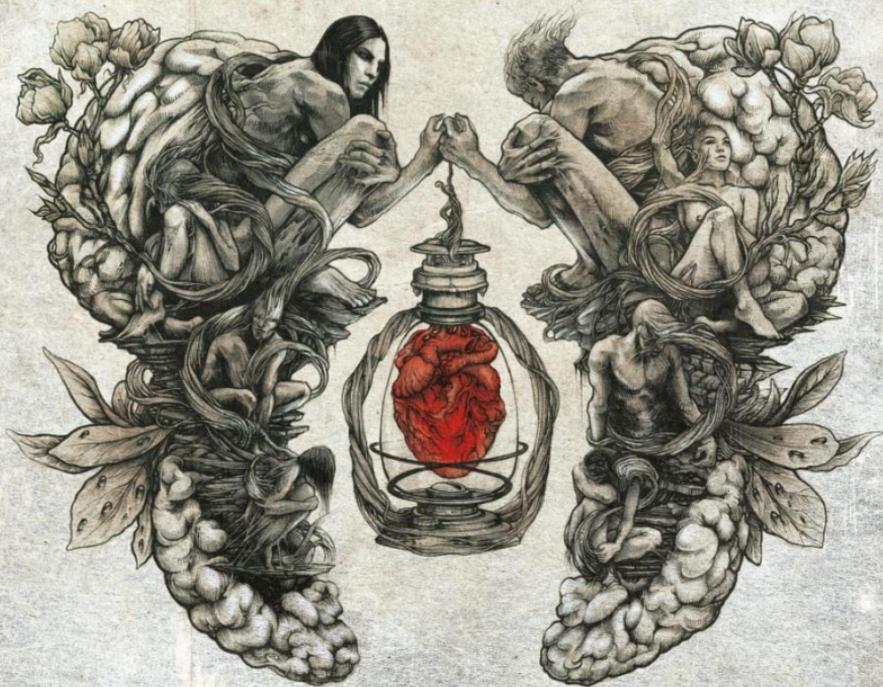


KITUSAI & BOHDAN
BOOK OF DREAMS



ARTWORK DZO-O



To Jules

Music composed and performed
by Kitusai and Bohdan Galczyk
Lyrics by Bohdan Galczyk
Recorded and mixed
in the French Pyrénées and the Canadian prairies
<http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/kitusaibohdan>
www.kitusai.com

Mastered by Ian Shepherd at Mastering Media

Artwork by DZO-O

Thanks to Alberto Rigoni (bass on Oil Equals
Salvation)

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Book of Dreams

Now we turn to another page
In our Book of Dreams...
In search of the promise of another
age
We feast on the stars, slide down
moonbeams
We lay awake,
We lay awake,
Waking dreams...

As we read, "some say hope..."
"is the mother of fools",
Blinds the mind to what's been,
Leaves the dreams to help cope,
With broken hearts and discriminate
rules
We sleep awake,
We sleep awake,
Our dreams forsake,
Silly mules...

In our Book of Dreams,
Lay our wildest fancies,
All are welcome
In our Book of Dreams.

Still another page
In our Book of Dreams...

No eyes closed, no fists clenched, no
empty rage,
No minds locked between two
extremes.
You steal away,
You steal away,
Impossible dreams...

As we read, "some say hope..."
"is the mother of fools"...

Fairy Tales

There are no happy endings,
The good guys foiled again,
No greener grass on the other side,
No glass slipper, no carriage to climb
in

There is only me and you,
The things we say and do,
If you think hopes and wishes prevail,
You may as well believe in fairy tales

There is no faith in justice,
No objective view,
It's only smoke and mirrors,
Not gods that play with you.

Chorus

There can be no equality,
No brotherhood of man,
While greed in senseless heads decide,
To take all they can.

Chorus

Heads in Sand

Simple crimes like nursery rhymes,
Come flowing from their mouths like
watered wine.

Cradle from grave, no one can save
The people from the words and
thoughts of swine.

One bullet on the table,
One bottle draws the rest,
Foreign policy driven by fable,
Guilt free and off their chests,

They're in it...
Just a minute...

Memories fade, faint history past,
Musical chairs, all driven by arms and
cash.

Small players, small toys and smaller
plays,
Cheap shields and canon fodder turn
to ash.

Set free the cast enable,
Joint staffs to call in tasks,
Force needs with shallow ladle,
No one ever thinks to ask,

Why in it?

One man,
Two minutes,
Three squares,
Four in it,
Five set the stage,
Six bums in the air,
Heads in sand.

