Delivery

he's poster bound hit the charts without a sound from somebodys' underground dused to lie ceside it i dont recognize it now integrite. i dont recognize it now integrity it's just a way to sell the package i don't know what happened but we gotta build a new one yea we gotta tear this mother down i'm not buying i'm not buying delivery delivery that we find when the sheep are left to lead the blind settle down it's party time feed it to the advantages fitting in is still a crime radyou have yet to capture me ever feel like you've been cheated?

Tragic City

i acrived with no direction
psychologically disconnected
there's a story behind every town
everybody needs solid ground
you only see what you want to
the hotels reach for the sky
and the poor men drink till they die
and the cope keep you under their eye
why do they want control of your life
in tragic city
like any other town
tragic city bound
everybody needs a niche to fill
i want something to contribute to
an't put a price on what i've learned
sverybody needs a something to build
there's a void that's never filled
story behind every see
'for to touch it out it's
just beyond your reacn

recorded and mixed at Supergenius, Flint, MI

by Jim Pourniadis Oct (Nov. 1995)

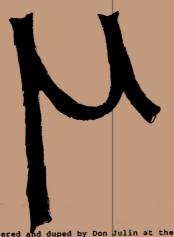
Upside Down

Upside Down
he had vision
like a one-eyed man in 3-D shades
following his own charade
anything to juxtapose
way below zero
she encered the room
like a total eclipse of the sun
pointed like a loaded gun
anything to take control
way below zero
when you take on more than
you can hold
mother mother really way downtown
gotta find a way to turn it around
living inside outside upside down
he made a promise
so he gave his erreallowness
haything to coexist
there was a tremor
now these bones be rattlin'
turn me into gelatin
anything to pull the pin

Higher

Higher

mister christian tell me if you can how can someone get so much blood on their hands talk of love and peace and freedom for all but what i see it doesn't equal that at all better come clean with reality throw away all the formality own up to your spicituality it's gonna be the one to run you over you better come up with a better stor cause i'm not paying for your new world order take me higher mister christ'we got to make a comes the one to come again tell me why we got to may for a comes the one comes the one comes the one comes a chooper to choop off your head lake me night. Your head and the control of the con



recorded and mixed at Supergenius, Flint, MI
by Jim Fourniadis Oct./Nov. 1995
produced by Jim Fourniadis and Bucket

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No Thanks: Newt, Rush, and other neo-nazis; the phony war on

For bookings or other info

Turn Down

did i lose my grip or am i holding on too tight am i chasing down some long tall shadows of some former life am i chasing down some long tail shadows of some former life they've got you digging with a hammer having got you digging with a hammer and pounding with aspade making due with what we've got till all our debts are paid turn the music down i'm ready to come up we ain't found no treasure got loss out on the trail to all of you without a clue year thick we can't prevaible we want to make a continue to all and you without a clue year thick we can't prevaible what make continue to understand what make continue to make a limit and we've grow understand what was continued to make a limit in think i've got a reason go ahead fill up your can't for come out from what you build around yourself too busy looking for the truth you thought it was hiding but you had it all the time waiting for the reason that it should come to this take the most important thing and hold on to it doing time under the vine let go of the past pick up all the broken pieces give you back something you can't throw around don't let time catch you napping time won't wait around

contact Bucket at: 734 Webster Traverse City, MI

Train of Thought

it's time to throw away more the art you can't dust off i carry behind trail time to own up to the parts you may have lost reality came crashing down it made such a horrible sound can't say i didn't need it can't say i didn't need it can't say i didn't need it can't say i didn't stumble in the fog i think it makes by as quick as you can plink it sime to ventilate now that the fire has died you can run from your feelings but from your heert you cannot hide it smell my blood on the rail it's underneath my fingernail can't say i'll never repeat it can't say there's nothing left to solve i guess i guess if there's some so-called target that i've missed runaway train take control of the game i'm gonna see it through
i'm gonna see it right to the end
that's the strongest plature i can send
that's the biggset break that i can mend

Bring It

i smell some trouble i smell delight there's a little spider cravling up my vaterpipe i'm feeling dangerous going through a stage have to learn to pick it up and turn another see going through a stage
have to learn to pick it up
and turn another page
little paranoid but i'm not afraid
little sugly but i'm not afraid
bring it right up to me girl
i'm burning lovbeams
watching your taillights
have to keep my distance
let the pieces fall in right
i don't play stupid games
and i don't put on a show
loos quaranteed i'm good to go
i think i could learn to like it
i think it taates just fine
more than a little
if youre gonna invite it
give me enough to make it mine
i'm a moth that needs a flame

Bad Apple

one bad apple
can be all that it takes
you can pick it right off of the vine
and never tell by the taste
it robs the pleasure
undermining mother natures' design
but if you're taken by fruit
you're got a lust for the juice
than you never know what
you're got a lust for the juice
than you never know what
you're gona bite
as i swim out of my head
as i syend the day in bed
one bad apple
can ruin your whole day
keeps you running around to find it
and you never nave the right thing to say
as i reestle with myself
itmakes me want to fly
one bad apple i gave in

Inside Outside

Inside Outside
here in our daydreams
lies a thousand miles of sleep
pressures come and go
change is never slow in passing
all that we posess is mantled
carried on the inside
falling through the crack
looking over the edge
here on the outside
where we channel
all that we cannot contain
faces come and go
change is never free in passing
all that we posess is mantled
sheltered on the inside
here on the outside
where we act as they portray
chances come and go
never let it be abandoned
all that we posess is mantled
carried on the inside make the silence shatter sick of this crude matter turn me into energy don't have enough for what you ask me i carry you right here inside behind these eyes it's you burst upon my senses touch me where it's endless covered by this mortal blanket more than i can conceive i carry you right her inside behind these eyes it's you