



H.W.

I. Memoirs of a Zombie Apocalypse: REDUX

THIS PROJECT BEGAN AS A GIFT TO A FORMER FRIEND IN THE SUMMER OF 2008 AND RESULTED IN ONE OF THE MOST CATHARTIC EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE. THOUGH I AM ENTIRELY HEALED FROM THE PERSONAL APOCALYPSE I WEATHERED DURING THE ORIGINAL RECORDING AND CURRENTLY EXIST IN A PLACE THAT CONTINUES TO EXCEED ALL EXPECTATION, I FELT COMPELLED TO REVISIT H.W. AND BREATHE NEW LIFE INTO HIS STORY. I HAVE REIMAGINED AND REENGINEERED THE ENTIRE RECORDING, KEEPING SOME OLD STUFF, ADDING SOME NEW STUFF, ALL OF IT CULMINATING IN WHAT I LABEL A REDUX EDITION OF "MEMOIRS". I DEDICATE THIS RECORDING, AS WELL AS ITS EVENTUAL SUCCESSORS, TO PEOPLE WHO PULL THEIR SHIT TOGETHER AND ARE ABLE TO MOVE ON AFTER LIFE-ALTERING EVENTS.

THANK YOU.

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Forecast

NEWSMAN: we interrupt this originally scheduled program to bring you a special bulletin. there have been numerous reports from all corners of the world that something very strange is occurring. it is being reported that a slew of mass homicides are streaking across our world's nations at a blistering pace. the culprits? well ladies and gentlemen, it appears as though the perpetrators are our beloved dead and buried, who are in fact rising from their places of rest and wreaking havoc throughout the globe. we have no information as to why this phenomenon of mass homicide seems to be occurring, but it appears as though these creatures are cannibalistic in nature, feasting on the flesh of the living, and turning us into them. There are various reports streaming in right now from civil defense authorities telling us that the only way to thwart these ravenous creatures is to remove their heads from their bodies. we have nothing further to report to you at this time except to stay in your homes and board up all of your windows and doors. stay tuned for more information on this developing calamity.

H.W.: we wake up and now
everything's the same

MUSE: did you hear a noise?

H.W.: probably just a dream

MUSE: swear i heard it loud, warning to our ears

H.W.: well my dear don't buy everything you hear

Dis/believer

H.W.: then she gets up and takes a look around
peering out the window and searching for a sound
and then when i ask her why she has to be right
she will turn around and stare, that will birth a fight

H.W.: calm down my dear and shut your ears
you can't be right all of the time

and she said... MUSE: how do you know you're not here
peek my eyes and then you'll fear
all these corpses walking tall
glance, then admit you were wrong

H.W.: so, to appease her bitching i look into the
night and see nothing and...wait...i see...THE DEAD WALKING
AMONG US!! they feed on the flesh of the living and
the living become the dead, and the undead, and i see
them eating more and more and more and more and

H.W.: woaah, now what do we do?

MUSE: grab the twelve and clean the room

H.W.: then my dear where will you weep?

MUSE: i'm going the fuck back to sleep

H.W.: and how was i to know that this was the one
time she would be absolutely right about everything
she ever felt, ever did, ever heard and everything...
i mean...i never thought i'd live to see the
apocalypse itself i don't know what else to say
except...she made a believer out of me.

Between the Eyes

i clutch my shotgun tight while my muse rests her eyes
we've run right out of faith again | it won't be long 'til they get in
i'll try to aim between the eyes | we'd lose our lives before our minds

i can hear them, can you feel them shuffling across the floor
not a clue what's waiting for them, human flesh just through the door
i am not alone in war it's me against a hundred strong
they are slow and they are dumb but they look quite hungry
and now i am ready to decorate these walls in blood

that's one...that's two...that's three...
that's four...that's five...that's six...
that's seven...wait, retreat

i quickly load the shells | my muse is sleeping well
i know she'll read my mind tonight, but we can't fold until we fight
i'll try to blow between the eyes | still lose our lives before our minds

i can hear them, can you feel them shuffling across the floor
not a clue what's waiting for them, human flesh just through the door
i am not alone in war it's me against a hundred strong
they are slow and they are dumb but they look quite hungry
and now i am ready to decorate these walls in blood

that's eight...that's nine...that's ten...
that's eleven...that's twelve...that's thirteen...
shit, i ran out...wake up, we're gone.