Repeat chorus

Big boys, big toys make bigger noise,
Put a smile on the leathered face of
hell.
Squeeze blood red from the bottom
line,
And make the wearied many think
"just swell".

Chorus

In Between Shows

When I'm exposed to your tripe,
Condescending and trite,
I go out of my mind.
Your nonsense as knowledge,
If not intended,
Is surely misguided and blind.

When $f(x)$ is the sum,
Of the necks on the line
Between you and me.
The value is such,
That if out of touch,
It takes us to infinity.
The story's the same,
When playing this game,
The end just beginning to close.
So when out of time,
Just step out of line,
As if to be in between shows.

Blessed facts don't exist,
Why hang on to the lie,
Time to turn on your heels.
Makes no sense to resist,
It's time to desist,
Do no harm, don't spin your wheels.

Chorus

It's Never Enough, It's Always Too Much

Take a little off the top,
Be careful of the sides.
Know when to stop,
Prepare to decide.

When it gets too much
And your mind begins to pop,
Don't chase the bus,
When it's already left the stop.

Put some spring in your step,
Put a smile on your face.
Don't give up on us yet,
This silly human race.

When it gets you down,
Don't start,
Whatever really matters,
Is there inside your heart.

When you know it all,
And nothing's sinking in,
Take a fresh approach,
Empty the cup it's in.

When it's all you can bear,
You feel you can't go on,
Take a good look outside,
You're not the only one.

Speak freely,
Make your choices wise,
Losses not as nearly,
Close as the prize.

If you wait too long,
If you choose too late,
It's already gone.

Word to the wise; what do you know?
There's never any rain but there's
always snow.
No one's listening so you never
complain,
Cat's in the middle and they'll never
let go.

It's never enough,
It's always too much.
Can't strike a balance,
Always losing touch.

Word to the wise; what do you say?
Up at seven but you never get away.
Everyone is watching but you don't get

tired,
Work all night and you play all day.

It's never enough,
It's always too much.
Can't strike a balance,
Always losing touch.

A word to the wise; what do you hear?
Take a free ride on a chandelier.
No one's on your back, no one really
cares,
You're on vacation, grab a souvenir.

It's never enough,
It's always too much.
Can't strike a balance...

Just Another Day

The last time anybody saw her,
She was going' places.
She had a smile on her face,
That could kill who cared.
She was well-connected,
Had a knack for faces,
Disappeared without a trace,
Out there.

She was alone.
She was a lonely girl.

When least expected, further,
And without a motive,
No one could gather,
Why she left quite then.
She'd long decided,
To choose another life to live,
So when the music ended,
She flew away again.

One path of many,
It may make you stray,
Just one choice of any,
Can make or break a day.

One path of many,
It may make you stray,
One path too many,
It's just another day.

One time I saw her,
She pretended not to see me too.
The smile on her face,
Killed me right there.
Well-protected,
By the many for the few,
Dressed up and down in lace,
She didn't really care.

She was a stone,
She was a rolling stone.

But now it's over,
The calf believed the lion's tale.
Broke free of innocence,
A case of now or when.
She could have waited,
Could have saved a whale.
Instead she chose her path,
Lived all her years in ten.

One path of many,
It can turn your hair grey.
One path too many,
It's just another day.



Natural Midnight Breeze

I never knew you yet I know you well,
A voice so soft it makes you listen.
When you left I took you up again,
Took me back 'cause you had that
somethin'

Soft-spoken heart,
Restless rustle through the trees,
One world apart,
A natural midnight breeze.

Don't ever give it up.

Like so many, almost gave it up,
The sirens call but rarely suckle,
The winds of fate blow cross a
spinning wheel,
You loosened up your buckle.

Never one to take the travelled road,
Made new tracks far away from Tulsa.
After midnight you were on your way,
On your arm one crazy mama.

Chorus

Don't ever give it up.

Oil Equals Salvation

Oil equals salvation,
For any country,
If you got none... you die,
But if you got some... you're the guy.

Philosophy, step aside,
You don't pay attention anyway.
Politicians at the top,
Will always let you slide.
Crocodile tears from second rate
humanists,
Blinded by everyone.
The story's already cold when the
drones have flown,
The story's already cold when the
drones have hit home.

Oil equals salvation.

Hey you standing up front, you're
pissing off everyone
As you block out the point, we still
play along.
What in the fuck went wrong?
Why the hell are we here anyway?
With our fingers in every pie there'll be
hell to pay.

With our fingers in every pie we'll all
have hell to pay.

Oil equals salvation.

