



ROTIOSCOPE PERMANENT DAYLIGHT





APOLLO

John Athayde Guitar, Keyboards, Programming

Music: John Athayde

RELUCTANT

My hands are floating over strings of unknowing
of what's to come and what has been
I give you reluctant kisses and recall all near misses
of what might befall me again

I am the stuck roller on your little blue lighter
that won't give way to a flame
Midnight she sneaks right in steals the show and all the same
And you're left standing there baby with the blame

You say you want what's in my head
I'm scared so I give you my silence instead
And though my heart is glistening
I warned you I'm not so good at these things
I'm not so good at these things

Now you come haunted by all that you said to me
Even more baby we share a bed

You say you want what's in my head
I'm scared so I give you my silence instead
And though my heart is glistening
I warned you I'm not so good at these things

I'm not so good at these things
I remember every whisper that you said to me
And all of the time runs away in the rear-view
And all of the crimes that we swore that we'd not do
Are catching up to me

You say you want what's in my head
I'm scared so I give you my silence instead
And though my heart is glistening
I warned you, I warned you

You say you want what's in my head
I'm scared so I give you my silence instead
And though my heart is glistening
I warned you I'm not so good at these things
I'm not so good at these things

I warned you I'm not so good at these things
I warned you I'm not so good at these things
I'm not so good at these things
I warned you I'm not so good at these things

Leyla Akdogan

Vocals

John Athayde

Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming

Matt Boswell

Bass

Dave McGregor

Drums

Eduardo Rios

Guitar

Lyrics: Courtney T. Brown, John Athayde

Music: Courtney T. Brown, John Athayde



Clean lines, no replies stuck up in the haze again
Look out, look down on the town that's done you in
Cross 3rd Avenue the gates open up
and they're at your front door
(Don't open the door)
Come back, relax, compact your things
The telephone rings for the cover of a magazine

I could never live your life
Stuck in permanent daylight
So afraid of what the night might leave behind

Reach out I drowned inside the promised land
Does it hurt? They're digging, they're digging to find the dirt
All alone in crowded rooms and suddenly it's got to you
A wave's coming down
(but you don't hear a sound)
Recoil, retort, stuck at the airport
The telephone rings for your understudy waiting in the wings

I could never live your life
Stuck in permanent daylight
So afraid of what the night might leave behind
And it's hard to think that time has been moving without you
But all this keeps me running back
Keeps me coming back to you

And now that you're gone
I find it's hard to carry on

Leyla Akdogan	Backing Vox
John Athayde	Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming
Matt Boswell	Bass
Dave McGregor	Drums
Eduardo Rios	Guitar

Lyrics & Music: John Athayde

Leyla Akdogan Vocals
John Athayde Backing Vocals, Guitar, Bass, Synths
Beard Bates Drum Programming, Guitar
Ryan Dansby Guitar
Eddie Pasa Drums

Lyrics: Leyla Akdogan
Music: Leyla Akdogan, John Athayde, Beard Bates, & Ryan Dansby

EMPTY APARTMENT

It's much too serious now to go on
Calculating the fractions of where we went wrong
Fragments and fractures of my best intentions
Built a sad monument to things
There's no use mentioning now
That it's all falling down

An empty apartment too alone to pretend
I'm not breaking I thought I was bending
The sunrise the morning the truth coming out
If you're falling I'm falling
Is it time?
Is it time to let go now?
Is it time to let go now?

The burden of carrying what could have been
All the rope tied together to climb out the window
Packed so full inside me and strapped myself in
Now it's all falling down
And I'm falling down with it

An empty apartment too alone to pretend
We're not breaking I thought we were bending
The sunrise the morning the truth coming out
If you're falling I'm falling
Is it time?
Is it time to let go now?
Is it time to let go now?

I wanted so badly to make something beautiful
It's bad yeah it's bad but still could be beautiful

It's the space between dreaming and waking
If you cut me there I'm not so sure I can take it
But I'll take the risk if you share the consequence
Please, please, please just be honest with me now
Please just be honest with me now
With me now, with me now

An empty apartment too alone to pretend
I'm not breaking I thought I could bend and
The sunrise the morning the truth coming out
If you're falling I'm falling
Is it time?
Is it time to let go now?
Is it time to let go now?
Please just be honest with me

It's much too serious now.

