My Muse

Craig Bakalian

Soprano, Tenor, Flute/Soprano Saxophone/Piccolo, Harp, Percussion, and String Ensemble

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Foreword

My entire adult life was dedicated to creating a family that was filled with love, raising two children, writing music, and teaching music in the United State's finest urban elementary schools. For decades of my life I have ignored any need to form friendships with teaching colleagues, and have indeed ignored bonds with family members who do not reside in proximity to me. And now my two children are grown adults, my wife who is a wonderful woman has entered a stage of being exhausted by the stories I repeatedly tell her; rightly, looks away from my foolishness. My daily hours of writing music created an unexcusable form of loneliness. As I near the age of retirement, I began to desire friendship. The lyrics of these songs are of a personal quality which were inspired from a deep and lasting friendship which I have formed with a teaching colleague. This professional friendship formed because of a shared passion for the teaching profession, shared sense of humor and comedy, her lack of experience as a teacher coupled with my decades of experience, and unfortunately my attraction to her physical and mental beauty. This friend became my muse. It must be stated that I, being a mature man, have a full respect for her boundries and needs, and know that any attempt to go beyond friendship would not be in the best interest of her development as a woman because of my age. These songs are pure fantasy.

So, I must laugh at my foolish passion for my muse, and at the same time relish in the drama of my emotional self. Being a composer is all about self control, and yet a dive into the pit of self destruction is always exciting and welcome. Each song expresses a passion that cannot be expressed and that envy, jealousy and frustration with being stopped are the only words expressed. The villification of the muse's beauty is my gift to her. Hence, the muse's is always expressing the phrase *you made my day* in many poems which contain my jealous rages. The essential question of why am I addicted her beauty permeates each poem regardless of its standing in the overall timeline. All of the poems contain the magic of jealousy and envy with the only exception of Pennies and Vinegar which is a light hearted play with pennies when we are bored poem. I Toss Poison is the

final expression of being a prisoner of love, with the final poem Artifacts being an expression of the loss of love, of love still being there when love isn't there; you don't know you have something until you don't have it. Even in the very first poem Gently Wind Us where the friendship is just starting, envy of youth and beauty is present.

It should also be stated that these songs contain expressions of sexual desire, which are never expressed to the muse herself because of my fear of rejection. As a composer, it is my complex obsession with aural and mental beauty which essentially causes me to recompose my life into a fantasy that is ultimately rejected by the world around me. Feelings of inadequecy rule my days, especially as a composer living in a social structure like the United States. When beauty turns into sexual desire, the human spirit turns to seduction and subsequential messages of physical aggression and vulnerability. The producer, directors and performers must understand that the sexual expressions are explicit and direct to the point and yet stay within the boundry of arts.

The covid-19 pandemic was in full force while these songs and poems were written. Watching a viral desease shake the very foundation of the United States social, economic, academic, and art world has had no effect on my music composition efforts. Staying at home or being home bound was always a way of life for me. Most artist who are dedicated to their art know and understand the loneliness of creative work. The theme of *you know when you have something only when it is no longer there* is subtly expressed as the desire to be with someone, to be in their physical presence surfaces in both the muse and myself because of stay at home orders. And oddly, this relationship between my muse and I formed during a time of social distancing. Pennies and Vinegar express the joy of staying home bound, of conjuring ideas as to what to do with a bag of tarnished United States pennies to the amusement of both characters. The pennies are a token of social exhange and they become irrelevant toys in the poem. The idea of melting them becomes a joke as is the law preventing such an action.

Most of the conversations between my muse and I were in the form of text messaging. It is not a fantasy to say that my teaching colleague introduced me to

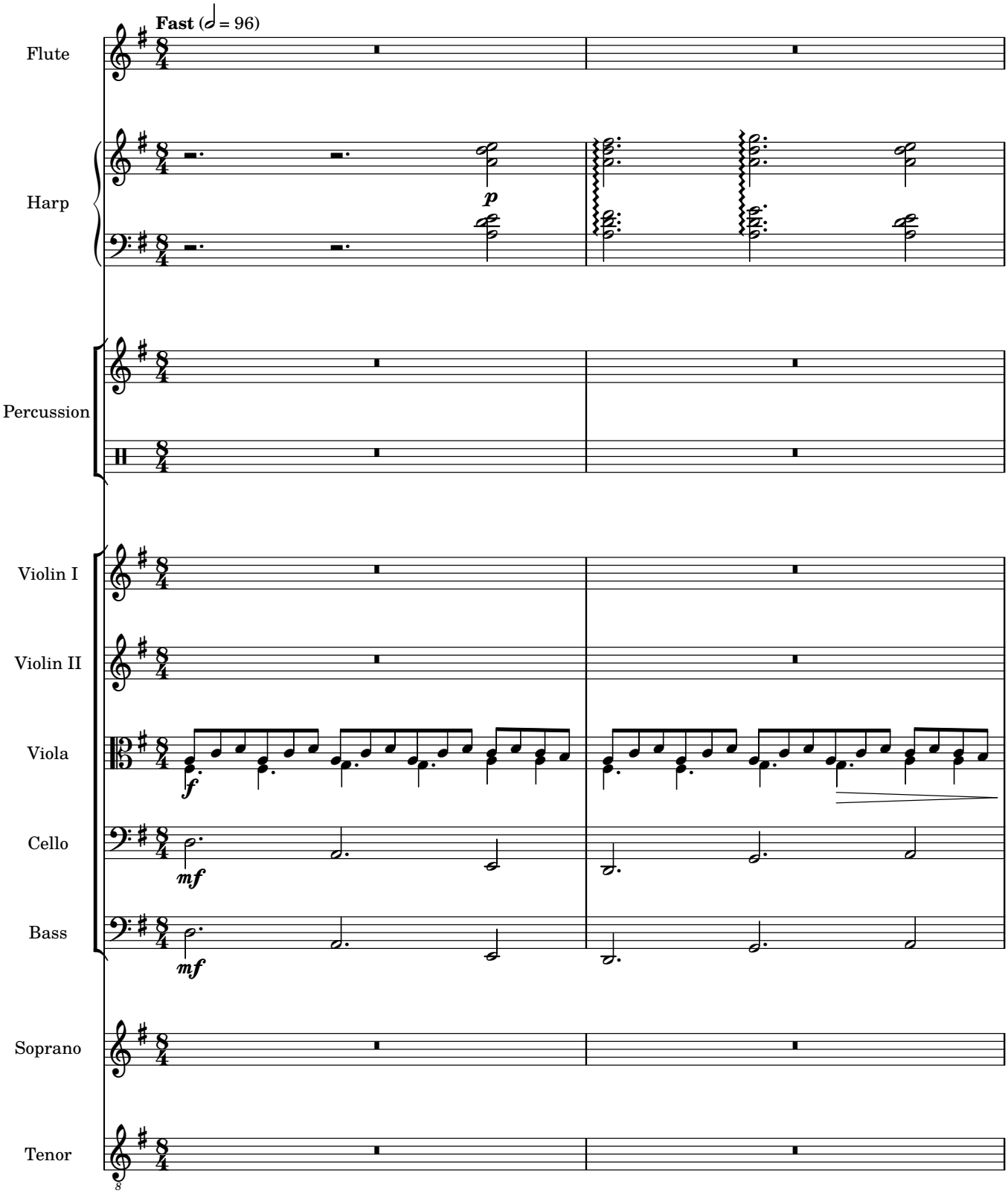
this form of communication. For many years I complained to my children about their inability to physically communicate with their friend because of their habitual dependence on text messaging on a smart phone. It was not until my friend introduced me to text messaging did I actually enjoy it. The back and forth, the waiting, the arguing, and the often poetic seduction of poorly written autocorrected and autouncorrected language continues to stimulate and excite my often depressed mental state. While writing these songs I invisioned a multimedia stage presence of large text messaging which is some how projected on to the stage in proximity to the soprano and tenor.

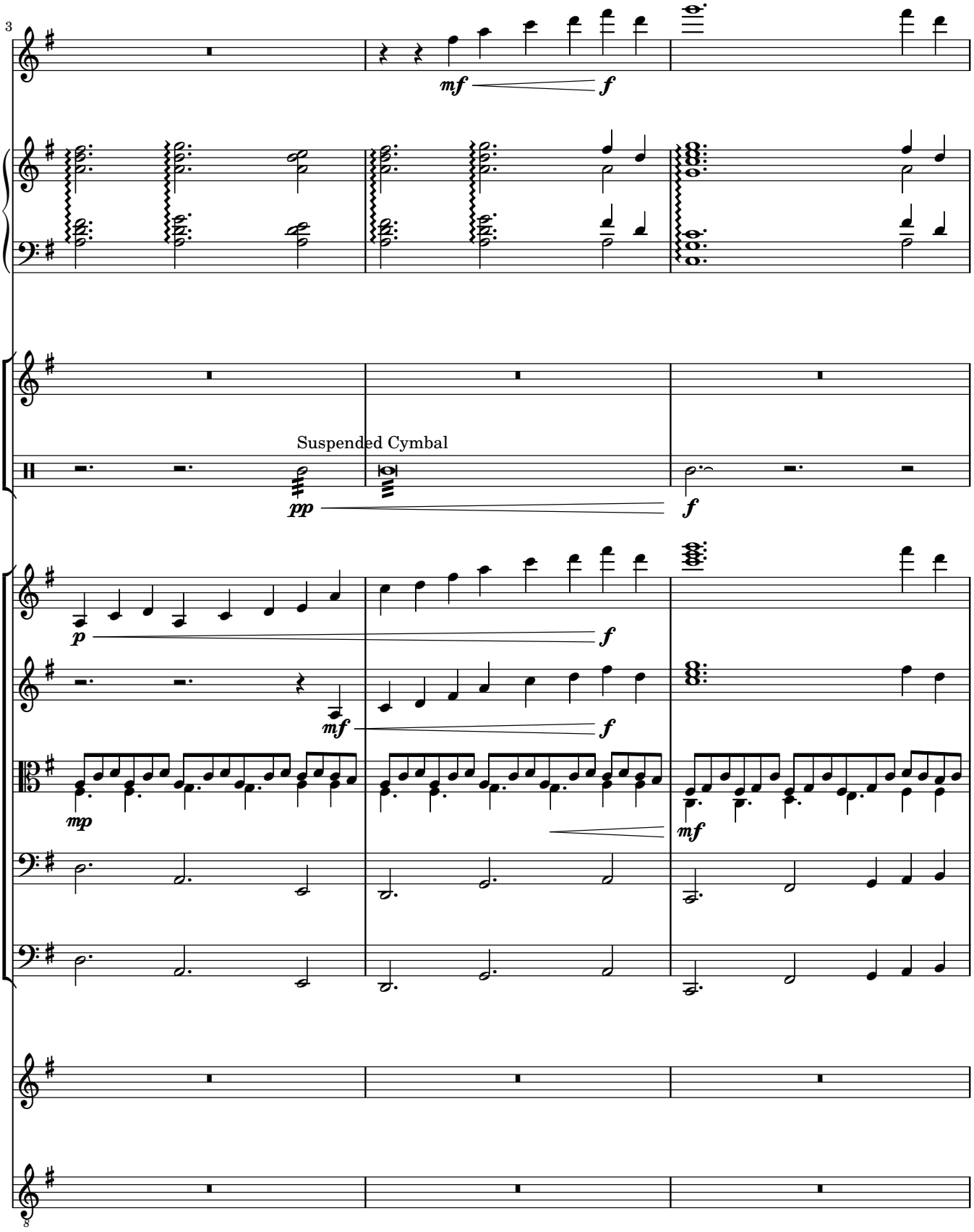
I do place this music on an archive site with the intention that it attracts the attention of a music director, conductor, singers and instrumentalist. The process is similar to a flower attracting a bee to its pollen. While I understand the effort of enrolling musicians to become motivated in the performance of my music, I plead with the performers to enroll themselves in playing this music with a serious attitude. Please work to understand it's art. I put a lot of work into these songs because of my love for formal concert stages being vital centers of cultural expression. I am still concerned by our country's current music directors obsession with dead white European composers and a latest trend to arbitrarily choose composers with moneied connections to repeatedly perform. This compulsion to repeat the past will not end well in an era of continued global crisis. And a cartoonish attitude towards modern music expression will inevitably lead to shrinking audience numbers. If this music was a plant, I plant it with great concern about the soil I plant it in.

While I sought beauty, sexuality, sensuality, and friendship in an attempt to remove myself from the solitude I have created, it is clearly understood at the end of this song cycle that I, the anti-hero return to solitude from a brief dance in friendship. Apparently, decades of solitude take more than a few months to overcome, lol.

Gently Wind Us

Craig Bakalian

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Suspended Cymbal
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mf
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mp
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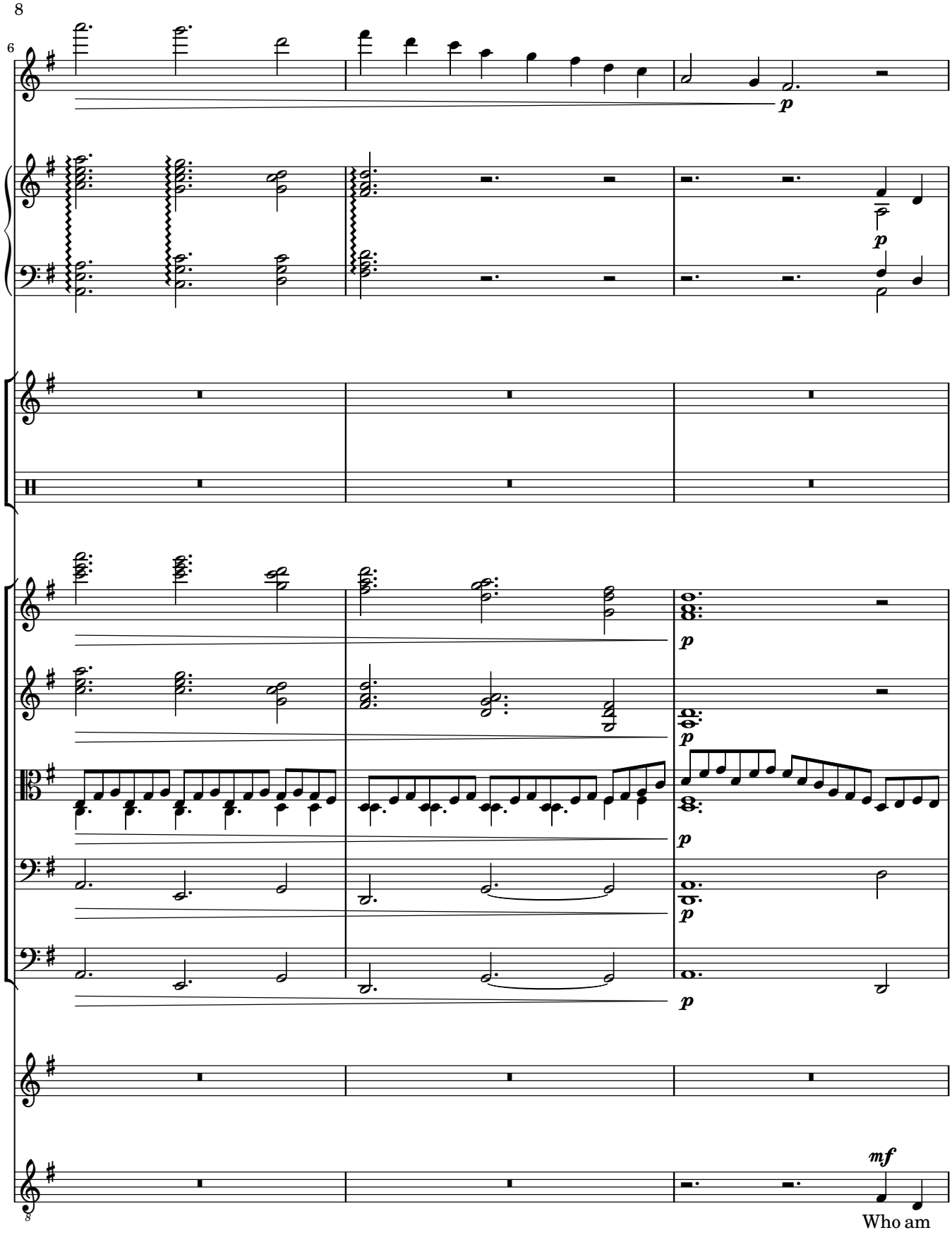
8


8
6
p
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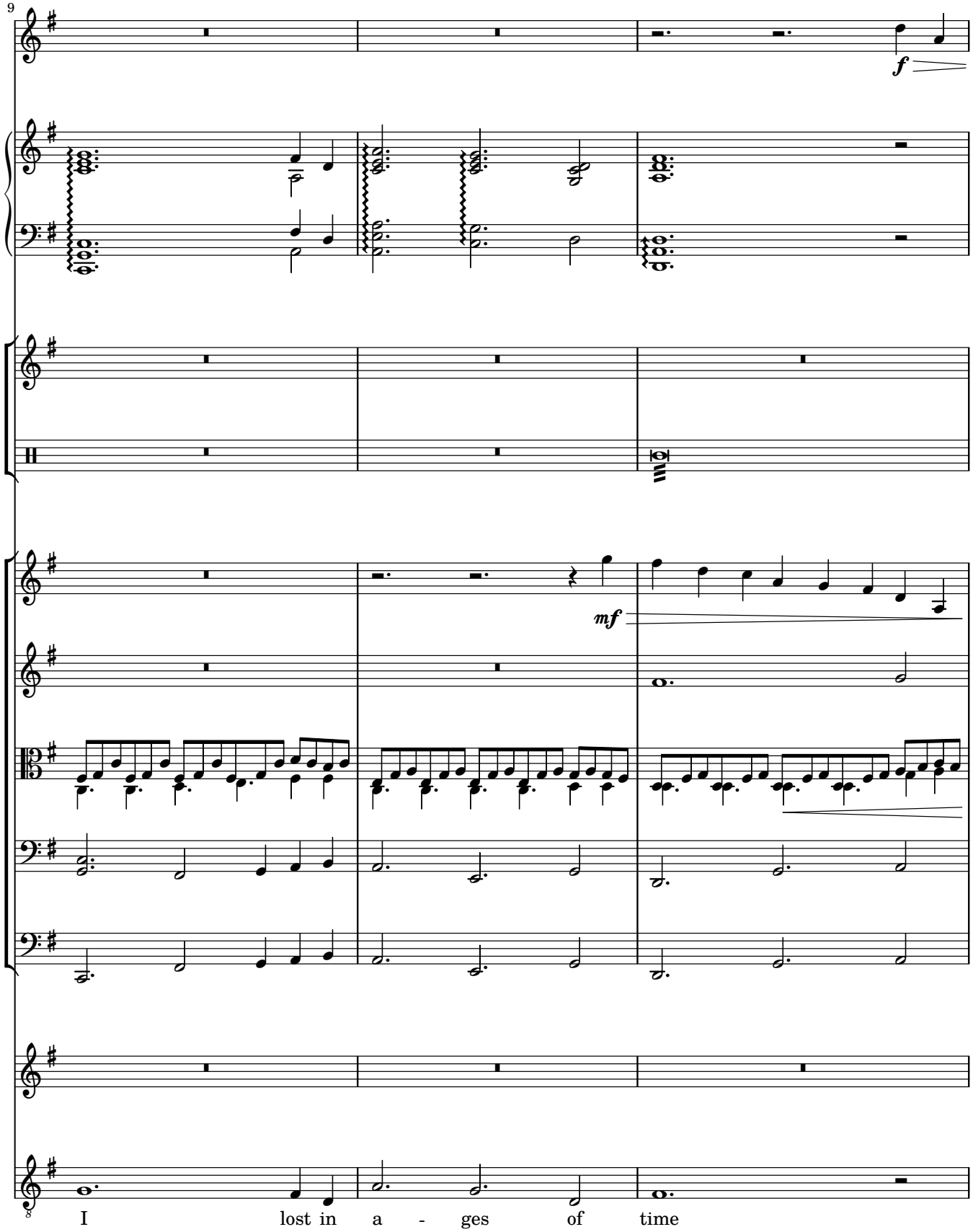
p
p
mf
Who am


9
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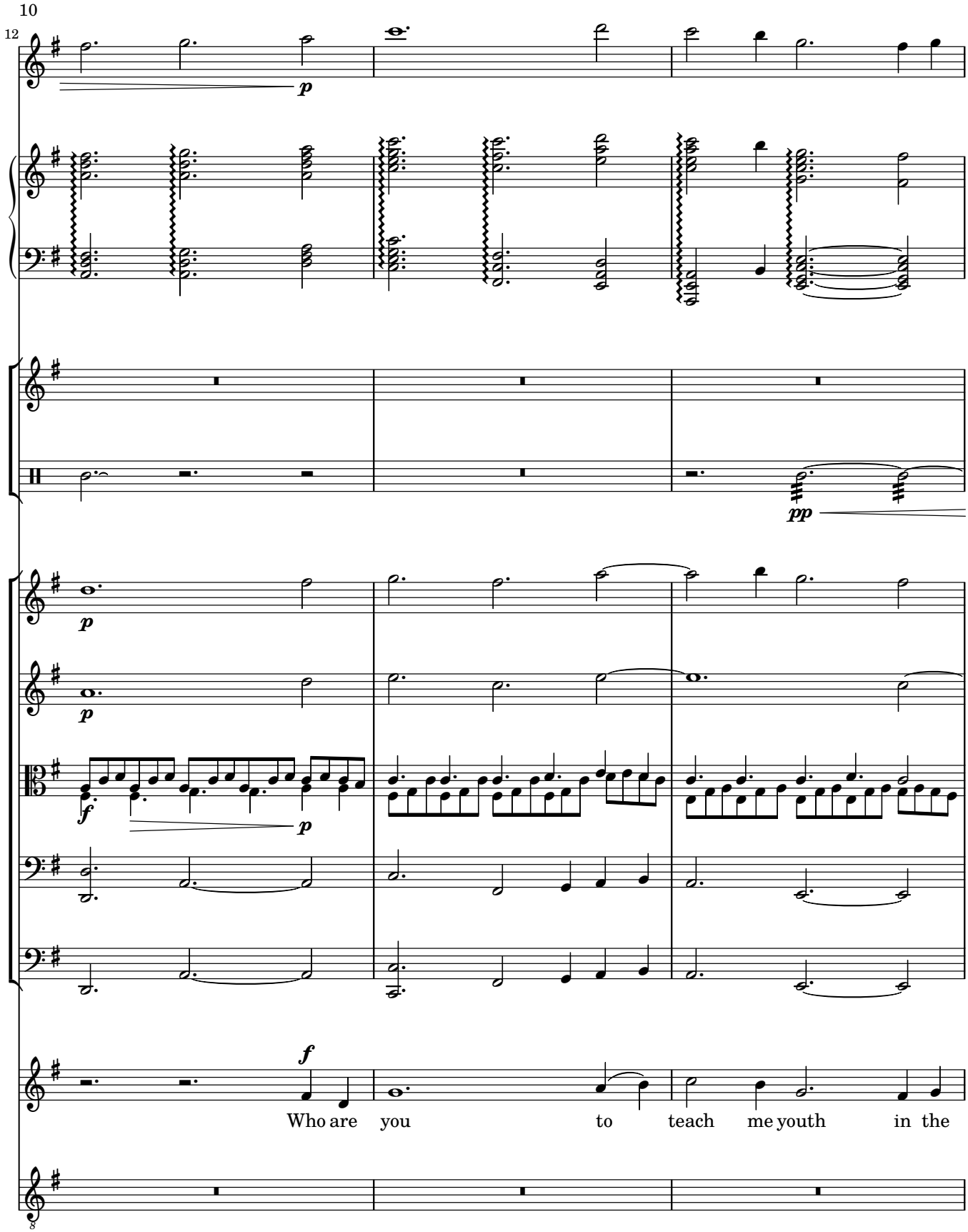
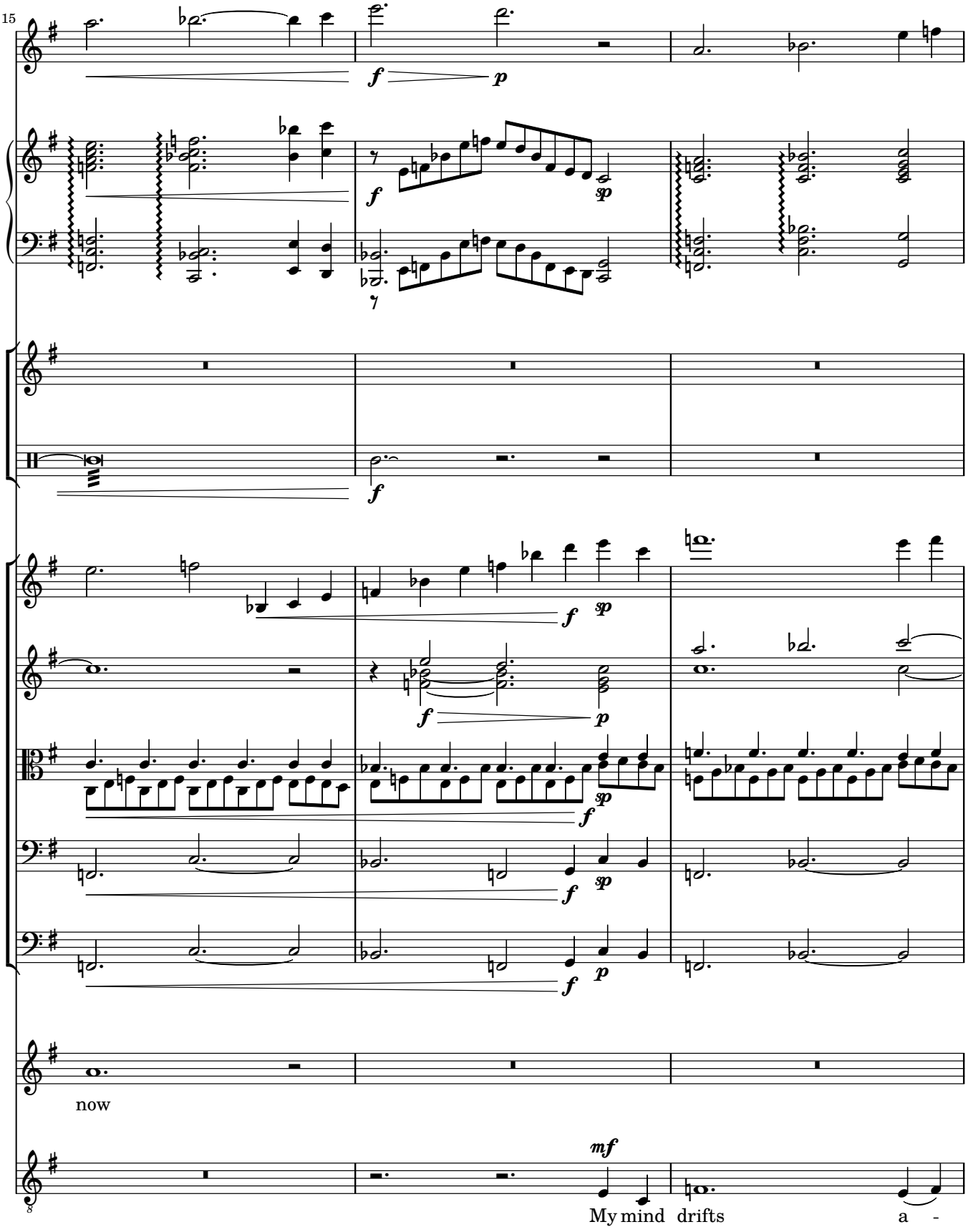
8
I lost in a - ges of time


10
12
p
pp
f
p
f
p
Who are you to teach me youth in the
8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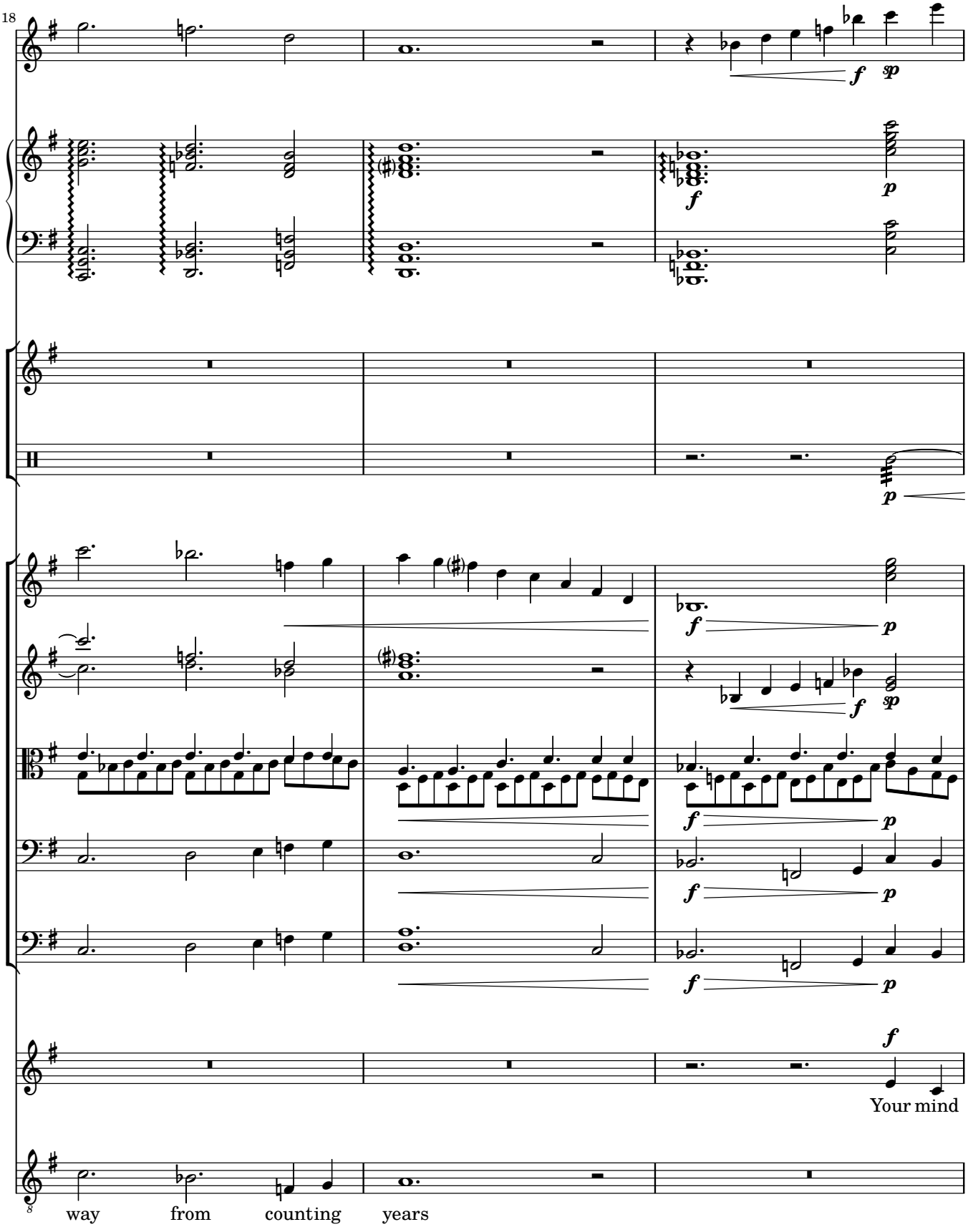
now
My mind drifts a -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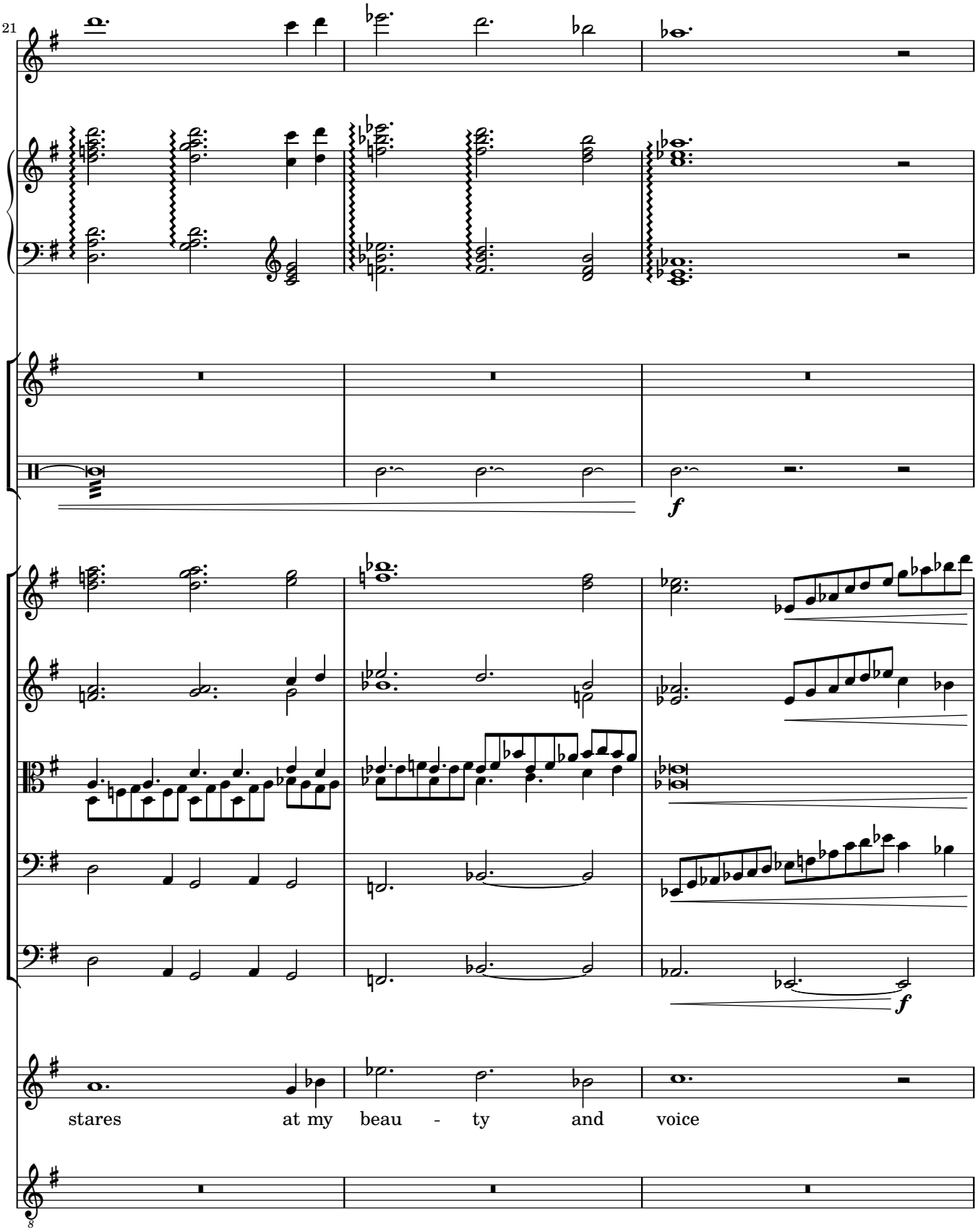
Your mind
way from counting years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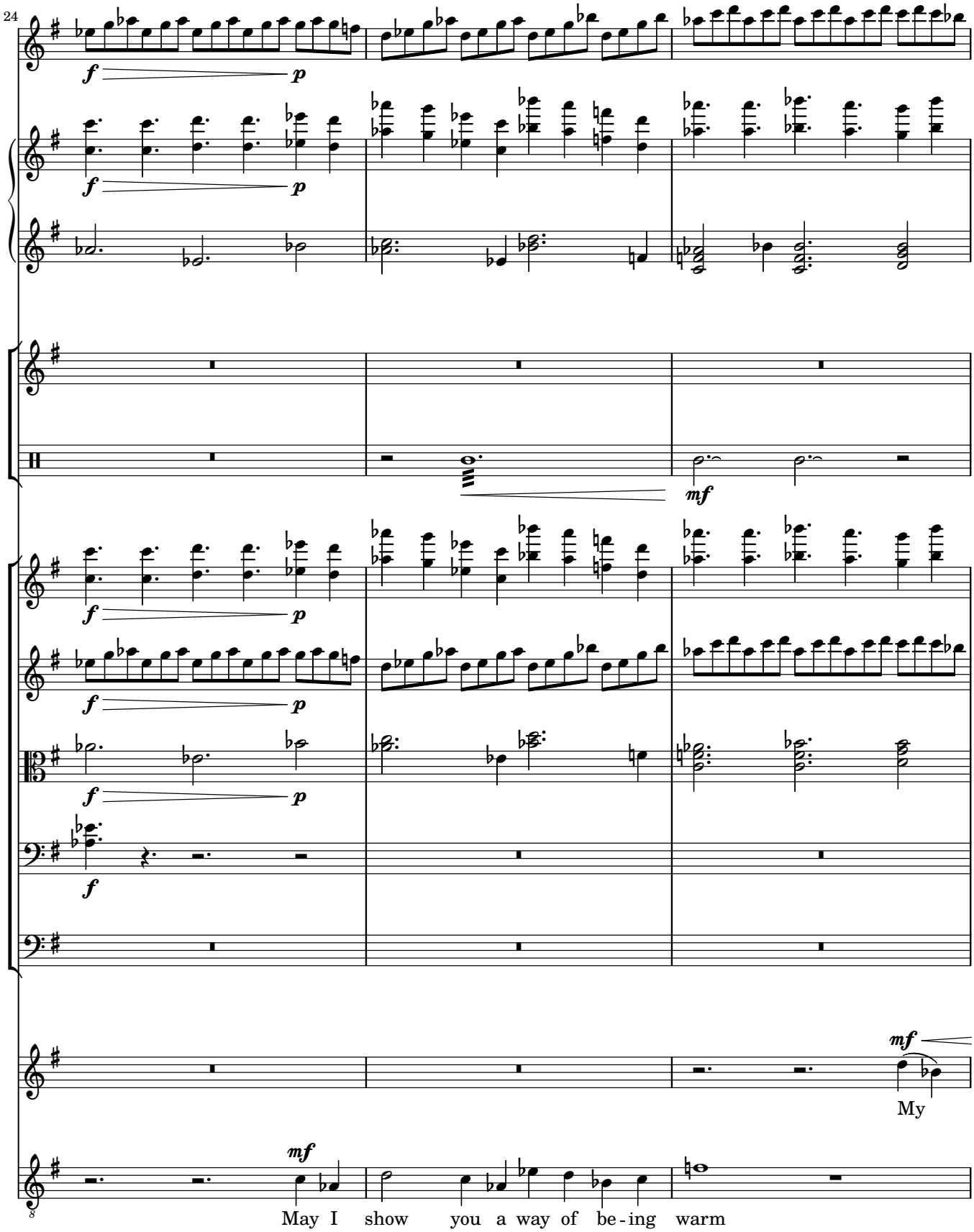
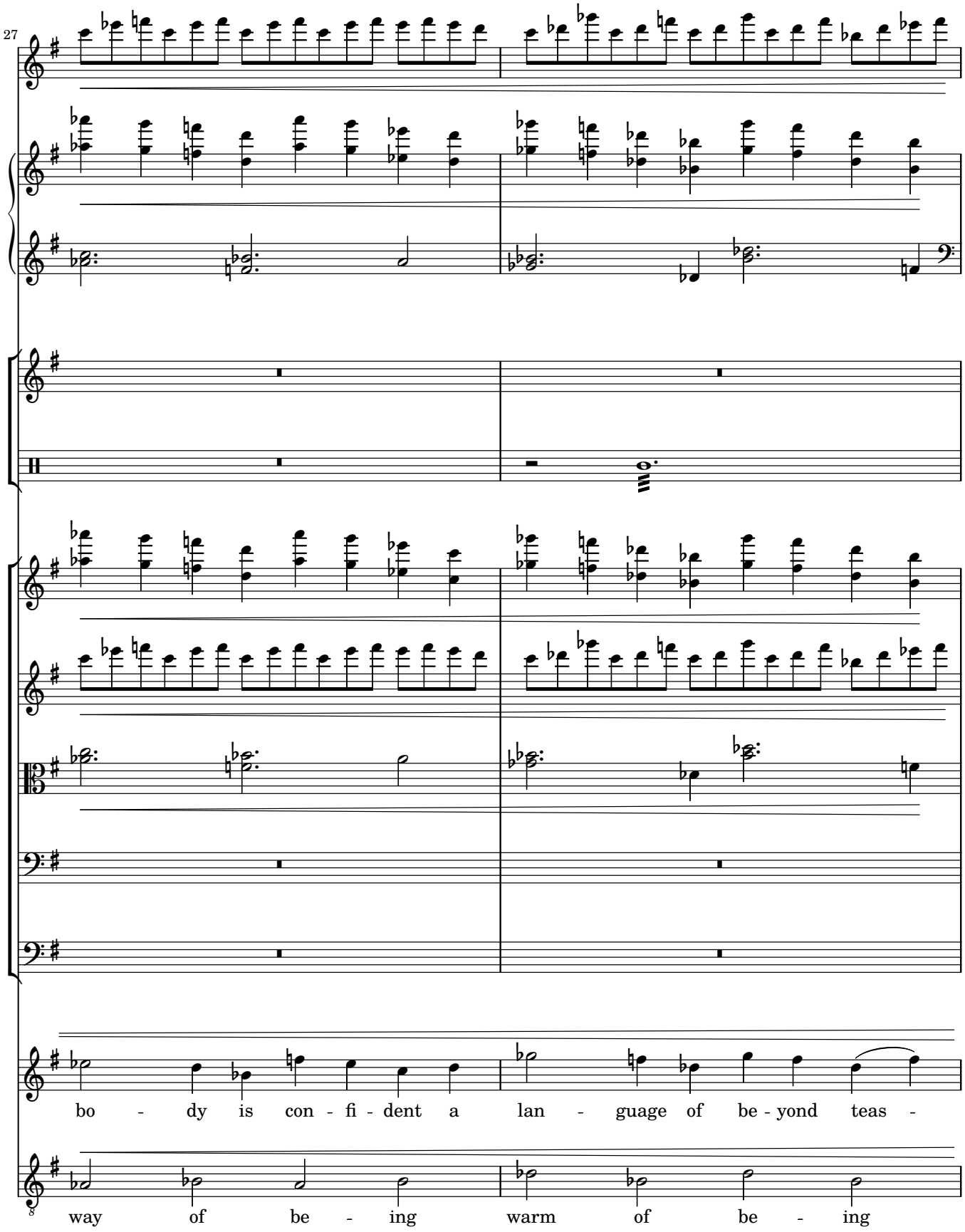
f
f
stares at my beau - ty and voice


24
f
p
mf
My
May I show you a way of be-ing warm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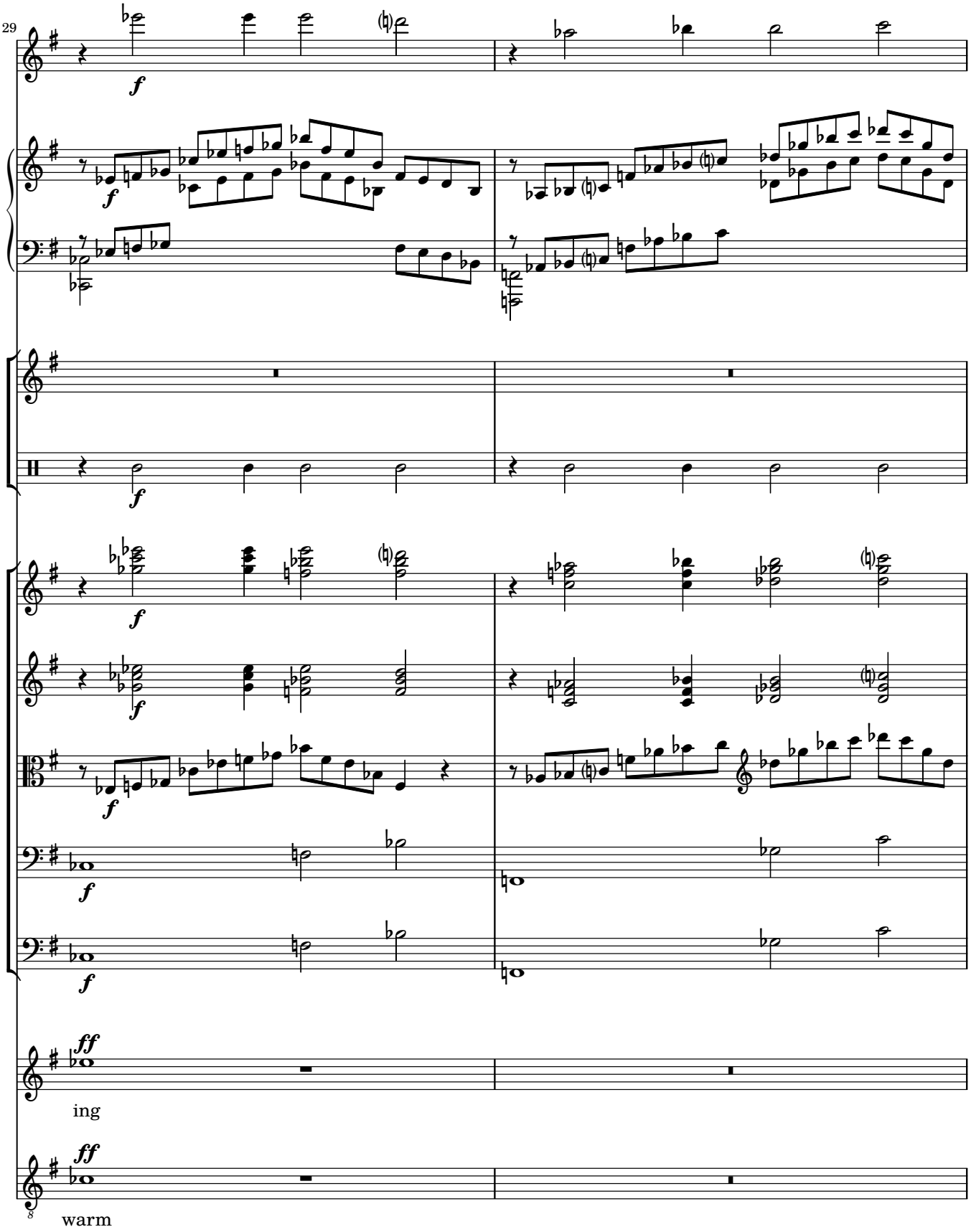
bo - dy is con - fi - dent a lan - guage of be - yond teas -
way of be - ing warm of be - ing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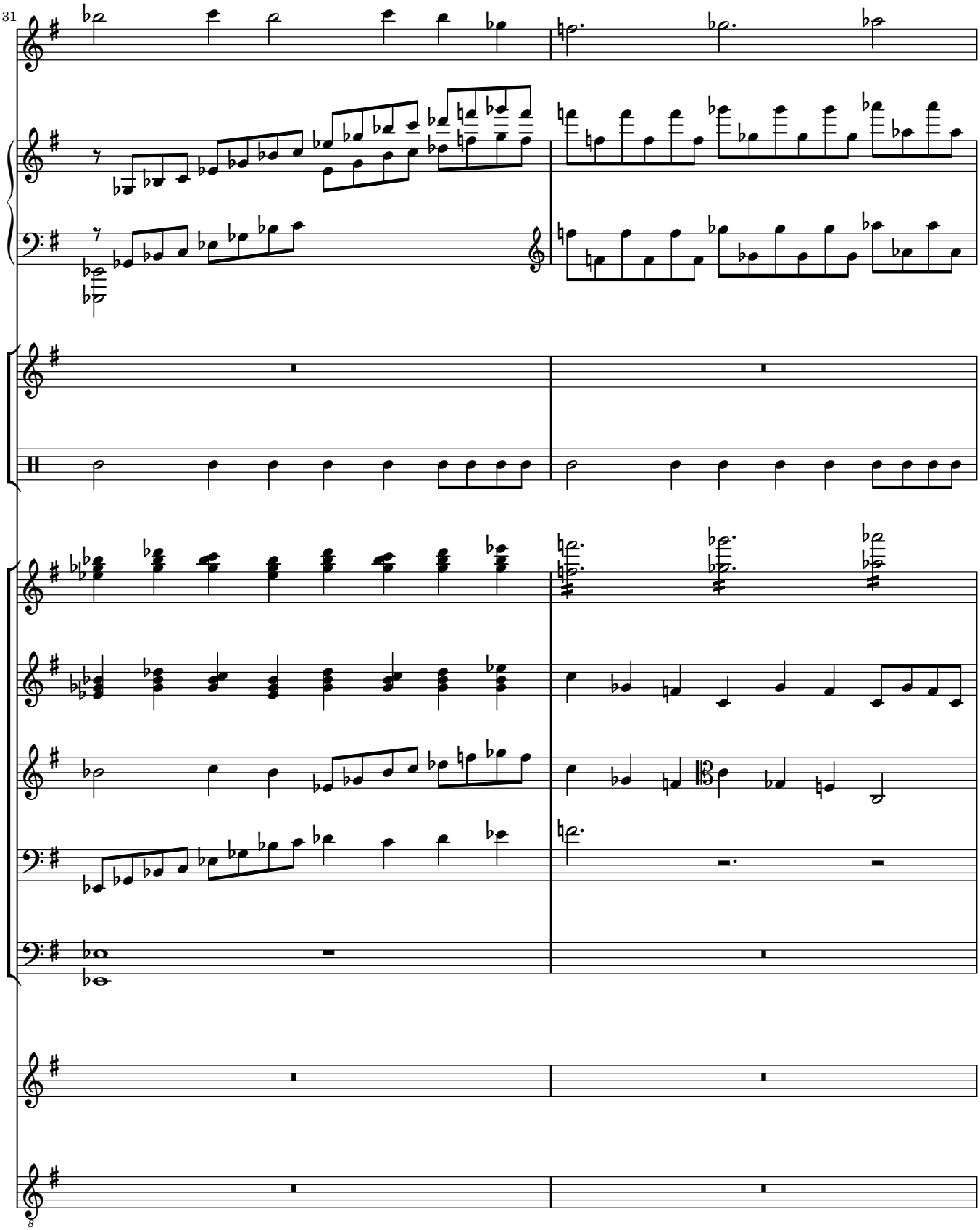
warm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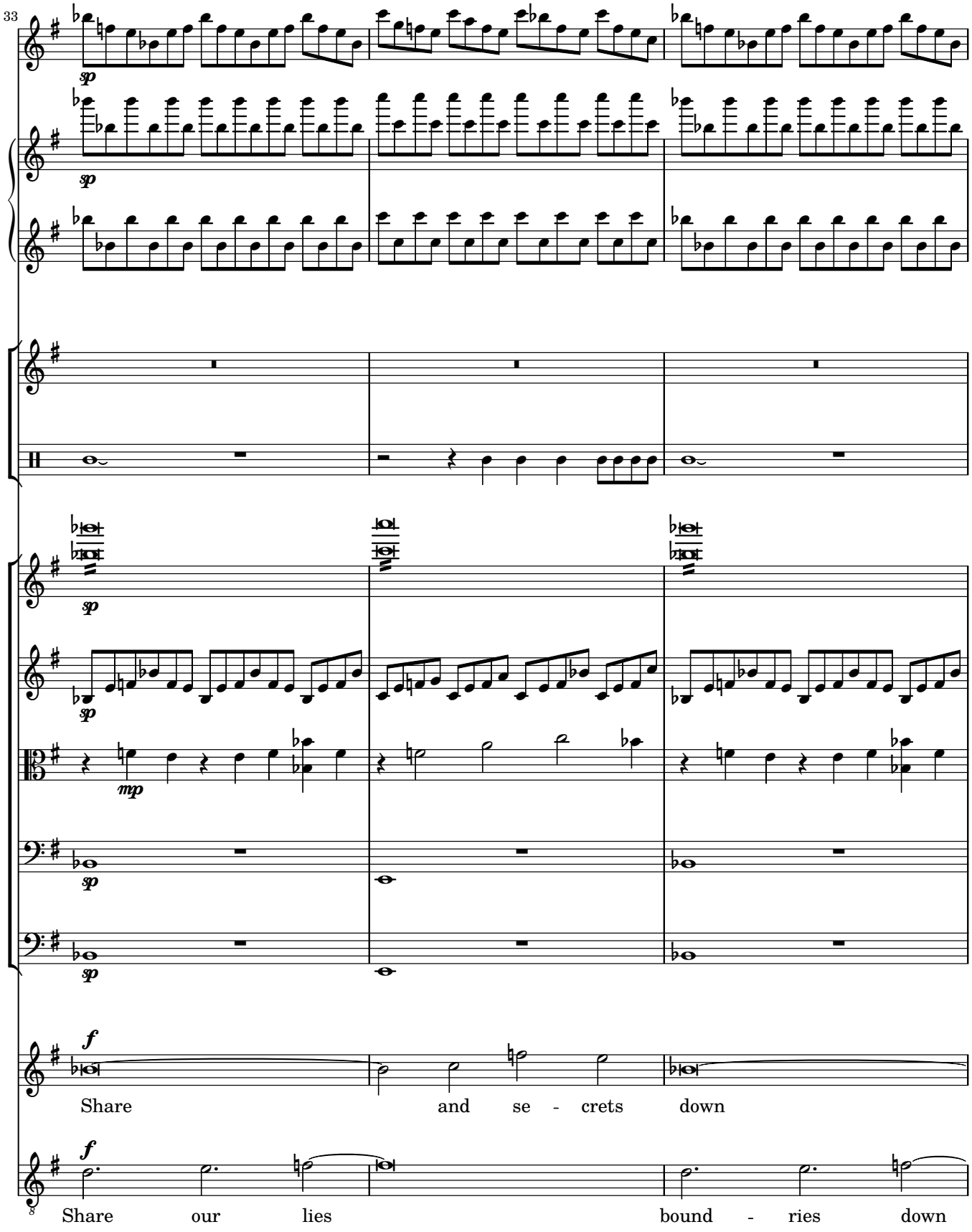
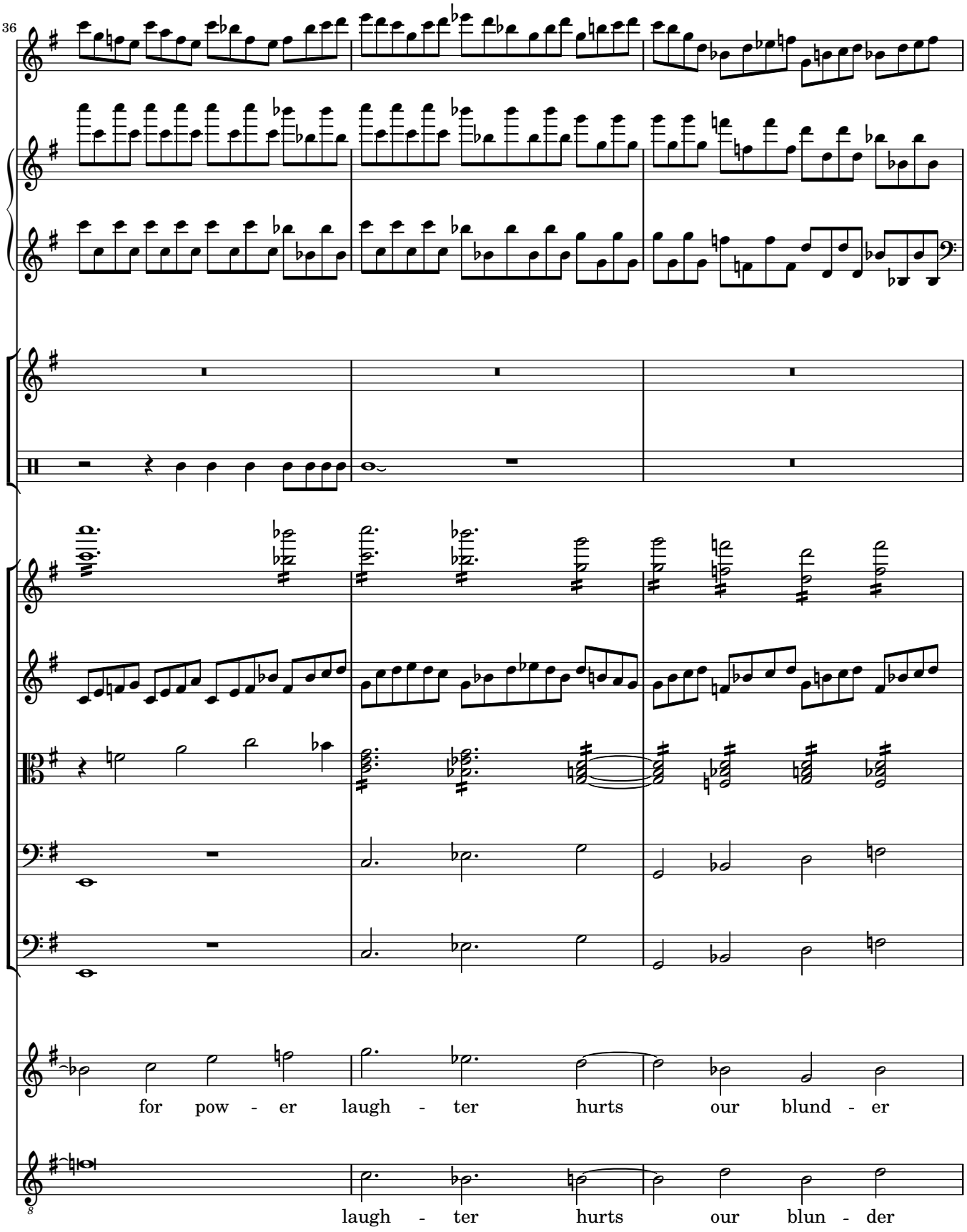

33
sp
mp
f
Share and se - crets down
Share our lies bound - ries down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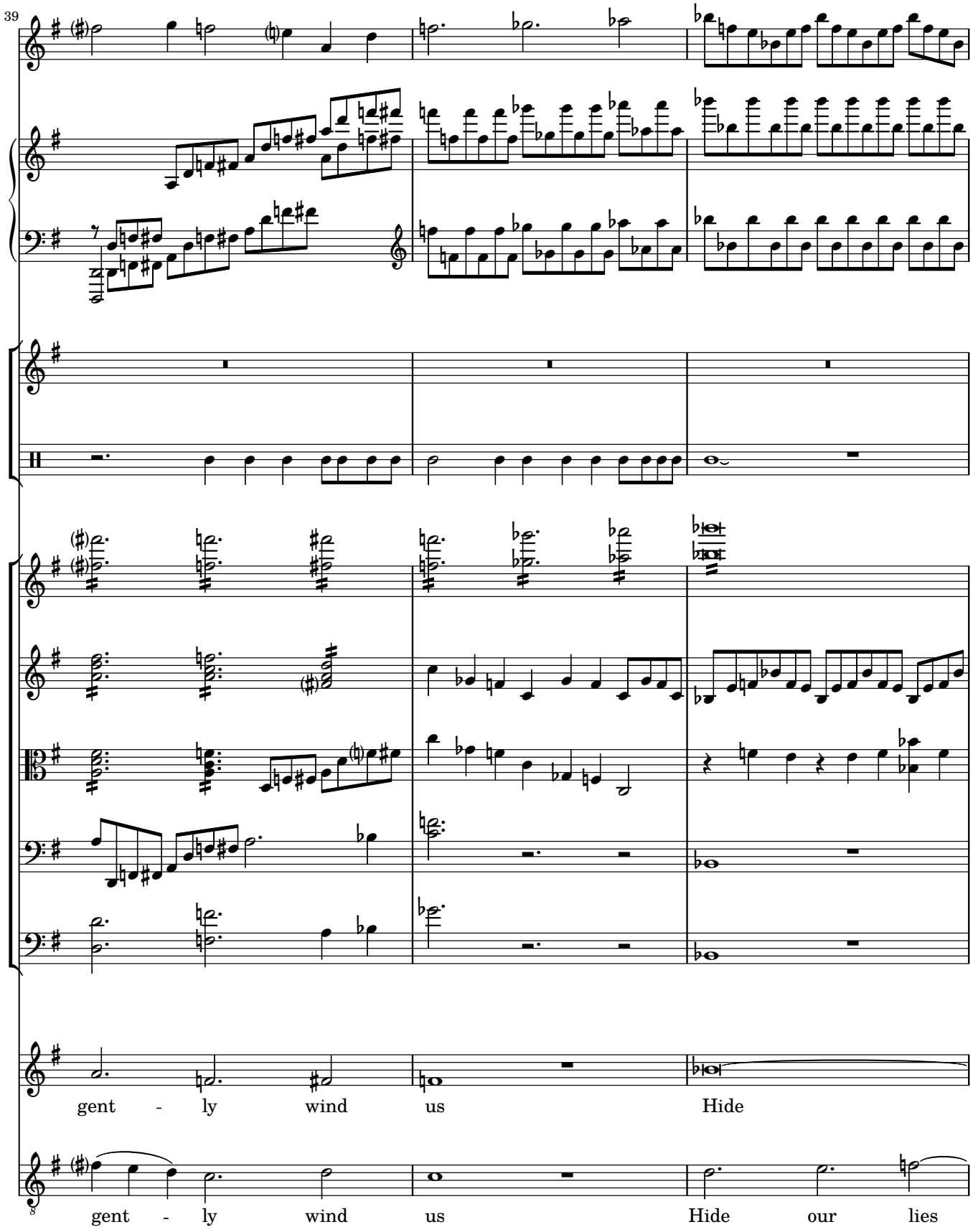
for pow - er laugh - ter hurts our blund - er
laugh - ter hurts our blun - der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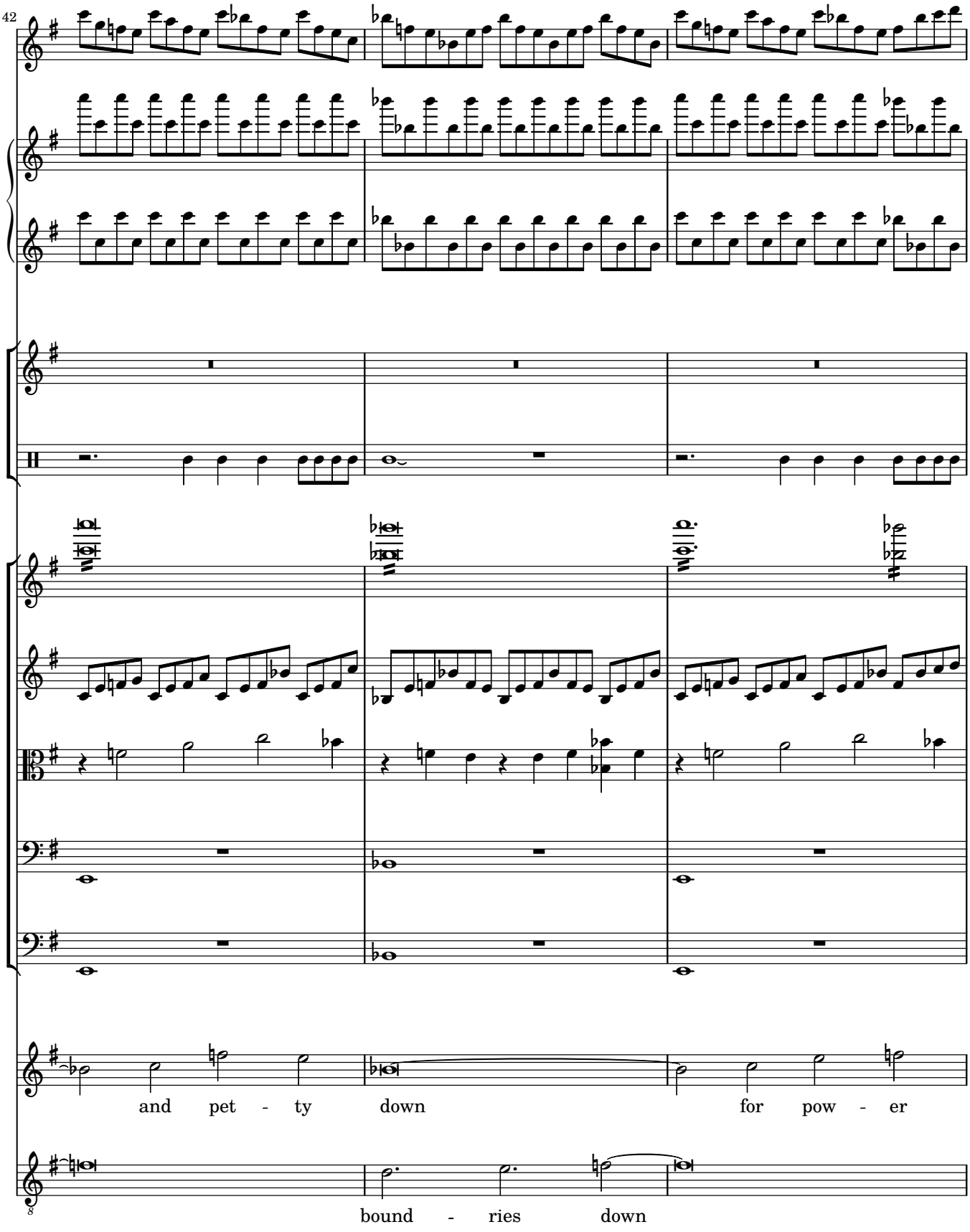
gent - ly wind us Hide
gent - ly wind us Hide our lies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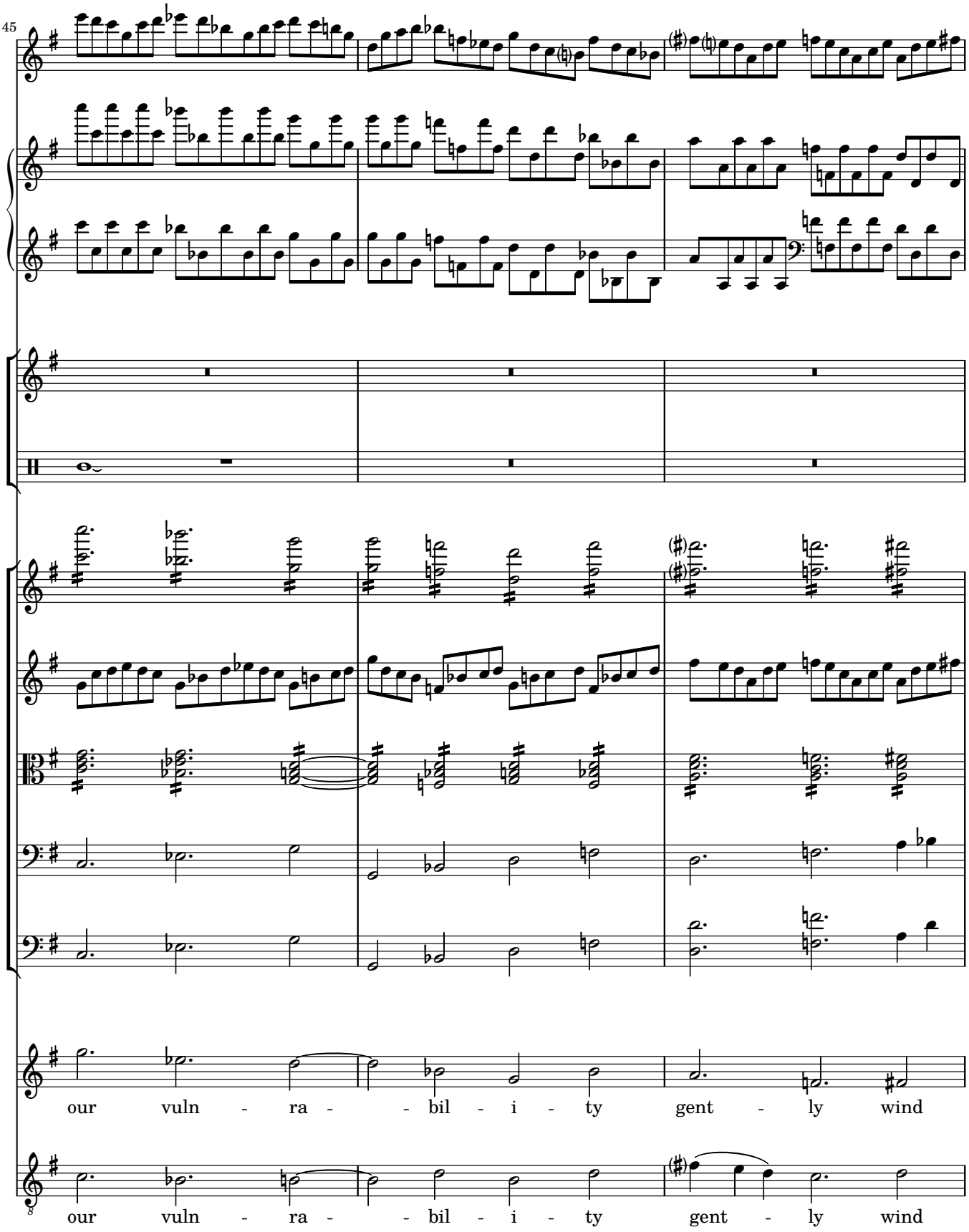
and pet - ty down for pow - er
bound - ries down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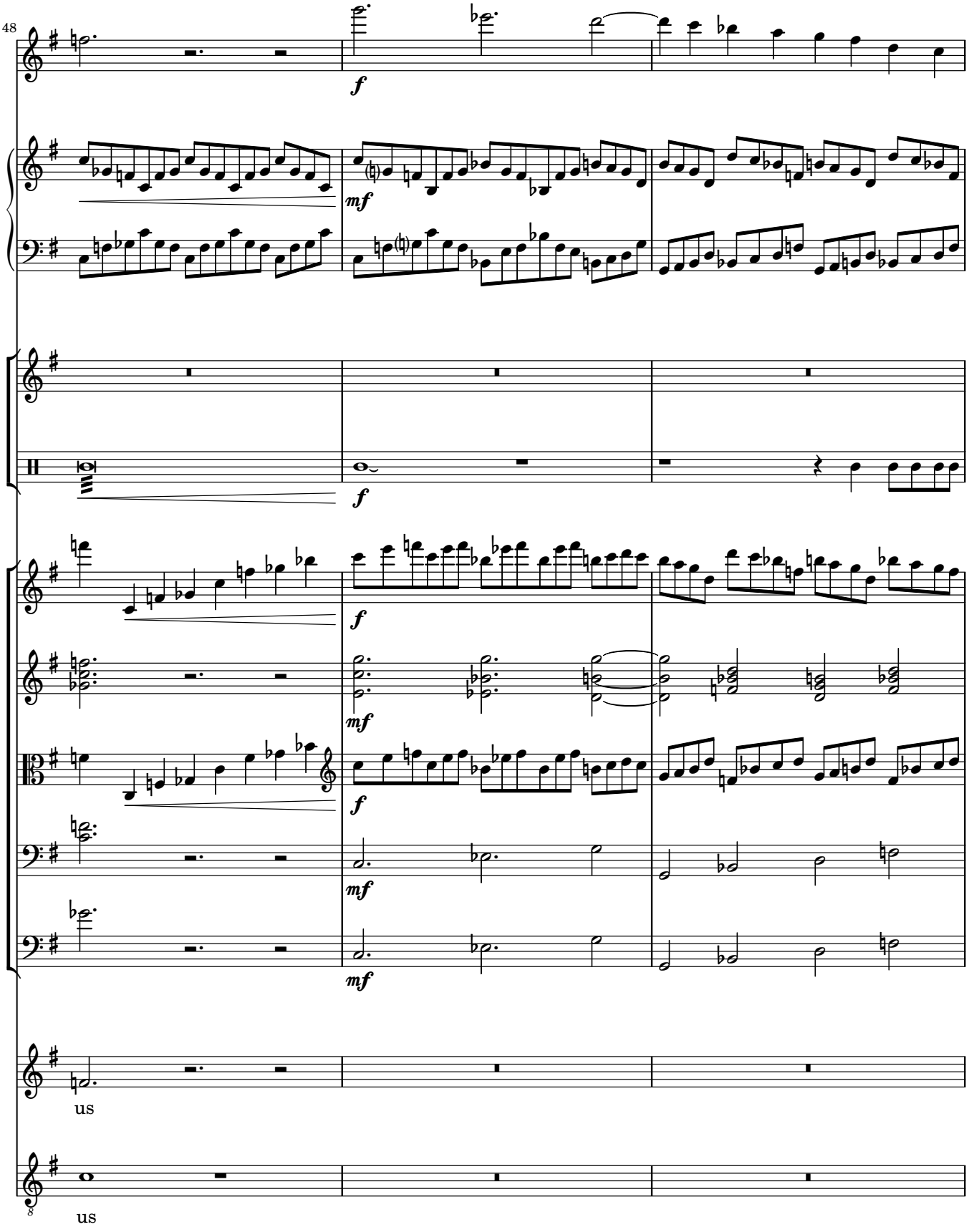
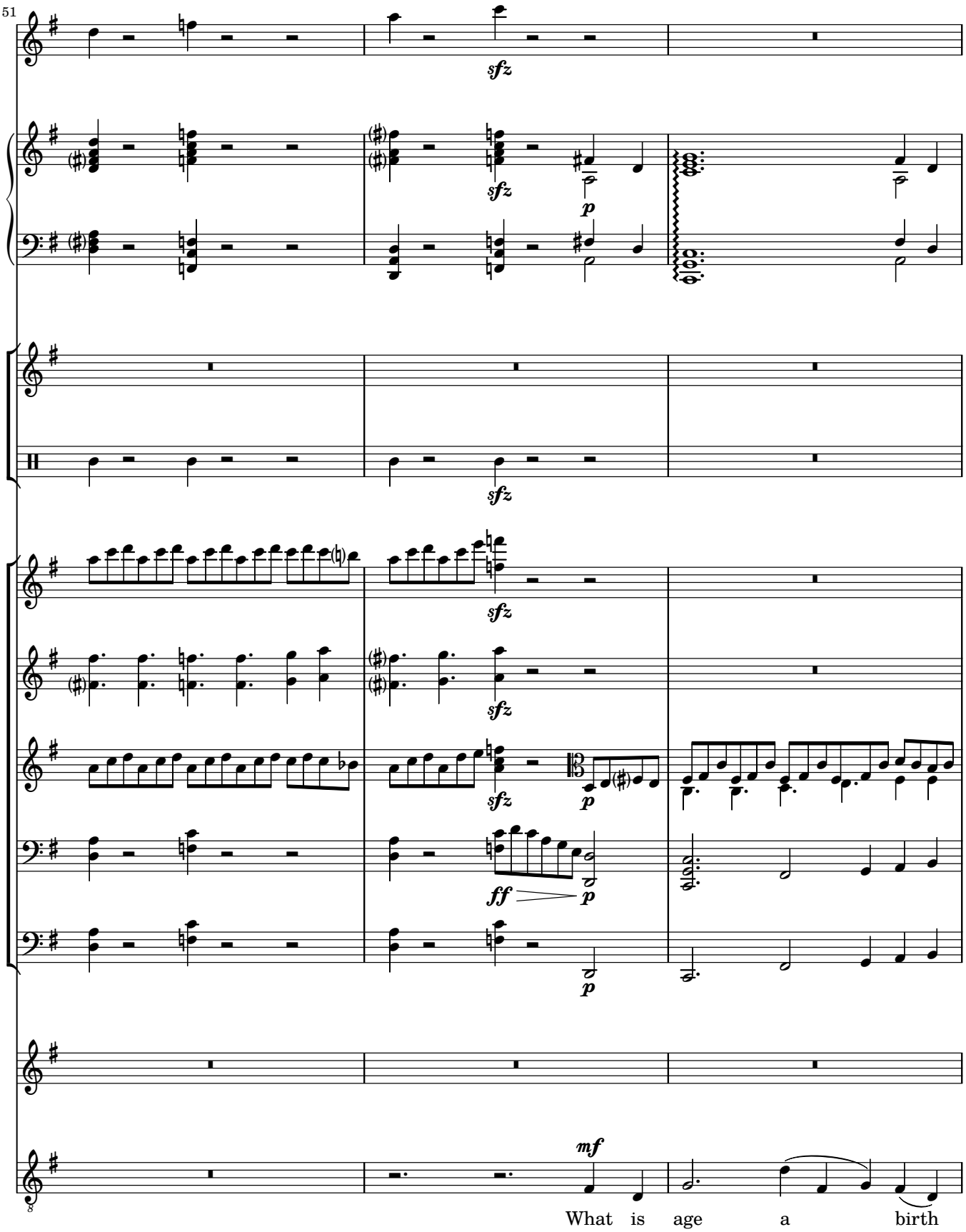
our vuln - ra - - bil - i - ty gent - ly wind
our vuln - ra - - bil - i - ty gent - ly wind


48
f
mf
f
f
mf
f
mf
mf
us
us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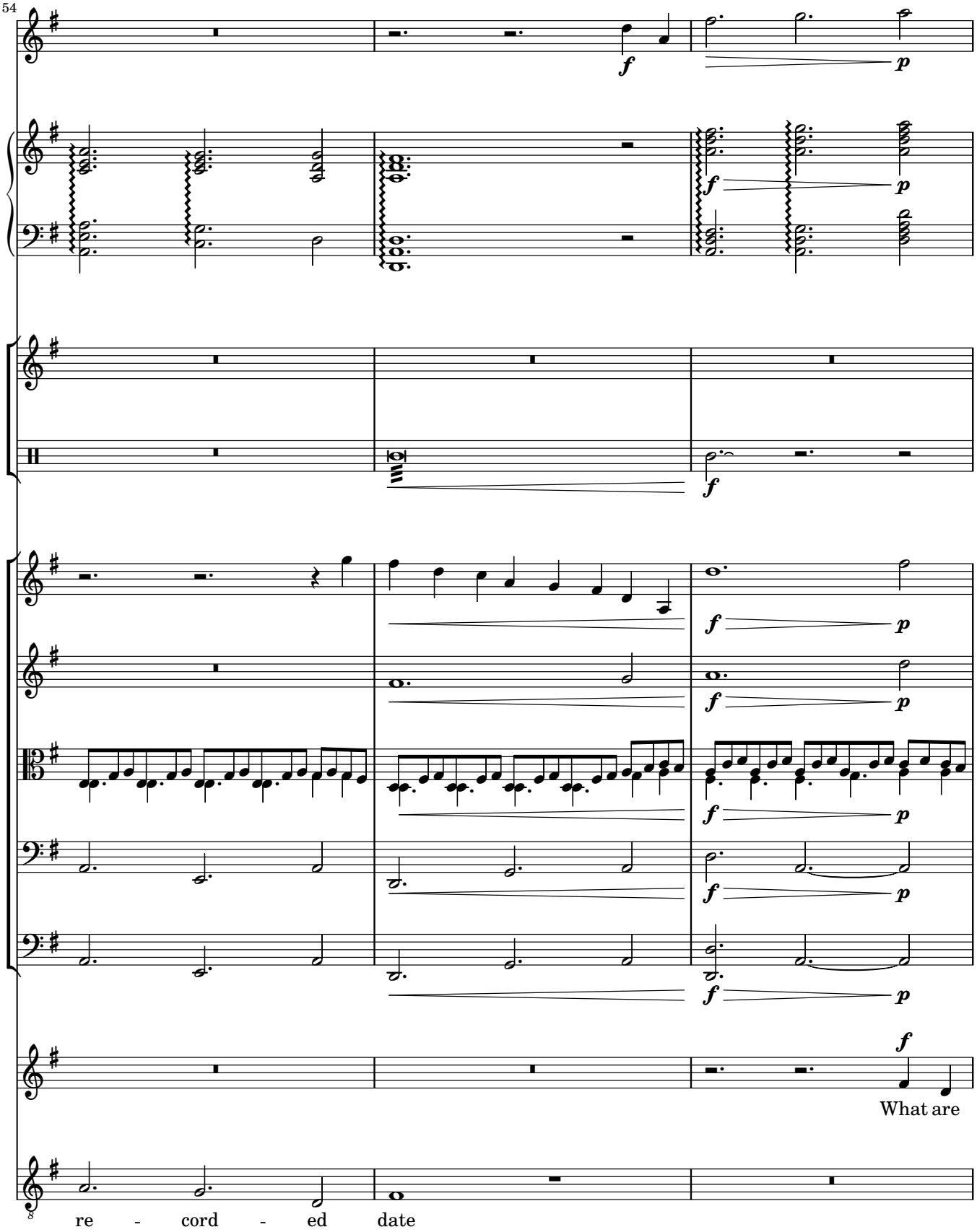
sfz
p
mf
What is age a birth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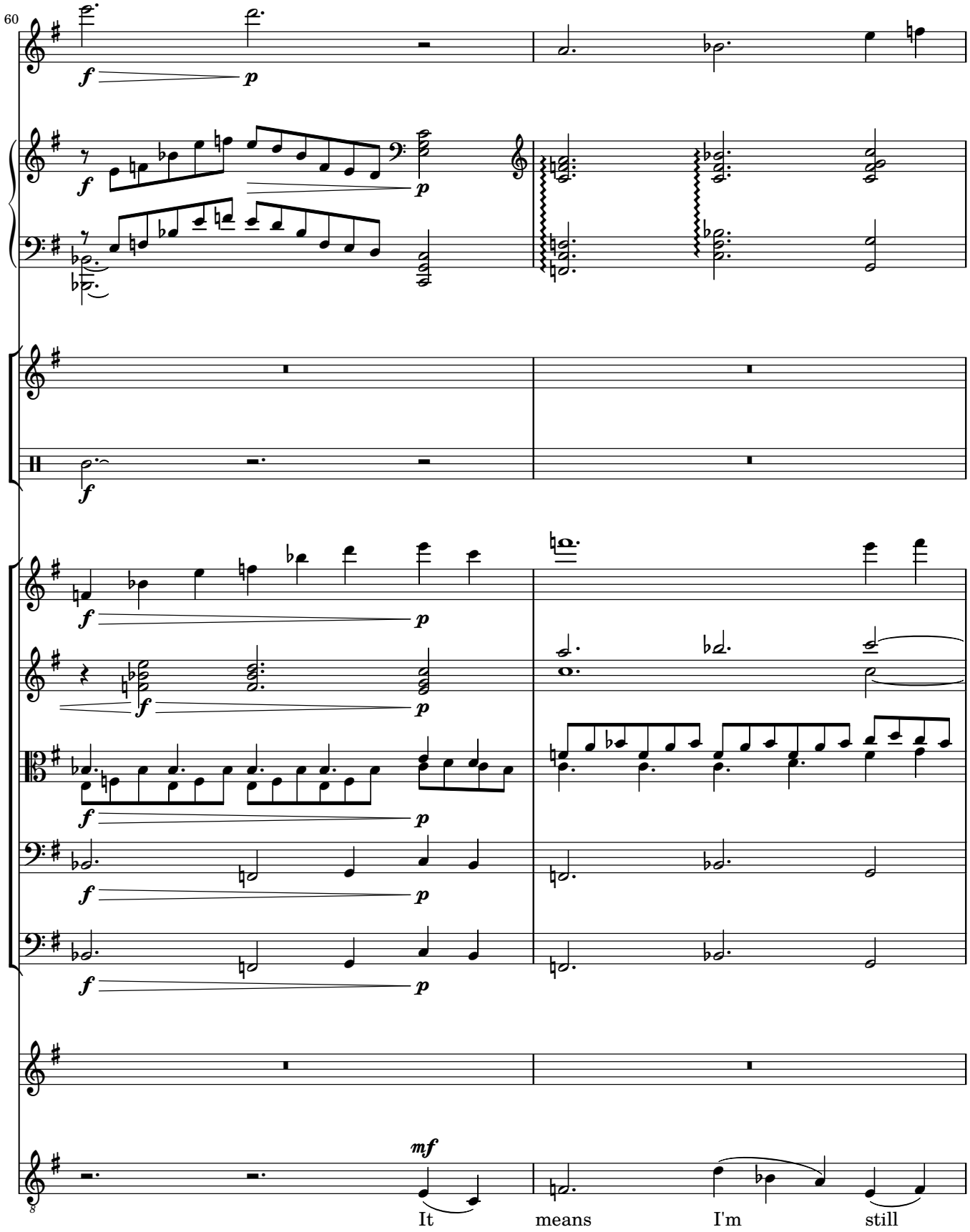
What are
re - cord - ed date

