i like to be
there's no one left to put their tongue
into my eye, or in my lungs
there's just the one that always sees me
the one that always sees me

run and hide
lay down die
all of my flaming little notions
how i moan and cry
let you down
then i turn around
and i just run around in circles
put my head under the ground

DEAR JOHN PIPER (STILLBIRTH IN SPACE)

John Piper wants to put me away
because i believe in possibilities and that's not okay, (the telms) you've got to draw hours on your picture of god
deliciously capricious and vicious
no i don't spare them the rod

no fate but what we make
corporately predetermined and drawn by preventient grace

God goes strolling through the nursery
playing duck duck goose
appointing babies for destruction
and they just can't refuse (poor baby)
sovereign all-controlling God
who pushed over man
you set the table for your failure
you put the fruit in our hands
it must be lonely when you sort it all out
the sheep from goats the listing boat of all these questions and doubts
some one must rise and swell and eclipse the moon
like so many loathsome spiders skittering to their doom

no fate but what we make
corporately predetermined and drawn by preventient grace
no fate but what we make
no divine hand that's behind genocide
no good behind rape

hail the sovereign Lord
who turns the world like a toy
he chooses suffering for children
their agony brings him joy (but only sort of)

all-powerful, so strong
he sends molesters to children
that he does is true and is good
and no one can resist him
ever all-controlling
who sends earthquakes and famine
the author of suffering and death
who can understand him?

it's best to shut your mouth and hope for the best
because even when you catch the worst
it's still kind of like the best

"if indeed there were a God whose true nature—whose justice or sovereignty—were revealed in the death of a child or the deterioration of a god or a predetermined hell, that would be a good transgression to thank him as a kind of malevolent or contemptible demigod, and to thank him, and to deny him worship, and to seek a better God than he." — David Bentley Hart, The Doors of the Sea

LEGACY OF SKUBALON

the black balloons line the graveyard fences
where the party is in swing
and they've got a baton and a banner to wave
but they don't know what it means
and the women are in ski masks
because the burkas are dry cleaned
the men point guns to the heavens baby
it's the death of a great dream

i used to hum with all the resonance
use to whistle when i skipped
but it's just cotton candy under water
it's a mask that's starting to slip
i used to coddle the lame brains and hierophants
all the supplicants undone
littering out along the skyline
no longer heard by anyone

who shut up the sea behind doors when it burst forth from the womb?
who made its garments from the dark and sealed them up in doom?
and seek limits for it and set barricades at the door?
and said, "sure, you've made it this far, but you won't make it anymore."

and there's a snake pit at the finish line
entitlement, remorse
a chorus for the underdog
are we all gone? of course
there's no silver lining
there's no clouds at all
just an endless sea of gone
that echoes on and on

spent 18 years pushing a rock up a hill
trail of devastation, blood of insects, monumental will
and i split the crocodile's tooth, blood suction, pop, hiss
i wear the skulls of all my victims like a talisman of meaninglessness

SHOWBREAD IS SHOWDEAD

on my first day without the drug
i tell myself that i don't need it
just because i say and sing it
doesn't mean that i believe it
it's time to kiss and tell

i need to shrink and shrink
until i disappear
when i go looking after me
i find that nothing here

on my first day as the new me
i tell myself that i can be it
just because i say and sing it
doesn't mean that i believe it
it's time to kiss and tell

for every friend i've made
for all the blood i gave
for every one that stayed the course
there's two that turned away

and all the bitter diatribes
of the youthfully enlightened
millennial excrement of the wounded and the frightened
they rise like striking botoms in the swamp of the estranged
and they find themselves all alone
bored and marred to their pain

i know it hurts to walk the road
i know you've eaten dirt
i know that things aren't lining up
i know it always hurts
remember your first love tonight
and listen to him call
there's no more songs, so this is it
there's no more songs at all