What do you like to hold
Such a darling, fall asleep in your nova
Cute in your birthday suit
My love, we're only living this instant now

One day I'll follow you home
One day I'll make it alone
One day I'll feel I was better off in Rome

Are they grazed by the afterglow
Is it louder than all of their roar
As they're chasing your rainbows away
I changed but you stayed the same
Now I just have to laugh at it all
You're up there on the cinema wall

One day I'll follow you home
One day I'll make it alone
One day I'll feel I was better off in Rome

These faces look all the same to me
Your banker he's the thief
I'm on the right side of your good thing

One day I'll follow you home
One day I'll make it alone
One day I'll feel I was better off in Rome

Someday I'll get you alone
Someday I'll call you the one
Someday your smile will be all that I can hope to see

One day I'll get you alone
One day I'll call you the one
Someday I'll catch you at home
Someday I'll call you the one

She's so lost
But she's so the one



Leyla Akdogan Vocals
John Athayde Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming
Ted Comerford Bass
Dave McGregor Drums
Eduardo Rios Baritone Guitar

Lyrics & Music: John Athayde

Knock upon the door eight forty five
Don't dare say what's really on our minds
I was as afraid as I was blind
Down on Wilshire streets are burning bright

Well I can see the teardrop in your eye
And I can't break away from all the lies
I swear that there's a ray of hope inside
But you keep saying "Everything's not right"

What is it that you try so hard to be
and what's he got that I just cannot see?
I still recall the words I said
That somehow landed you across from me

A woman with long hair, wearing a white t-shirt and dark shorts, is walking away from the camera on a sandy beach. The background is a sunset over the ocean, with a sky filled with dark clouds and a bright orange glow near the horizon. The title "EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT" is overlaid in large, semi-transparent white letters across the middle of the image.

EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT

And why you standing in the rain?
And love it always feels the same
Oh no, we made it up again

So tell me how am I supposed to feel
Can't I bring you everything you need
I can't recall the words we said
That somehow landed us in all this mess

And what was wrong that made us so uptight
Why you wouldn't talk until I pried

If you're not here I barely feel alive
So I'll keep saying everything's alright

I'll keep saying everything's alright
I'll keep saying everything's alright
I'll keep saying everything's alright
I'll keep saying everything's alright

John Athayde
Warren Smith
Rich Stine

Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming, Bass
Drums
Banjo

Lyrics & Music: John Athayde

ALL THAT'S LEFT

Blood splashed on the curb
Distant voices you heard
Falling of winter rain
Nothing ever the same
Time lost memory
All a flash and blurry

Slowly time passed
It all went so fast
Spinning spinning tires
Testimonials for liars
Said I'm okay to drive
Never make it alive
I watched it all die

Grab the wheel as a joke
Under ashes and smoke
All this fire I miss
All that's left of there is...