Oil equals salvation for any country,
If you got none... you will die.
Oil equals salvation for any country,
If you got none... you will die.
Oil equals salvation.

One Solitary Bookend

As I close the book
On this sweet surmise,
I humbly await
The knowledge it buys

For a minute of peace,
A moment sublime,
My fitting reward
Support cover through spine..

As I put this book,
Next to its friend,
I smile to myself and realize,
It's both book and bookend.

Chorus

Now, close your eyes
And go to sleep.
Think only good thoughts,
No need to count sheep.

But I know that you will,
Despite what you say.
I wish you could be,
That child in play.

So I put this book,
On its own to depend,
No point to pretend,
That there's another bookend.

This is a lonely bookend,
Had a brother,
Now it's all alone...

This is a lonely bookend,
Much like another,
White as bone...

One solitary bookend,
Made from wood,
Maybe carved from stone...

This is a lonely bookend,
Holding its own,
Far from home...

This is a lonely bookend,
Sole survivor,
Of the leaning tomes...

One solitary bookend,
Sole survivor,
Of the leaning tomes...

One solitary bookend

One solitary bookend

One solitary bookend,
Sole survivor,
Of the leaning tomes...

One solitary bookend

One Step At a Time

One step at a time,
Will get you anywhere.

I know that you're scared,
You've been hurt, you've been broken
up.
But you have to pick up and go on,
Don't be so hopelessly gone.

One step out of time,
You may be late, you may be early.
One step at a time,
Will always get you there.

You don't want to eat,
You don't want to get out,
The pain wrapped up in you,
Makes you want to scream and shout.

One step out of time,
You may be late, you may be early.
One step at a time,
Will always get you there.

Piece of My Mind

One moment flash of light,
The shaman drawn on a mystic flight
Shape-shifters, demons maybe angels
guide,
The shaman flies to another side.

Diffused light of red and blue,
Cold surface, eyes stare at you,
Poking, prodding, no end in sight,
Hordes of little grays and tall whites.

In the middle of a desert,
Choking heat... need a little water...
Look with final eyes
Upon the cracked earth

The birth of new beginning
For the sons and daughters
The thought of someone winning,
And all that that confers.

As if in control

There can be no peace of mind,
Have a piece of my mind.
Instead of all that thought provokes,
Just have a piece of my mind.

Procrastination

Procrastination
Is the key
Procrastination
If you want to be... me

When I think of all
There is to do and to see,
I think of you and I think of me,
How we're gonna get there and
Where "there" should be...

Chorus

I think it's time to start
But I just don't know where to begin,
Every step I want to take I think over
again,
What if I fail...
What if I never win?

Chorus

Should I get up...
Whether it's rain or shine?
I could just roll back to sleep...
Sleep until nine,
It's never too late to never be on time.

Chorus

It's time to take
The bull by its horn... encore,
Greet the day, this life,
Head out through the door,
Maybe just have a smoke and think it
through once more.

Chorus



Speak to the Clouds

Looking down from higher ground,
An old approach, not too extreme,
I keep searching for that perfect
sound,
In everything or so it seems.

Stay beside me by the calm sea,
Hold me close in your beliefs,
Some islands try but cannot sway me,
I'll steer you clear of their reefs.

You're ready, fit and able,
In your body and your mind,
Change the channel, switch to cable,
Start fresh, break free, relax, unwind.

You're pretending to be someone,
Shine from the sun,
When it's you you've got to be,
Come out from the shroud,
Oh no! You're not the only one,
So not to sink again
You have a mirror here in me.
Speak to the clouds.

Don't ask me "why the fable?"
Especially while the children sing,

I'm ready, sane and able...
Who's that girl on the swing?

Looking north towards Five Corners,
Driving down the Broadway Bridge,
That was a long, long time ago,
I'll take a drink out from the fridge...

Chorus

The Jets of Enceladus

Eyes closed.

Eyes closed,
Always fixed to gaze inside,
Never once to look outside,
At what goes on in the world.

Change for the sake of change,
Is not the end-all sum.
A revolution always ends up,
Where it started from.

Eyes open wide,
For fear of what goes on,
Run the race that's never won,
Another version of the world.

"Change, change, change the world",
Common battle cry
Revolution always,
Ends up numb.

In the manner that the master made
us
"If a tree falls... does it make a
sound?"

Just like the Jets of Enceladus,
Spewing gas with no one around.

On the morning of the first day of
holidays,
I resolved to change.
Slipped a hand into my pocket, tried
anyways,
Thought "what's the point"?

"Change, change, change the world",
Common battle cry
Revolution always,
Ends up numb.

