

**VIRTUALLY
APPROXIMATE
SUBTERFUGE**



K.L. Storer

So, what does “Virtually Approximate Subterfuge” mean? Where does that come from as a title for this repertoire of music? Originally “Into the Blue Dawn” was going to be the title cut, because it was just after I’d written and recorded that track that I knew I was making an album. My brother-in-law, Joe, asked, since at the time this song was the third piece I had written and recorded in the last few months, if I was making an album. I didn’t know I was until the question was posed, or, I hadn’t acknowledged it to myself. INTO THE BLUE DAWN seemed like a good album title, still does. The theme of becoming whole and sane by creating art is a pretty good theme, but I later stumbled upon a concept that intrigued me more.

That spring, 2020, I wrote a deliberate opening song. The goal when I sat down to write “Identity” was that it open the album. I composed the bass riff that opens the song, then programmed the beginnings of the rockin’ drum part, then the chord structures. I don’t remember now if I had all the little musical bridges and interludes composed before I sat down to write the lyrics, but the words didn’t follow long after the music was started. The new title of the collection was engendered by these lyrics. I’d looked them over then focused on the two versions of the chorus for a line or phrase that might work as an album title. APPROXIMATE PRETENSE was a contender, as was COVENANT OF VERACITY and INTO THE LABYRINTH. None of them felt right, but I was on the right track. The eventual title was inspired by these ideas.

Virtually (adverb): for the most part; almost wholly; just about.

Approximate (adjective): near or approaching a certain state, condition, goal, or standard.

Subterfuge (noun): an artifice or means used to hide something.

“Almost approaching the act of hiding something.” I guess that’s what the title means. There are certainly elements of this in the song “Identity,” which has a persona speaking that, if he’s autobiographical, he is romantically and greatly exaggerated, ‘cause that guy seems far more interesting than I. Maybe that’s the virtually approximate subterfuge: that he’s a bigger-than-me version of me. The basic concept of “Burning Bridge” hits on this, too. That one is a little more on the nose as autobiography; it’s literally about this 60-something dude putting out his first album like a 20-something, though it IS a bit of stretch that I have burned any bridges to do so. Still the idea of the dude “crossing the burning bridge” is dramatic and interesting, so it serves the song.

Also, because my mind makes seemingly odd connections (that often puzzle others and that they disagree with), I perceive that the eclecticism of the music that makes up the repertoire speaks to VIRTUALLY APPROXIMATE SUBTERFUGE.

However, in the end, the title is the title because I like the sound of it. My big hope is that you like the sound of these ten pieces of music.

K.S.

As time goes on, more detail about the making of this album and the songs can be found on my website at www.klstorer.com/on-liner_notes.html.



IDENTITY (7:55)
(K.L.Storer) © 2020 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

It'll be your mark in time
It'll be your epic page
The punch into my chest
To shove your hand inside
You'll find the thin fine line
Under my left rib cage
Where you can wield your best
Thrust into my hide

As the drizzled rain drifts
Peer into my eyes
I could follow through
Never move my gaze
I know you want to sift
You want to find that prize
Then you can decide who
Stands in the shadowed haze

You want to know my identity
Turn left into the labyrinth
No covenant of veracity
But roughly near a sense

I castigate myself
From my pedestal
I'll lose at every game
Then conquer the universe
If I were someone else
Standing here, whole
I bet it'd be the same
No better, no worse

I have no metaphor
To expose this heart
The words that ride my breath
Will not caress my tongue
So, you stood at my door
Pounding, pounding hard
So, when will I confess?
Well, the night is young

You'll never find my identity
Without hunting in the labyrinth
No guarantee it's reality
But it's approximate pretense

You want to know my identity
Turn left into the labyrinth
No covenant of veracity
But roughly near a sense

You'll never find my identity
Without hunting in the labyrinth
No guarantee it's reality
But it's approximate pretense



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS (5:11)
(K.L.Storer) © 2019 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

It was the night Before the night
Of Christmas Christmas as night
I was alone but not lonely
I saw you standing there
I felt you touching me
I heard you say what I needed to know

And all I ever have to do
When the echo is too hard to bear
Is put you standing by my side
Though it's just my imagination
And there's no place that I can go
Where you're not walking there with me
It's the universe where I live
It's my Christmas gift to me

It could be hard roaming these empty rooms
But love is strong, it's the mighty arm
That holds this house together
There is no rhyme
No rhyme to speak eloquently
About the fabric of the threads
Holding you to me

And all I ever have to do
When any of the threads start to fray
Is put me standing next to you
I know it makes you think of me
And there's no place that you can be
Where I'm not walking by your side
It's the universe where we live
It's my Christmas gift to me -- yeah