57

you, it's the same year mother mine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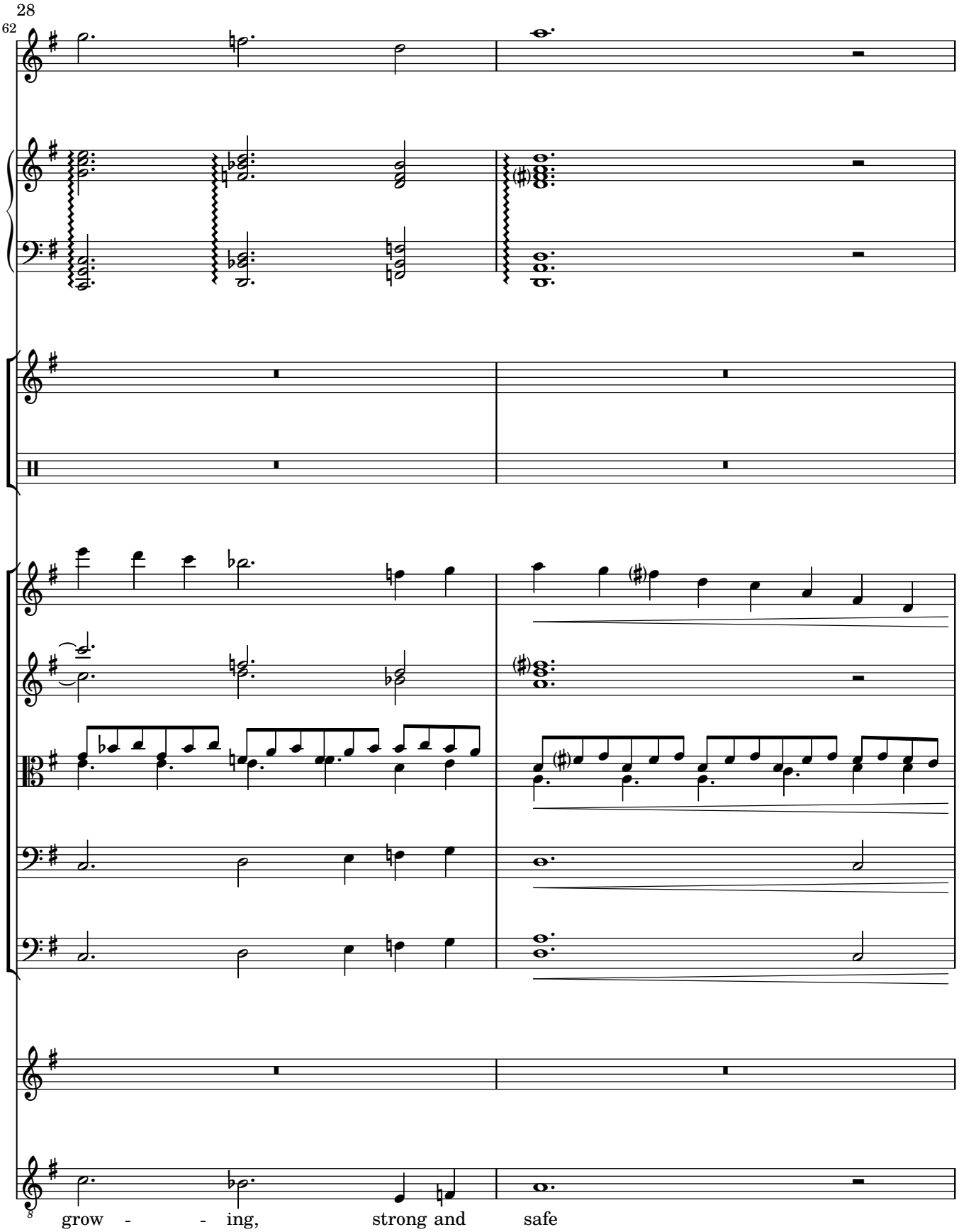
It
means
I'm
still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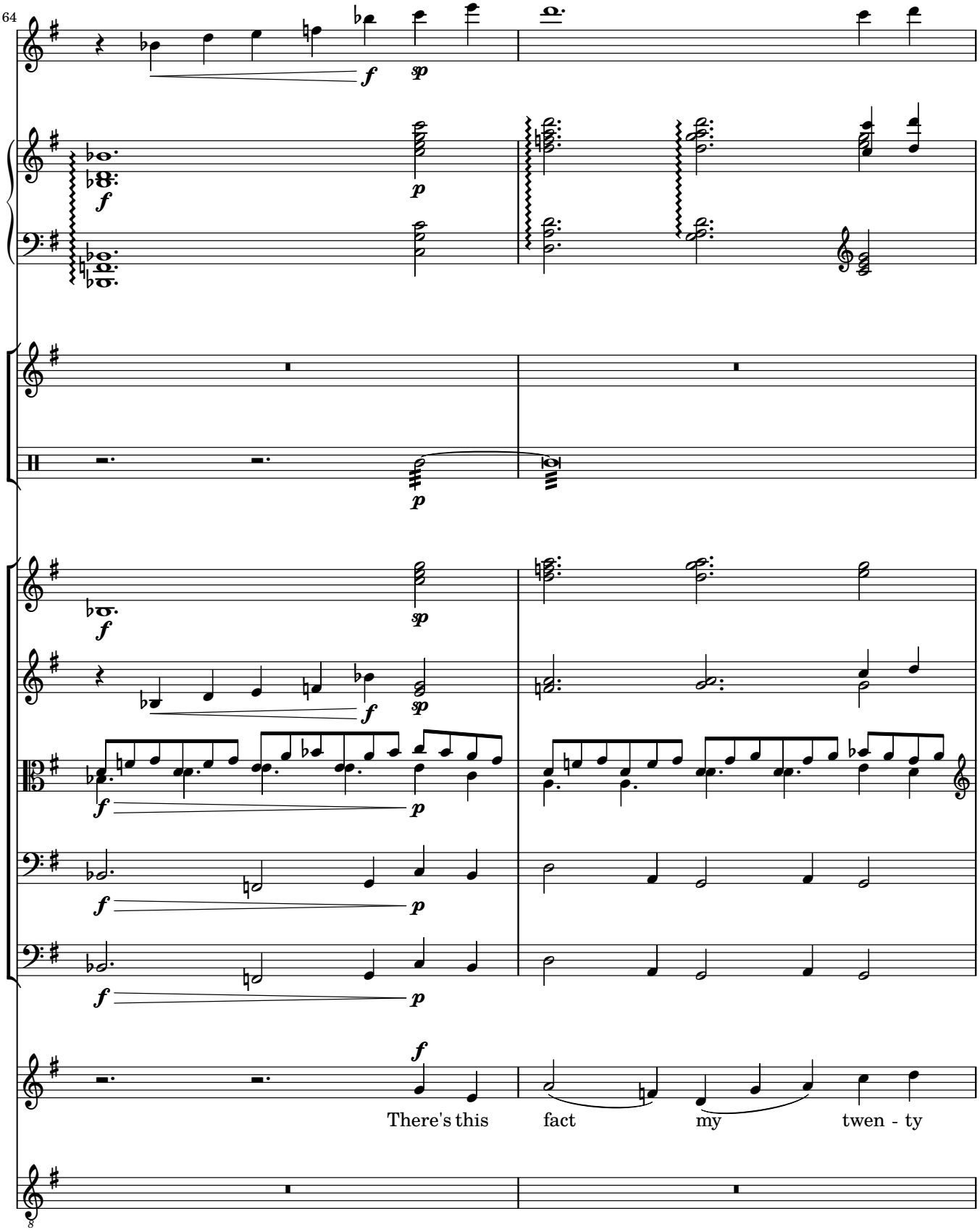
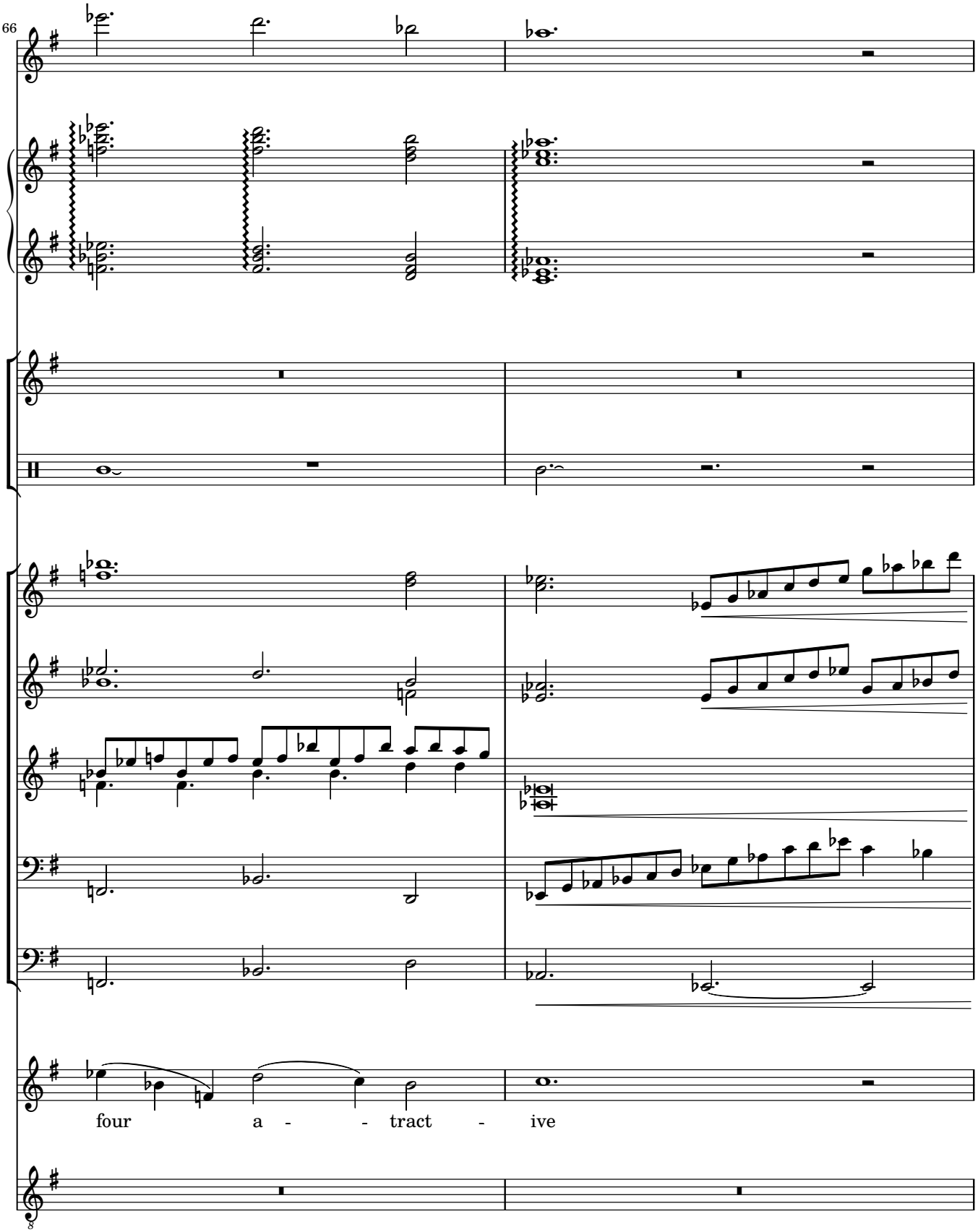
62
grow - - ing, strong and safe

64

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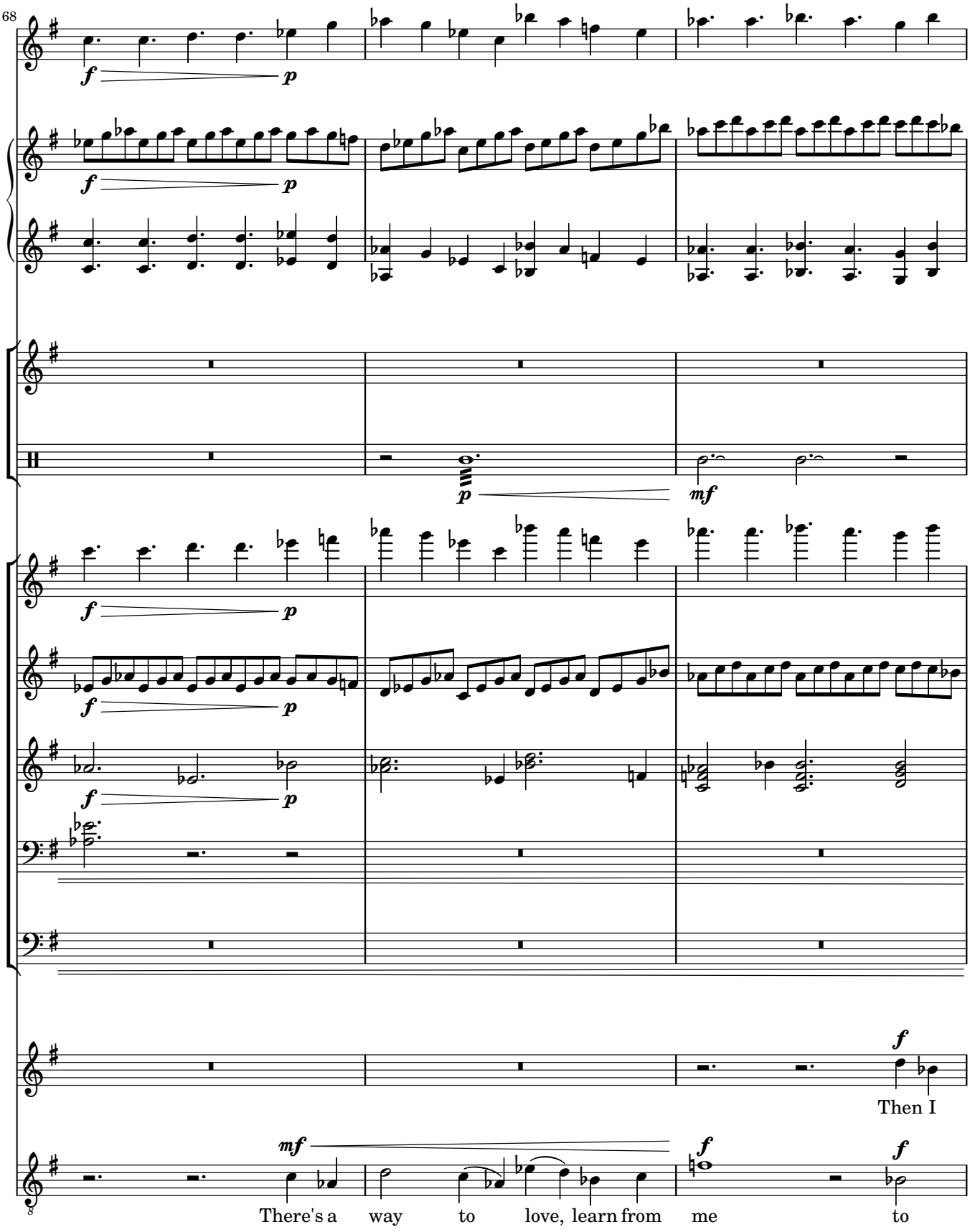
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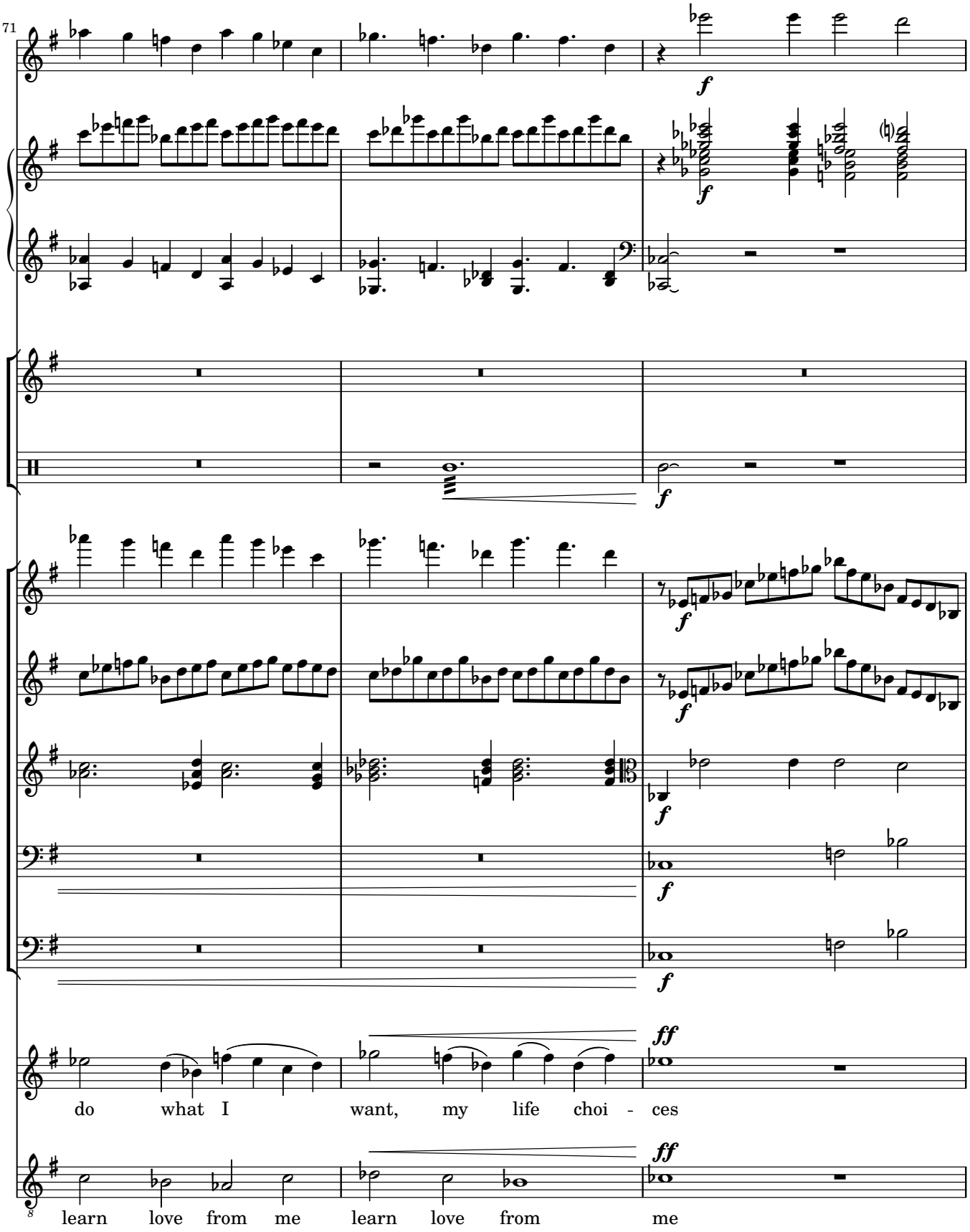
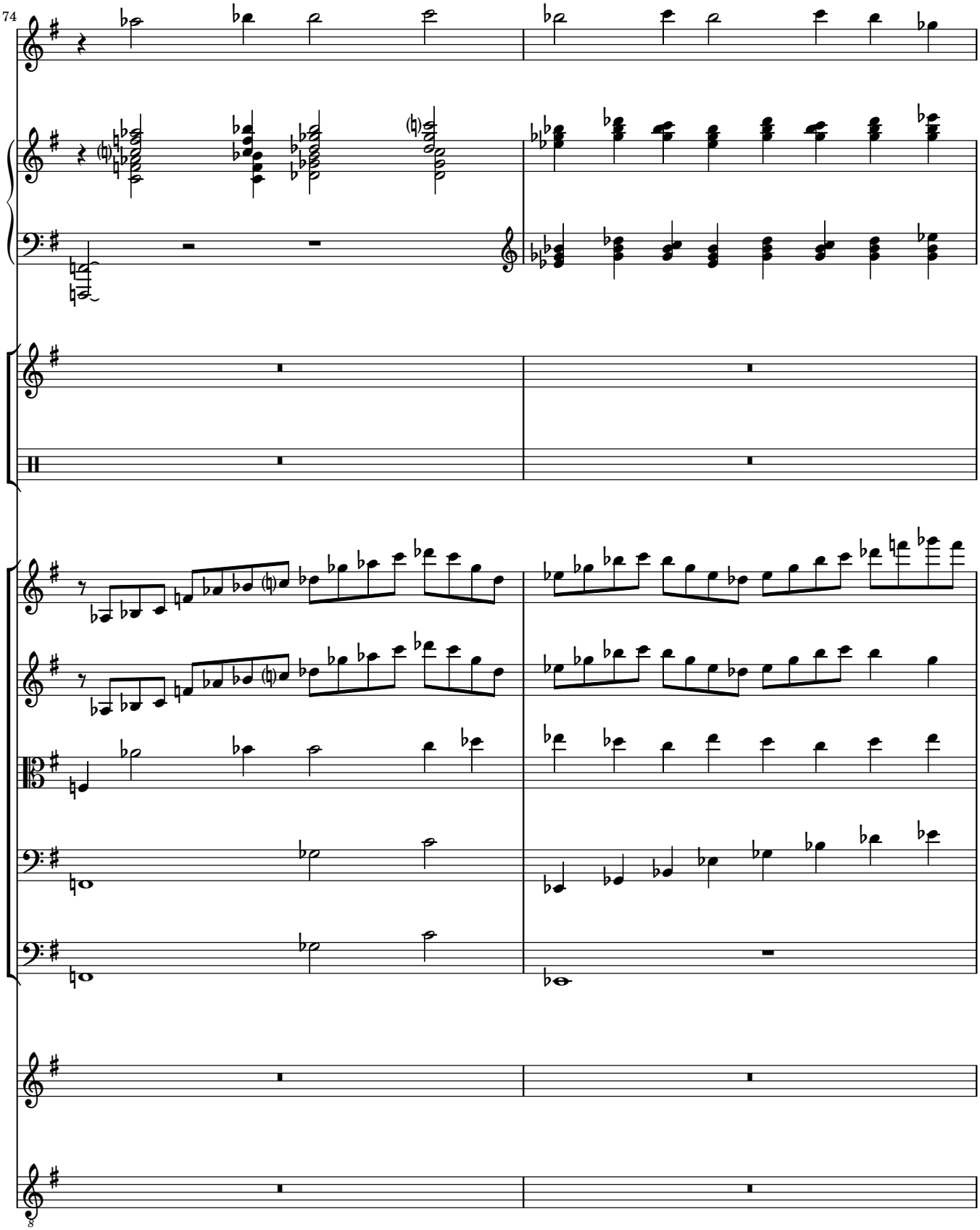
Then I
There's a way to love, learn from me to

71


f
f
f
f
f
f
f
ff
ff
do what I want, my life choi - ces
learn love from me learn love from me


74

76

sp

sp

Glockenspiel

mf

sp

sp

sp

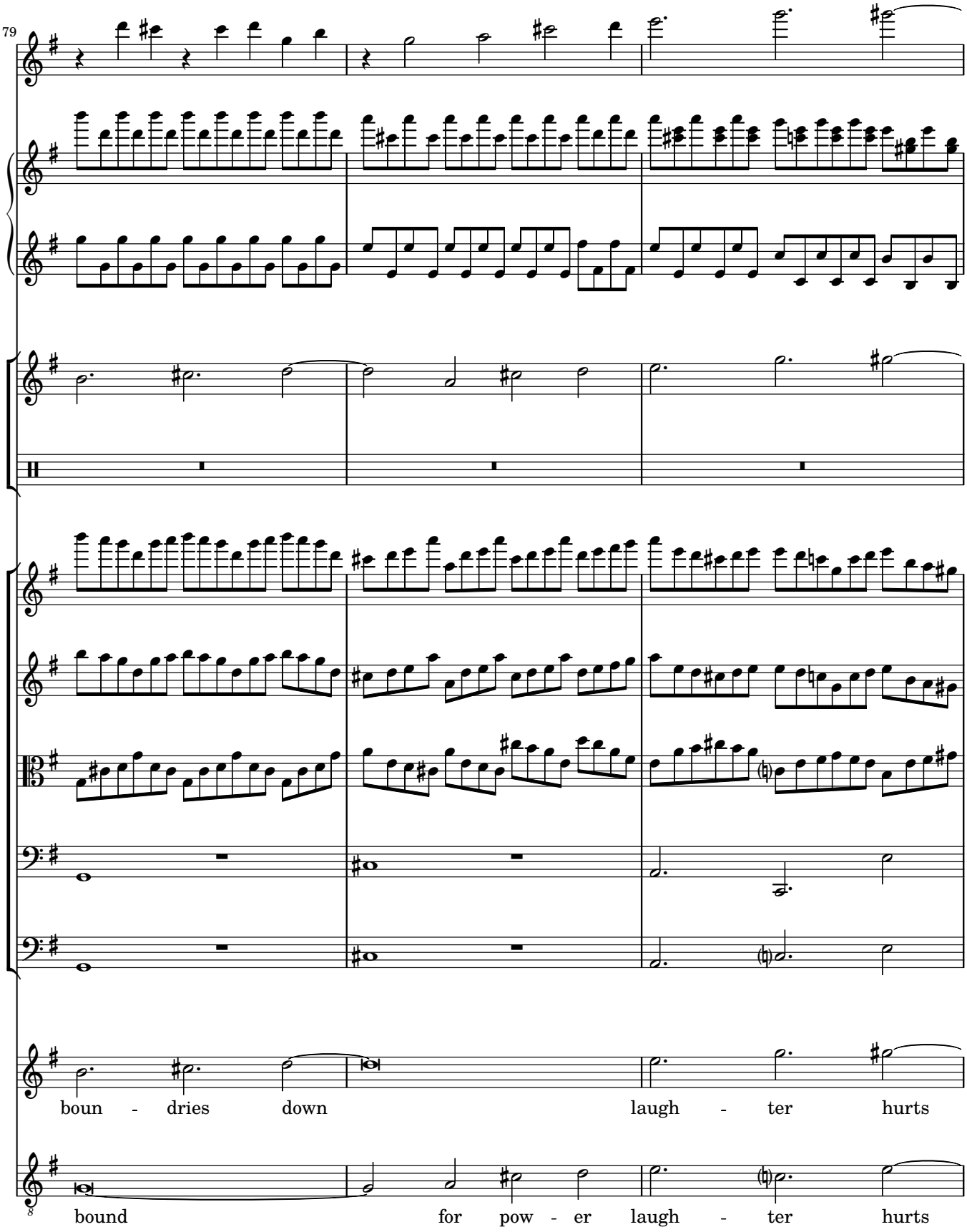
sp

f

Share our lies

f

Share and se - crets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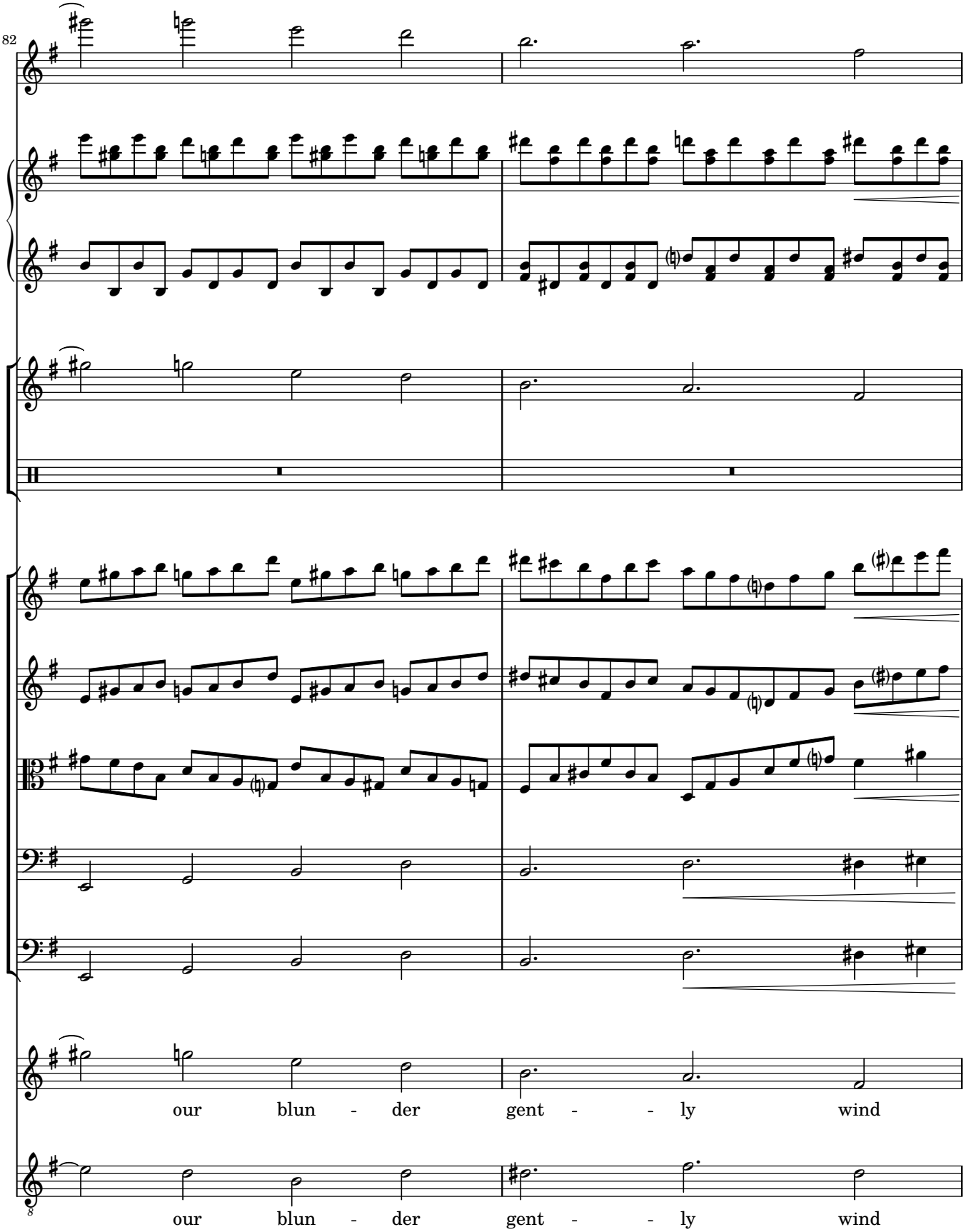
boun - dries down
laugh - ter hurts
bound
for pow - er
laugh - ter hurts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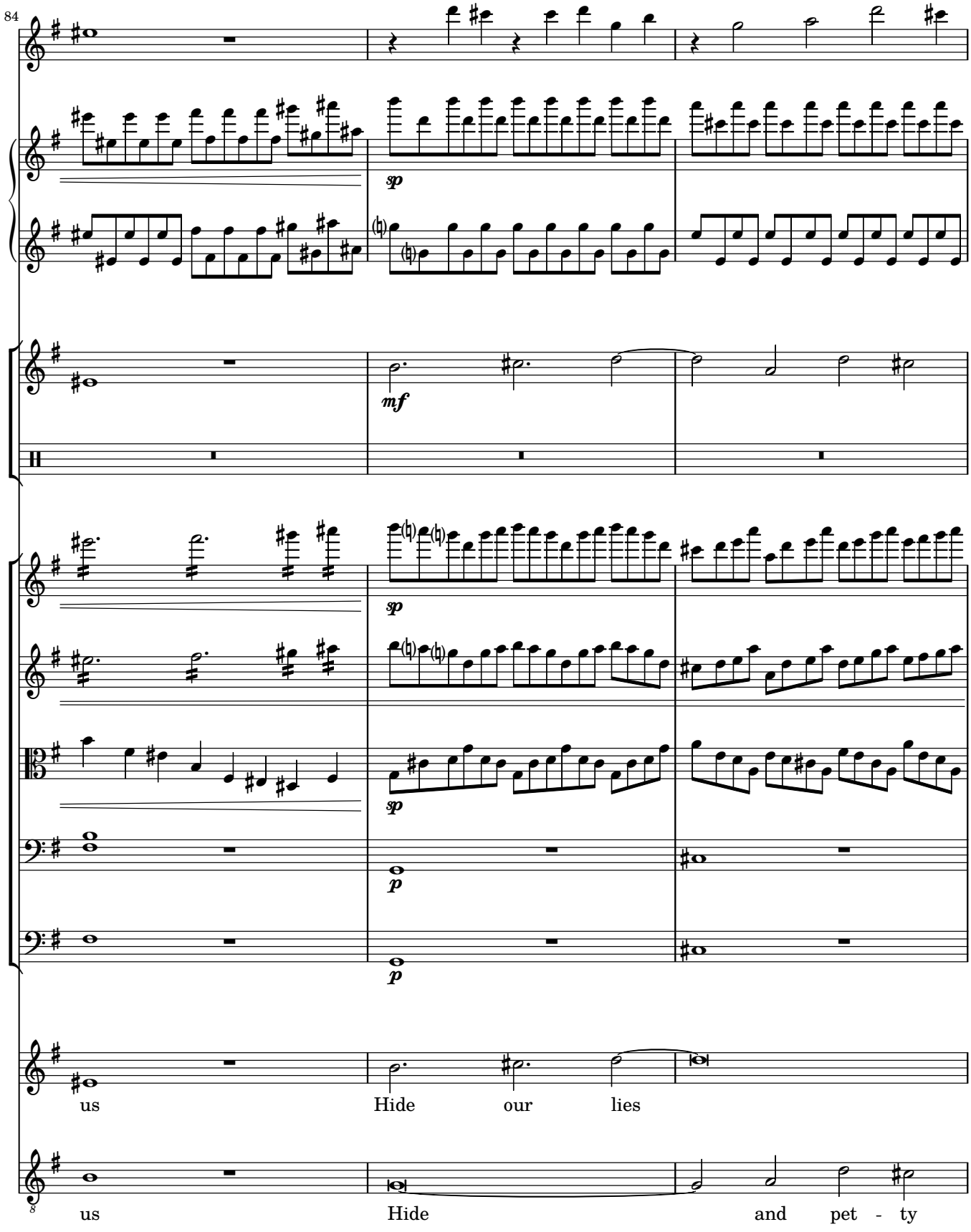
our blun - der gent - - ly wind
our blun - der gent - - ly wind


84
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Hide
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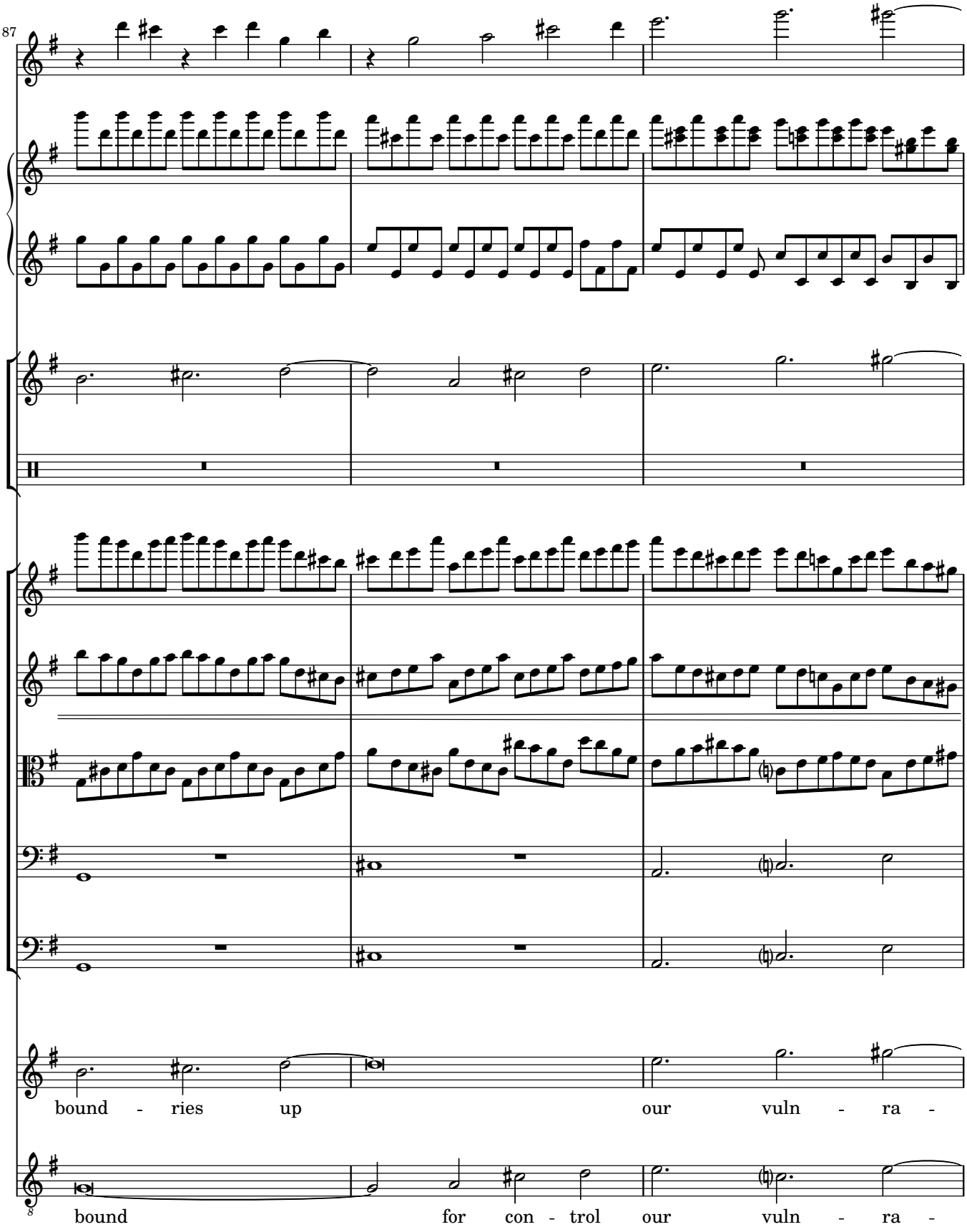
Hide
and
pet - ty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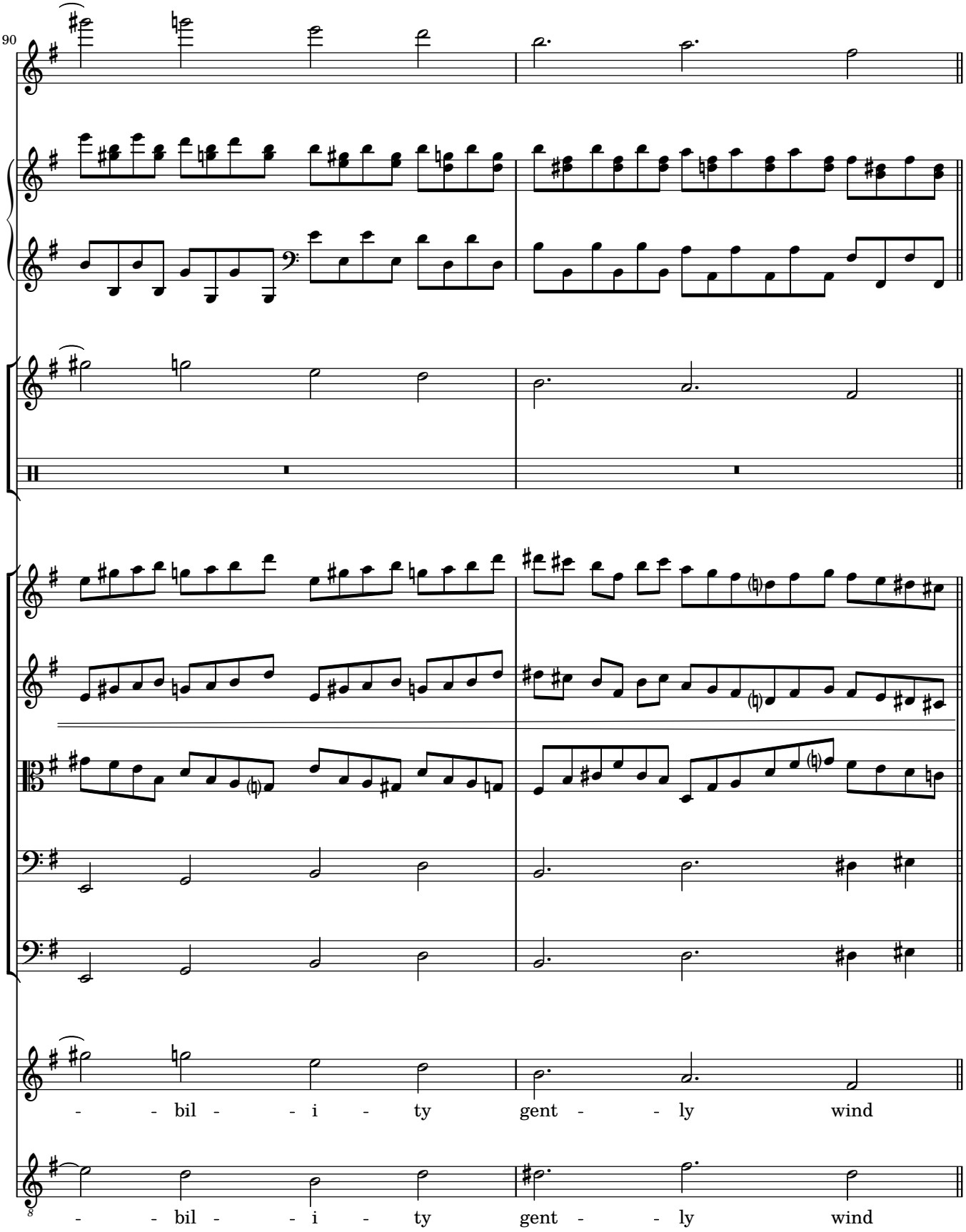
bound - ries up our vuln - ra -
bound for con - trol our vuln - ra -


90
- - bil - - i - ty gent - - ly wind
- - bil - - i - ty gent - - ly wind

92

Faster (𝅗𝅥 = 112)

f *p*

f *p*

f *mf*

f *p*

f *p*

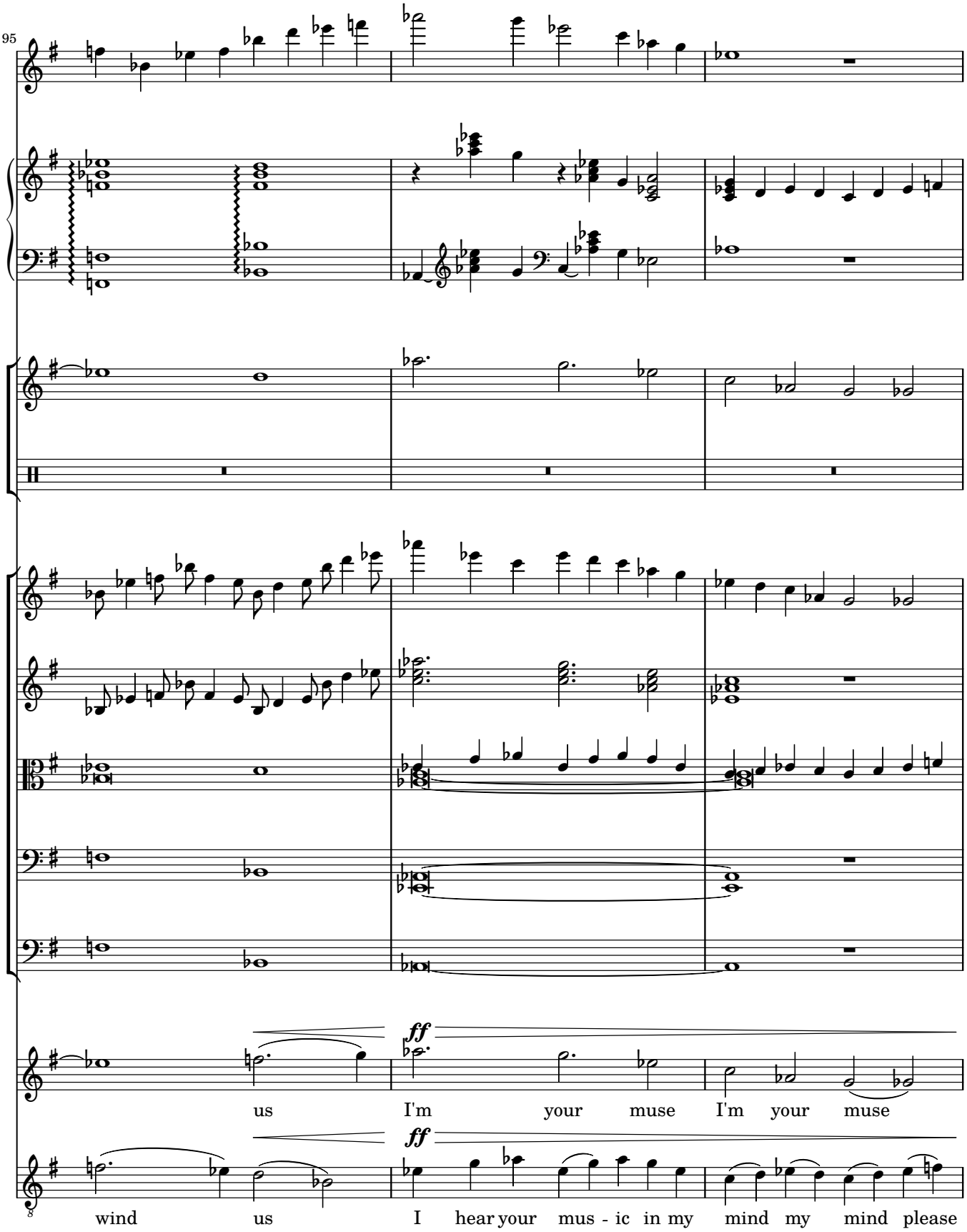
f *p*

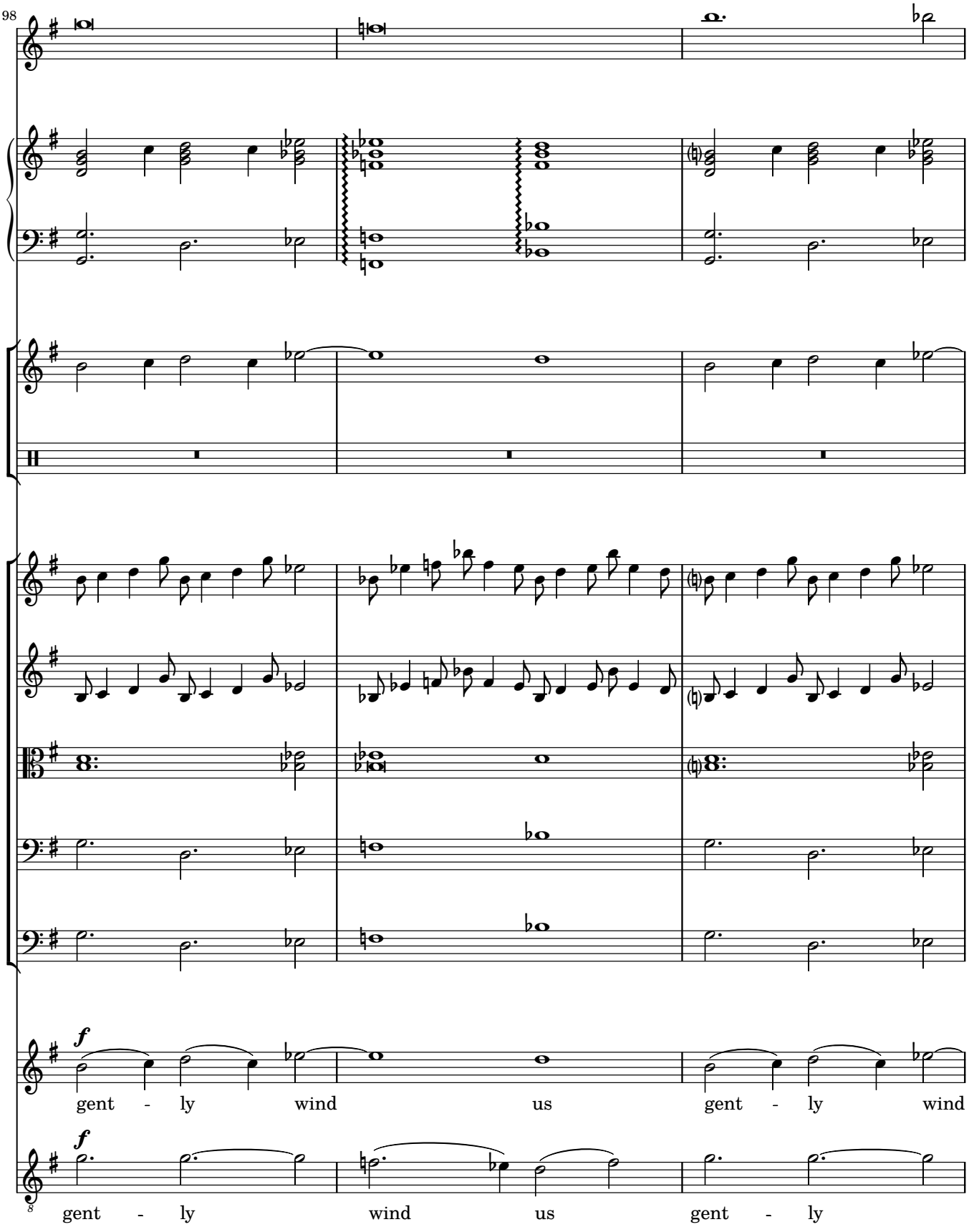
f

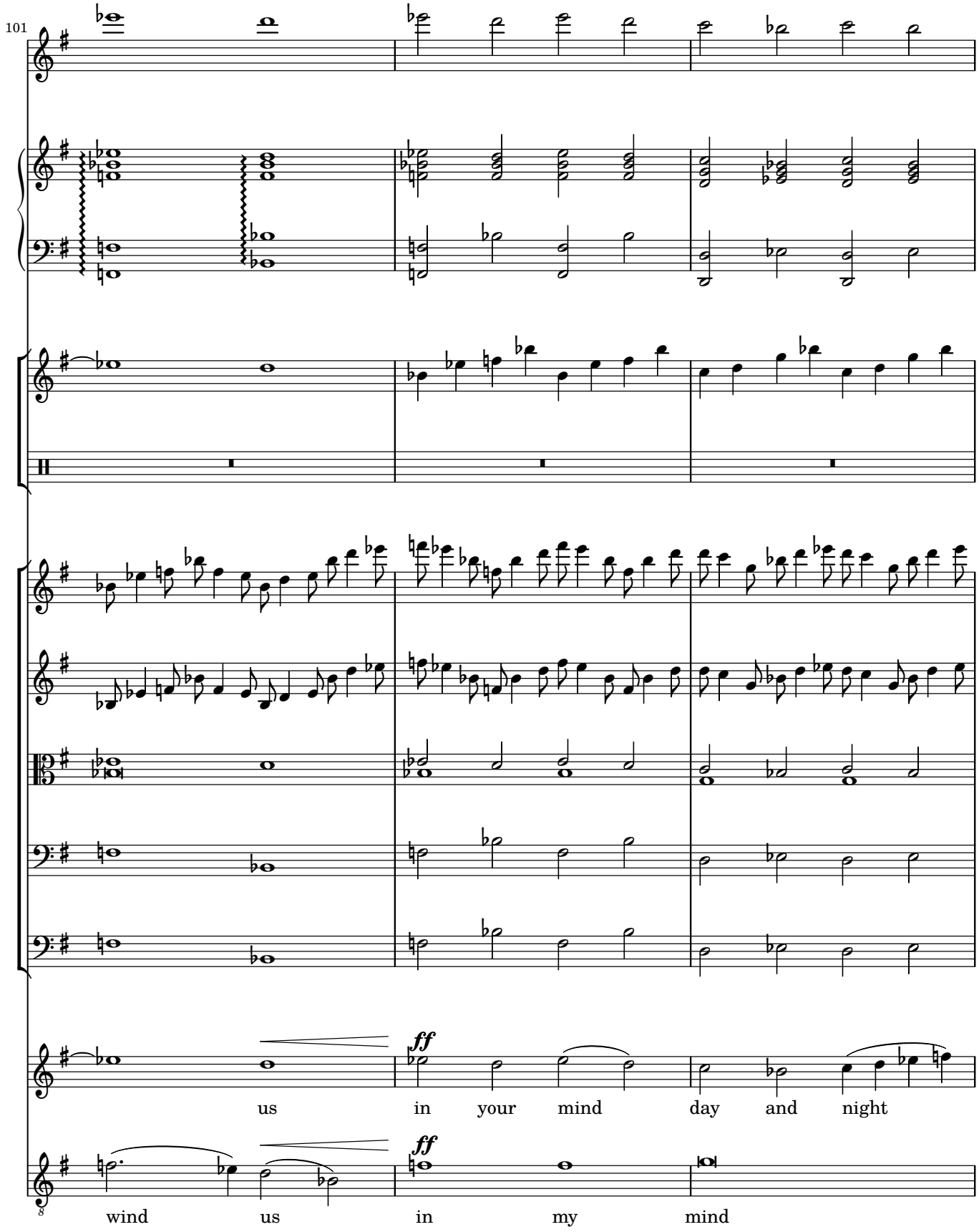
us gent - ly wind

f

us gent - ly


95
ff
us
I'm your muse I'm your muse
ff
wind us
I hear your mus - ic in my mind my mind please


98
f
gent - ly wind us gent - ly wind
f
8
gent - ly wind us gent - ly

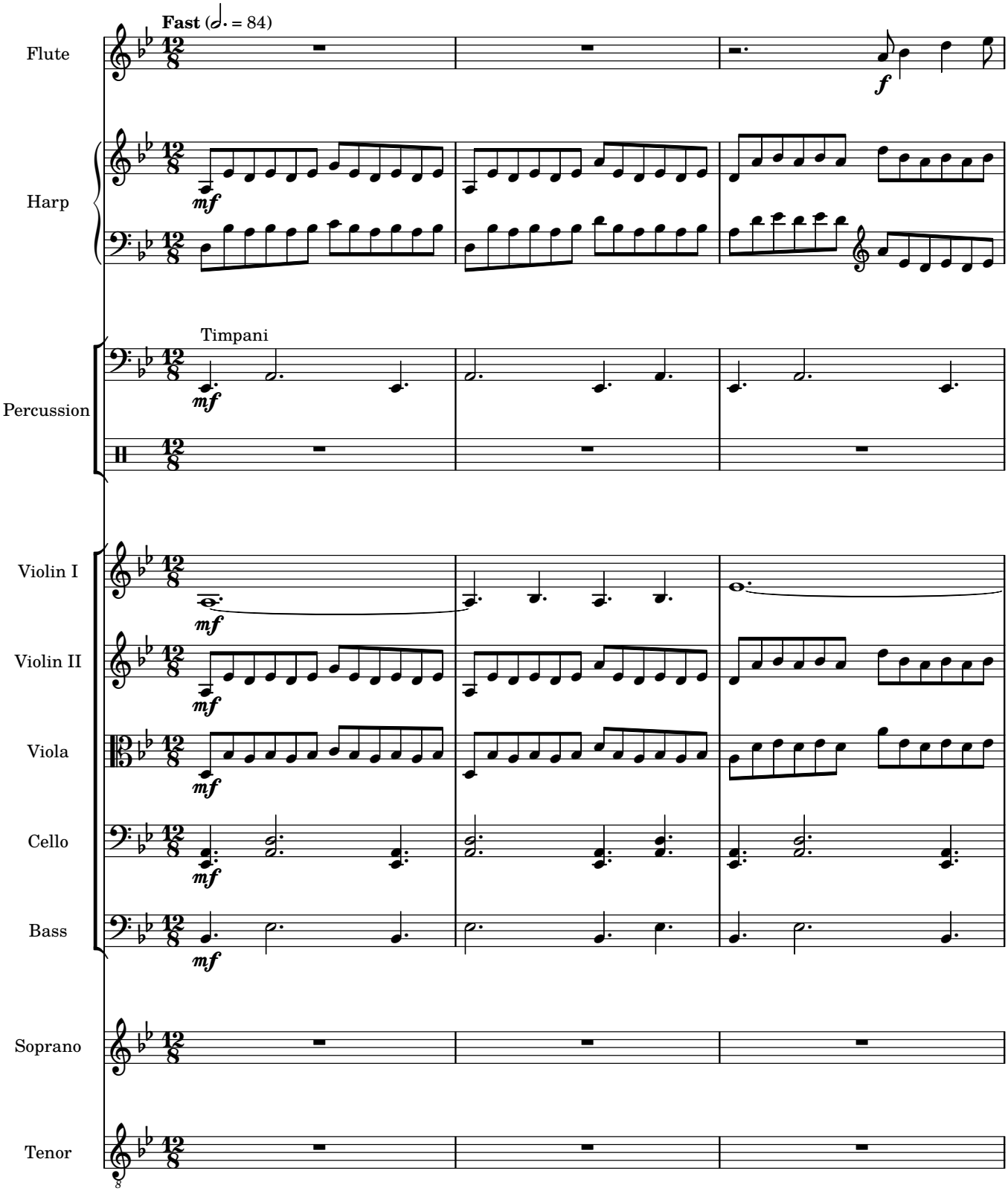

101
ff
us in your mind day and night
ff
wind us in my mind

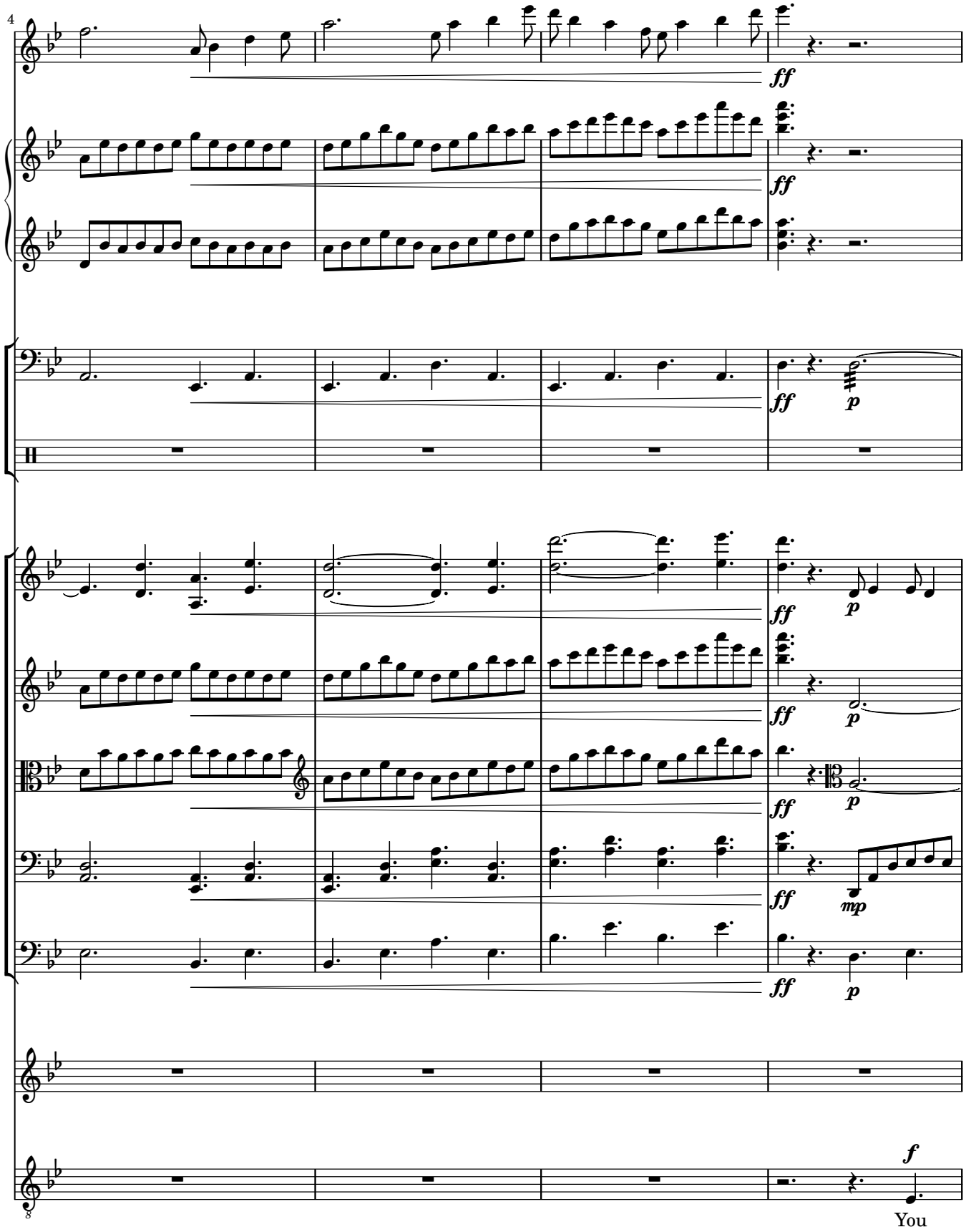
104

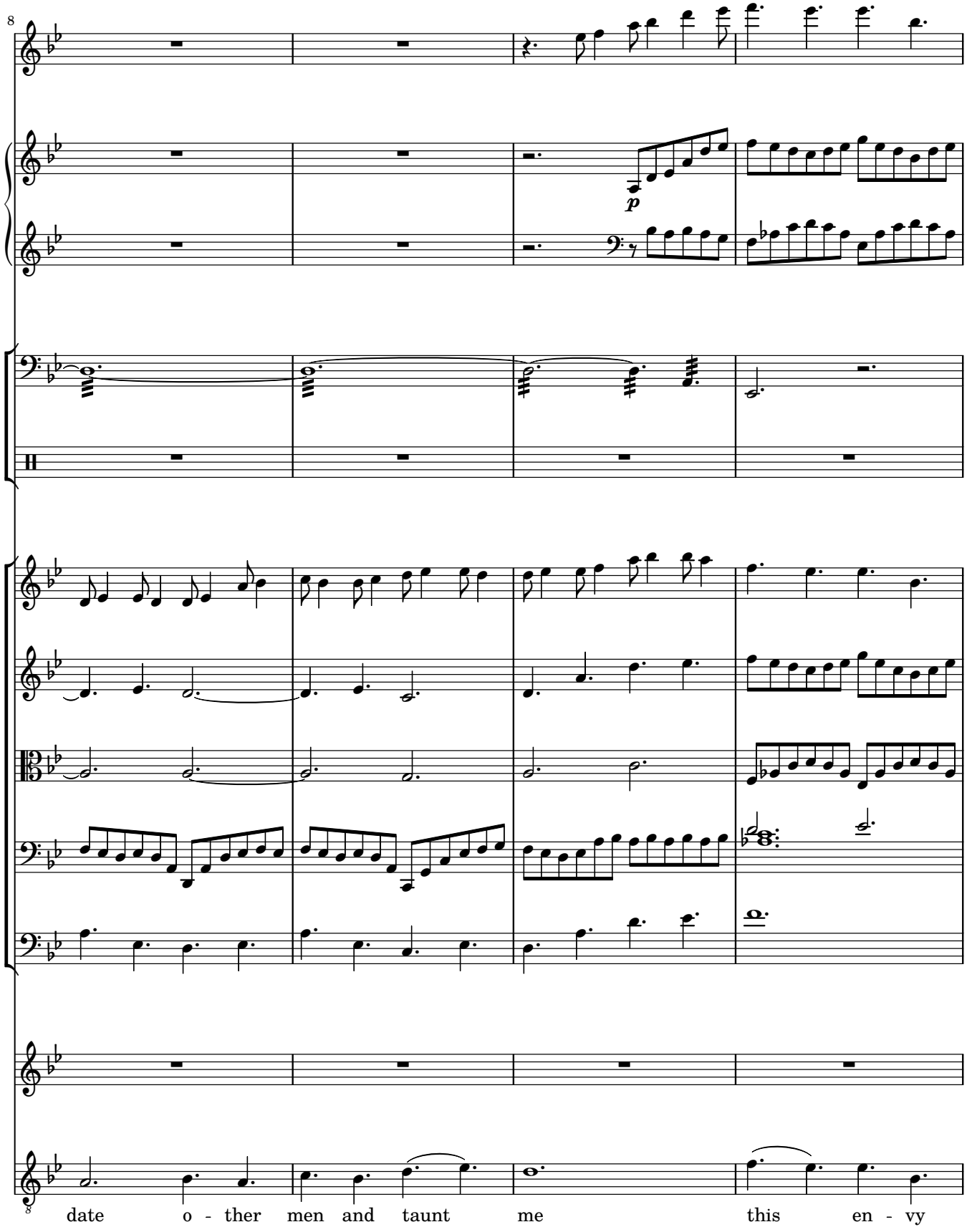
I can hurt you and you come back and you come back and I can hurt you, you are mine

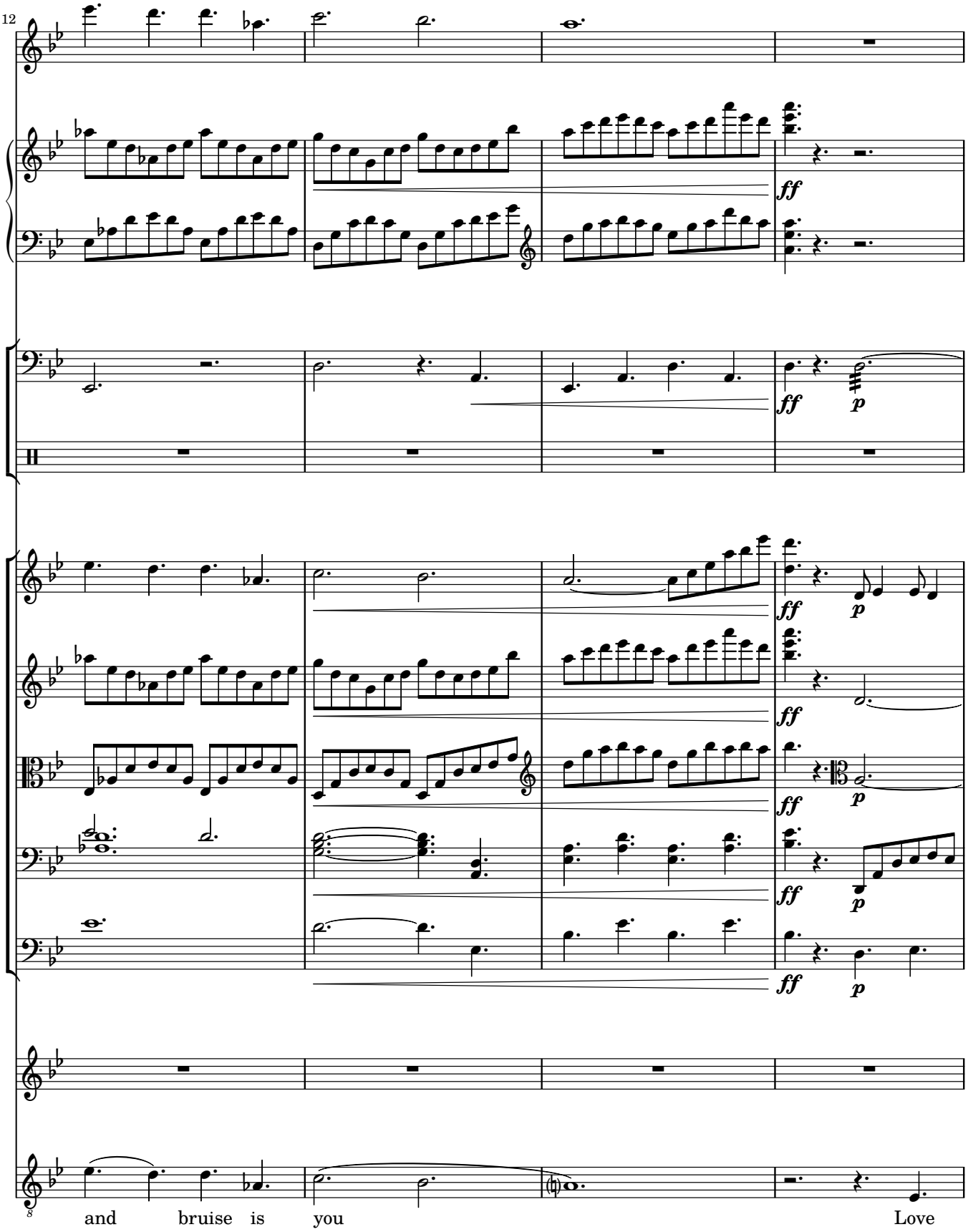
Breaking Toys

Craig Bakalian



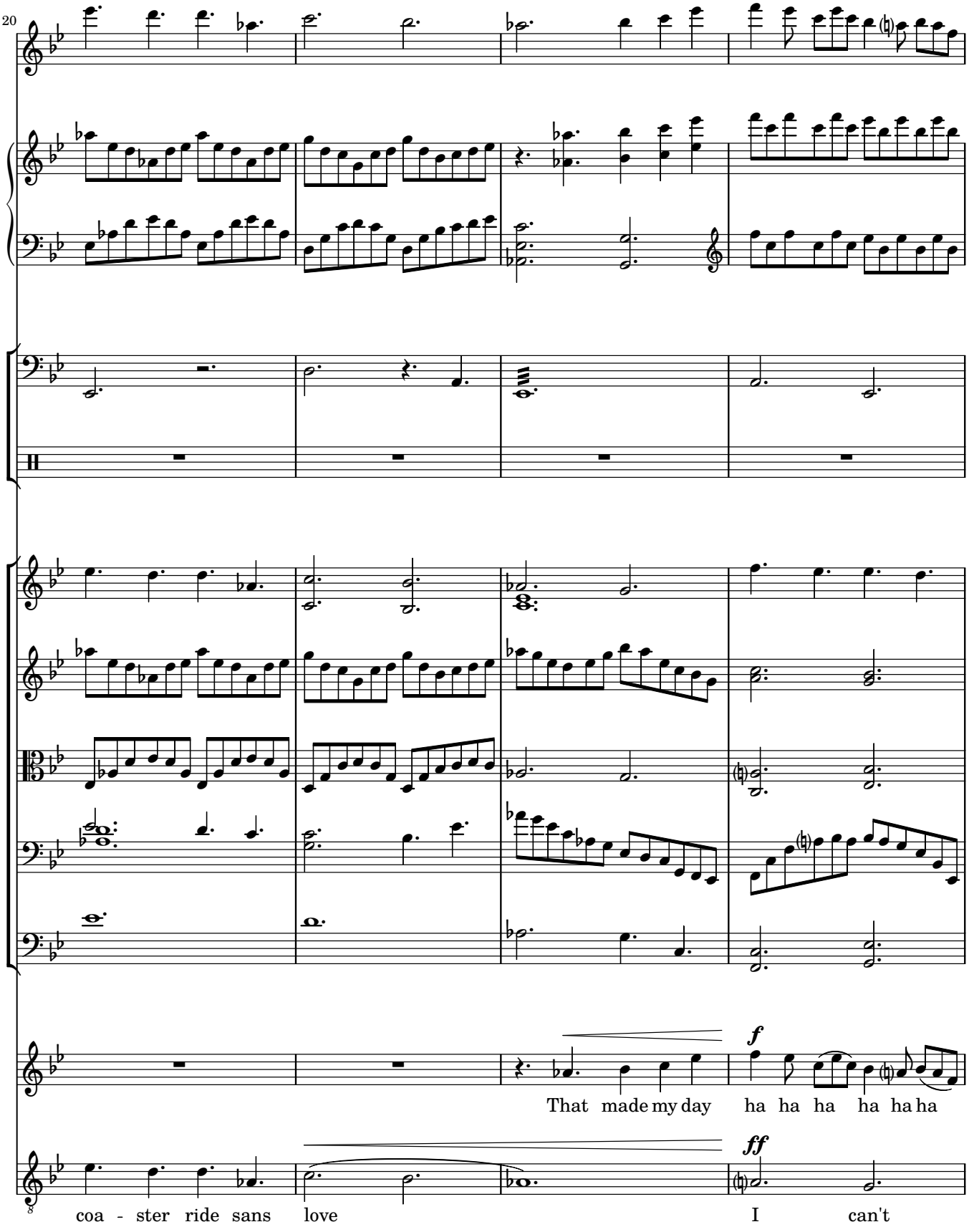

4
ff
p
mp
f
You

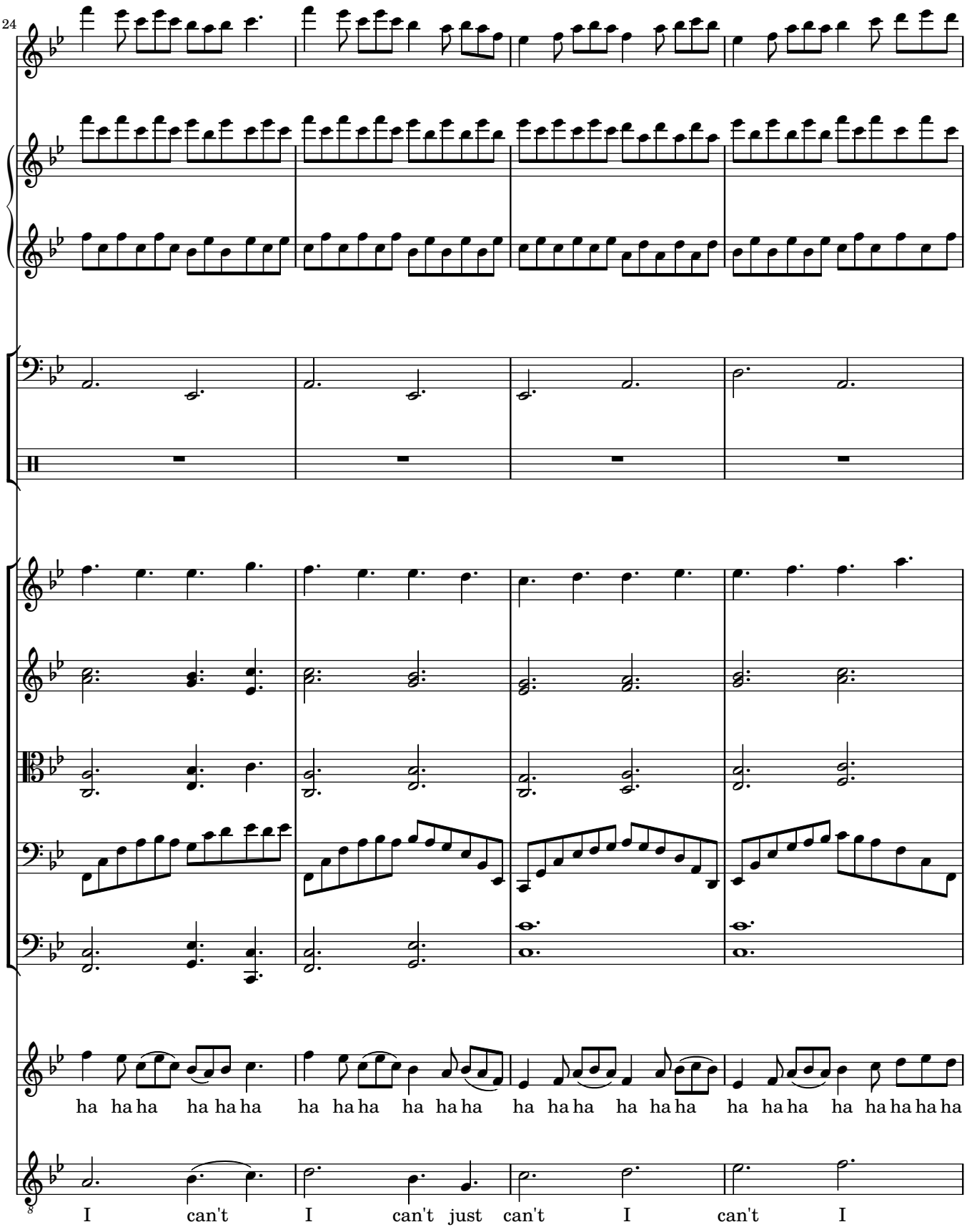

8
p
8
date o - ther men and taunt me this en - vy

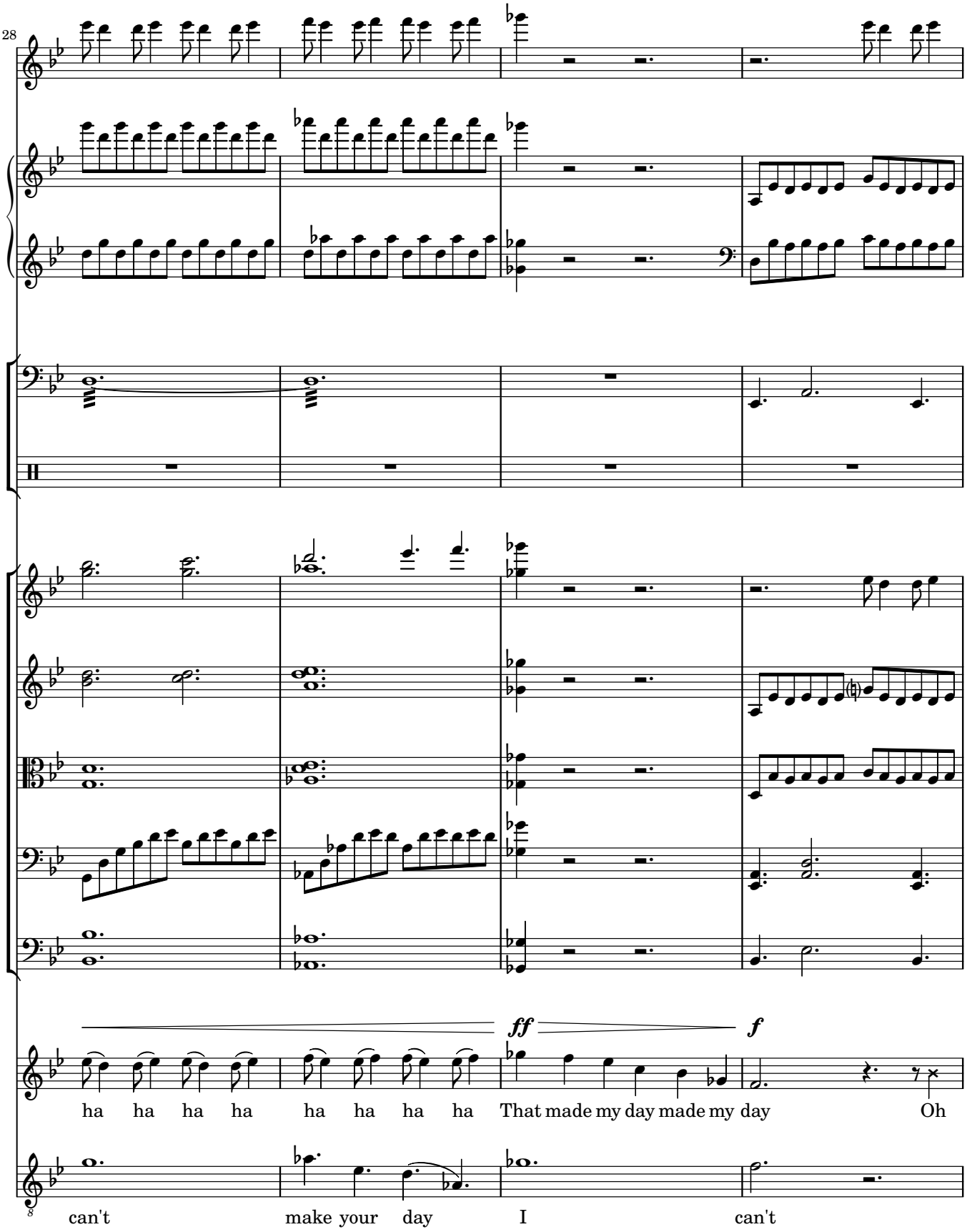

12
ff
p
8
and bruise is you Love

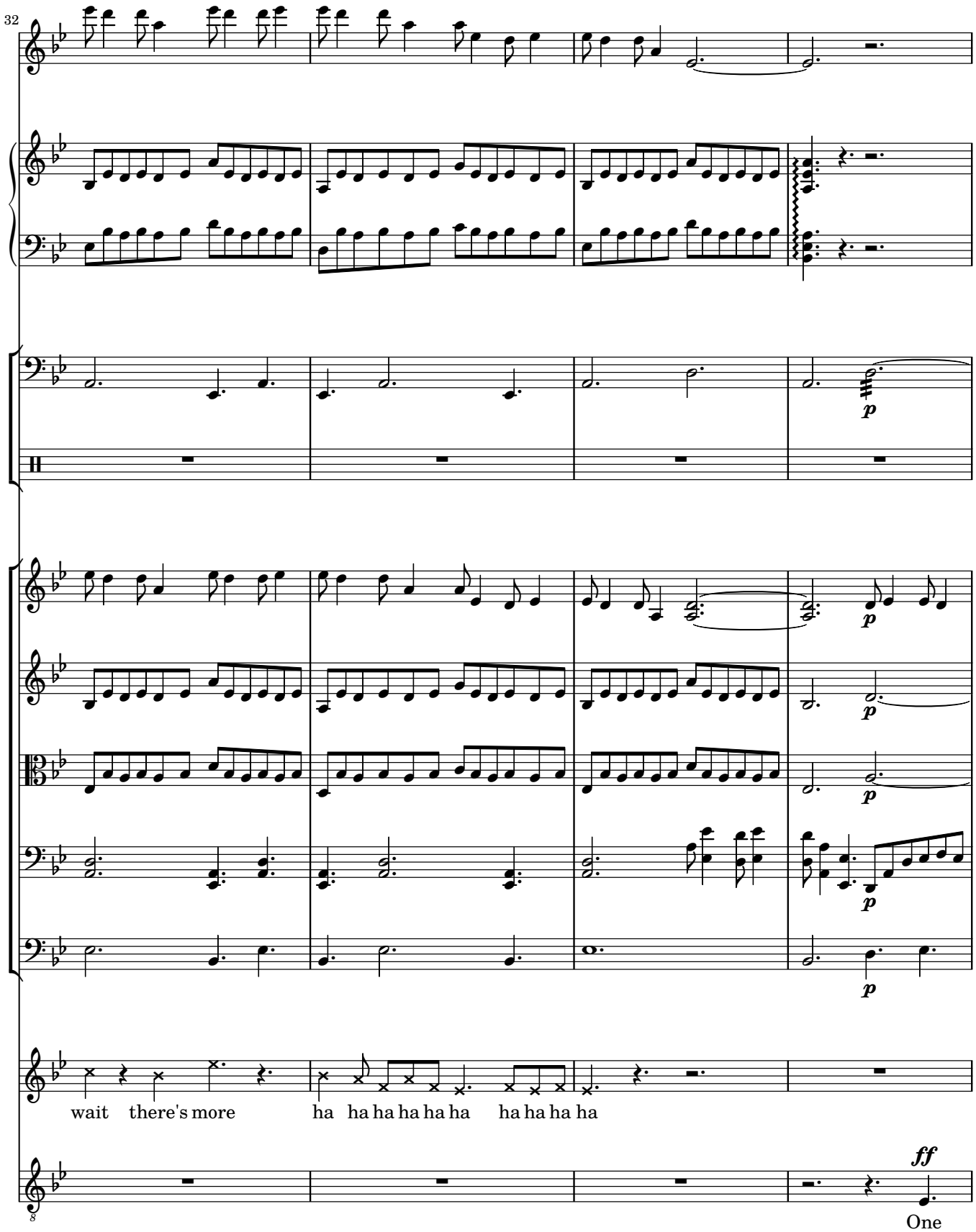
16

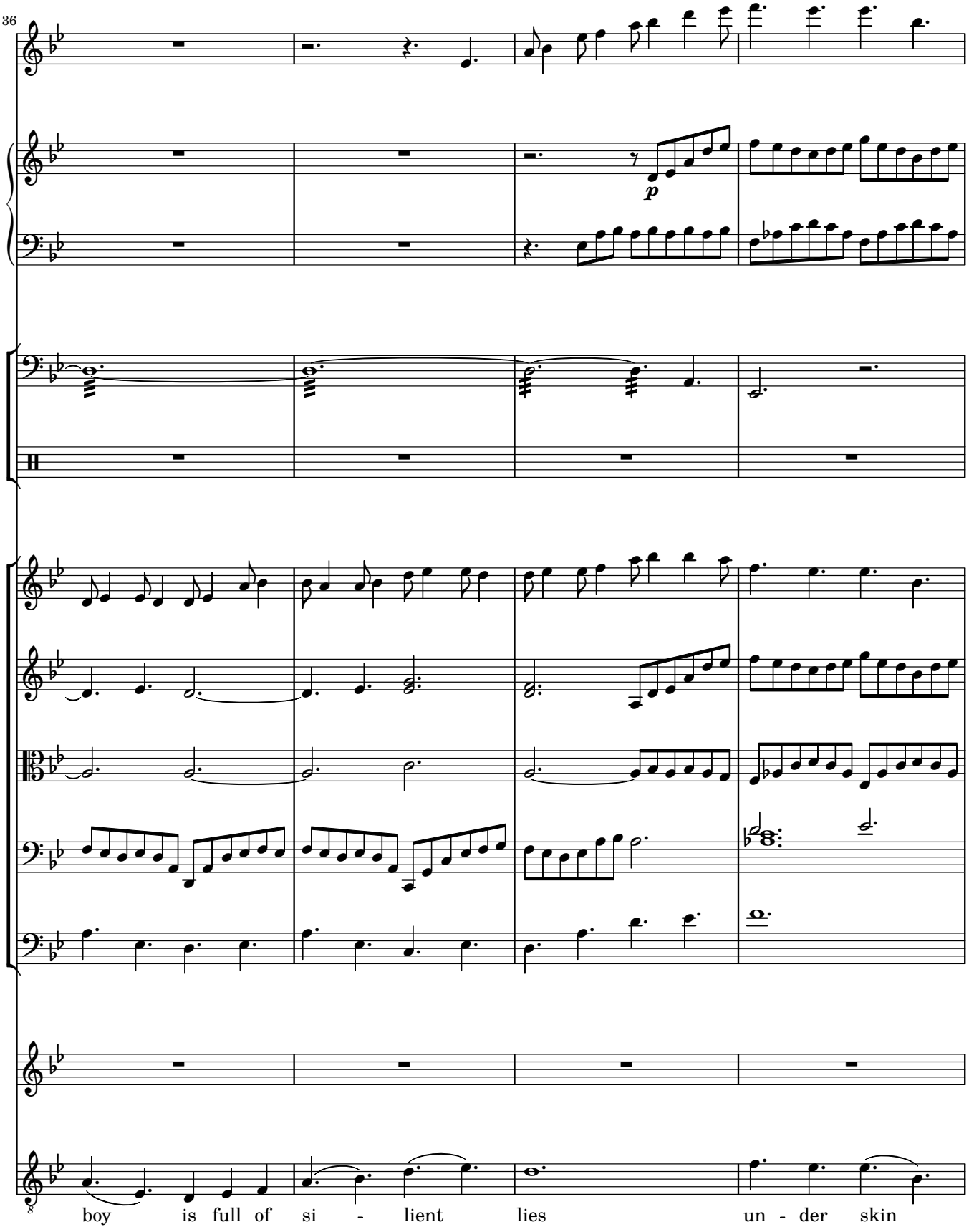
sick - ness a - buse brought to this a jeal - ous rol - ler

