

THERE IS NO SIN
WE ARE REVEALED



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All I ever wanted
was to know
what to do.

- Dave Eggers

ARRIVE

YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR BODY
OH, YOUR KINGDOM'S GONNA FOLD
AND YOU'LL KNOW YOUR BODY
FROM THE SOUND IT MAKES ALONE

OH, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LOSE ME
YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE ALONE
I'LL BE WAITING
HERE PAINTING BY THE DOOR

AND THE BEATEN UP PARTS
WILL LEAVE YOU BY THE ROAD
AND THE BROKEN UP THINGS
YOU NEED WILL GO

AND YOU'LL FIND ME ON A STREET
ON A CORNER YOU DON'T KNOW
I'LL BE WAITING
TO JUMP OUT IN YOUR COAT

AND THE WAITERS WILL TELL YOU
I'VE BEEN DRINKING HERE ALONE
I'VE BEEN BUILDING UP THESE ROOMS
I'VE MADE OF NOTES

AND WE'LL TALK TILL WE BEND
OUR BODIES HALF IN FOLDS
TILL THE SUN WANTS US
BACK AGAIN

AND THE FIRST MORNING OUT
WILL BE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO CHOKE
BACK ALLEYS LIKE FRIENDS
WE DIDN'T KNOW

WE'LL BE BURNED UP BY THE LIGHT
LYING HALF DEAD ON THE BEACH
SAYING THINGS THAT
WE NEVER THOUGHT WE'D KNOW





Around two in the morning, the verandas died down.

We'd had three days of terrible heat and the bed was like sand. The open windows collected the sounds of the streets below. A bottle of wine had been dinner, along with a wedge of cheese that could have been plucked from a cartoon mouse. I felt like I was hanging with Miller; overly cheap and too drunk to stay focused.

I had a list of errands, things to finish before she came, things that I should have done weeks ago. I'd been distracted.

Her flight was the same that I had taken four months earlier; a late morning arrival. I'd been waiting for the phone to ring. I wanted my eyes to shut off, to rehearse what I'd done.

At first, I had scribbled page after page in a composition book, quickly so I wouldn't drop details. It was half full by the end of the first month. It was mostly in English, a bit of French. The pages were caked with tiny drawings, conversations, vignettes and trivial notes. For a while, I had been a character in an art house film, pen wagging at a street-side cafe.

Eventually, and abruptly, I stopped. If a thief had stolen it and thumbed to the end, he would have found me talking to a surfer who wanted a euro for dog food. Did I give him one? They would never know.

EL CID

WHAT YOU DON'T FIND
IN YOUR HAND
YOU WON'T FIND
IN YOUR POCKET
HID UNDER YOUR BED
WHERE YOU HID ALL
YOU COULD FROM THEM

THE BLOOD OF EL CID
SO FULL OF LIES HID UNDER
YOUR DRESS
YOU MADE
ENOUGH SMOKE TO BE POOR
TILL THEY FOUND
YOU'RE THE UNDERFED KID

AND I WANTED TO KISS YOU
I WANTED TO TELL YOU
I COULD FIX YOU
BUT I'D HAVE BEEN LYING
TO MYSELF

YOU PULLED OUT A BOOK
OF YOUR PICTURES
IN THE GRASS
AND THEN BEGGED ME
YOU'D TELL ME TO LISTEN
I WEATHERED THE TALK BUT I
WAS TIRED OF THE SCRIPT

AND OUT OF YOUR MOUTH
CAME LITTLE LOST DOGS
AND EVERYONE SCRAMBLED
THE WEIGHT OF THEIR COATS
AND THE BOOTS
AND THEY SCARED YOU ALL OFF
BUT THEY SCARED YOU ALL OFF





I was in the street with a paintbrush and two tins of aqua enamel. As a barter with the *propriétaire*, I had agreed to paint the entrance to the building. The doors had been tagged with white bubble letters that read “Pober.”

There had been an issue with one of the planes and her flight was delayed. We had decided against me going to the airport; she wanted the memory of the solitary cab ride, of that first discovery. Even so, I found myself surveying the corners, wading through the faces and listening for lulls. We had joked about how her tales often hinged on ambushes—few things made her laugh more.