Mindless Home Invasion

wait aside for what
if i'm still tracing you down
around the sound of your heart pounding
in space, erase this page and all that
shatters like glass on teeth
react, or i won't succumb to this

the legion of undead arrive
impartial to fate and to time
as slick as a twist of the knife
we scale out to infinite night
we're run out of places...

wait, a sigh...relief
i am done tracing you down
no sound around, all is now dead in its place
embrace this face, pasty and scabbed to the bone
this flesh unknown, but to the undead the same

the legion of undead arrive
impartial to fate and to time
as slick as a twist of the knife
we scale out to infinite night
we've run out of places...

we've run out of places to hide.

rear view, let 'em disappear
now you'll whisper in my ear
"i was right all along, right all along, right all along"
watch me as i concede
i will believe what i've seen
how could things go so wrong, things go so wrong, things go so wrong

we need a place to run
i already said we'd try the mall
but they already got inside
now i can see faces and their stomachs' growling
eyes are hungry
now they can't turn away and neither can we
so abhorred by all these changes
taking place inside the dead

Alle (gory)

we need a place to run
i already said we'd try the mall
but they already got inside
breath is rapid, heart is pounding
still they can't turn away and neither can we
if only i had turned around i'd still have a chance
but now i'm out cold.

kill the lights
warn the wicked ones out of sight to refuel their lungs
here i sweep taking breaths away
fall asleep, then you'll fly with me

all are tall and all are told
now someone run and stop this beating drum

dead men they have a lot to say
full of shit and debts left to pay
with this noose they'll burn your neck someday
fooling over everyone to...

everything has a price they say
suffering soul is bled to grey
still i sweep, here we slip away
fall asleep, then you'll die with me

all are told and all are old
now someone run and stop this beating drum

toothless mouths will always have their say
dead men will shuffle in their graves
and while the undead make their way back home
dead men will never be alone.

Dead Men Tell Tall Tales

sometimes there's a void i find just before i use my mind
i hope i'll get better soon
all i want is to be beside you
while these creatures hunt us down
you and i must shuffle now
closer to the end than start
and i know it breaks your heart

A Man and His Wife

i know now's not the time
hot on our trail, they'll be coming
just look in my eyes forever
without you i'd pine together
throw your hand in mine
we can save this world together
and if they take my mind
remember that you made me unafraid

i will not be here too long
i would never cause you harm
though my eyes are not yet black
make it so i don't come back
bleed me fast or bleed me slow
i won't tell you where to go
don't kiss me you'll get it too
just please know i could have loved you

i know now's not the time
hot on our trail, they'll be coming
just look in my eyes
without you i'd pine forever
throw your hand in mine
we can save this world together
and if they take my mind
remember that you made me
unafraid.

Doomsday

so i bet you've heard this number a couple of times before
listen closely things are changing that you can't ignore
always knew you'd never kill me. your lust was too strong
so we'll fight this undead army 'til the break of dawn

come on baby pump that shotgun. fill them up with lead
blood and paste fall down like rain from these exploding heads
come on now we're changing slowly from the choice we made
we will never lose our minds that's why god made grenades

pull the pin out. clutch it firmly. vision starts to fade
come on baby won't you fuck me in this grave we've made
nothing left to fear here on this reckless day of doom
mindless lot we will not join now just enjoy the boom.

so this is the end of the world
the sky is red and the dead are roaming the earth
we stare down from the stars
we're invisible now while we wait, we have to find a way back
we forgot to leave our mark
let's swoop down and carve a tree

please, please tell to me if only we could breathe some life into this place
future that you see
you know you're never wrong
who, who will we be
people who believe
what they are waiting for
and where, where will we go
one thing i know: our ghosts will haunt this place

The End of the World or: A Relic From our Ghosts

so this is the end of the world
and all we have to show are these eight that came before
let's fly down and dig a hole
we'll throw this in and that can be the mark we made
after, let's stay on the ground
and live until we die again
pretending we could breathe some life into this place

please, please tell to me
future that you see
you know you're never wrong
who, who will we be
people who believe
what they are waiting for
and where, where will we go
one thing i know: our ghosts will haunt this place

...and all who walk dead.

H.W.: Memoirs of a Zombie Apocalypse

REDUX

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All themes and events depicted on this recording
are inspired by actual events.

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H.W. will return in

II. Into the End of Time