



The oldest track on Flashbulb Memory, Leaving, was written on an upright piano in my friend's old house sometime during the summer of 2014. As I worked further on it throughout the year, it became deeply associated with my memories of that place. Now, that house is up for sale, and I'll probably never step foot in there again. In a few years it will look very different, maybe unrecognizable. This past year and a half, as everyone I knew left for college, I stayed behind working on these songs; but whenever I tried to write about these more-recent experiences, I found myself painting with broad, impressionist brush strokes. In nostalgic fits I revisited old lyrics concerning my most vivid memories, all of them taking place in the old house. I could already feel those moments slipping from present to past, forgoing their urgency. There was a haziness in my recollection that I hoped I could capture, assembling fragments of memories that recurred ceaselessly in my dreams, each time growing more distant & pure. I don't remember how it felt back then anymore - not truthfully, at least, but these songs are about how I'm going to think it felt. I've never been afforded a change of scenery. I've never lived anywhere else. I'm here, as I always have been, and it'll never be the same again. Some days I felt like a ghost haunting my hometown, returning alone to all the places that had meant something to me, only to find them empty in some way I couldn't quite place. Sound is a good way to express obscurity, I think. With the right distant reverb & warped fidelity, I can fade away layers of clarity in the same way that age deteriorates a memory. Rather than exist in a sterile environment, I wanted these songs to float gently on the surface of a dense soup of vague sounds & textures, replicating the incoherent nature of our recollection - such that certain images and inconsequential moments ~~that~~ fall into clear pockets of focus, while others blur together at the edges of these pockets in a dim fog of faint, unplaceable emotion. Every track is draped in found sound culled from old recordings of parks, friends' houses, abandoned houses, abandoned churches, hospitals, places that have since been demolished. The cover of Flashbulb Memory is a film photograph I shot could see all the way down to the shoreline; the houses all stopped far before the sand, except for one lone house right up next to the waves. I don't have any photographs of my friend's old house before they moved, and it went up for sale, but when I picture it in my head, it's a similar image: The house is distant & obscured, surrounded by vast swaths of dark space. The lights are lit perpetually, but no one is home anymore.





way, way after
we left you on your own
you called & I didn't answer
I just couldn't bring myself to move
just, just like candles, everything is
melting, away & if you start to feel
dizzy just fall over it's okay

and the fog rolls in
I am lost in it
drifting hopeless
I get lost in it

Lie, lie here with me
as our memories start to blur
I, I can't remember if it was ever any better



Holding it over our heads
I know I deserve it
everything always gets old
lacking a purpose to serve
nothing I need
the still, the seed
all of your dreams come back to me
I've lost your name,
this place,
your face,
me,

It's silent on the shore



I've lost
this face
your face
nothing the same,
I miss everything

It's silent on the shore
whatever you've endured
beneath the trees you
fall asleep somewhere
you've been before

You know to follow me
I see the memories meet
You're always here
You reappear
You follow what you fear



Sunk into a darker room
I felt myself leaving myself
but it doesn't matter at all
& I won't be there when you fall
nothing means anything now
save me somehow
cause I don't know how
soon you will see all of me
In a dream I floated away from you
& all this time I missed the sighs
but it's over now
Yeah the ~~fires~~ are all out



empty houses & empty parking lots
I lost myself in something that
was gone
floor collapses and walls decay
entire lives forgotten
& we don't stay the same
You know it's all of the time
and you know just what you'll find
things reoccurring but I am certain
I won't feel this way again
You are bleeding into my daydreams
intruding quietly. I don't know what it means
we collapse & memories decay
entire lives forgotten
can we just stay the same

We stayed in your room
You'd been up since last moon
I'm trying not to hear you
Sinking feelings I just wanna sleep
& the days get long
only after everybody's gone
I want you to reach into my mind
I wanna lose myself in your light
Say goodbye,
sometime