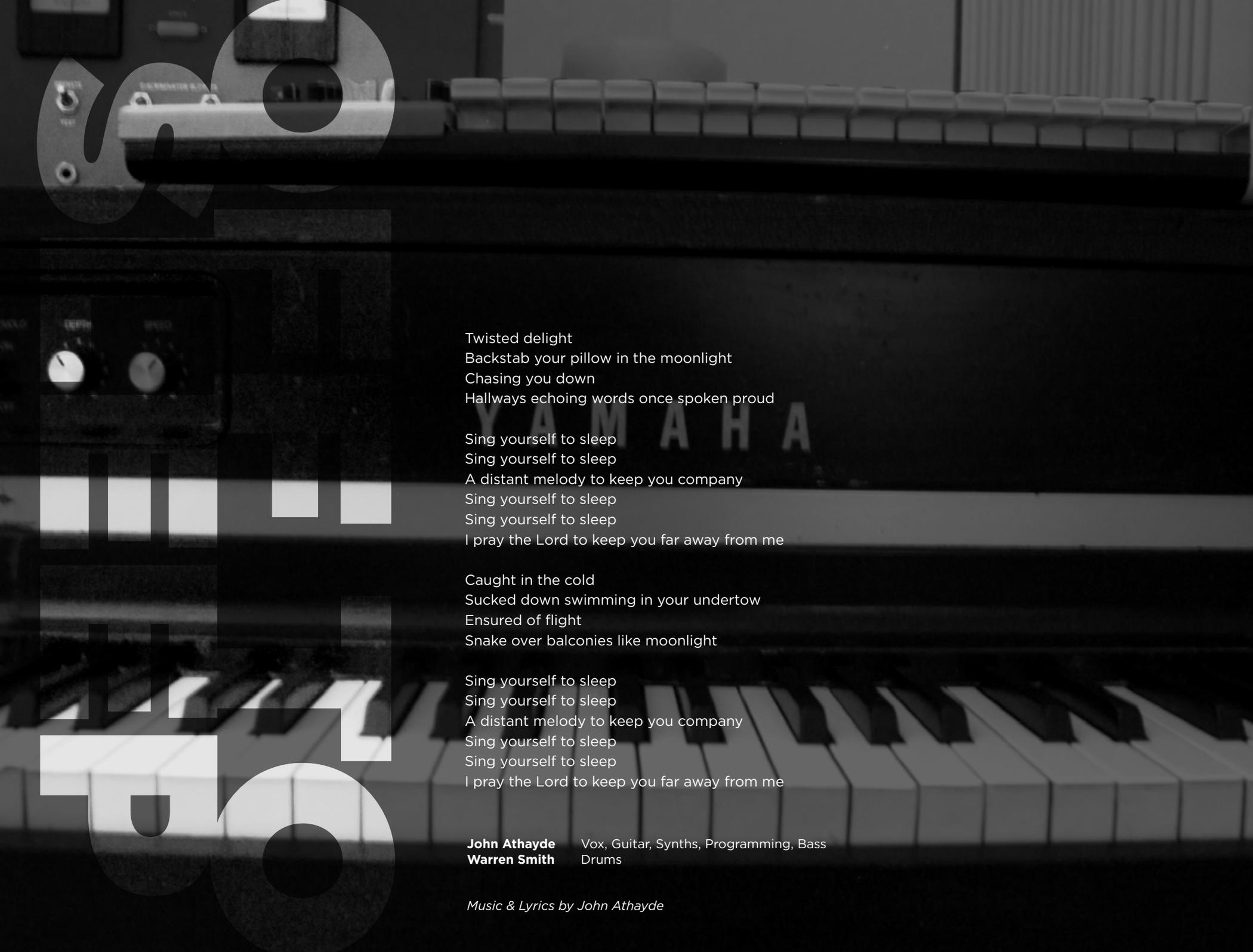
Was it what you heard
Will you never learn
Must you wreck everything
Go and do it again
You tear me limb from limb
Get up I can take you again

Grab the wheel as a joke
Under ashes and smoke
All this fire I miss

All that's left
of there is...

Leyla Akdogan Vocals
John Athayde Vox, Bass, Guitar, Synths, Programming
Dave McGregor Drums

*Lyrics: Courtney T. Brown
Music: Courtney T. Brown, Marc Milot, Carl Raether, John Athayde*



Twisted delight
Backstab your pillow in the moonlight
Chasing you down
Hallways echoing words once spoken proud

Sing yourself to sleep
Sing yourself to sleep
A distant melody to keep you company
Sing yourself to sleep
Sing yourself to sleep
I pray the Lord to keep you far away from me

Caught in the cold
Sucked down swimming in your undertow
Ensured of flight
Snake over balconies like moonlight

Sing yourself to sleep
Sing yourself to sleep
A distant melody to keep you company
Sing yourself to sleep
Sing yourself to sleep
I pray the Lord to keep you far away from me

John Athayde Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming, Bass
Warren Smith Drums

Music & Lyrics by John Athayde



JAWBONE

Wanting clever riddles, telling casual lies
Were you never challenged were you never satisfied
Playground battles on Jawbone hill
You were my forbidden love and you want me still

