

DR. MIND BITE *IS ITCHING TO PLAY*



DR. MINDFLIP NEEDS *YOU*

I believe that real, authentic music should be available to those who need it, regardless of their financial circumstances. That's what drives me to put my heart and soul into my songs and release them for free.

This music is a gift from me to you – if you enjoy it, and want to help me create more, please take a moment to visit <http://www.patreon.com/drmindflip>. Even a donation of **\$1** will go a long way and help me continue making music like this for you, for free.

Special thanks to **Kenny Smith** for his amazing art (<http://thesoupcollage.tumblr.com/>), to the **Dr. Mindflip band** for enabling some serious silliness (watch this space), to the **Weekly Beats 2014 crew** for their encouragement and inspiration, and to **Michael Gregoire** for his support and the amazing **blocSonic**. **For my family, my friends and Momo.**

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max**Bloc**





All tracks written & produced by Dr. Mindflip
Recorded & mastered at Studio 4045, Maynooth

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1 WORKIN' 2:30

I've been working like a demon, day and night
Trying to find something that'll chill my mind
Yeah, fiddling and foostering away my time
With crepuscular soliloquies
And half-distilled pigeon-willed brain moonshine
Plans and schemes and pipe dreams with a twist of lime
So if the way you see yourself seems a tad unkind
Stop in your tracks, relax, and grab a piece of mind

It's not the crowd's rush, not the rocks thrust
Not your disgust, not the tired faces
Not used-to-be-nice places, bombast
Not the bombs blast, clocks that run fast
Not artless provocation, academic masturbation
It's not the spinning round, dizzy
Greyhound-skirt herd of dirtbirds
Out in this weather?
Parents should know better

It's the unconscious dose
RSI-in-the-wrist ghosts
Aspire to exist only

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In a daze while they expire slowly
Screen-stealers
Our dream-weavers
The team-leaders
And time-bleeders
Know where they'll lead us
Nowhere to lead us
Nowhere

Your brain's under beta strain
Think only in terms of gain
Your heart and your soul
Are not coming back again
Forget all you used to know
Your brain needs relaxing when you've been
Working like a demon

2 GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS 4:37

I'm digging it out
I'm building it now
It's in the ground
I'm digging it now

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While plucking on these bass strings
I long for neon shores
My Janus face sings
"There's me, and me on tour"
Sleepless blood is racing
My edges curl with fire
In heated anticipation
Of a ride to somewhere higher
Higher

I'm passed-out on the coat-tails
Just being dragged along
The dusty broken glass trails
Of some old bastard's song
Still... it's the life of legends
Rubbing shoulders with the bards
Ignoring cries of dead-ends
Head is older, heart is hard
Heart is hard
So hard

I'm digging it out
It's something to get freaky about

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I'm building it now
It's reinforced for when shit gets loud
It's in the ground
A fallout shelter for this Late Late town
I'm digging a hole
A reservoir for my soul

I'm going through the motions
It's a venomous waste of days
I'm sick and tired of all these wires
This jaded, bloodless maze
A man of few emotions
My fun is just part-time
I'm done with feeling sixty
Vexted, reeling twenty-five
I'm done with going through the motions
Floundering in oceans of acidic soul-corrosion
It's drawing to a close
So this show's on me

3 TOO LITTLE / TOO LATE 2:39

You say that I'm falling from grace right now?
The back of your head has my face

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How it howls!

"I'll see you when you come down tomorrow"

This shit's been such a let down

Too little too late

Two insurmountable walls you erect

I've bashed my skull off them all

And yet you've clawed at every work-round

No, no, no

I'm black and blue and broke down

Too little too late

I'm sorry to say that we've come to the end of the line

The dreams that you cling to just ain't gonna ring true this time

Dissolving our smiles into piles at the scene of the crime

We never did have that aforementioned whale of a time

No!

This is where I sulk...

And see how much you like it! Too childish?

Come on and undermine it

Too little too late

I gave you my heart, I gave you my soul

Gave me a hatful of impurities, doubt, insecurities

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Take em and make em yours!
Make em yours
That's give and take

Save me from this importunity and bury me in a shallow grave
Where fortune shares serenity with what's left of me
Dig me up, send me some other place where loving hands can fix me
Into some delightful shape
A brand new man

4 GIVE ME A SIGN 3:55

The winter stripped my muscles bare
Black icicles and solitaire
And no one seemed to hang around
This nowhere
Hallucinations fill the air
Old bicycles and rusty hair
That disappear without a sound
When I stare

Give me a sign, oh lord
Something that's mine
I've heard what's right for you won't pass you by

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So a secret season rolls around
Spreads fresh white carpet on the ground
Yet currents warm and perfumes fair
Seem to surround me
Til I'm swept away
In a spectacular daze
The unpredictability of now seems to say

"Wear your cloak, your gratitude
Seek out your folk, the righteous few
With gentle words and energy"
May what I deserve come back to me

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DR. MINDFLIP ONLINE

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ALSO AVAILABLE BY DR. MINDJIT

(click image to visit release page)



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**A very special thank you to Dr. Mindflip
for another adventures collection! I look forward to
hearing what else you've got cooking!**

- Michael Gregoire, blocSonic.com