My longstanding plot died in the heat that day. For as long as I had been there, I had pictured myself pushing back in the doorway, breathing quietly into my coat, smelling wool and lying in wait.

The sun was constant. The paint turned to glue as I spread it. The brush would hang. My strokes looked like chalk.

A neighbor walked by, her orange cat trailing. In the mornings, I had seen it leading her along the cobblestones, zigzagging in front. She worked at a pharmacy where, the day before, she had sold me a tube of aloe. I couldn't tell how old she was. She seemed about sixty.

I tried to ask if it went to work with her but it came out wrong. She laughed and paused to correct me as the cat drifted off on its own.

UNTITLED

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME
PUSHING THIS THING?
YOUR HEROES THEY WAIT
DONE CONQUERING
WILL YOU ANSWER A QUESTION
ASLEEP ON THE PHONE
ANSWER ONE THING AND
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME
WHEN I ASKED YOU TO LISTEN?
YOUR SELF-HELP REVIVAL IS A
MIRROR IN THE HALL
YOUR HEAD TILTED SIDEWAYS
ASLEEP ON THE PHONE
ANSWER ONE THING AND
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE

AT THE GATES OF THAT PRISON
DID YOU GIVE IT A CHANCE?
IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND,
WAS IT PART OF YOUR PLAN?
WERE YOU WANTING TO FIND ME
HALF HOPING YOU'D LOSE
HALF HOPING I'D SAVE YOU
FROM THE PATHS THAT YOU'D
CHOOSE.

YOU'RE LIKE A CHILD
WHOSE FATHER NEVER COMES
WHOSE FATHER NEVER COMES
ANY MORE
YOU'RE LIKE A CHILD
DRESSED IN YOUR
BETTER CLOTHES
DRESSED IN YOUR
BETTER CLOTHES
WAITING BY THE DOOR

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME
WHEN YOU COULDN'T GET HOME
WHEN YOU DUMPED
ALL YOUR WORDS
LIKE THE WEIGHT OF A STONE

I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU
BUT I ALREADY KNOW
JUST ANSWER ONE QUESTION
AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE





There was a small cafe a few blocks away. It was hidden underneath an arcing row of stone buildings, perfectly shaded for its midday patrons.

I had texted her to say where I'd be. My arms were bright red; my hands flecked with green. I sat there reading the news distractedly. The world seemed to be at rest, as if it were hesitating.

I had turned around to say something to the waiter when a pair of arms grabbed me in a wrestler's move. The couple next to me squealed as if they knew the story. We collapsed laughing. It had been sixteen weeks.

When we sat, the floodgates flew open. We rattled off sentences like auctioneers and kept moving closer. I asked for a bottle of rosé from Bandol. It was a joke between us alone. Years ago, several of her red wine orders had turned to pink in a flurry of misunderstood French.

The delay—a plane change—had led to one of her bags going missing. Two days later, it would turn up unannounced on our doorstep. We stayed at that table for hours, getting lit up and acting like children.

As we were leaving, she mentioned that she'd walked past the apartment. She was proud of herself for having memorized the streets from a map. I asked her what she thought of my painting and she burst out laughing. She could barely speak.

“They got it again!” she cried.