LIFE AFTER LIFE AFTER DEATH

son, i want to tell you something
without the words to make it so
There are some things that you can't know
Till you already know
i know how much i would love you
Even though you are so new
Every day is better
Better because of you
i wish that i could keep you
From every shadow in my way
But they'll all come to nothing someday
They'll shrink and roll away

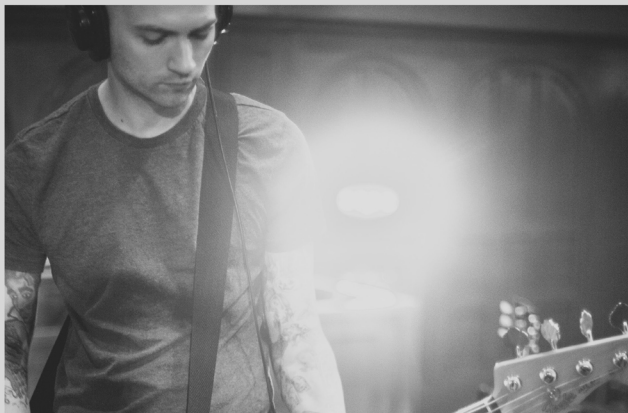
for now you've got to walk a road i cannot walk for you
if i could somehow spare you pain
it's something i would do
because the world has got some teeth
oh, it bites, You'll see.
But when it does, please remember
these simple words from me:

if i can be some light for you
To help you find your way
just pointing at the light bigger than me
Then that would be okay
For you to know him like i do
And even better than i do
And oh the way we love you
And oh we always will

There is some magic passing between a father and his son
and nothing takes that love away
No wif it comes undone
but most everything else will break
and yes, some things will break
and yes, it's going to hurt you, son
and yes, you're going to cry
but i have found this thing is true
when everything seems wrong
the world is an ugly place
but it won't be for long
no matter where you find yourself, no matter what you do
the one who calls you is faithful son
and he makes all things new

so many of the ones i knew broke down along the way
oh, don't be like them when you finally face the day
don't turn your face away from truth
even when it hurts
don't be the one that can't take root
under the shallow dirt

i try to be a better man
and i'm still learning how
had a dad who it's not easy to be once
and i can't ask him now
so while i have this time to talk
there's one thing i would say
follow Jesus with your heart
love him every way



Produced by **Showbread** and **Travis Noble**.
Recorded and Engineered by **Travis Noble**.
Additional engineering by **Erik Peterson** and **Mike Jensen**.
Mixed by **Rich Veltrop**.
Mastered for Digital by **Rich Veltrop**.
Mastered for vinyl by **Troy Glessner**.

Garrett Holmes: Synthesizer, piano, vocals
Mike Jensen: Guitar
Josh Dies: Vocals, guitar, synthesizer
Landon Ginnings: Guitar
Patrick Porter: Bass guitar
Ivory Mobley: Vocals
Ryan Peterson: Drums and percussion

Additional vocals on "I am Horrible at Processing Rejection," "Why Shouldn't We Kill Ourselves?" and "Raw Rock Theology" by **Whitney DePaoli** and **Loni Evans**. Additional vocals on "Life After Life After Death" by **Matthew Zigenis**, **Whitney DePaoli**, **Loni Evans**, and **Luisa Noble**. Monologue on "Dear John Piper" and gang vocals on "Raw Rock Theology" by **Bethany Allen**.

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All songs written and performed by **Showbread**. ©Showbreadmethemoney (ASCAP)

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"Who would be born must first destroy a world." –Hermann Hesse

"I never told a joke in my life." –Andy Kaufman

SHOWBREAD IS SHOWDEAD

I am Horrible at Processing Rejection

January 3, 1889: Nietzsche Witnesses the Flogging of a Horse

Why Shouldn't We Kill Ourselves?

Harry Harlow and the Monkeys of Despair

Raw Rock Theology

My Shadow is a Bat

Dear John Piper (Stillbirth in Space)

Legacy of Skubalon

Nine Weeks, Four Days: The Fetus Develops Teeth

Showbread is Showdead

Life After Life After Death