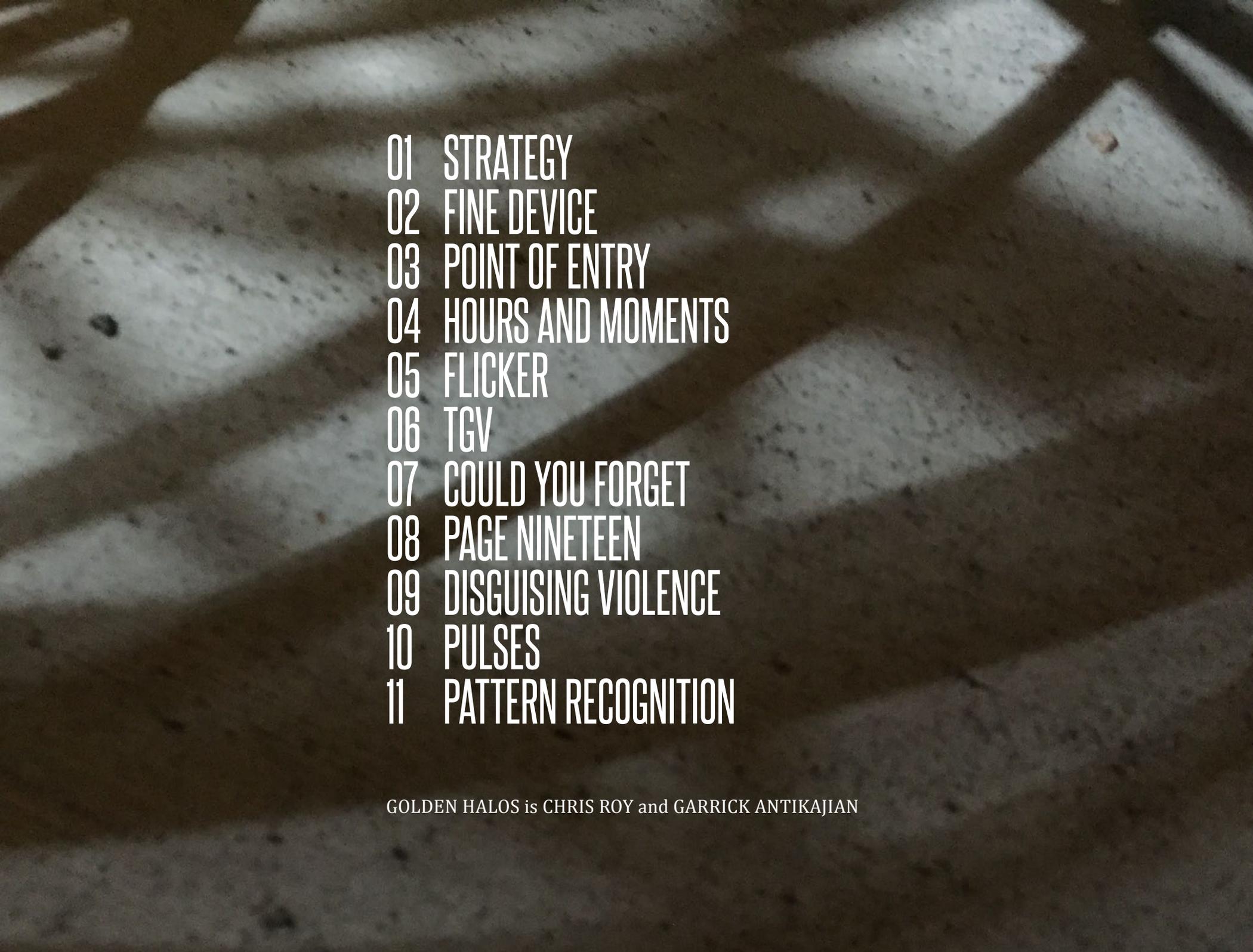
A photograph of a light-colored floor. In the upper left, a black wire is plugged into a power outlet. A single black wire extends from the outlet across the floor. In the lower left, there is a large, tangled mass of yellow and black wires. The text "GOLDEN HALOS \ \ FAREWELL STRANGE ATTRACTOR" is overlaid in the center of the image.