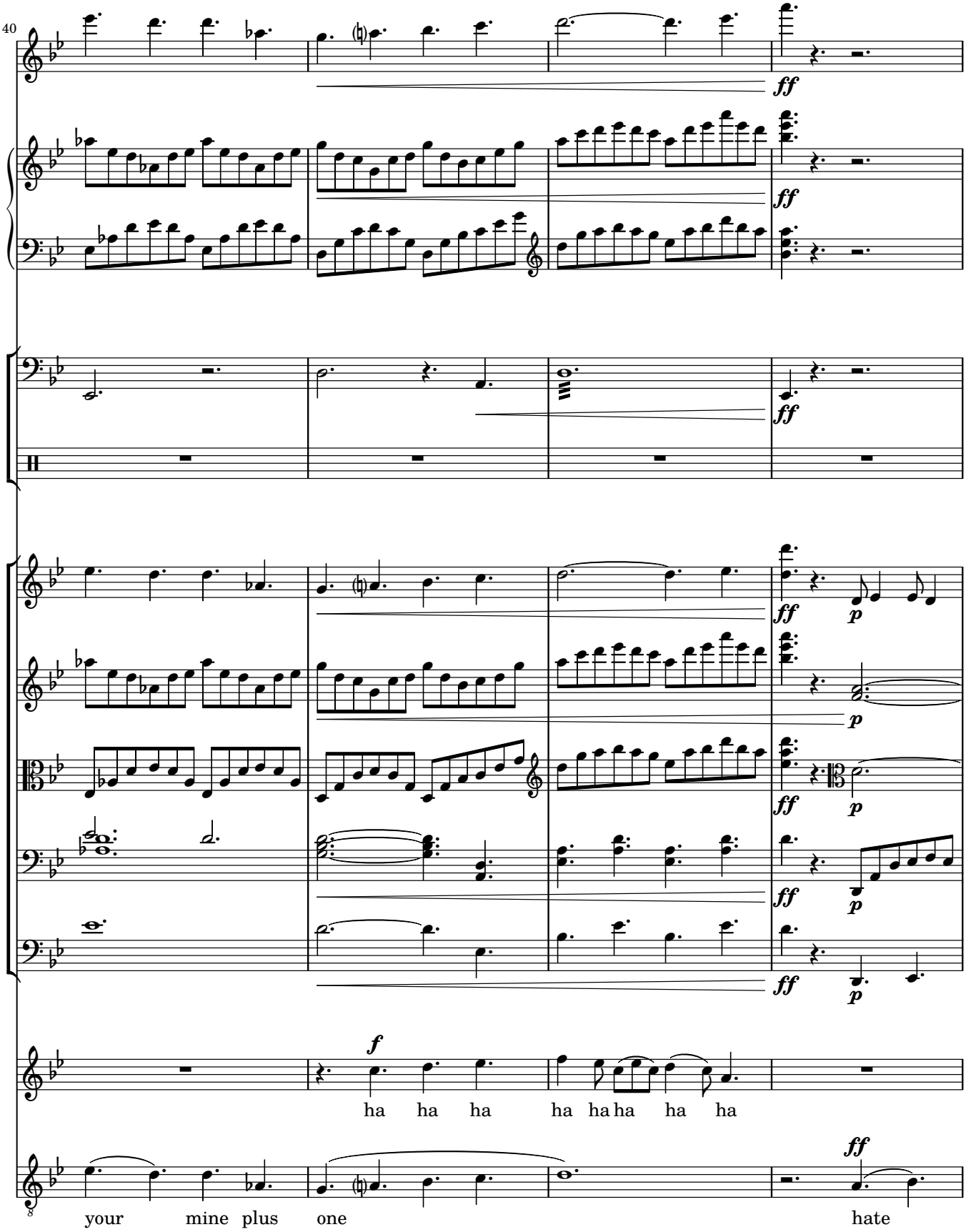

20
That made my day ha ha ha ha ha ha
coa - ster ride sans love I can't

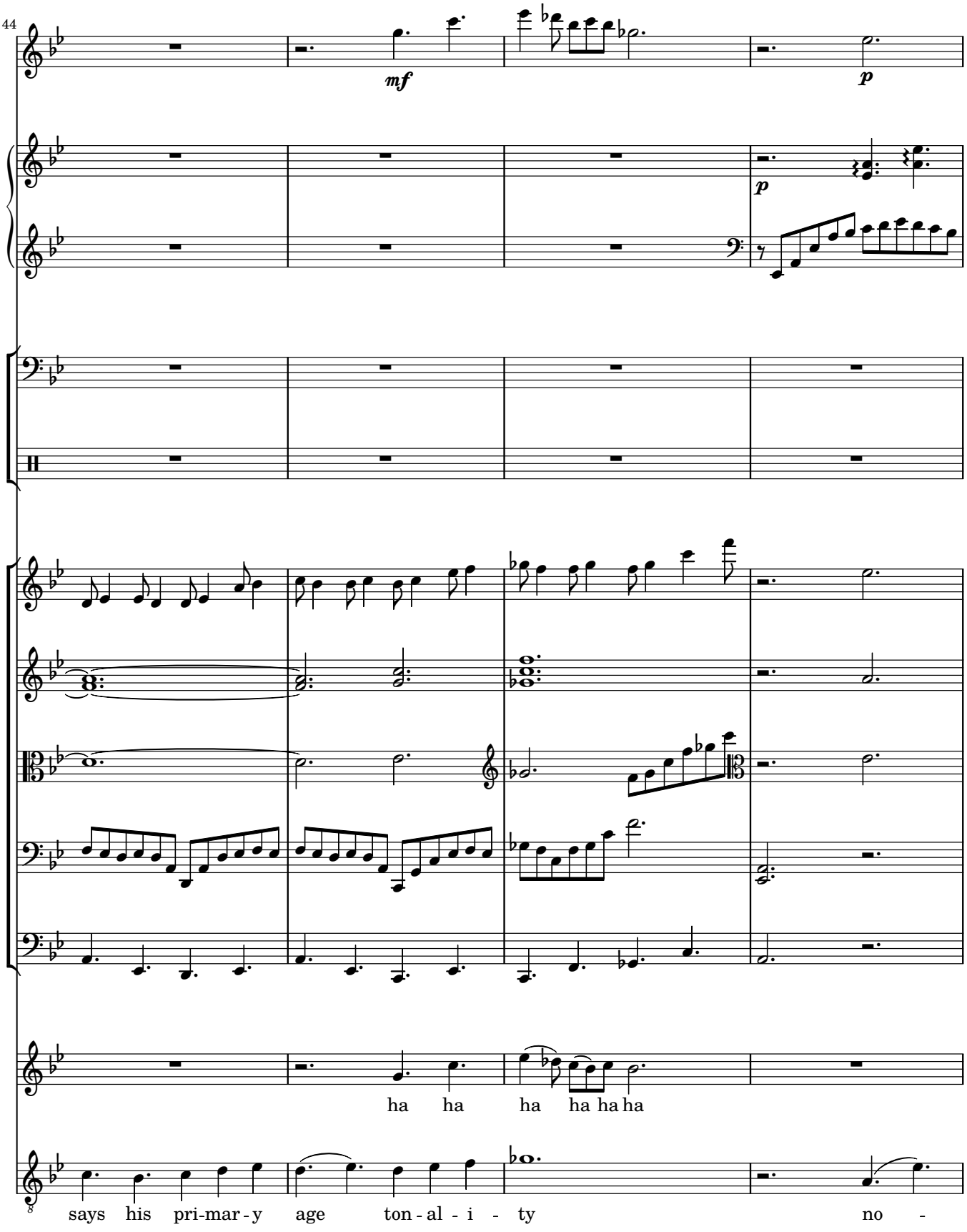

24
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
I can't I can't just can't I can't I

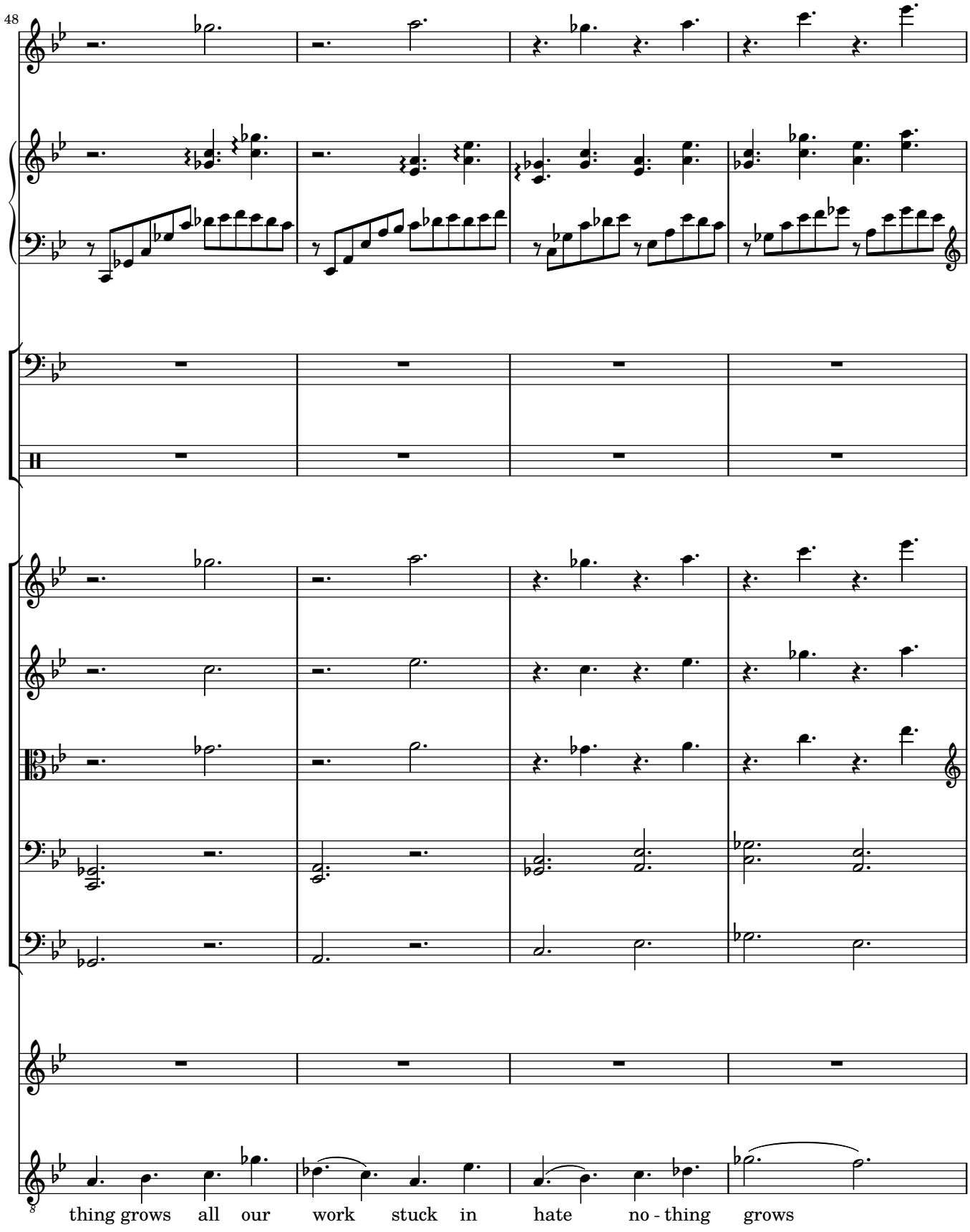

28
ff
f
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha That made my day made my day Oh
can't make your day I can't

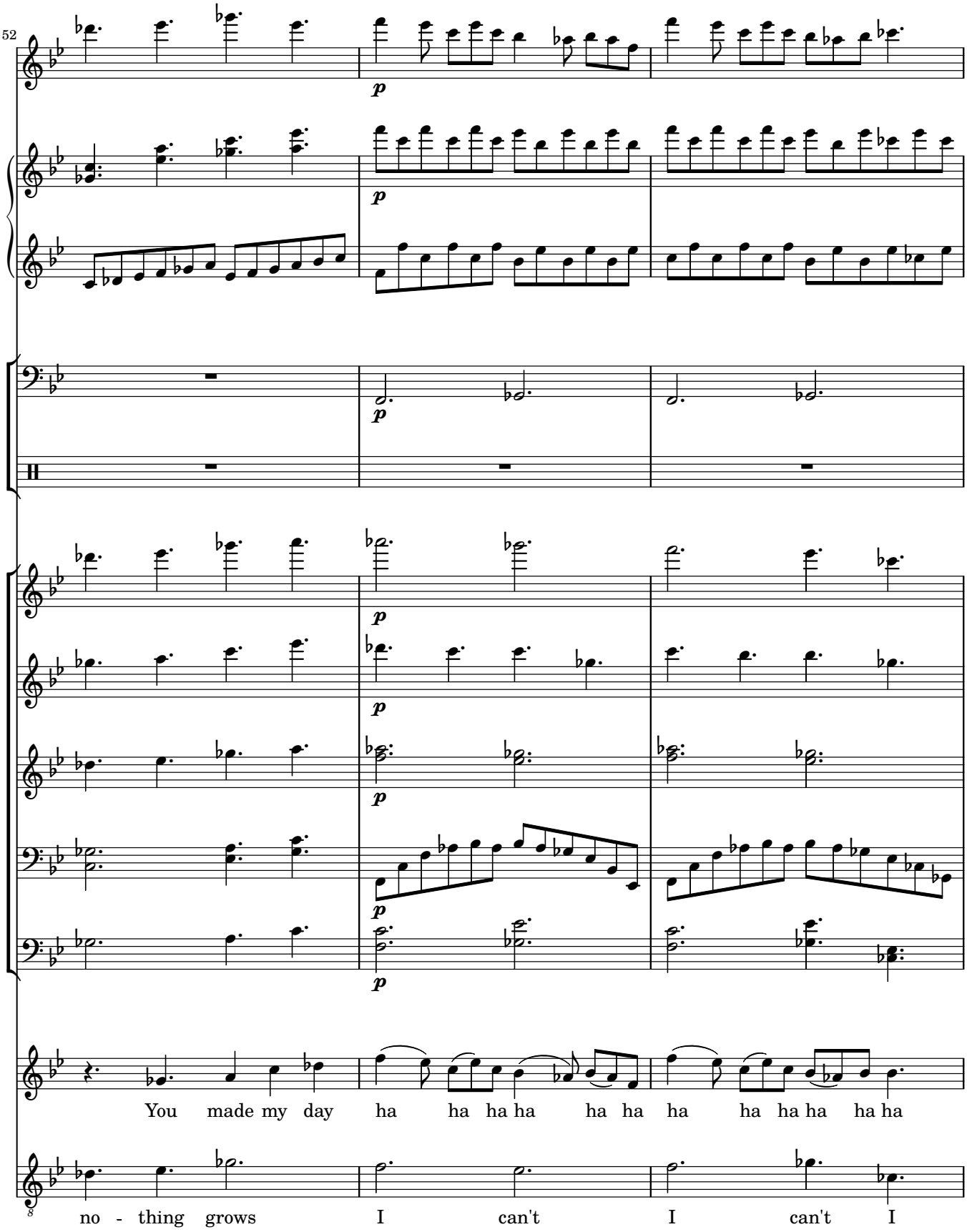

32
p
p
p
p
wait there's more
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ff
One

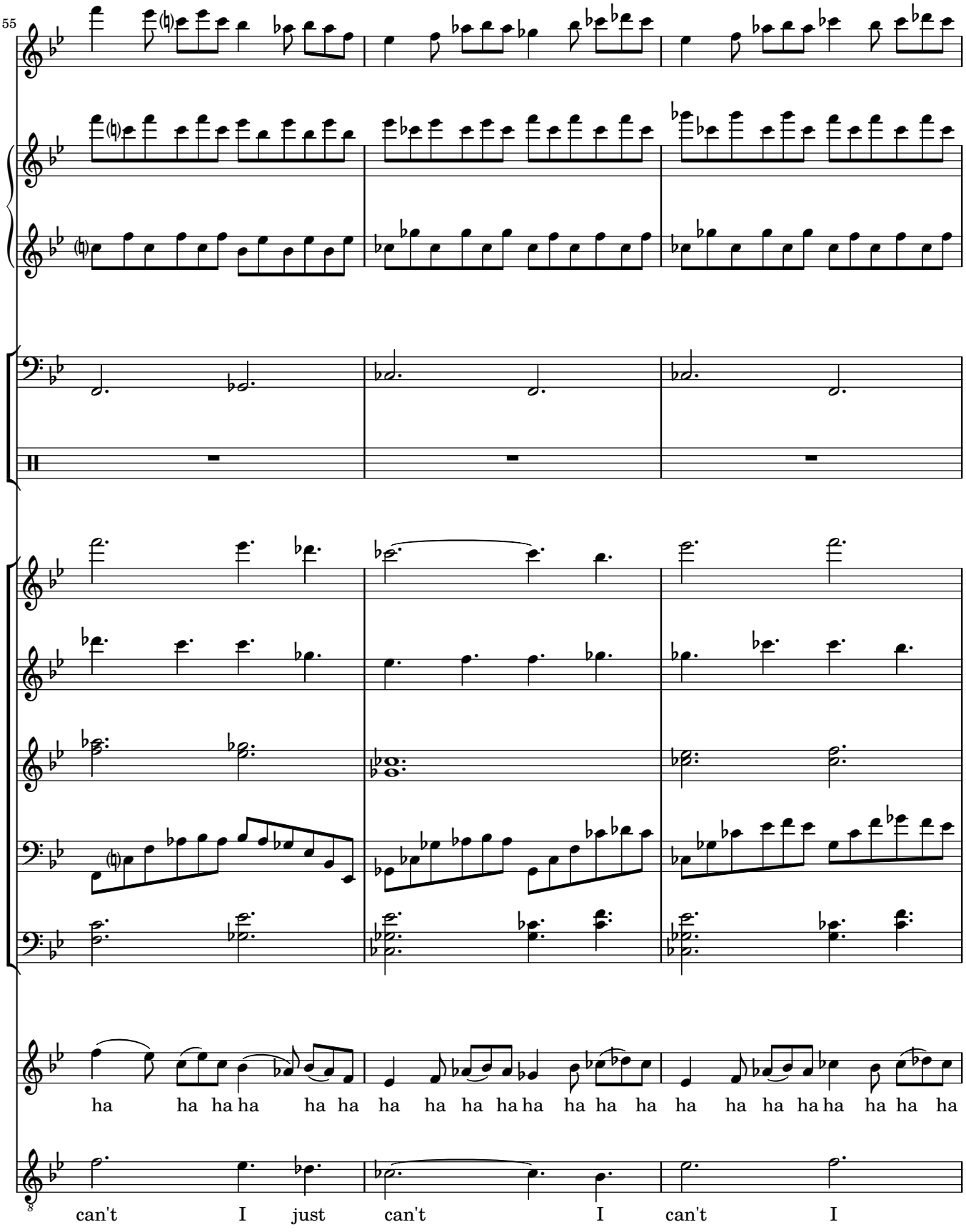

36
p
boy is full of si - lient lies un - der skin

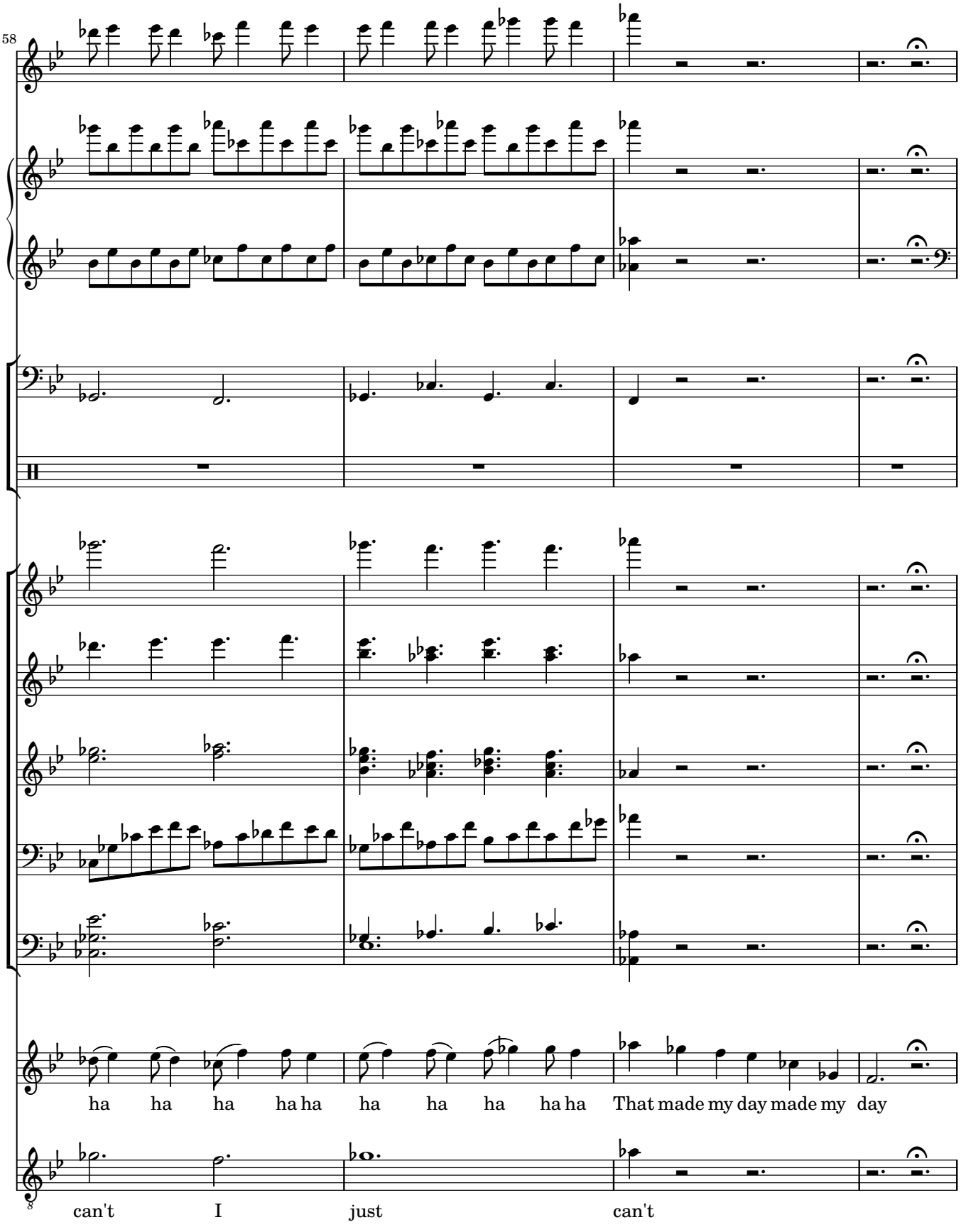

40
ff
p
f
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
your mine plus one hate

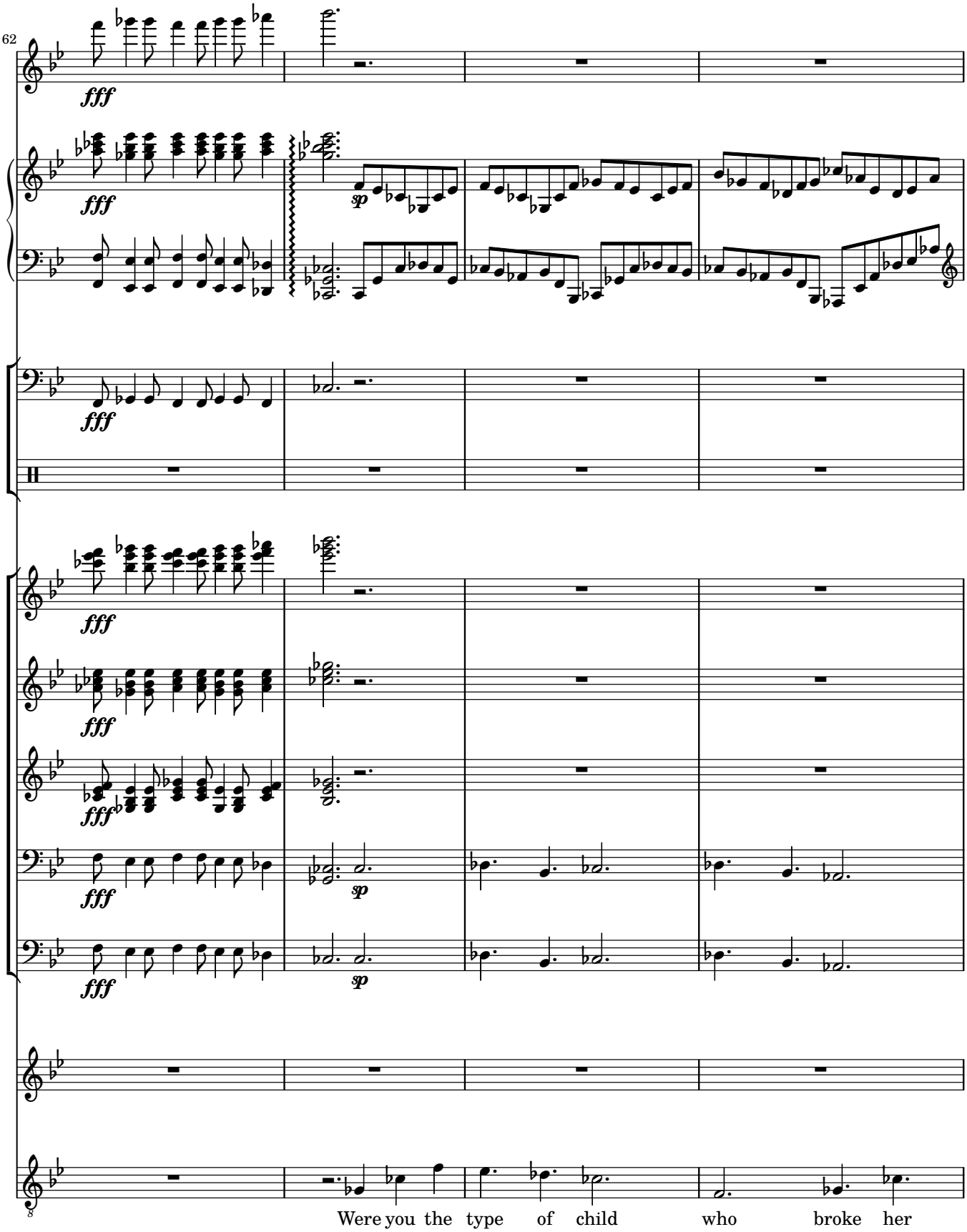

44
mf
p
p
ha ha ha ha ha ha
says his pri-mar-y age ton-al-i-ty no -


48
thing grows all our work stuck in hate no - thing grows

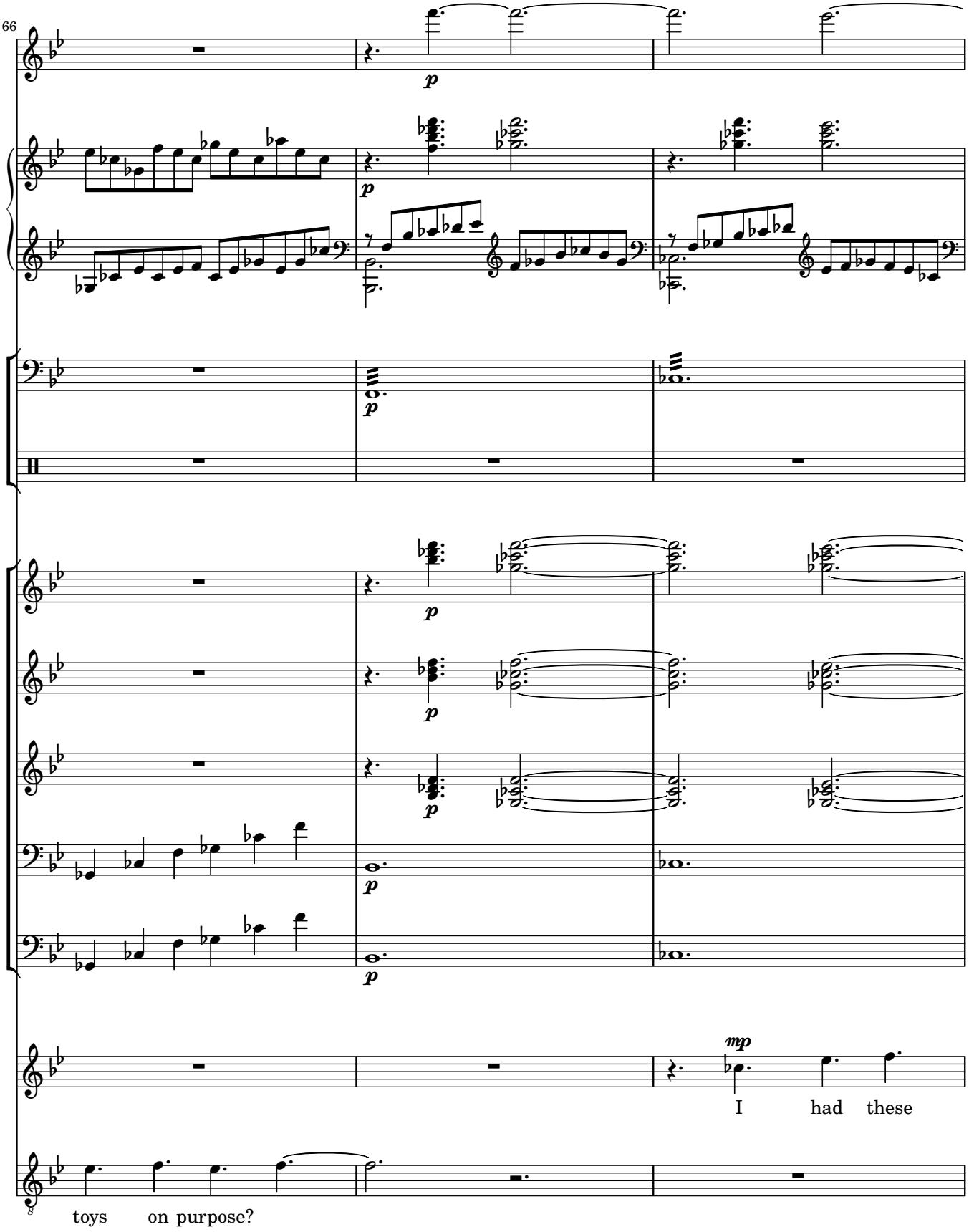

52
p
You made my day ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
no - thing grows I can't I can't I

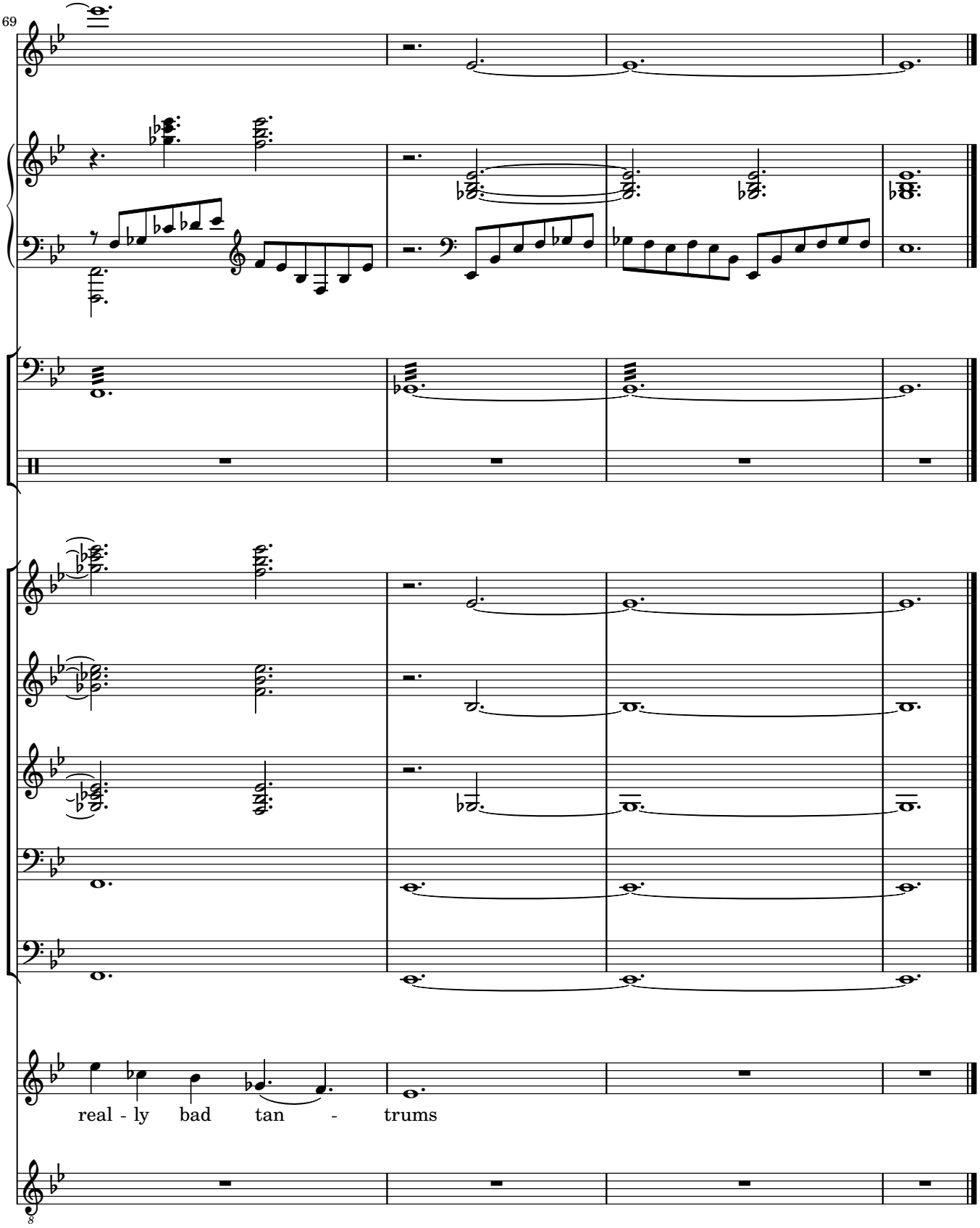

55
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
can't I just can't I can't I


58
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha That made my day made my day
can't I just can't


62
fff
sp
Were you the type of child who broke her

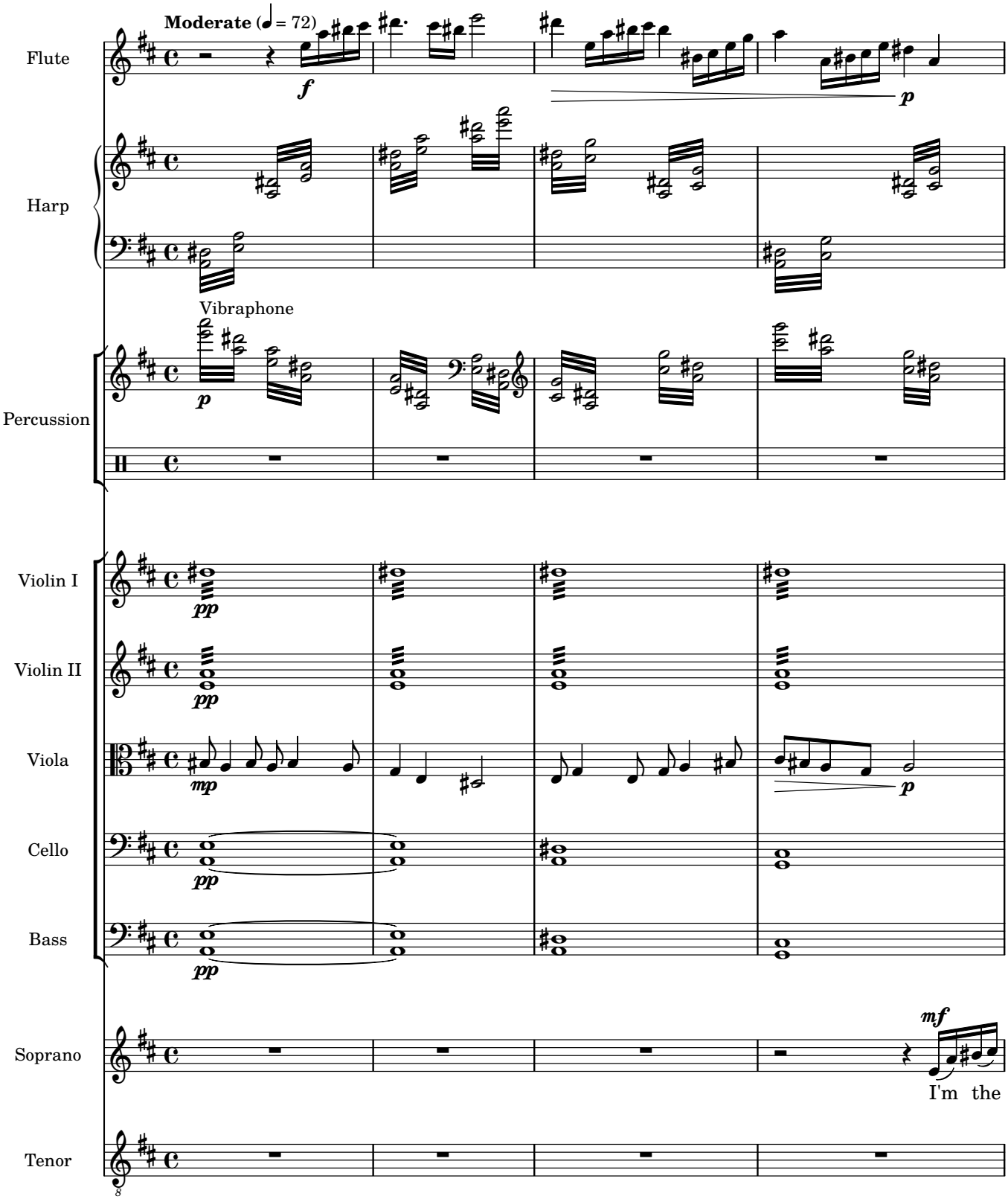
66

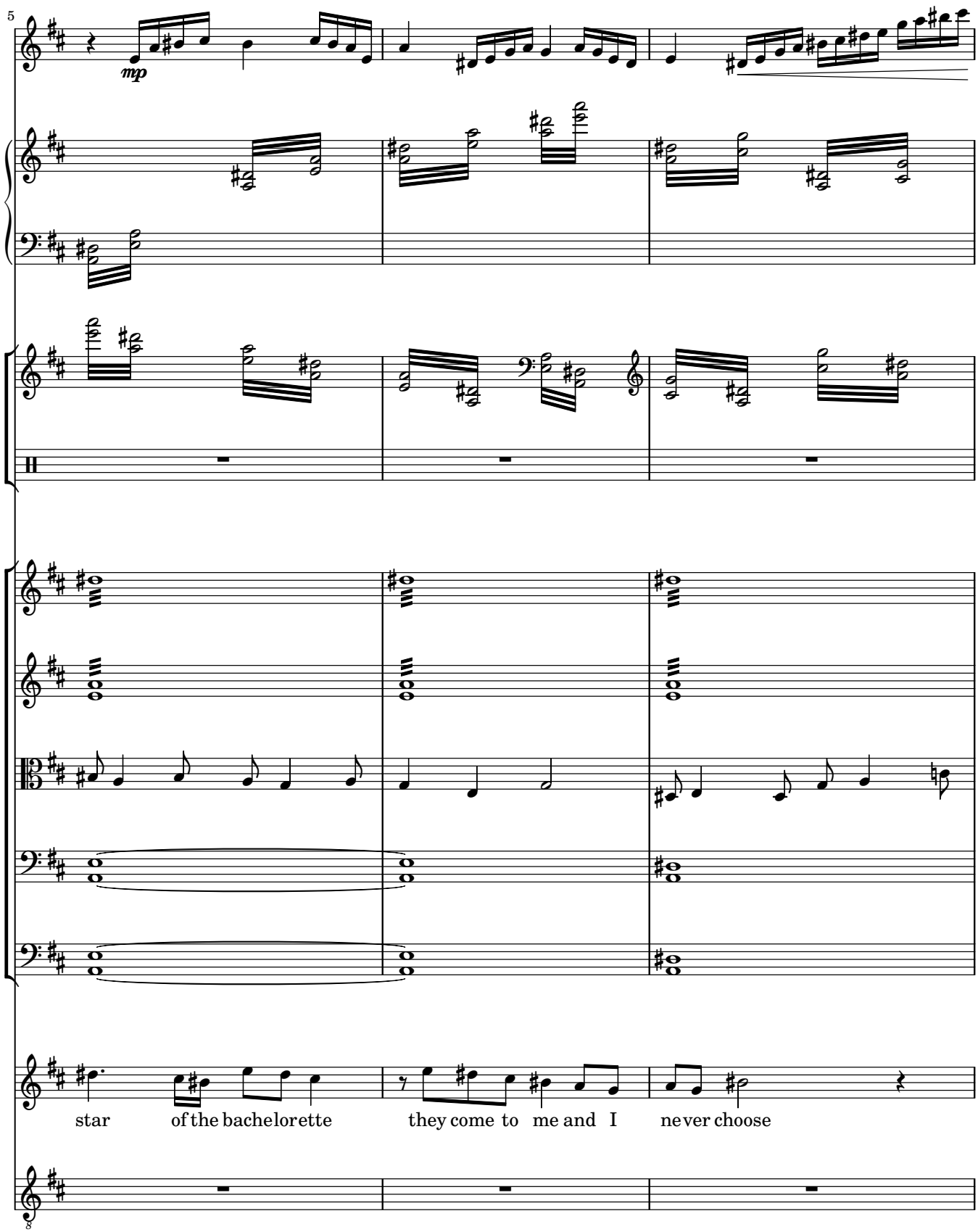


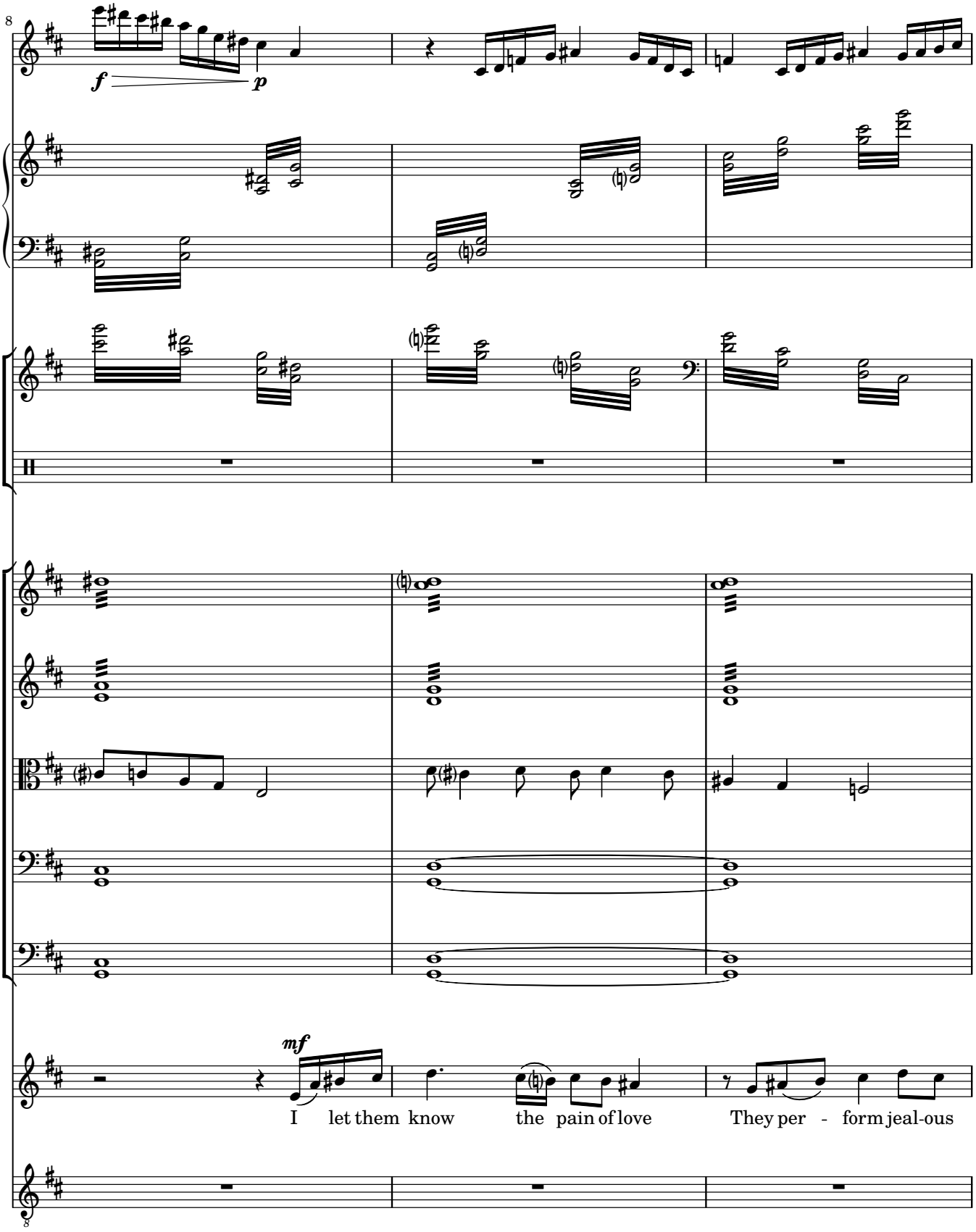

69
real - ly bad tan - trums

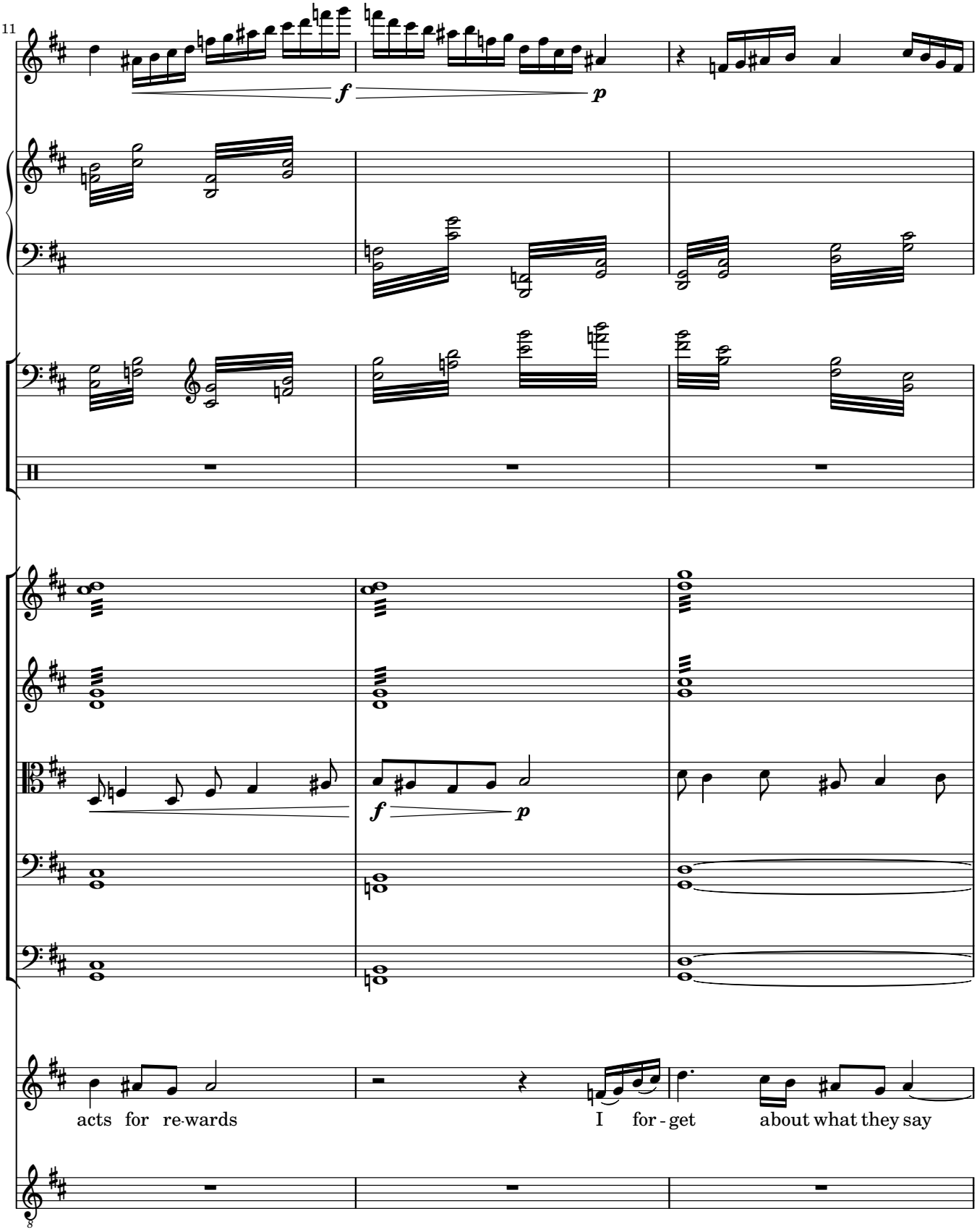
The In-Law

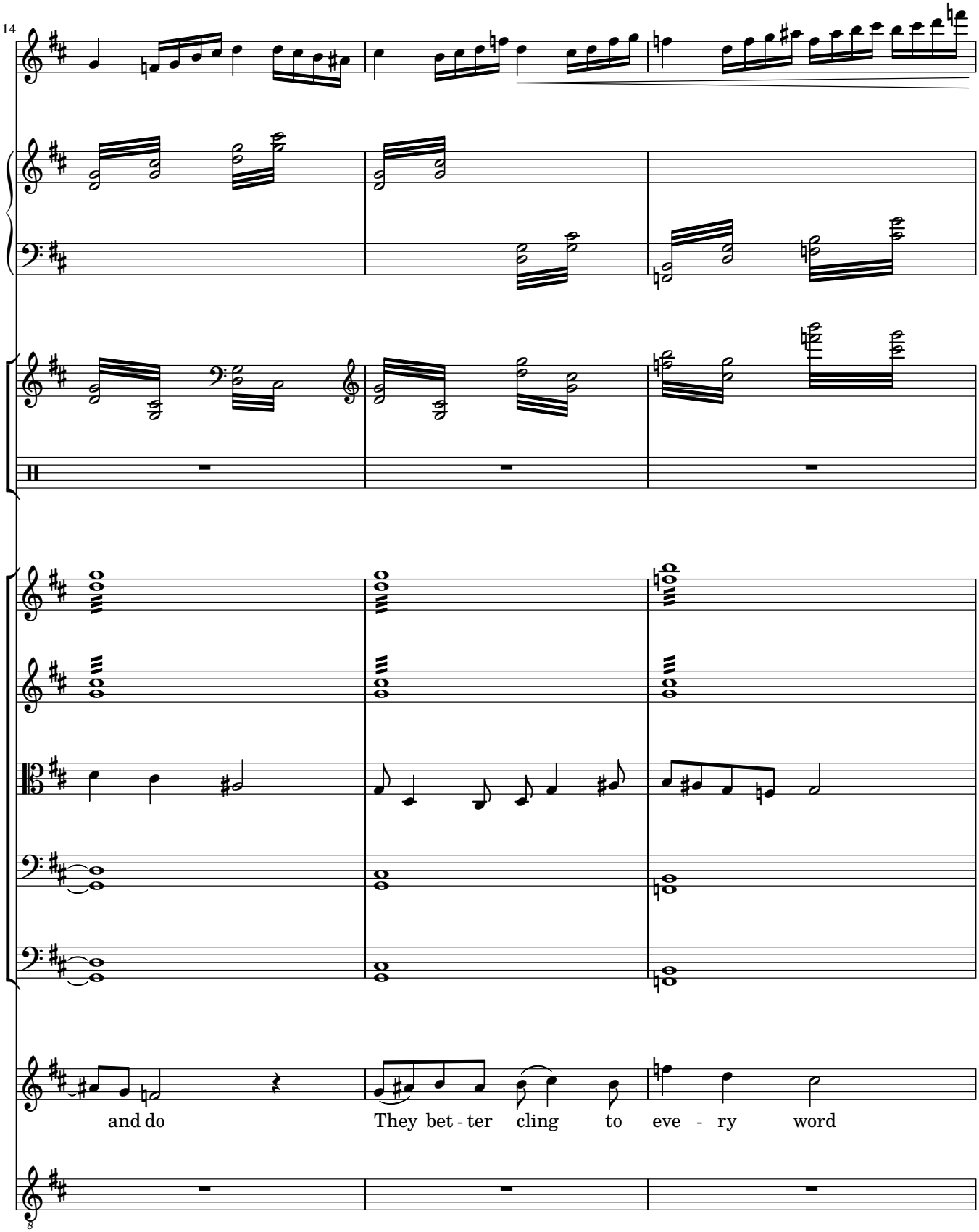
Craig Bakalian

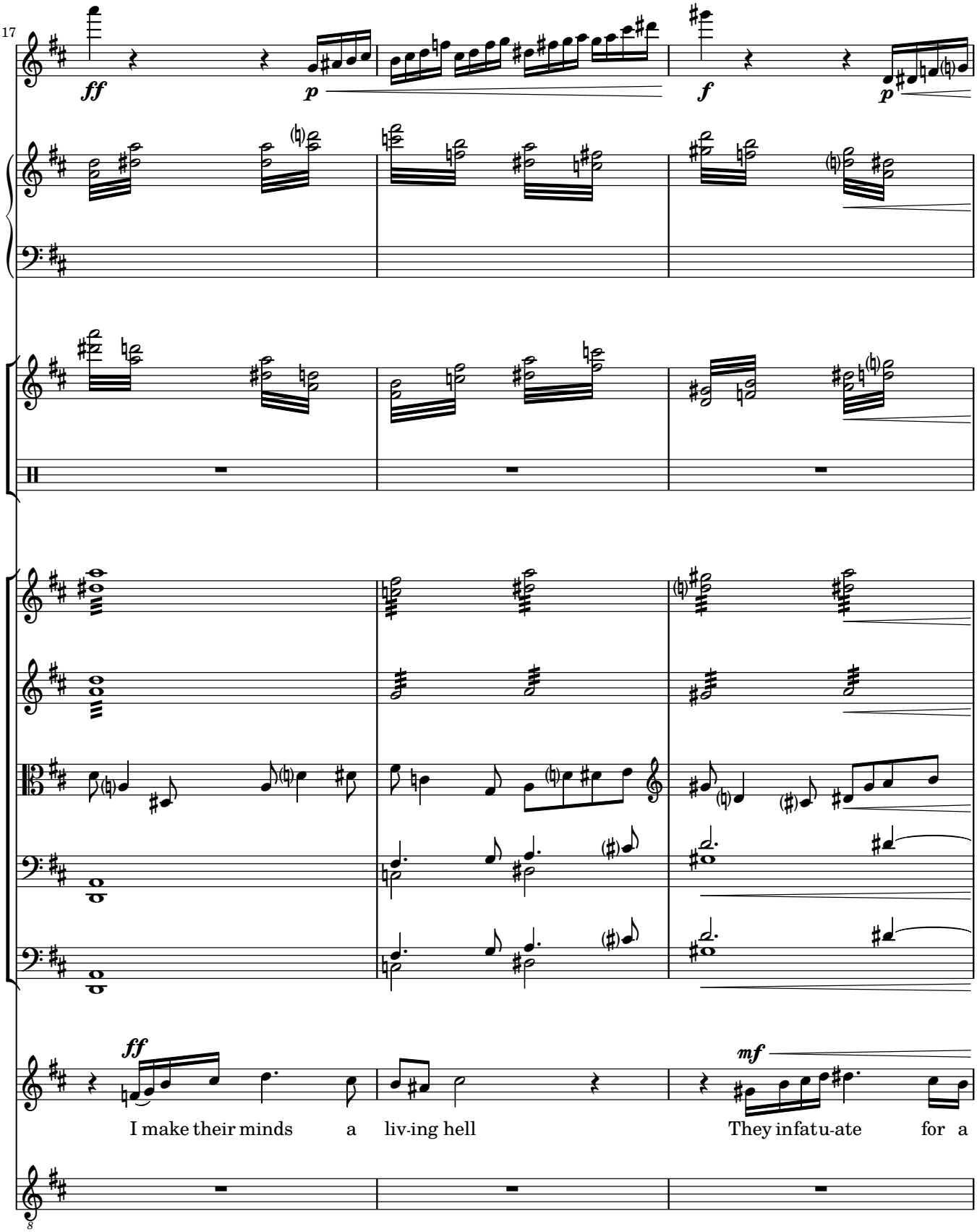


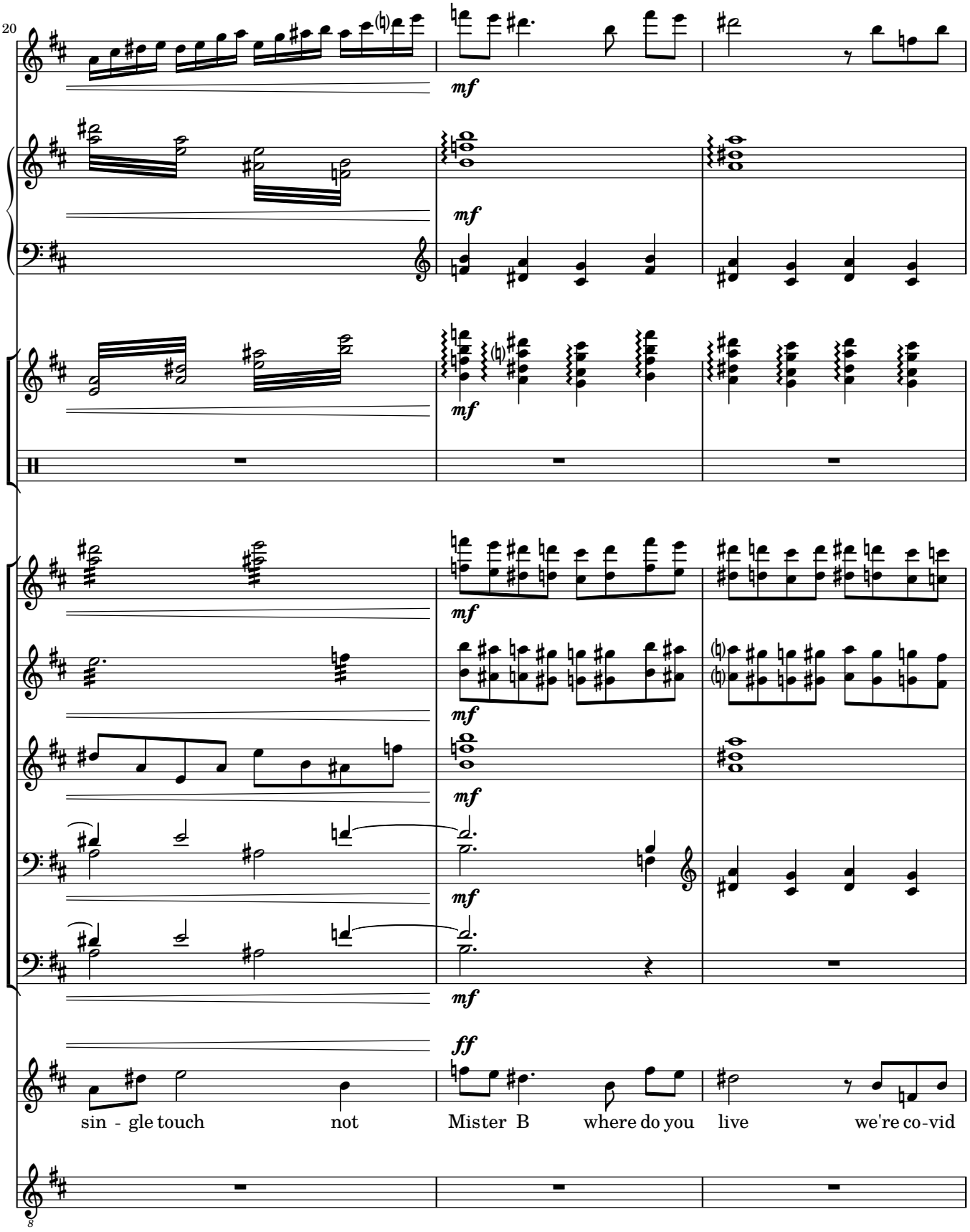

5
mp
star of the bachelorette they come to me and I never choose

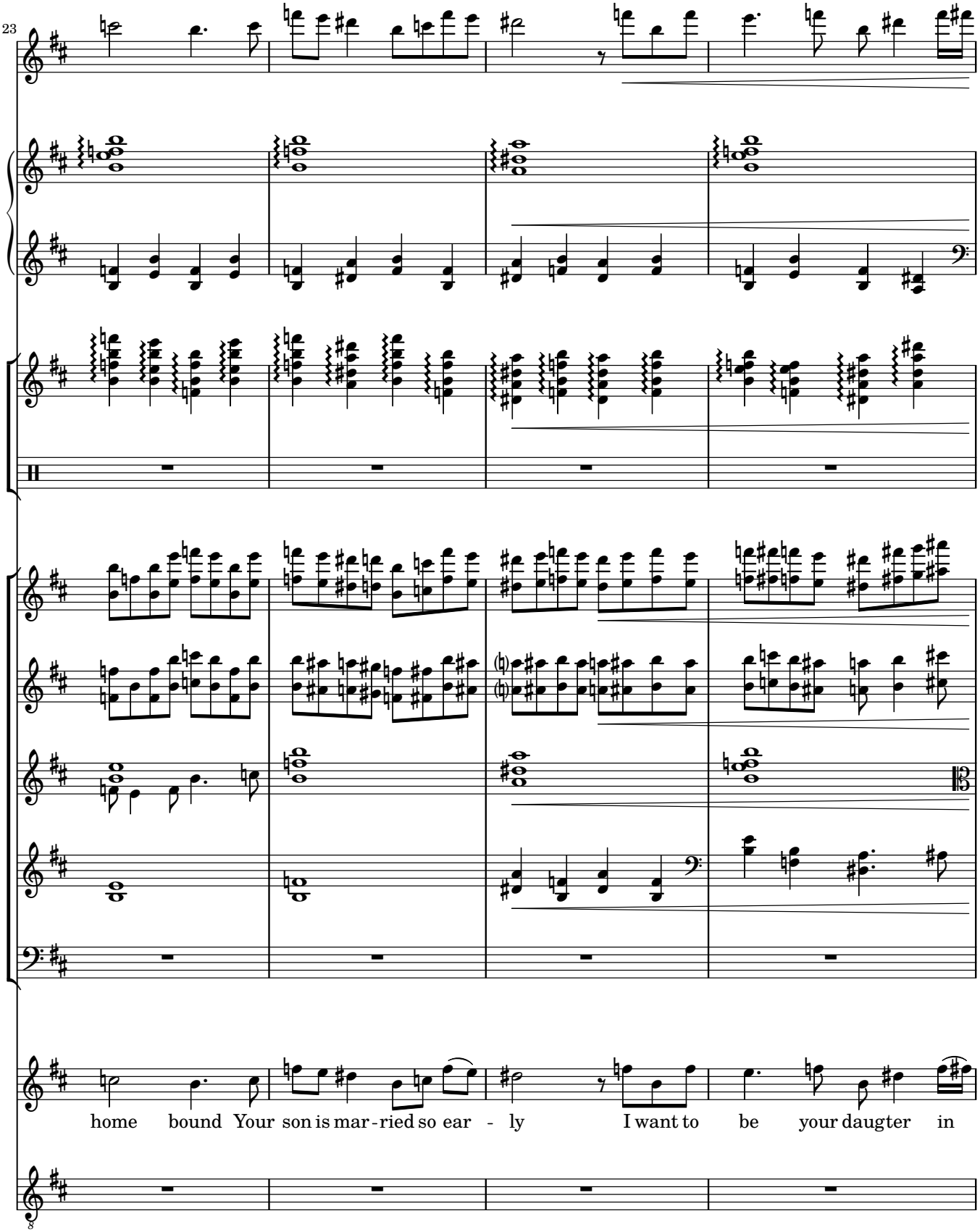

8
f
p
mf
I let them know the pain of love They per - form jeal-ous
8

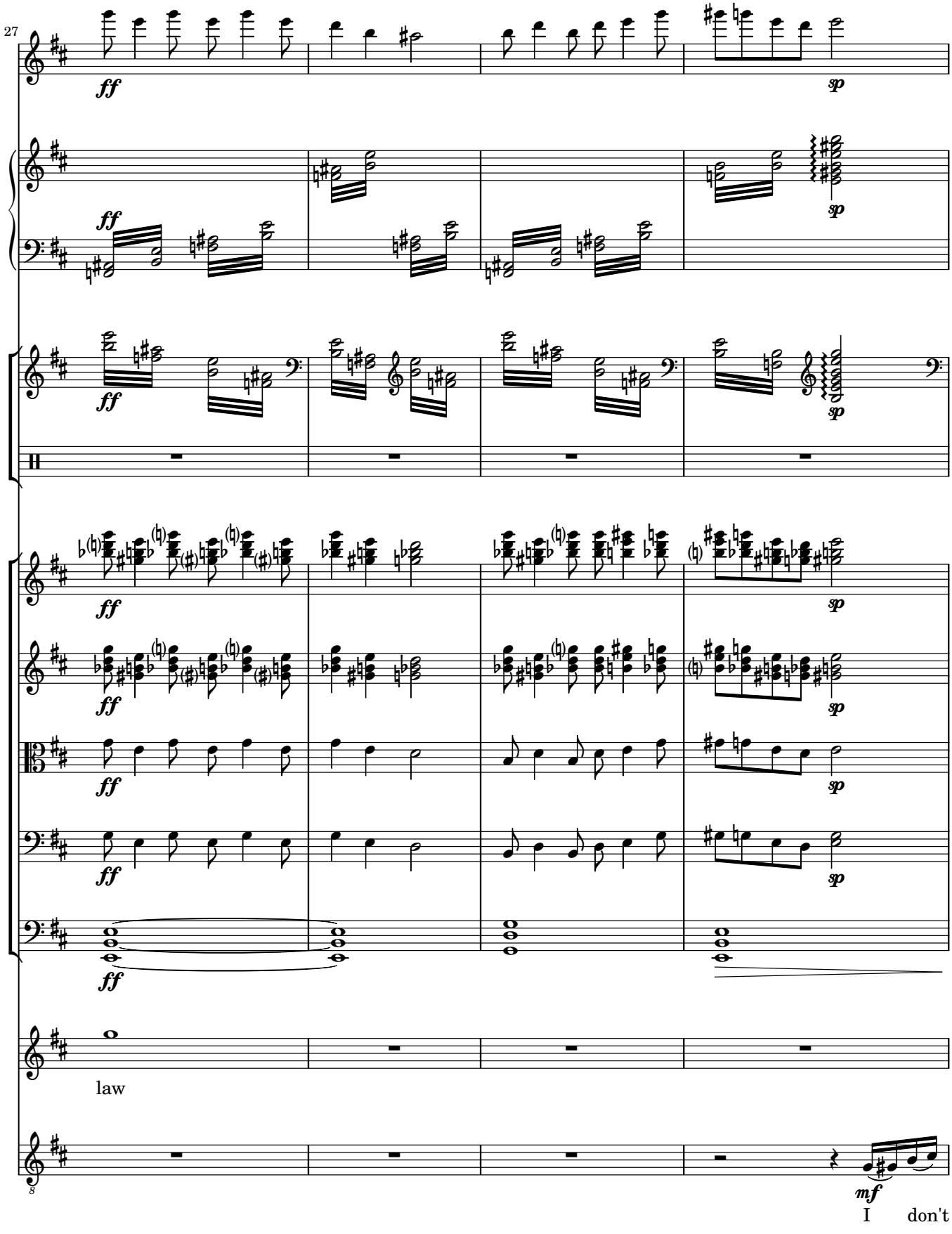

11
f
p
f
p
acts for re-wards
I for-get about what they say

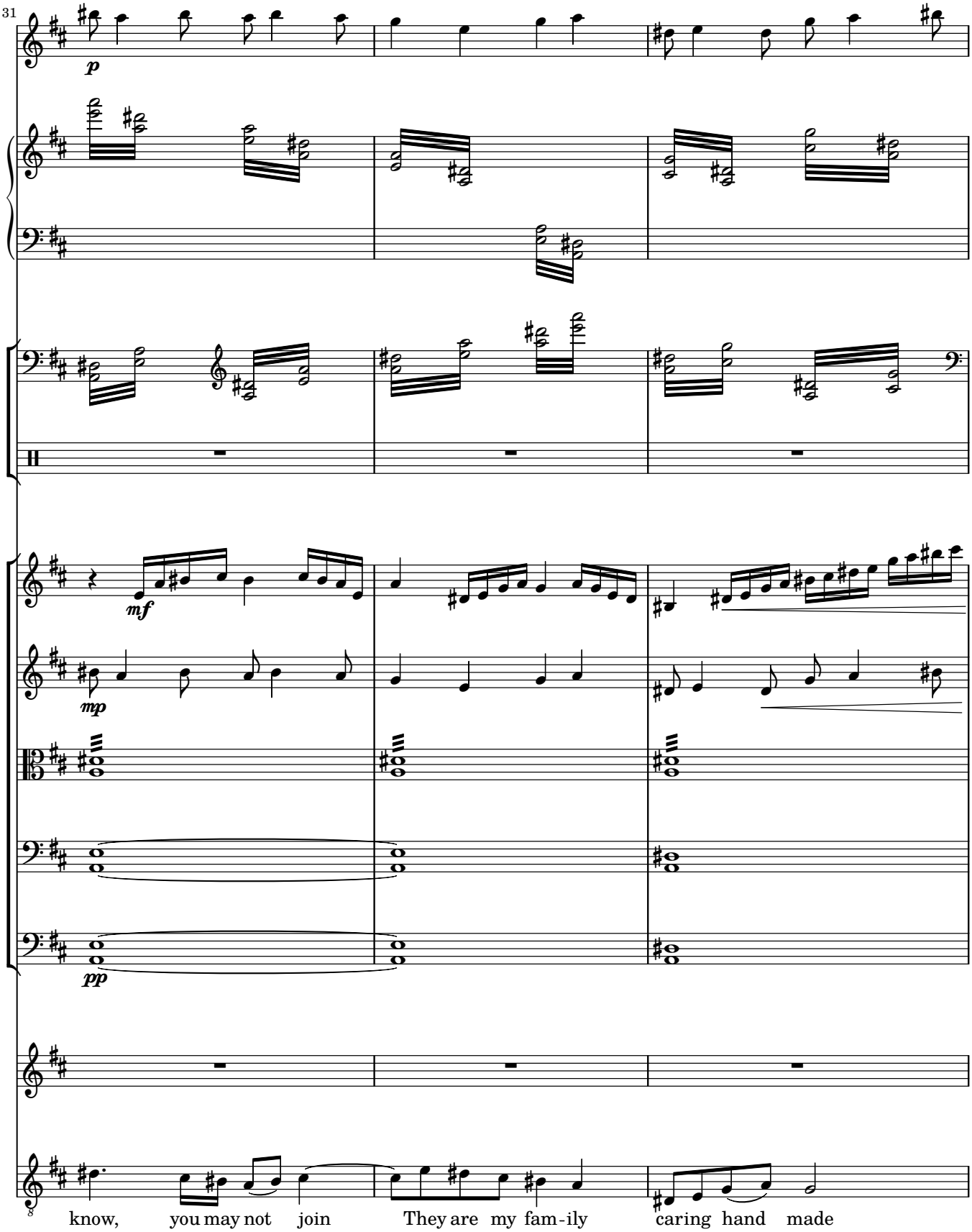

14
and do
They bet - ter cling to eve - ry word

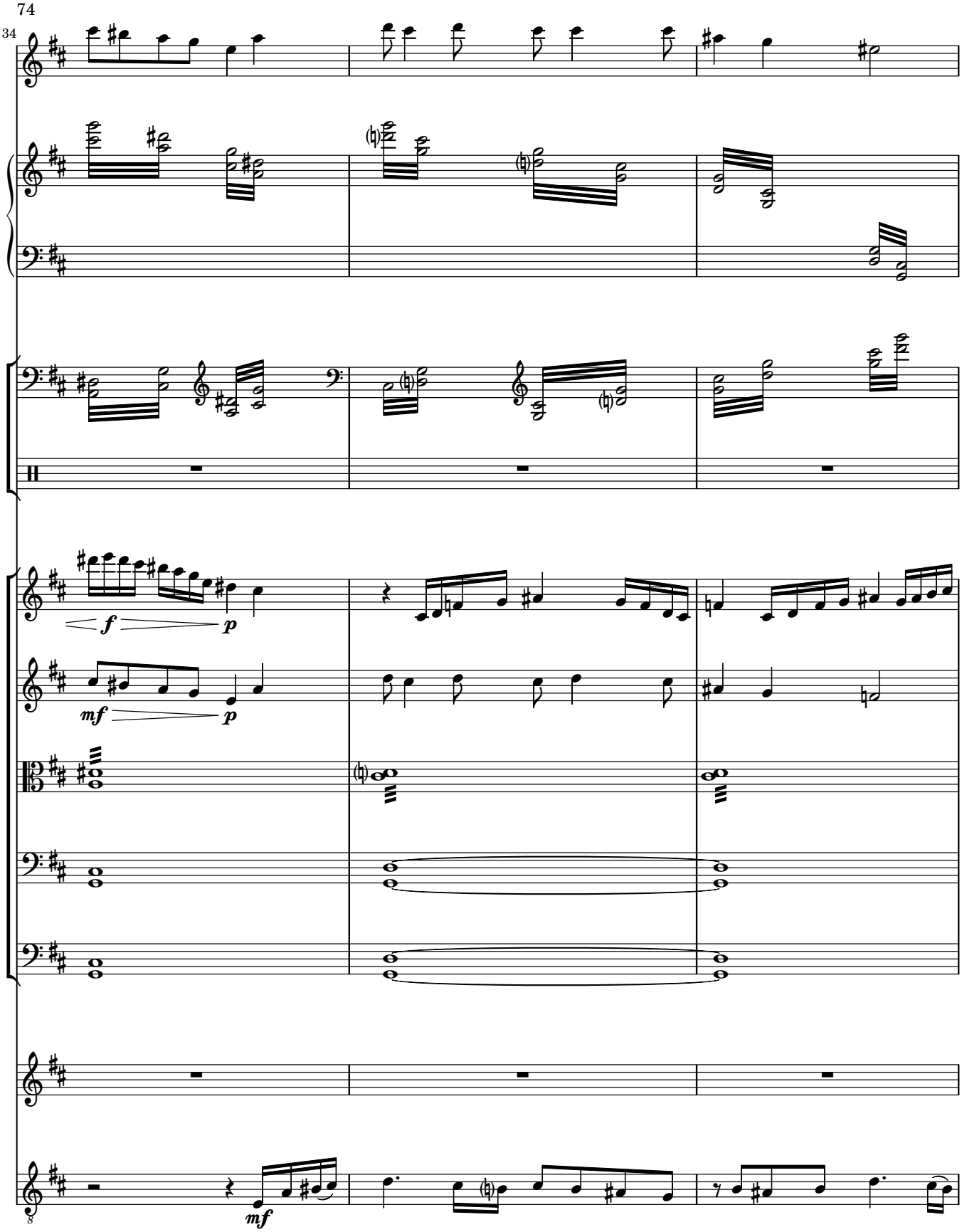

17
ff
p
f
p
ff
mf
I make their minds a liv-ing hell
They infatu-ate for a

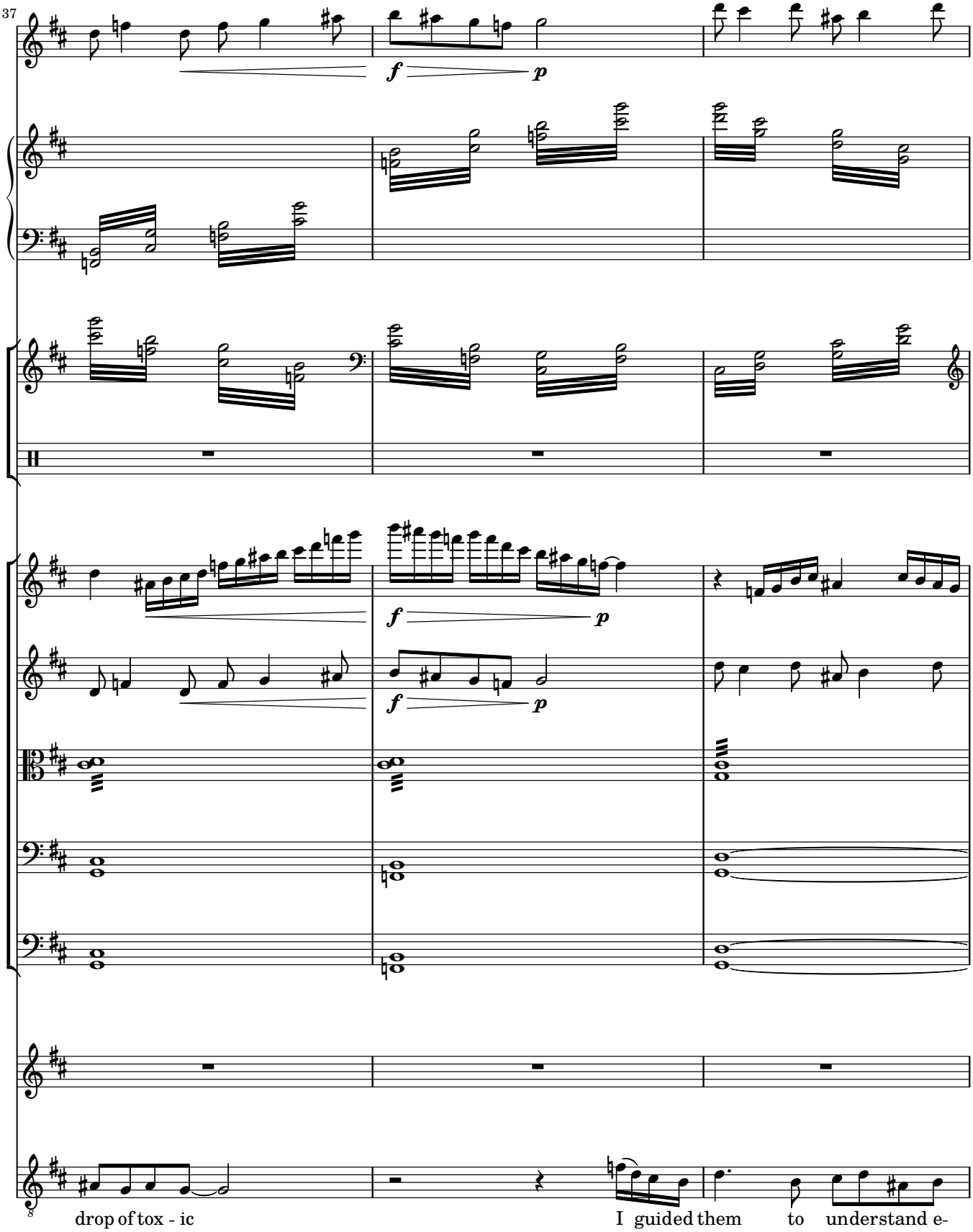

20
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
ff
sin - gle touch not Mister B where do you live we're co-vid

