



TILTYOURVISION



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WHEN SHE WAS BAD

When she was young
she was everything I'm not.
She was spirited, impatient,
drunk on ego, sex, and lost.
On and off and on again,
I'd never have believed that
while I was loving the adventure,
she was looking for the leash.
Now I feel nothing more from this.
Face it, the space was so much better
when she was bad.
Wasted, she tasted so much better
when she was bad.
When she was mine,
I could fight for all this comfort.
But nothing is worth fighting for subdued.
Tangled in her mess, at best, I fought to her
request to be the kind of man
her crazy could include.
Now I feel nothing more from this.
Face it, the space was so much better
when she was bad.
Wasted, she tasted so much better
when she was bad.
One by one they become martyrs,
One by one they become saints.
Day by day its getting harder,
and I cannot keep this sustained.
Now I feel nothing more from this.
Face it, the space was so much better
when she was bad.
Wasted, she tasted so much better
when she was bad.

EARSHOT

I am not above the question.
I am not beyond the lie.
I am not ashamed of breaking hearts to take what should
be mine.
But you are speechless.
You are honest.
You are every thing I'm not and yet she cannot
fall in line.
Do you love her?
Do you love her like I do?
Do you treasure every moment she's with you?
She keeps begging for forgiveness,
while she prays for more abuse,
and I'm here waiting...
Still waiting to see which path she'll choose.
Within earshot, I know every dirty secret kept from you.
And you have her body all the time, while she's thrusting
to the blind, deaf, and mute.
It's no use and you haven't got a clue.
Wait!
Maybe I have said too much, too late.
I am not above the message I dictate.
I could fix this with my ignorance.
I could split this with indifference.
But when she screams my name...
I'm reminded all the same.
Do you love her like I do?
Do you treasure every moment she's with you?
She keeps begging for forgiveness,
while she prays for more abuse,
and I'm here waiting...
Still waiting to see which path she'll choose.
Within earshot, I know every dirty secret kept from you.
And you have her body all the time, while she's thrusting
to the blind, deaf, and mute.
It's no use and you haven't got a clue.

OCULUS

I am searching for a forgiveness
Only a god could give but you're not a god.
And I'm praying for a solace
only a song could give but it's not a song.
And maybe you're not heaven sent,
a picture perfect light
at the end of my dark tunnel here tonight,
But I see you
I see right through those demon eyes and
crooked smile
And you want to believe
you have nothing left to give but compromise.
But that won't change my mind.
And I'm fiend'ing for a new sickness
only a drug could give but you're not a drug.
And I'm heeding a kind of new weakness
only a love could give but this isn't love.
And maybe you're not heaven sent,
a picture perfect light
at the end of my dark tunnel here tonight,
But I see you
I see right through those demon eyes and
crooked smile
And you want to believe
you have nothing left to give but compromise.
But that won't change my mind.
Those eyes.
Those eyes they compromise.
They tell the future once or twice.
Those lies.
Those lies they mesmerize.
They sell the future once or twice.



Fallen Hero

CD RELEASE PARTY

This Saturday

Be there!

A LITTLE MORE

TWISTED, TANGLED, TOUCHING
 MEANS WITH ENDS.
 WE'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT BUT JUST OUR FALSE AMENDS.
 MAYBE WHEN WE'RE FINISHED WE COULD STILL BE FRIENDS.
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST LIE A LITTLE MORE.
 TESTING, TASTING, TRACING
 LOST FOOTSTEPS.
 DANCING TO THE RHYTHMS OF OUR WORST AND BEST.
 MAYBE WHEN WE'RE TIRED WE'LL GIVE LOVE A REST.
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST TRY A LITTLE MORE,
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST LIE A LITTLE MORE.
 WE ARE LYING TO OURSELVES
 IN OUR HEARTS AND HEADS;
 ON OUR BACKS AND BEDS.
 WE ARE LYING TO OURSELVES
 AND I CANNOT JUST DO THIS...
 AND CANNOT GET THROUGH THIS NO MORE.
 TRUSTING, THRUSTING, LUSTING
 FALSE ROMANCE.
 FRICTION DOESN'T FIX OUR BROKEN INNOCENCE.
 MAYBE WE CAN PASS THIS OFF AS SELF DEFENSE.
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST TRY A LITTLE MORE...
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST CRY A LITTLE MORE...
 OR MAYBE WE'LL JUST WE'LL JUST LIE A LITTLE MORE.