ANSWERS

STOP AND THEN EXPLAIN THIS
THE WORDS YOU SAY ARE PAINLESS
IT'S EASIER TO KILL THESE PLANS

STOP PACKING UP THESE BOXES
THESE GARBAGE BAGS OF DRESSES
AND TELL ME I DON'T UNDERSTAND

THE WORDS SAY I BELIEVE YOU
THE CLERKS HERE, THEY DON'T HAVE TO
IT'S TALKING JUST TO LOSE YOURSELF

YOU WANTED THEM TO SAVE YOU
TO ASK YOU WHY YOU'D STAY HERE
WHEN YOU LIKENED THIS TO YOUR NEW HELL

I'M LOSING FAITH
IN WHAT I SAY

YOU SIT STARING IN A CAR PARK
EXPECTING ME TO FOLLOW
I'VE LEARNED TO WALK THE OTHER WAY

AND OUT OF ALL MY ANSWERS
THE ONES THAT I'VE RECANTED
I REGRET MOST WHAT I COULDN'T SAY

THE THINGS YOU SAID TO MOCK ME
FOR REASONS THAT WERE CLEARLY
THE WORK OF SOMEONE ELSE'S HEAD

SAID MORE TO STOP THE ENDING
FROM BECOMING WHAT'S INTENDED
WHEN YOU INSIST THAT YOU'RE LAST ONE IN

AND AS YOUR MARTYRS LOST THEIR PAGES
I FED THEM LINES IN STAGES
FROM THE LAST DAYS OF OUR BROKEN HOME

I WANTED THEM TO NOTICE
HOW WRONG IT WAS TO DO THIS
HOW FAR YOU'D GO WHEN LEFT ALONE





The apartment had a pair of thick crimson drapes that had come from an old theater. The owner's wife reworked such things for her shop. I hadn't added much to the rooms. The largest one was empty, save for the massive, disembodied face of a clock that I'd bought from a market. I had wrestled it onto a bus.

The first night we sat in the bed for hours, the shutters half closed. She was wide awake. I couldn't keep my eyes open.

At one point, it rained and the shutters made a noise that I'd never heard. It sounded like popcorn. The damp air became a carving wind and we dug ourselves into the sheets.

She slept very little. When I awoke, the rooms had changed. Boxes were missing. Clothing was draped over chairs, and the air smelled like gardens. My suitcase furniture was gone, hidden away in a closet and emptied.

We didn't emerge until late in the morning. Our phones were mute. The streets seemed lazy and quiet. "It's Sunday," the town was saying, "we'll let them be."

Everything from the night before spilled over. The talking had left us hoarse. We sounded like smokers who'd been out in the clubs until late. We never ran out of stories.

YOU BROKE MY FINGER
SAID IT'S EASY
NO REMORSE
I'D MAKE YOU FEEL
THE HITS YOU SWALLOW
MAKE YOU EMPTY
MAKE THE WATER
SAFE TO BREATHE

AND ALL THE ANGELS
AND THEIR VICTIMS
SIT IN THE HALLWAY
MAKING DEALS
I USED TO KNOW YOU
USED TO FOLLOW
ALL THE LINES HID
UNDERNEATH

IT WASN'T EASY
IN THE ER
TO EXPLAIN
WHY I HAD COME
IT SEEMED TOO
EASY TO THE NURSES
TO EXPLAIN
WHAT YOU HAD DONE

BUT I SAT QUIETLY
COLLECTING
ALL THE REASONS IN MY MOUTH
I ALWAYS KNEW THERE'D
COME A NIGHT
I'D TAKE YOU OUT

SINGLED OUT
IN HALF CONFESSIONS
LIKE A BOOK
FOR BROKEN KIDS
THE GRUNTED PARTS
OF BITTEN ANSWERS
SCATTERED
FALLEN FROM MY JAW

REGRETS IN FORMS
SPREAD ON A TABLE
I SHOULDN'T TALK
TO STOP THE BLOOD
YOU CAN'T FORGET THAT
I'M STILL WAITING
NO ONE KNOWS
HOW LONG I'LL HOLD





On the second day, we went shopping. It took two runs to carry everything. With each delivery, the rooms were transformed. White spaces took on color, fruit collected in unusual places and bottles sat at the ready. The sink gained toothpaste, the kitchen grew knives.

The food seemed to be too much for two people. We could have been buying for holiday guests or a looming storm.

When we were exhausted from playing house, we went down to the sea. The streets were packed with cars, and the boardwalk lined with tourists. They didn't seem to mind that the sun was leaving.

A painter with a half-sketched canvas sat motionless near a stairwell, as if his brushes had nothing to add.

We lay on the still warm stones as she wandered through her last few weeks. Her business was doing well. She had to go back in a few months. I asked what she thought of the apartment. I had signed on by the month. When I had met the landlord, he had held my bicep in a knowing grip and laughed. He agreed that "the woman" should see it.

"I couldn't adore it more," she said.

We plotted our night but didn't go further. We wanted our days to lack boundaries. Tomorrow implied the end of something.