And all I ever have to do
When the echo is too hard to bear
Is put you standing by my side
Though it's just my imagination
And there's no place that I can go
Where you're not walking there with me
It's the universe where I live
It's my Christmas gift to

It was the night before Christmas eve
Christmas eve in our humble home
I sang my certainty
I knew the very next day
You would be standing there
Really standing there
Standing at our front door

And all I ever have to do
When any of the threads start to fray
Is put me standing next to you
I know it makes you think of me
And there's no place that you can be
Where I'm not walking by your side
It's the universe where we live
It's my Christmas gift to me



ICEBERGS (8:18)
[Instrumental]
(K.L.Storer) © 2019 K.L.Storer
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CHILLED OCTOBER MORNING (4:19)
(K.L.Storer) © 2021 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

On this chilled October morning
I'm decked in my escape
While the world spins without caring
Who I am or what I want



I took a nap and some shit happened
I took a hike ignoring you
I've been alone with my four strings
With my blood and with my soul

When it rains, I have my joy
In the sun, I stop my breath
With the trees I've found companions
The fire pits burn with promises

Mars and the Moon have been walking
Strolling deep, azure-black skies
Their pristine path, their smiling leisure
Their graceful stride to the blue dawn



Coyotes cry across the starlight
Closing in so carefully
In the air I smell their unease
But in my bones, I feel their hope

The rippling waters sing their comfort
That multitone, still melody
The lake waves invite with their warning
"It's a fool who disrespects our might"

So, I relish this "alone"
These random visions on my own
Because it's more than just my home
That feeds the loneliness



On this cold December night
When Jupiter and Saturn meet
The long lost sister and brother
Through the eyes of Ganymede

Winter clouds blanket the canvass
Hanging vengeful, thick, and black
Still the kindred are together
Their progenies standing guard

I contemplate by lakes and rivers
I congregate with evening's fire
I meditate with the season's wind
I feel the soil embrace my feet

On this cool blue winter morning
I'm decked in my escape
While the Earth whirls unconcerned
With what I want or who I am



JUST ONE SHADOW (6:04)
(K.L.Storer) © 2021 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

I stand inside my room for one
I paint planets on my walls
Forging my universe until the time is done
Then I can breathe you in, and we can waltz

Feel that distance between you and me
Feel it pulling, feel it pushing us
Engaged in this gray reality
In these days alone, standing tough

No longer want to walk the avenue
With just one shadow on the ground
It's sorrow singing from my lonely view
When your chorus is such a distant sound

(Now we hide our faces behind coverings)
So listen to the voices, look into the eyes
(While we're living in these new familiar scenes)
We try to step away, from the sad reprise
(We listen for the tapping on our front windows)
When the messenger delivers the word
(And we stretch our arms out for those tomorrows)
Escaping this black box, this theatre absurd

No longer want to walk the avenue
With just one shadow on the ground
It's sorrow singing from my lonely view
When your chorus is such a distant sound

I long to cross to your side of the road
Then I could rescue you and you could rescue me
We'd clutch each other close to break the cold
Each pulsing touch would slay the agony

No longer want to walk the avenue
With just one shadow on the ground
It's sorrow singing from my lonely view
When your chorus is such a distant sound

(No longer want walk the avenue)
With just one shadow on the ground...
[etc....]

THE ANSWER (4:18)
(K.L.Storer) © 2021 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

My mind was bogged with mysteries
The mysteries of life
I drank another double
And I pondered on it all
I pondered on the histories
Our stories raining down
I never have understood
How we recreate mistakes

Can somebody in this room
Tell me what's it all about?
Can someone tell me
What's it all for?

But nobody knew the answer
It was plain for me to see
Nobody knew our reason
Or our destiny
No, nobody knew the answer
It was plain to see
That nobody knew
Nobody knew

Before me stood Apollo
The Buddha and the Christ
The Orishas and Mohammed
Krishna and Abraham
They stood before my whiskey
And I knew who they were
They looked so wise and godly
They seemed so self-assured

Can somebody standing there
Tell me what's it all about?
Can someone tell me
What's it all for?

But nobody knew the answer
It was plain for me to see
Nobody knew our reason
Or our destiny
No, nobody knew the answer
It was plain to see
That nobody knew
Nobody knew

Nobody knew the answer
It was plain for me to see
Nobody knew our reason
Or our destiny
No, nobody knew the answer
It was plain to see
Nobody knew
Nobody knew



BURNING BRIDGE (6:51)
(K.L.Storer) © 2021 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

My season ponders absurdity and denies the amber leaves
A clever fraud on my summer love whose effervescence is deceived
Hiking the mile in young man's boots without trudging to new truth
Beneath the shadow of autumn trees where the spring bouquets seduce

The blossoms from my poet's fingers breach the white landscape
Defying glacial uncertainty in the sweltering cascades
Surrounding echoes of energy from moments then to now
The howls of verity loudly sound, east to west, north to south

Embracing the palpable, the contradiction's energy
It's surging combustible, torching old reality
My ego is culpable of the metamorphic pilgrimage
Am I indestructible, crossing the burning bridge?

