







**KAZAYI**

Kazyak  
See the Forest, See the Trees

1. Pieces of My Map .....	6:14
2. To the Manner Born .....	4:45
3. Tar Baby .....	3:23
4. Part I: Rabbiting Fox .....	4:20
5. Part II: Pitch Thick .....	1:02
6. Disposition .....	3:59

tar ba•by

noun informal

a difficult problem that is only aggravated by attempts to solve it.

ORIGIN with allusion to the doll smeared with tar as a trap for Brer Rabbit, in J. C. Harris's *Uncle Remus*.



# Kazyak

## See the Forest, See the Trees

Produced by Peter Frey  
Engineered and Mixed by Brett Bullion  
Mastered by Huntley Miller

Performed by:

Peter Frey: Guitars, piano, vocals, and sequencing

Brett Bullion: Drums

Jeff Sundquist: Bass

Justin Lansing: Banjo

Becky Gaunt: Violin

Greg Byers: Cello

All songs written by Peter Frey

Words on tracks 1, 2, and 4 inspired by Wolf Wolf Wolf, a manuscript by Brian Laidlaw

Recorded in Minneapolis, MN. June 2012

Illustration, design and layout by Bryce Dishongh

Kazyak logo design by Tony & Danny Vitale

[www.kazyak.com](http://www.kazyak.com)

# Pieces of My Map

This holographic owl

Ornaments for eyes

Tossing tomahawks around for fun

Bleeding sap

Disturbing the forest

Took a while to decide

What type of failure I want to be

Left with pieces of my map

# To the Manner Born

The rain is very cold sometimes

Amorphous drops trickle down my spine

Iceing my bruised and bloody eye

Taking punches from my inimical self

The backseat is no place for love

Especially some dirty pickup truck

You should be driving this thing overdrive

The domesticated dog's trying to survive

And you think he would have learned

Like the underwater reptile he'll drown

Either way this stump has too many rings

Someone should go and cut it down

There's nothing like feeling you're behind

Especially to get yourself ahead

I can see it in your eye

I can hear it in everything you've said

If I never make it back



# Tar Baby

Only in my own head, the whorl could be so loud  
All my own theories twisting in the wind  
Dwelling in the past, I was jocular and proud  
Afraid to let the future's path begin

Another bullet dodged, left hanging in the air  
I've been through the mill, pillar to the post  
Knowledge isn't wisdom but I can't see where  
Paper on the cracks, I know I fear the most

The ground is fertile now  
If you don't plant a seed, it'll never grow  
How can I stop what I can't control?  
I need to learn to let it go

Am I a runaway on my way to the edge  
A (bad luck) poet in need of an empire  
The higher I climb the harder I fall  
If the fruit ain't ripe, don't shake the vine at all

We were silent, there was nothing to say  
Honestly empty, a needle in the hay  
Cast off whatever your thrashing can't anymore  
Don't let me forget what I'm searching for

# *Part I: Rabbiting Fox*

*There's blood in the river*

*But that don't make it a river of blood*

*Like a bird on a wire*

*Don't mean there was a flood*



*Part II: Pitch Thick*



## Disposition

Got kicked off track then  
Pick up man move on  
Any luck I had  
Has vanished gone  
Myself first I had to find  
Ways through these harbors  
And trudge across these dead orchards  
My hideout has been  
Taken by rawhides  
How'd I guess you'd know  
What drowning's like  
Launching a grenade of fear  
Fingers in the car door  
Water's to my chest sort of torture

Reeling around  
Feel the force of the lift  
Spooling midair  
The direction and the drift  
If there's no sleep without dreams  
All I need now is some  
"Knew it was coming" fortune  
Aspiring eyes like color wheels  
The wild iris non-human feel  
The mural fiber's manifold  
I can see your skin shiver  
Retiring dry from the frontier  
The rapture virus explodes my ears  
Overtures of wreckage spool  
To make it worth the ride down the river

Thanks to Flor for always loving, believing and showing me peace. Thanks to Jed, Danny, Rob, Justin, Brian, Joe, Lana, Jessica & Paul for every shared minute and contributing to my sound more than you'll ever know. Thanks to mom and dad for everything ever. Thanks to Sarah for sisterhood. Thanks to the Yes! Let's Collective for being the most supportive community I could ever imagine.



*[www.yesletscollective.com](http://www.yesletscollective.com)*



*[www.groundupproductions.org](http://www.groundupproductions.org)*

*© & © GroundUp Productions (ASCAP)*