

# “CANCER”

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*the final Castles collection that almost never was...*

I recorded *Cancer* in one eight-hour spell of drug-frenzied hysteria in December of 2010 and for reasons best left ambiguous to the reader and listener, it was not supposed to be released to the world.

But as these things sometimes go, something that was once a mystery to me is becoming less ambiguous all the time. The Castle is being torn to the ground. Not to rebuild it, but to expose its shrouded and constrained but marvelously preserved relics. So, old friends, as the walls crumble away, what lies within laid bare, the Castle itself is renounced.

This project has been the single most significant personal undertaking of my young adult life. It saw me through my final high school summer on the farm in Pulaski, to the university dorms of Milwaukee, to the smoky post-dropout flophouse apartment in Madison, to the gardens and the woodlands of Waupaca, to the slummy upper flat on the wrong side of Riverwest working at the tool store, to my new life here, with the café that lets me smoke weed on the job and the house that actually could be a home, and may prove to be. Now, in the new life and new light, the relics within the Castle are being released to run wild and free, and thus, the Castle erected to contain them has ceased its function...

Out with the old and in with the new, but I'll be careful to keep one foot in the past.

I will see you all again, in strange, new forms.

– Cassidy David

*Riverwest, Milwaukee, February 23, 2011*

*Special thanks, to those who walked beside me for at least a chapter in the journey of Castles, go to Jamie, Myles, Jack, Nathan, Matt, Mike, Lauren, Kevin, David, Sam, my mom and my dad... And above all, John. Without his constant encouragement and support, I may have just spent the better part of these three years doing drugs and aimlessly roaming the state of Wisconsin. This way, at least a few people got to hear the songs that came out of it. Long live Mine, All Mine Records.*

## *I. "MALICE STRIKER"*

My skin has fallen off.  
My skin grew scales, turned blue,  
and I am going to lose it.  
My face is going to melt off.

I lost it,  
I got fucked up,  
I melted.  
I'm the Wicked Witch of Riverwest.

My eyes clawed themselves out.  
My arms tore themselves out,  
and I am ready to let go of the wheel.  
My car is going to crash into a tree, hey hey!

I screwed up,  
I got off scot-free.  
I smoke too much,  
I'm hammering coffin nails into my lungs, hey hey!

I'm the Malice Striker...

## *II. IT'S GONNA COME ALIVE*

I see an old white stone inside your head.  
I see a tiny glow, and you say it's dead.  
I'm gonna make it come alive, I'm gonna paint it red.  
You say you can't feel, I'll make you burn instead.

I'll watch your flames grow high,  
and breathe you in and feel high.  
You'll burn inside my lungs  
and glow inside my mind.  
Your head is an old white stone –  
you get stoned and cry out  
for the glow you seek, for your inner light (yeah!)

It's an old white stone, and it's fucking cold.  
You're gonna paint it black. You said, "Don't look back."  
It's an old white stone. I want the fucking glow.  
Yeah, you swear it's dead. I'll make it burn instead.

There's a tiny red star shining through your eyes.  
You wanna let it burn out in that jet black sky.  
There's a little blue bird inside your chest.  
I can hear it scream, I'm gonna make it sing instead.

It's gonna come

# ALIVE!

It's an old white stone...it's gonna come

# ALIVE...

I see a strange new light at the back of my head.  
I wish it would burn out.  
I wish it was dead.

### *III. "I WAS BORN ON the FOURTH of JULY"*

I stay up all night because I sleep all day,  
and it feels wrong all the time...  
because in my head, it's already dead,  
so I take too many pills...  
so the vomit pours out, and a little blood,  
and I say, "Do you finally understand

what I see in my head while you sleep in your bed  
and I feel like a fucking maniac?"

I am like a Cancer...  
something you do not want.  
I am the like the Devil...  
I will be there in the dark.

...and I was born on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, so on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July I had a birthday, and I thought  
maybe we could get high and watch a James Dean movie, maybe *East of Eden*, because  
I still want my affection to be a little religious...but you were sitting there, at K.B.'s,  
around the pool, looking like my summer babe, looking like an angel...

I am like Jamie floating down the Rat River.  
I am like Myles, too, because I do not trust you.

I stay up all night because the days fade away and I want them back.

#### *IV. "YOUR DRUGS"*

Dig through yourself, dig through yourself, dig through yourself,  
trying to find the light,  
and what's left, it doesn't feel right.  
Dig through yourself, dig through yourself, dig through yourself,  
trying to find the light...

Wait through the days, trying to find the night.  
Crawl through the night, trying to find the light,  
because you saw it there...maybe once, maybe twice...  
so you dig through yourself,  
and what's left, it doesn't feel right.

So you will limp your way, and I will limp mine,  
but there ain't no devil with a satisfied mind...  
so you will do your drugs, and I will do mine,  
and apart we're two devils with two broken minds.

Crawl in my skin, crawl in my skin, crawl in my skin,  
trying to fit it right...

feeling your skin, feeling your skin, feeling your skin,  
trying to find the light.

Red is what I would bleed  
if I could bleed for you,  
for the Blue you fear in me  
is the Blue I need from you.  
In the Whites of your eyes,  
I see the Whites of the lies that I'll feed to you.  
We've both told stupid lies,  
so here's a stupid truth –

You go the way you go,  
and I'll make it mine,  
and we can be two devils...  
one will be satisfied,  
and I will hear your words  
whenever I speak mine.  
I'll say, "Love is hell,"  
and hear you screaming inside.

# HOWL V