**GOLDEN HALOS \ \ FAREWELL STRANGE ATTRACTOR**

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GOLDEN HALOS is CHRIS ROY and GARRICK ANTIKAJIAN



# STRATEGY

the billboard  
it's a strategy  
we can interact  
more closely now  
the touch  
it's an illusion  
time elapsing  
more quickly now  
unexpected  
and unproven  
but still promoted  
more swiftly now  
marketing  
and new techniques  
we can be  
more forward now

coming over you  
in a moment of fiction  
the truth is cut in two  
and edited with prediction  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight

and in this new life  
it's automatic  
find your connections  
between the static  
over and over  
no mere prediction  
polished constructed  
groomed to perfection  
yours to discover  
thoroughly vetted  
try not to fight it or  
question the message  
let's trust in wisdom  
in here it's better  
once we're connected  
there is no reason to go

coming over you  
in a moment of fiction  
the truth is cut in two  
and edited with prediction  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight

over the corner you sat  
believing that something  
would hold out to the end  
still better than nothing  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight  
you feel alive  
but it's only tonight

the taste left inside  
it's only a matter  
of time before life  
starts leaving you bitter  
and the truth is you decide  
on fewer and fewer  
and who wants to wade  
through all this clutter  
still you're coming back for more

## FINE DEVICE

this is a fine device  
quite beautiful  
in its functionality  
singularly purpose-built  
in elegant simplicity

this is a fine device  
balance form  
and symmetry  
the circuitry of modern life  
where fashion meets utility

will you wait for us  
when we're on the run  
lend a helping hand  
when the moment comes  
will you be the voice  
on the telephone  
will you be a safe house  
when we're all alone  
or will you turn your back?

this is a fine device  
quite beautiful  
in its functionality  
singularly purpose-built  
in elegant simplicity

this is a fine device  
art and science  
form and function  
engineered metallic curves  
it seems almost natural

will you wait for us  
when we're on the run  
lend a helping hand  
when the moment comes  
will you be the voice  
on the telephone  
will you be a safe house  
when we're all alone  
or will you turn your back?

now every revelation  
takes some contemplation  
it's in the methods we define  
and for our security  
we're always looking for  
the perfect cure  
in a beautiful design

## POINT OF ENTRY

you could be someone  
you learned well  
you could make a mark  
you taste it  
it's the simple things  
that make you  
don't waste it  
before the point of entry

you could have it all  
in a moment  
you could make a mark  
you taste it  
lick your lips  
and get in line  
until you do  
you're wasting your time

always a little late  
always slowing down  
to plan your escape  
taking the long way out  
always one step behind  
all you dreamed you'd find  
waiting there for you

it could seem so small  
in a moment  
you could have had it all  
don't you want it?  
it's the smallest thorn  
that pricks you  
leaves a mark  
for the point of entry

you can be someone  
believe me  
going nowhere fast  
is easy  
all you have to do  
is take it  
it's in your reach  
but you'll never make it

always a little late  
always slowing down  
to plan your escape  
taking the long way out  
always one step behind  
all you dreamed you'd find  
waiting there for you

## HOURS AND MOMENTS

with her short kiss it's a lonely dance  
it's a strange race we're running  
closed eye pigeon stare  
she mistook me for a man  
she'll never make that mistake again  
some wait and some resist  
a sanctity we'll never kiss, yeah  
some lap like hungry dogs  
as war hounds rise to this

i did nothing  
space and time and oxygen  
it's clear from your posture  
that nothing will ever be the same

hours and moments  
in curtains  
closing like you do  
hours and moments  
always a victim  
it sticks to you

with a fine-honed word,  
she guts my pretense like a fish  
it's a subtle pill we swallow  
we crashed the car  
in suburban bliss last night  
I'll never make that mistake again  
she whispered "don't resist"  
had me pinioned by the wrists, yeah  
the audience too afraid to laugh  
we've departed from the script

i did nothing  
space and time and oxygen  
it's clear from your posture  
that nothing will ever be the same

hours and moments  
in curtains  
closing like you do  
hours and moments  
always a victim  
it sticks to you

# FLICKER

hide yourself under covers  
fall asleep in your skin  
I'm trying to keep up  
with all the places you've been  
you pretend not to worry  
you say you have no regrets  
but you're drowning in shadows  
well, what did you expect?

it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape  
it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape

you hold too many secrets  
is that what you're running from?  
buried deep in your garden  
you're not the only one  
we're both looking for answers  
you take whatever's in front  
god you're so hopeless  
but still you're all that I want

it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape  
it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape

and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in  
and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in

it's like you're scraping through water  
to find something to blame  
you say you've never had any doubts  
I guess we're not the same  
you look so fashionably haunted  
always adrift at sea  
with your stare cuttin' through me  
don't wanna know what you see

it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape  
it's a weakness  
it's a reflex  
you can't be hurt by  
the flicker of lights taking shape

and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in  
and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in  
and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in  
and you never made it  
it never failed to take you in

the two of us  
we fell asleep with the lights on again  
the two of us  
we fell asleep with the lights on  
the two of us  
we fell asleep with the lights on again  
it's changing us  
we fell asleep with the lights on