My every pout is your every whim
You held me captive here, you locked me in
And I'm to blame now, as I lay to rest
All those accusing me

I am the killer now, I am to blame
You are the innocent tricked and betrayed
I am the killer now, I am to blame
You are the innocent tricked and betrayed

Our final night as I lay by your side
Pushing from you all those secrets you hide
Slip of the blade, please forgive me
Never was a question of my loyalty

My every pout is your every whim
You held me captive here, you locked me in
And I'm to blame now as I lay to rest
With all those accusing me

I am the killer now, I am to blame
You are the innocent tricked and betrayed
I am the killer now, I am to blame
You are the innocent tricked and betrayed

You are the killer now, you are to blame
I am the innocent tricked and betrayed
You are the killer now, you are to blame
I am the innocent tricked and betrayed
Tricked and betrayed

John Athayde Backing Vocals, Guitar, Synths, Programming, Bass
Courtney Totushek Brown Backing Vocals
Jenn Morson Frederick Vocals
Warren Smith Drums

Lyrics: Courtney T. Brown
Music: Courtney T. Brown, Marc Milot, Carl Raether, John Athayde

Screaming at you across the wires
Windmills spin as weapons fire
Hold your head beneath the waves
I told you this is diplomacy

I didn't mean to put you on
I'll sell my star
I'll dream on

Signals spawn a sinking prize
Tears in waves, fire in minds
Jumping in behind your lines
From any angle it's all a lie

I didn't mean to put you on
I'll sell my star
I'll dream on

Oh love
That was not so long ago

[I'll stay at home this evening
I'm plugged into your TV
I'd give up all my liberty
for national security]

Well I smell the whiskey on your breath
And I fear the chain unbroken yet
I didn't mean to put you on
I'll sell my star
I'll dream on

John Athayde Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming, Bass
Warren Smith Drums

Lyrics & Music: John Athayde

I see you sometimes
I'm home then, still waiting
And worlds do collide
We're hopeful, not breathing
The look in your eyes
What once was has changed for the worst
Try as I might
I can't pull back the sheets

It's always a scene
They want to believe
The stories will spread and
The truth deceived
It's always the same
A car crash of fate
My heart on my sleeve for shame
And we've both got lies to blame

I'm out of my mind
The numbness of fealty
I'm over the line
Just begging for that feeling
I can't change the tide
So I should just leave before the flood

It's always a scene
They want to believe
The stories will spread and
The truth deceived

I can't break my ties
Defraud alibis
I wait for the sound
And we've both got blame to go around

You tell me I'm wrong
You say this was over long ago
You say "Why go on?"
But I've been the one who's here still holding on

The corners are dark
The smiles flow, the smoke screens
The eyes constant dart
The hoping that you'll walk in
The season grows dark
The whispers are coming clean

It's always a love until you bleed
It's only a love until you bleed

It's always a love
until you bleed

It's not really love
until you bleed

John Athayde Vox, Guitar, Synths, Programming,
String arrangements, Bass
Warren Smith Drums

Lyrics & Music: John Athayde

EPILLOGUE

Produced by **Ted Comerford**

Co-produced by **John Athayde**
Brian Frederick

Engineered by **Matt Boswell**
Rich Stine
Bob Engel
Ted Comerford
John Athayde
Brian Frederick