CANCER SUICIDE

The Brad Hudson Memorial

FEATURING

FAREWELL VARIETY

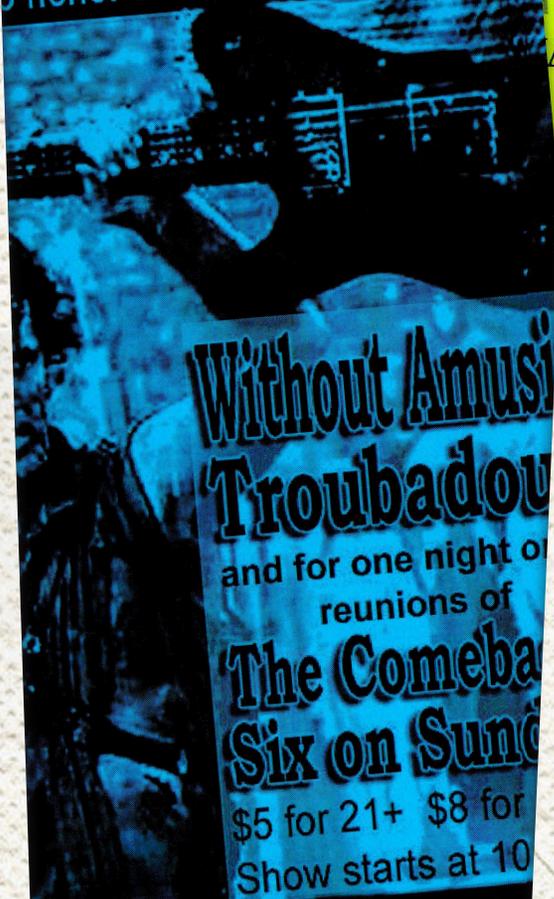
MOVE QUICK

THE COMEBACK

WITHOUT AMUSIA

ALLEGORY OF THE CAVES

to honor the life of Randy Medina



Without Amusia
Troubadour

and for one night of
reunions of

The Comeback
Six on Sunday

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Show starts at 10

Saturday July 26 @ Coconut Bay 4270 Alon

A NEW MOON RISING

SHE'S GOT ME THINKING AGAIN. I TRANSCEND WITH AMENDS BETWEEN MY PAST AND MY PRESENT. I'M LEARNING MY LESSON ON WHAT THIS SITUATION MEANS:

LIFE IS ONE PART DRIVE AND THE REST IS ALL DREAMS,
AND THE LOVE IN MY HEART IS THE FOOD FOR MY THOUGHTS,
AND I TRANSCRIBE THEM THROUGH WHAT I SEE.

I SEE THE WORLD IN ACCORDANCE TO THREE:
THROUGH HEART AND SOUL AND HER IMPRESSION ON ME.
BENEVOLENT LADY. THE ELEGANT WAY SHE
THRUSTS ME IN AND OUT AND IN AND OUT OF HER WORLD.

THIS SEXUAL ACT, SEE, IS A PART OF OUR DESTINY
AND THOUGH I DO NOT TOUCH HER
I FEEL HER IN EVERY NOTE I SING.

NOW I'M STANDING ON MY OWN TWO FEET
WHERE I CAN TASTE THE REMAINS OF OUR LAST DEFEAT
AND GIRL, YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE TO GIVE.
AND IF I LOSE MYSELF, I'LL REMEMBER HOW YOU TAUGHT ME HOW
TO LIVE...

I WAS HANGING MY HEAD OFF THE EDGE OF MY BED,
TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL OF THE THINGS THAT SHE SAID.
SHE SAID, "YOU'RE TRYING TOO HARD IN THE WRONG KIND OF
WAYS. THERE'S NO REASON TO PUT ALL YOURSELF IN THIS HAZE.

AND THE IGNORANCE AND ANGER AND SELF-LOATHE IN ME
MADE ME COVER MY EYES TO THE MAN I COULD BE.
OF ALL THE THINGS IN MY HEART, I STILL COULD NOT FORESEE:
THAT THE LOVE IN MY HEART WAS THE MUSIC IN ME.

BENEVOLENT LADY. THE ELEGANT WAY SHE
THRUSTS ME IN AND OUT AND IN AND OUT OF HER WORLD.

THIS SEXUAL ACT, SEE, IS A PART OF OUR DESTINY
AND THOUGH I DO NOT TOUCH HER
I FEEL HER IN EVERY NOTE I SING.

NOW I'M STANDING ON MY OWN TWO FEET
WHERE I CAN TASTE THE REMAINS OF OUR LAST DEFEAT
AND GIRL, YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE TO GIVE.
AND IF I LOSE MYSELF, I'LL REMEMBER HOW YOU TAUGHT ME HOW
TO LIVE...

LOVERS WALK

A HUSH. A WHISPER. A CHILDISH KIND OF WHIMPER.
A PACK OF MENTHOL LIGHTS AND THEN SHE'S GONE.
THE TOPIC OF DISCUSSION ISN'T WHY SHE LEFT. BUT THE WAY THAT
YOUNG LOVERS TEND TO WALK.

SEE, I WON'T HESITATE TO SEE THIS THROUGH
AND I WON'T COMPLICATE WHAT I SEE TRUE.

