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As\_Is. Caz Liske's music represents life's greatest journey where the final destination is only clear to stars long gone, their light waves still travelling the universe.

As is. A door not fully shut, not open, yet inviting us to step in, explore a universe that overlooks us all through the keyhole of thoughts untold but sung.

Eternal embraces of acoustic and electronic sound, the poetry of a clear navigable sky and a pure heart, the piercing sadness and unfathomable joy of the last day of summer or the hour before dawn - As Is. Eyes closed, all sound - to hear As Is.

*Ksénia Lukyanova-Emelyanova*

As\_Is. Как есть. Как музыка Кеца Лиске есть музыка отправившегося в самое долгое путешествие, пункт назначения которого известен только давно потухшим звездам, но дарящим свет и по сей день.

Как через полуоткрытую дверь каждая песня нам предлагает шагнуть в его вселенную, смотрящую на нас через скважину недосказанного, но спетого.

Бесконечные объятия акустического и электронного звучания, поэзия чистого лётного неба и чистого сердца, щемлящая грусть и необъяснимая радость последнего дня лета или предрасветного часа – все как есть. Закрывать глаза и слушать, чтобы услышать. Как есть.

*Ксения Лукьянова-Емельянова*

## CAZIMIR LISKE

### AS\_IS

1.	Wallpaper Song	05:11
2.	Door is Open	04:15
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8.	Something Permanent	03:39
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10.	At Home	02:02
11.	Radiation	04:14
12.	02.20.11	03:05
13.	Asphalt	02:18
14.	Improvise	06:02
15.	Door is Open (Live Version) [Bonus Track]	03:37
Total time:		57:40

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Dedicated to: Oliver Benjamin Liske

Composed by: Cazimir Liske

Original lyrics by: Cazimir Liske

Performed by: Cazimir Liske and unknown musicians

Produced by: Cazimir Liske, Andrei Samsonov

Mixed and mastered by: Andrei Samsonov

Executive producers: Polina Liske, Sergey Krasin

Lyrics transcribed by: Paul Marino, Emily Copeland

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Design by: Dmitry Lisitsyn

## WALLPAPER SONG

Good night, good night, wild-haired girl.  
Let your hemisphere eyes take respite from the world.  
Did you know that we grow even when we're asleep,  
Like the city we breathe in, like the love we believe in?  
And it grows.  
Tell me, my love, do you recall,  
Our old home, the air there, the layers of wallpaper  
Curling back down to our nest on the ground?  
And see there was no ceiling, no walls, no floor, no feeling.  
Oh, but he grows. Yeah, he grows.  
This song ain't finished. The verses are short and weak, just like the hours,  
the days, the weeks, the months, the years, the centuries.  
It's like me, incomplete, full of holes springing leaks.  
Maybe you and me could sit down and work out this chorus,  
See the coils in the wallpaper before us.  
And the gods, the gods will close the window and ignore us.  
And the lines, these times, the signs, will bind, oh, and burn.

## DOOR IS OPEN

And she hits traffic, intercepting, vapor trailing, time for calling.  
Good girl leans against the door. She has not rested, not for hours.  
She is perfect in her uniform.  
It's Zion. She is perfect,  
Loves her pasha, Jersey condo,  
Meaning business, and they love her.  
And she leans against the emergency door just for a second.  
She has pressed the magic button, door is open  
Door is open, door is open, door is open, door is open, door is open.  
She is falling.  
Hey, Oh.  
Mother, mother can you see me?  
I am falling to your country.  
I am falling from my heavens.  
I am crashing into Kansas.  
I am going  
I am someone  
I am something for the first time  
For the last time I am falling, I am moving to the earth and she sees later.  
Now her mind is,  
To the north and she could learn to,  
She would fly there, now she's falling,  
And she knows that she is real,  
She spreads her wings and spreads her fingers,  
And she knows that she is Lord and,  
She is falling,  
She is flying,  
She is living,  
She is dying,  
She is falling.

## **SWEET**

I could not count the ways, the days, I've gone crazy with you on my mind.  
Cannot describe the music of your name.  
And these words, they too will fail in their reign.  
And it's true, I may never hold you again.  
Oh, but all the same, oh, it's sweet kissing you. Mmmhmm.  
And I'm lost, I'm lost, missing you.

## **MOTH**

A moth in the rain.

Pleasure and pain.

A garment unstained.

Trade away, hey.

You used to say it's impossible.

Take a rest from what you're not sure of

Put your mind on...