Eyes closed,
Always fixed to gaze inside,
Never once to look outside,
At what goes on in the world.

Chorus

The Rest Can Wait

The story begins with a minor D,
At the foot of the Pyrenees.
It continues on like this,
Until it reaches the C.

It moves on relentlessly,
Two times four bars make eight,
Pray for the master's release,
He says the rest can wait.

I'm in the mood for a slow dance,
I'm so tired I can't sleep,
But let's close our eyes and dance,
The rest can wait.

On and on and on and on,
The rest can wait.
On and on, on and on,
The rest can wait.

I think it's coming now,
The rest of fate.

C now the shores of Canada,
Home of D minors and Beaufort C,
Didn't take long to cross the ocean,
D minor comes back to me.

I'm in the mood for a slow dance,
So tired I can't think straight,
Let's close our eyes and dance,
The rest can wait.

Chorus

Washout

Let me sing you a lullaby,
It's a sad, sad, bad tale,
Without a doubt it may make you cry,
Based on a false hope, no reason why.

For a smoke or a beer, they tantalize
Saviors of a world they lobotomize.
Lie upon lie, they exorcise,
The last remnants of innocent eyes.

Washout!
Welcome to hell...
Washout!
We wish you well.
Washout!
Before they let you die...
Washout!
They'll suck your brain dry.

Under the weather Sue checked into
hell,
Given some care, she was getting well,
Her meds stopped cold for the sake of
a test,
For padding slimy pockets off the souls
in padded cells.

On a pass, one morning, she went
home,
Watered her plants, prettied up... no
out of place stitch,
Left the key under the door,
Flew to her freedom from the Franklin
Bridge.

Chorus

Who's That Knocking at the Door?

Someone's knocking at my door,
Is it a friend or nemesis?
Climb up the ladder, take a look like
before,
Upon the masquerade.

Looking left, looking right, looking up,
looking down
They may think they are invisible.
With the power this conveys, with the
failure of their ways,
Thoughts and actions indivisible.

Rays of light through the clouds,
Rain your innocence on me.
Rays of light through the clouds,
Reign of innocence o'er me.

Do they bring me peace, bring me
hope, bring me joy,
With their artifacts of wisdom and
war?
Tools of ignorance and silence employ,
Who's that knocking at the door?

In times of trouble, in times of peace,
What is it most that you seek?

Does it lay inside, outside your door,
Or do you just sit and count the days
of the week?

Chorus

You Can Depend On Me

Nineteen ninety-three,
A year that sticks with me,
You and I got drunk,
On dreams of songs and all that bunk,

We gigged into the night...

You can depend on me,
To carry on the torch,
Depend on me,
To play outside out on the porch.

What more could we expect,
Half-heart yet circumspect.
We did the best we thought,
Cast our fate with all that lot

We gigged into the night...

You can depend on me,
To carry on the torch,
Depend on me,
To keep playing on the porch.

Half-spent, couldn't pay the rent,
With silly songs that we'd invent.

We were five wise guys on a fantasy
road,
Tin pan tunes, no fixed abode

We gigged into the night...

Chorus

As each story must come to a close,
Every one has its swan song,
Look with joy upon the folly of the
past,
Move on to bang another gong.

You can depend on me,
To carry on the torch,
Depend on me,
To keep playing on the porch.

Chorus

You can depend on me,
You can depend on me,
You can depend on me...

Kitusai & Bohdan

Book of Dreams

- | | | |
|-----|---|-------|
| 1. | Book of Dreams | 2'52" |
| 2. | Fairy Tales | 3'07" |
| 3. | Heads in Sand | 2'41" |
| 4. | In Between Shows | 2'41" |
| 5. | It's Never Enough, It's Always Too Much | 2'52" |
| 6. | Just Another Day | 3'19" |
| 7. | Natural Midnight Breeze | 2'50" |
| 8. | Oil Equals Salvation | 2'38" |
| 9. | One Solitary Bookend | 4'34" |
| 10. | One Step At a Time | 2'56" |
| 11. | Piece of My Mind | 3'33" |
| 12. | Procrastination | 2'19" |
| 13. | Speak to the Clouds | 2'34" |
| 14. | The Jets of Enceladus | 2'42" |
| 15. | The Rest Can Wait | 3'02" |
| 16. | Washout | 2'51" |
| 17. | Who's That Knocking at the Door? | 2'37" |
| 18. | You Can Depend On Me | 2'52" |

KITUSAI & BOHDAN
BOOK OF DREAMS



ARTWORK DZO-O