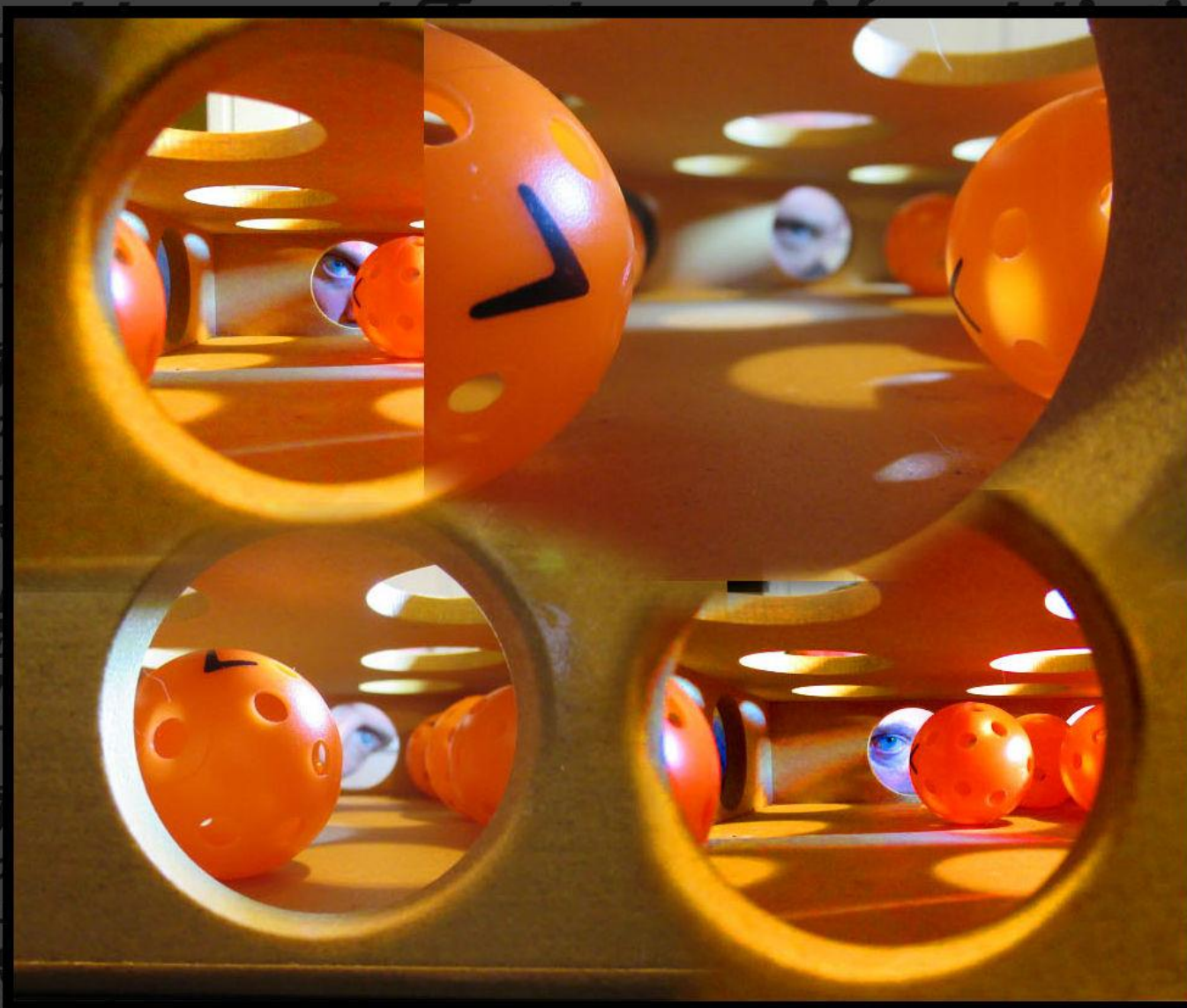


The Jason Fables



Marbles Considered Lost

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Beanstalks

I stand accused of using hills to fill valleys
Sat on a wall to keep me protected from folly
Like beanstalks or blue oxen

The most important thing about your first step is that you take it

I was the one who tried to be quick and be nimble
While tied to a stake for fear I'd follow the wind home
Where beanstalks aren't forgotten

Now was the future just a moment ago
Hold it so
Go climb up
When it grows
Go climb up

Elevate

Hold your breath; hold your own
Be always underestimated; be stronger than you know

Hold it together; hold always a hope
Deliberately positive; be always a creature of growth

I'm getting better all the time and I'm bringing you along with me
Elevate and rise

Hold fond a memory to hold off all the grief
A merchant of empathy with selective beliefs

Hold up a standard; hold it up high
Cleverly effective; be the one in the right

I want this for you. You want this for me. I want this for them. They won't disagree.



