



**SLOWING  
RIVAL CITIES**

01 . **In My Bones** . L. Michielsen/ A. Ferreira . 0:00

I work out on the ranges, driving up and down the lines  
Amazed at how the weather changes and mulling the slowing of time  
And I can see the sky. I think it's gonna snow. I can feel it in my bones.  
Does this mean we're getting old?

There's a hawk lying on the ground, down below the power lines  
I wonder is it old age that killed it or was he electrified?  
And I can see the sky. And I think it's gonna snow. I can feel it in my bones.  
Does this mean we're getting old?

And I can see the sky. I think it's gonna rain.  
I can feel it in my knees and I can feel it in my bones  
This means we're getting old

02 . **Vicinity** . L. Michielsen/ A. Ferreira

As the dust rises from our dancing feet Floats in the air without a beat  
As we walk down these vacant streets, To a place where future politicians meet.

The reason that conversations start can be chalked up to proximity.  
The angles are tearing up my heart.

So you can dance dance to the radio  
Just like our parents did in the days of old  
Pick up the low transmission of the indie show  
So we can dance dance to the radio radio radio

The reason that conversations start can be chalked up to proximity.  
The angles are tearing up my heart.

I feel like I know you already. I feel like you trust me.  
I feel like you know me already. I feel like you trust me.

The reason that conversations start can be chalked up to proximity  
The angles are tearing up my heart. The reason is tearing up my heart.

03 . **The General Population** . L. Michielsens/A. Ferreira

I won't pay lip service if no one's listening, that'd be useless.  
I can't stick my tongue out when no one's watching; I'll just keep my mouth shut.  
Let's change truth to uncertainty.

We're not with you or against you we're somewhere in between  
You don't need a warrant to make arrests so come and get us, we're your suspects.

Lost all your respect The general population has news for you  
Lost innocence The general population is done with you

The truth of the matter holds that we've been told, until the truth is sold  
And we don't have to listen either, no we could do neither  
When our so called leaders are losing their believers.

Lost all your respect The general population has news for you  
Lost innocence The general population is done with you

And you fill up their souls so they believe nothing  
And you fill up your holes with hearts that bleed nothing.

Lost all your respect The general population has news for you  
Lost innocence The general population is done with you  
Lost all your respect Your subtle calculations are failing you  
Lost innocence The general population is sick of you



04 . **You Were There** . L. Michielsens

Going in is not the best thing that could be happening  
If I'm going in I want you at my back.

You were there and you've seen how I can drink. Falling right over the edge  
You were there and you've seen how I can be. Falling right over the edge  
You were there when we talked and I was falling right over the edge  
You were there and you've seen how I can drink. Falling right over the edge

Ignorance is the fuel of this fire of lies  
If I'm going in I want you at my back.

If you were there to mediate the conversation, tell me what to say.

05 . **Homes** . A. Ferreira

I'm being haunted. I'm being followed  
Ghosts at the edges, wolves at the windows

This country's made of bones

Our first generations, our cities of fire  
Reduce to ashes all that we know

This country's made of bones

Our nights go dark  
We don't live for nothing  
Our nights go dark  
We don't live for nothing

We created all of these ghosts  
To make this house a home  
You know our history  
You know our history is flawed

06 . **Cargo** . L. Michielsen/A. Ferreira

Watching people walking, their heels in front of you  
Stepping, your strides are leaning as if you're walking on a roof  
I see a building out the corner of my eye  
I wonder what the sign means and what's inside  
We'll probably never know or we might be misled  
Unless we get a job there and work 'til we're dead.

Stop that truck! The cargo is tied up way too tight for the ride  
This destination could mean our lives.

Stopping cars as they pass by your signs so bright  
There's a million people who could use a shine  
There's a million people lack luster. But we're all for the trees  
We want to shine like you, not like your sign a little more like the moon.

Circulation cut off by the ropes. They crushed and bruised all your hope



07 . **Whitewash** . L. Michielsen/A. Ferreira

Down the back stairs in to the parking lot  
You can see your shattered dreams in the glass on the asphalt.

The city will stand where he was buried  
Let's raise a monument with a plaque we can read.

Just another pin in the map on the wall  
You better pray for us before our country falls.

The city will stand where she was buried  
Let's raise a monument with a plaque we can read  
So our children can vandalize it  
We'll make it out of stone so they can't whitewash it.

The city will stand where these eras were married  
And we'll tie the knot where they were buried.  
Let's raise a monument with a plaque we can read  
So our children can vandalize it.  
We'll make it out of stone so they can't whitewash it.

08 . **After School** . L. Michielsen/A. Ferreira

We used to play after school and we'd leave our bags in the snow  
You hit me with your hockey stick until I threw a fit  
We were young, we were young  
We made our decisions  
We're still young, we're still young

We grew up so fast and now we drive fast too,  
Feeding our adrenaline because we got nothing to do.  
We were young, we were young  
We made our decisions.  
We're still young, we're still young

We're still young. We make our decisions. We're still young.

Cut it out, like a fetus. Kill the rabbits, kill the rabbits  
and the Asian Longhorn.

What you do will catch up with you

What you say will mean something someday.

Transport trucks, flooding rivers and angry seas

Combinations will resolve all these.

What you do will catch up to you.

What you say will make a difference someday.

What you do will catch up to you.

So choose your words and be heard.

So it's not woman against man.

I never thought I'd be a preachin' man.

Now I'm standing in front of a mic stand telling you we all rely on each other.

What you say will make a difference someday.

What you do will catch up to you.

I'm from the city of destruction I've got the mouth of a lion

I'm more than just fire I'm more than just smoke

Dressed in Northern steel Be prepared to stand your ground

When I come over the hills There will be no place to stand

We're going to burn your house down We're going to repay your crimes

We are hardened believes We strike when the time is right

He burns the maps before he leaves Out the door into the streets

Shattered glass, the city sleeps Restless hearts and restless feet

I start to see what I have missed I give out as you give in

All the things we've never been All these things we've never been

Tear your heart out

I've heard some men sail empty ships To other worlds in search of risk

Cautious currents make them tip I've never been one of them

And we might rest but never sleep Our empty bottles sail the seas

They carry a man that's just like me We can't win, no we can't win, no we can't win

Tear your heart out

Walking back through city streets I'm afraid to go to sleep I don't know what to believe

We are outlines I don't know what to believe



**Slowing is:**

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**Anthony Ferreira** . guitar, vocals

**Marco Avolio** . bass

**Matthew Comper** . drums, vocals

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