IF LOVE'S AN ENERGY THAT YOU CAN'T SHATTER OR MAKE,
THEN I'D RATHER WALK THAN LOSE IT IN EACH FORM THAT IT TAKES.
IN A MINUTE OR A LIFE TIME I WON'T LET MY LOVE WAIT.
SO, I MOVE TO KEEP ON LOVING HAND-IN-HAND WITH MY FATE.
STEP BY STEP, I PACE MYSELF THROUGH CANDID STRIDES.

I FLOW.

EACH PATH LOVE SUGGESTS, I'LL HAVE NO REGRETS WITH COMFORT
THAT I'LL NEVER WALK ALONE.

A DRIFTER. A GYPSY. AN EMANCIPATED THRILL-SEEK.

A MISSED CONNECTION IN BETWEEN THE STROLLS.

IT'S A MATTER OF OPINION 'BOUT THE FACE THAT WE TAKE,
BUT THE MOTION OF THE LOVER ALWAYS FLOWS.

SEE, I WON'T HESITATE TO SEE THIS THROUGH
AND I WON'T COMPLICATE WHAT I SEE TRUE.

IF LOVE'S AN ENERGY THAT YOU CAN'T SHATTER OR MAKE,
THEN I'D RATHER WALK THAN LOSE IT IN EACH FORM THAT IT TAKES.

IN A MINUTE OR A LIFE TIME I WON'T LET MY LOVE WAIT.

SO, I MOVE TO KEEP ON LOVING HAND-IN-HAND WITH MY FATE.
STEP BY STEP, I PACE MYSELF THROUGH CANDID STRIDES.

I FLOW.

EACH PATH LOVE SUGGESTS, I'LL HAVE NO REGRETS WITH COMFORT
THAT I'LL NEVER WALK ALONE.

I GO WHERE LOVE GOES.

meisa's presents!
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w/Down * Diocious * Made of Hemp *
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BATTLE OF THE BANDS

HURRAH

Act your own age, whatever it may be...
A twenty-one-old mind in the flesh of eighteen.
Light a new smoke and hug whoever you see.
We're celebrating life until it wipes us clean.
I got my arm around my best friend
and a guitar in my hands.
And I'm smoking a cigar
while I barely try to stand.
And the party isn't over 'til the break of dawn.
Nobody's getting older 'til the break of dawn.
So drink whatever's left
'cause it won't be there long.
We're gonna ride out this last hurrah 'til the break of dawn.
Take a new hit and glance amongst the crowd.
You're surrounded by just friends,

no room for all the proud.
Dance away your fears
and hang amongst the clouds.
Here's a call to bear a smile with that humble new sound.
I got the salt of margarita
that is underneath my lips
and the sound of Sublime tunes
that are rattling my hips.
And the party isn't over 'til the break of dawn.
Nobody's getting older 'til the break of dawn.
So drink whatever's left
'cause it won't be there long.
We're gonna ride out this last hurrah 'til the break of dawn.
I got my arm around my best friend

and a guitar in my hands.
And I'm smoking a cigar
while I barely try to stand.
I've got the salt of margarita
that is underneath my lips
and the sound of Sublime tunes
that are rattling my hips.
'Cause the party isn't over 'til the break of dawn.
Nobody's getting older 'til the break of dawn.
So drink whatever's left
'cause it won't be there long.
We're gonna ride out this last hurrah 'til the break of dawn.
We're gonna ride out this last hurrah 'til the break of song.

BEFORE THESE EYES

A stillness and we fall.
I think I might've seen a light.
I think I might've seen a life flash before these eyes.
It's fading... Now, it's gone.
I hear you in a muffled trance crying out to me,
"Don't leave me! 'Cause I can't do this on my own!"
I can't seem to say kind words
as I'm drowning in your glow.
Breathless, between God's names,
you whisper life to me
as if a piece of you could mend a broken me.
Futility.
Now, I feel you beating on my chest.
The pressure of your hands pumps life into the mess,
and everyone I've loved and lost
now judges my next move.
Do I move away or move closer to you?
A stillness and we fall.
I think I might've seen a light.
I think I might've seen a life flash before these eyes.

SO BEAUTIFUL

Here I am doing the best I can...
trying to be the man who thinks he understands.
Here you are, so scarred and bored...
still wanting the love I have to give
while leaving the rest of me ignored.
So Beautiful, are you ready?
So Beautiful, are you ready this time?
Dearest, can you answer this one question with your eyes closed, Am I what you chose?
Dearest, did I neglect to mention what's in front your nose? I'm what you chose!
Then, why are you not happy anymore
with what you see?