Like a virtuoso-imposter at the red-sun dusk
Hoping to stand in the moonlight that maybe never was
Singing and dancing madly beneath midnight's stellar glow
Footprints and reverbs in the forest, but will the new spring know?

My season's red-moon epiphany rebukes my squandered days
And so the late-summer arid tempest desolates the haze
Cloaked in a young man's spirit, ascending the redwood
Defying death of my universe until the winter's warmth concludes

Embracing the palpable, the contradiction's energy
It's surging combustible, forging new reality
My ego is culpable of the metamorphic pilgrimage
Am I indestructible, crossing the burning bridge?
Am I indestructible?
Am I indestructible?
Am I indestructible?
Am I indestructible?



COZY ANXIOUS CHAOS (6:39)
[instrumental]
(K.L.Storer) © 2021 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

MEMORIES OF THE TIMES BEFORE (pt. 1-4) (10:14)
(Music by K.L.Storer; Lyrics by Richard Earl Hisey Jr.)
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Administered by CD Baby. BMI

All the times before
It seemed I got my way
Why now is everything
Going wrong?

I heard the whistle blowing
And it really tore me up
Just knowing
You were on that train

The boys sometimes get me down
Always talking trash about you
I try to put them out of my mind
Then I wonder
If they're not right

You said that you needed a change
That didn't change my mind
The time we spent gets me down
When I realize it was wasted

But I still have my memory
Of all you are to me
But I know my thoughts alone
Won't get me by

I'm alone in my lifetime
I'm thinking the book is closed
I try to put it out of my mind
Then I wonder
If it's not right



INTO THE BLUE DAWN (3:54)
(K.L.Storer) © 2020 K.L.Storer
Administered by CD Baby. BMI

The thick, gray wall of fog
That overwhelms my hand
Has made it "twenty-five or six to four"
My warrior-muse queen
Ride in to rescue me
Press your lips against my ear

I touch my primal scream
It's burning in my gut
I hear the echo in the abyss
Where is your whispered breath
To stroke my melody
Into the blue dawn

Where I'll sing
Out the pain
Shout the anguish
Cry and roar
I'll sing
Raw, red words
Kill the chaos
Then I'll be sane again

I am the coward king
Struggling up the cliff
Of this never-ending void
My Queen come down to me
Clutch me by my arm
And pull me to my life

And when you wield your sword
Don't swing a glancing blow
Drive it through my heart
So, when the naked truth
Is bleeding from my veins
That's when we'll begin

We'll ride into the blue dawn
We'll ride into the blue dawn
We'll ride into the blue dawn
We'll ride into the blue dawn

Where I'll sing
Out the pain
Shout the anguish
Cry and roar
I'll sing
Raw, red words
Kill the chaos
Then I'll be sane again

**all lyrics appear by permission*

***song lengths stated in this booklet do not account
for seconds of silence at the end of recordings to
accommodate spacing between songs*

Virtually Approximate Subterfuge was recorded, off-and-on, between October 2019 and December 2021, in either the bedroom or the so-called livingroom of a small apartment in southwest Ohio, somewhere on the far outskirts of the Dayton area. Although, David Bernard's guitar work on "Identity" was recorded in a loft bedroom, a little closer to Dayton.

The album was recorded on, first, a Tascam 8-track digital portable recorder (DP-03), then, on a Tascam 24-Track Digital Portastudio (DP-24SD), and was mixed and mastered in Logic Pro X. The one exception being David's guitar work for "Identity," which was recorded direct to computer into Protools.

With the single addition of David's PRS 245 SE (single cutaway) 6-string electric guitar on "Identity," the instruments and pedals used for this album were:

Epiphone Embassy Bass
Epiphone Viola Bass (Vintage Sunburst)
Giannini acoustic/electric bass
Williams Legato III keyboard
M-Audio Oxygen 61 61-key midi Keyboard interfaced with Logic Pro X voices
Yamaha PSR-180 keyboard
Yamaha PSR-12 keyboard
Boss SY-1 guitar synthesizer pedal *(on bass guitar mode)
Boss OS-2 Overdrive/Distortion pedal
Boss OC-3 Dual Super Octave pedal

All drums were programmed using Apple GarageBand, except the drumming in "The Night Before the Night Before Christmas," which are drum tracks from the Yamaha PSR-180 keyboard.

This album was produced and engineered by K.L.

Jacket and booklet design by K.L.Storer

website: www.klistorer.com
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Photography by György Vadbor