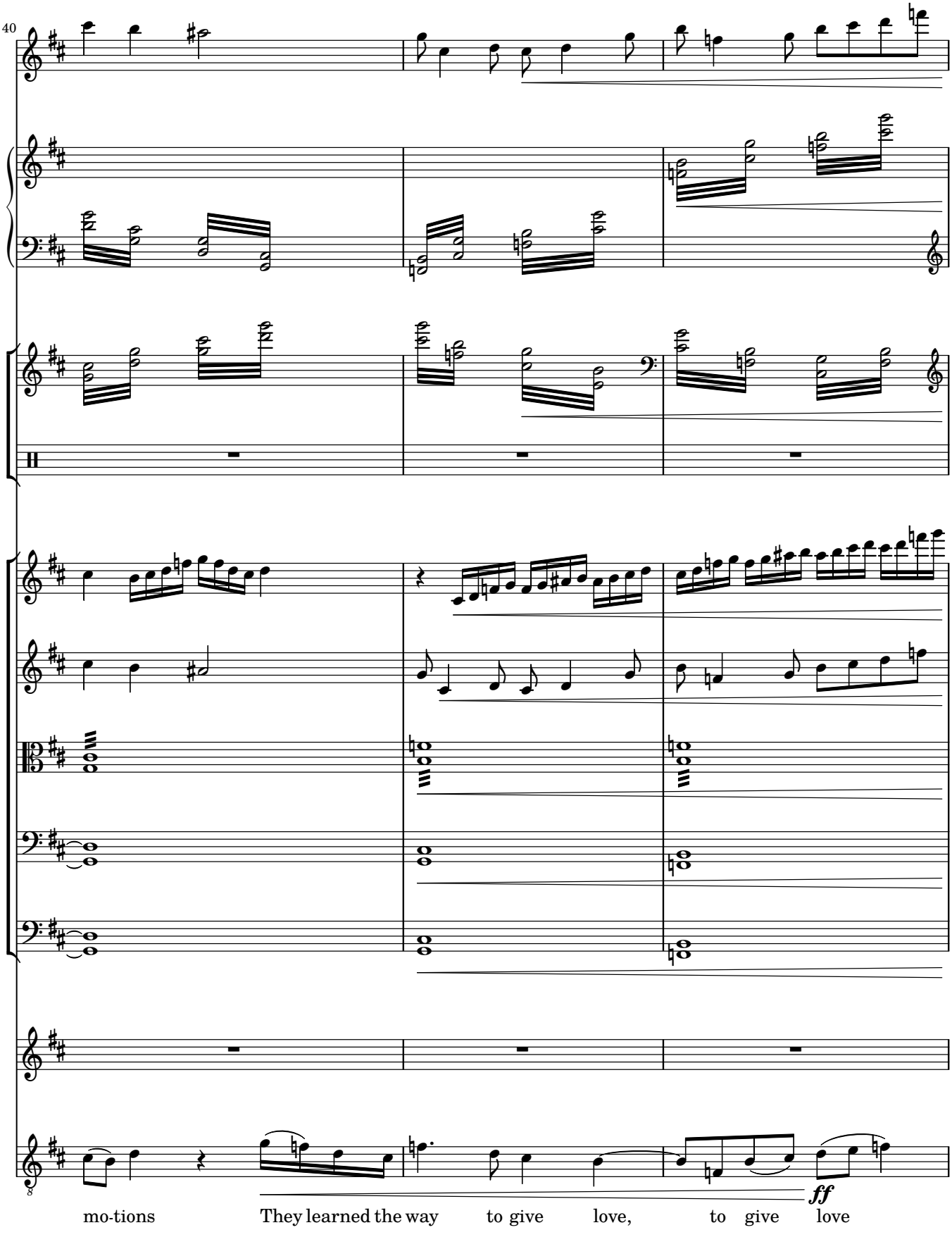

23
home bound Your son is mar - ried so ear - ly I want to be your daugter in

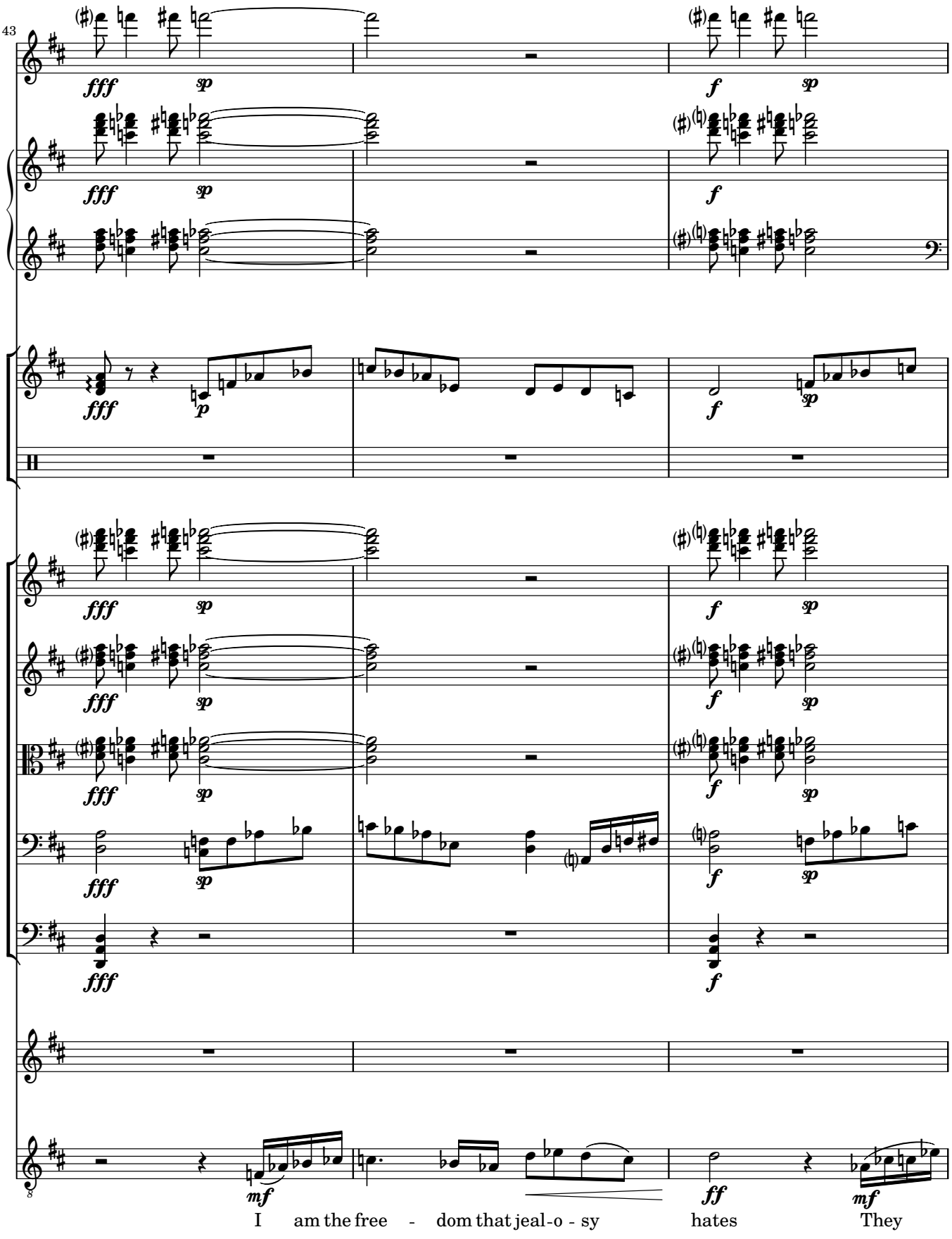

27
ff
sp
law
mf
I don't

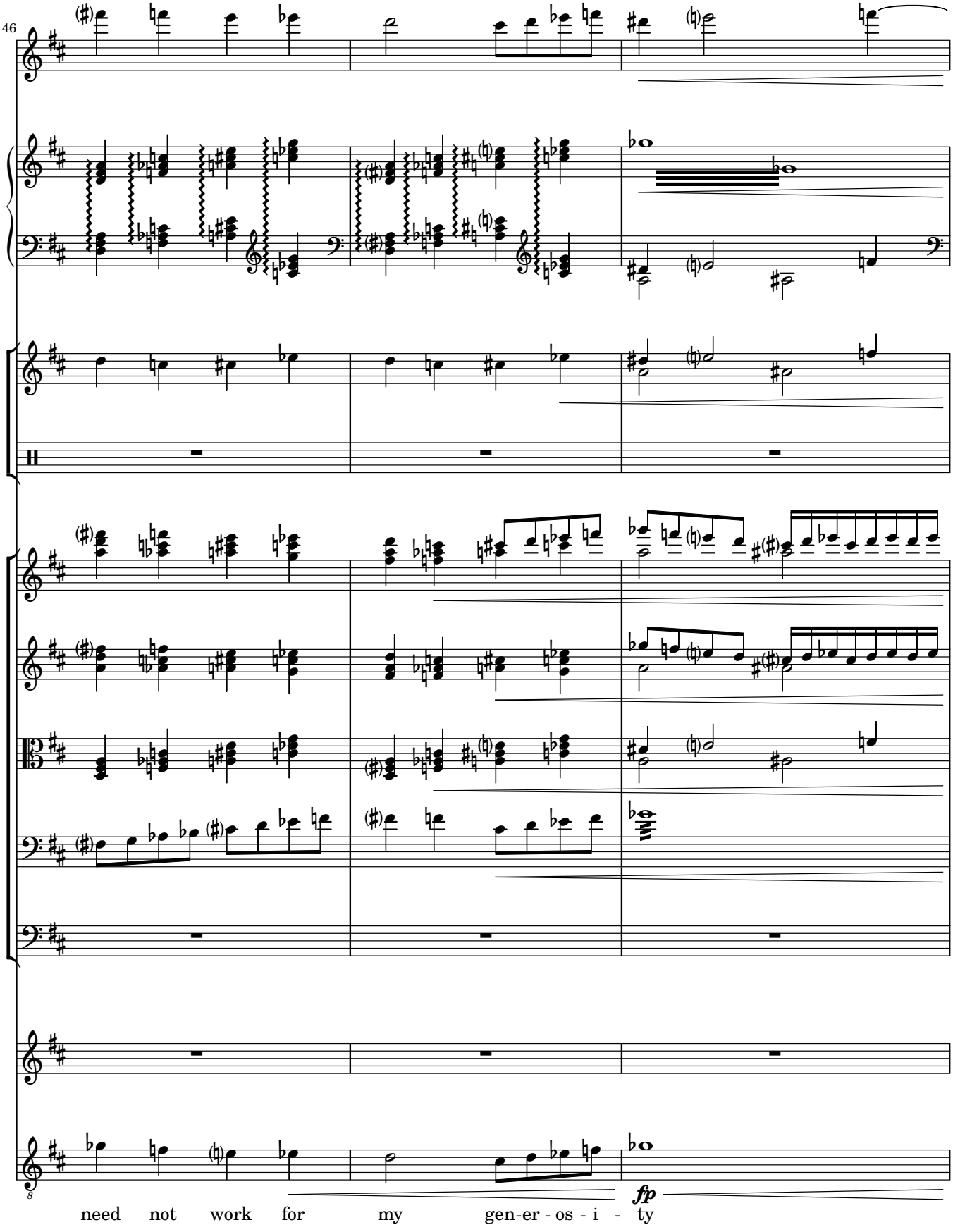

31
p
mf
mp
pp
know, you may not join They are my fam-ily caring hand made

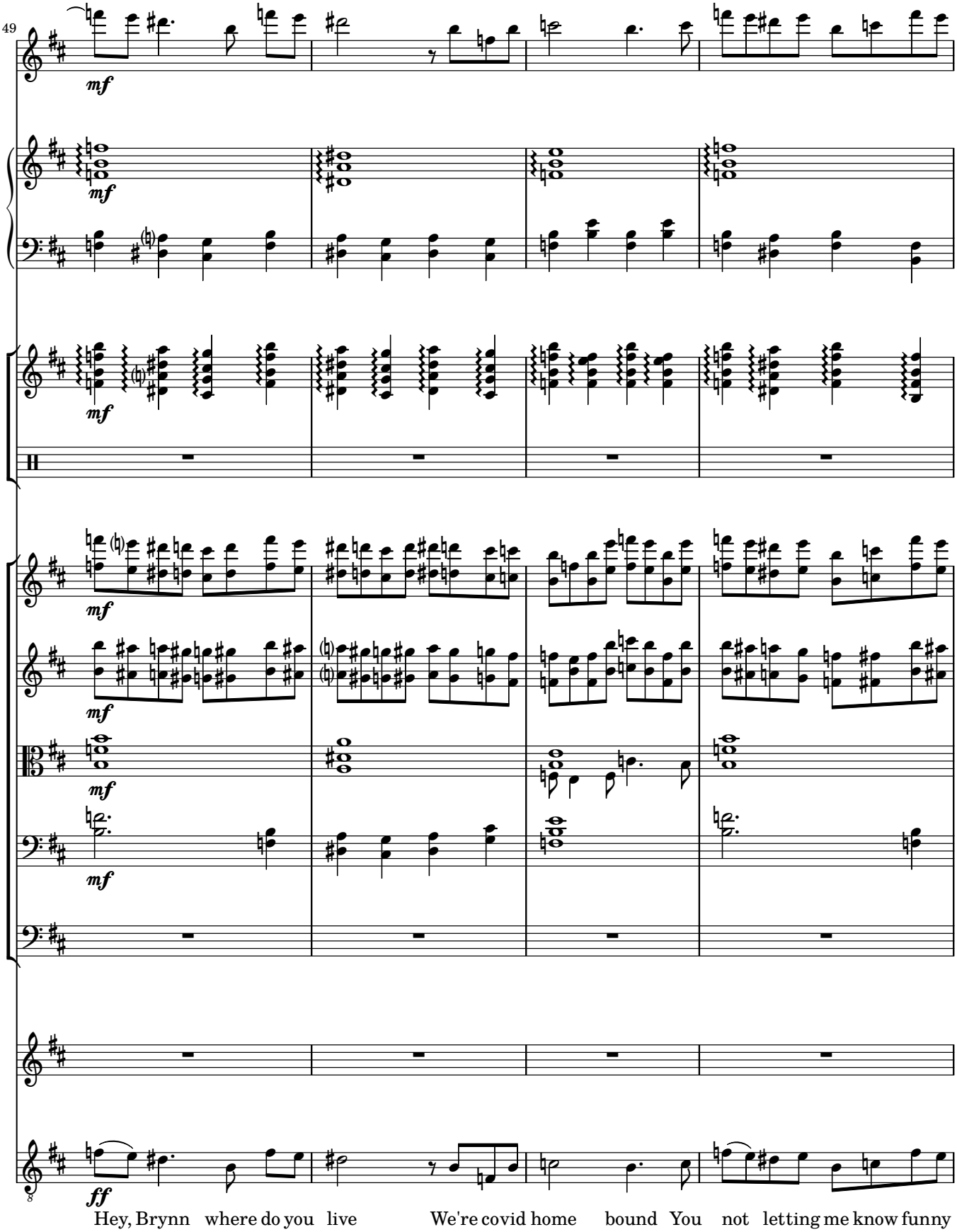

34
f
p
mf
p
mf
I don't be - lieve your stalking statement They are my strength not a

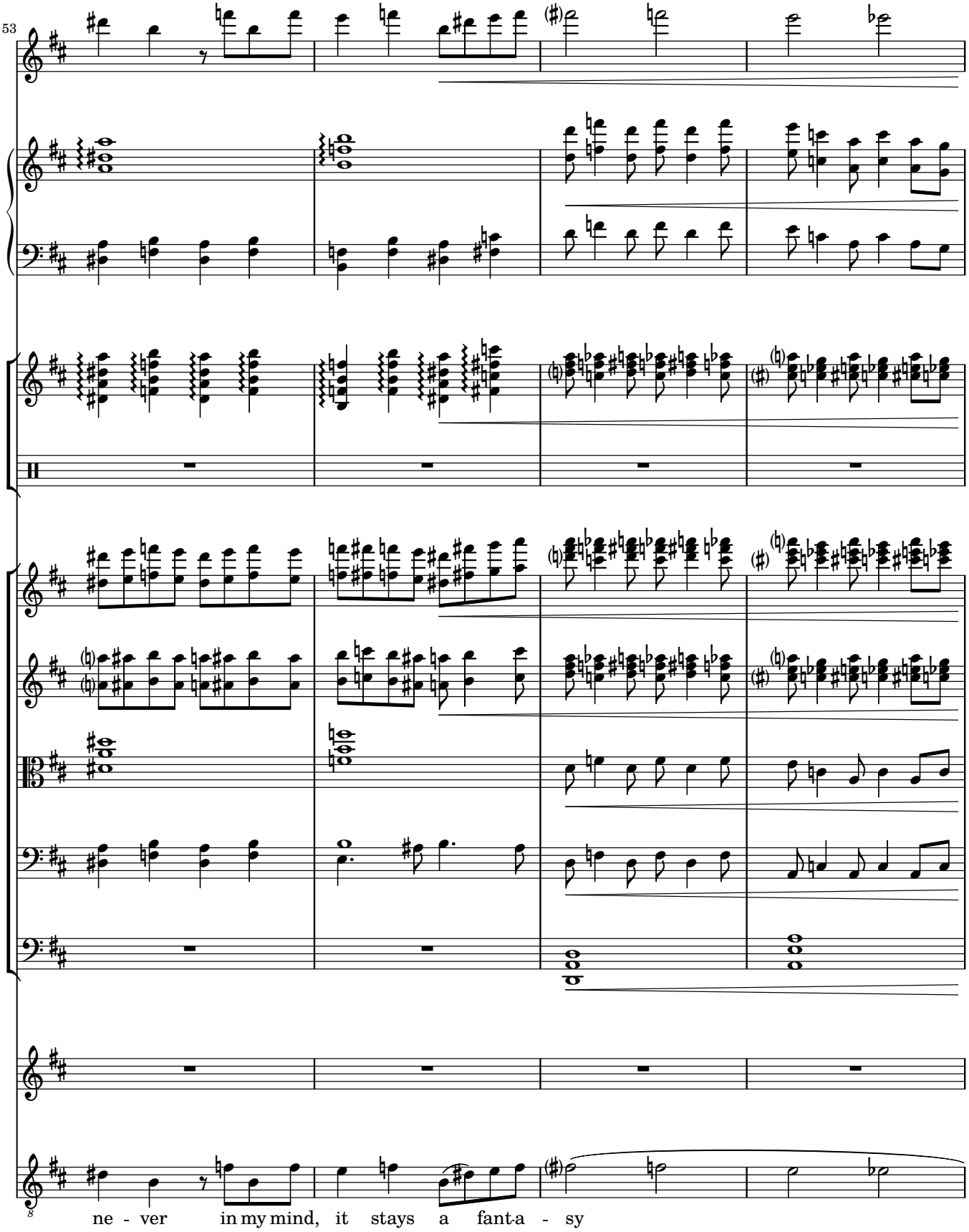

37
f
p
f
p
f
p
8
drop of tox - ic
I guided them to understand e-

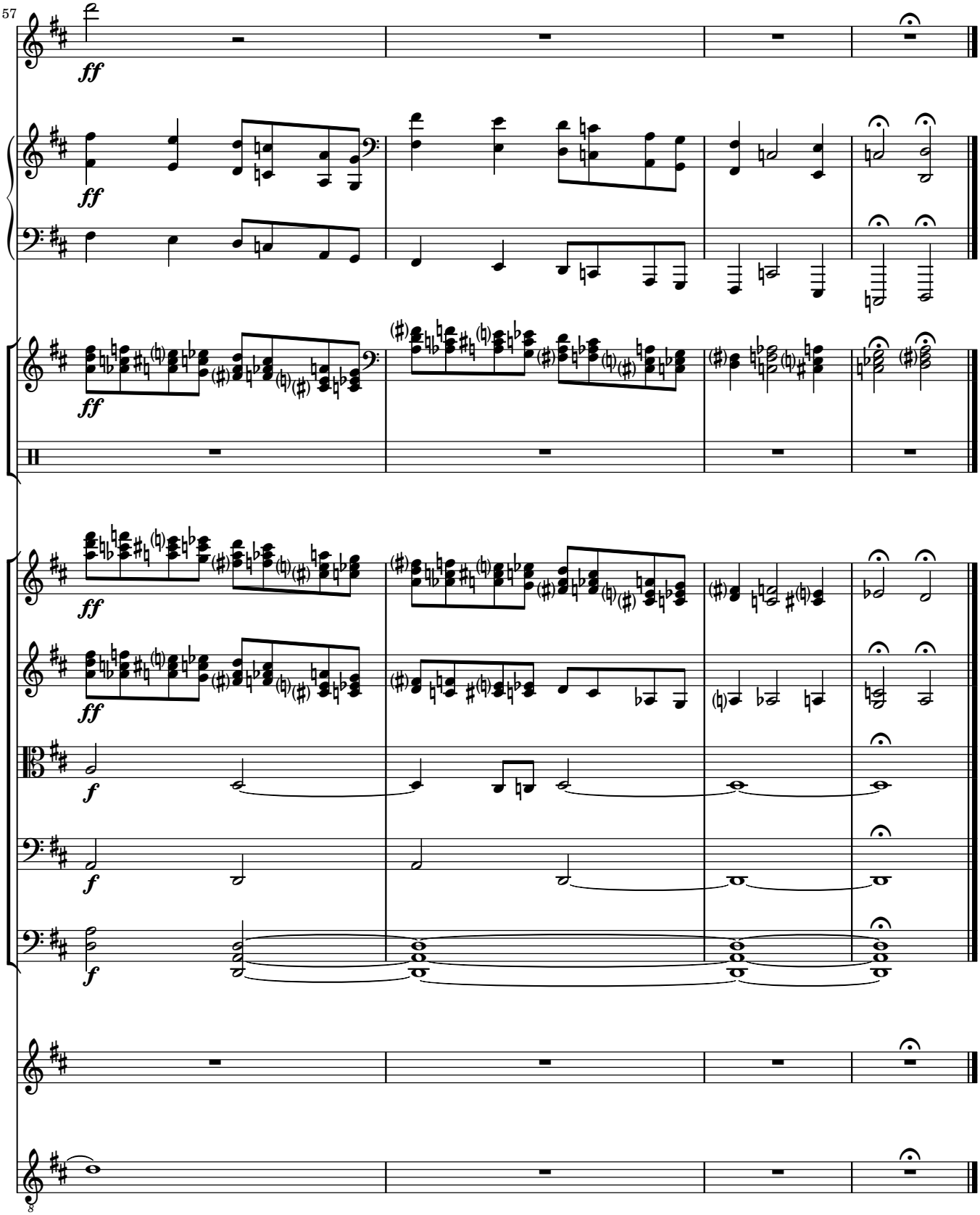

40
mo-tions
They learned the way to give love, to give love
ff


43
I am the free - dom that jeal-o - sy hates They


46
fp
need not work for my gen-er - os - i - ty

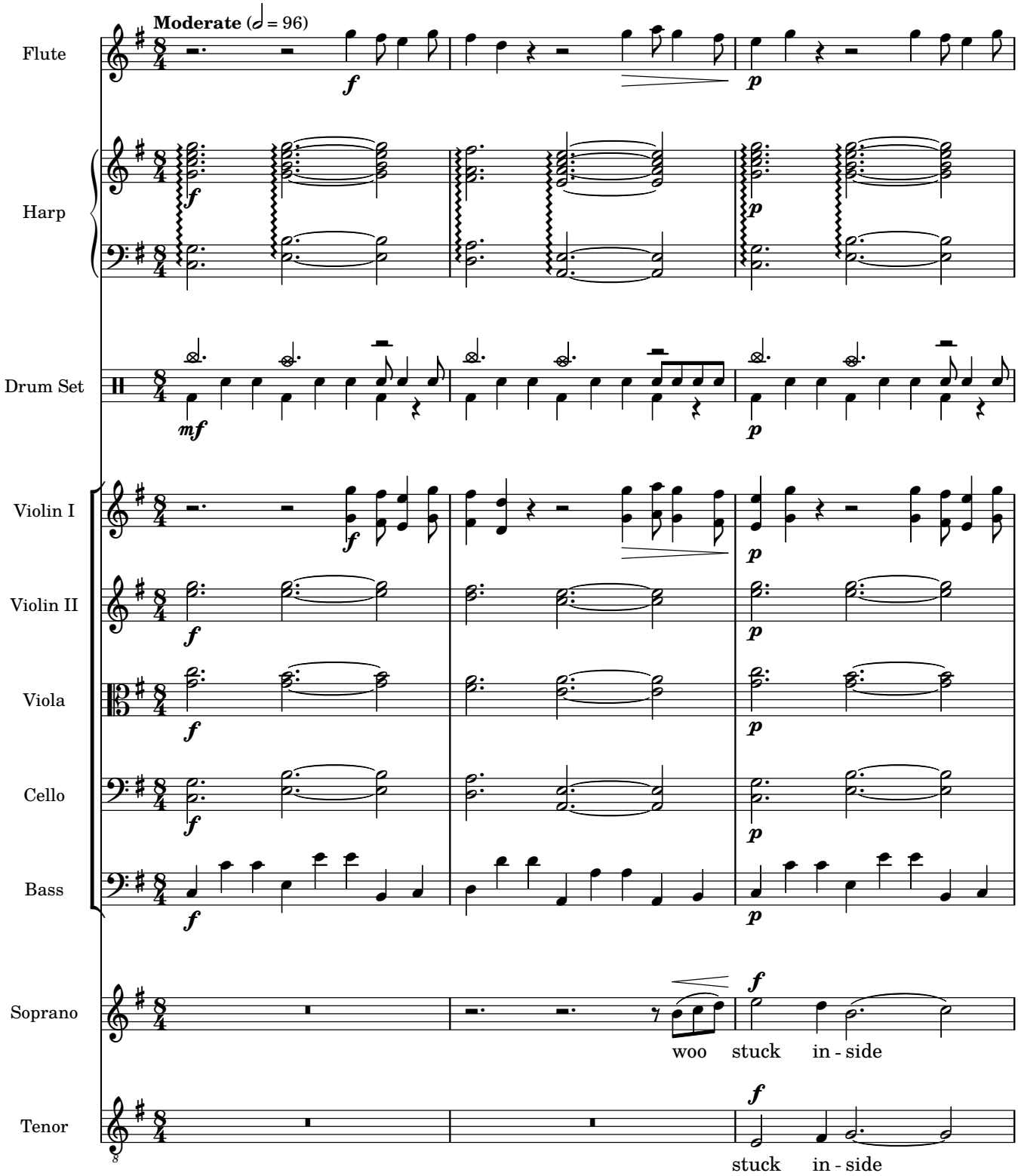

49
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
ff
Hey, Brynn where do you live We're covid home bound You not letting me know funny

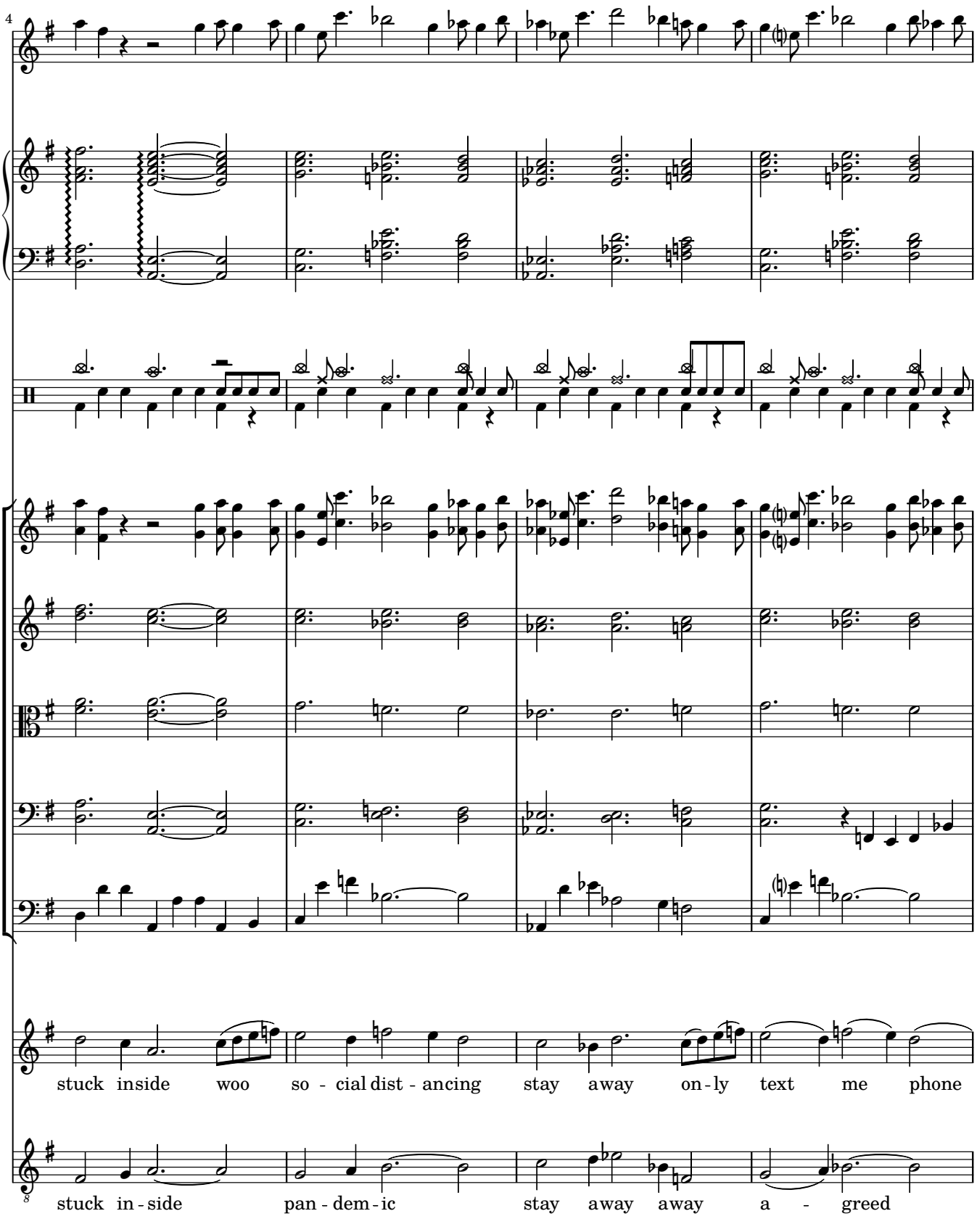

53
ne - ver in my mind, it stays a fant-a - sy

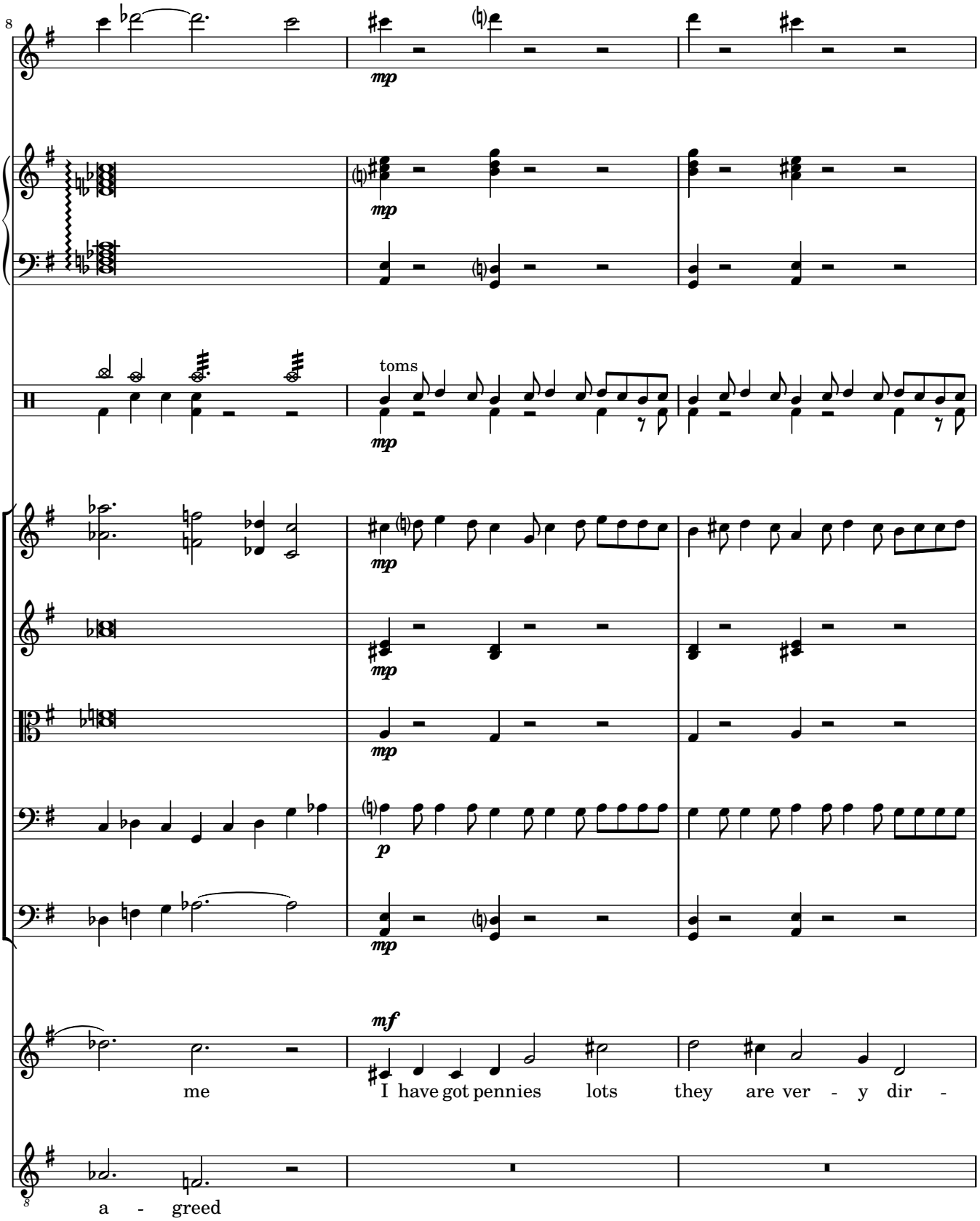

57
ff
ff
ff
ff
f
f
f
8

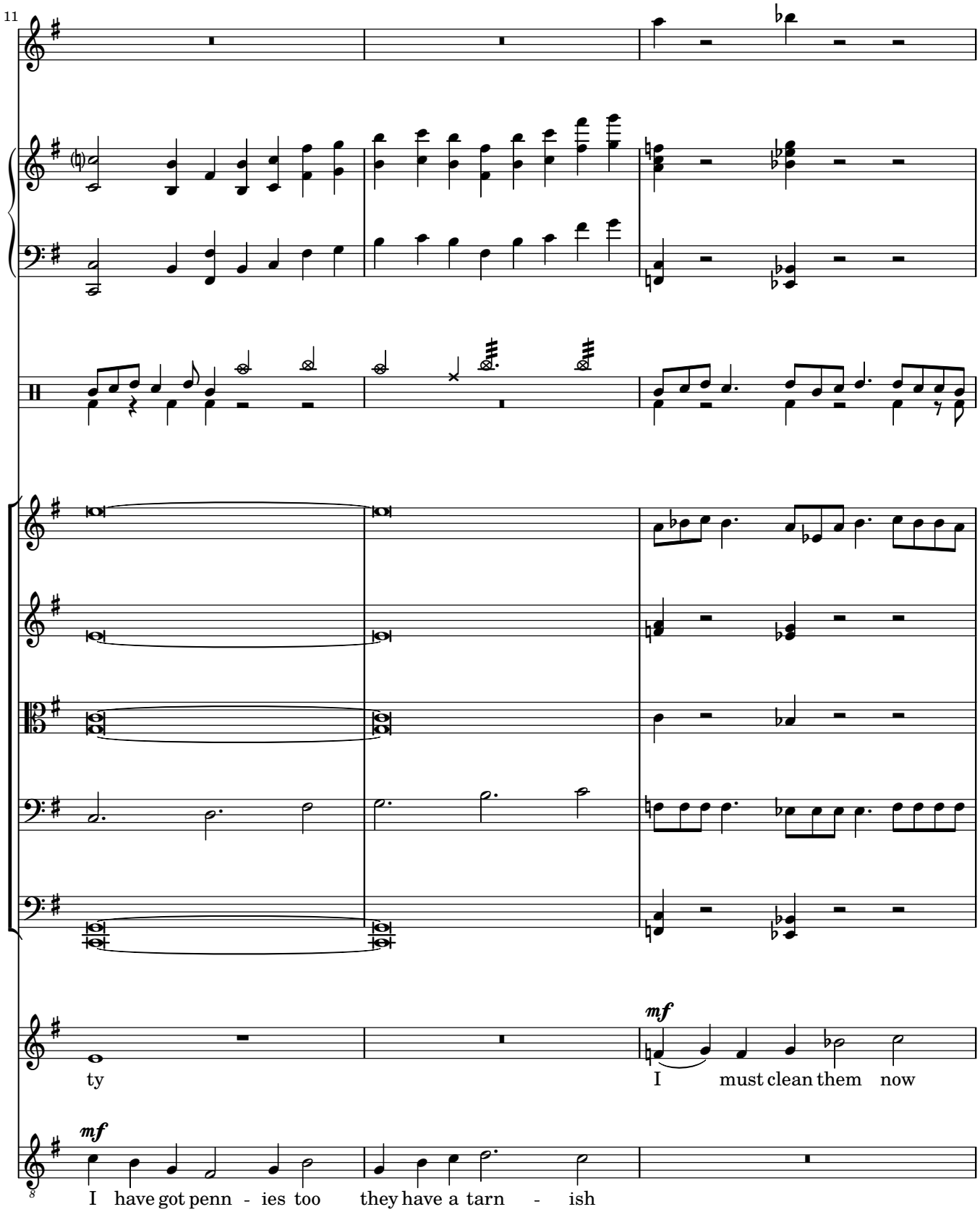
Pennies and Vinegar

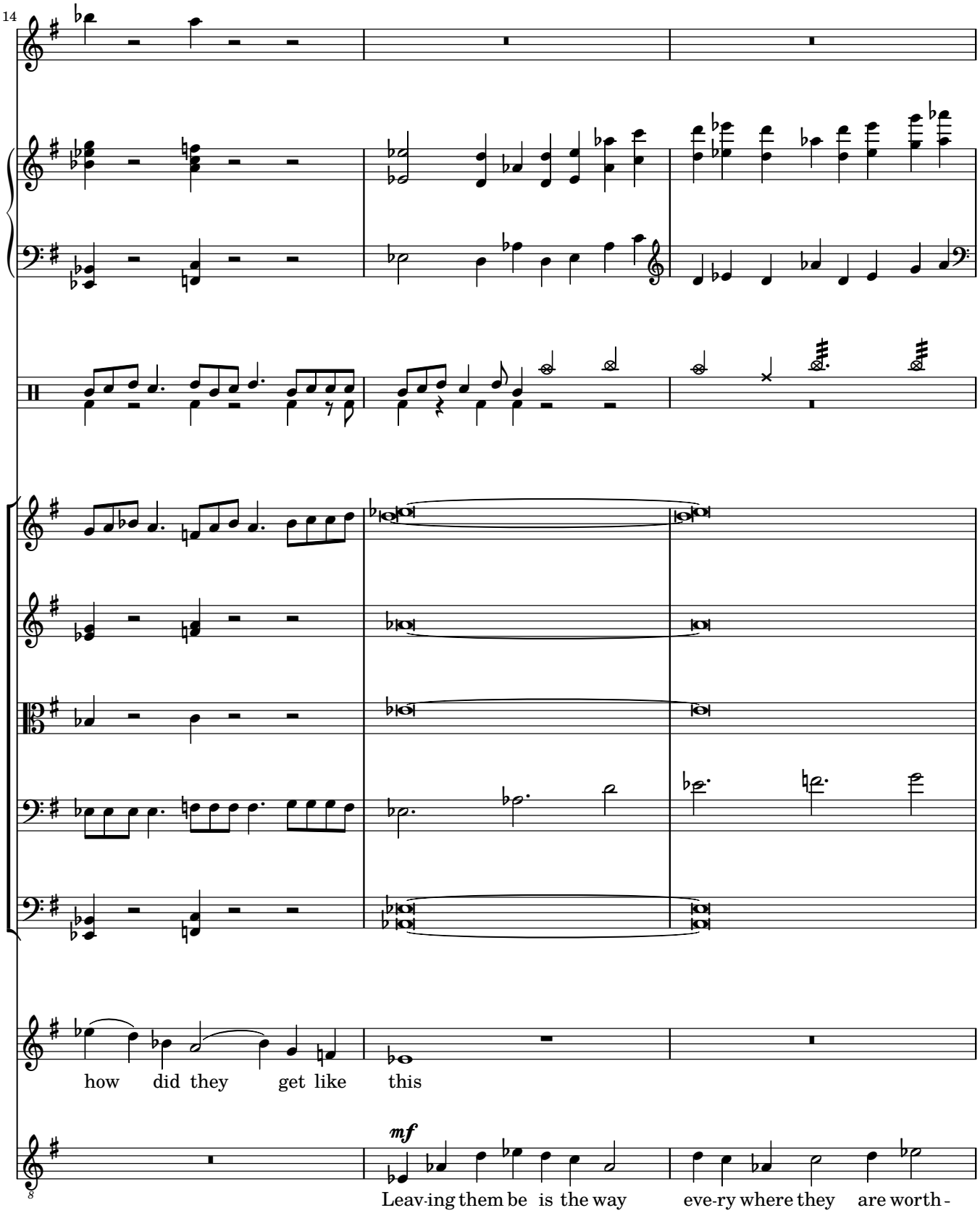
Craig Bakalian

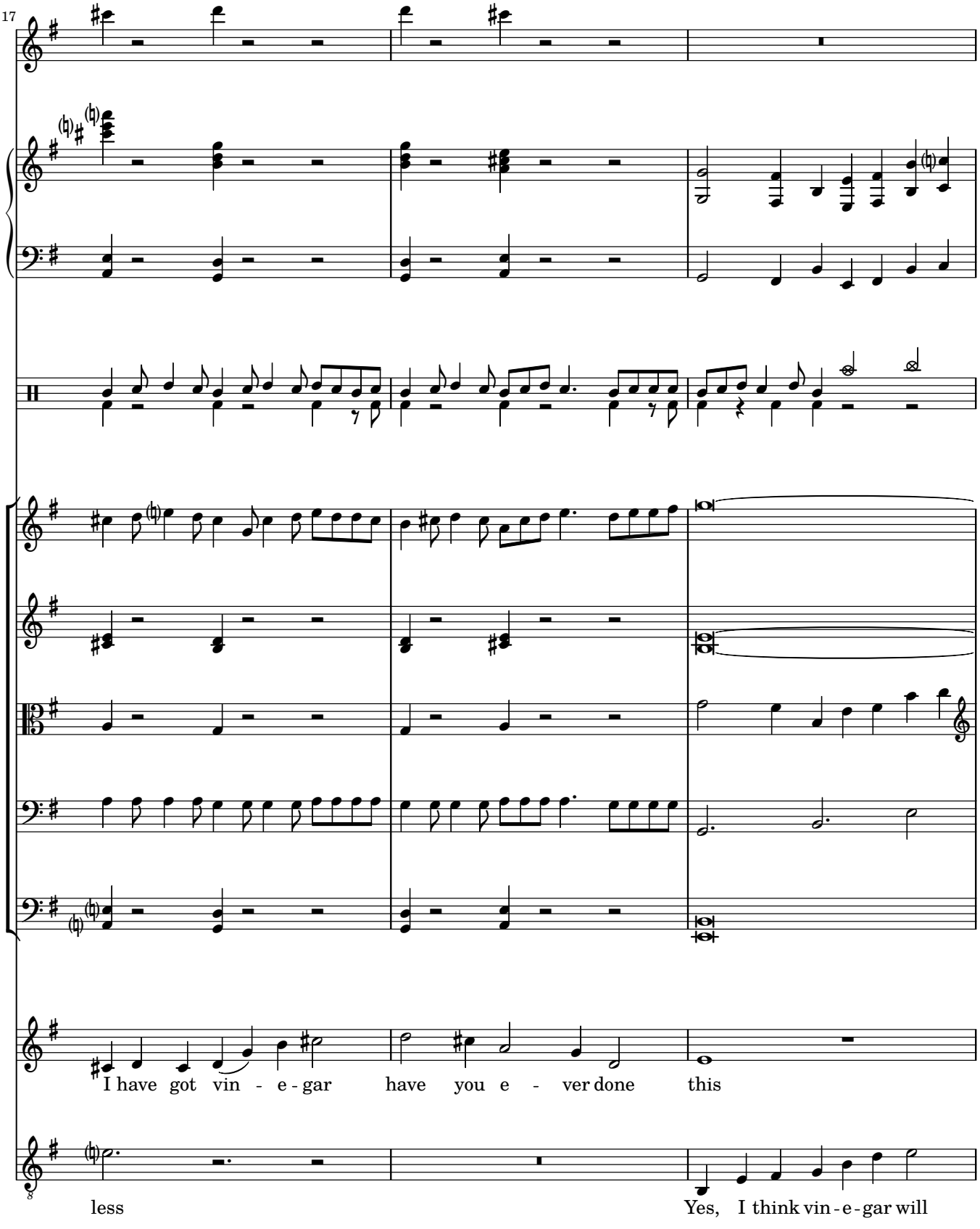


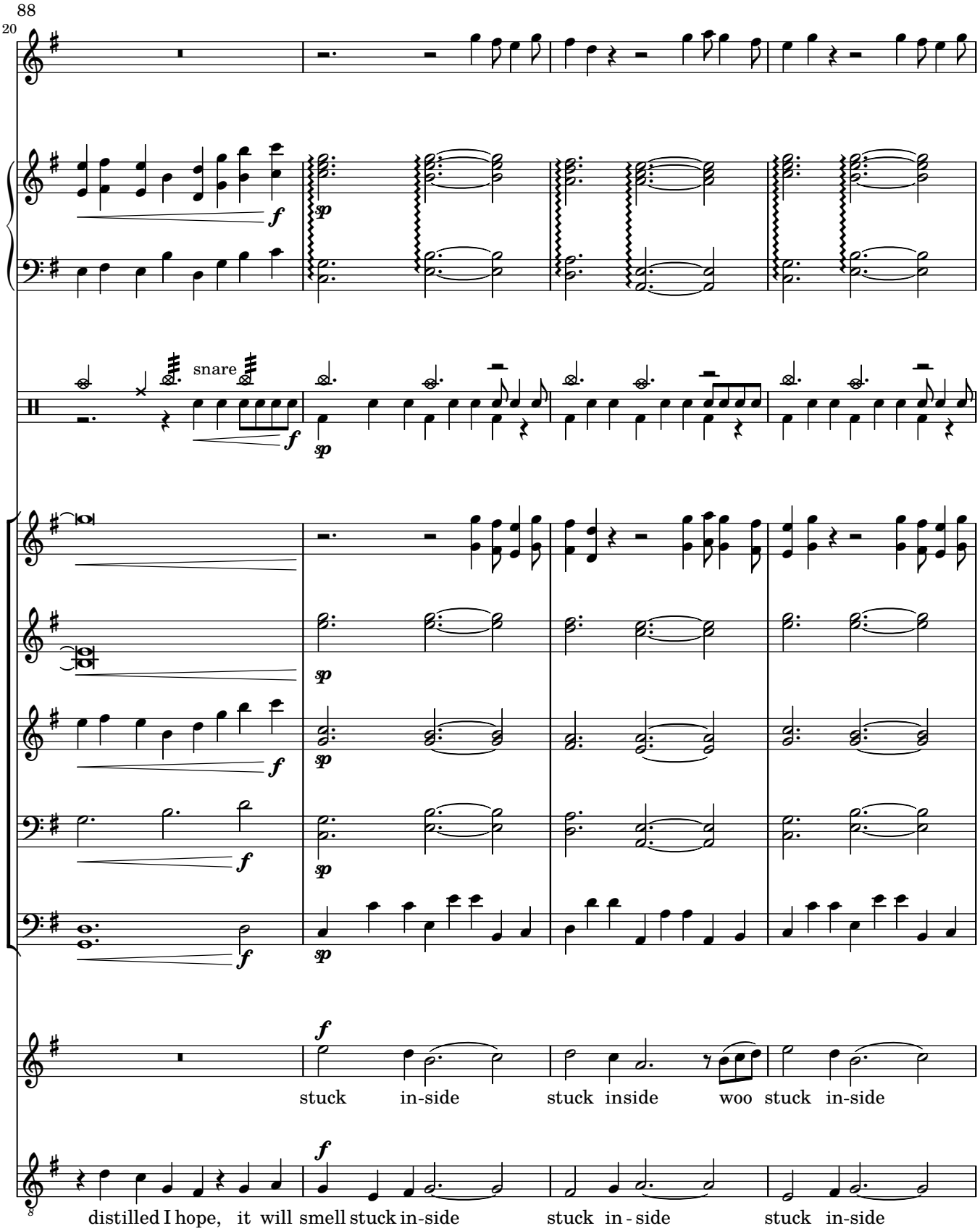

4
stuck inside woo so - cial dist - ancing stay away on - ly text me phone
8
stuck in - side pan - dem - ic stay away away a - greed

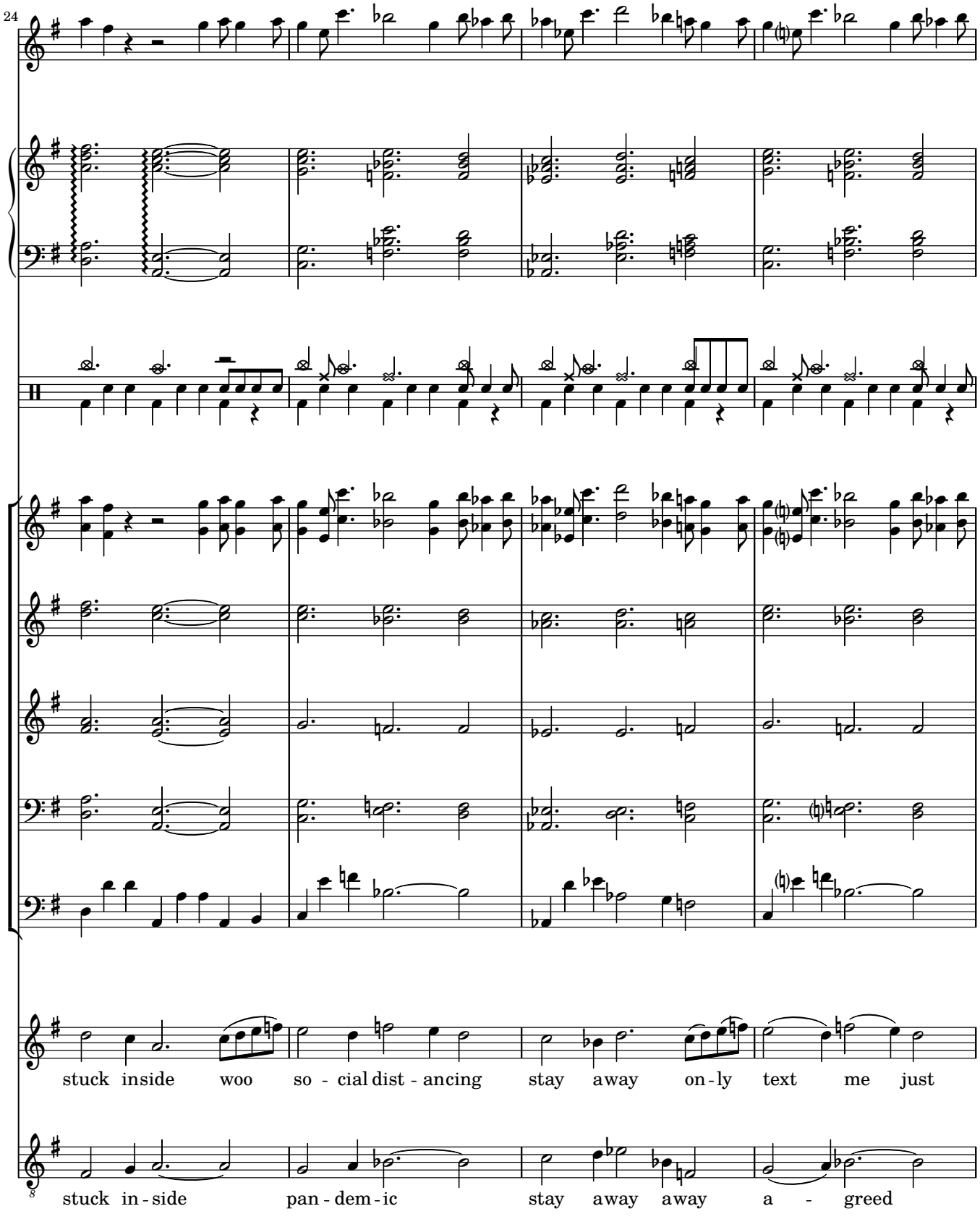

toms
mp
p
mf
me
I have got pennies lots they are ver - y dir -
a - greed


11
mf
ty
I must clean them now
mf
I have got penn - ies too
they have a tarn - ish


14
how did they get like this
mf
Leav-ing them be is the way eve-ry where they are worth-


17
I have got vin - e - gar
have you e - ver done
this
less
Yes, I think vin - e - gar will


88
20
snare
stuck in-side stuck inside woo stuck in-side
distilled I hope, it will smell stuck in-side stuck in - side stuck in-side


24
stuck inside woo so - cial dist - ancing stay away on - ly text me just
stuck in - side pan - dem - ic stay away away a - greed

28

mp

mp

toms

mp

mp

mp

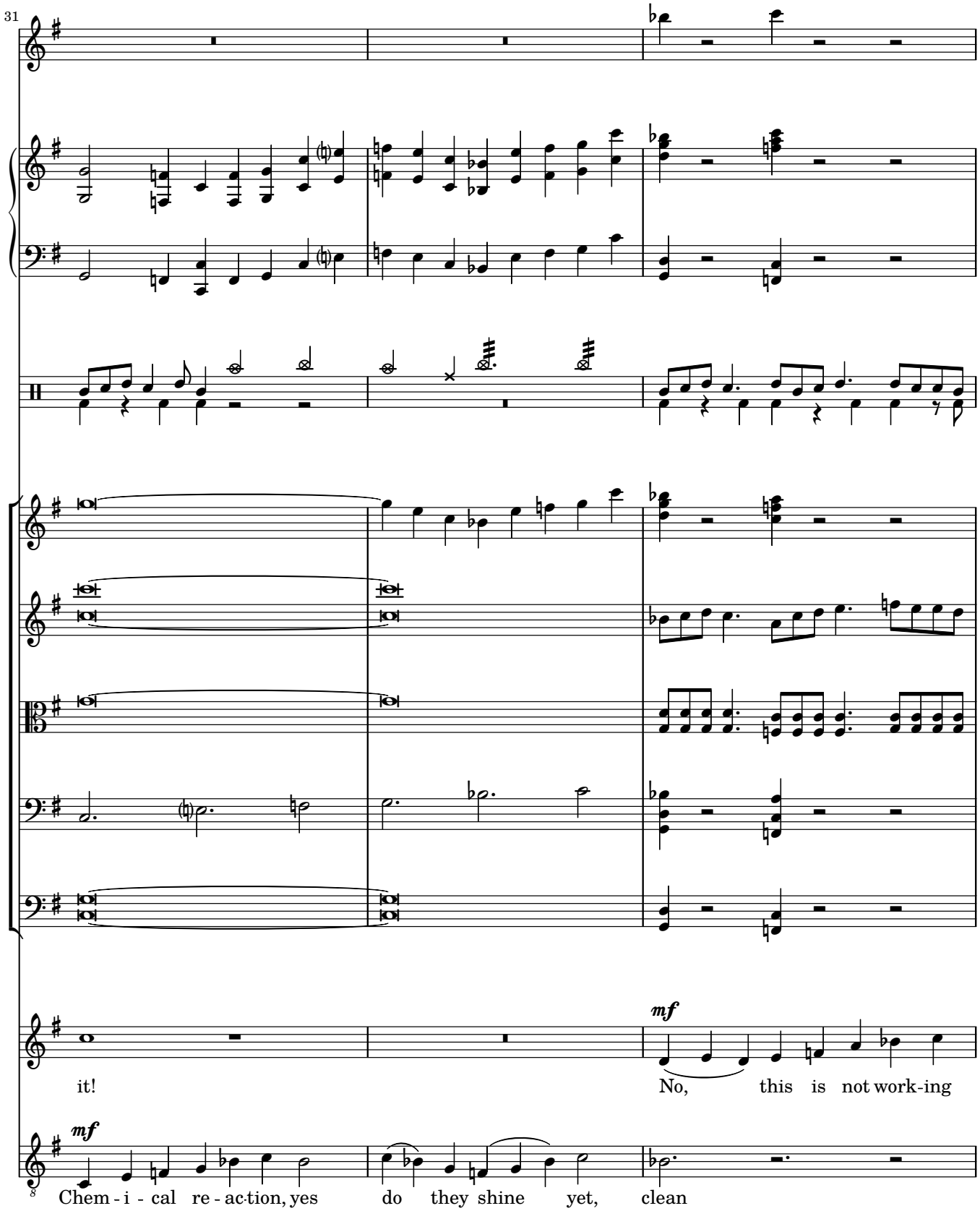
p

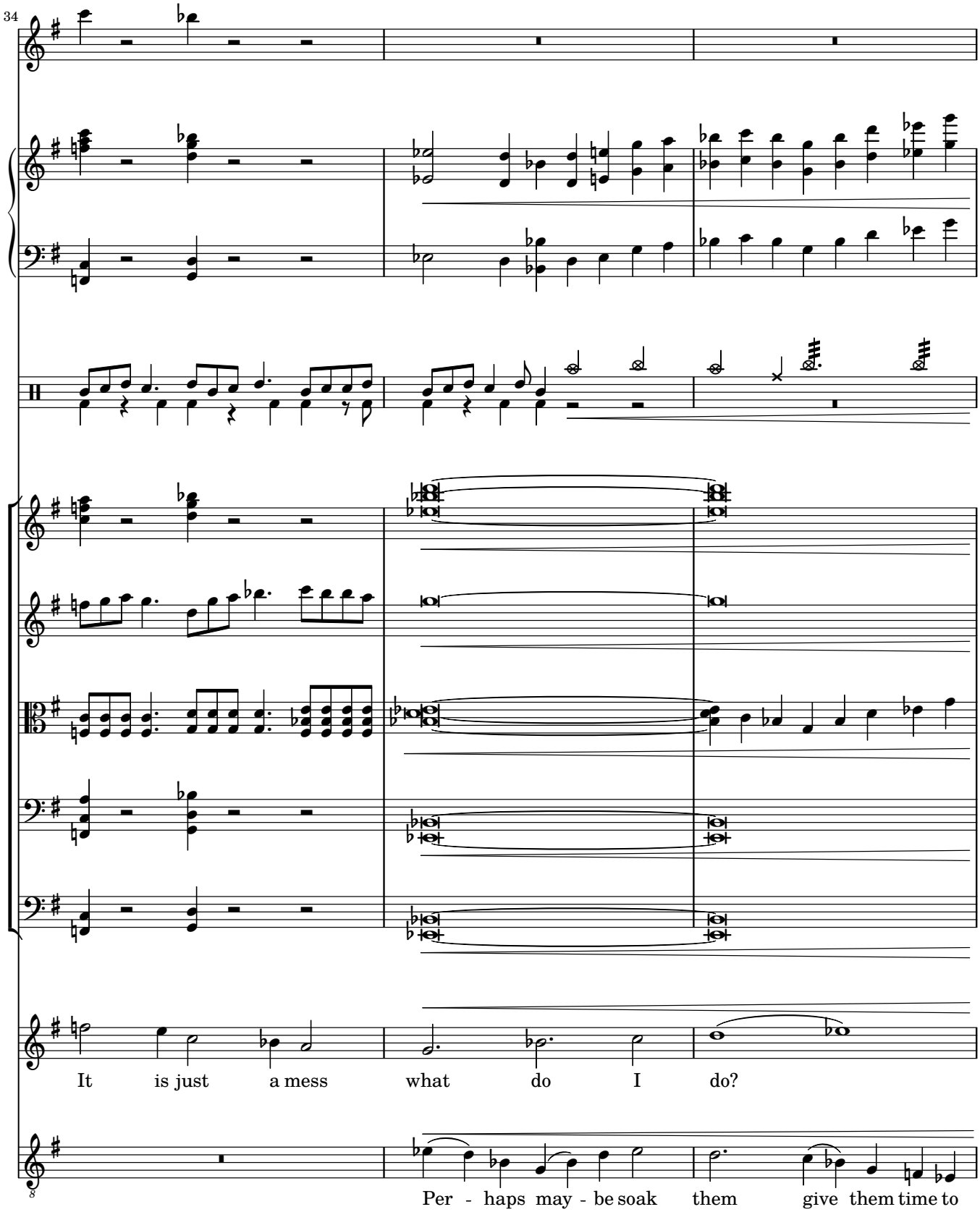
mp

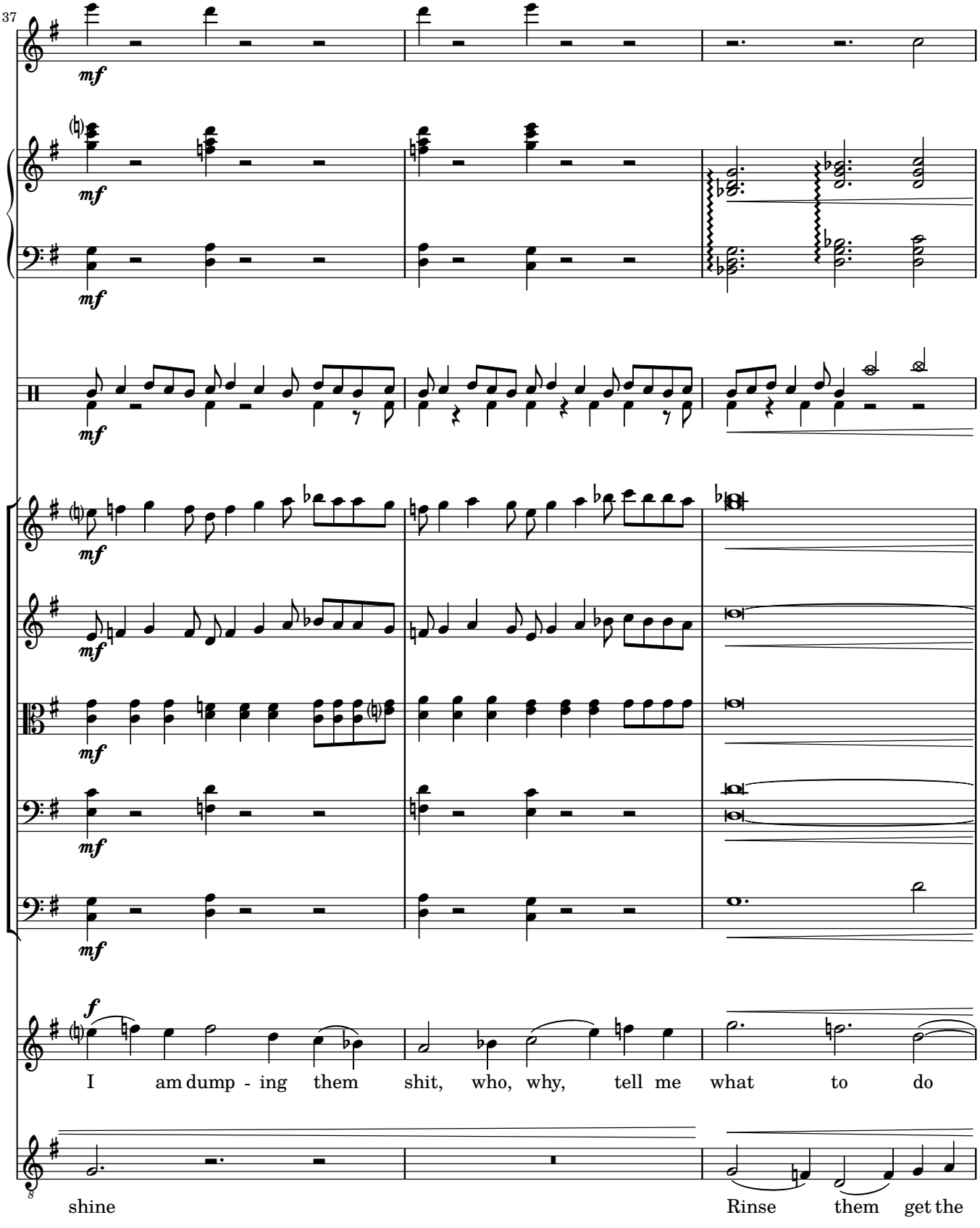
mf

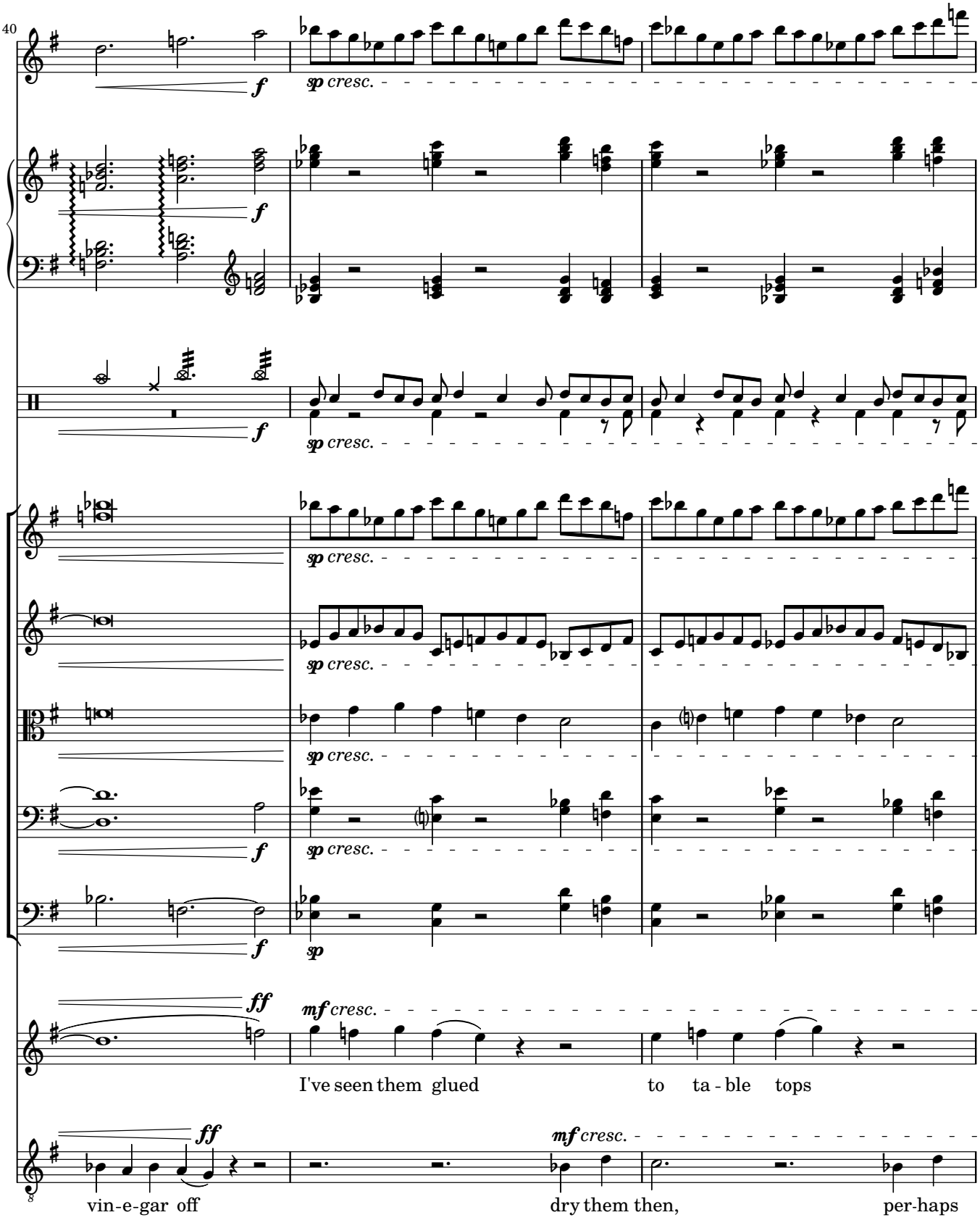
phone me Oh, the smell I real - ly can't take