Cabin In The Woods

Drive, drive; drive past Ferndale. Drive, drive; it's right past Shady Lane

Let's park right here, that's good, on the western side of River Glen
I'll show you where the rules end
We'll have to cut through the neighbor's backyard
But it's not too far to the forest and it's path that parts
You'll hardly know that you're standing beside it until you step inside it
Watch out for brambles and the hazards ahead 'cus there'll be no safety net

Out at the cabin in the woods
Overgrown, forgotten and rotten through
The strongest of castle masquerading as ruins

Go climb up there, that's right, you can see to the banks of the salted creek
To the chimney top if sights you seek
There was glass in the sink and sharp nails on the floor but they're not there anymore
'Cus we've claimed this as our own; our citadel, our stronghold
And the freedom here, like wings, lifts our soul to the sky



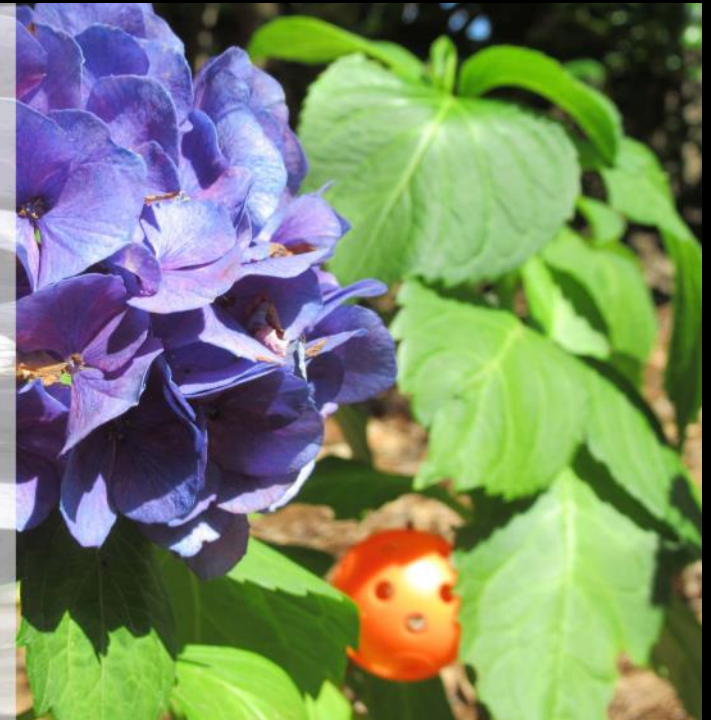
Come And Be With Me

If I could see you just standing there
I'm sure I could tell if you'd understood me
How awkward the stare; your hands through your hair and I'd know
If I could see you just standing there

Every day since I asked, "Come and be with me"
Spent repeating in the past
Watching you walk away with your words still unsaid

If I could hear your voice in my ear
I'd summon the strength to put my feet back on the floorboards
And rejoin the world; the cinderblock boy and his blown glass girl

If I could sense that you were drawing near
I'd ready my nerves and prepare for the worst
But hope for the best; my heart in my chest, please hold on
If I could sense that you were drawing near





Magnitude

Inches and ounces swirling in my head
They measure out my breadth precisely; as I said
Distance divided. What happened to my square?
Hypotenuse does stare; it's just happy to be there

And I can't measure up to myself
Yet I'm still the ruler over all I do
And I can't wait to take conversion factors to compare to the order of your magnitude

Since this has started I don't know what I feel.
It's gone straight off the scales
I can't recalibrate this thing to speed

I froze from resistances I know haven't happened
A wide road and the distances I'm told lay in waiting
And I've grown from the instances that I've shown affect the length some



The Side Of Science

Hanging out in laboratories
Counting backwards for the practice
I just can't let that pressure get past us
I can't care for that pressure's intentions

Waiting for the world to rush in for chalkboard formulaic guidance
I might trip; I might stumble but don't forget
That I always fall on the side of science

On the side of science; I like the logic. It seems so clear

Mesmerized by twirling glass tubes
And solutions just beyond a breakthrough
I'll have to titrate my hope just to stay focused
Rationing resources with unfailing devotion



Marbles Considered Lost

Inventory those things that you carry to know how much they are weighing you down

I'll be in the back, don't you worry, to ensure that it all keeps on working
I'll not close my eyes for one moment, or consider the costs at all

My work is all strewn about; fragments from a furious cloud
Marbles considered lost
Screws considered loosened

I'd lock up on my way out, but stay, instead, inside in thought
Marbles considered lost
Truths considered fiction

These are the trees I couldn't help but see
For the forest was enough of a fortress for me
An accumulating pile of leaves is the most beautiful of currency in my rich history



Some Failed Clockwork

Everybody has to find their way inside and outside their own globe
And it has to be done alone

When you gaze upon some failed clockwork stop and wonder what went wrong
Amongst the rusted out coils un-sprung





A Number Of Concerns

I wasn't hung on a riddle, baby. My wagon was running right...until
Five hundred twelve minutes into the fever I'd melted all the ice

I've got a number of concerns
They're stacked upon my true intentions
Preventing my hope from shining through to you


I've got a number of concerns
They're all there, waiving to be heard
I've got a number of concerns; and that number is so concerning to me...that

I'd take a tour of the moon to get through and broadcast across the night
I seem to soar but then end up down here where I just can't decide

But when I'm alone in the gallery it's like a new sea
Or a scene where I'd dream everything was exceptionally green

They found liquid love on Mars

Truth



I've come to get you out of there, but you're going to have to jump
I can only keep alongside the train for so long
I did not need to bring a weapon; didn't need to lead a mob
'Cus help is coming in the form of a righteous reward

Truth is love; honest eyes aren't enough
Truth is love
And you won't want to live without it's touch
Don't live without it's touch

'Cus it will lift you up off of your feet; so every day will feel a little bit lighter
But you're going to have to fight for it; oh you will welcome truth within

I said, "I've come to get you out of there"; truth is I come to get your help
I need an army who can see things as they really are
A trillion different lies out there; one-for-one with all the stars
But what I'm thinking of is precious 'cus it's singular

I Have Said Words

I'm speaking in a perfectly normal conversational tone

The sentences I'm creating are intended to convey ideas in a structured format

This communication is for demonstration purposes only

In conclusion; I have said words



The Jason Fables

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