...With what you need?
So beautiful, that you cannot get what you deserve
without losing face in choosing me.
So Beautiful, Are you ready?
So Beautiful, are you ready this time?
Dearest, can you answer this one question with your eyes closed, am I what you chose?
Dearest, did I neglect to mention what's in front your nose? I'm what you chose!
So Beautiful, are you ready?
So Beautiful, are you ready this time?
The only love worth making is with you, my dear
and the only pain worth taking is from you, my dear.

SMASHED

I don't remember the last time
we could stand each other without
getting smashed. Sobriety is moot.
We all got lots of problems.
We all got stories to tell.
Was there ever any time you told the truth?
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I swear you've gone too far.
If home is where the heart is, love,
I'm heartless. Torn apart,
every time I talk to you, honey,
I hate myself a little more.
And Every time I speak to you, honey,
I hurt myself a little more.
I kill myself a little more.
I don't believe for a second I was ever noticed
without feeling like I owed some gratitude.
We all are undecided.
We've all spent time in hell.
And now you claim I have an attitude?
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I swear you've gone too far.
If home is where the heart is, love,
I'm heartless. Torn apart,
every time I talk to you, honey,
I hate myself a little more.
And Every time I speak to you, honey,
I hurt myself a little more.
I kill myself a little more.
Don't touch me! Don't even look at me!
The thought of you puts daggers to my chest.
Dust your nose and paint your eyes
the red that suits you best.
Every time I talk to you, honey,
I hate myself a little more.
And Every time I speak to you, honey,
I hurt myself a little more.
I kill myself a little more.

LESS THAN ZERO

I was tongue-tied, obliged, by my own disgrace.
I was cycling my posture to produce this face.
Shadowed by the still-life of a broken heart
pumping violently just to stay apart.
I was shot down, denied, devoured, and deterred
And I broke up, broke down, and broke my last reward.
Shadowed by the still-life of a dream deferred
pounding to the rhythm of a thoughtless word.
Singing, "Where do I go from here?
Who Should I start with? Tell me! Be Sincere!
Should I pen monotonies to make this moment clear?
Should I smother all my lovers 'til they disappear?"
Move Me!? Move Me!? Move Me!?
God! It's hard to move a stone!
There's a manifested worry just below my brow
when I think of how we were and how we're acting now.
I'm feeling less than zero every time you say
I need to be the hero in this game we play.
No, I won't budge. I won't take another step
until I validate my reasons for those who I have left.
I'm sitting on discretions only time can numb
and I'm beating violently on my last war drum.
And the room is getting small and the air is getting thin
I could give it up and go away
but the fight is worth the sting
and the world is getting smaller
and I'm hanging by a string.
I would ask to say a prayer for me
but I'll handle it with sin.
Move Me!? Move Me!? Move Me!?
God! It's hard to move a stone!
There's a manifested worry just below my brow
when I think of how we were and how we're acting now.
I'm feeling less than zero every time you say
I need to be the hero in this game we play.
Where do I go from here when loving you is all I ever
knew, my dear.
Yet, hurting you is all I seem to do.
It's fear... It's hate... It's me...
There is not another love song in me, no.

HUSH

I am so lost now.
I can't seem to juxtapose morality and belief.
No one is perfect. I can see that
I'm just the variable the world needs.
And I feel that I'm losing myself
in knowing so much yet feeling so little.
Not a word to the others.
Not a word to my friends.
Not a word to my brothers.
I often wonder where do I start
and where do they end.
Humbled misfortune tied in with greed.
I often link who I want with what I need.
I need pain. I need grief.
I need the touch of a woman that flees.
And I feel that I'm losing myself
in knowing so much yet feeling so little.
Not a word to my brothers.
Not a word to my friends.
Not a word to my mother.
I often wonder where do I start
and where do they end.
I need an answer. I need a god.
I need a masterpiece
to show me what I've got.
I need an answer. I need a lot.
I need a masterpiece
to show me what I've got.
Not a word to my brothers.
Not a word to my friends.
Not a word to my mother.
I often wonder where do I start
and where do they end.



TILT YOUR VISION (LIVE) IS:

Matt Berlin (Vocals)
Jehad Choate (Writer, Guitarist)
Victor Paugh (Bass)
Jesus Aponte (Drums)
Gregg Frey (Trumpet)
Kevin Gomez (Keyboard)

All Music and Lyrics are Written By: Jehad Choate
Produced By: Jehad Choate
Executive Producer: Victor Paugh
Tracking Provided By Jehad Choate, with the exception of drum tracks which were recorded at Phat Planet Studios (Orlando, FL).
Tilt Your Vision Logo and Without Amusia Logo Designed By: Rob DeVita
Album Cover By: Rob DeVita
Digital Booklet By: Rob DeVita and Jehad Choate
*Tracks 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, and 12 feature Daniel Woloshin on Trombone.

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In Loving Memory of: Randy Medina, Irma Greaux (Grandma Yams), Victor Velez, Jesus Ortiz, Brad Hudson

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