Filmed on Location at **Lowwatt Recording**
Raleigh, NC & Savannah, GA

The Fidelitorium
Kernersville, NC

Black Iris Music
Richmond, VA

Borealis Studios
Charlottesville, VA

Camp Comerford
Tryon/Cary, NC

The 1608
Washington, DC

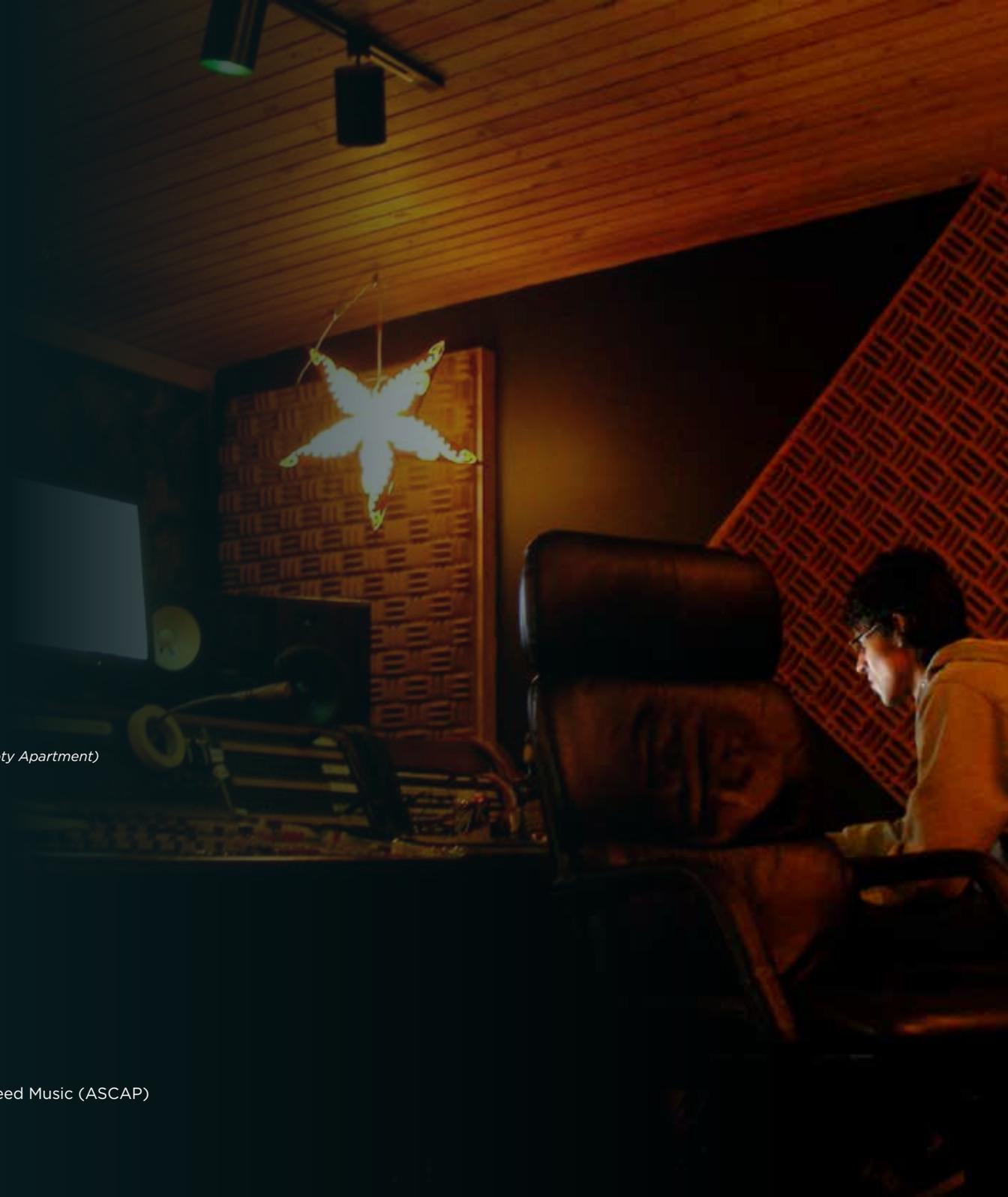
Mixed by **Paul David Hager** *(All tracks except Empty Apartment)*
Rich Stine *(Empty Apartment)*

Mastered by **Greg Calbi**
Sterling Mastering

Package Design **Meticulous** *(www.meticulous.com)*

Photography **Shaleigh Comerford**
Sara J. Flemming
John Athayde
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APOLLO
RELUCTANT KISSES
CLEAN LINES
EMPTY APARTMENT
ONE DAY
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT
ALL THAT'S LEFT
OFF TO SLEEP
JAWBONE HILL
SELLING STARS
EPILOGUE



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