COUNT YEARS TILL
YOU LOSE COUNT
IT'S FEAR,
THE FEAR GONE OUT
EVERYTHING FULL AND
NOTHING PAINED

YOU BREAK THROUGH
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU FIGURED IT OUT
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SEE IN HER EYES
BUT THERE'S NOTHING

YOU SHOVEL OUT
IT'S DEEPER
KEEP TALKING
BELIEVE HER

SOMETHING CHANGED,
YOU CHANGED
YOU CAN'T COUNT
YOU CAN'T COUNT
YOU CAN SLEEP THROUGH THIS
IF YOU'RE TIRED ENOUGH
YOU CAN SLEEP THROUGH THIS
IF YOU'RE TIRED ENOUGH

YOU FLIP
THROUGH BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU FIGURED IT OUT
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SEE IN HER EYES
THERE'S NO ANSWER

I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU
MY EYES
I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU
MY LIGHT
I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU
MY LIGHT
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GET
WHAT'S PRETTY SAD
I WILL BE THERE
BUT YOU WON'T OVER
WHY SHOULD YOU LIE?
BUT I WON'T BE LINED
BOTHY'S OVER

AND YOU FIGURED IT OUT
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SEE IN HER EYES
BUT THERE'S NOTHING

YOU SHOVEL OUT
IT'S DEEPER
KEEP TALKING,
BELIEVE HER

YOU FLIP THROUGH
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH
BUT YOU FAIL THIS

YOU FIGURE IT OUT
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
YOU SEE IN HER EYES
BUT THERE'S NOTHING





The first two weeks were unlike any other. It had become a vacation with permanence. We wandered incessantly, found streets that led nowhere. We got off at train stops and towns that seemed out of the reach of maps.

I passed my medical exam. My paperwork was approved. I could stay.

We leased the apartment. The owner and his wife were delighted. To celebrate, we brought home an orange velvet couch and a wobbly armoire. She changed her mobile number. We bought bikes. When we were home, we would pester our families with weekly tales as we waited for fall to arrive.

At night, we would often sit, leaning against the iron of the tiny balcony, talking. The alleys would shut down around us and we'd fall asleep on the floor.

Every once in a while something that we'd left behind would creep in—a phone call or a message from the outside world—and we'd be pulled backward. For me, it would be something that I had to pick up or a job that I had yet to finish.

The third week was different. Our lists began to lead us around. There were questions that we could not answer. The outcroppings of reality seemed minor though.

We got a delivery from my sister. It was a box with photos and frames wrapped in tissue paper. We smiled at the label, at our names and the address below them.

PRACTICE CRAWLING

UNCERTAINTIES
THE DOUBTS
THAT FACTS LEAVE

WE COME FROM MISTAKES
COME FROM OUR
OWN WEEDS

YOUR LUCKY COLOR HAS FADED
IT SWITCHES
A TENSION HOLDS YOU WHEN ONE
BURNS BRIDGES

YOU HAD YOUR PROBLEMS
BUT YOU REGROUPED THEN
YOU FOUND YOUR UMBRELLA
IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE
WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE
PRACTICE CRAWLING

I'LL OVERCOME
THE FLAWS I REPEAT
IGNORING MOUTHS OF SWORDS
WHILE MONSTERS, MONSTERS EAT
WELL, YOU TOO
CAME FROM MISTAKES,
SOMEONE SPEAKING

YOUR MOTIVES
UNDER LIGHT BULBS
SEEMED EASY

YOU WERE TO BE CALLED
TO RIP ITS HEAD OFF
BUT THE HOURS WERE SPENT
FOR NOTHING
THEY WERE CRAWLING





At dusk, a month in, we fought for the first time. It was in the middle of a square, surrounded by performers and tourists. We had just stepped off a crowded tram.

She said something about us going back. Flippantly, I suggested that I needn't go. She didn't respond. No words came out. We walked apart as the sun blinked away.

Without much discussion, we stopped at a brasserie near our place. It was owned by a wiry guy named Stefano who could have doubled for Steve Buscemi. The tables were empty. We talked quietly and only in English. It was an uneasy politeness.

After a drink, I backed down. I mentioned that I had been starving and not thinking straight. "We'll figure it out," I suggested and, with that little sentence, the air changed back.