# TGV

nineteen hours on the aeroplane  
autostrade or the tgv  
i can't wait to get out of this place  
our message hasn't been getting clearer

## COULD YOU FORGET

don't look over your shoulder  
haunted by what's left behind  
on killing fields now it's over  
king in the land of the blind

and should we be expecting  
sympathy or neglect  
just find something to hold on to  
when you've got nothing left  
so you will sail across oceans  
you will travel the seas  
you'll search for something to cling to  
with nothing left to believe

coming down from the mountain  
you learned to hide your regret  
you put the seed onto your tongue  
but haven't swallowed it yet

and should we be expecting  
sympathy or neglect  
just find something to hold on to  
when you've got nothing left  
so you will sail across oceans  
you will travel the seas  
you'll search for something to cling to  
with nothing left to believe

you put the seed onto your tongue  
but haven't swallowed it yet  
you don't know whether to choose from  
denial or regret  
so you will sail across oceans  
you will travel the seas  
you'll search for something to cling to  
with nothing left to believe

how could you forget the days  
when comfort became a stranger  
how could you forget the pain  
when only pain remains here

## PAGE NINETEEN

you're in the latest fashions  
you read it in a magazine  
you know a thing or two about passion  
it's right here on page nineteen

you are the wave of the future  
you are the sweetest smell of success  
paying interest on american dreams  
getting a small percentage less

complain that no one really knows you  
your secrets they will never guess  
cue it up then play again next weekend  
same story in a different dress

you're in the latest parties  
the stepping stones to the elite  
and you know what notoriety  
will get you when you play it for keeps

it's the same old story  
you get what you give in the end  
the price is high in a play for glory  
but you'll lease it on the next weekend

complain that no one really knows you  
your secrets they will never guess  
cue it up then play again next weekend  
same story in a different...

dress for success  
night'll wash over  
give you cover — oh  
no more lonely nights adrift  
it's never boring  
'til the morning (after)  
i never said it wasn't real  
i'm just making conversation  
but the fire in your eyes has slowly died  
and now you're hesitating

complain that no one really knows you  
your secrets they will never guess  
cue it up then play again next weekend  
same story in a different dress

# DISGUISED VIOLENCE

change your name it's progress  
communication access  
a modern life and tactics  
producing new theatrics

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence

change your ways to excess  
all the world to access  
the new religion of success  
of a super power's conquests

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence

bend to please your clients  
and the politics of tyrants  
is this the age of reason  
or the consequence of silence?

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence  
in a handshake  
in the contract  
of progress

disguising violence

## PULSES

machine-like in their formation  
hidden little fragments  
nothing to conjure up the  
newest star's come down  
naked, awake behind the windscreen  
"hey," she said, "it's money"  
4am the radio pulses on

and wake me up from the cold floor  
silent and stiff  
and shake me i'm breaking into you  
but how hard we try  
the pieces will never fit

old life leave me at the playgrounds  
decadent and cheaply  
parklife care to bring your poisons this way  
new things swallowed at the playgrounds  
poppies on the water  
connect with the radio pulses on

and wake me up from the cold floor  
silent and stiff  
and shake me I'm breaking into you  
but how hard we try  
the pieces will never fit

we're nothing within these spaces  
within these fragments  
no one dreaming so reckless and awake  
"take me away," she said  
she said  
eraser the radio pulses on

eraser the radio pulses on  
eraser the radio pulses on  
eraser the radio pulses on  
eraser the radio pulses on  
eraser the radio pulses on  
eraser the radio pulses on

# PATTERN RECOGNITION

i lost you in a chemical haze  
shifting colors in the atmosphere  
we haven't seen the sun for days  
the old gods will find us here  
golden traces of radiation  
play to an ultraviolet electric eye  
eroding patterns of recognition  
pseudo reality synthesized

painting over the old lines  
we are planting the seeds  
in the shapes of lost angels  
we're plotting new geographies

looking out in the helium sky  
a product of history  
is this the price of a new life  
cultural memory

i lost you in a chemical haze  
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we haven't seen the sun for days  
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in the shapes of lost angels  
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looking out in the helium sky  
a product of history  
is this the price of a new life  
cultural memory

la luna and her sisters  
circling above us  
a lesson in a lunar cycle  
a new day is dawning  
a shift in our gravity  
the satellites have fallen  
heralds and fanatics  
we've buried the old maps  
to plot a new geography  
the satellites have fallen



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[www.golden-halos.com](http://www.golden-halos.com)  
[golden-halos@golden-halos.com](mailto:golden-halos@golden-halos.com)



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