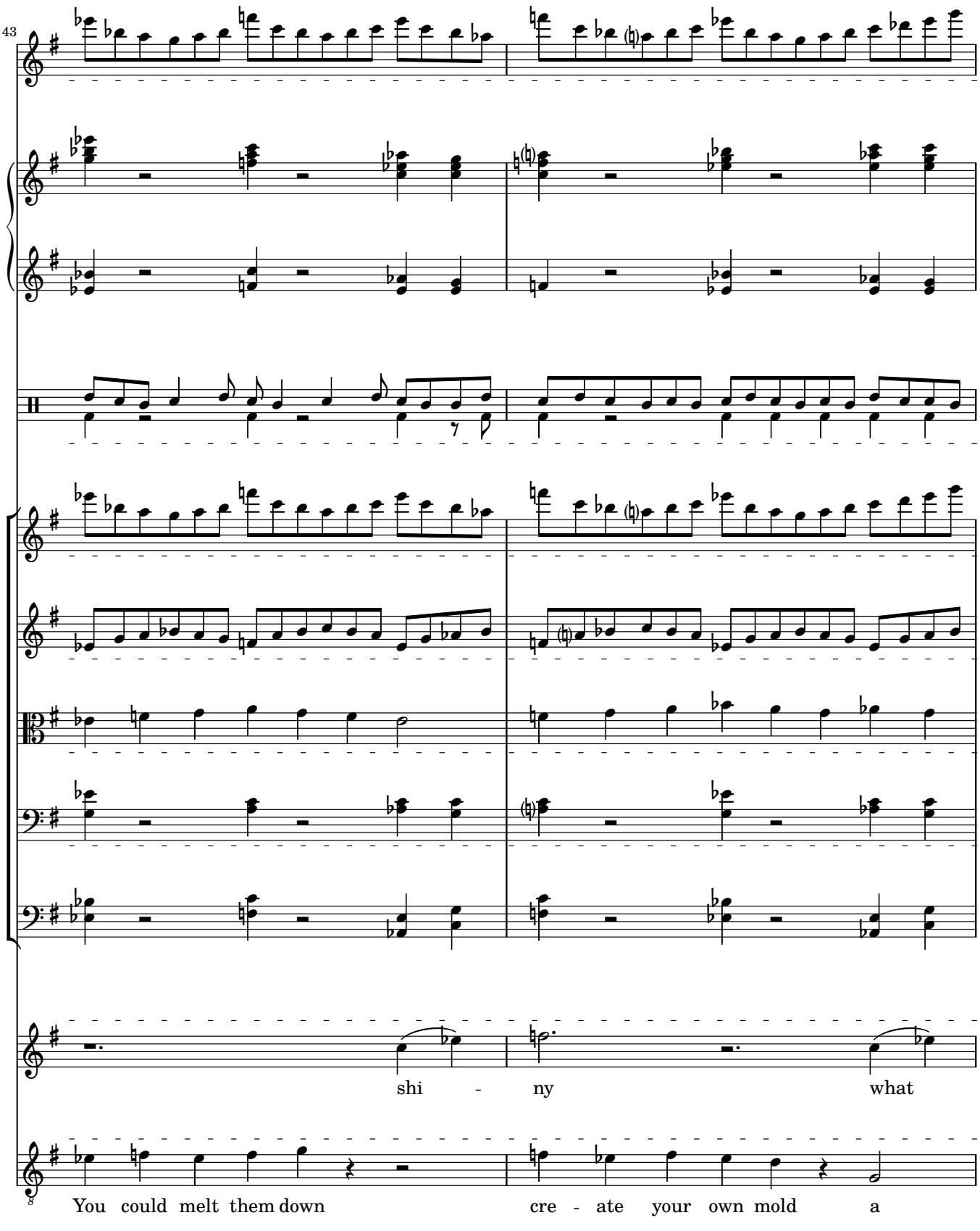
a - greed

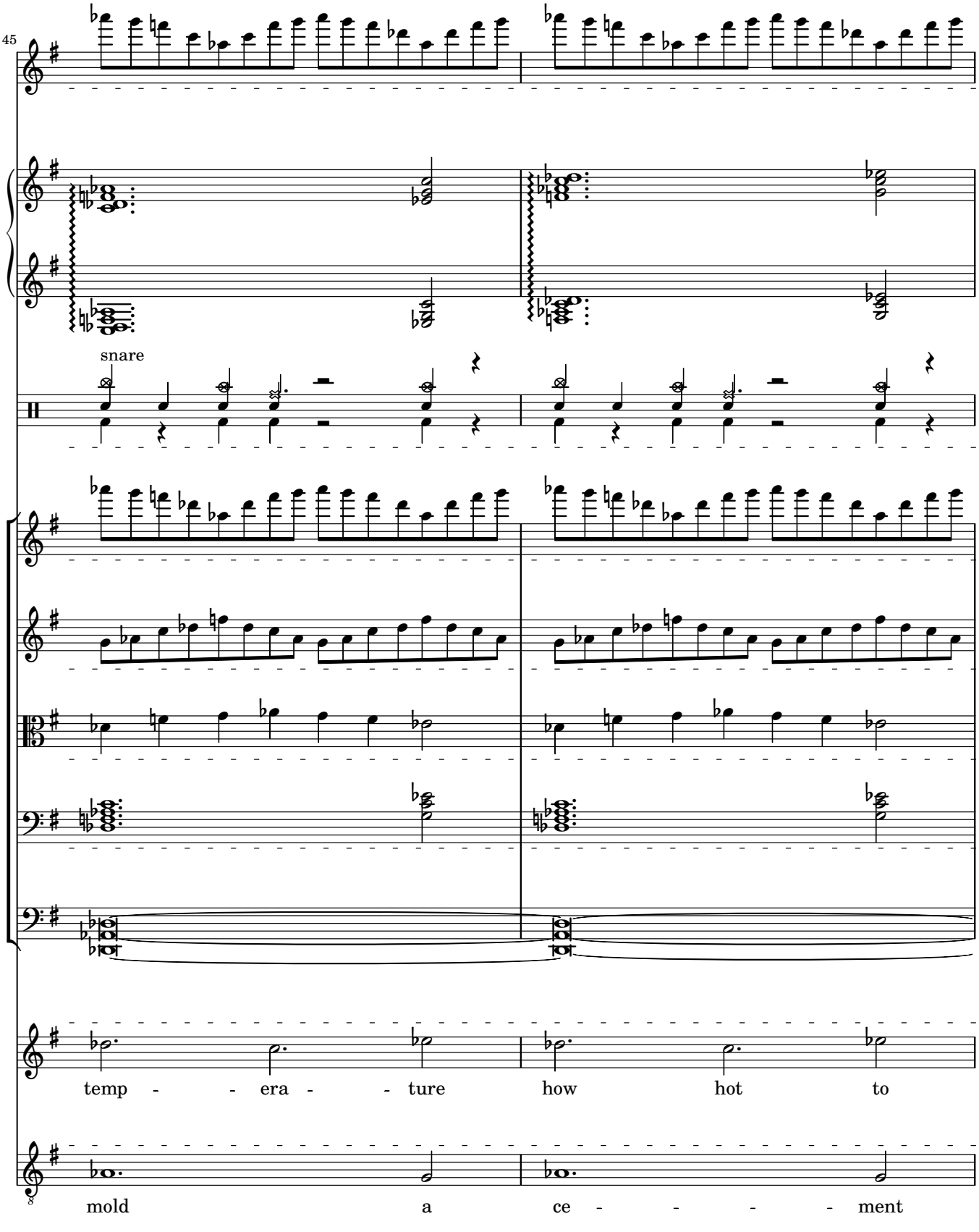

31
it!
No, this is not work-ing
Chem - i - cal re - ac-tion, yes do they shine yet, clean

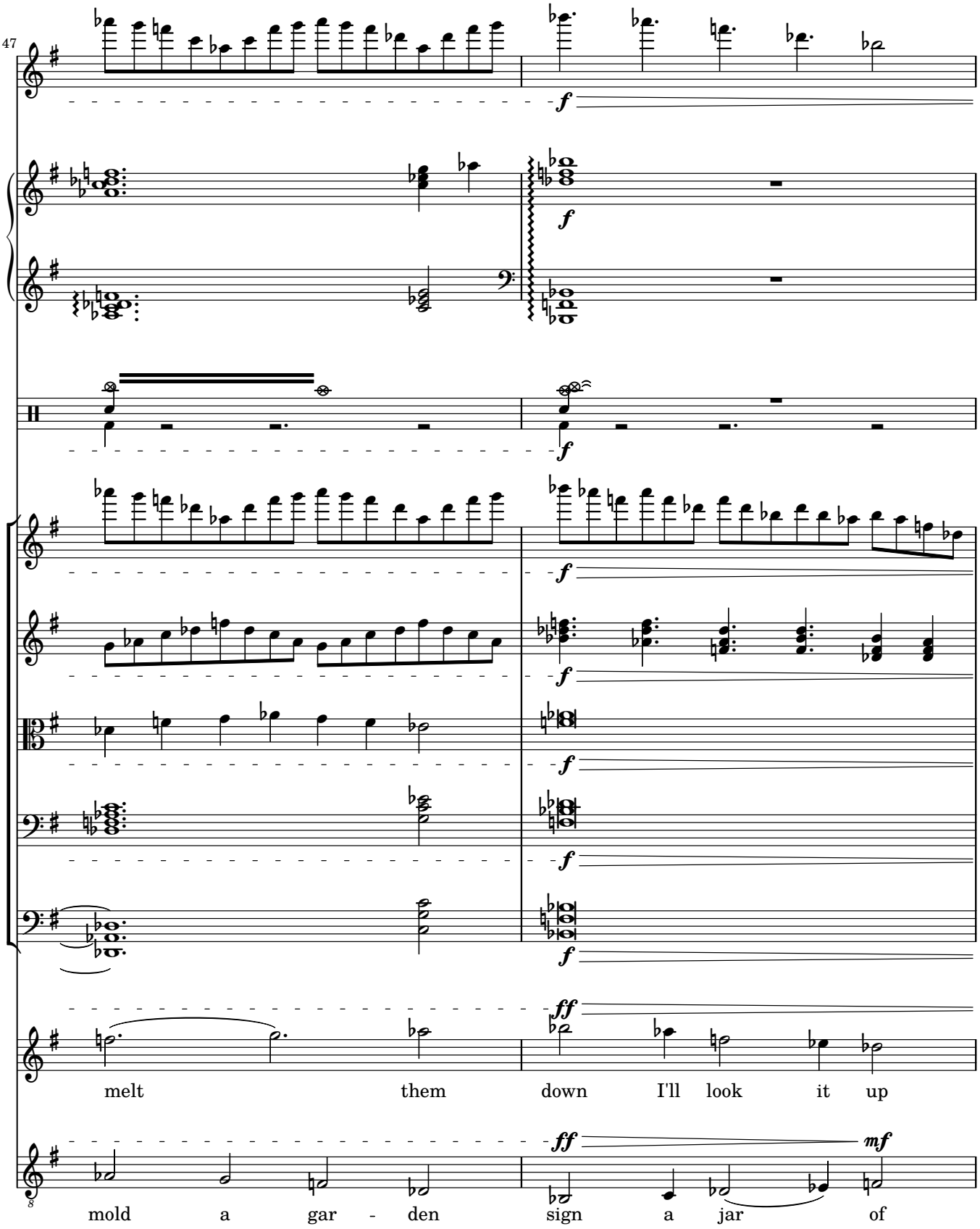

34
It is just a mess what do I do?
Per - haps may - be soak them give them time to


37
mf
f
I am dump - ing them shit, who, why, tell me what to do
shine
Rinse them get the


40
f
sp cresc.
f
sp cresc.
f
sp cresc.
sp cresc.
sp cresc.
f
sp
f
ff
mf cresc.
I've seen them glued
to ta - ble tops
ff
mf cresc.
vin-e-gar off
dry them then,
per-haps


43
shi - ny what
You could melt them down cre - ate your own mold a


45
snare
temp - - era - - ture how hot to
mold a ce - - - - ment


47
melt them down I'll look it up
mold a gar - den sign a jar of

49

p

p

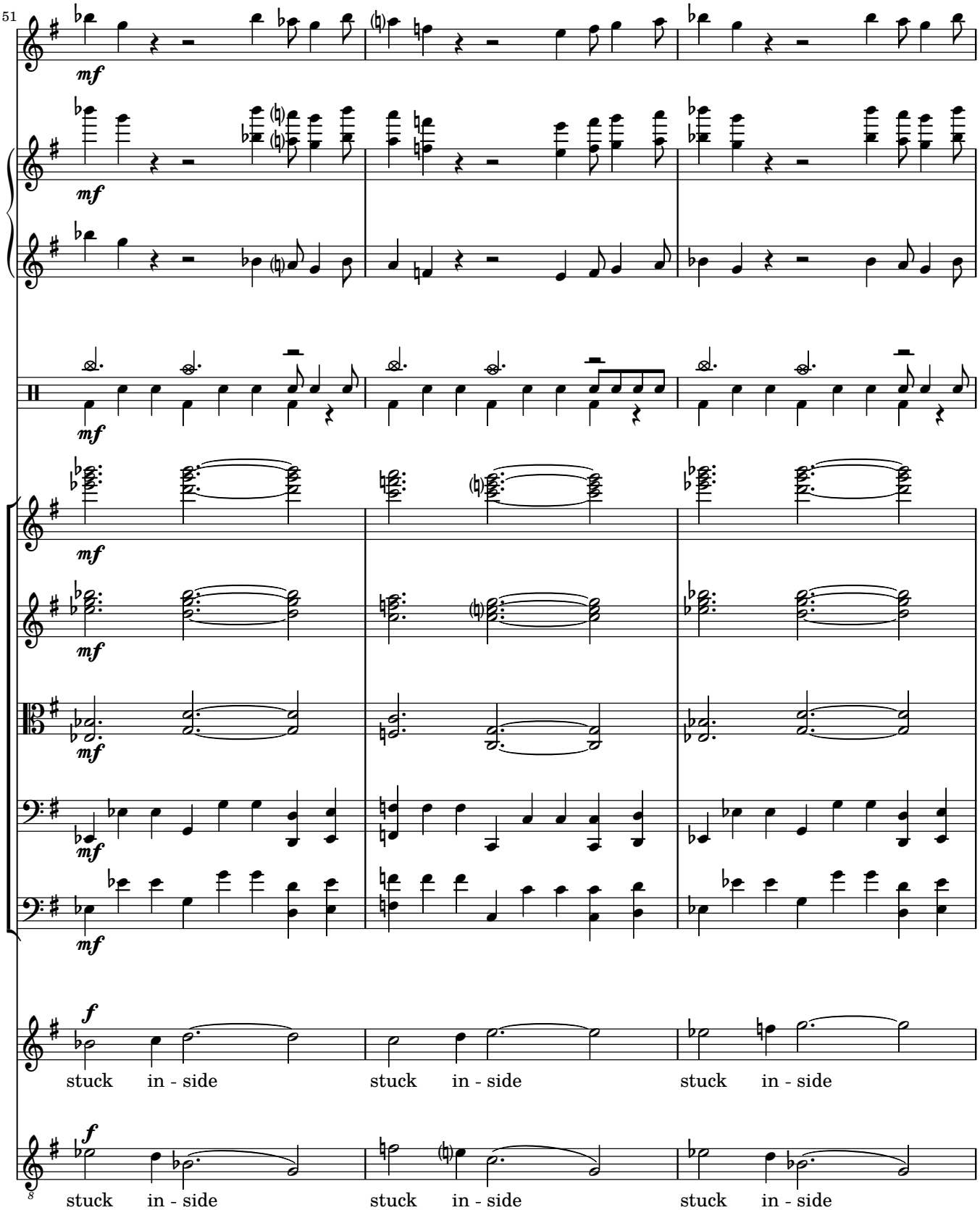
p

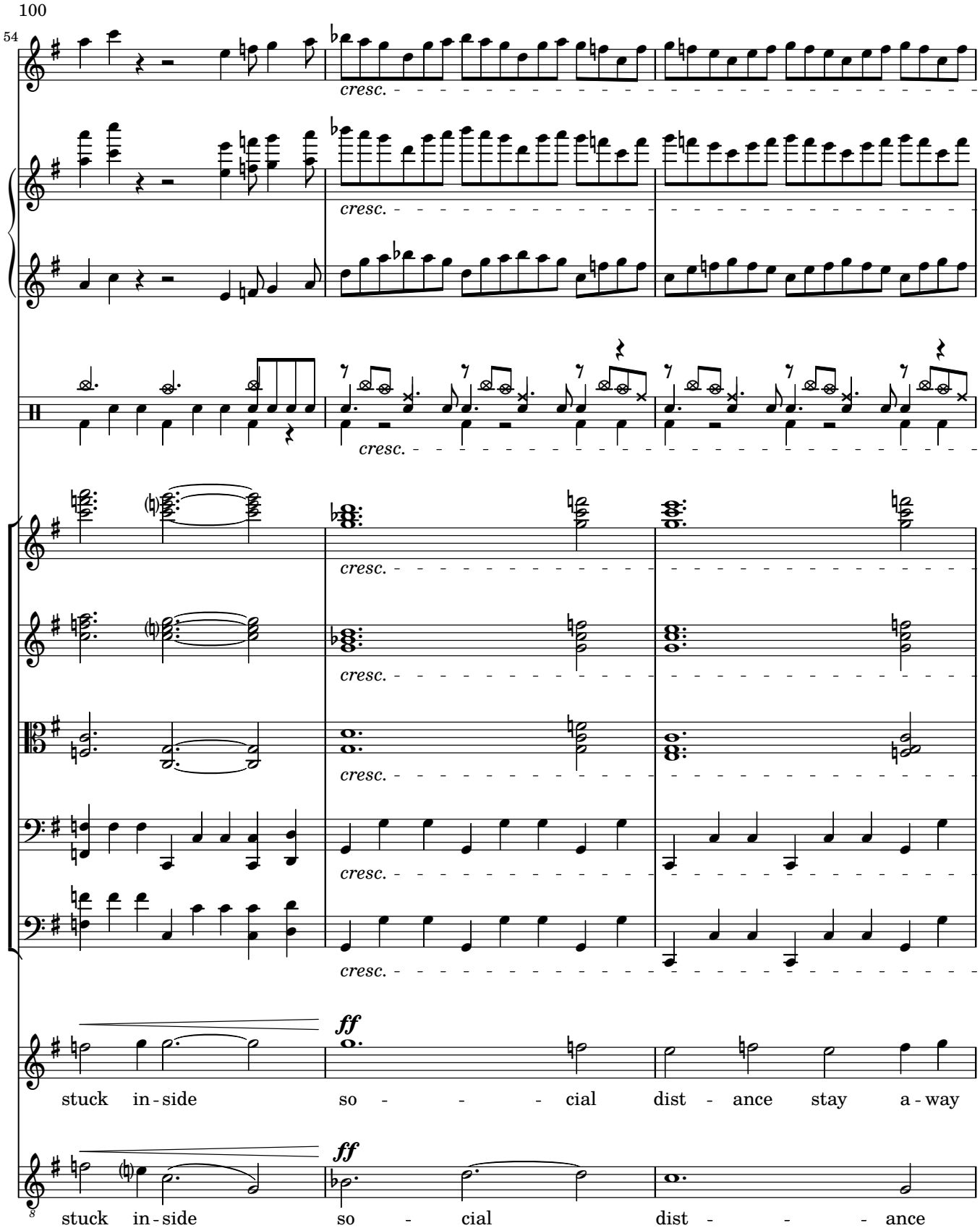
p

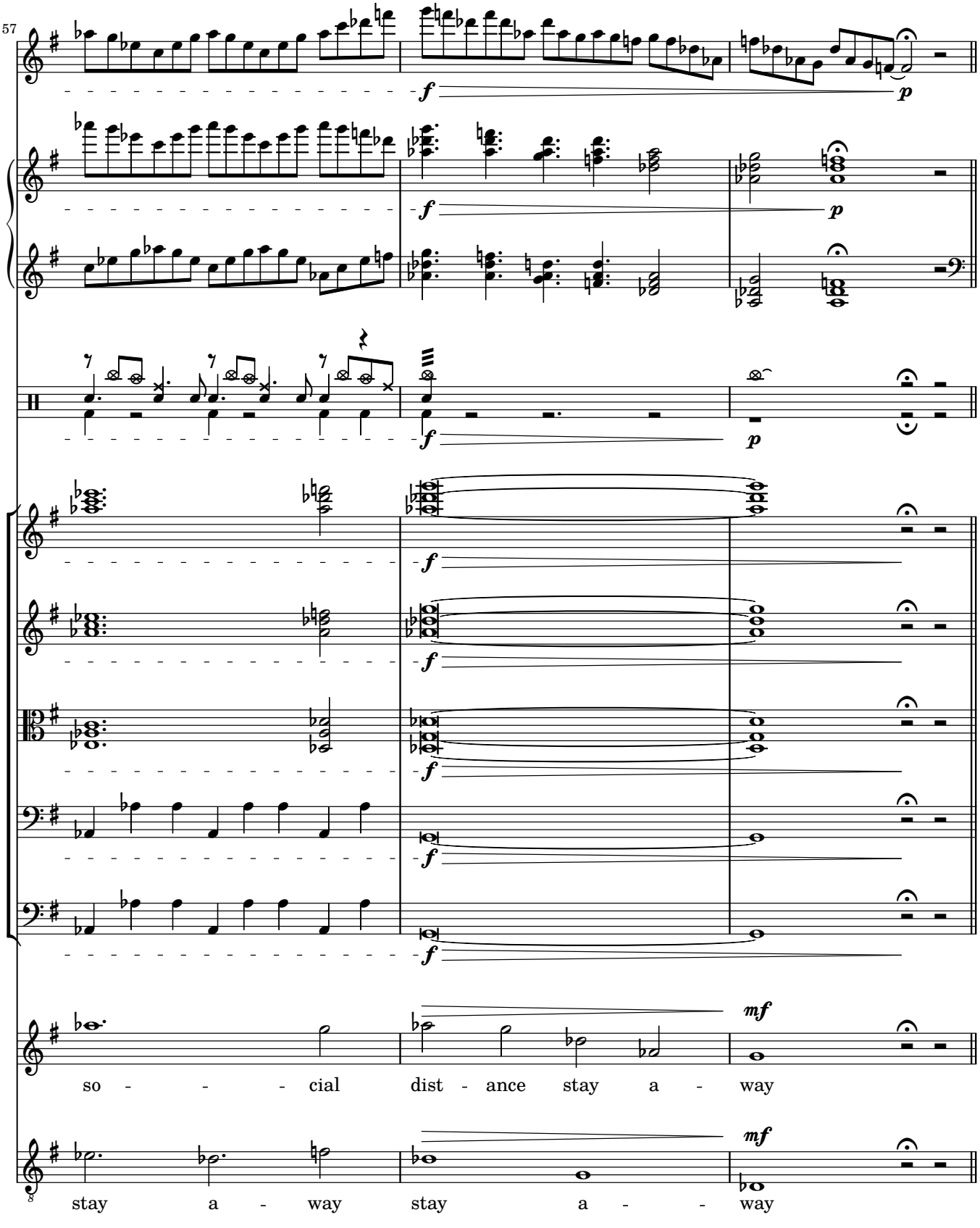
p

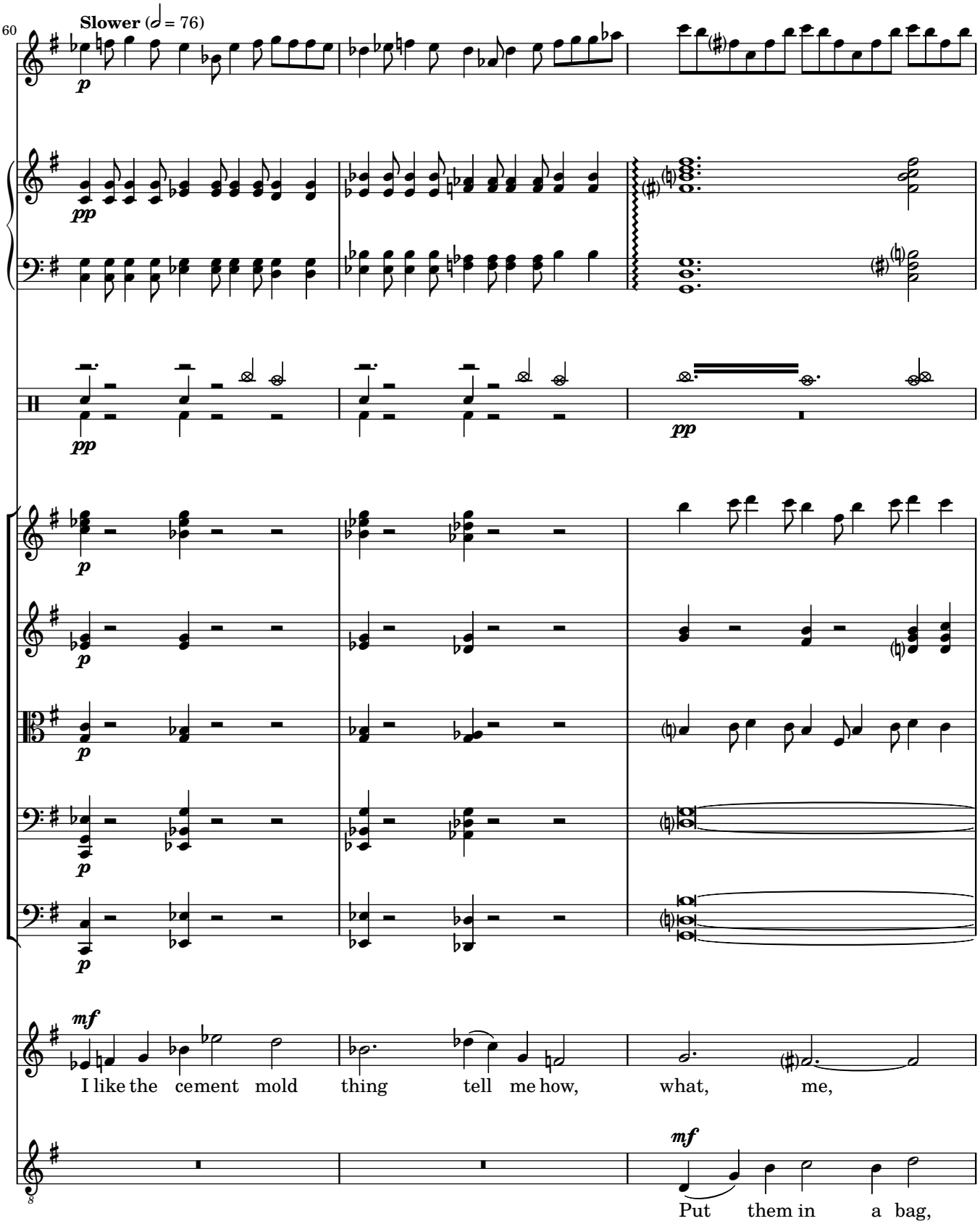
mf

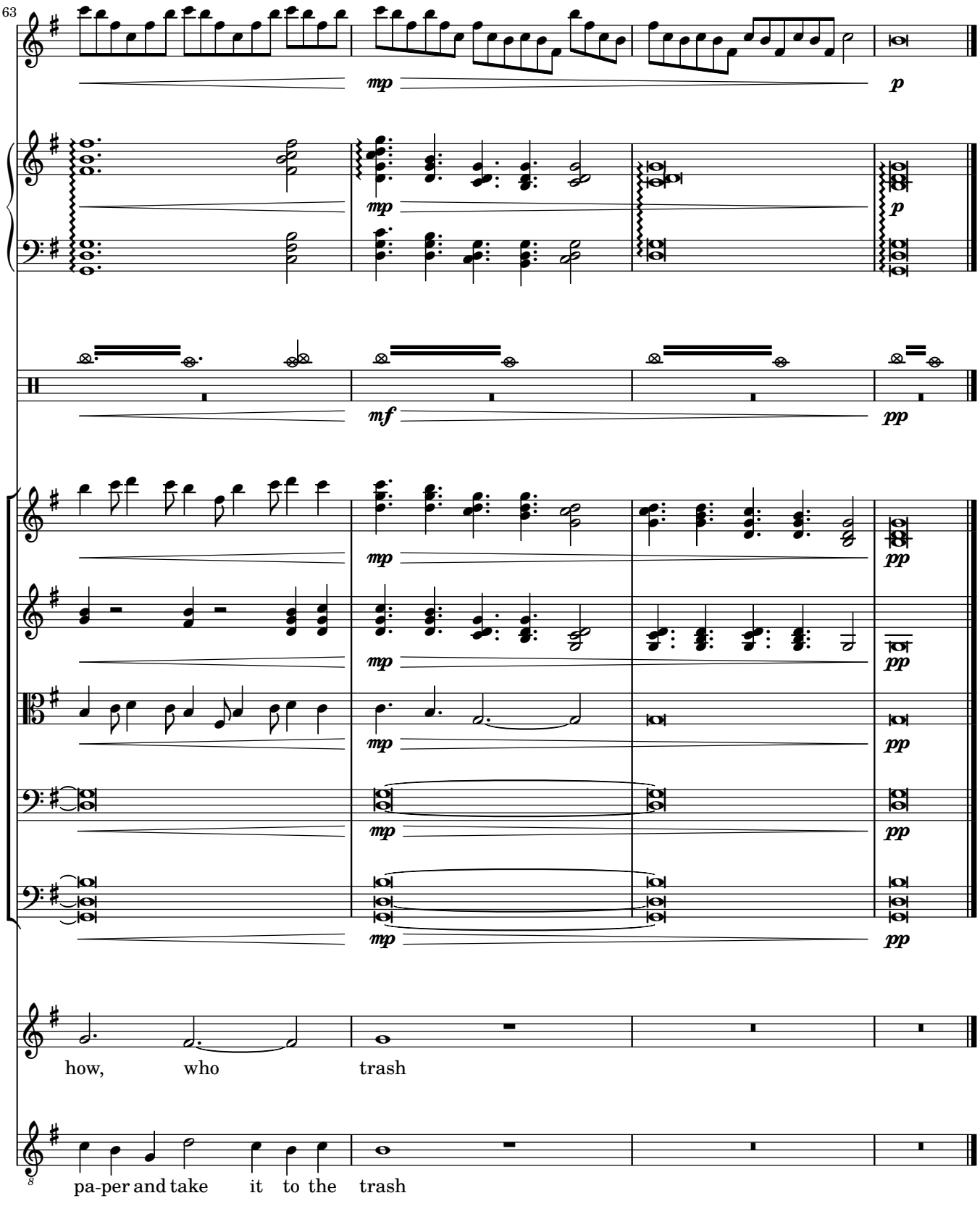
it's il - le - - - gal


51
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
f
stuck in - side
stuck in - side
stuck in - side
f
stuck in - side
stuck in - side
stuck in - side


100
54
cresc.
ff
stuck in-side so - - - cial dist - ance stay a-way
stuck in-side so - cial dist - - - ance

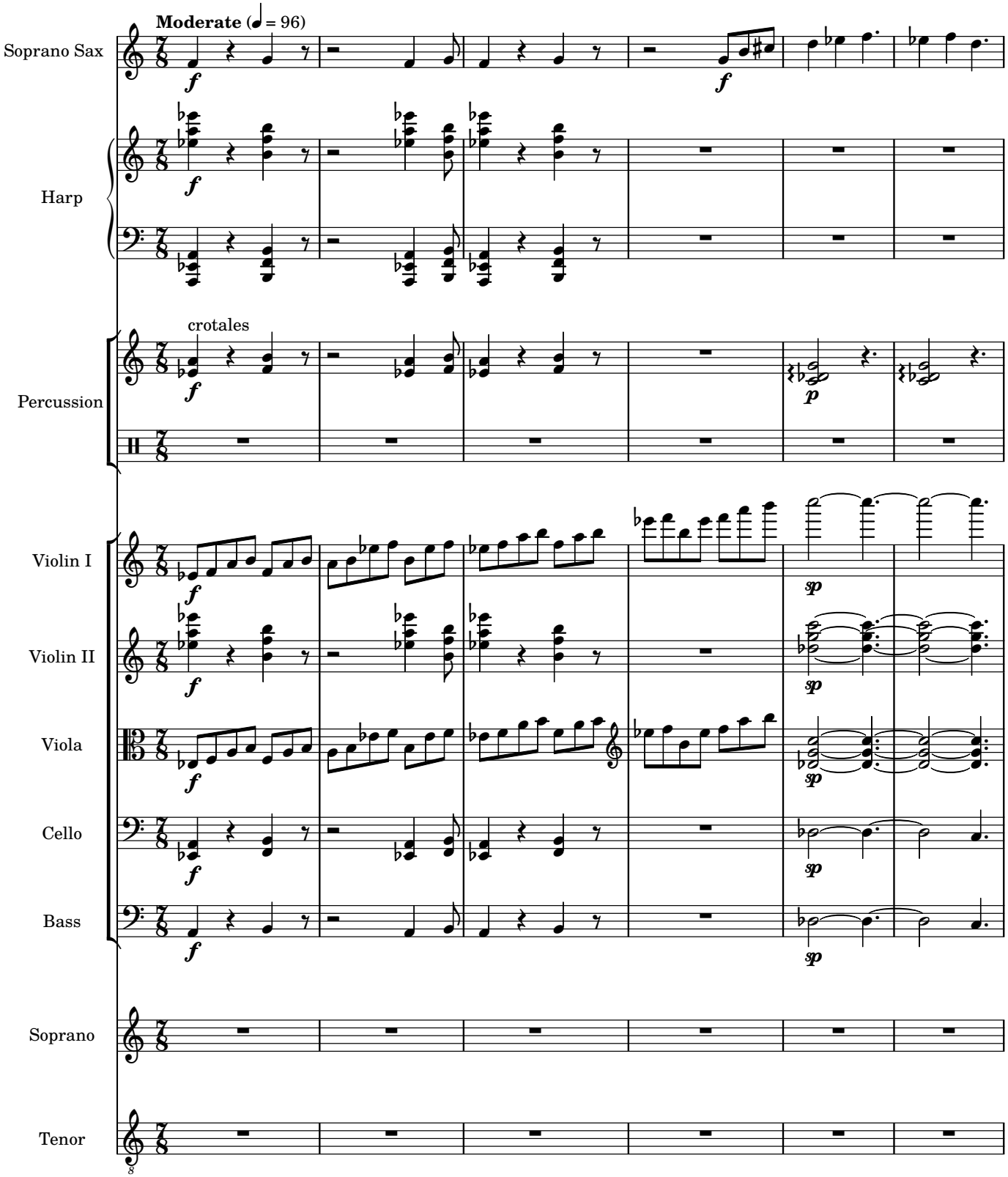

57
so - - - - cial dist - ance stay a - way
stay a - way stay a - - way

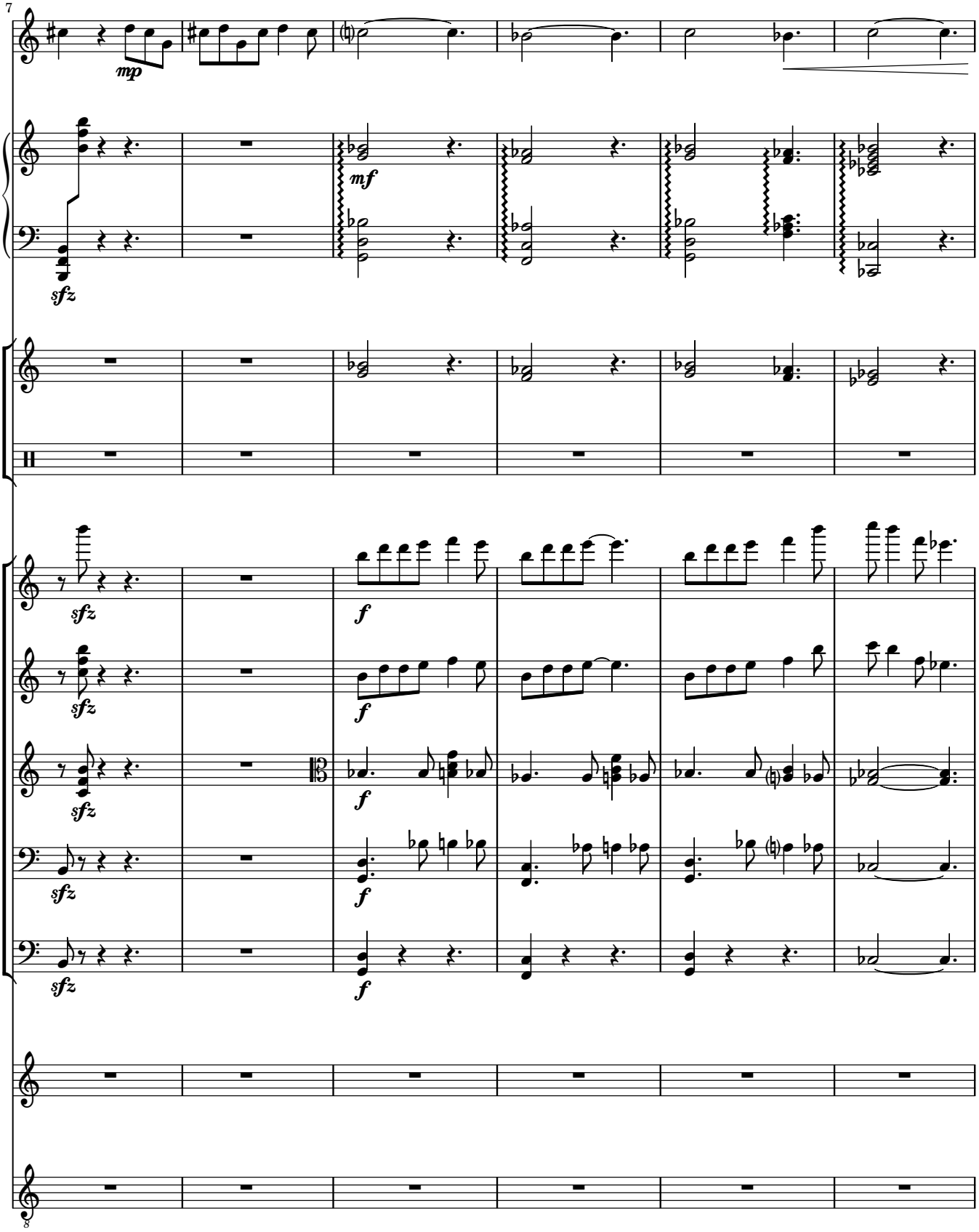

60
Slower (𝅗𝅥 = 76)
I like the cement mold thing tell me how, what, me,
Put them in a bag,

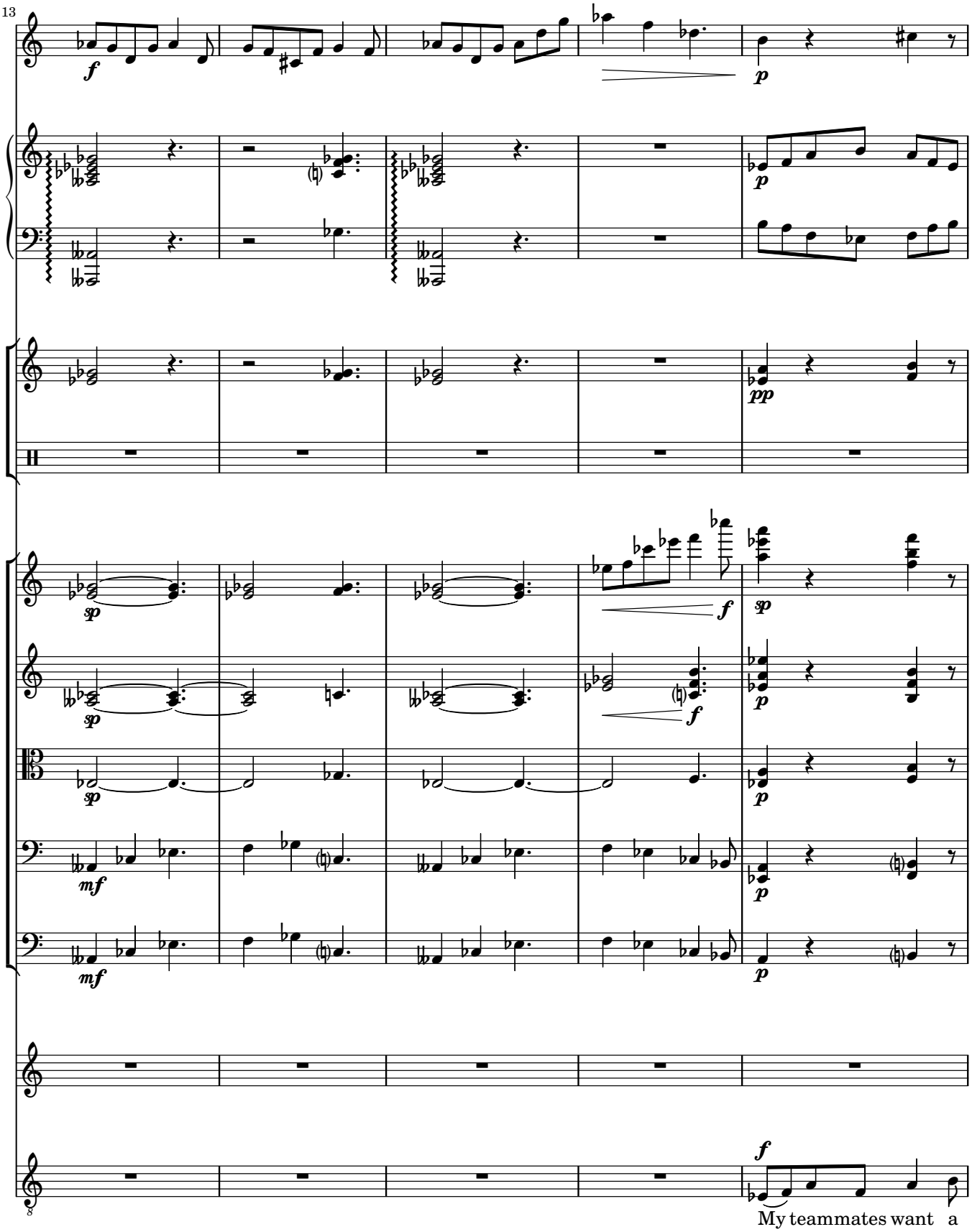

63
mp
p
mp
p
mf
pp
mp
pp
mp
pp
mp
pp
mp
pp
how, who trash
pa-per and take it to the trash

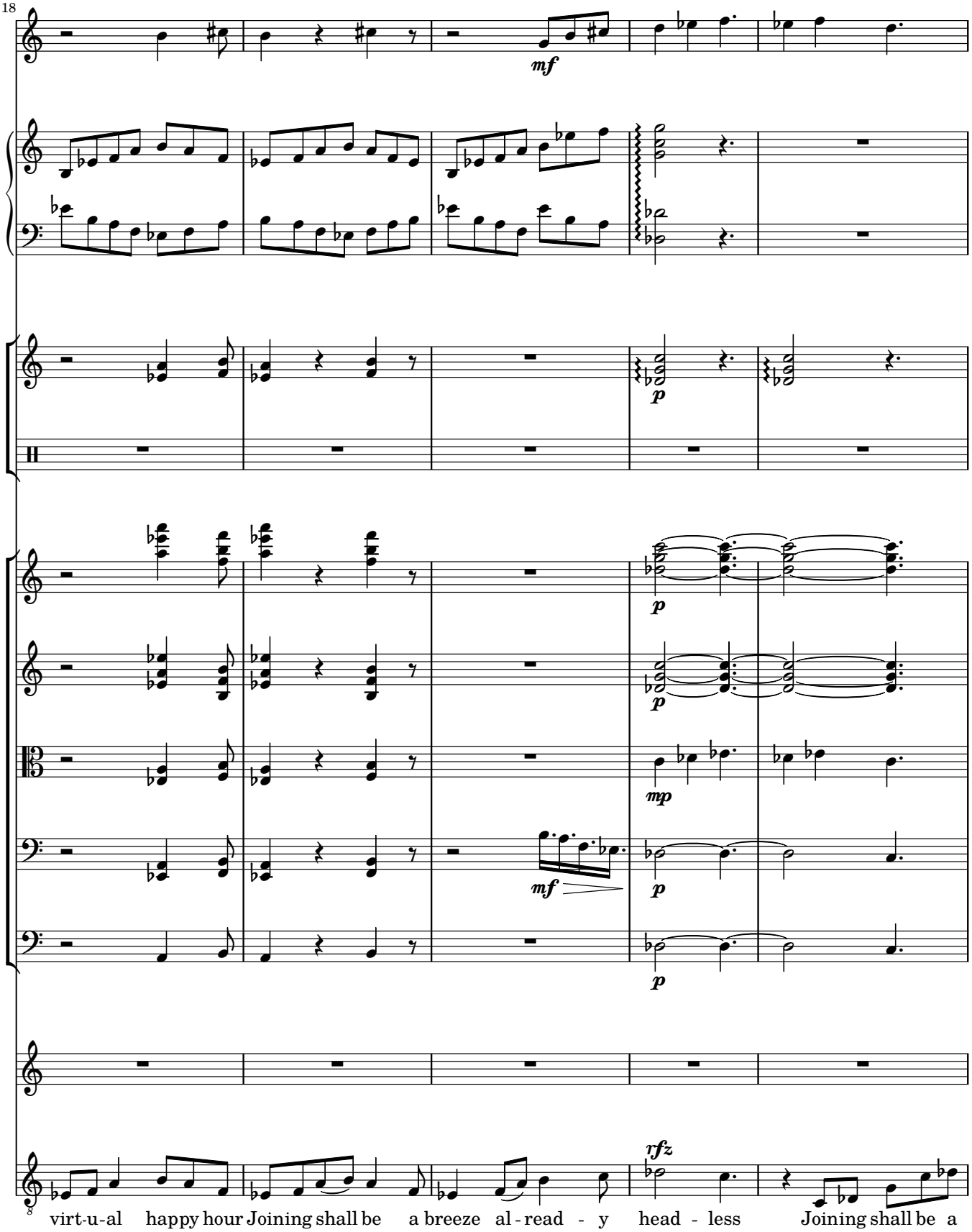
Happy Hour, Rage Texting

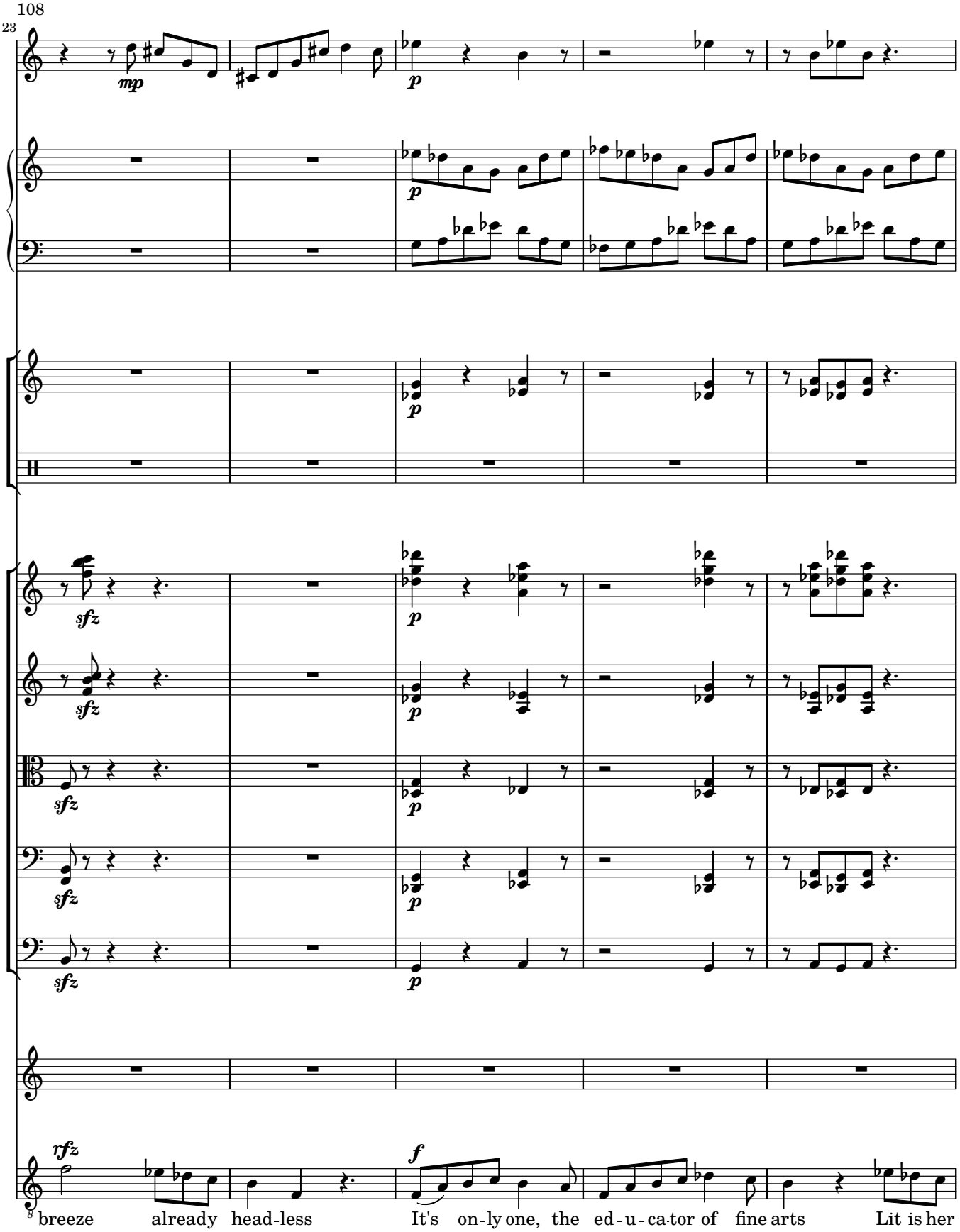
Craig Bakalian

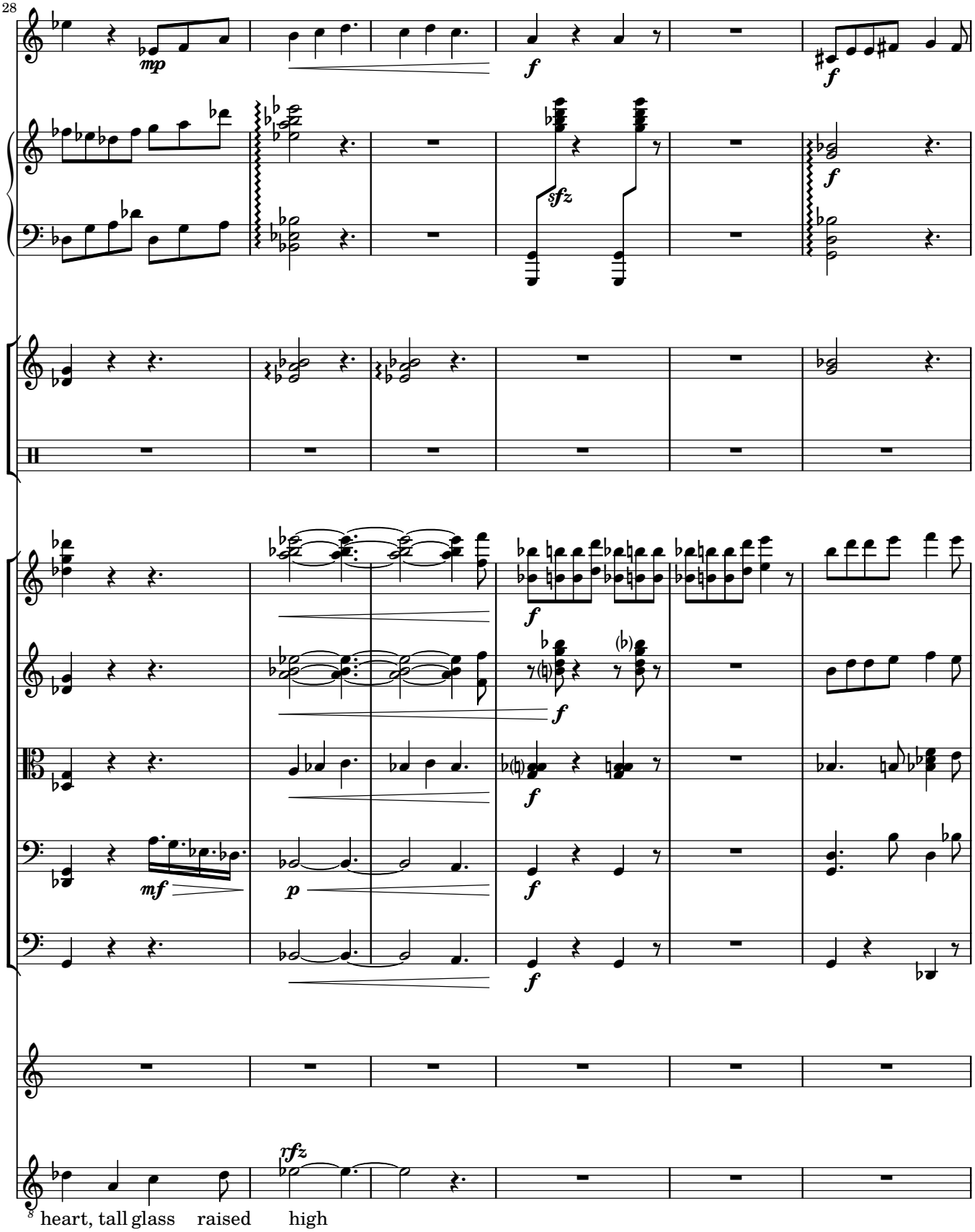


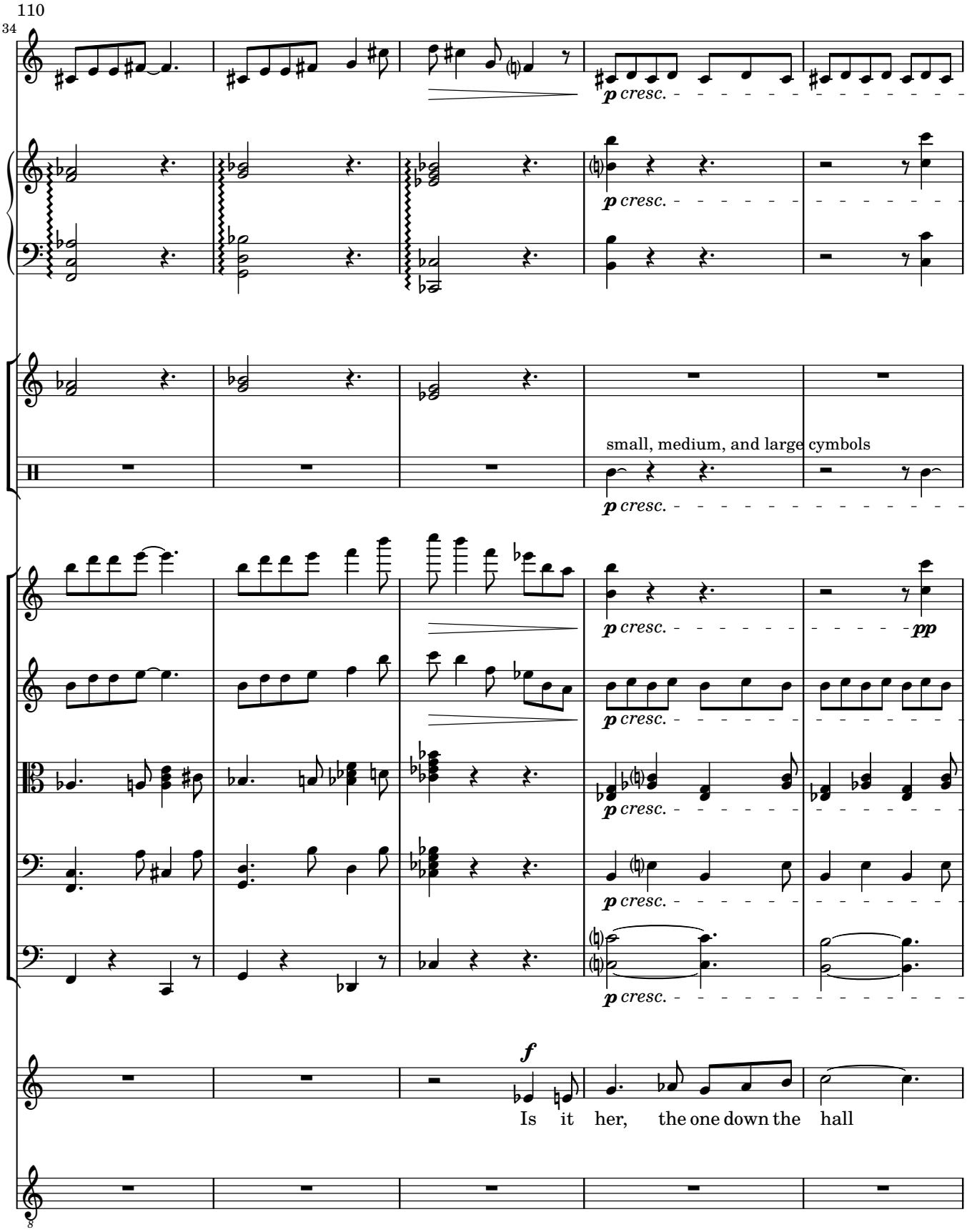

7
mp
mf
sfz
f
8

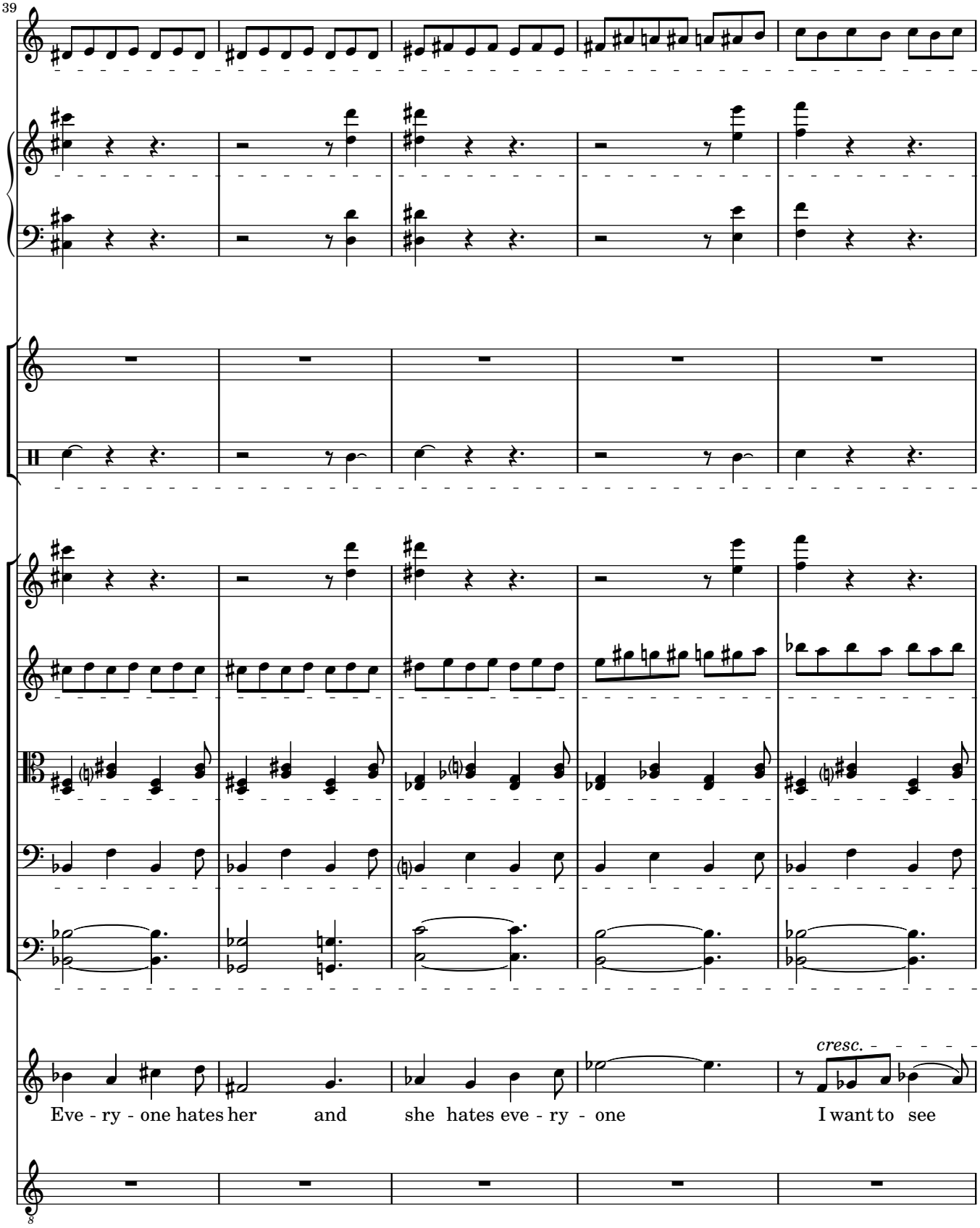

13
f
p
pp
sp
mf
My teammates want a


18
mf
p
p
mp
mf
p
p
rfz
virt-u-al happy hour Joining shall be a breeze al - read - y head - less Joining shall be a


108
23
mp
p
sfz
rfz
f
breeze already head-less
It's on-ly one, the ed-u-ca-tor of fine arts
Lit is her


28
mp
f
f
sfz
f
f
f
f
mf
p
f
f
rfz
8
heart, tall glass raised high


110
34
p cresc.
small, medium, and large cymbols
pp
f
Is it her, the one down the hall


39
cresc.
Eve - ry - one hates her and she hates eve - ry - one I want to see

44

ff

ff

ff

ff

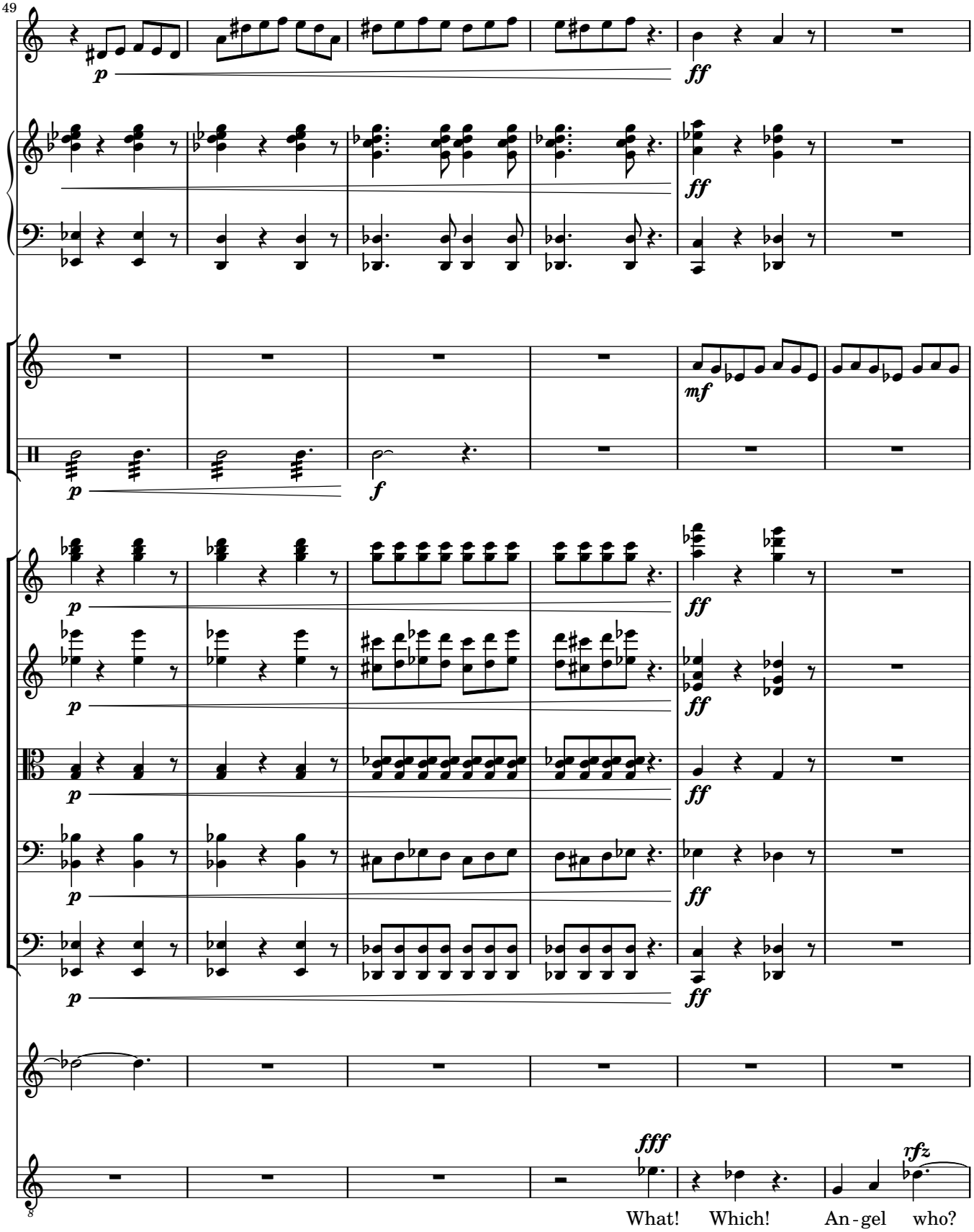
ff

ff

ff

rfz *rfz*

take a screen shot and send it to me! I'm with An - gel


49
p
ff
mf
f
fff
rfz
What! Which! An - gel who?

55

mf

mf

Where did he, ne - vermind I'm so head-less I'll never fig-ure, during

61

Slower, Drunken Waltz

mf

p

p

p

p

p

p

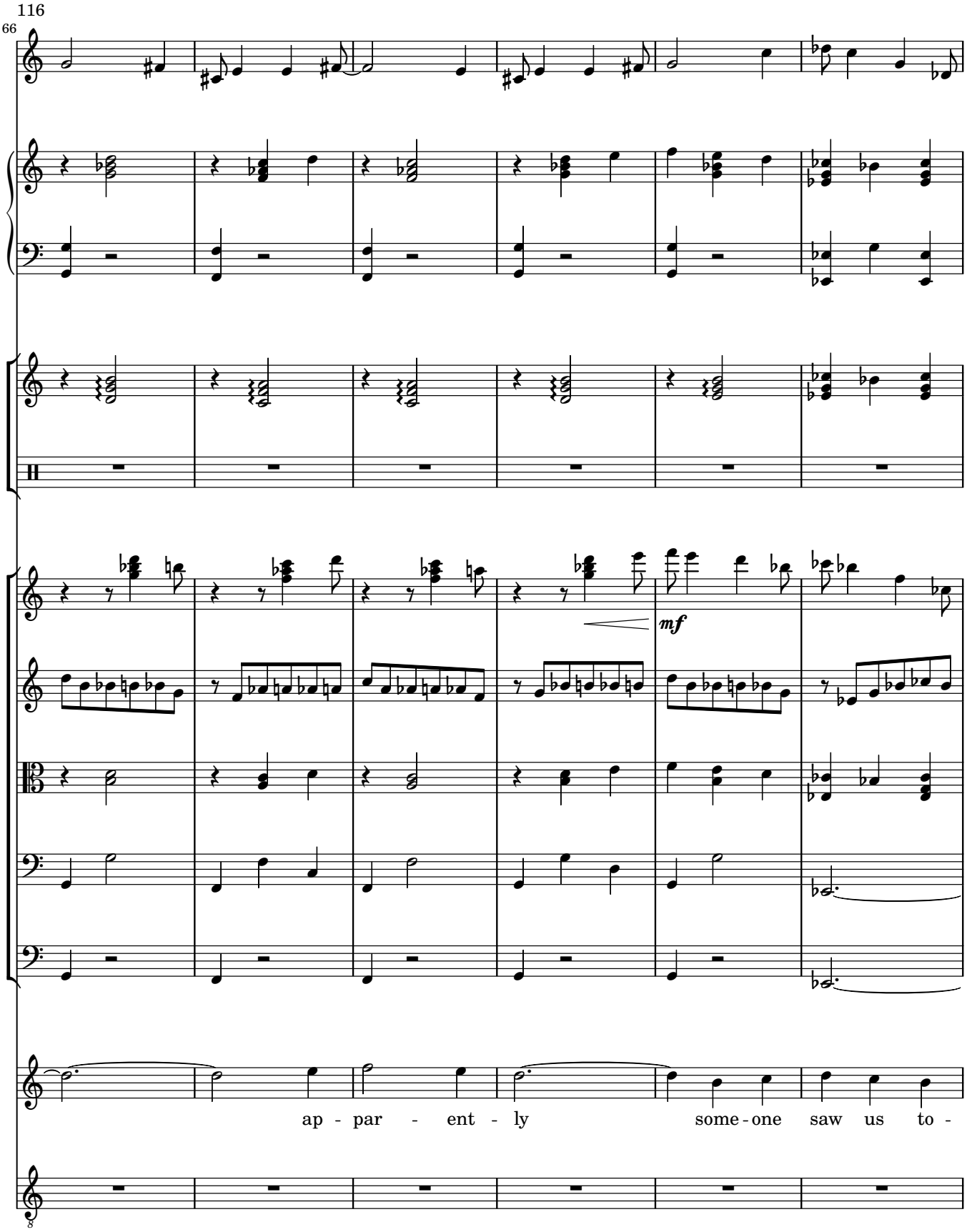
ff

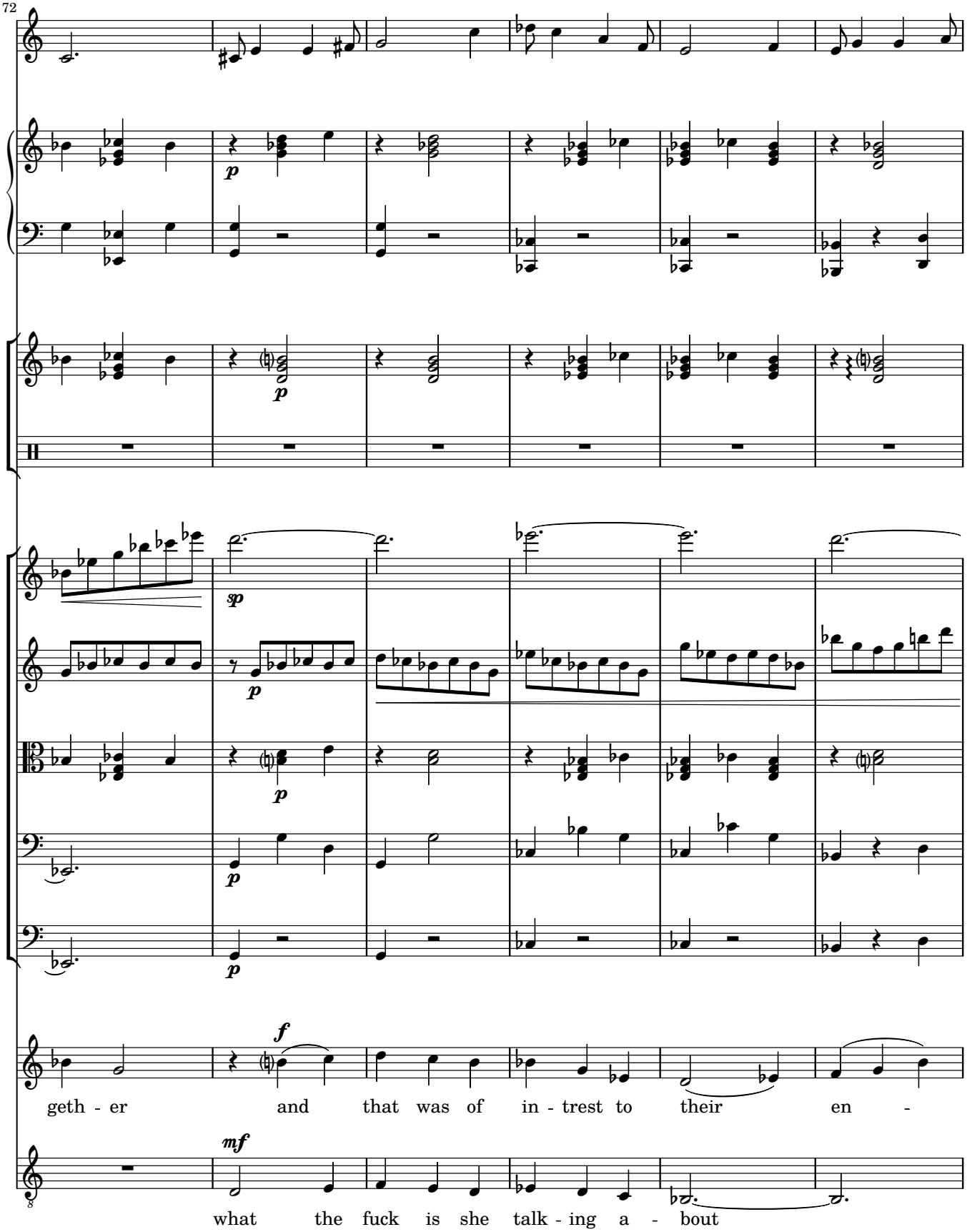
Yes!