Our talks were sometimes debates and sometimes our debates turned to fights, brooding ones with sweeping pronouncements. Not that night though. It all snapped back, as if nothing had happened. The idea of the trip was unresolved but it felt less urgent.

At night, we passed couples performing the tango on the boardwalk for money. We went down to the rocks and stood there listening to waves that we couldn't see. We hatched a plan to head to the mountains. We went home and devoured our guidebooks over coffee. For the first time, we'd be driving ourselves.

GONE

GONE THE DAY
BY YOUR HEAD
I BELONG HERE
I'M THE LAMB ON YOUR BED

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE,
MY FRIEND
I BELONG HERE
COME AWAY FROM YOUR BED

WHAT YOU NEED, I BELIEVE,
I BELONG THERE
I WAS ALWAYS ON MY OWN
THE LONE MAN

I COULD HEAR FROM YOUR LUNGS
A LONG BREATH
I COULD LEAVE YOU GO

AND PUT THE FACES, BABE
BUT IT WON'T LAST TONIGHT
WRITE DOWN WHAT I SAY
CAUSE IT WON'T LAST TONIGHT
UNTIL I'VE CHANGED

GONE THE DAY IN YOUR ROOM
WITH THE BENT LAMP
I'VE BEEN HERE LIKE A DOG
I BELONG HERE

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE,
MY FRIEND
IS THE INSIDE
COME AWAY FROM YOUR BED

WHAT YOU SEE UNDERNEATH
YOU BELONG THERE
I WAS ALWAYS ON THE RUN
THE LONE MAN

I COULD HEAR YOU TURN
IN THE DOORWAY
I COULD LEAVE YOU,
LEAVE YOU GO

UNTIL I'VE CHANGED





After our road trip, she bought pencils and started working on sketches. I had taken a number of photos and a lucky few would end up taped to an easel. In the afternoons, when I was working, she would wander off and make friends.

Two post-teenage girls befriended her. They were fascinated by her stories of New York and L.A. They worked at a pizza place in one of the plazas even though they lived in the hills. Their families had money but they wanted to travel. They were saving to go. One aspired to be an actress, the other a journalist.

Our narratives often had scars for me. I could relate to how a convict might want to hide away, for no one to know or to judge him. The girls' conversations did that. It felt like an intrusion to me, a dark reminder. To her, it was a release.

Once, when we were exhausted from walking too far along the water, we went down to the rocks and discovered a cabana. We had a few touristy drinks and I tried to explain why I disliked going backwards. The subject of buying plane tickets came up. It had been a misunderstanding before, she noted. This time, we laughed and made jokes about it.

The earlier months had rewired my head. It felt suffocating to me, the idea of going back to the States. She had work to do there; I did not.

Another night, in passing, the pizza girls caught wind of this and begged—after a quick bit of cooing—for my ticket.

“He doesn't have one yet,” she answered too quickly.

MISLEAD

SIX DAYS AGO WE NEEDED RAIN
WE WANTED FISH OUT
ON THE STREETS
AND THERE I WAS
BUYING FOOD AT
MIDNIGHT

LESS THAN A WEEK
AND ALL YOUR OATHS
MEAN NOTHING NOW,
YOU NEED TO KNOW
I ALWAYS SAW
JUST THE FLAWS

AND YOU WERE SOMEWHERE
FITTING CLOTHES
OR WRESTLING THE WORLD
OUT OF JESUS
I KID YOU NOT,
I KID YOU NOT
SOMEDAY YOU'LL FIND OUT

THAT MADE US STAY
LIKE THE MISSING STEP
THE WAY THE BAGS BROKE
I KID YOU NOT, I KID YOU NOT
SOMEDAY YOU'LL FIND OUT

ALL THE THINGS THAT I'M NOT
ALL THE THINGS I FORGOT
ALL THE THINGS THAT WERE ME
ALL THE THINGS
I KEPT CLEAN
ALL THE THINGS I KEPT IN
ALL THE THINGS I KEPT IN





It rained twice. The second time was the worst. We had eaten on the other side of town. We ran like escaped horses, dodging from store to awning.

The deadlines were looming for the flight. The tickets were becoming more expensive. We had been drinking and laughing but she shifted quickly. “Why won’t you go?” she asked. It’s only a week, just a gesture, she believed.