## RED GIRL

Dance with your arms in the air  
But hold onto your head, girl  
There could be side-effects loving a man until he knows he's probably dead  
(There may be some complications in choosing to love someone until he's dead)  
There could be risks involved loving a person who knows what it's like to be dead Girl  
She's always looking for someone to tuck into bed  
fuck with your head  
Chose him instead  
Wish she could be some color other than Red  
Blue boy  
New boy  
Give yourself something to do  
Put on your shoes boy  
Didn't they tell you  
To look in the eyes of the person who's talking to you Boy  
There's nothing harmful in flirting with someone like me  
But I'm not for you  
I'm red as roses and you  
You're an indigo no-show (soldier), a Blue boy  
a color is only a color when seen in the light  
Who ever heard of a rainbow after sunset lovers only see each other in black and white  
But when I dream (everything turns to) red  
Gold ring  
Keep it here under my pillow until she appears  
Kisses my tears  
Tramples my fears  
Says 'yes' to a hundred more years with a gold ring  
Black knife  
Jack knife  
Hidden away under his pillow in case of  
attack—I  
didn't foresee finding cutlery nestled there between bookends of his life Black knife  
I swear I don't know how it there his chest  
He made his request  
He made me his best  
And I left with a gold ring and a Black knife  
A Color is only...  
Green world  
Clean world  
Viewing it from up above

It's not such a Mean world  
Up here it's chilly and lonely, there's no air to breathe but it's such a serene world!  
Green world  
The difference between here and there is there's no one like you  
Nothing to do  
No trace of red  
To fuck with your head  
Nothing but me in the blue and the knowledge that  
you're wearing  
gold on your finger  
and black in your pocket  
in the the green world / green world / red girl  
Gold ring  
Old ring  
I know I won't get the girl till she sees the  
Real thing  
I'll slip it onto her finger, tell her I love her, say baby I'm your king!

## LIGHT YEARS

Is it cold where you are, on the pole of yourself?  
Do you miss the sun coming through your window?  
Can you see the signals being broadcast to you?  
Will you receive these prayers before the light years take me down?  
I still talk about you, though mostly to myself,  
Mostly in my sleep, or in the midst of the crowd,  
Never aloud.  
This is not a plug to call you back here.  
You can choose to lose your roots forever.  
When they ask me am I crazy, I say maybe,  
But I know I'm only crazy for you.  
Cause now I live like a fool, always thinking of you.  
And staring up at the sky, as the years break me down.

## SOMETHING PERMANENT

I'd like to give you something permanent,  
Like a permanent marker but slightly more pertinent.  
I'd give you my life, but my life is finite.  
I'd give you my death, but that'd be kind of creepy.  
I'd give you soul, but my soul is your soul.  
I'd give you all my money, baby, but you'd spend it on me, so  
I'm gonna give you my love, my love, my love.  
Give you all of my love, my love, my love.  
My love, my love, my love, my love, my love.  
If you're free tonight babe,  
I've got a plan for you.  
If you're free tonight babe,  
Listen what you oughta do.  
Go way outside the city.  
Meet me where the road ends.  
I'll put my arm around you,  
And then we'll see what happens.  
You could run away.  
And I won't try to stop you  
Maybe you can stay, hey.  
Maybe you could stay.  
Maybe you could stay. Stay. Stay.  
It's the only thing worth waiting for.  
It will be here. It was here before.  
It's all that you are made of,  
All that I am made of.  
It's all here, here.  
I'll give you my love.  
I'll give you my love.

## WIND

Lyrics not available

## AT HOME

I never feel more at home,  
Than somewhere far away with a person unknown.  
It's far away better than on my own,  
Somewhere far with someone I know.  
I could be quiet with someone I know  
When it's quiet in my own home,  
That's when it's quiet in my own heart.  
With someone I know, I know I won't be apart.  
The valleys are low.  
Together with the mist, the rivers they rise, right out of the past.  
The rise is high. The mocking birds fly.  
The rivers they flow when I am at home.

## RADIATION

An old man with no name and no place to go,  
Moves between traffic on the main boulevard.  
A white bag of rubbish flies from his hand,  
With an arc like the life of a hero.  
It falls on the windshield of a passing police car.  
The screaming of brakes, the raising of voices.  
But the old man in bare feet marches on down the bare street,  
Conducting his symphony of swerving commuters.  
In the core of your throat, a monster is breathing,  
A siren of stress, an earthquake in the veins.  
You don't always feel it, but you can tell it's there,  
The anus of a sleeping volcano.  
And then she appears in her grace and her glory.  
The meltdown begins. The capillaries swell.  
And your blood just grows thicker,  
And your eyes glow and they flicker,  
As she watches you disappear with a smile.  
Radiation.  
And then she appears in a grace and her glory.  
The meltdown begins. The capillaries swell.  
And her blood just grows thicker,  
And her eyes glow and flicker.  
And she watches you disappear with a smile.  
Radiation.

**02.20.11**

Take me down over the hill.

Roll me upstream.

You want a new life.

I want a new dream.

Nineteen, twenty, twenty, twenty-one,

It's all a game. It's all for fun.

Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one,

It's all the same. It's all one.

## **ASPHALT**

Asphalt, my fault.

Sitting on the radius, sitting on the radius

You are, you are.

Keepin' it goin'

Keepin' it goin'

Keepin' it

I have the time. Come and know what I meant.

