

Thanks to our families, friends,
and you for listening to our music
and reading those words right now.

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As We Draw are
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Pierre Thureau (Bass, Backing Vocals) /
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This album has been screen printed, cut and
folded by B. & D. and us.

Written and performed by As We Draw.
Additional vocals on 8/ Draft are performed by Bart from Birds In Row.
Recorded live by Sylvain Biguet and Amaury Sauvé.
Mixed by Sylvain Biguet, mastered by Alan Douches.
Design by "Hello, I am unemployed" and Amaury Sauvé,
drawings by "Hello, I am unemployed".

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1/ SHAME

These nights are longer, we stay under the flood. The sea is calling but nobody should answer. We all have those lights in our eyes. So in the end, the truth will descend on our head like a rain from above. Why are we waiting ? the storm has been lifted. Look up to the mountain. The whole thing falls away. Just fight with your both hands, it's all coming to an end. The suffering you'll endure will surely get your spirit in.

We were offered conscience at the altar and now we are flying away.

And all of the things that the world has told, I lend a deaf ear, we all feel the same.

This is an homage to a shame, a testament to an awareness.

2/ SIN OF ADDICTION

When your mind stays awake and your body cries for sleep, disillusioned from the pain you're in way too deep. As the chains bind your soul, don't submit to addiction. You can't escape the whole world. You're just looking for something you can't find in a bottle. You live in disguise. Make a promise to stop now because you can't even look your own reflection in the mirror.

A freak, a cruel lie, you've been fooling yourself in this reflection that you've justified. Breaking these circles surrounding you. There's a great white light at the end. Now you believe in the knowledge and now you're in the light. Breaking these circles. Don't repeat all your mistakes again and again.

Still in the same place, your sin of addiction began.

3/ SHIELD

Anger building up, so close to exploding, I am so close to the edge. No second thoughts before knowing. My body shakes. The line is so close. Slowly starting to overstep that line, my eyes start to tear up. Softly falling down my cheeks, anger invades me. Where has this peace gone ? Instead the overwhelming sense of hurt and anger, and fear... This ill temper I have is making me mad. I blow up and I don't know why. I wish for just a moment I could handle it. It's a mist of despair in the undergrowth of my mind, an undergrowth of fear, anger, and hurt. In a world hungry for anger, the mist of despair is the only shield for a broken mind.

4/ BURST OF COLOUR

I live in both worlds. Listening and absorbing, reacting and inventing. Colour and textures speak and express myself. Dream and reality, now in harmony. Taking a very black and white picture, trough and relentless, unpredictable yet hypnotic. Adding light and shade. Burst of colour. Difference and waves.

Taking it and making it fly. This is what my dreams are made of :

A daydream on a stove.

6/ FAULT LINES

Here, drawings are blurred, commotion in your eyes. Only one color dominates filling all your field of view. You walk under water, on the trembling guts of this world. You're too slow and the pressure is too high. Skull oppressed, lungs full of blood, missing air, you're falling in depth and this bloodstream carries you away.

It's not a dream anymore.

Now earthquakes begin, pieces are separating following lines. Everything is torn. World is in crumb, earth's bones are broken. Stopped by these ruins you can't leave the spine which is the origin of this disaster, the cause of this failure.

We will all die in these fault lines.

Here, drawings are erased, this color disappeared. On the way to the beyond you just can listen to this heart beating faster than yours.

7/ DROWNED IN FLAMES

This lie burns us, madness consumes us, the truth attracts us, we design our own death as a spiral of ashes. We are floating in our graves as in leaking fish tanks.

8/ DRAFT

It may indeed be phantasy, when I essay to draw from all created things. Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings. No fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity. So will I build my future ? And the blue sky will be my roof, and the sweet smell that the wild flower yields shall be the incense I will smell. Is it so impossible ? WE, the rustling man, have a voice that answers the storm.

So, why are you so silent ? We just are born child...

9/ SCUM OF THE EARTH

He crossed the oceans, the seas, the mountains... The only Disease. Across the line, he never sees the light. What seems so important won't last forever.

He is the scum of the earth, a cancer. He is humanity.

No evolution, without any change.