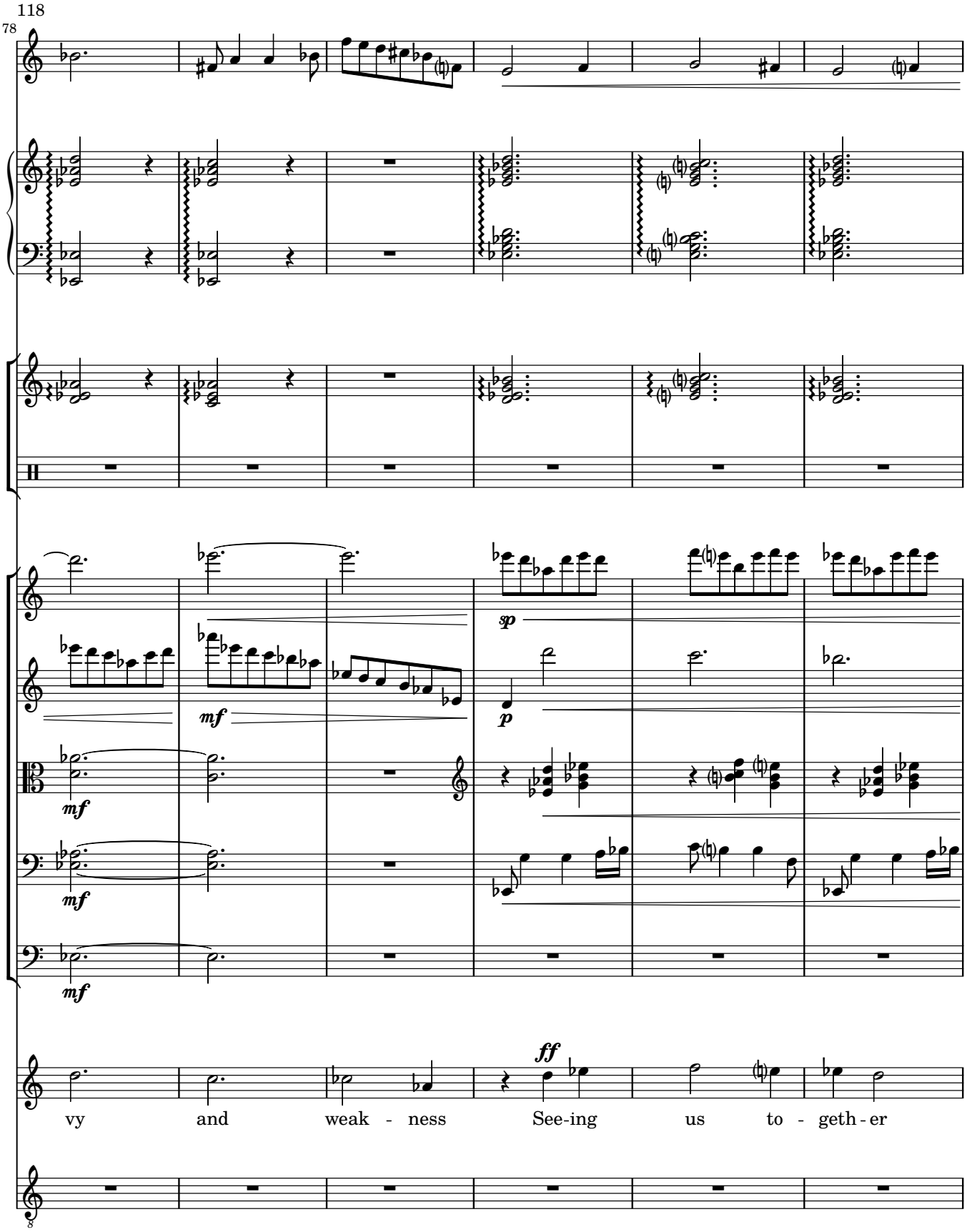
mp

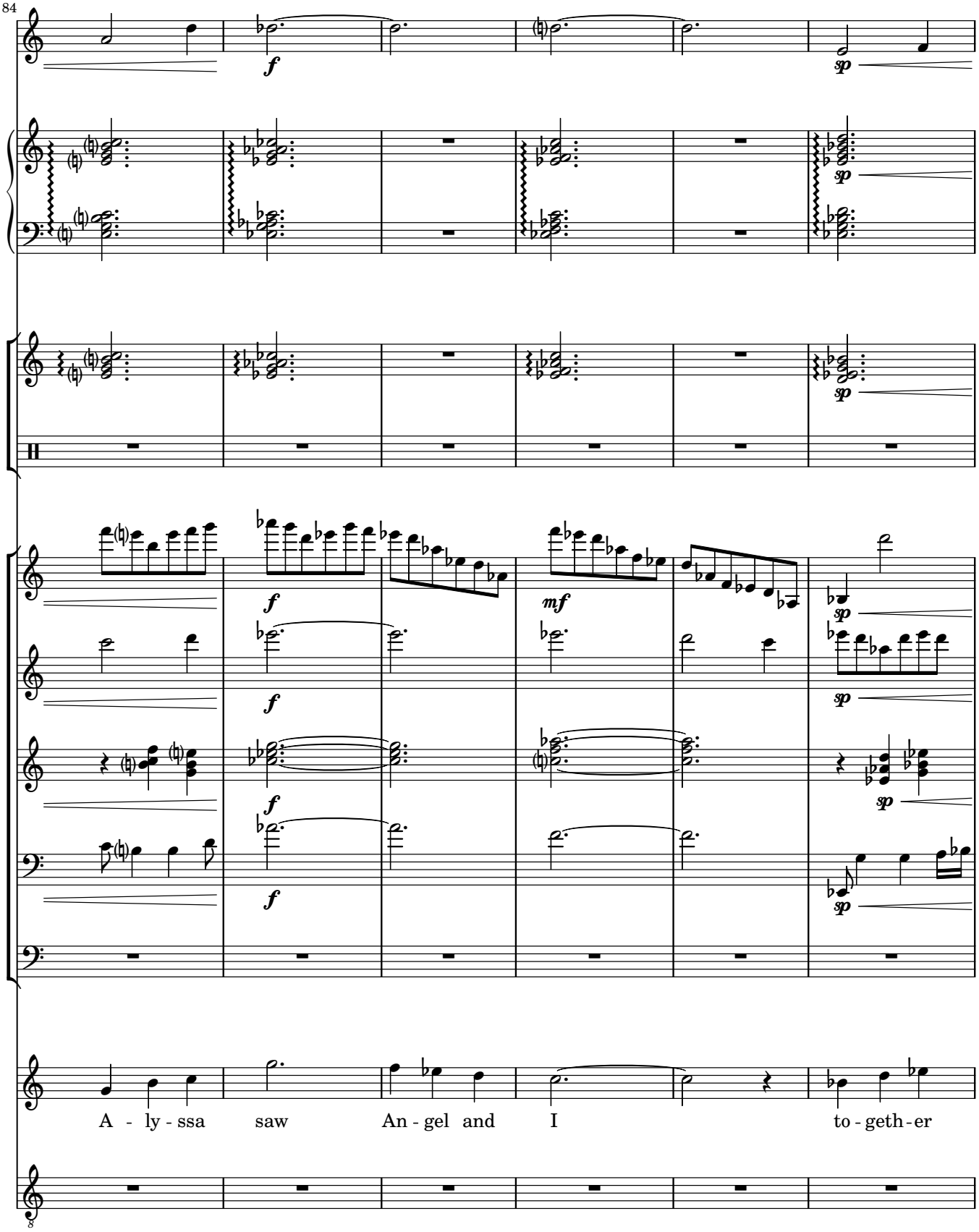
p

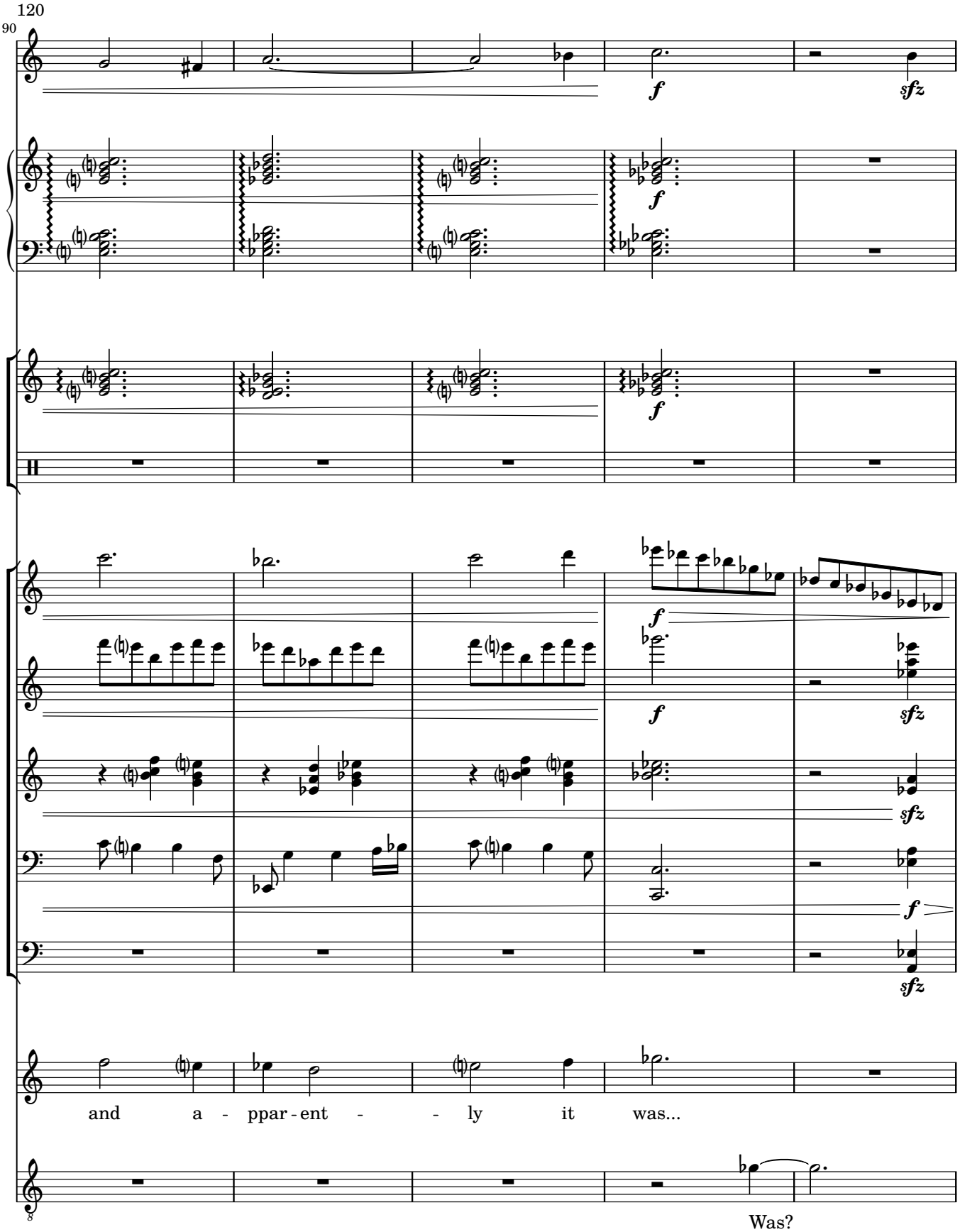
covid, you're with him, weird oh, the dude that was in securi - ty

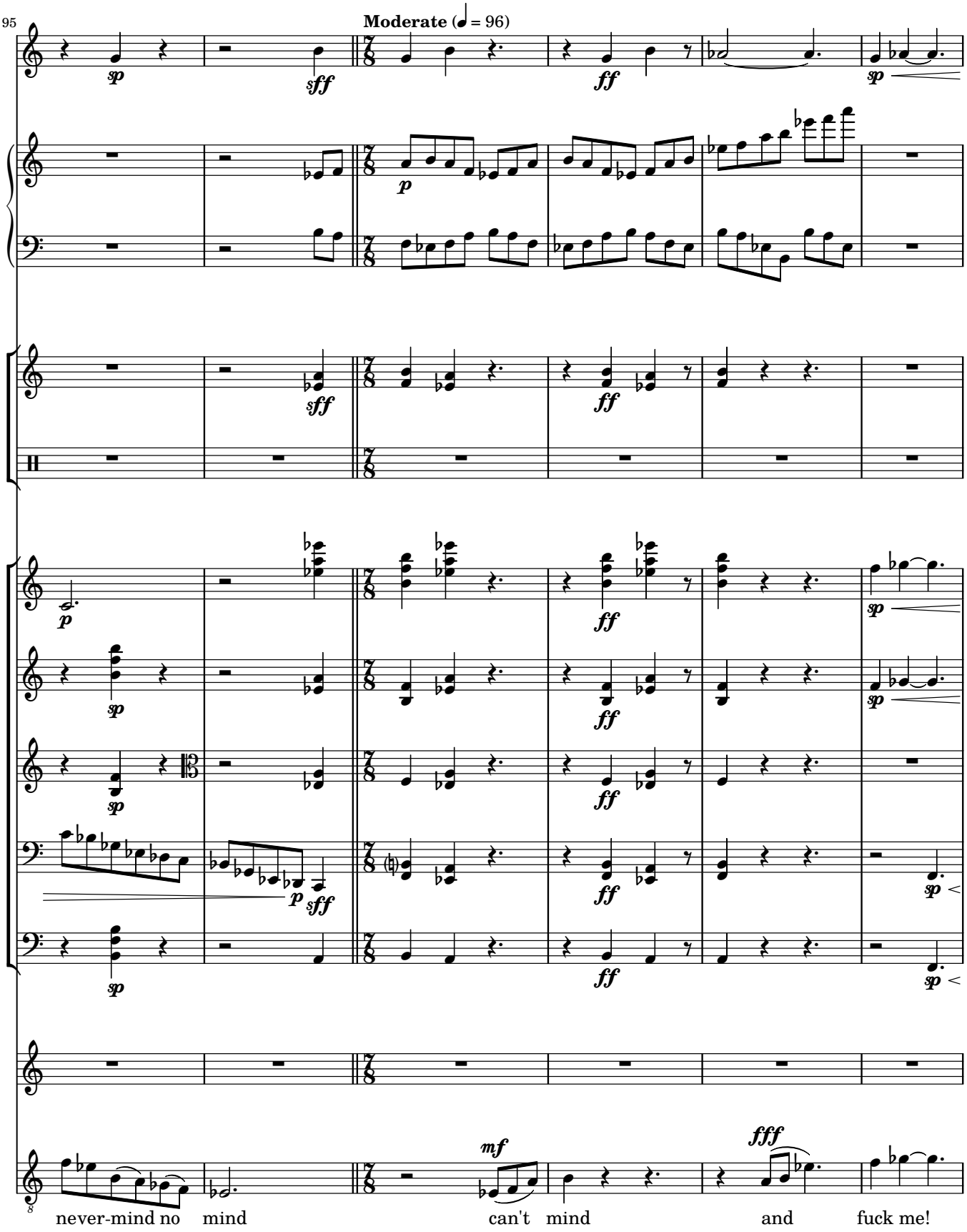

116
66
mf
ap - par - ent - ly some - one saw us to -

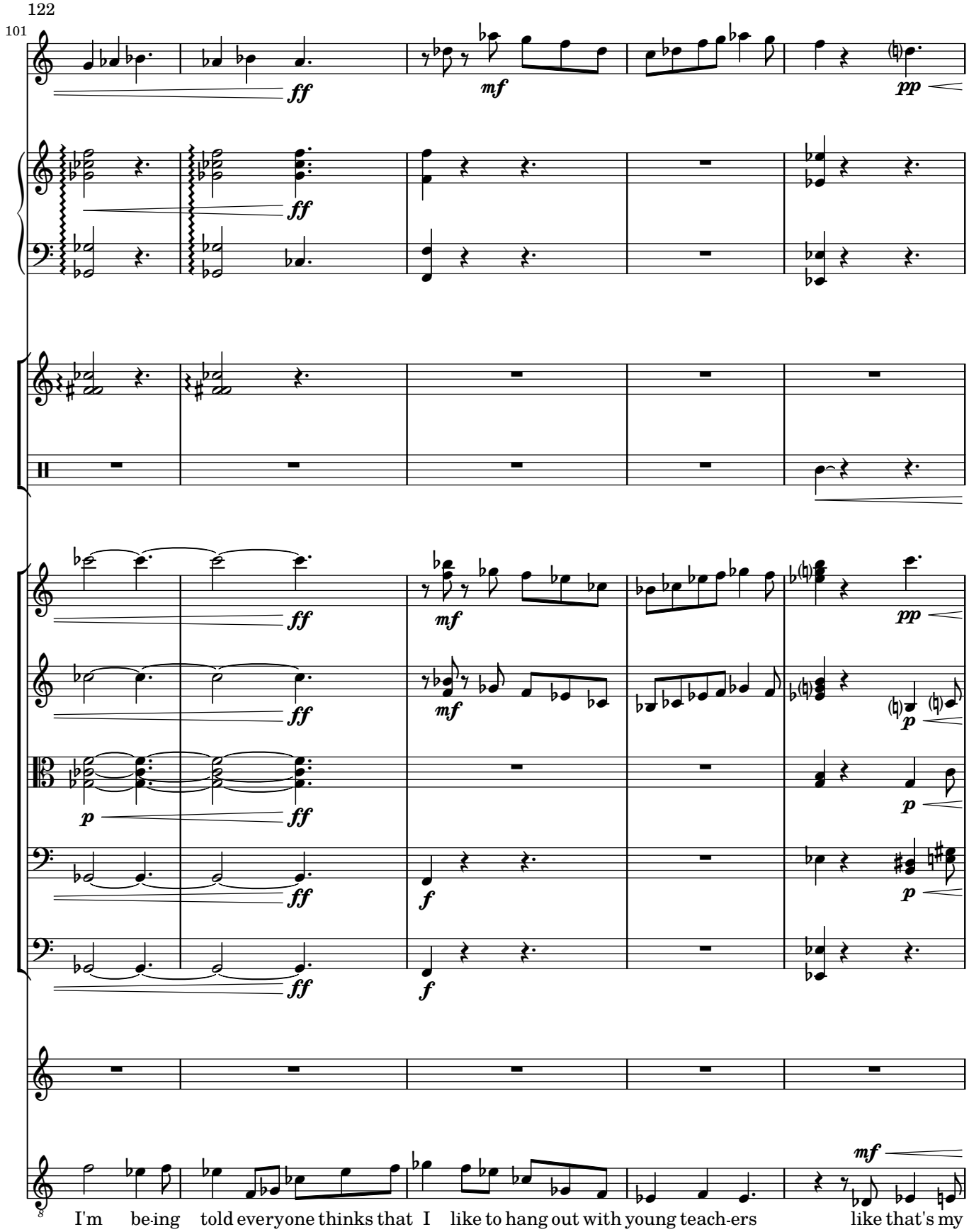

72
p
sp
f
geth - er and that was of in - trest to their en -
mf
what the fuck is she talk - ing a - bout


118
78
sp
mf
p
mf
mf
mf
ff
vy and weak - ness See-ing us to - geth - er

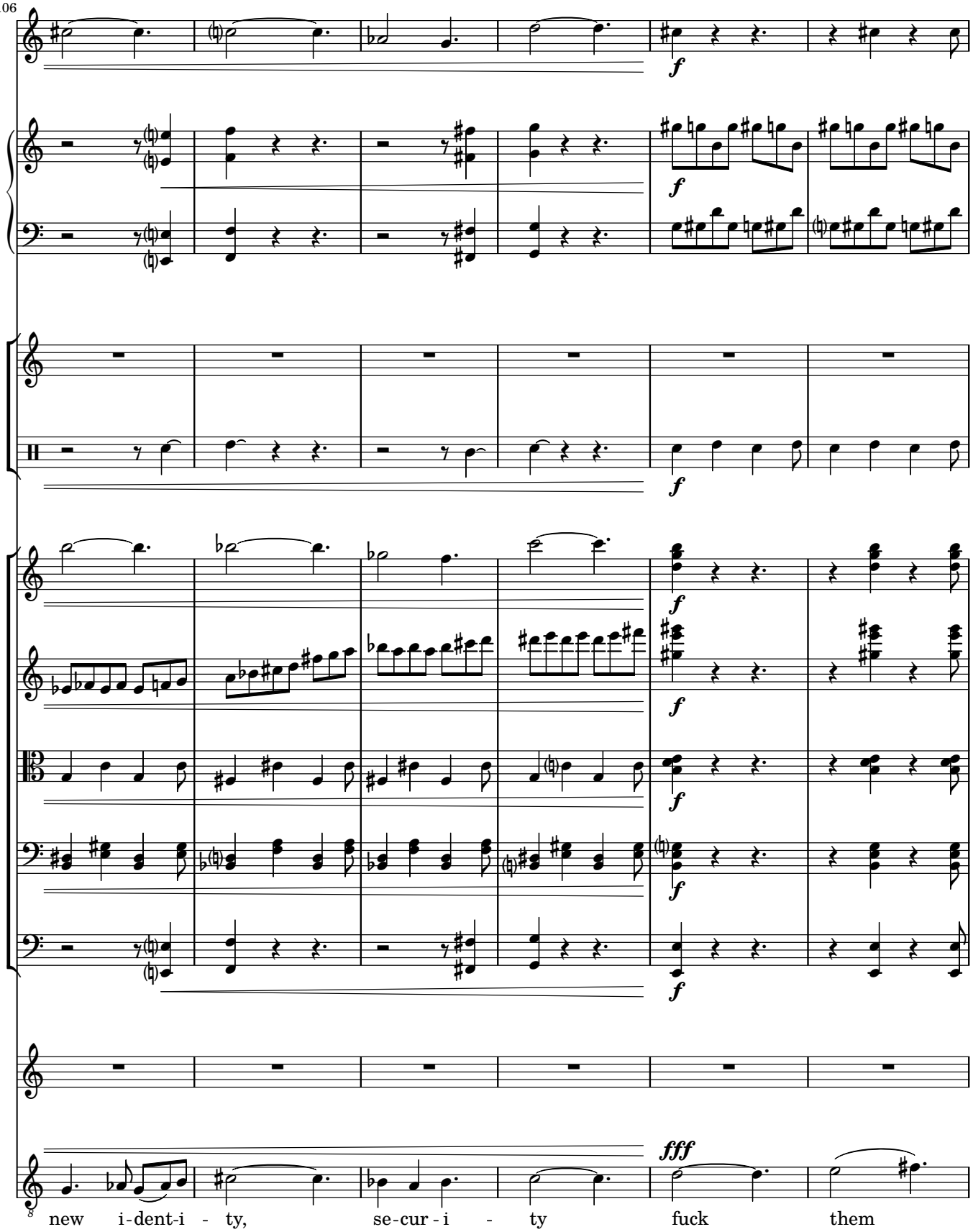

84
A - ly - ssa saw An - gel and I to - geth - er

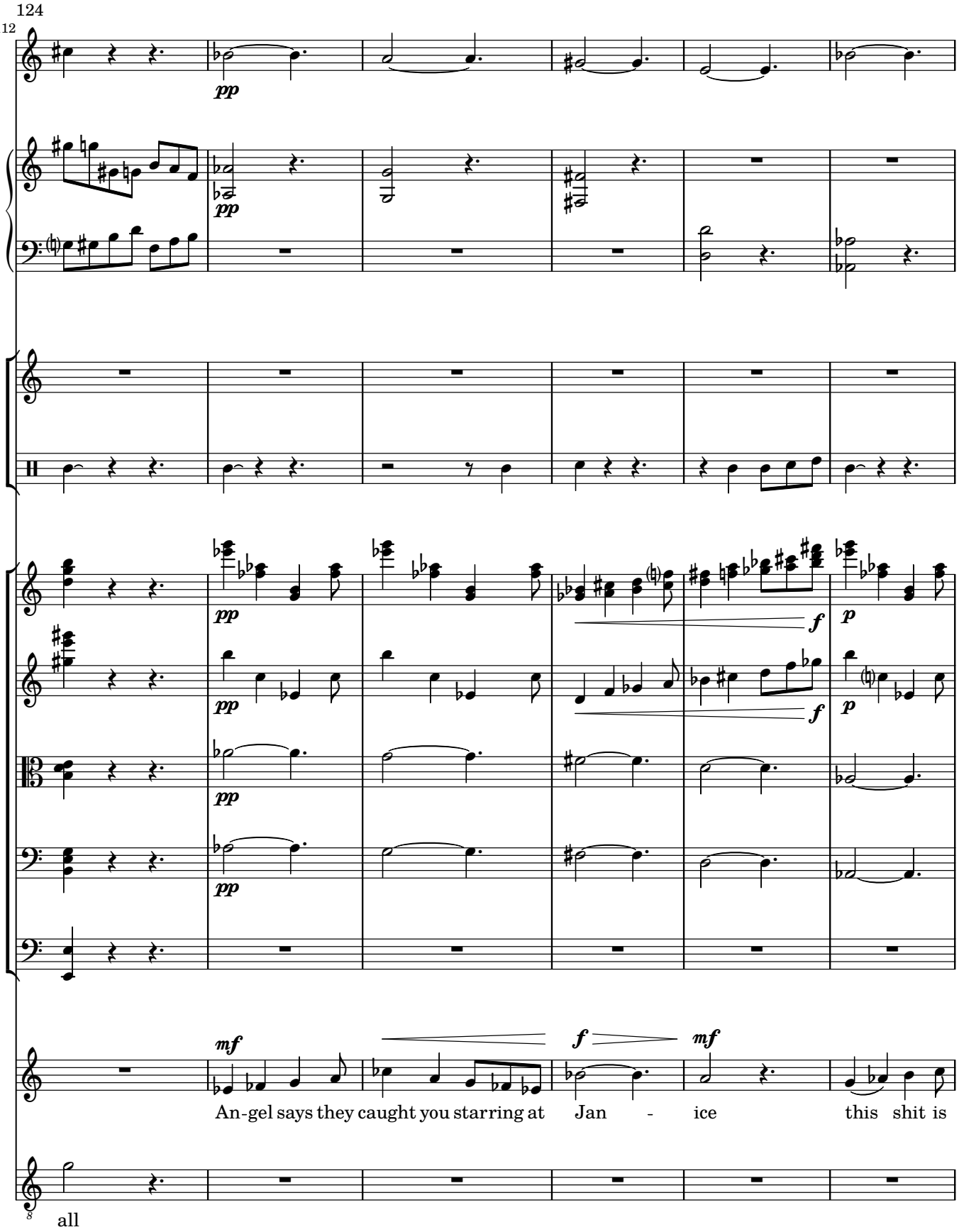

120
90
f
sfz
f
f
f
sfz
sfz
sfz
f
and a - ppar - ent - - ly it was...
8
Was?

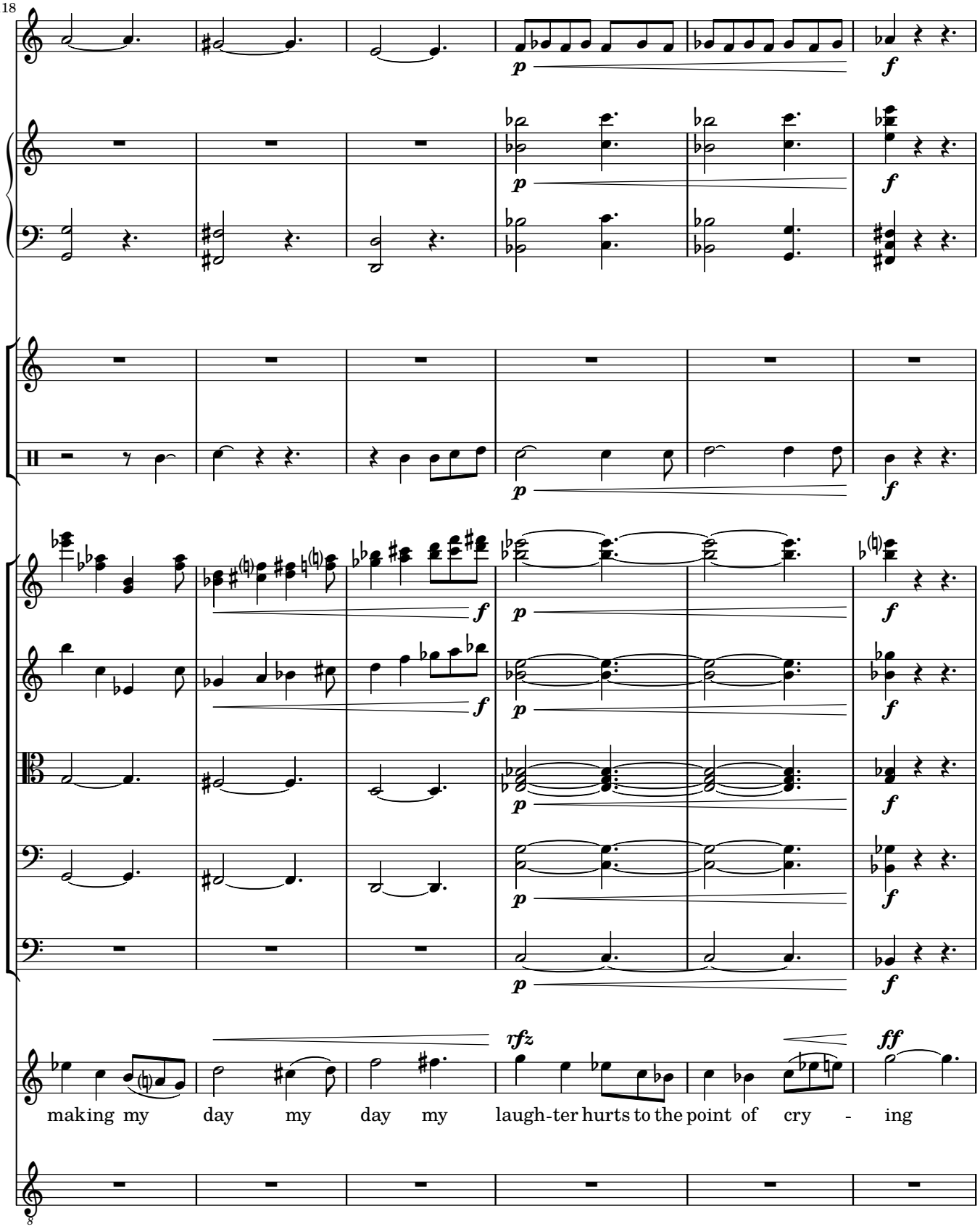

95
Moderate (♩ = 96)
never-mind no mind
can't mind
and
fuck me!

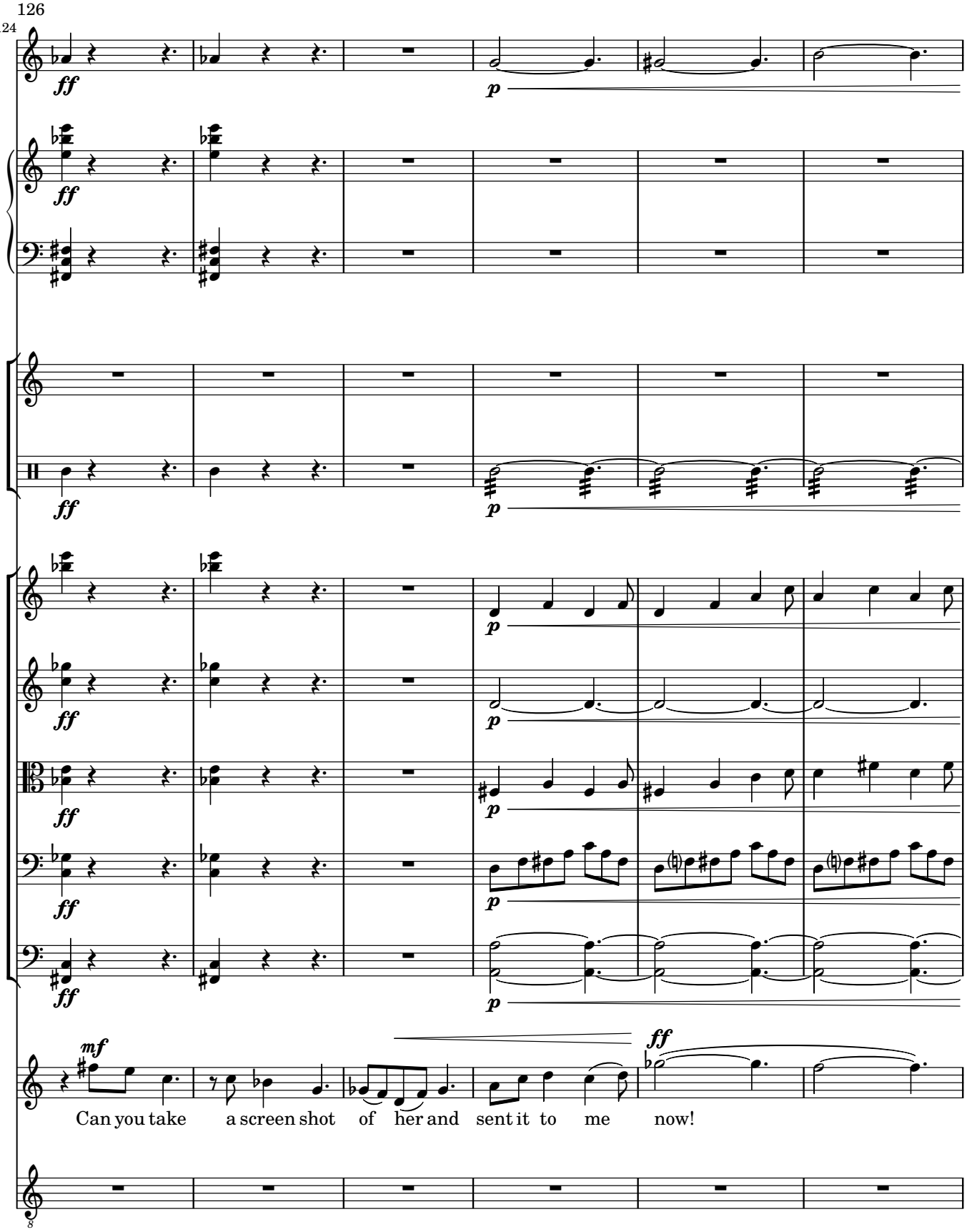

122
101
ff
mf
pp
p
f
I'm be-ing told everyone thinks that I like to hang out with young teach-ers like that's my

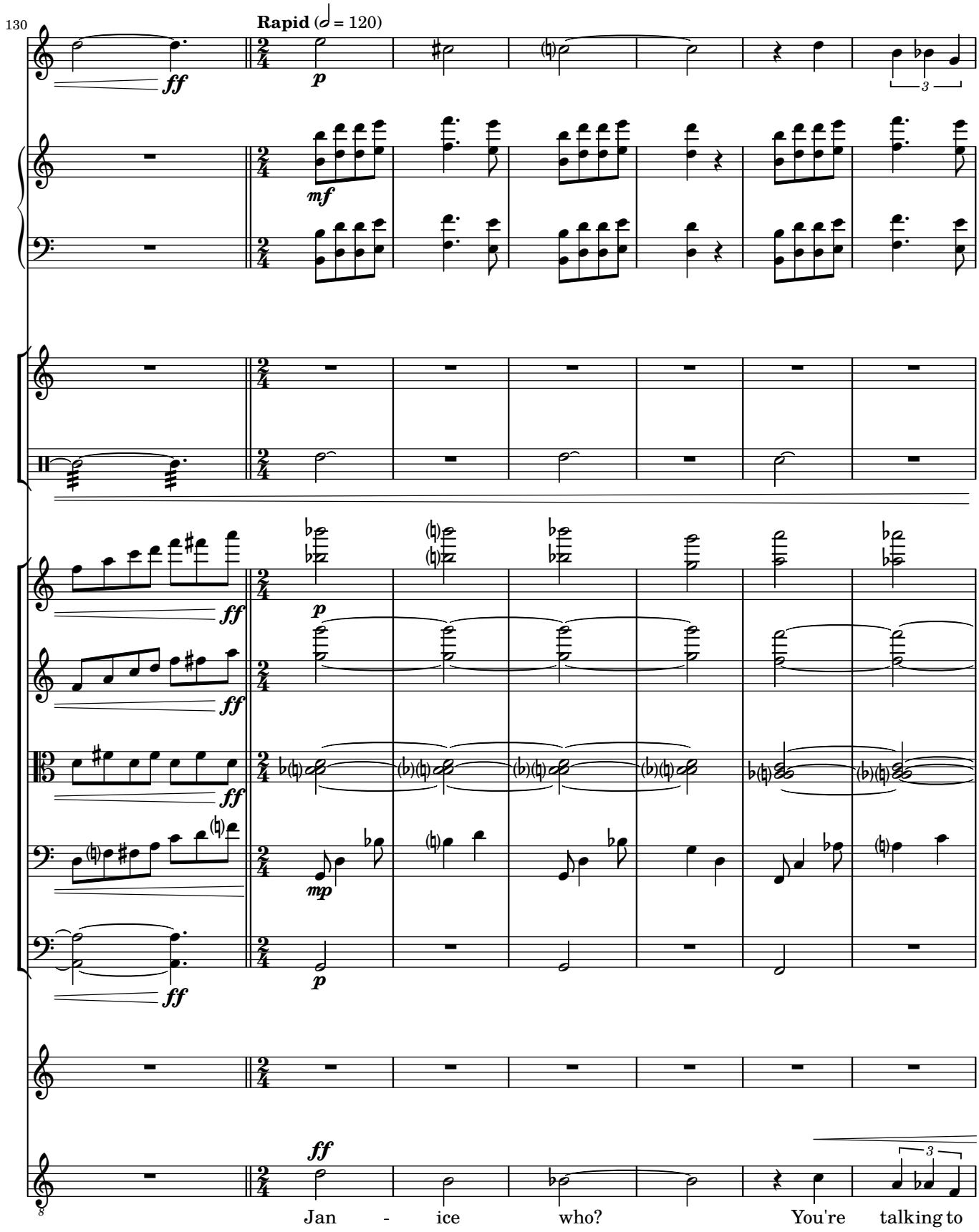
106

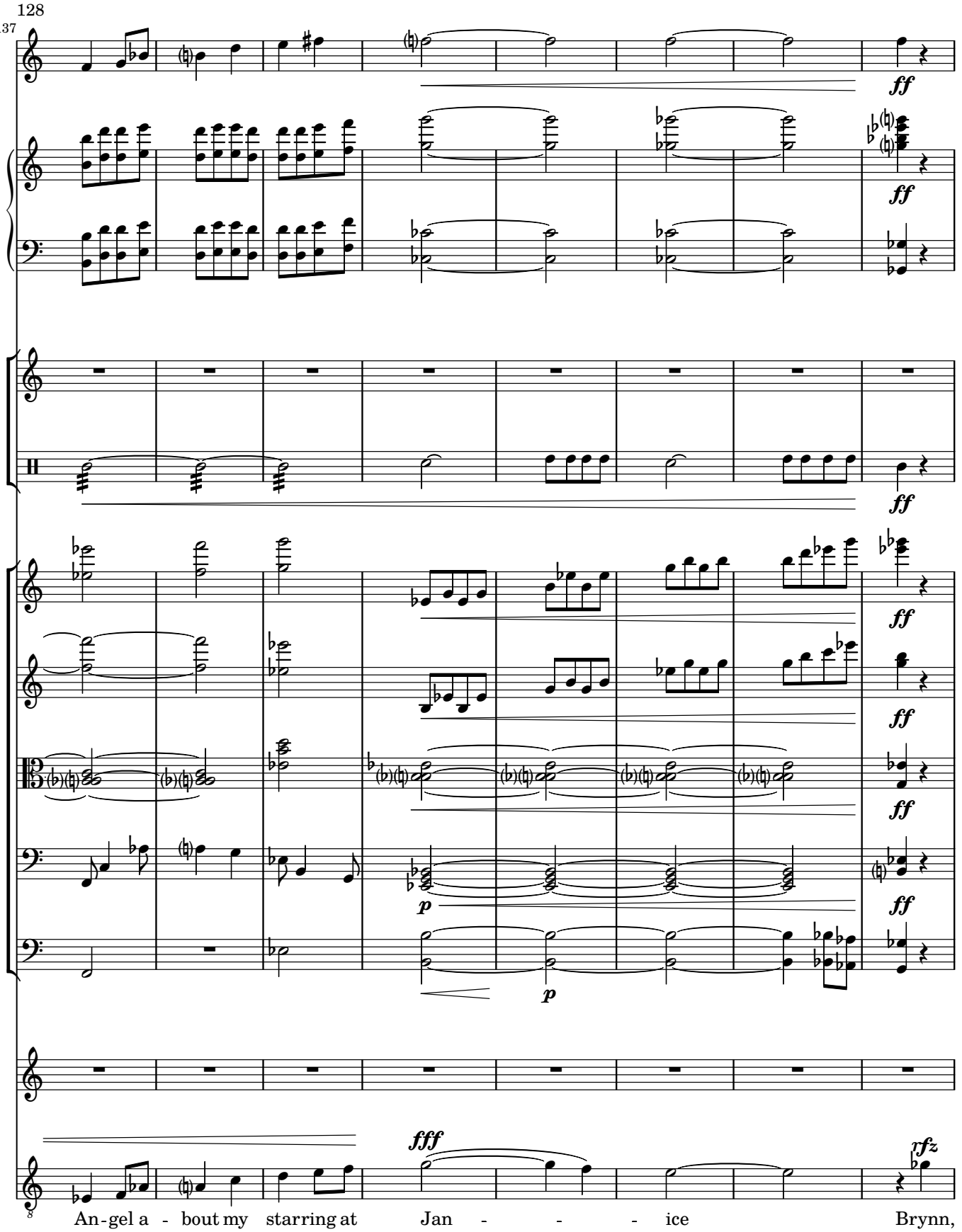


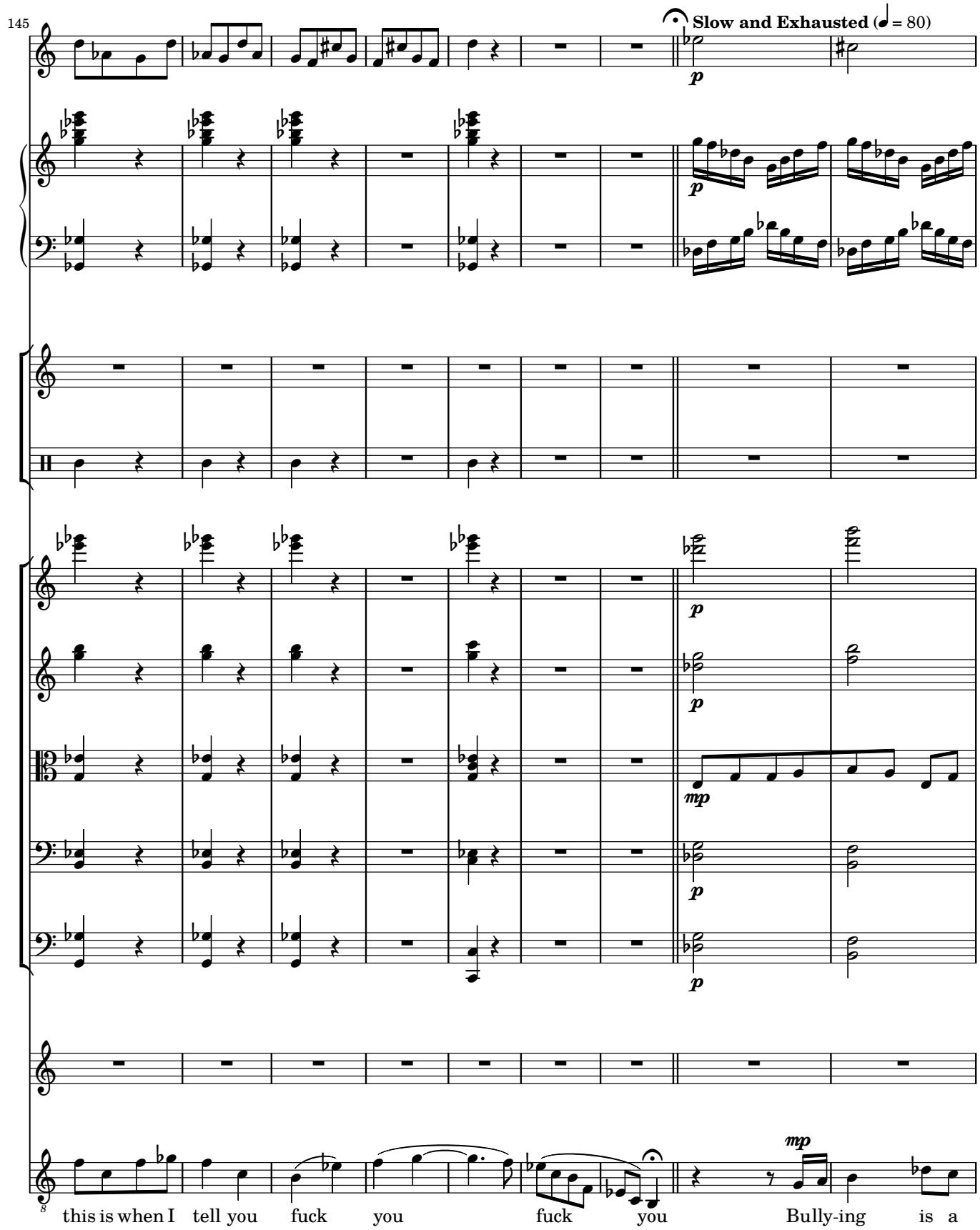

124
112
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
f
f
p
p
mf
f
mf
An-gel says they caught you starring at Jan - ice this shit is
8
all

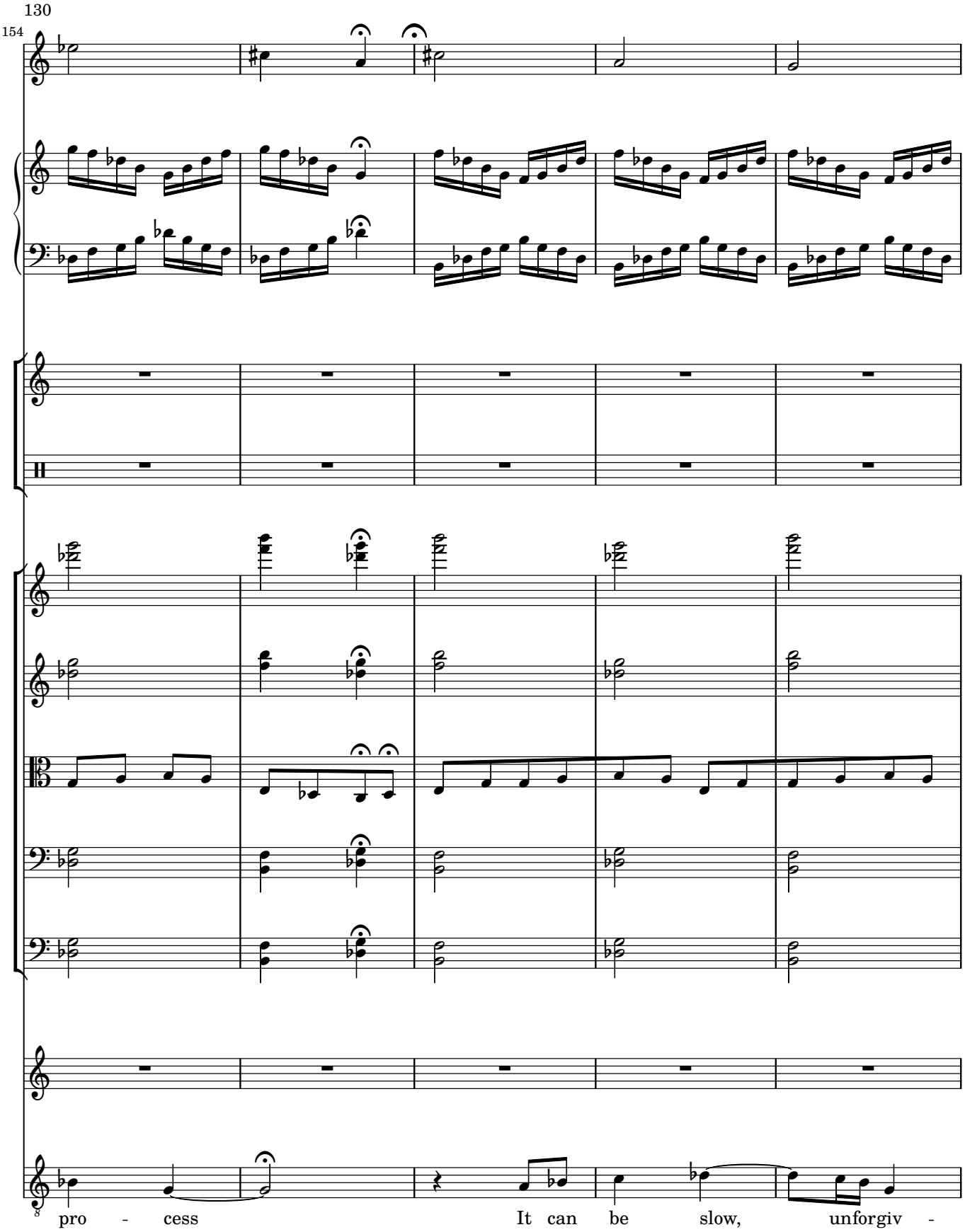

118
making my day my day my laugh-ter hurts to the point of cry - ing


126
124
ff
p
mf
ff
Can you take a screen shot of her and sent it to me now!


130
Rapid (𝅗𝅥 = 120)
Jan - ice who? You're talking to


128
137
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
p
p
fff
rfz
8
An-gel a - bout my starring at Jan - - - ice Brynn,


145
Slow and Exhausted (♩ = 80)
p
mp
this is when I tell you fuck you fuck you Bully-ing is a


130
154
pro - cess
It can be slow, unforgiv -

159

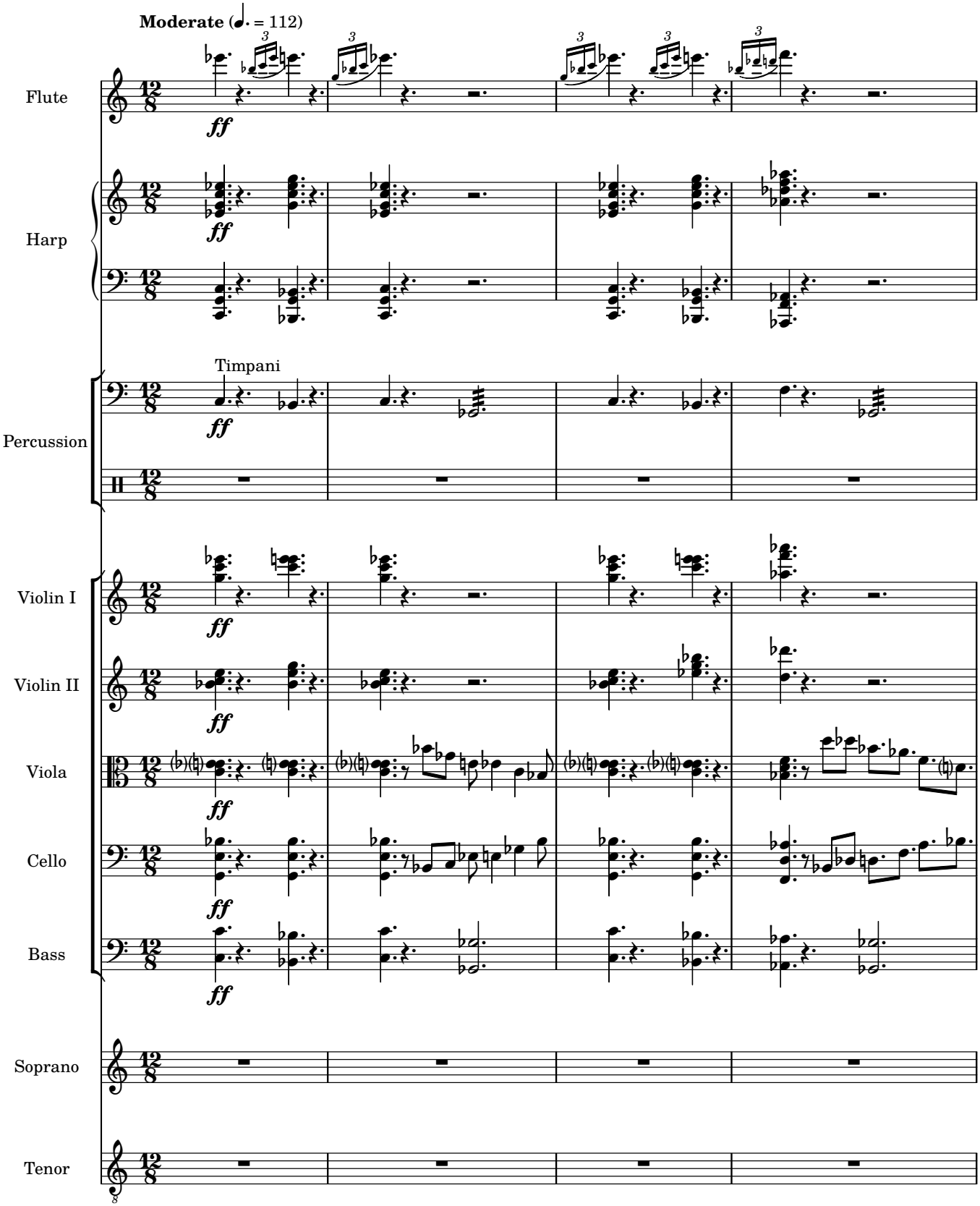
mp

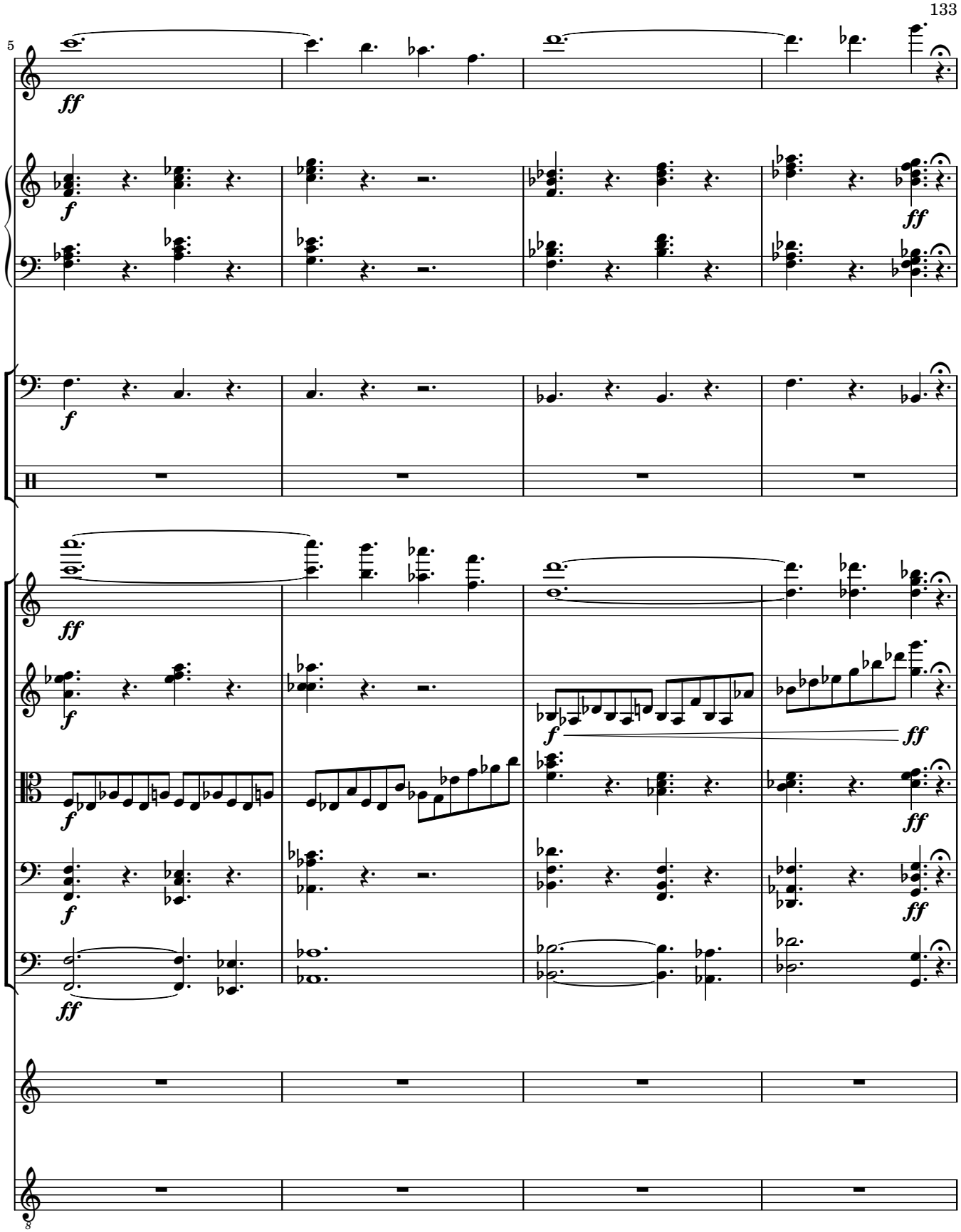
mf

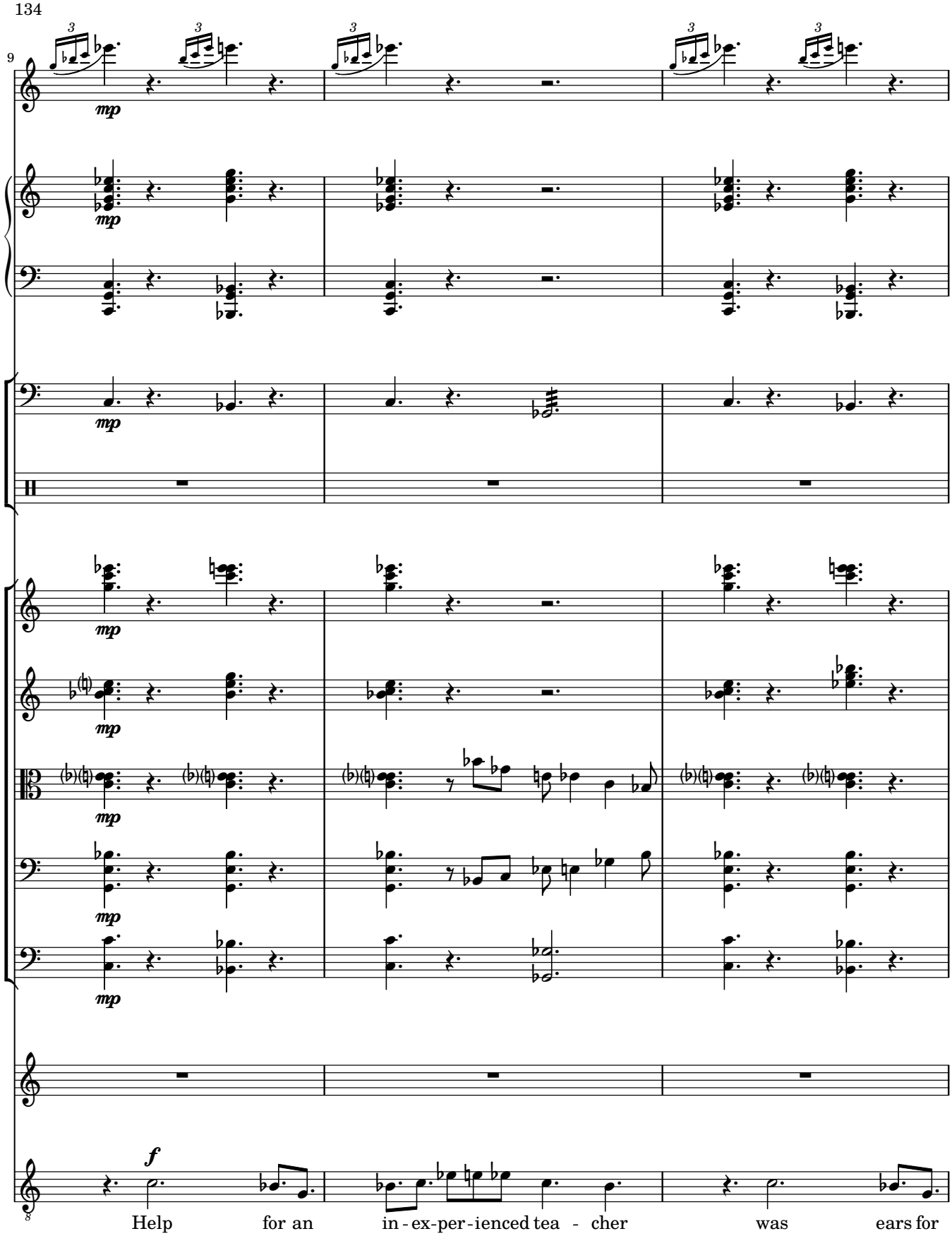
ing teas - ing a - bout my age

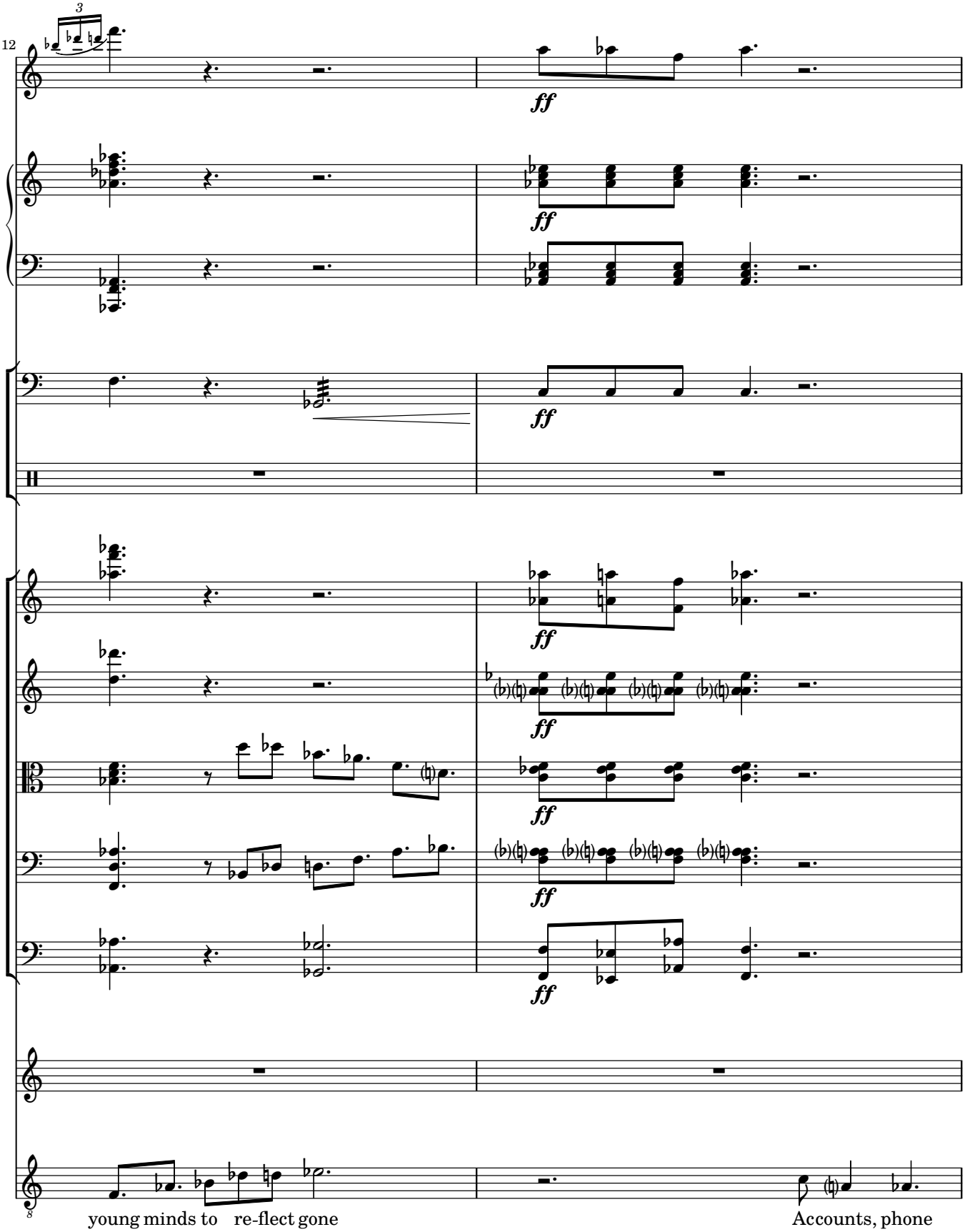
I Toss Poison

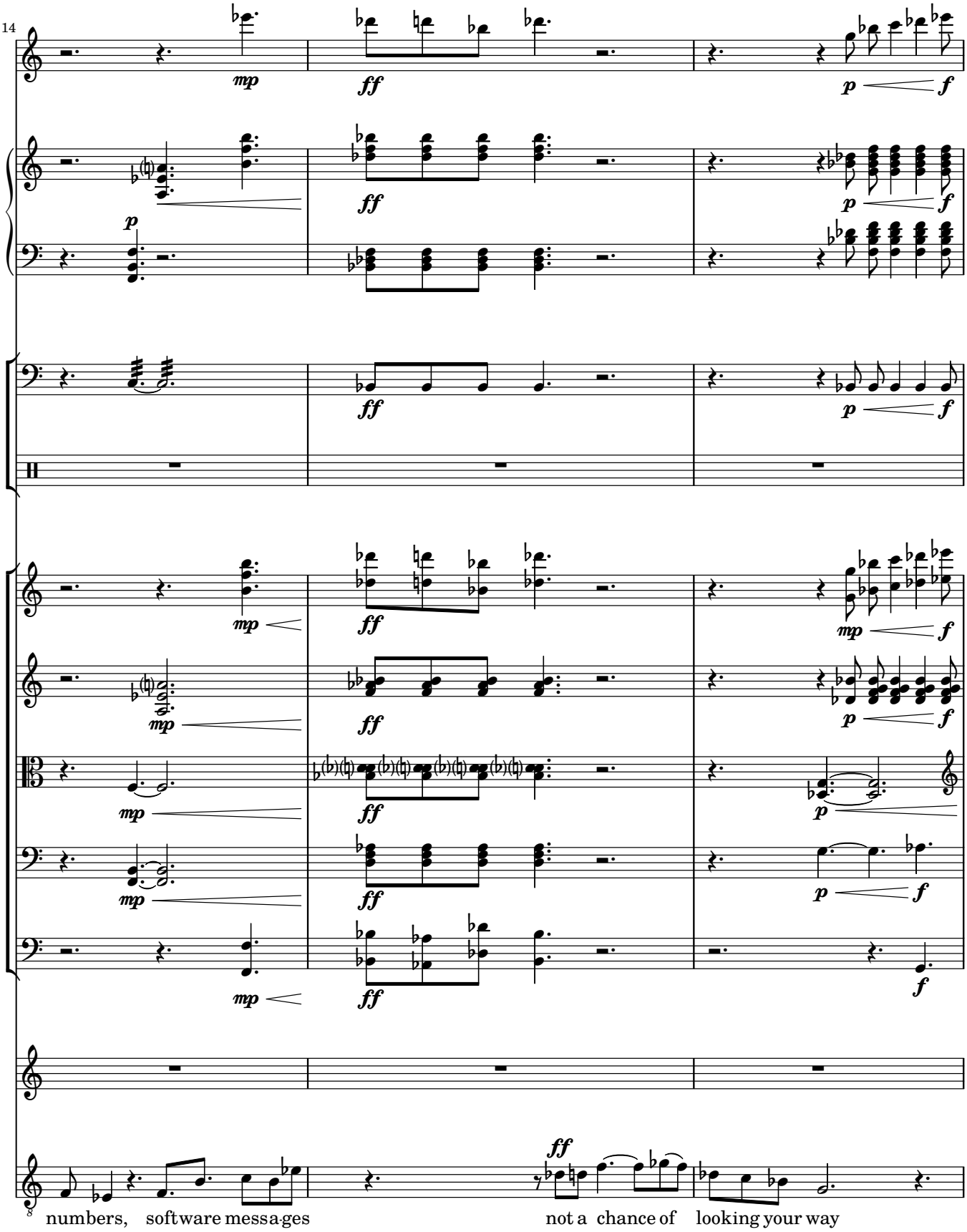
Craig Bakalian

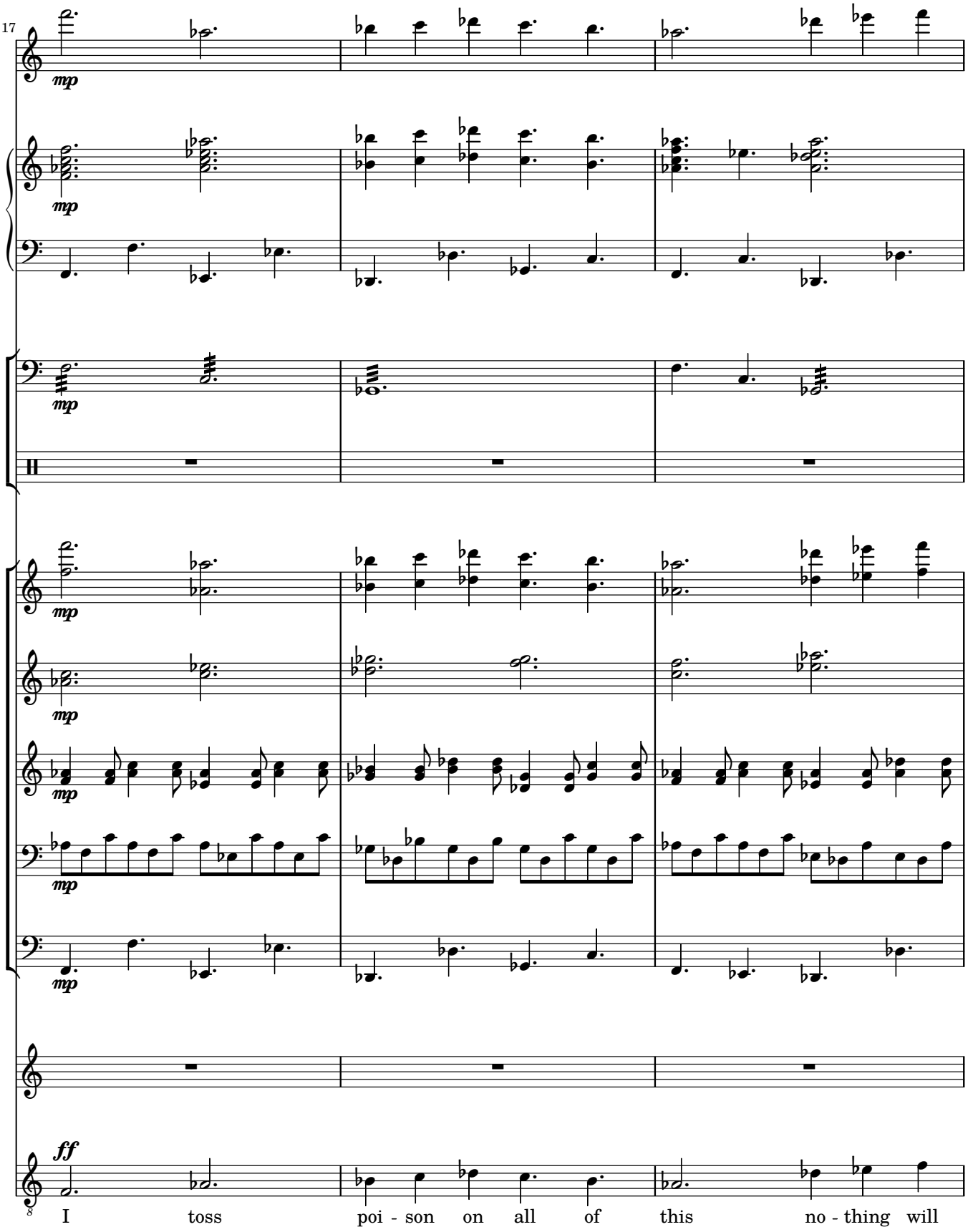


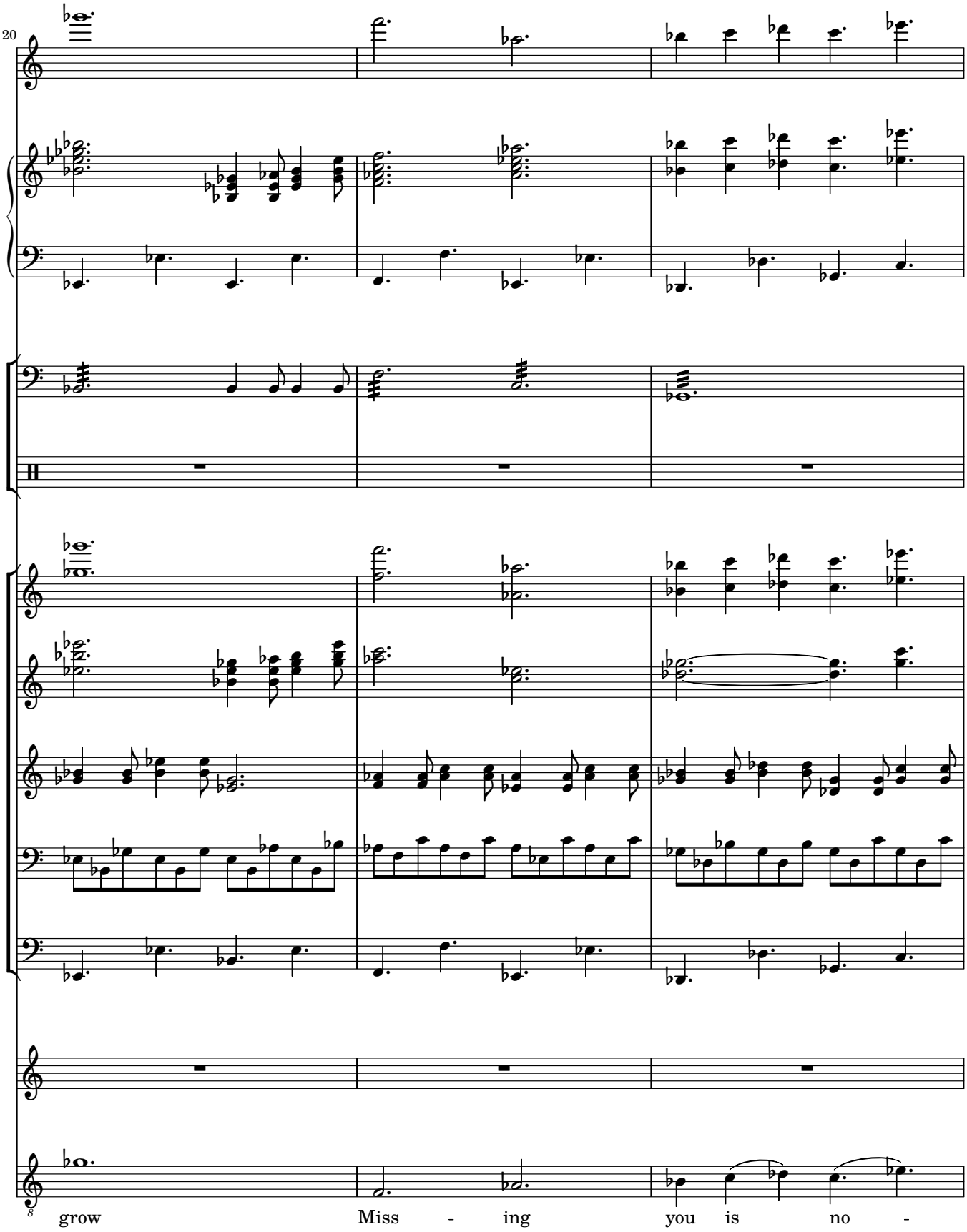

5
ff
f
ff
f
ff
f
ff
f
ff
f
ff
ff
8

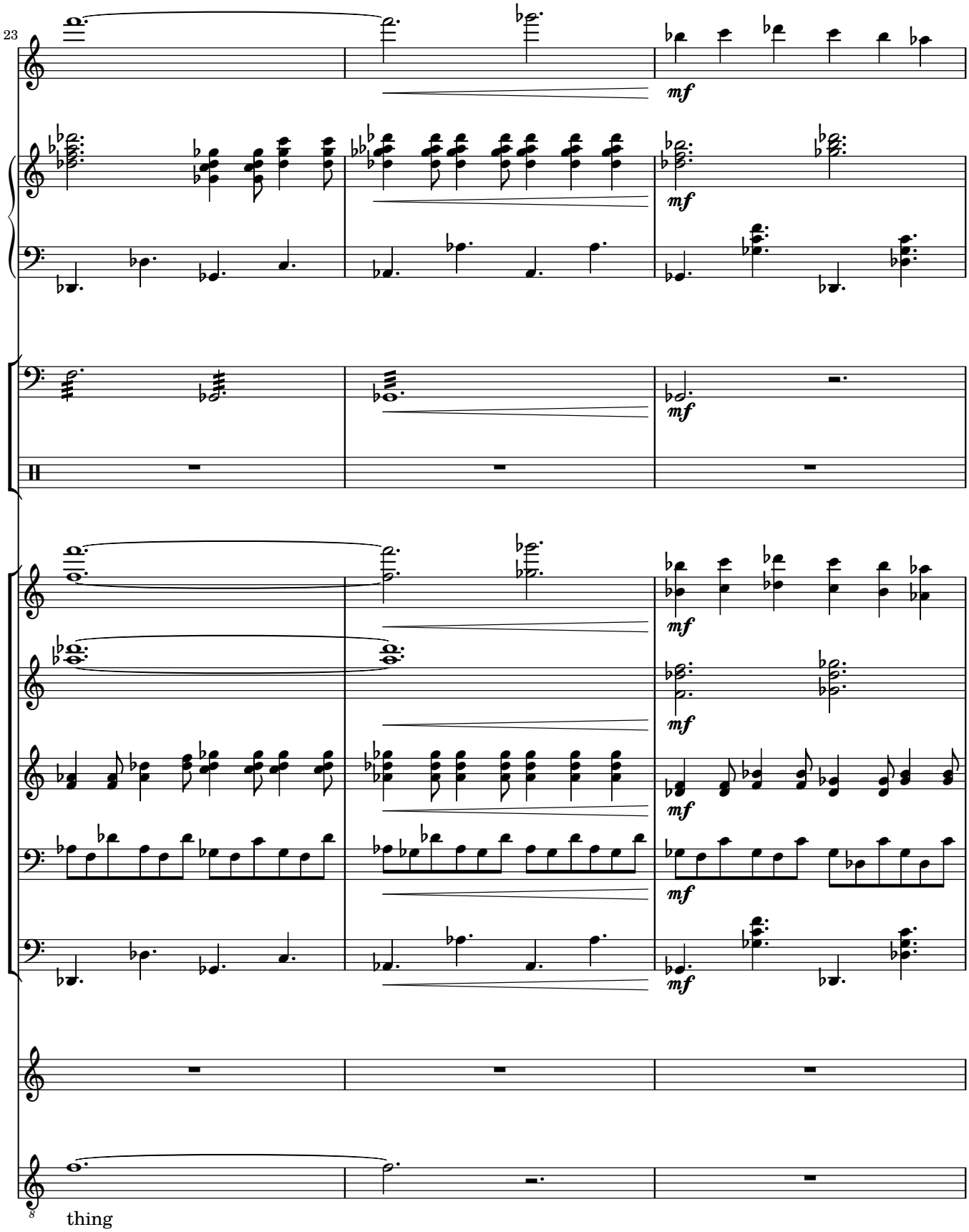

9
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
f
Help for an in - ex-per - ienced tea - cher was ears for

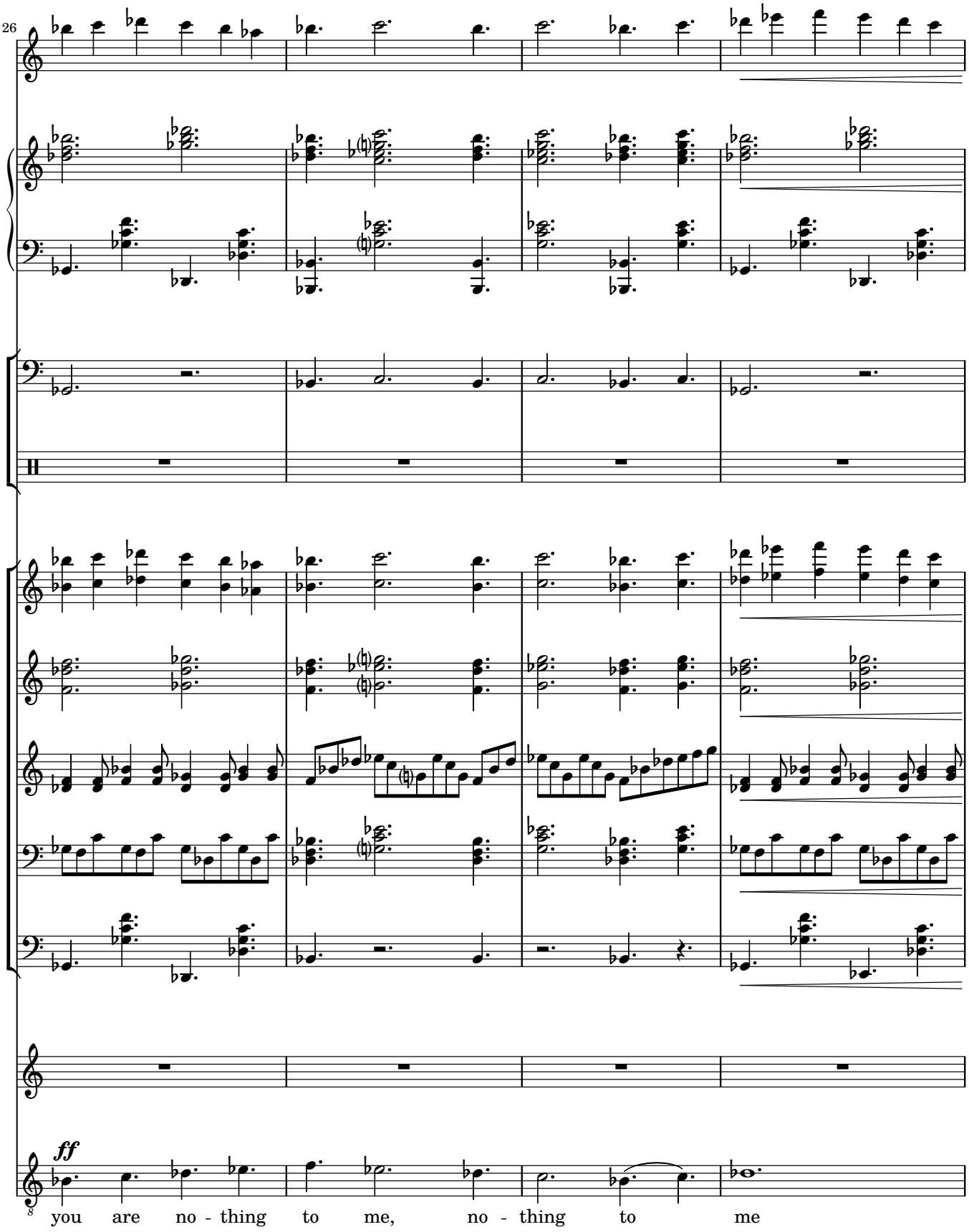

12
3
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
young minds to re-flect gone
Accounts, phone

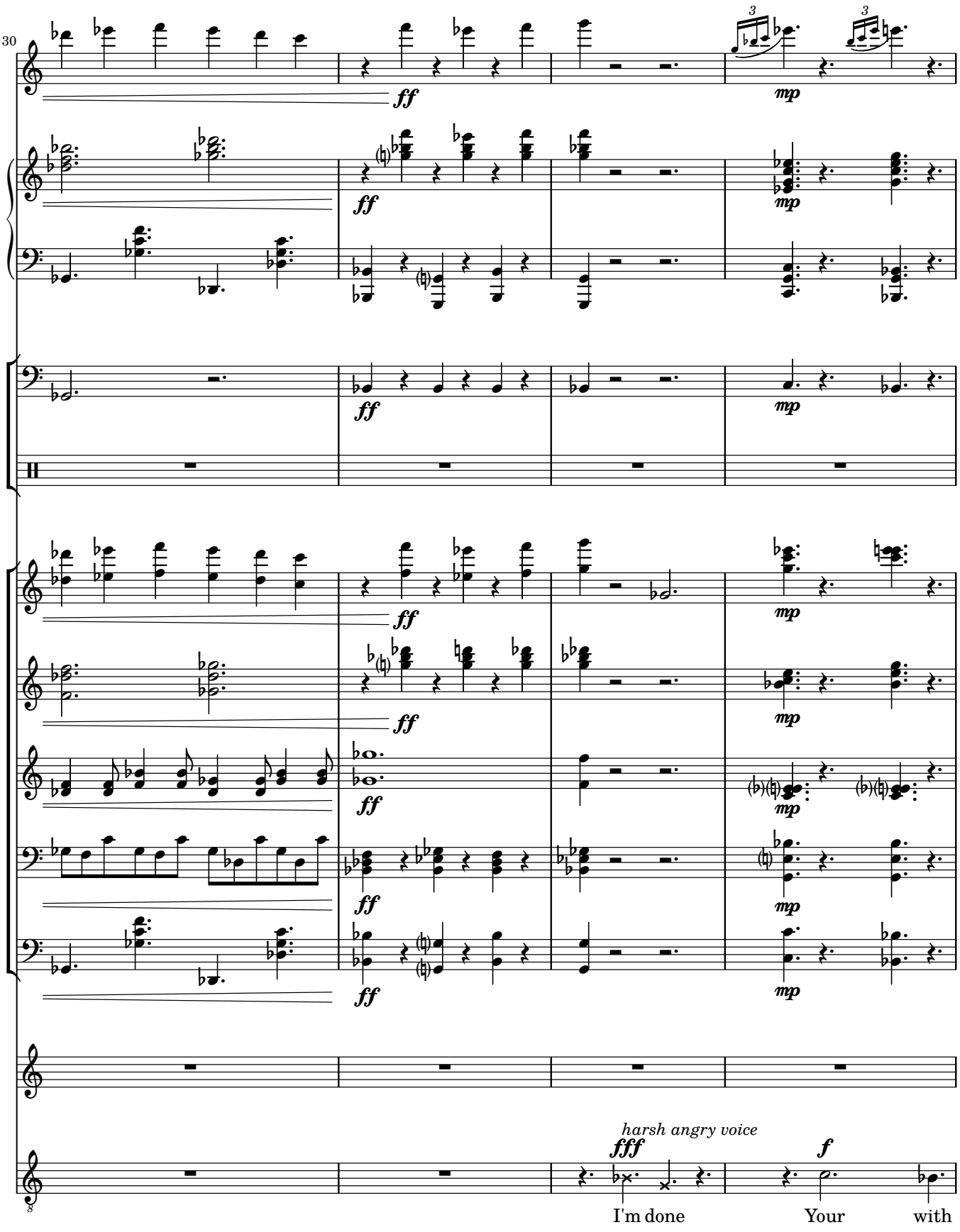

14
numbers, software messa-ges
not a chance of looking your way

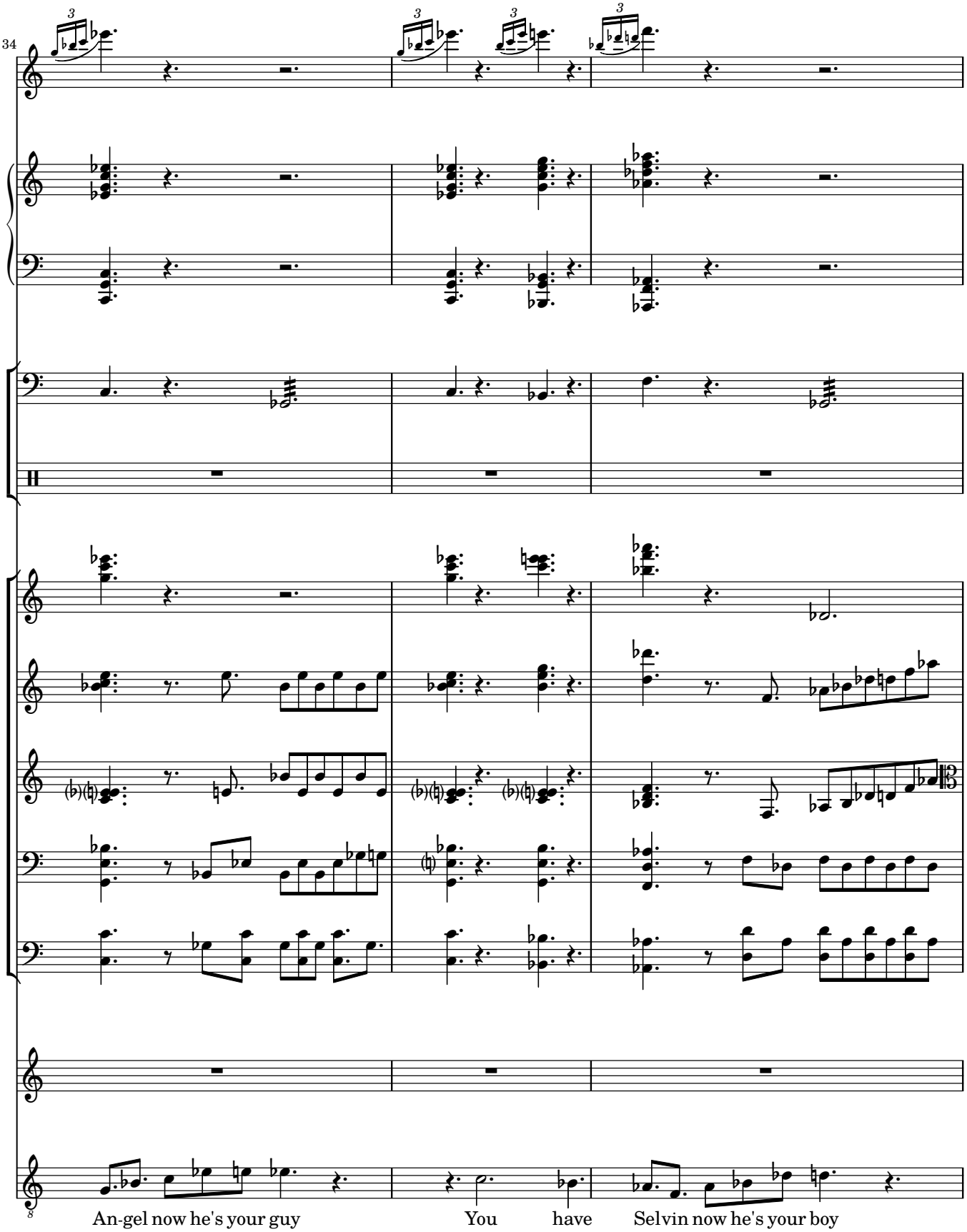

17
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
ff
I toss poi - son on all of this no - thing will