I had been sick with a cold and I was physically spent. “I’ve explained it before,” I said, asking why it was so important to her. I didn’t understand. It seemed like a waste of a ticket. In the rain, with our faces like waterfalls, I broke down and said I would go. She paused.

She watched me and stood there, swaying like a late-round fighter, no words coming out. We darted back home. The water seemed heavy with salt from the ocean. My eyes burned.

We put our clothes in the tub. The bed still had no frame. Our only blanket was soaked by a left-open window. With wet hair and a doubled-up sheet, we started to talk as if she had just arrived. There were low voices in the hallway. The bars must have been closing down.

It was the weekend now. No alarms were set, no plans were made. The weather was supposed to let up. The second month was more complicated. She adopted a monk-like solemnity. Our food, our rooms, our weekend escapes, were all in the company of a long-lurking figure.

WE ARE REVEALED

I WAS FACE DOWN
ON THE FLOORBOARDS
THE LAST OF THE NIGHT
WE ALL HAVE REGRETS
THAT WE
NEED TO TAKE WITH US

I WAS UNDER THE CHAIR
WITH MY FACE
ON THE WOOD
IN THE COOL,
I WANTED TO KNOW
FORGETTING

THE FURNACE WAS
MUMBLING THINGS
IN THE VOICE
OF A DAD
IT WANTED TO GIVE ME
A CHANCE
TO UNDO THIS

THE TINIEST CUT
ON MY FINGER
THE PART OF A NOTE
I HAD LEFT
I NEEDED THE PA
TO STOP RINGING

WE ALL HAVE REGRETS
THAT WE NEED
TO LINE THE EDGE
OF OUR PATH
WE WANT TO HOLD ON
FOR SOME REASON

I WAS UNDER THE CHAIR
WITH MY FACE
ON THE WOOD
I WANTED TO
KNOW HOW IT FELT
TO FORGET





Two months in and we felt less like tourists. Everyday tasks became easier. We knew what to say, how to get places.

I was in a white folding chair at an old writing desk. She'd made coffee before leaving. I'd forgotten to drink it. The desk had become a locksmith's bench. I was working on the hallway knobs. One of them had bounced down the stairs. The owner had left me with a few projects while they were visiting friends in Bilbao.

My hands were covered in graphite. The radio was murmuring, saying something about a revolt amongst judges. My phone rang as she walked in; a shopping bag full that she sat by the door. It was an American lawyer. I didn't answer.

She opened a yellow envelope and showed me a plane ticket. She had bought only one.

I was silent. I wanted her face to explain. I wanted to see what I would not be hearing but it seemed as if she had rehearsed her reveal. She had something riding on it and a careless tell would give it away.

"It's a week," she finally said. "Not a big deal."

In the corner of a mirror, I could see the back of her body. Her hair was longer now. Her face seemed to pause and let go.

INHALE

I WAS THE BOY
WHO DREAMED I COULD MAKE IT
I WAS THE BOY
WHO TRIED TO STOP LEAVING
THESE LIGHTS AREN'T HELPING
AND I'M TOO LOST NOW
I WANTED MY WORDS TO
SAVE US SOMEHOW

CAUSE UNDER THE WEIGHT
OF THE BROKEN MAN'S BODY
I SAW THE LIGHT OF
THE HOLE I CUT
I COULD GO BLIND WITH
ALL OF THAT BEAUTY
I KNOW THIS,
I COULDN'T KEEP UP

I WAS A BOY
TO THINK YOU COULD HELP ME
I WAS A BOY
TO LEAN ON YOU SO
I'LL PUT THESE LIGHTS OUT
AND FEEL LIKE A SAVIOR
I'LL LET YOU IN IF YOU'LL
JUST LET GO

I WAS THE BOY
WHO WANTED TO SAVE YOU
I WAS THE BOY
YOU THOUGHT WAS ASLEEP
I KNOW THE LINES
THAT YOU WANTED TO SAVE YOU
I KNOW THE THINGS
THAT YOU WANTED TO KEEP





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THERE IS NO SIN

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PETE MORSE & THERE IS NO SIN

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