I have a... when it's winter, where it's coming,

On the wrong side of the road.

Sitting on the wrong side of the wrong road.

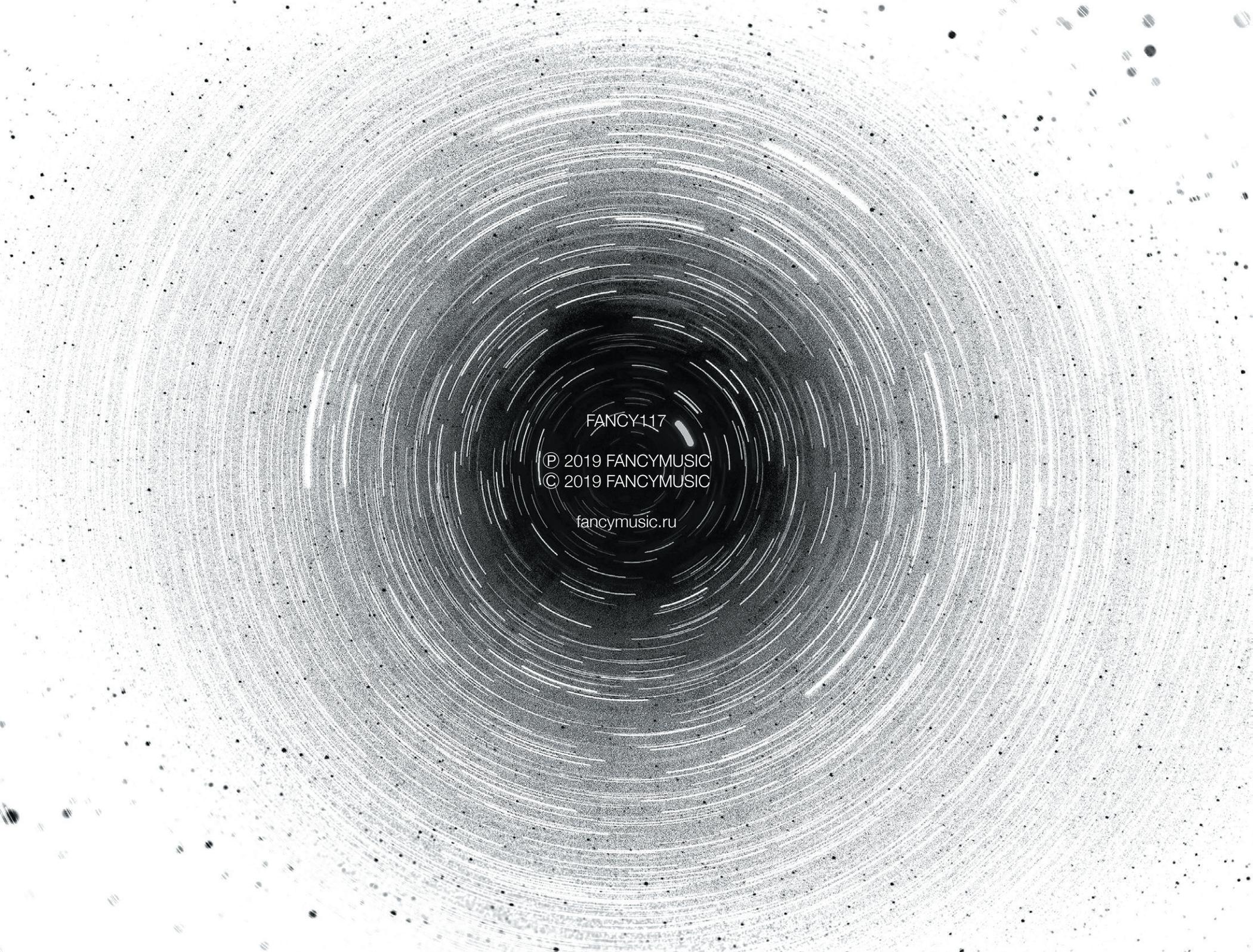
I had a time looking for where he went.

I had a time rolling through the...

I had a time. I haven't had enough time. More time.

## IMPROVISE

This could be right for you,  
But that don't mean it's right for God.  
This could be anything you called it.  
You call it.  
This could be understanding.  
This could be misunderstanding.  
This could be love.  
Let's call it what it is.  
This could be love.  
And this could be love.  
This could be, and who will know but you.  
This could be our chance to conclude,  
I don't want to be alone when the verdict comes through,  
Don't want to have a home without you,  
Don't want, don't want nothing you can't show me.  
And there might not be much a reason for this trouble I've caused you.  
But baby, oh baby, sometimes I don't know what to say.  
What games to play.  
Let's start with today.  
Let's start with today.  
Let's start with the way you thrill me to come back home,  
And the same track that I took was made for you,  
Was made for everyone. Everyone.  
This could be our time, who's to know. Who's to know?



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