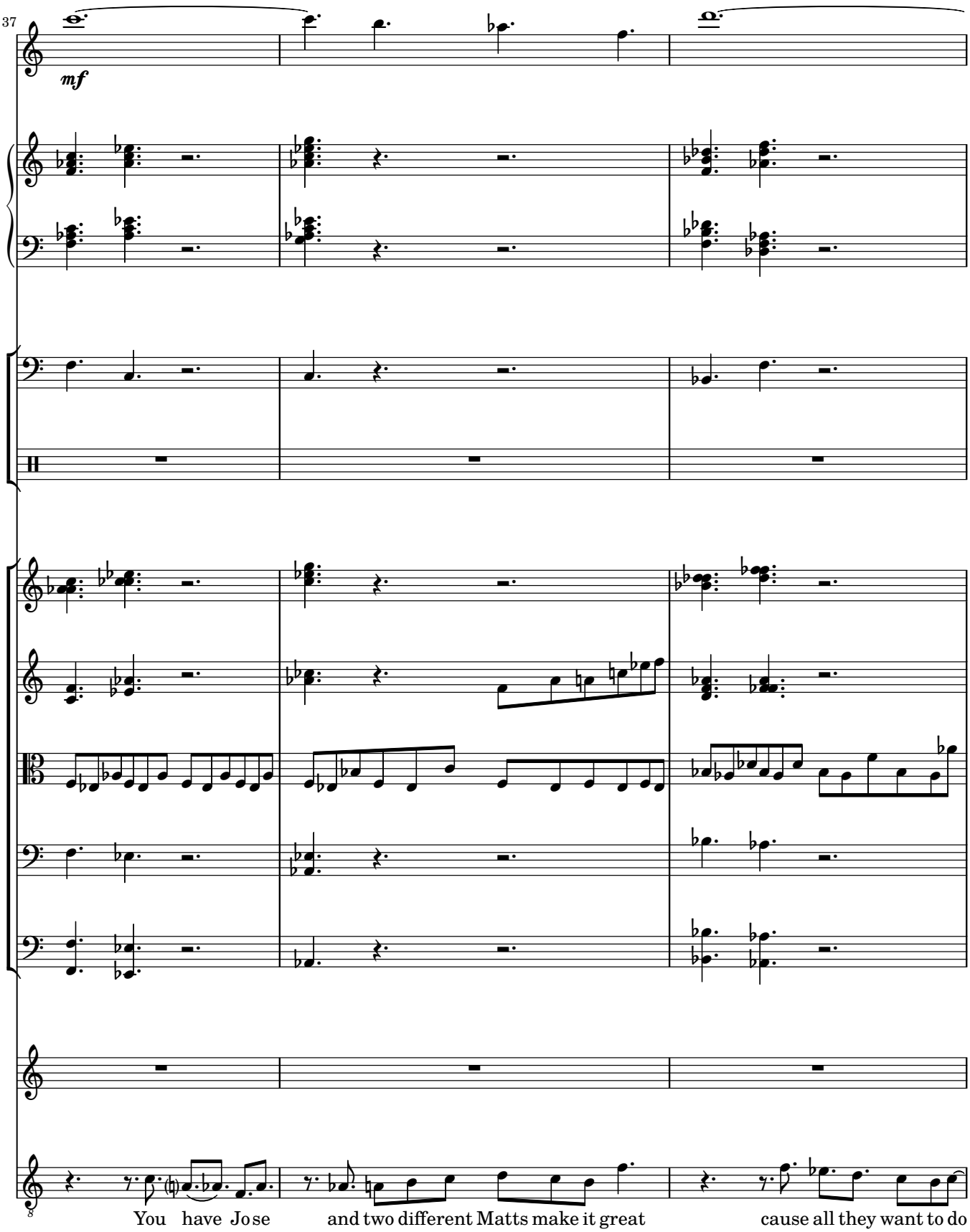

20
grow
Miss - ing
you is no -

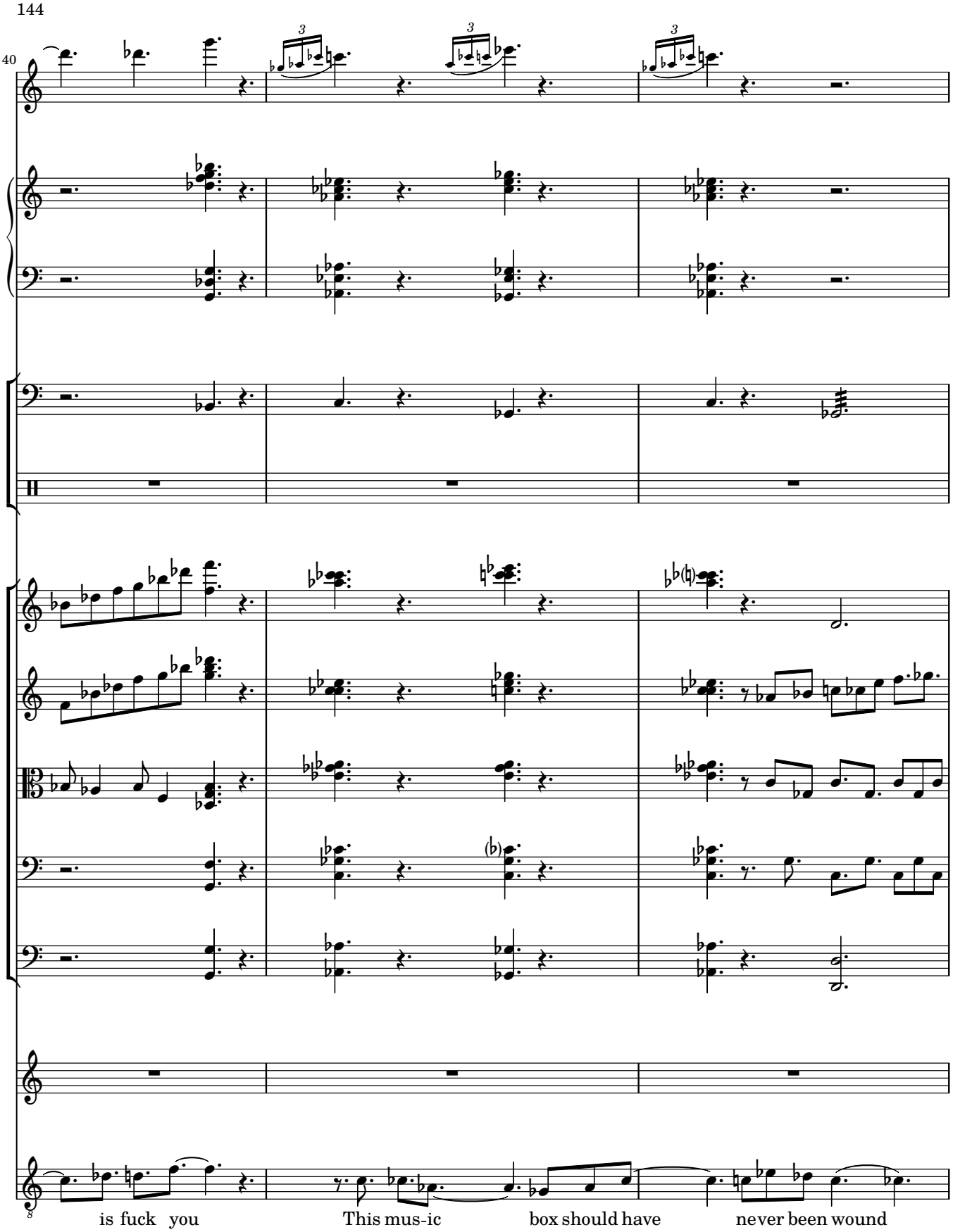

23
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
8
thing

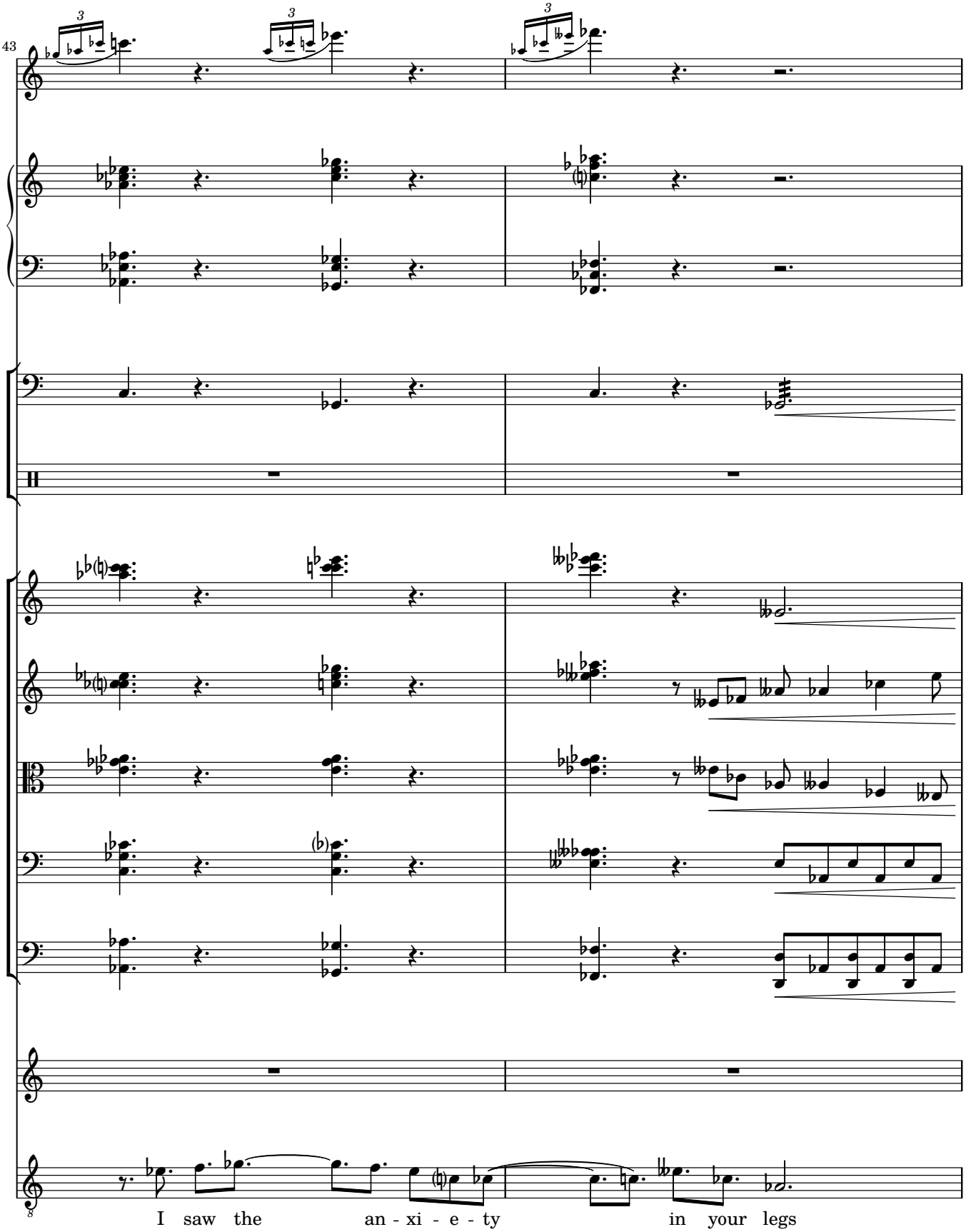

26
ff
you are no - thing to me, no - thing to me

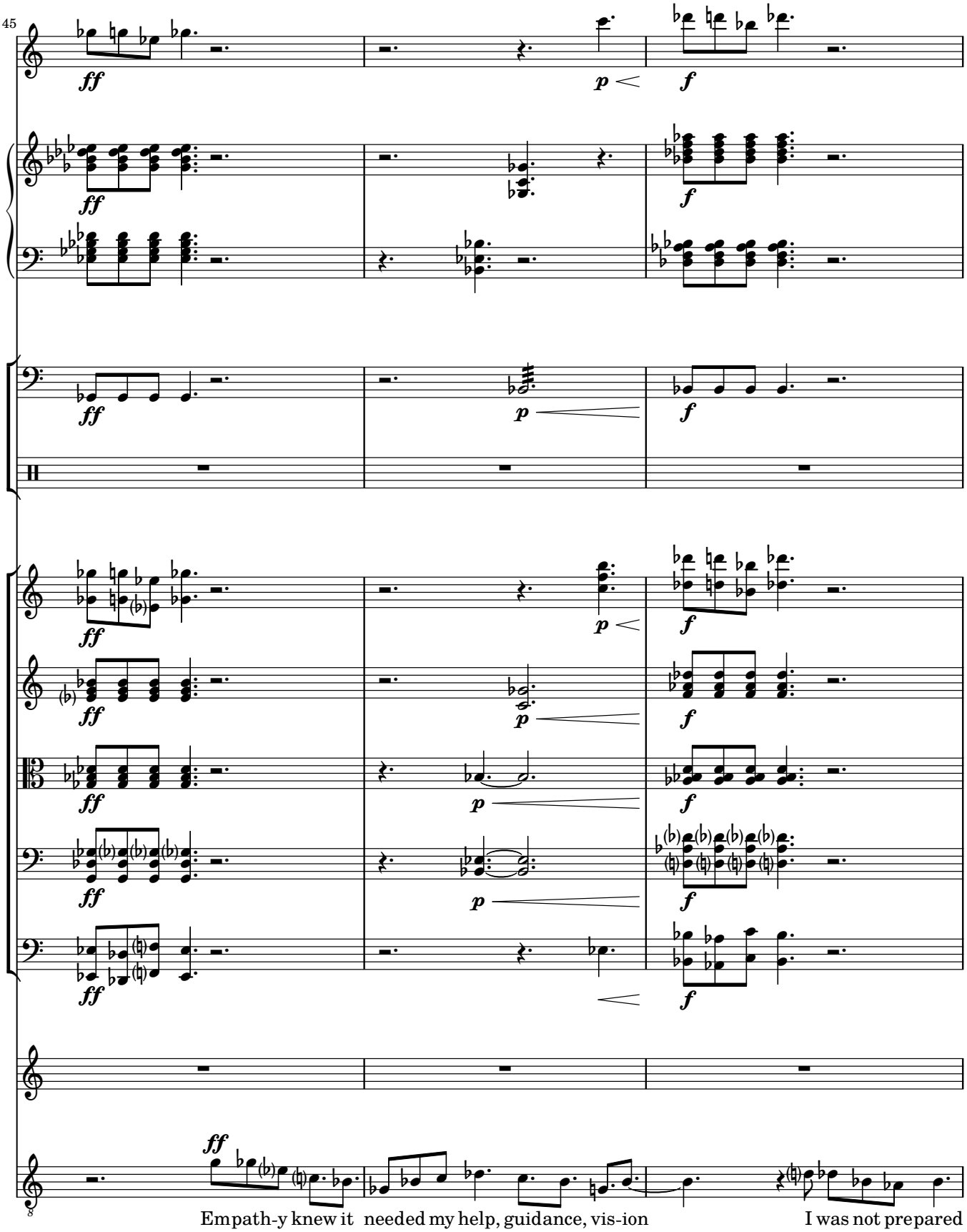

30
ff
mp
harsh angry voice
fff
f
I'm done
Your
with

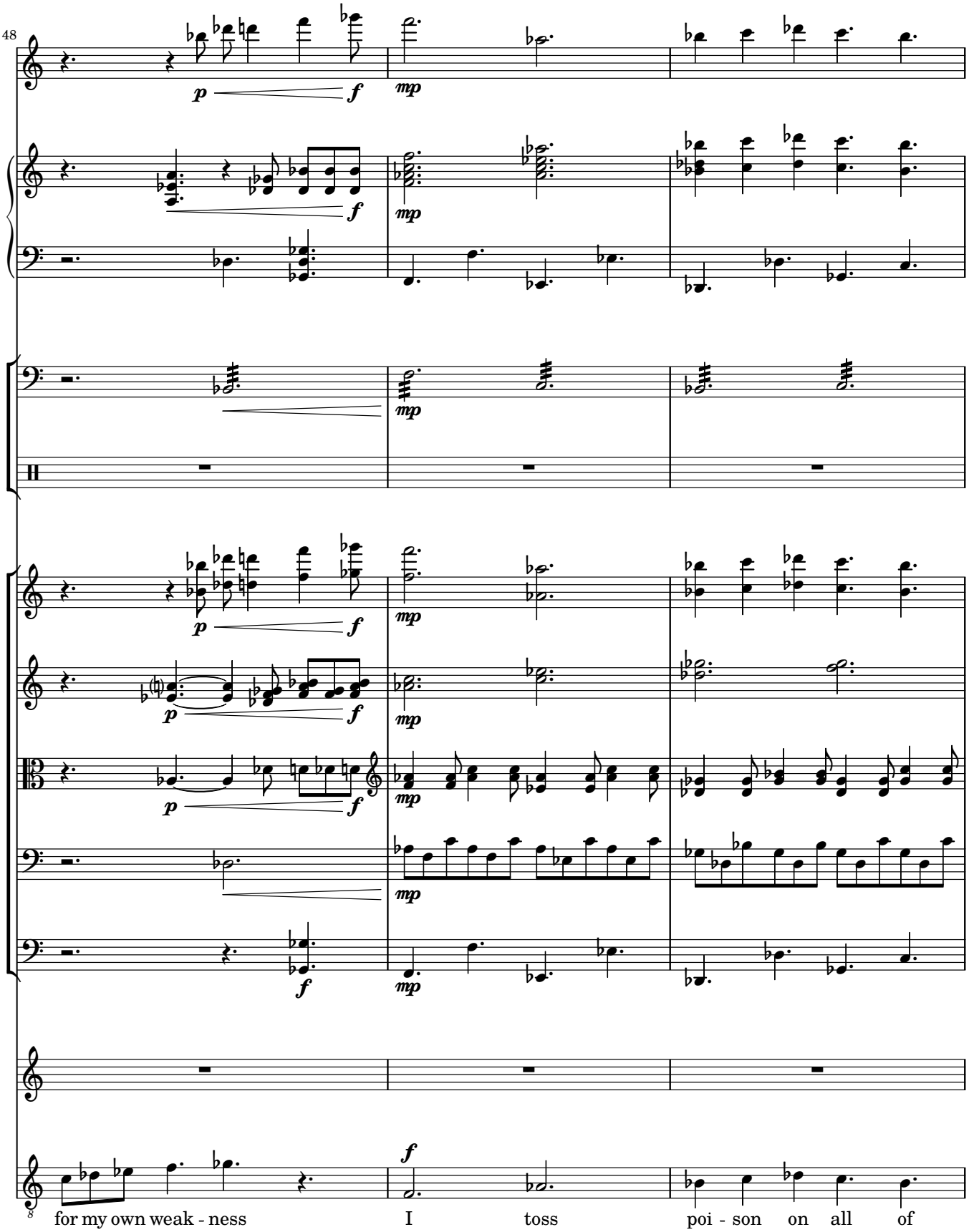

34
An-gel now he's your guy
You
have
Selvin now he's your boy

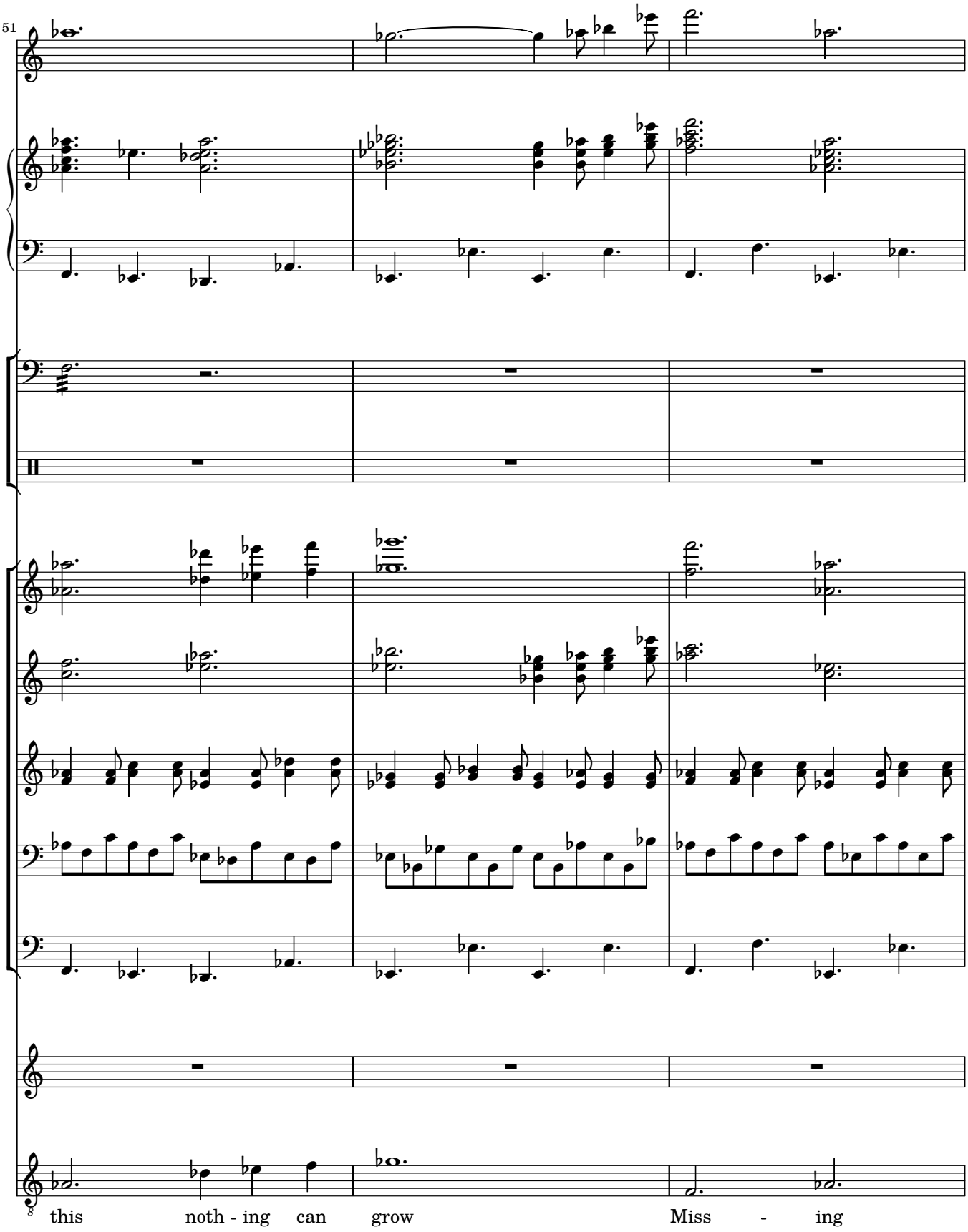

37
mf
You have Jose and two different Matts make it great cause all they want to do

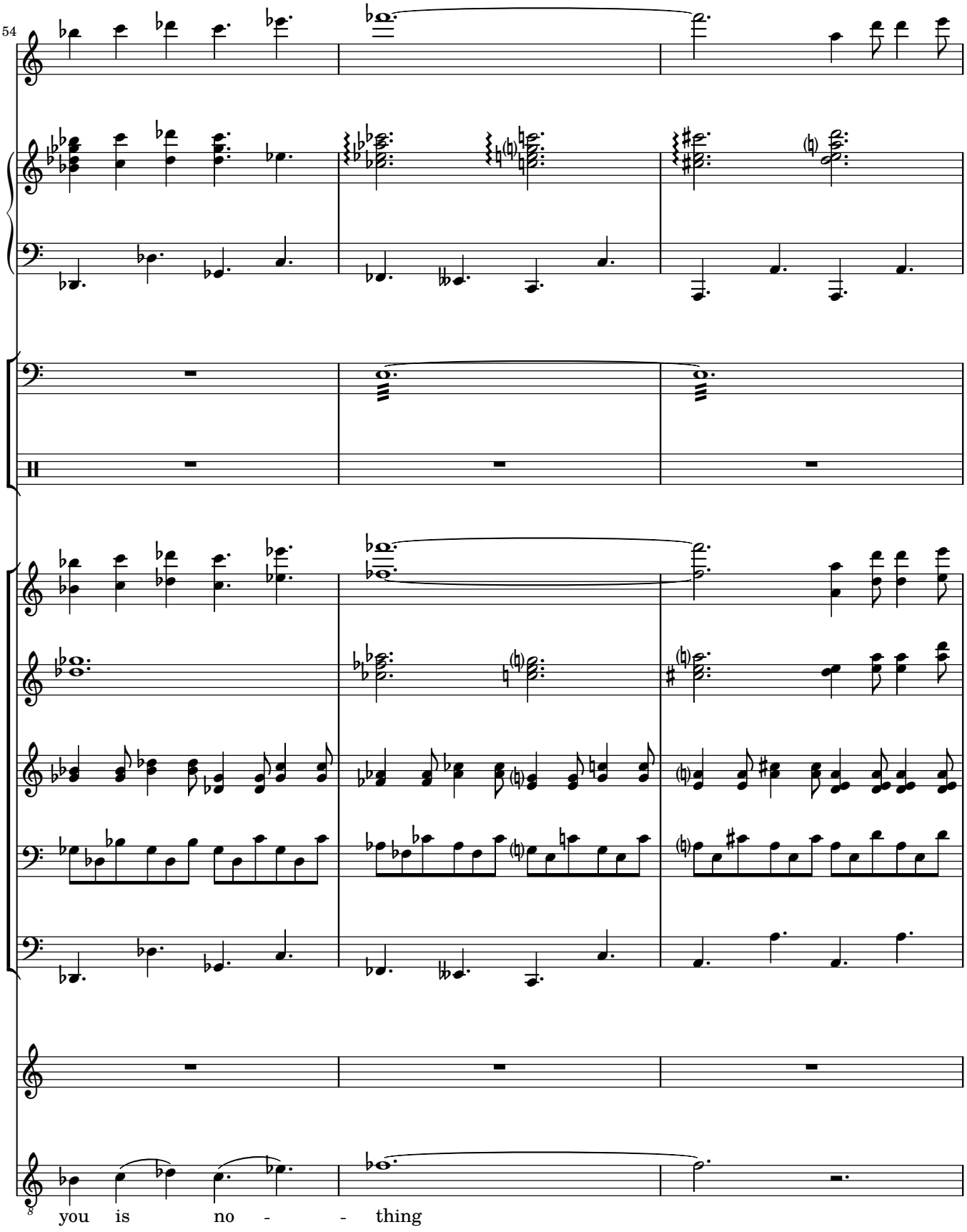

40
is fuck you
This mus-ic box should have never been wound

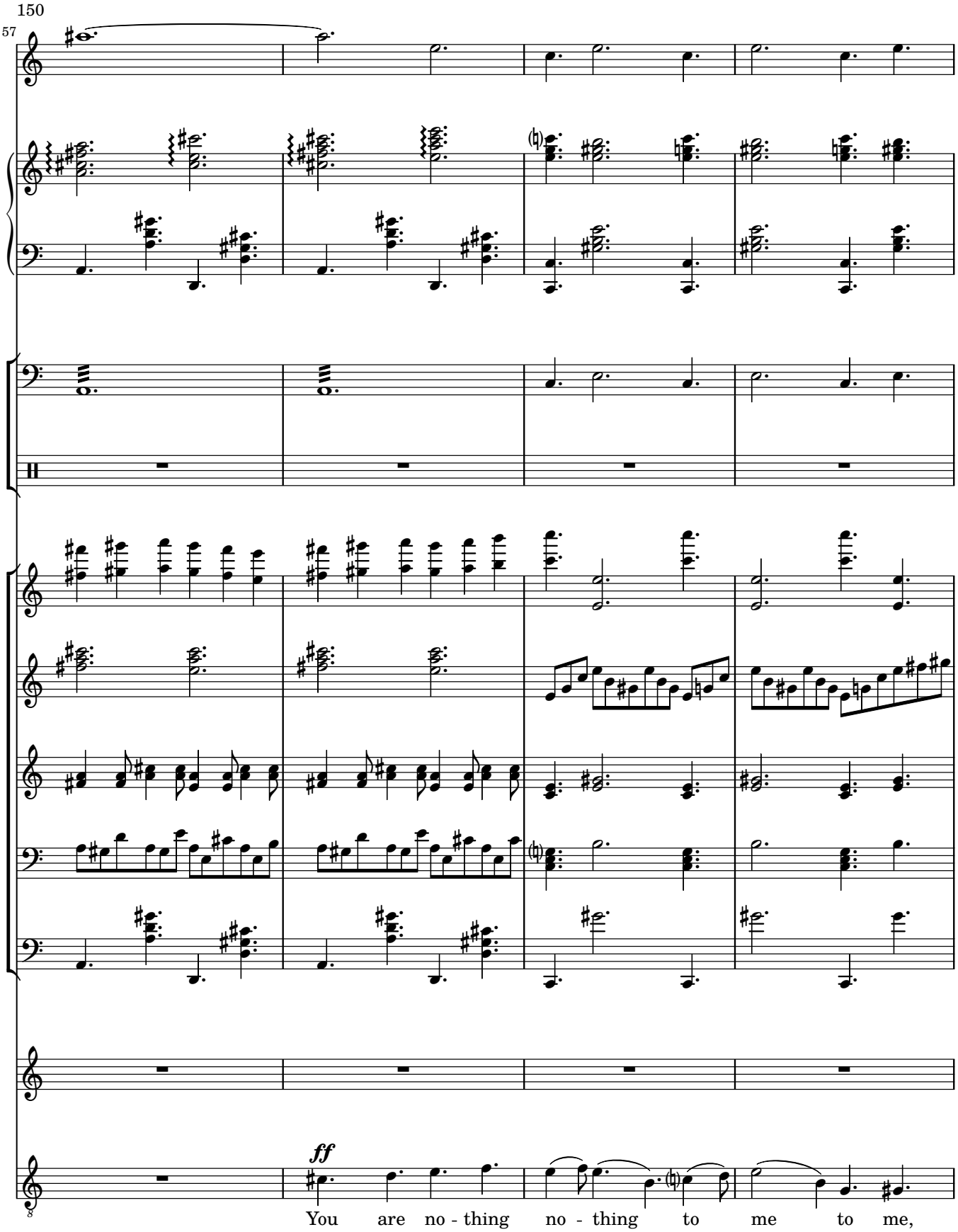

43
I saw the an - xi - e - ty in your legs

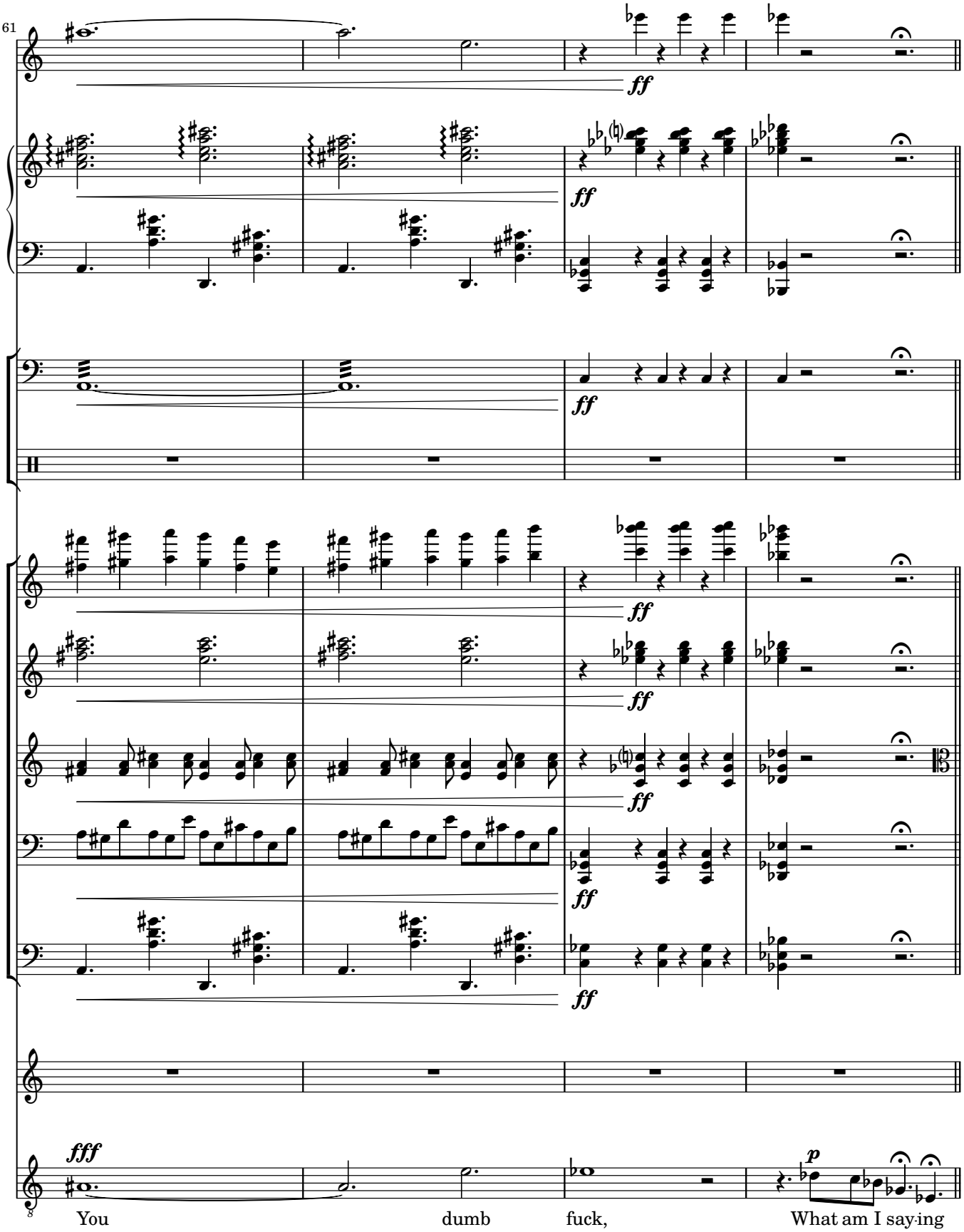

45
Empath-y knew it needed my help, guidance, vis-ion
I was not prepared


48
for my own weak - ness
I
toss
poi - son
on
all
of


51
this noth - ing can grow Miss - ing


54
you is no - - thing


150
57
ff
You are no - thing no - thing to me to me,


61
ff
fff
p
You dumb fuck, What am I say-ing

Rapid, Desperate (𝅗𝅥. = 92)

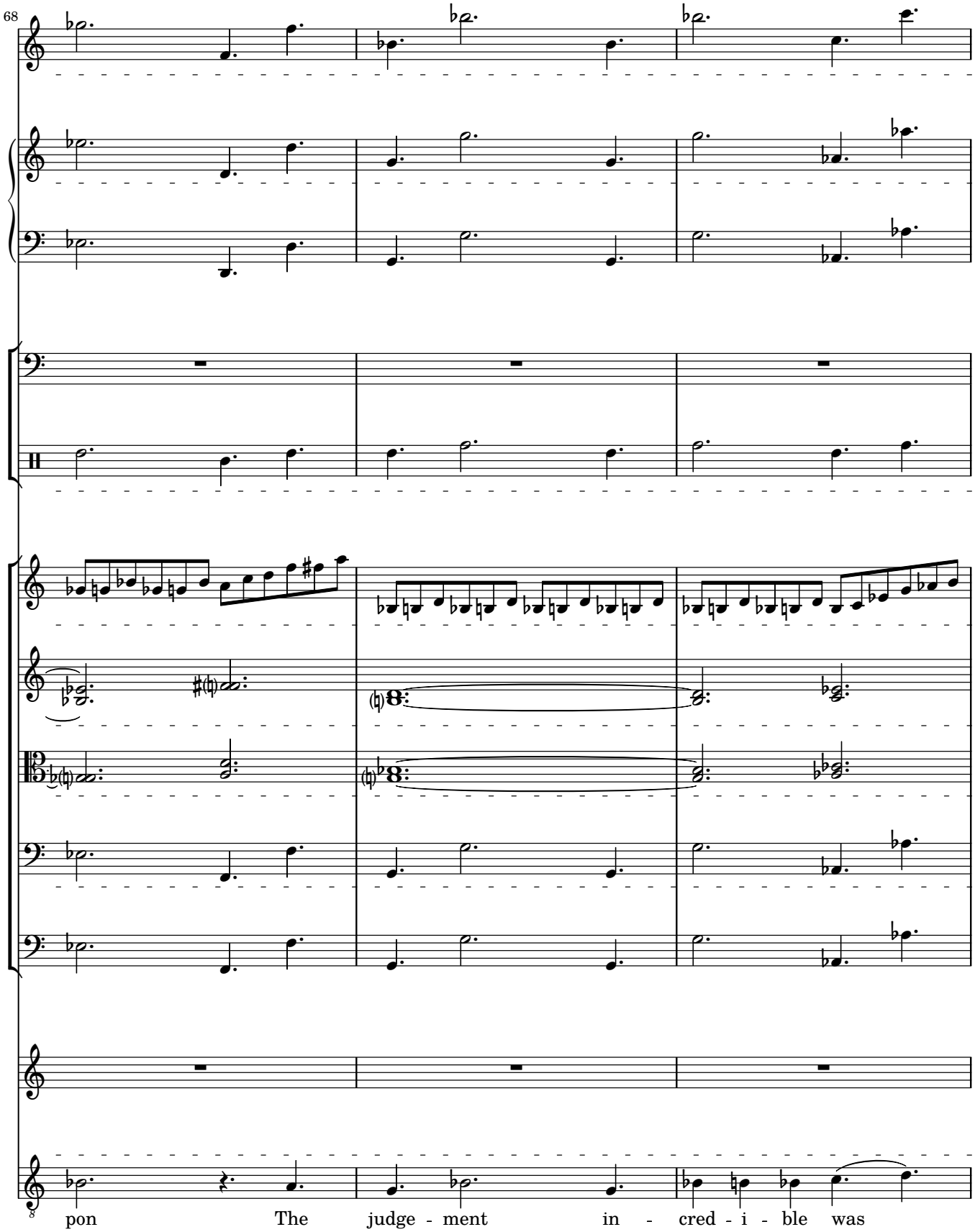
65

pp cresc.

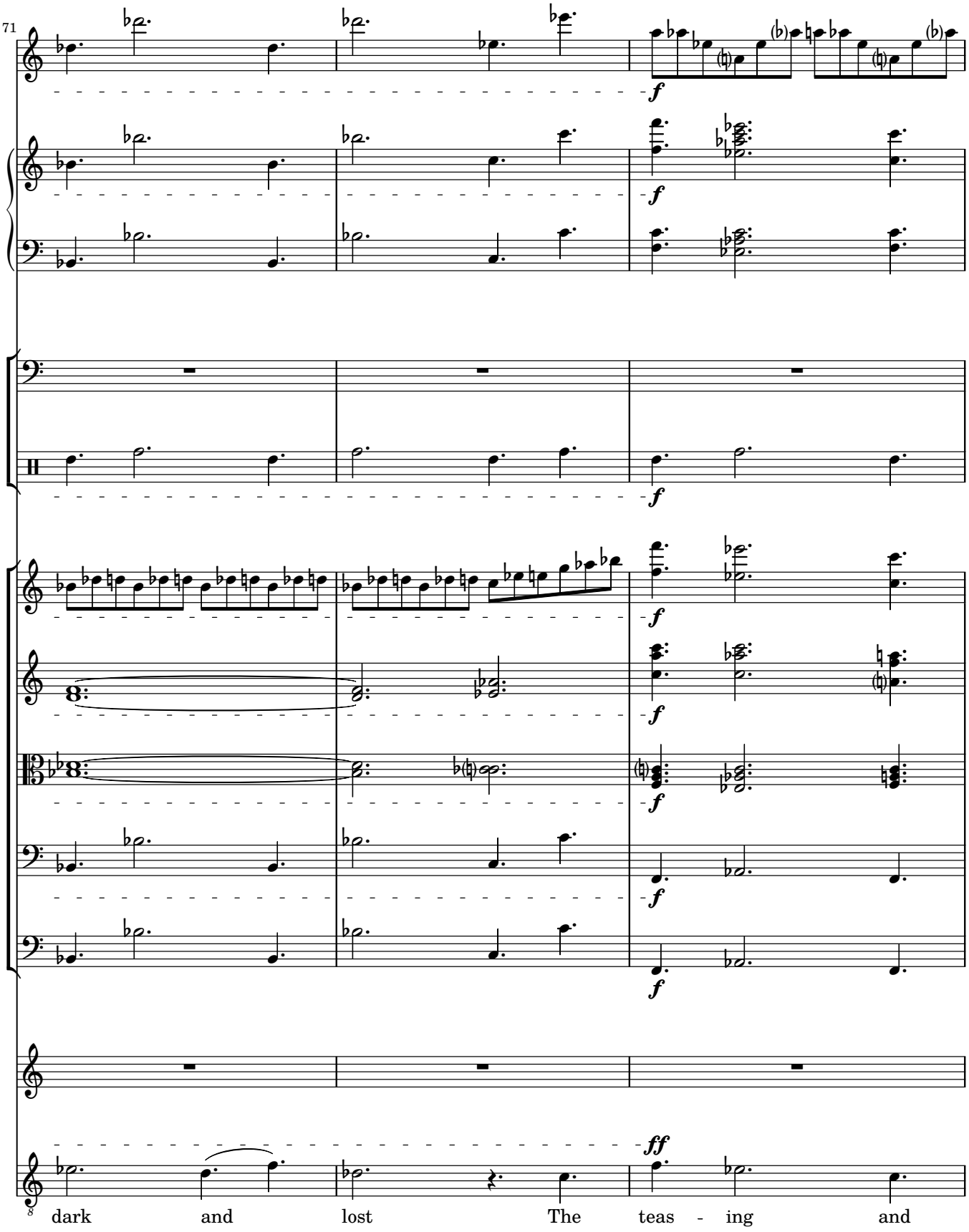
Suspended Cymbals

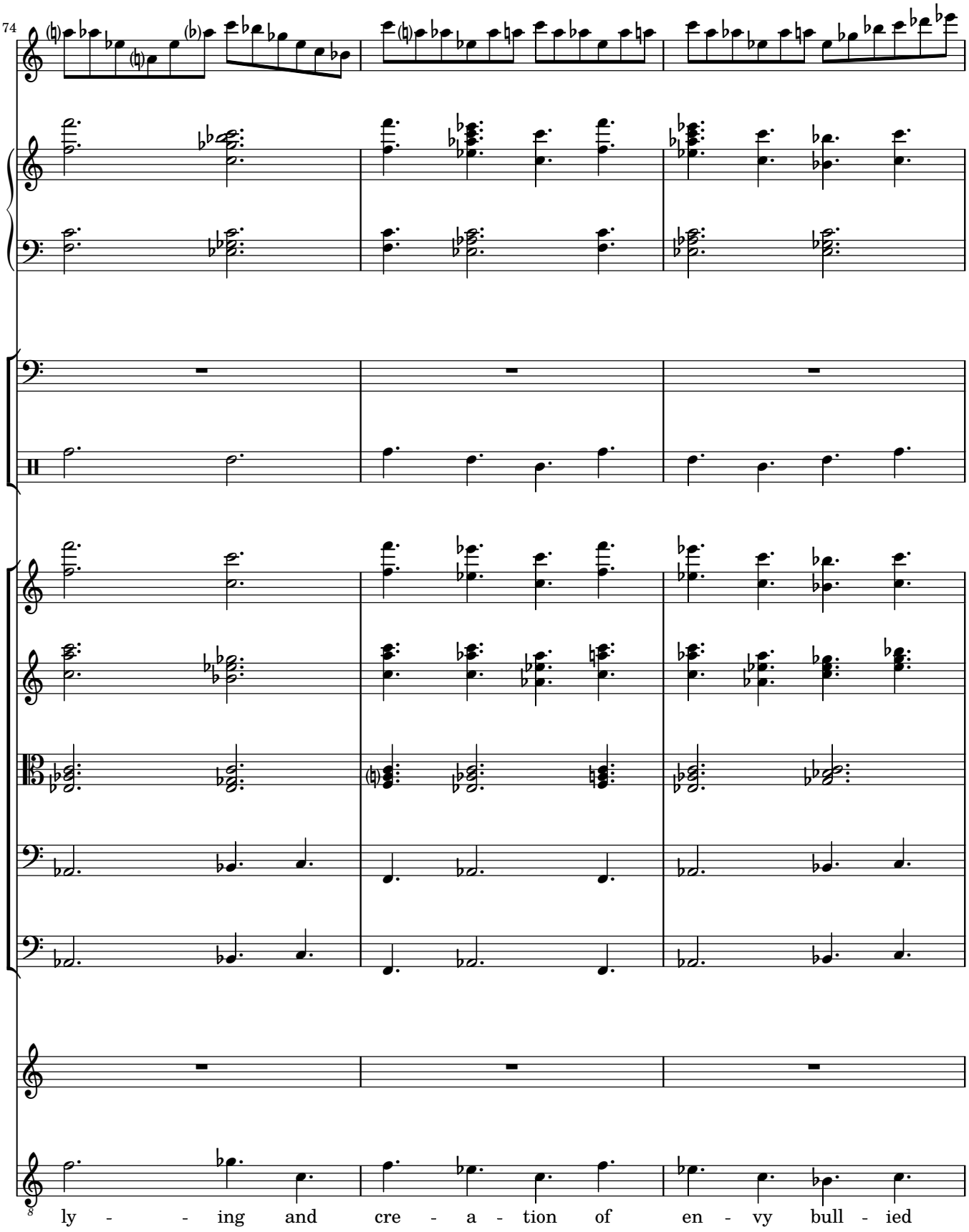
mf cresc.

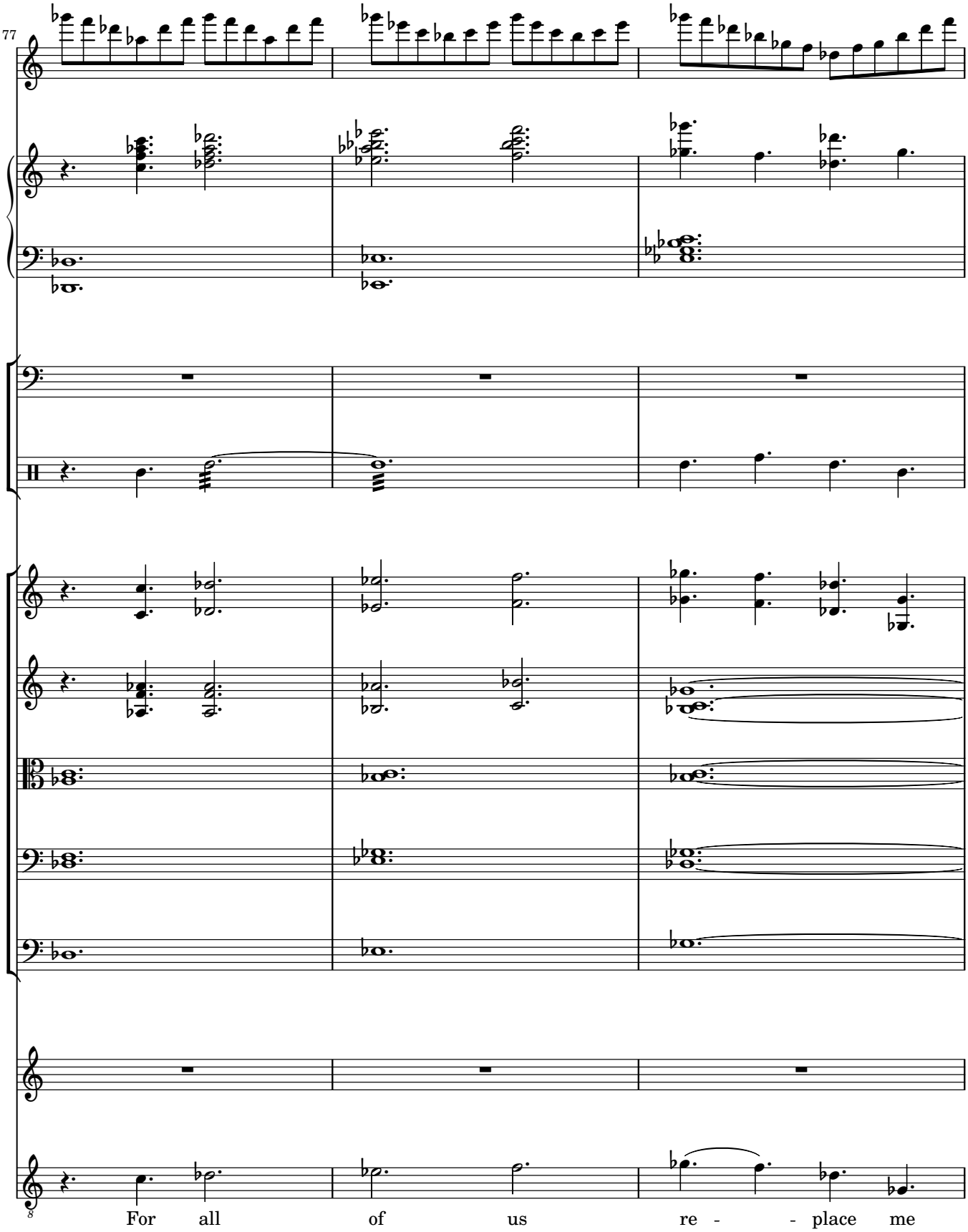
Meas - ured I see the strang - er chewed u - -

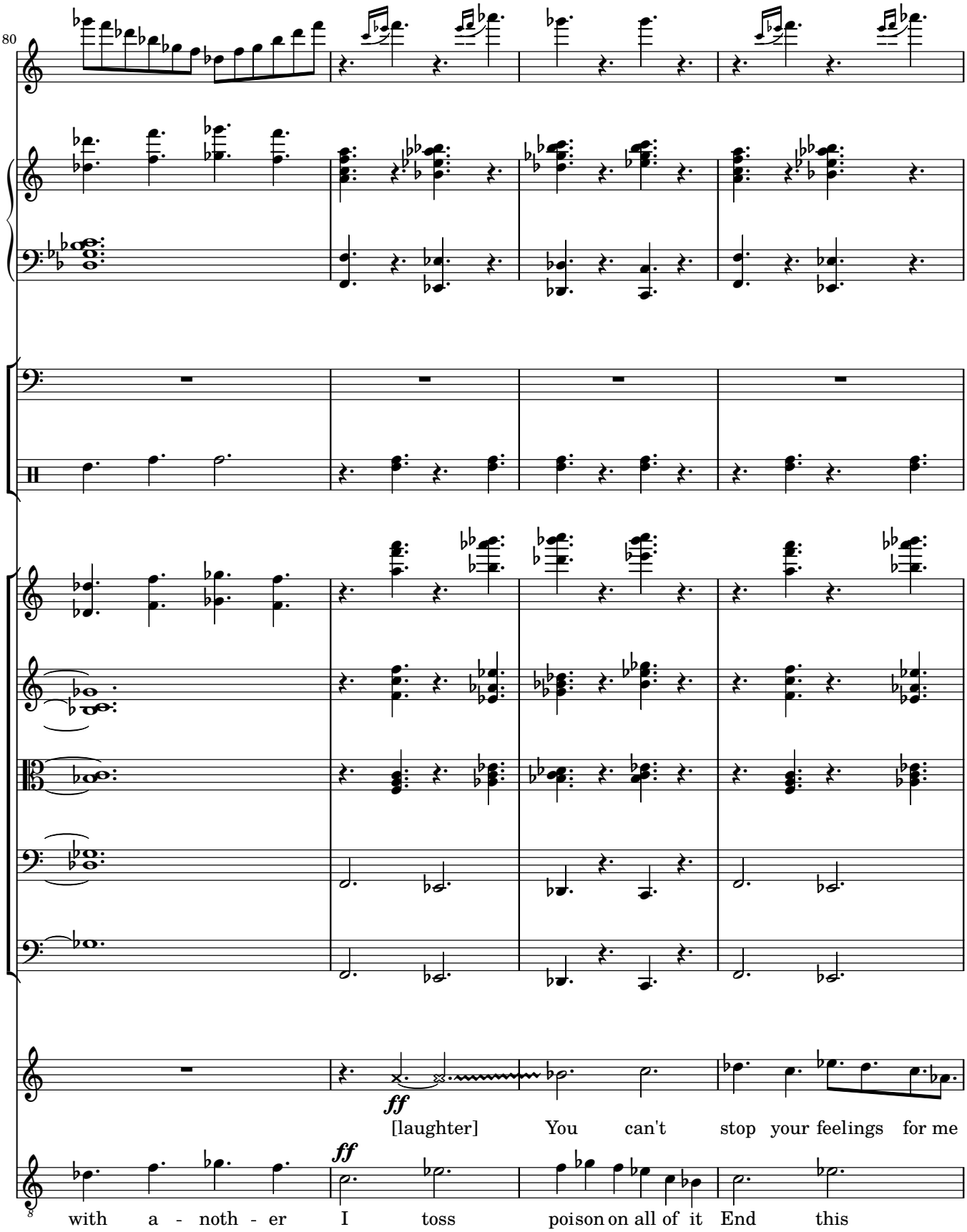

68
pon The judge - ment in - cred - i - ble was

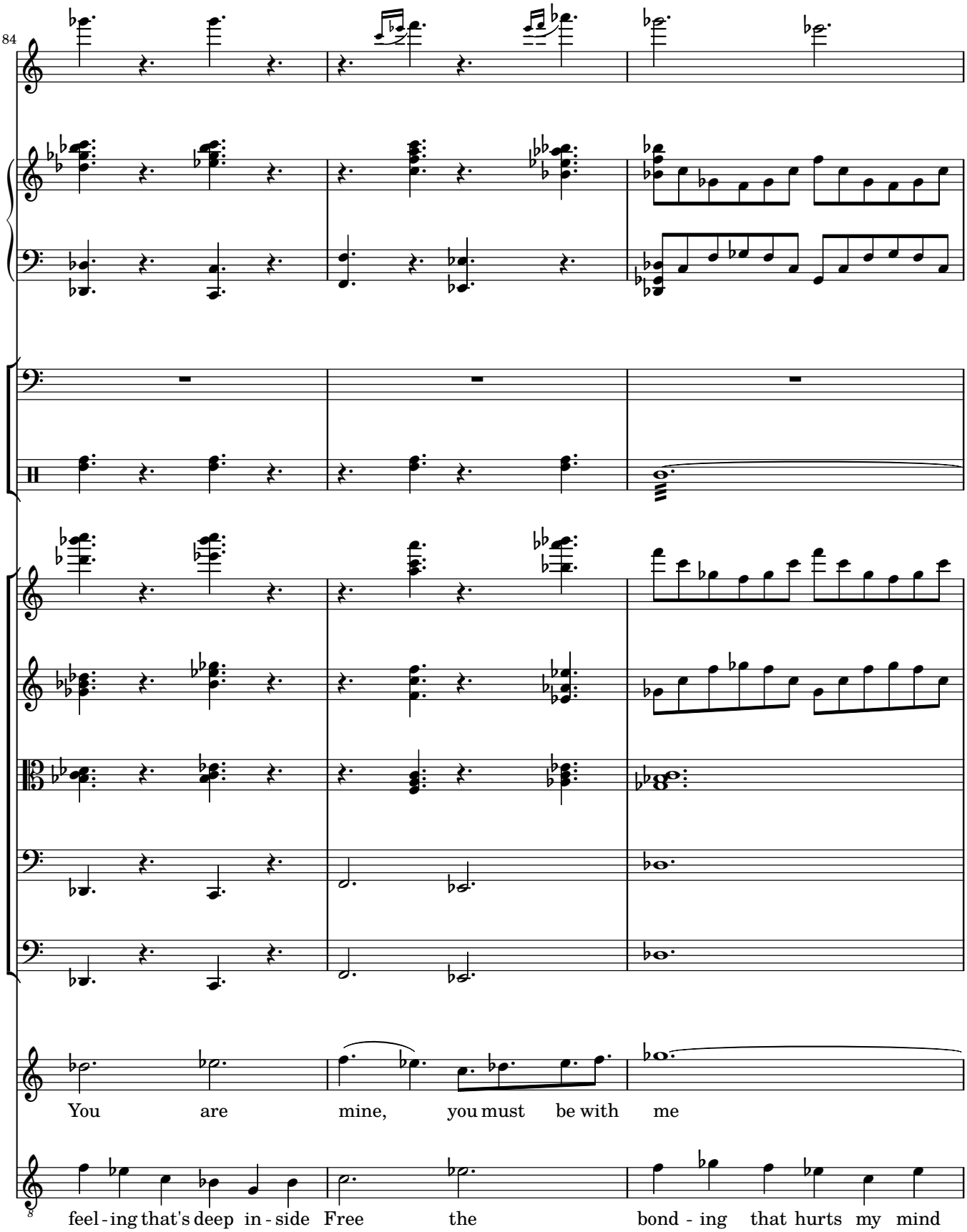
71

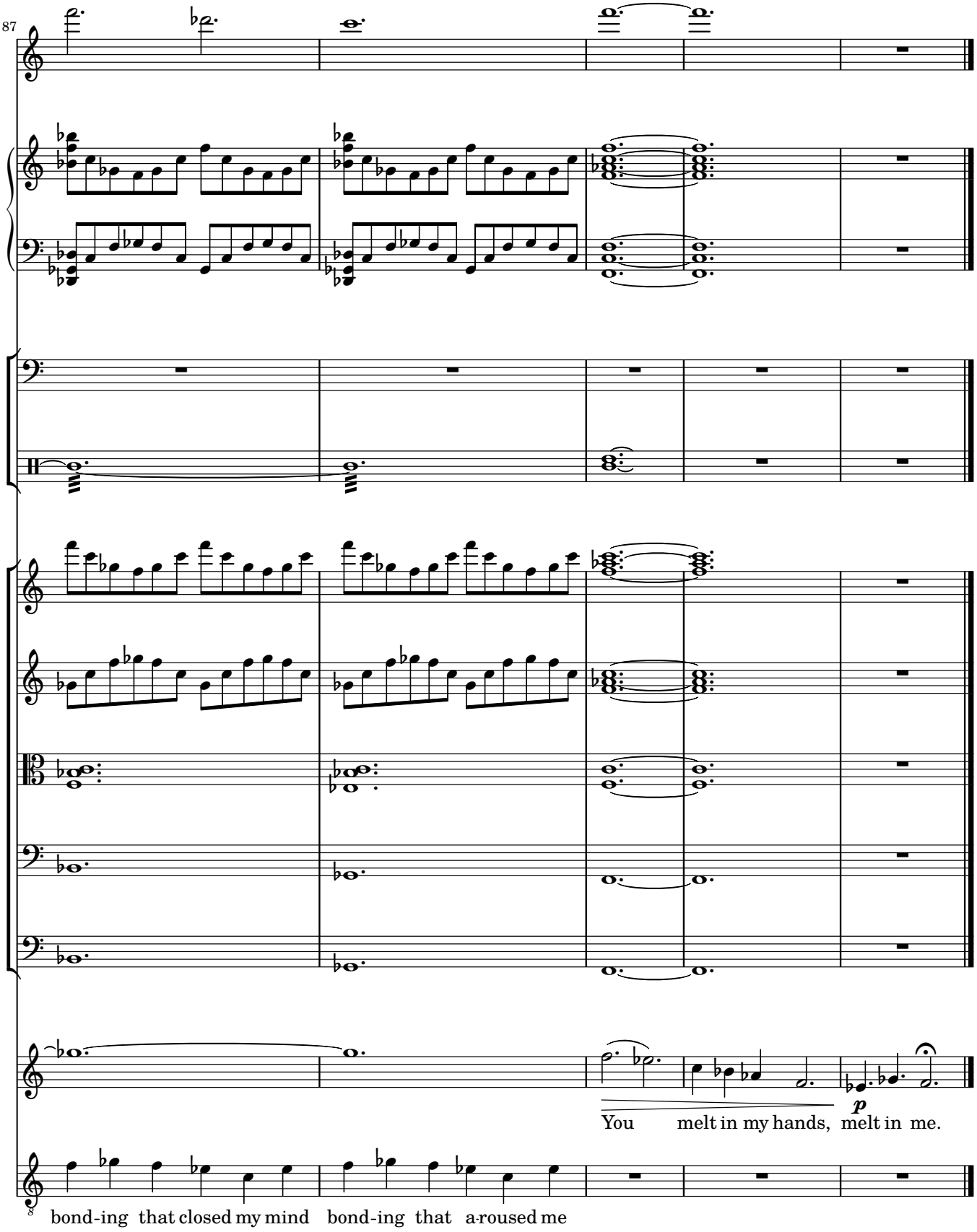



74
ly - - ing and cre - a - tion of en - vy bull - ied


77
For all of us re - - place me

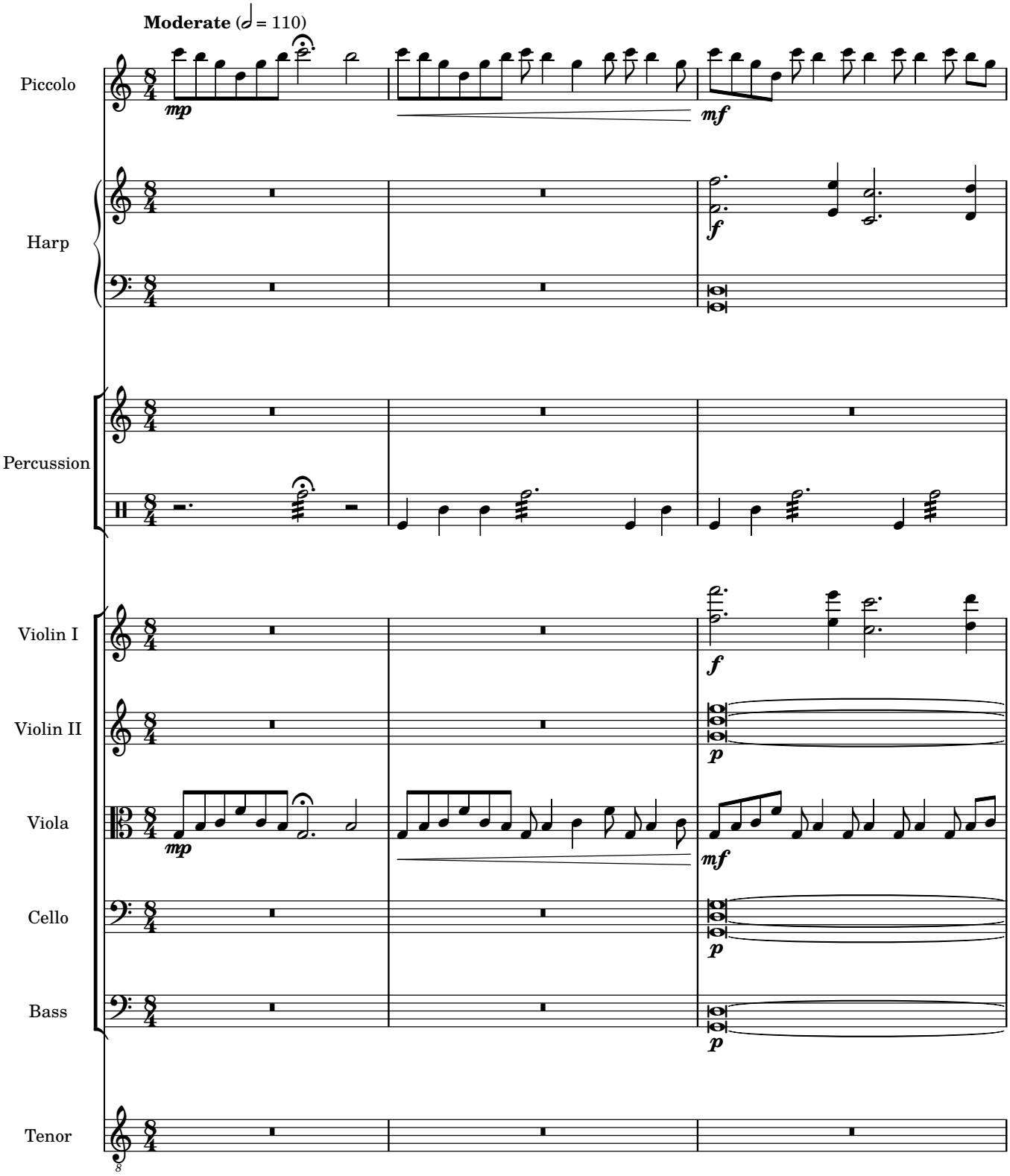

80
ff
[laughter] You can't stop your feelings for me
ff
with a - noth - er I toss poison on all of it End this

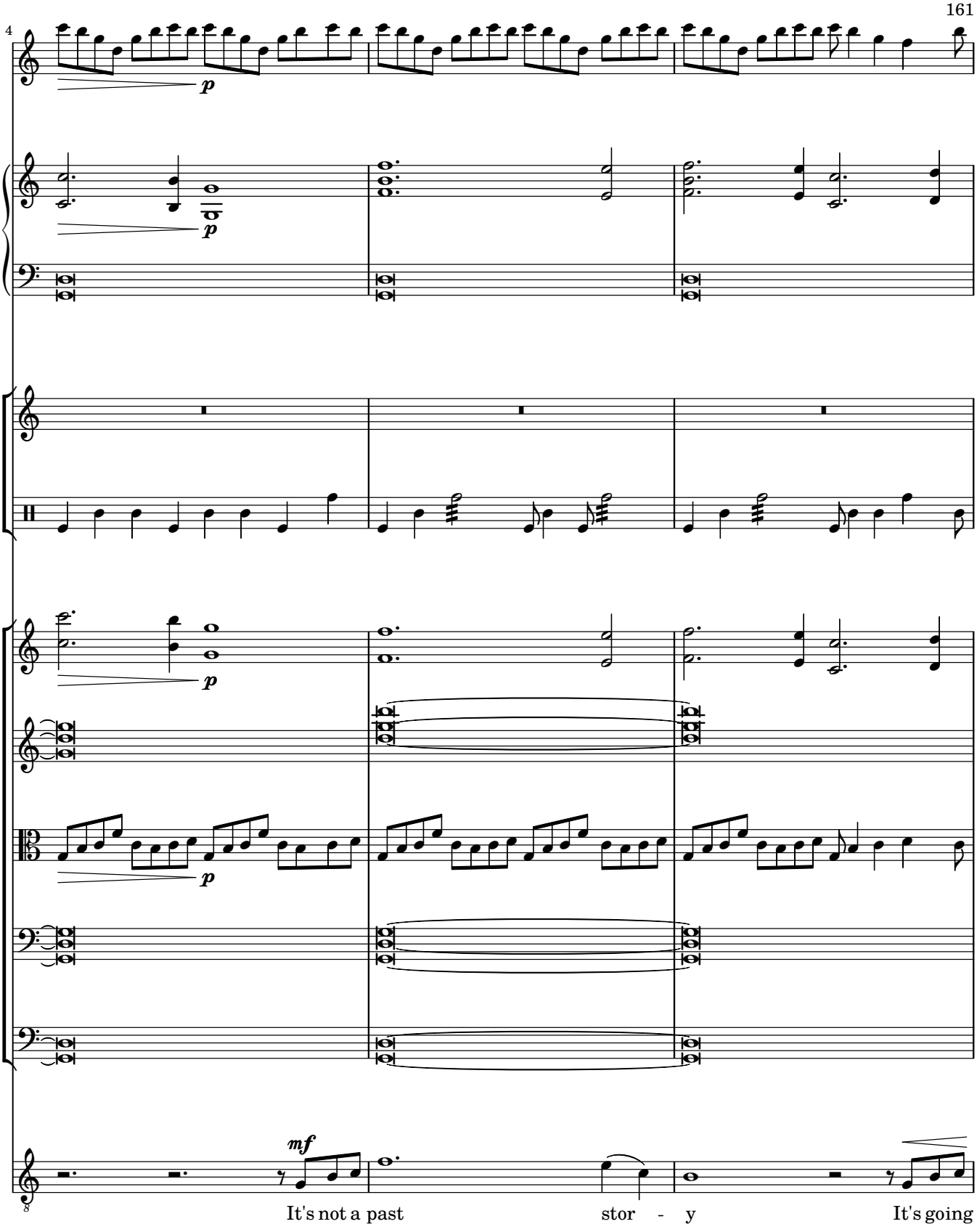

84
You are mine, you must be with me
feel - ing that's deep in - side Free the bond - ing that hurts my mind

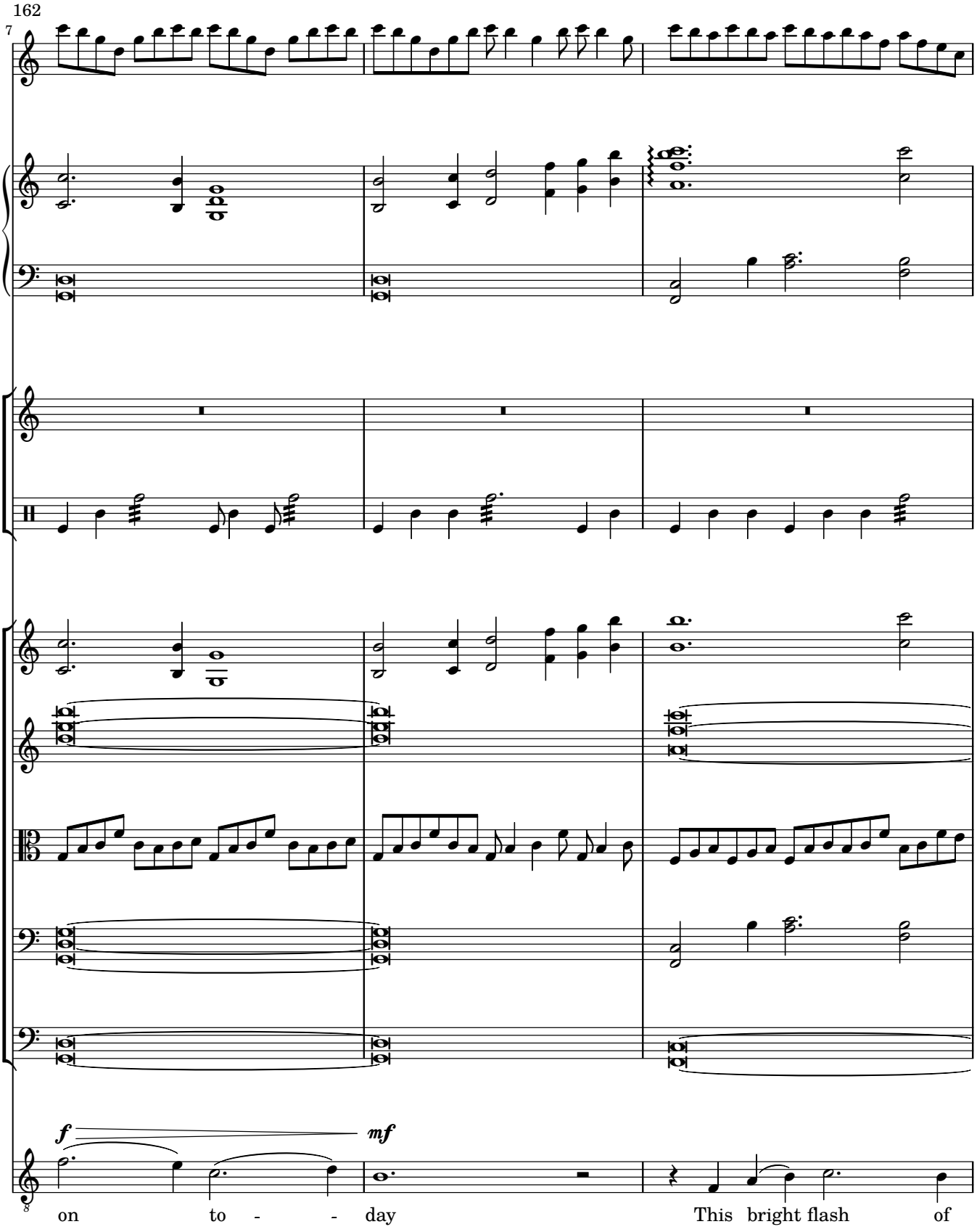

87
You melt in my hands, melt in me.
bond-ing that closed my mind bond-ing that a-roused me

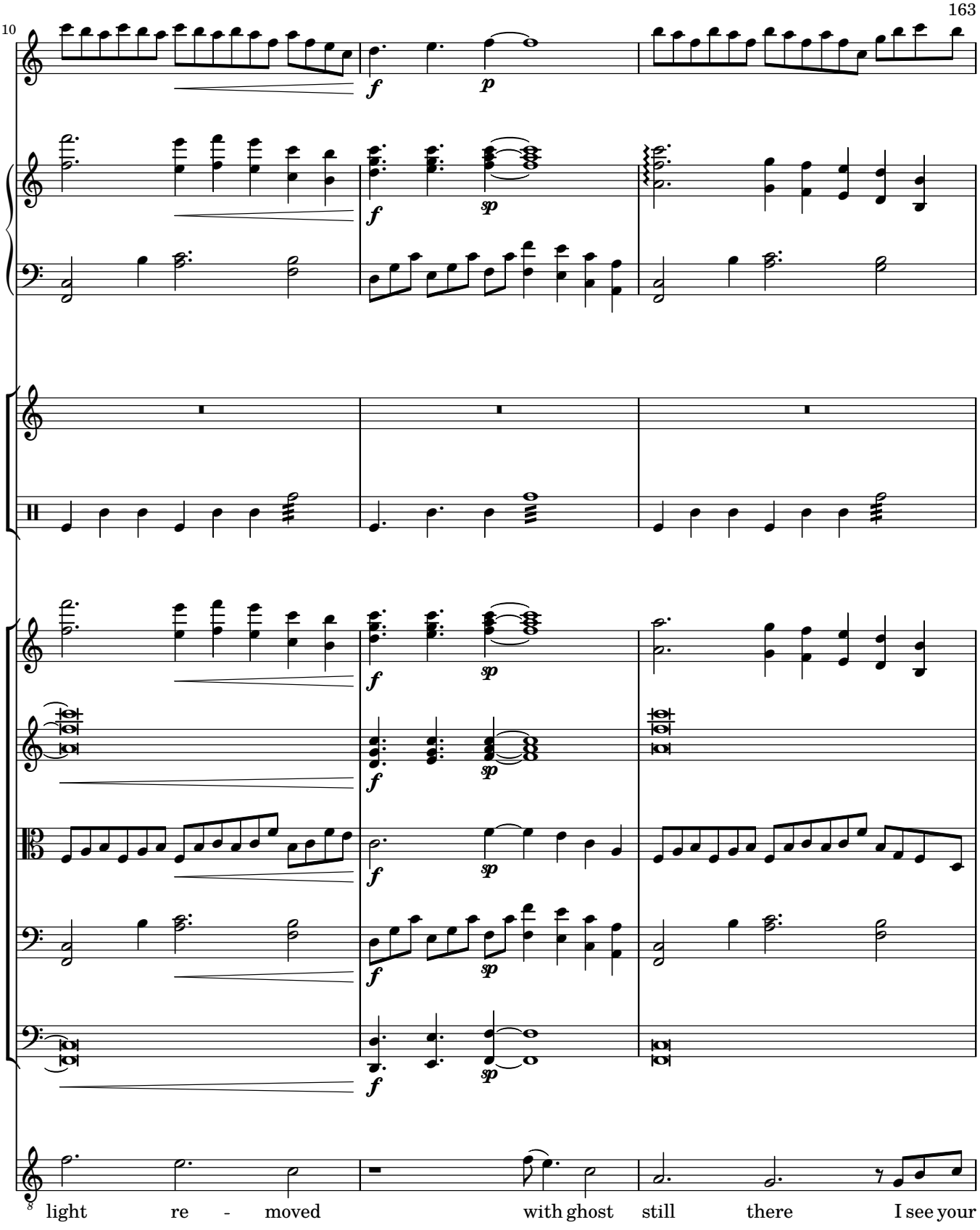
Artifacts

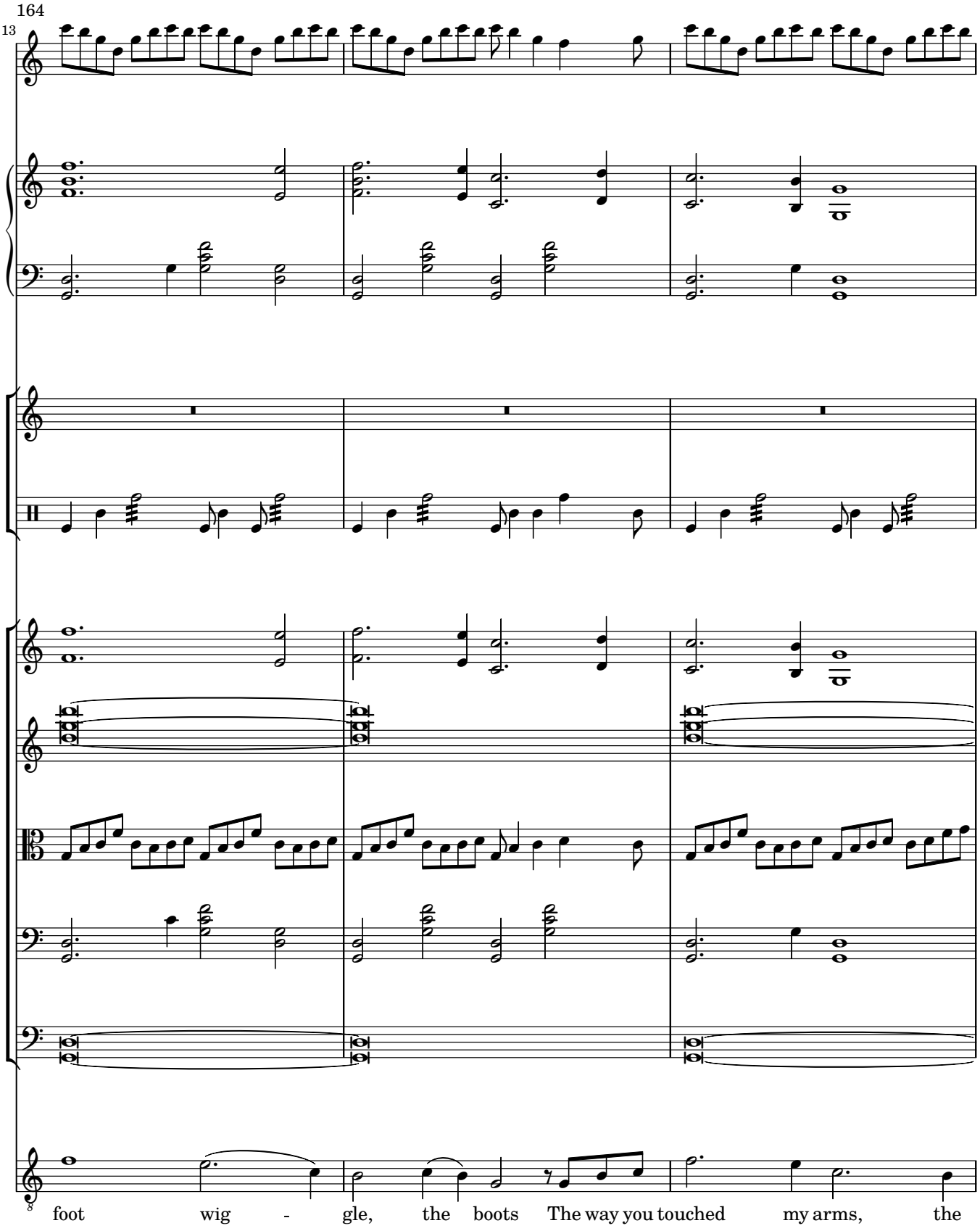
Craig Bakalian

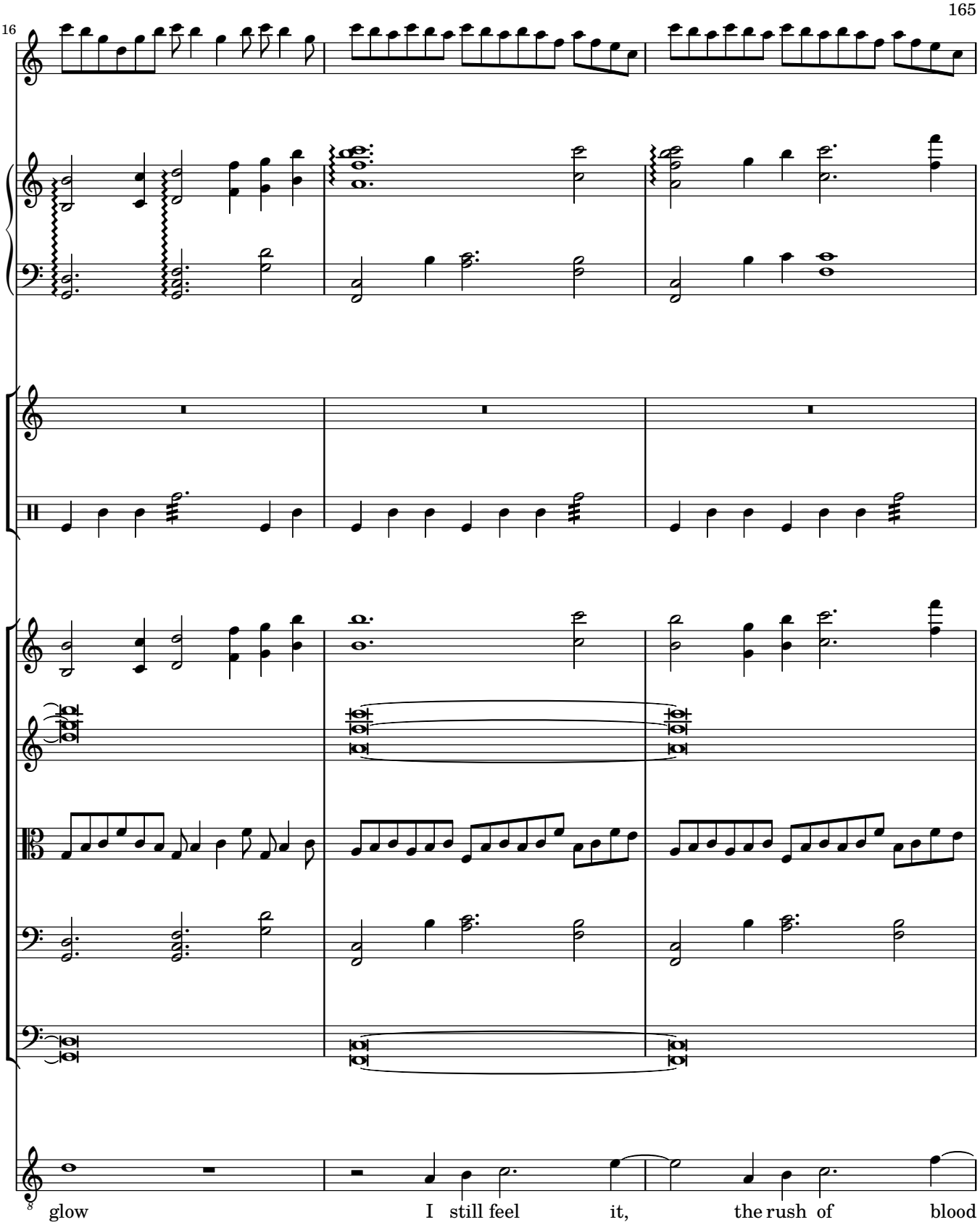


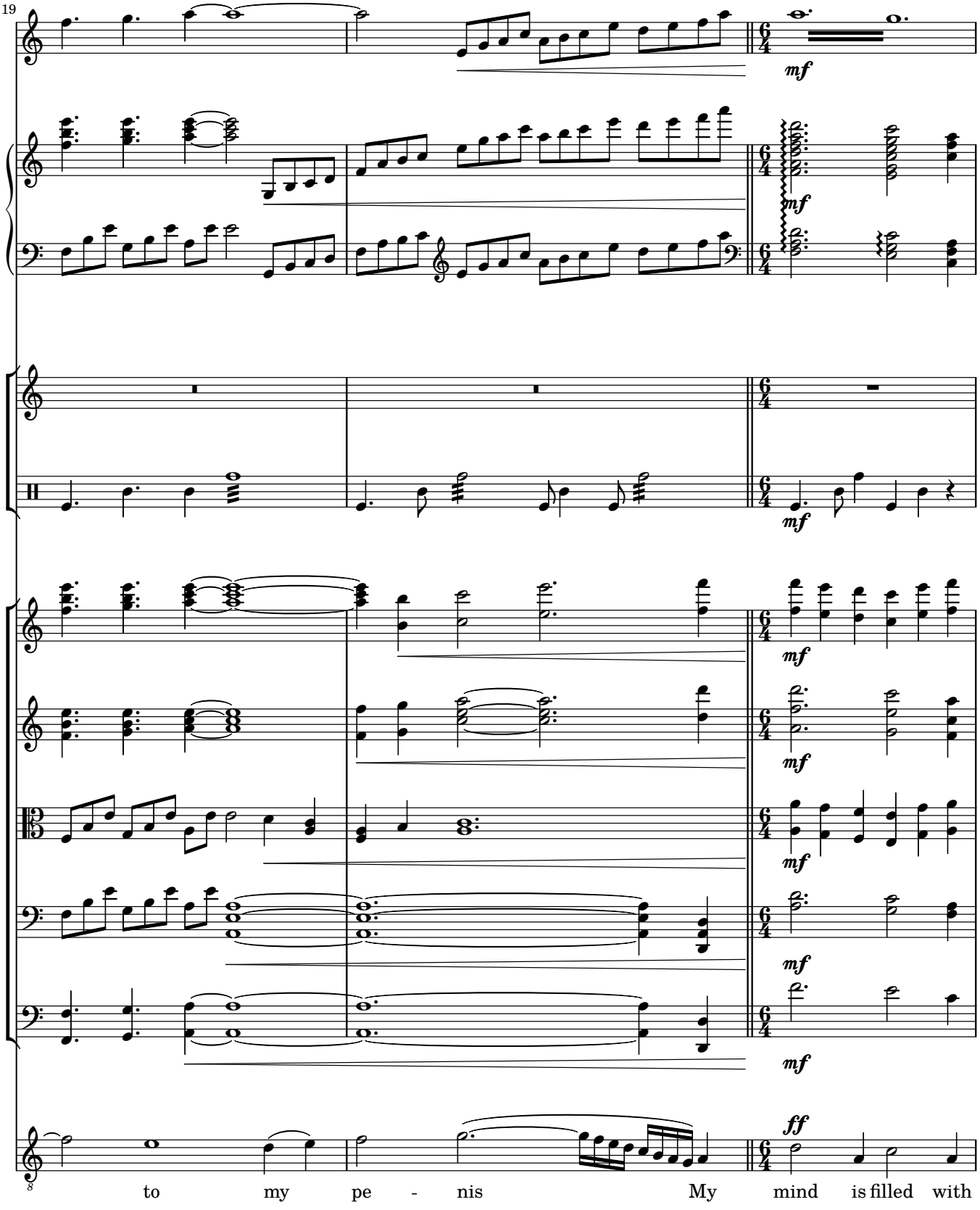

4
p
p
p
p
mf
It's not a past
stor - y
It's going

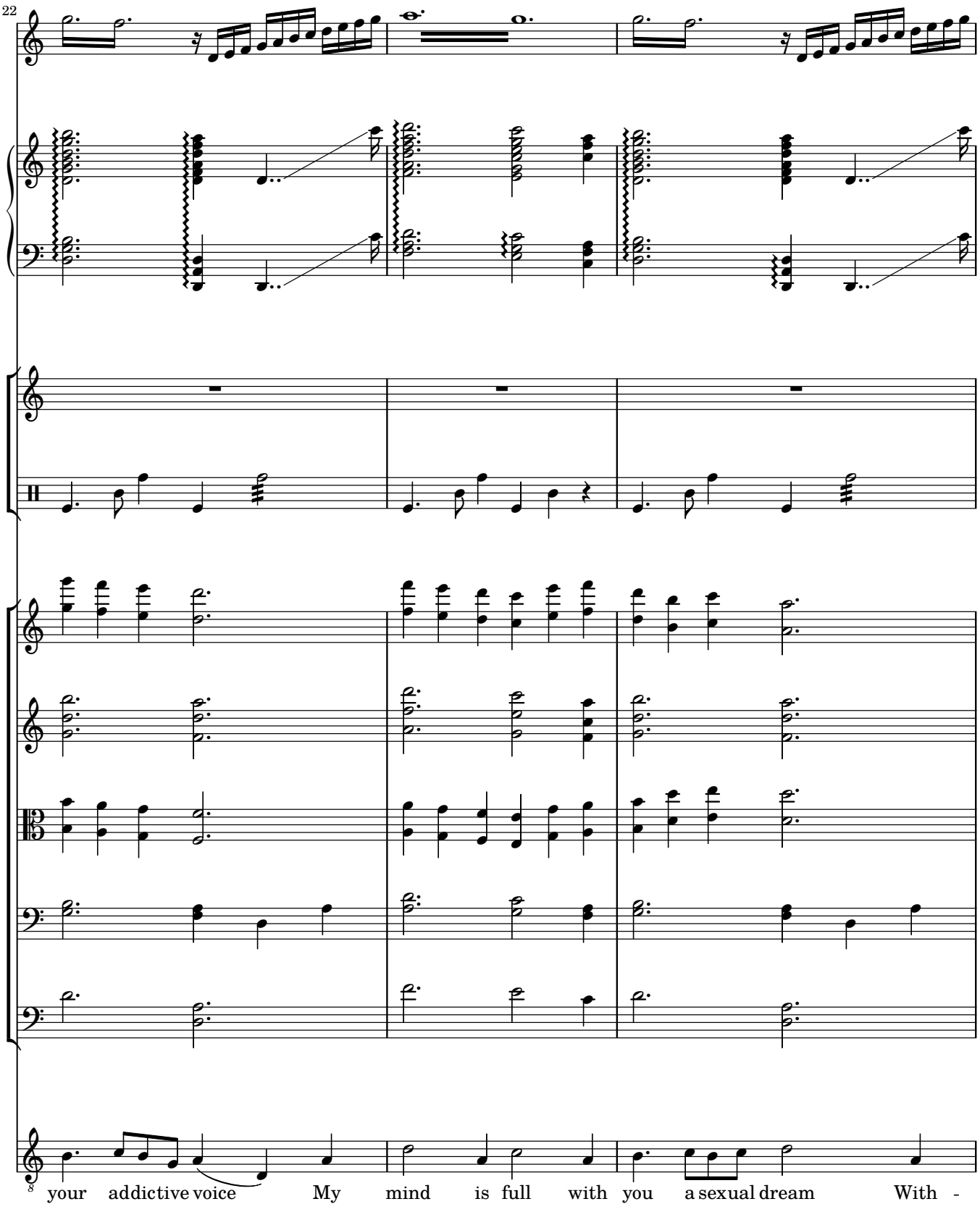

162
7
f
mf
8
on to - - day
This bright flash of

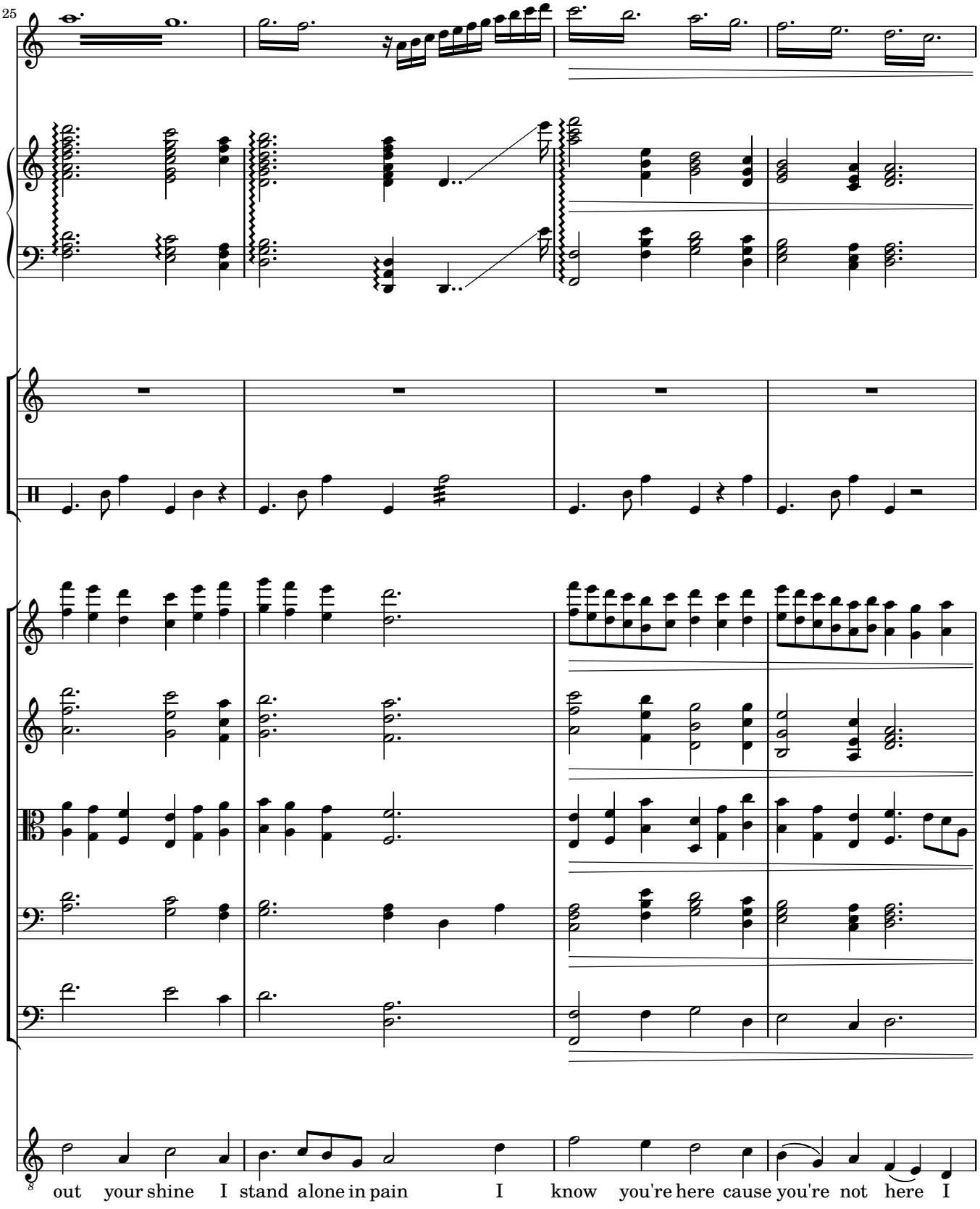

10
f
p
sp
8
light re - moved with ghost still there I see your

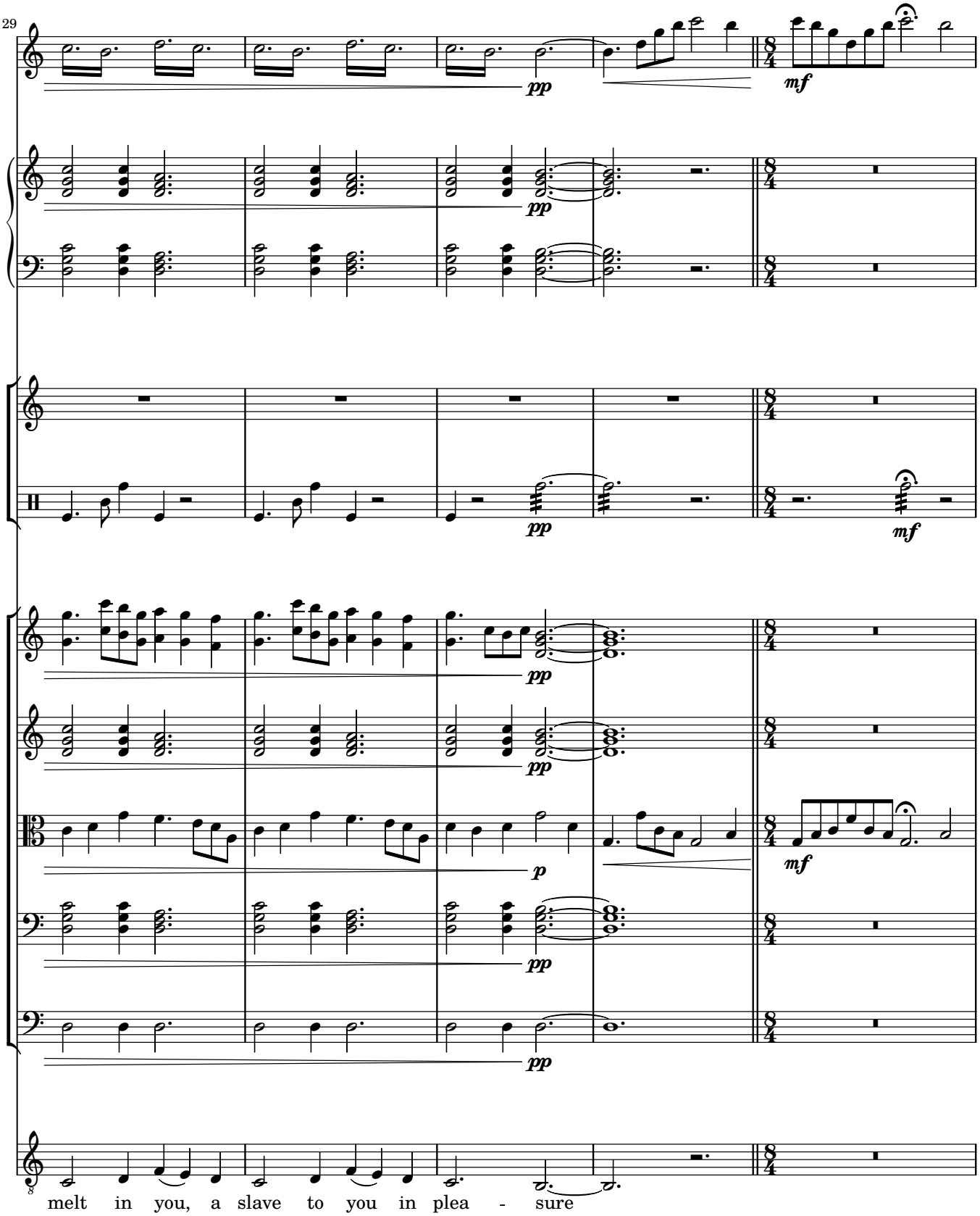

164
13
foot wig - gle, the boots The way you touched my arms, the

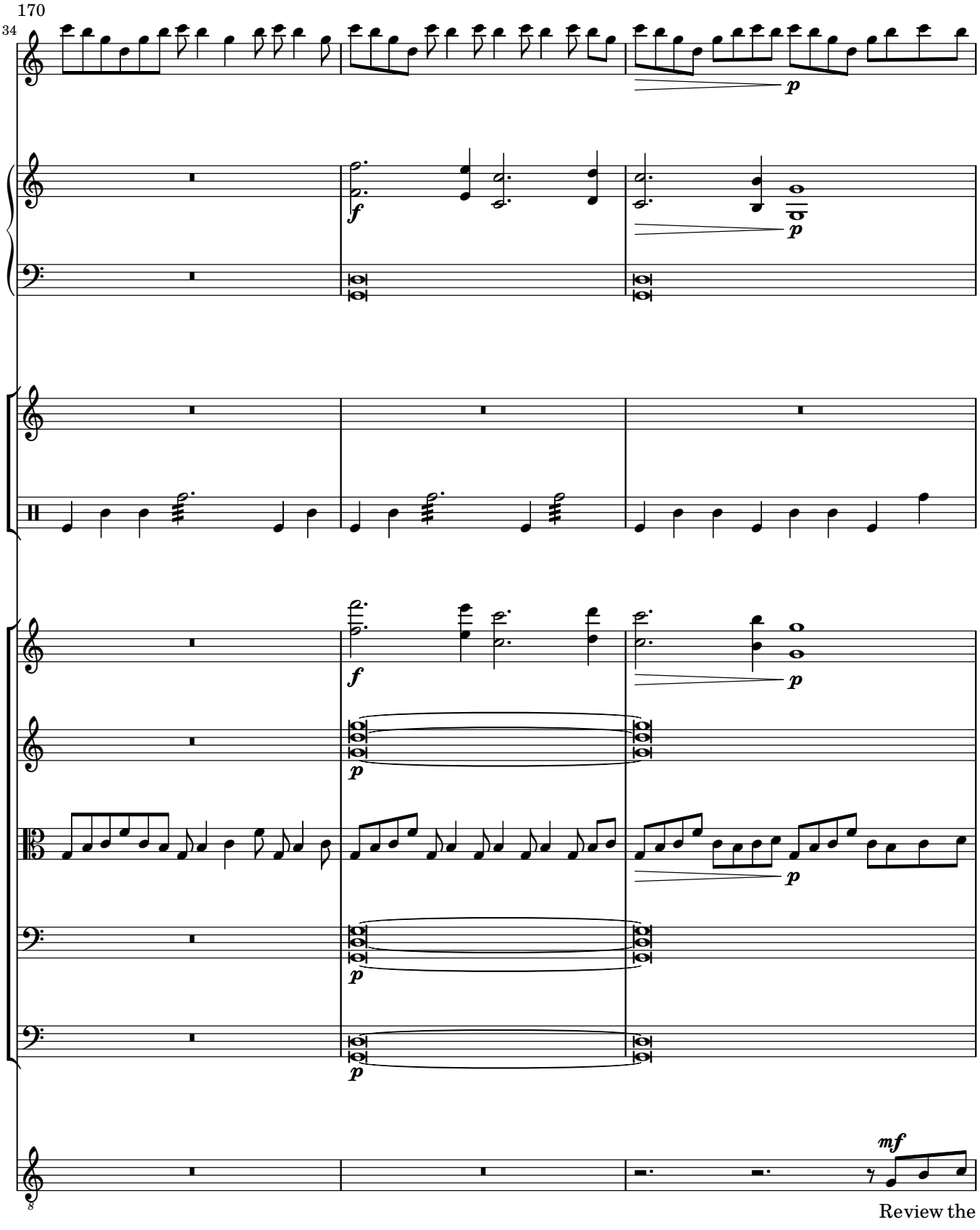

16
glow
I still feel it, the rush of blood


19
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
mf
ff
8
to my pe - nis My mind is filled with

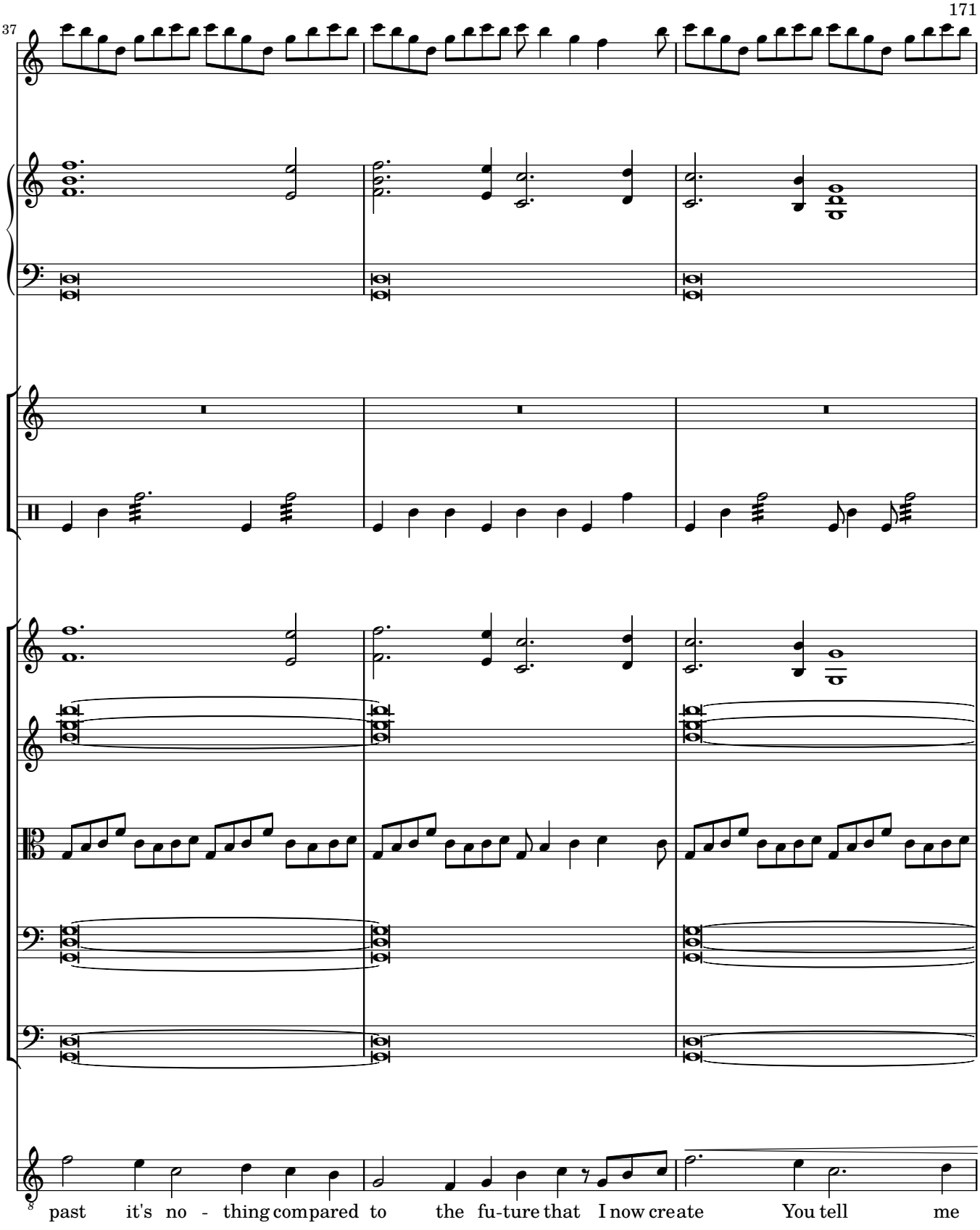

22
your addictive voice My mind is full with you a sexual dream With -


25
out your shine I stand alone in pain I know you're here cause you're not here I


29
pp
mf
pp
pp
mf
pp
pp
p
mf
pp
pp
melt in you, a slave to you in plea - sure



Review the

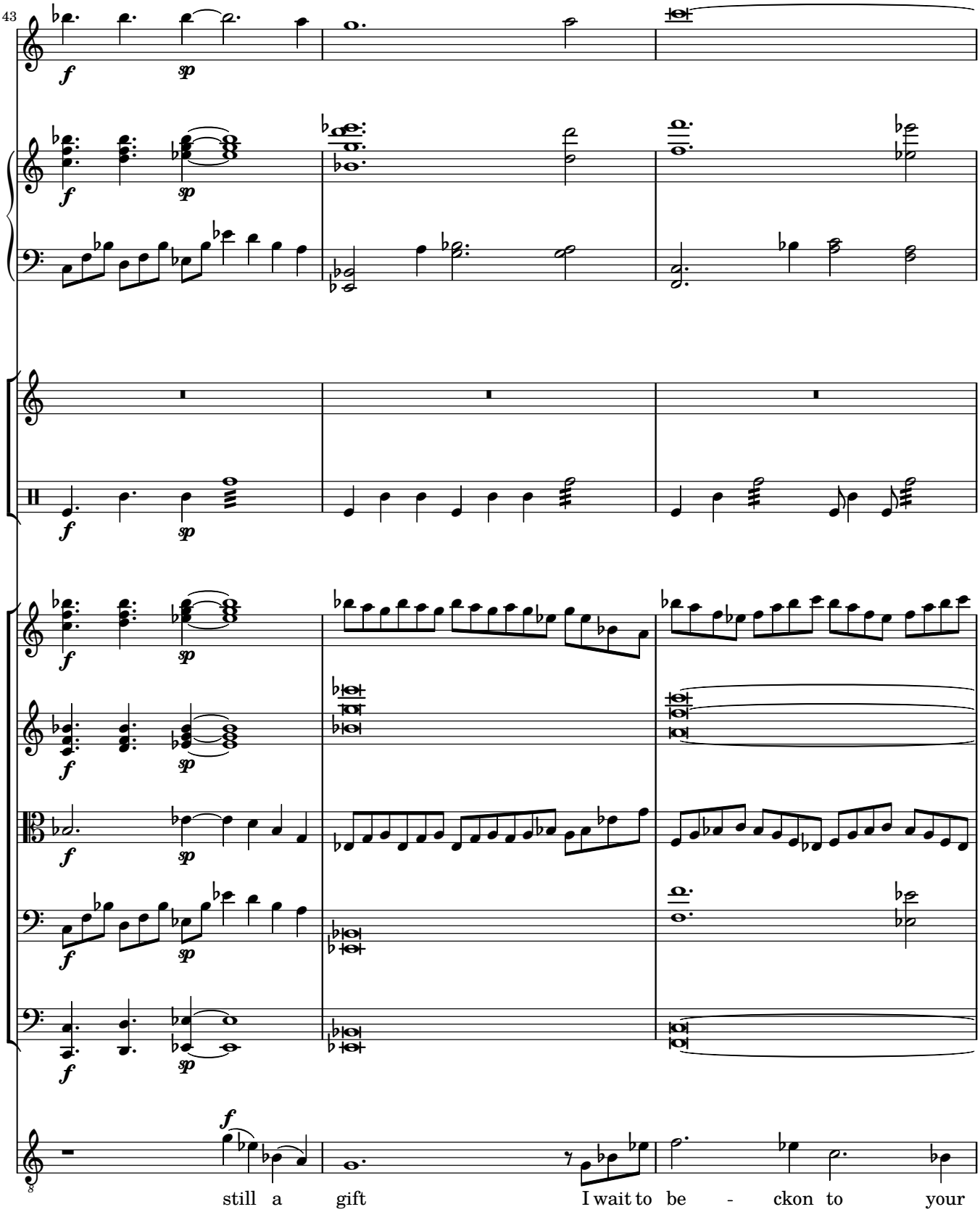

37
past it's no - thing compared to the fu-ture that I now create You tell me

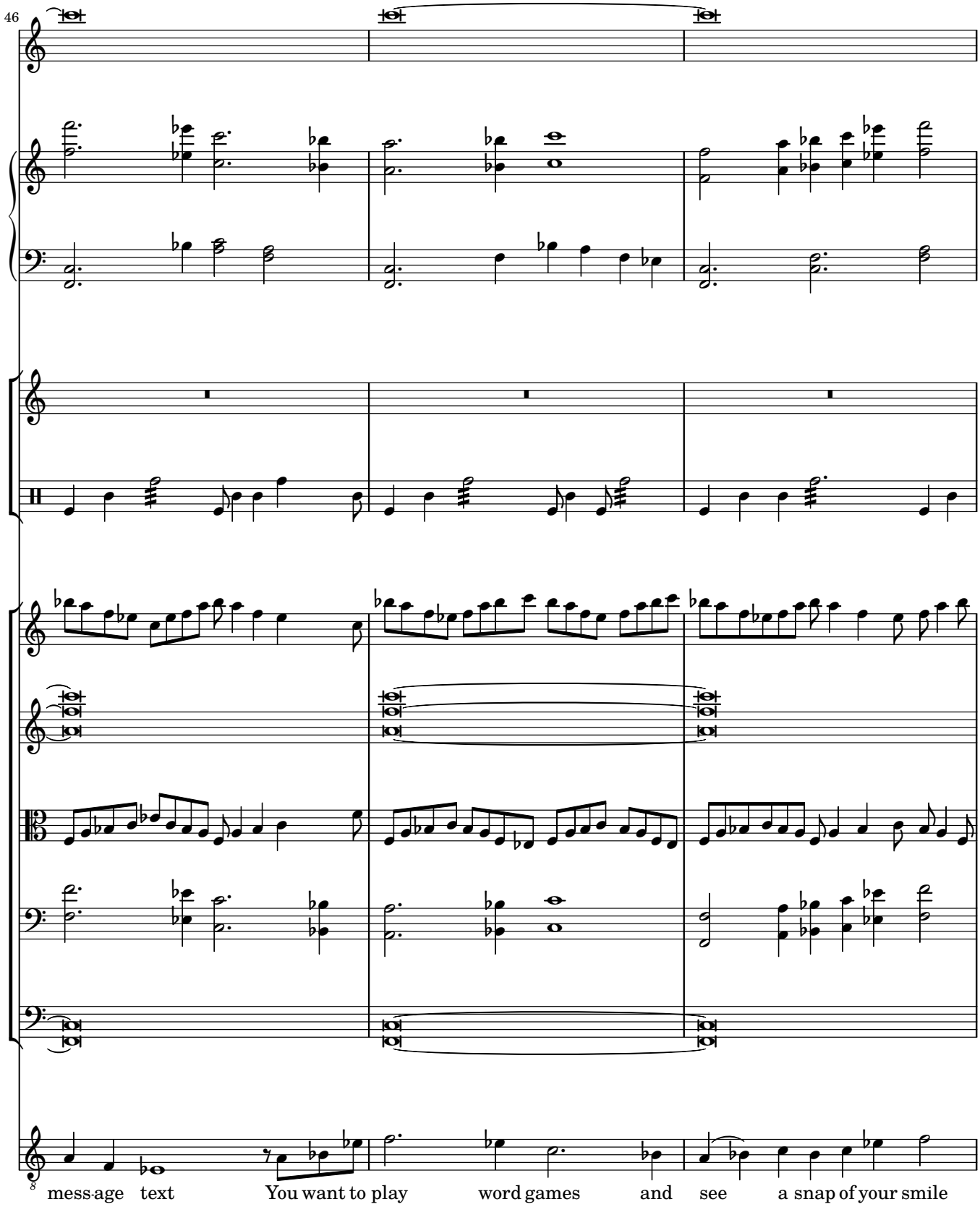
40

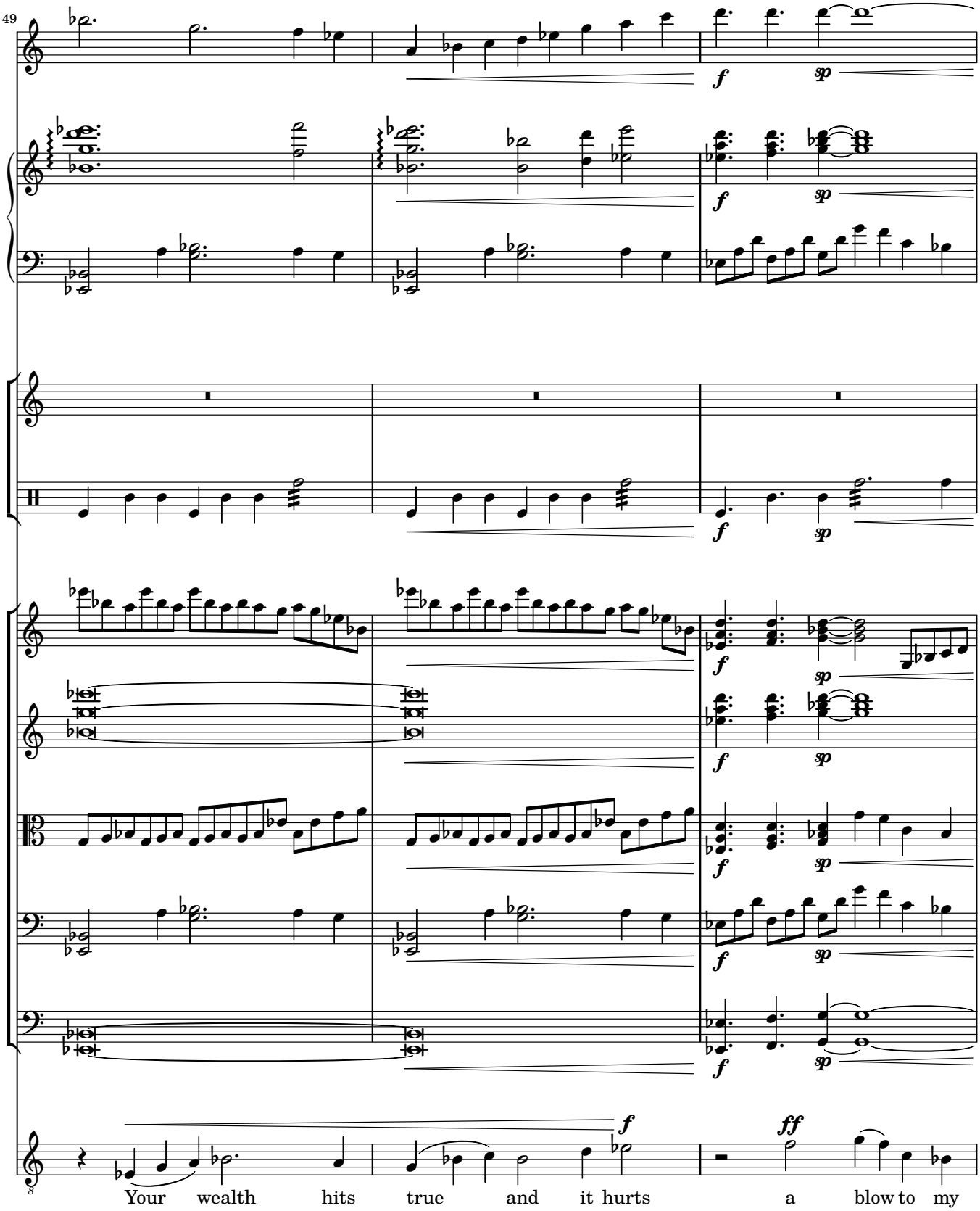
f

mf

what to do and gig-gle and pu-cker your lips and see your hands is


43
still a gift I wait to be - ckon to your


46
mess-age text
You want to play
word games
and
see
a snap of your smile


49
f
sp
ff
Your wealth hits true and it hurts a blow to my

52

mf

mf

mf

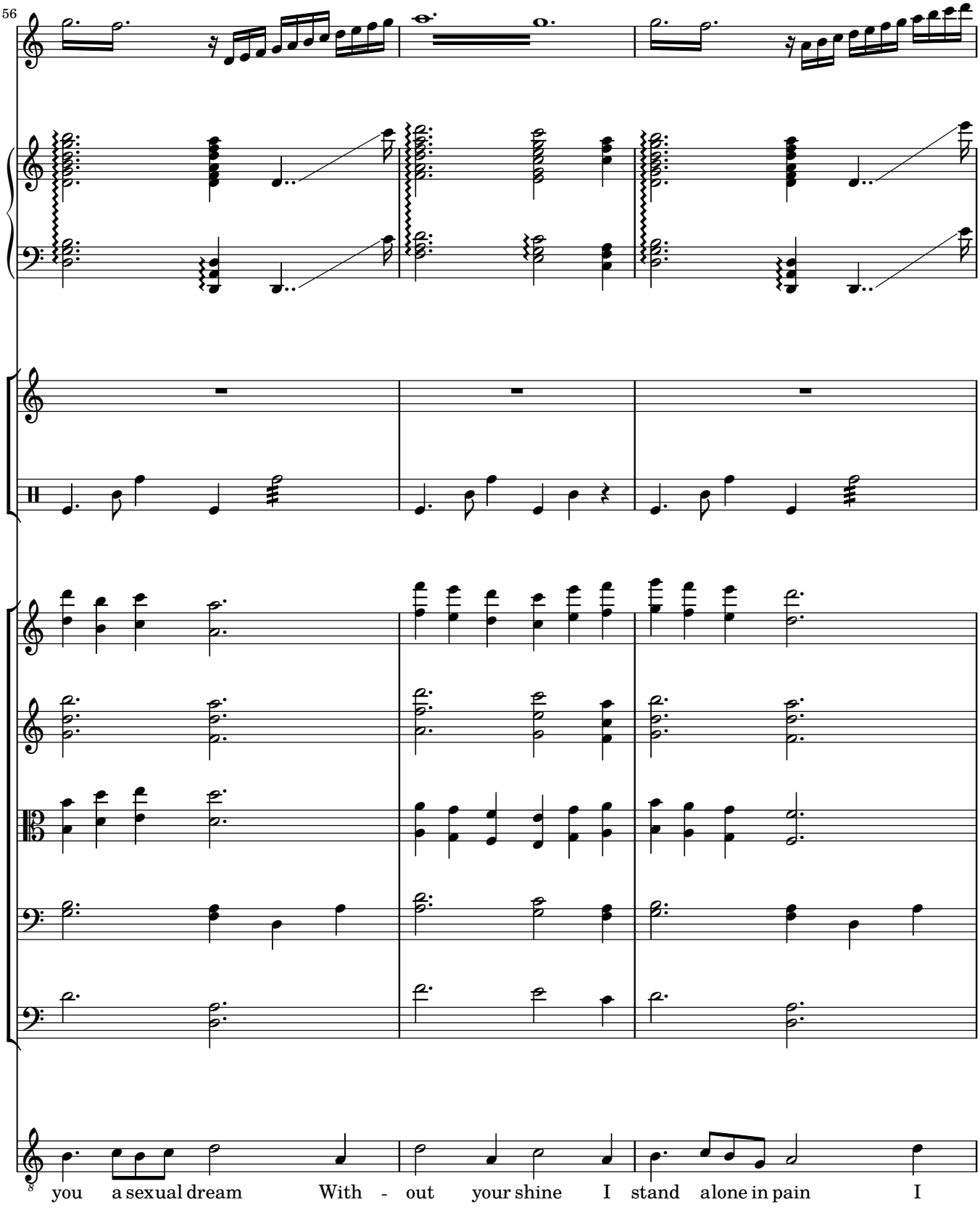
mf

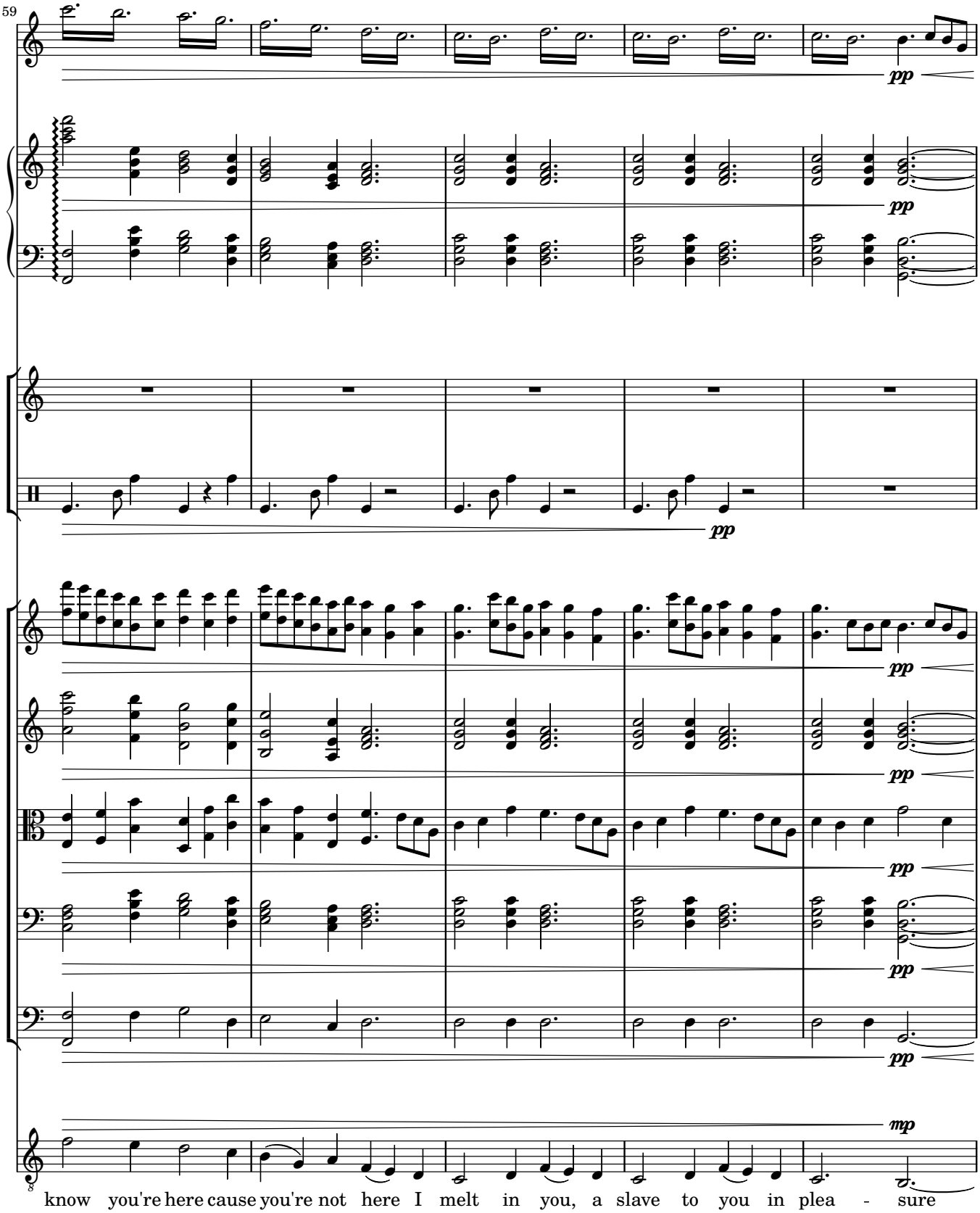
mf

mf

ff

di - a-phram My mind is filled with your addictive voice My mind is full with

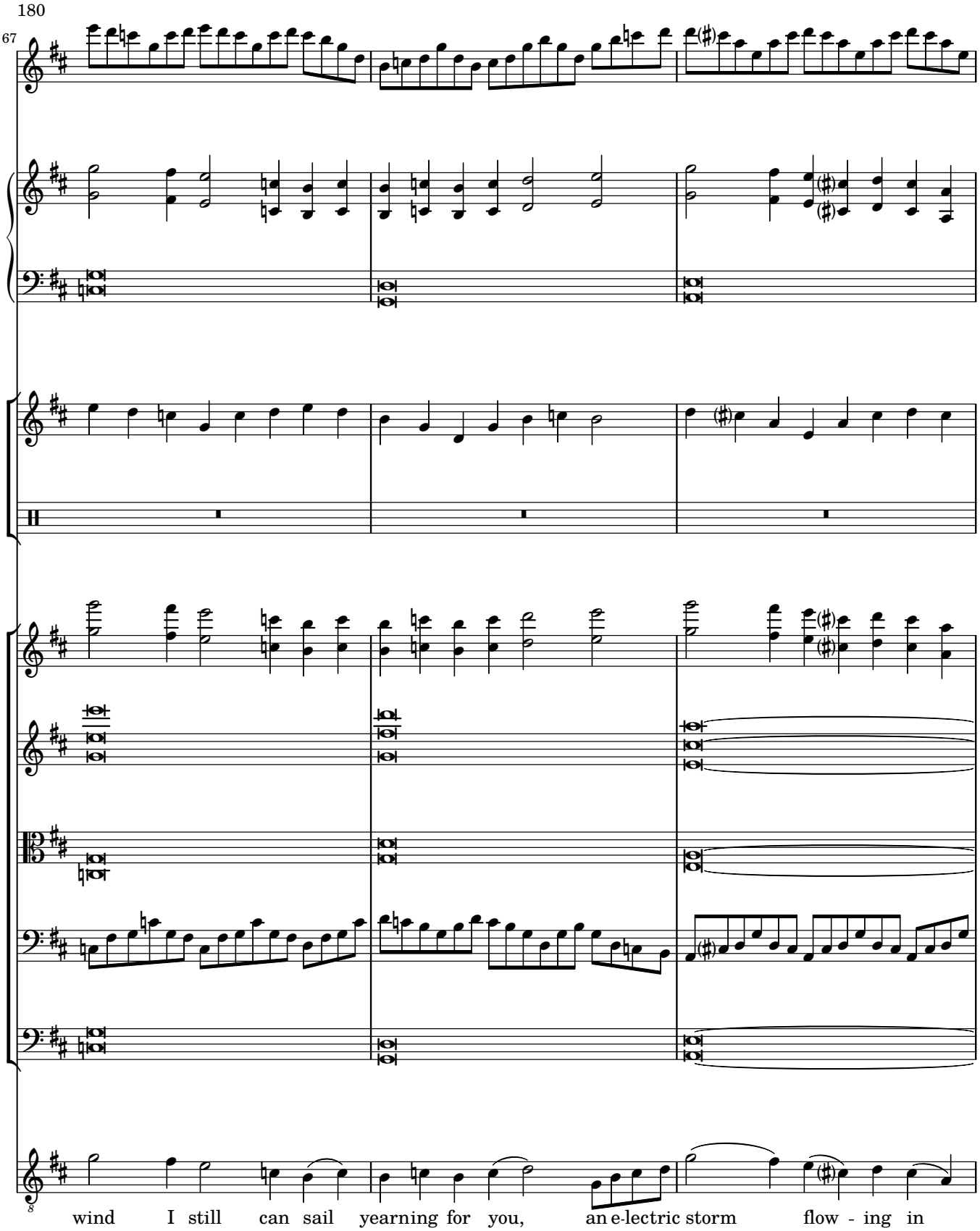

56
you a sexual dream With - out your shine I stand alone in pain I

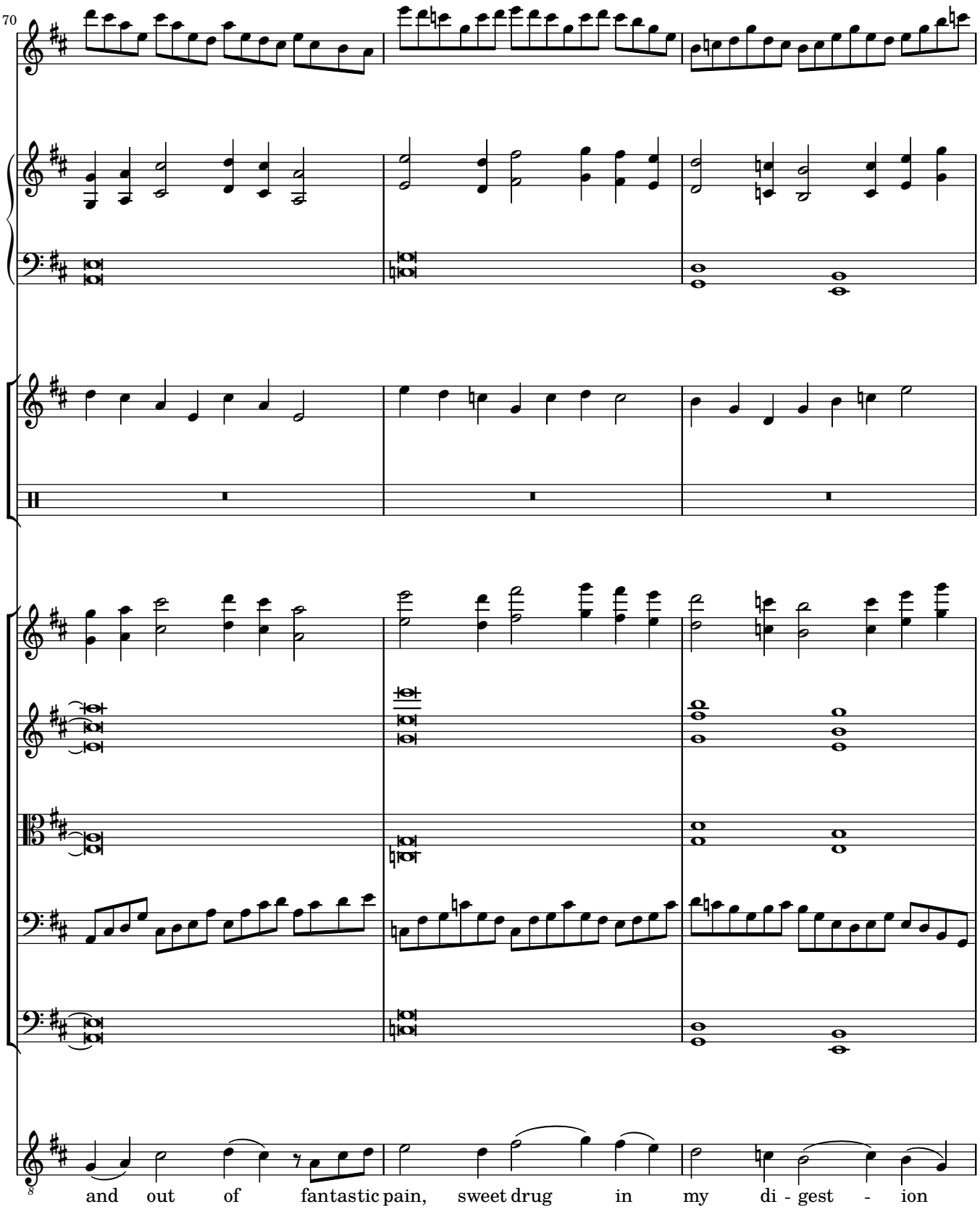

59
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
mp
know you're here cause you're not here I melt in you, a slave to you in plea - sure

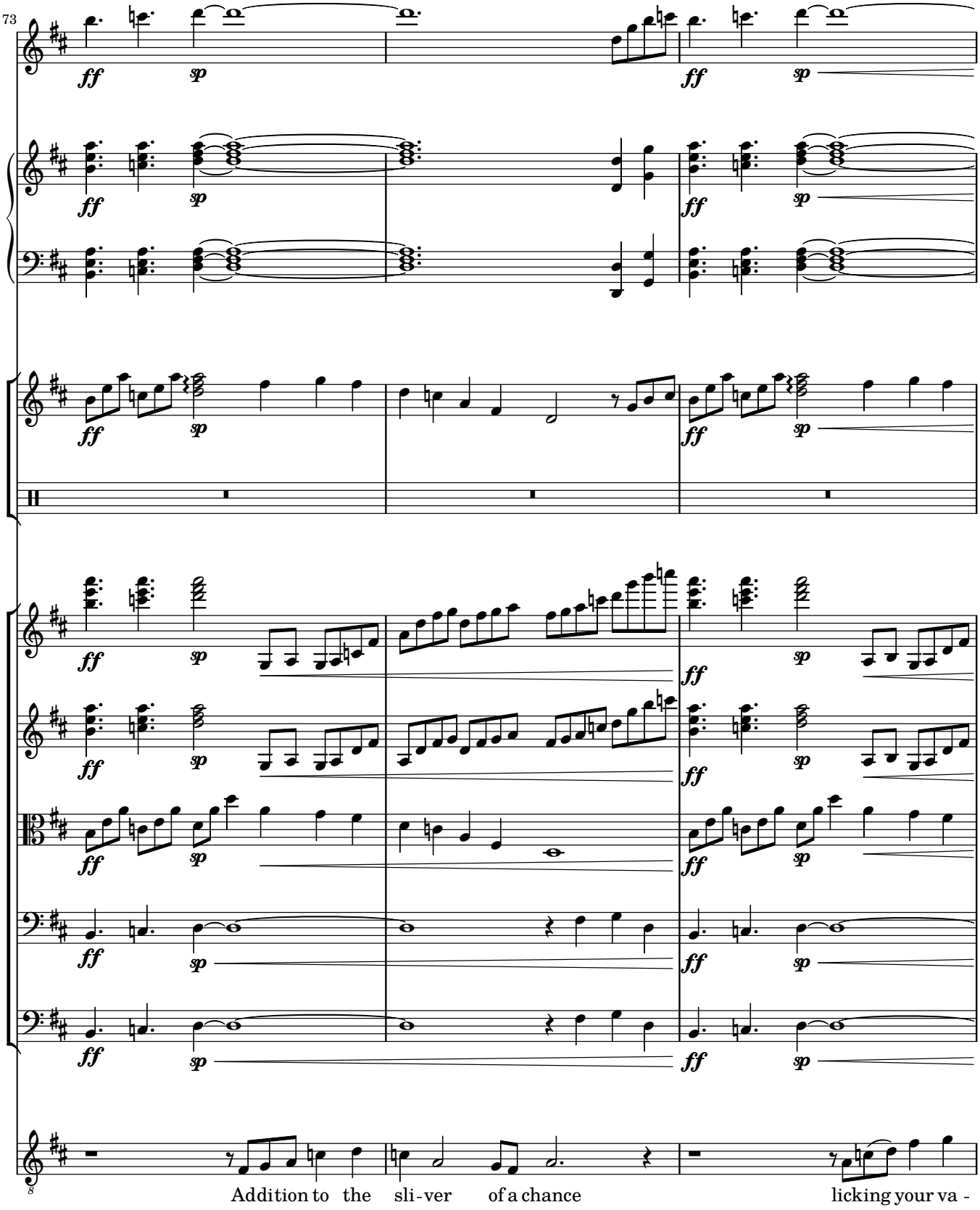
64

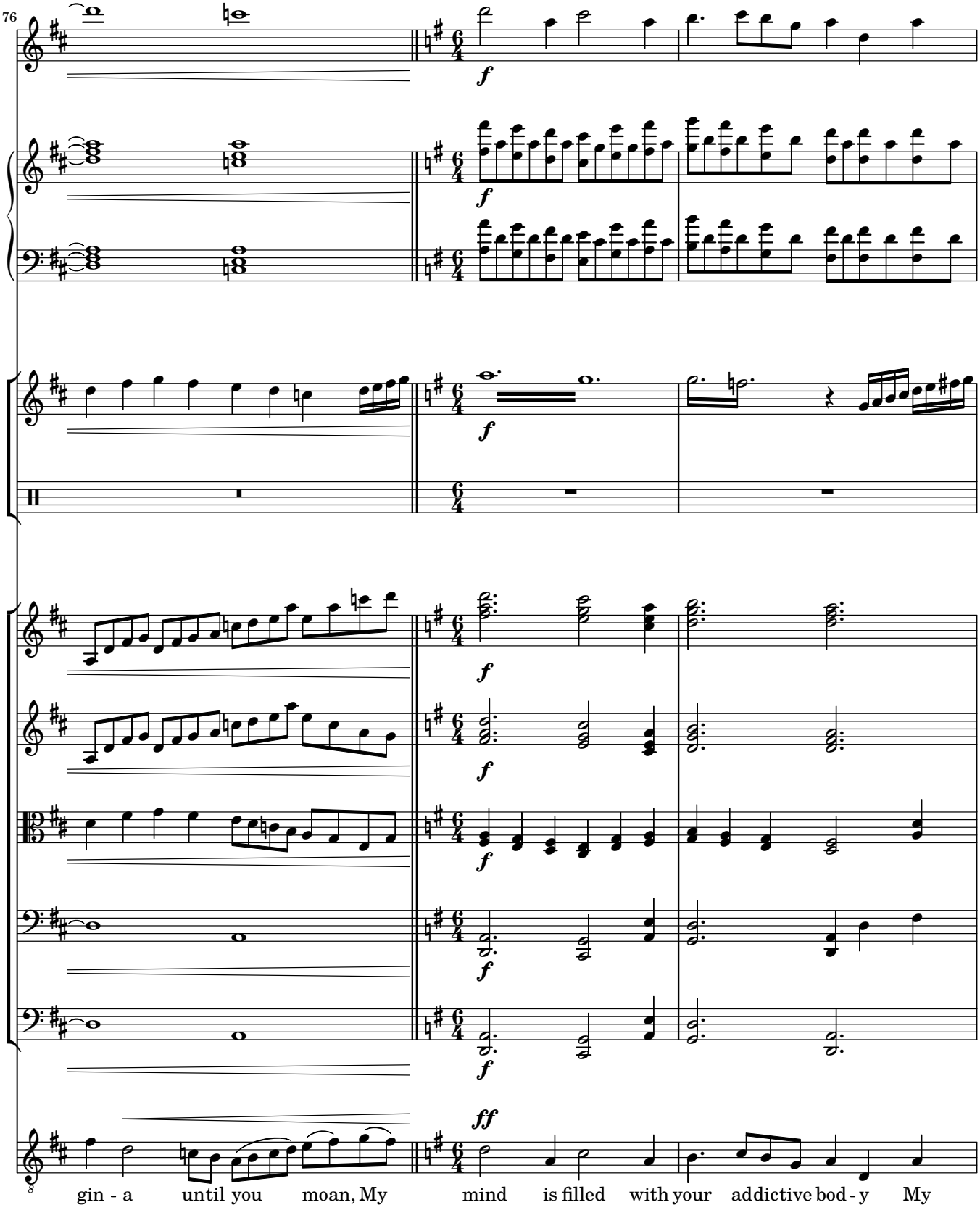
Glockenspiel

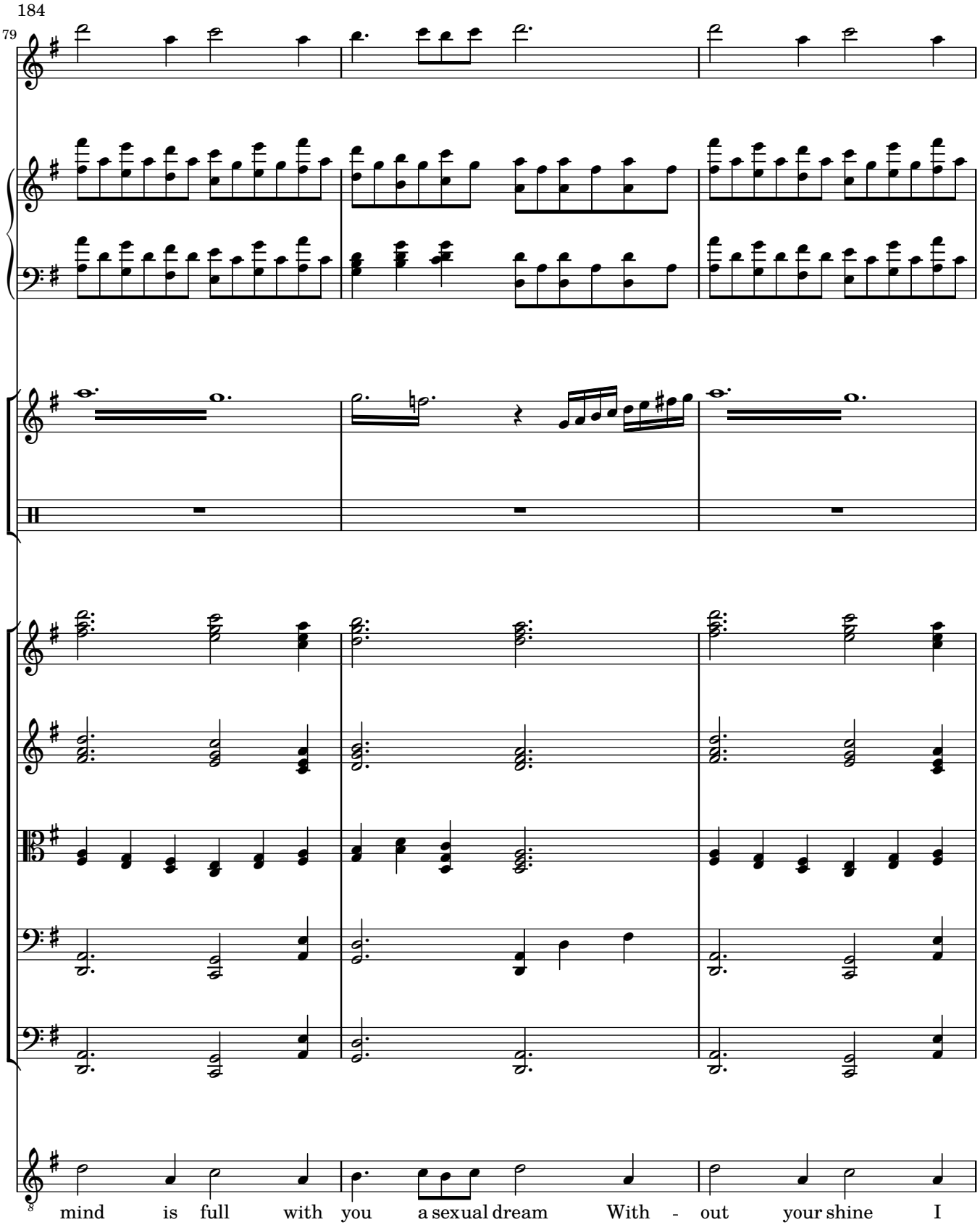
This path - ol - o - gy of sor-row is my do - ing without the

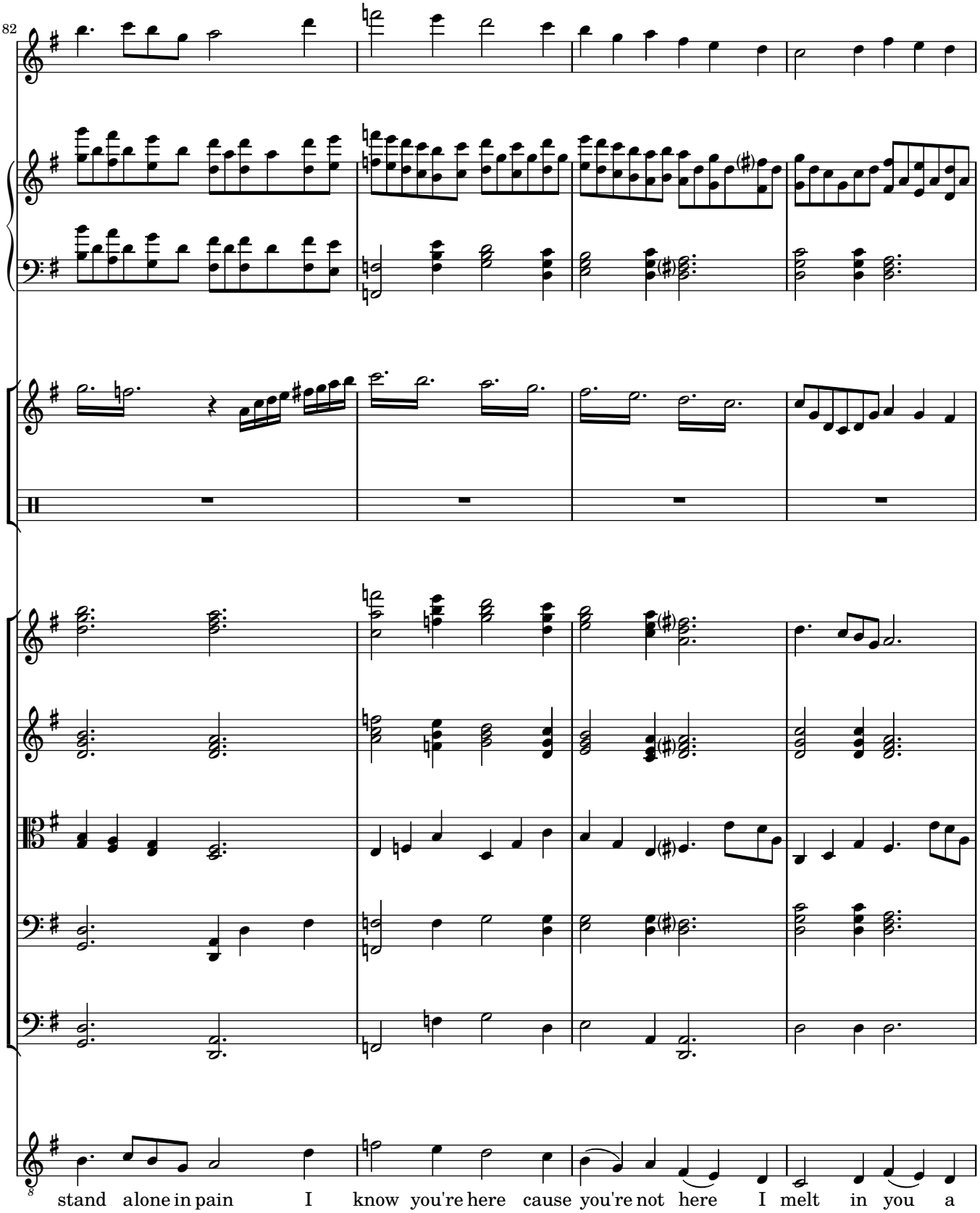

180
67
wind I still can sail yearning for you, an e-lectric storm flow - ing in

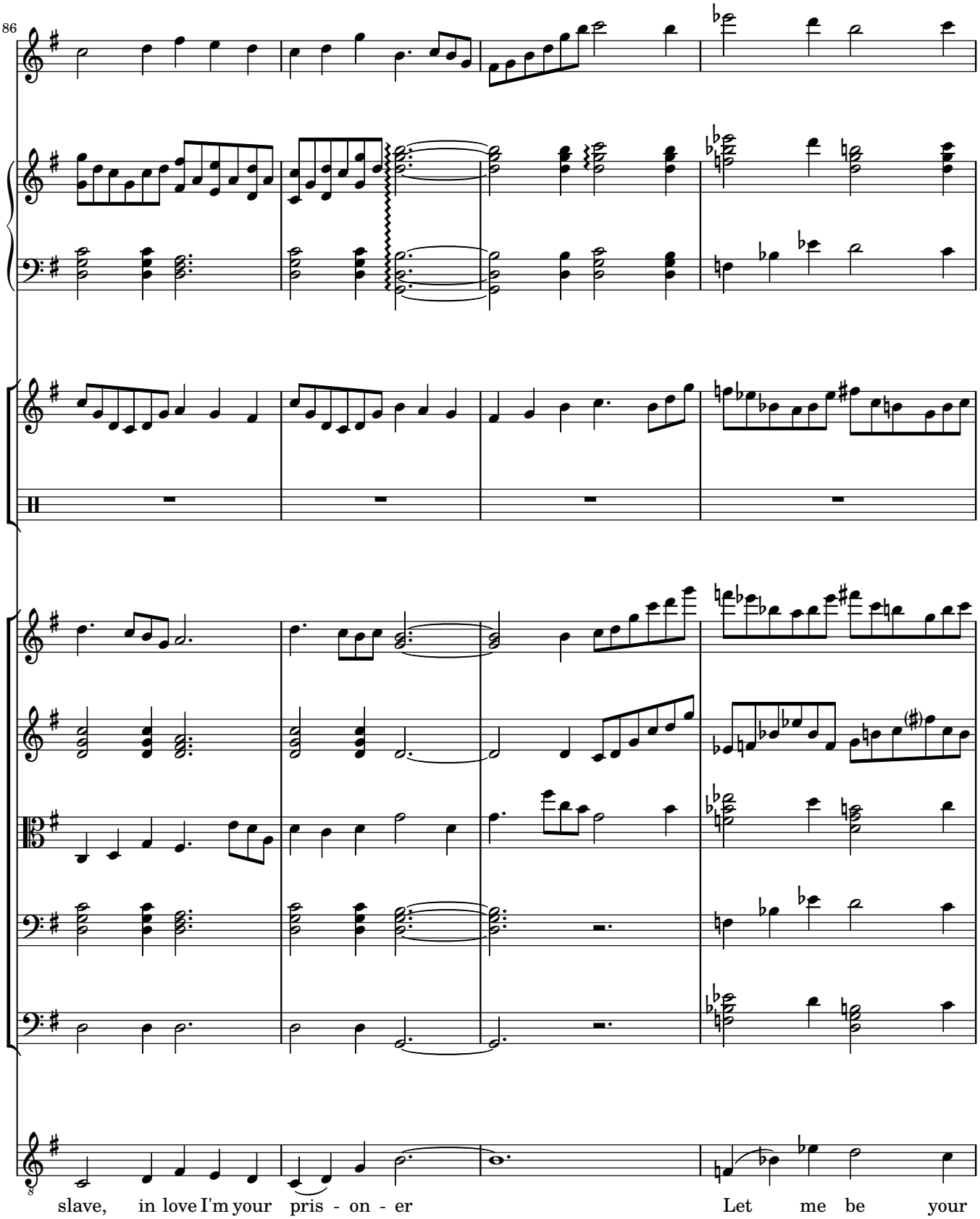

70
and out of fantastic pain, sweet drug in my di - gest - ion

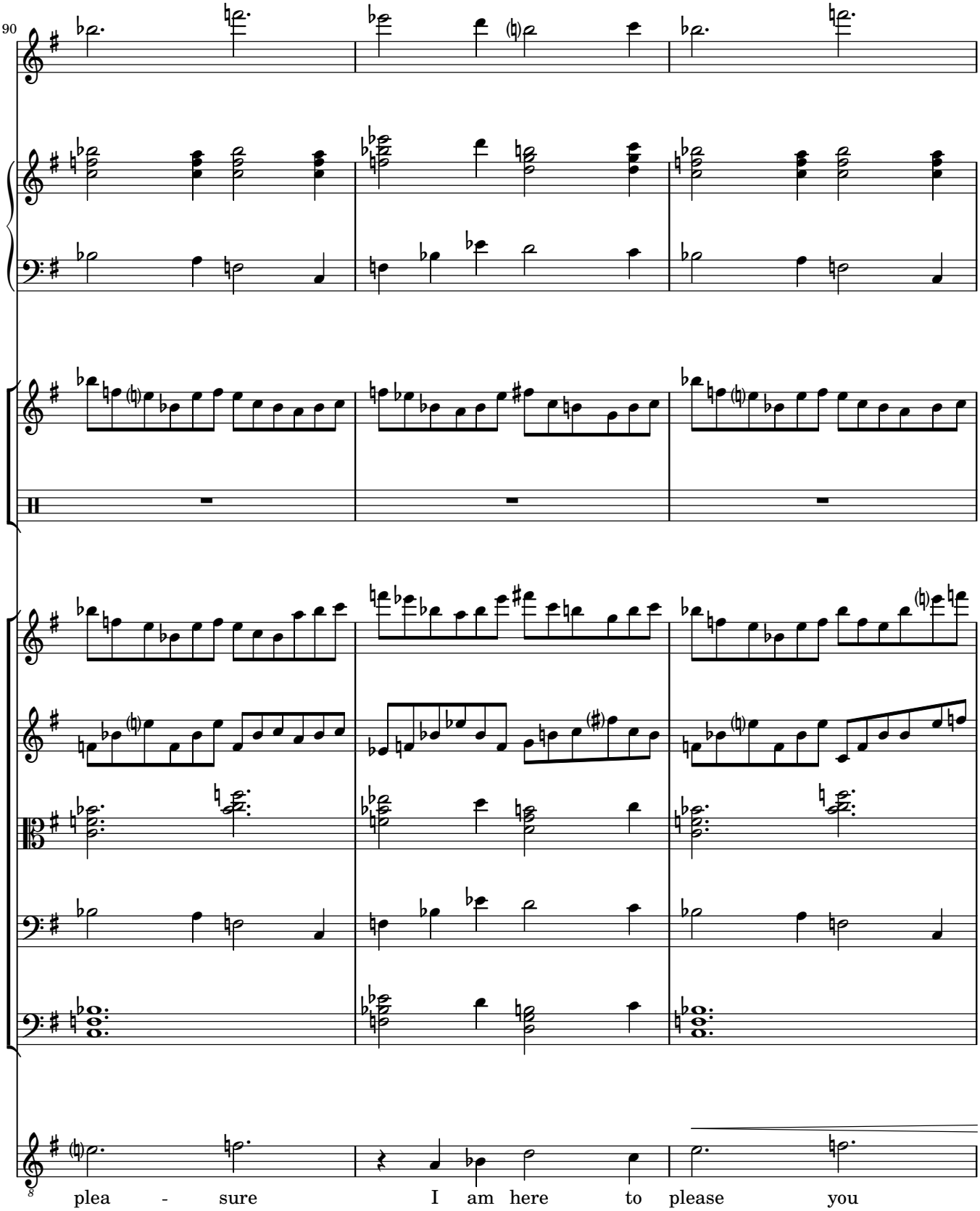
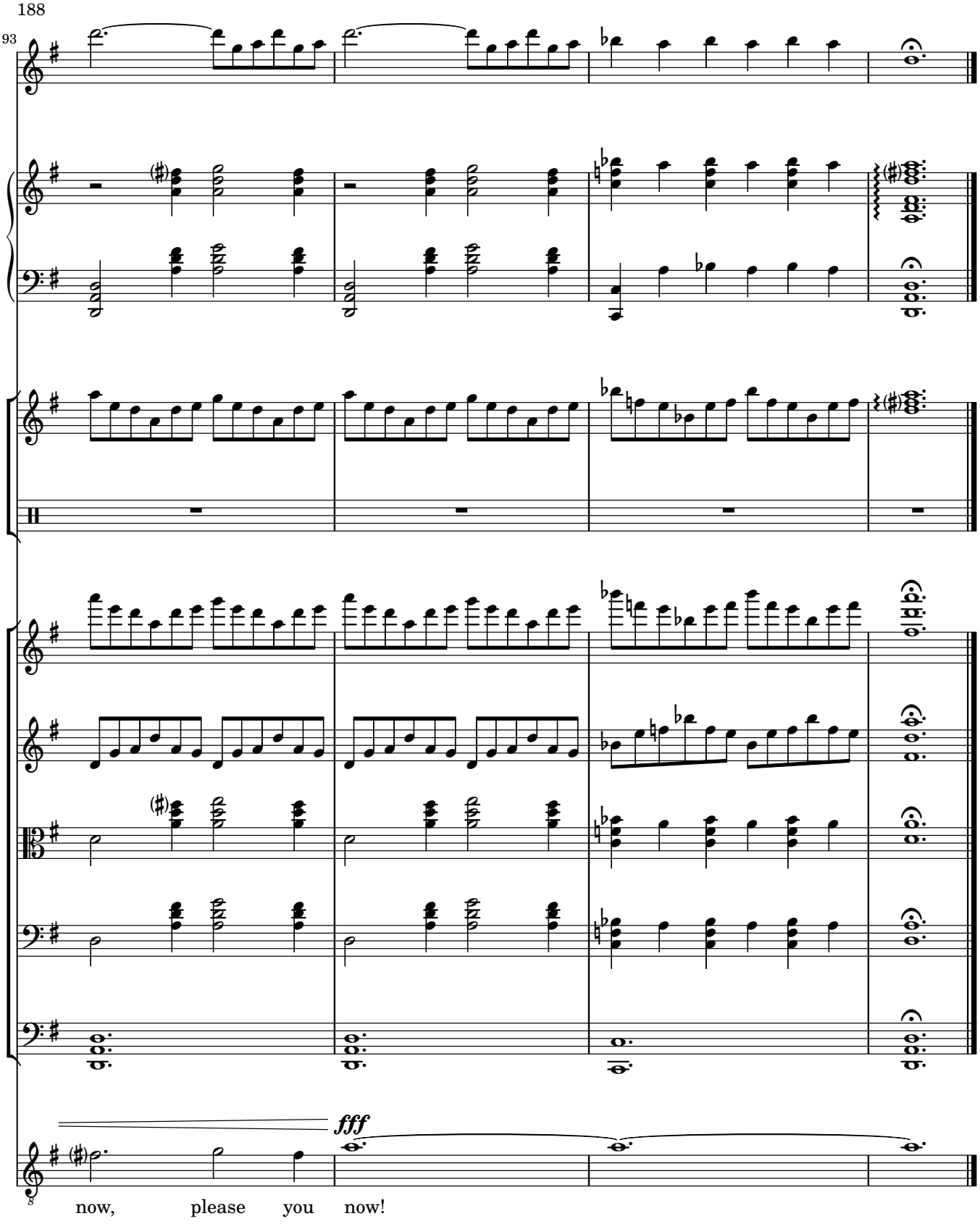

73
ff
sp
8
Addition to the sli-ver of a chance
licking your va -


76
f
ff
gin - a until you moan, My mind is filled with your addictive bod - y My


184
79
mind is full with you a sexual dream With - out your shine I


82
stand alone in pain I know you're here cause you're not here I melt in you a


86
slave, in love I'm your pris - on - er
Let me be your


90
plea - sure I am here to please you

93