

EATON



HARD BENT

The effects of the Vietnam War are still prevalent today. It is a persistent wound from which so many of the issues and conflicts that divide us today, and the politics that surround us, seem to have festered from. The harsh lessons from that conflict resonate as parallels with our present world: war fatigue from a decade-long engagement in Iraq and continued warfare in Afghanistan, and the politics of distrust in Washington, a city that seems out of touch with the rest of America. It is more relevant than ever.


This album is dedicated to all the veterans who have served this country, including my grandfathers who served in WWII: one as an Army Medical Officer (M.D.), the other as a civilian serving under the Department of the Army, and later as Special Consultant to the Secretary of the Army. And my grandfather-in-law who served in WWII as a B-29 navigator in the Army Air Corps, and in Korea as a decorated F-86 fighter pilot in the Air Force. Sadly, he passed away in July. But this is especially dedicated to those of foreign wars who fought and paid the ultimate sacrifice. Never forget that Freedom Is Not Free...it comes at a price. Never forget those who have fought...we owe it to them, they should always be remembered. Perhaps some day we will learn from the lessons of war...but I doubt it.

Thank you to my wife for all your patience during this project! And to my family and friends for their continued support, and to all who support independent music. For me, creating music is a very personal journey...it's hard to convey the commitment and dedication that one takes when venturing down this road. It truly can be a snapshot in time of an artist's mind, spirit, soul, blood, sweat and tears. Thank you Ken Burns for your inspiration, and for all your great documentaries. Many thanks to Grammy Award-winning mastering engineer Bob Katz for continually sharing your knowledge and expertise with the music industry, and for your fight against "The Loudness Wars." I am a better audio engineer because of you, and an avid advocate for bringing back dynamics to recordings. We all have a volume knob/control on our devices, but none come with a quality (i.e., dynamics) knob we can turn . . .

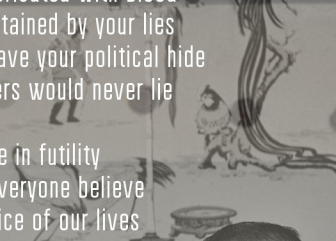
BREAKING SQUELCH

Vice President Spiro Agnew "Age of the Cross" Speech May 1970
President Lyndon B. Johnson State of the Union Address Jan 1966

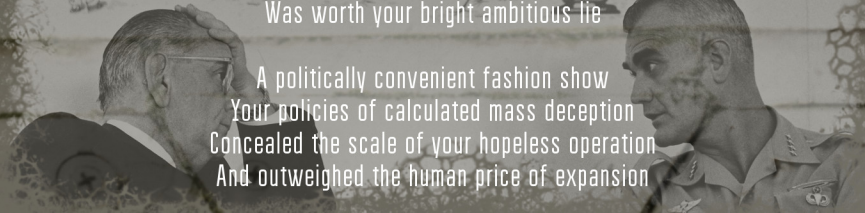
BRIGHT AMBITIOUS LIE



Your machine is lubricated with blood
A state of war sustained by your lies
Invented villains to save your political hide
But oh no our leaders would never lie



An exercise in futility
Yet you made everyone believe
That the sacrifice of our lives
Was worth your bright ambitious lie



A politically convenient fashion show
Your policies of calculated mass deception
Concealed the scale of your hopeless operation
And outweighed the human price of expansion

(Blood drunk selfish whores...)
Your machine is fueled by our blood
And intoxicates all you political whores
This is the arithmetic of war

OUTSIDE THE WIRE

Steel pot upon my head
Ruck on my back, weapon in hand
Sleeves up and cigarette lit
Watch your flank and check my six
(Check your six)

In the bush humping the boonies
Bandoleers across my chest
(Hooah)
Seeking out the hornet's nest

That's life outside the wire
Downrange it's all free fire

Pounding ground all day long
Marching through a war that's so wrong
Dreaming 'bout being back home
We carry on like a dog with a bone

Searching out our first contact
Blistering heat and a broken back
Saddle up and take the point
I won't stop until they tear my joints
My joints disjoint

That's life outside the wire
Welcome to this pit of pain and fire

Hear the dogs a coming
Yeah we roll in full battle rattle

Welcome to your life outside the wire
(Where they'll eat you alive)
Welcome to this pit of pain and fire
(Just try to survive)

The adrenalin in my veins pushes higher
Just outside the wire

Yeah downrange outside the wire...



DEFENSELESS

And this is for all the silent ones
With out a voice, against the noise
And this is for all of those who've died
Before their time, have we lost our minds

And this is for all the defenseless ones
Mothers and fathers and daughters and sons
And this is for all the helpless ones
The lack of justice from a war unwon

And this is for all the broken lives
Who have become undone
And this is for all the discarded ones
The rejected sons, with no where to run

And this is for all of those who've cried
(No one at your side)

And this is for all who need to fight
(Where will you hide)

And this is for all the countless ones
(And now you run)

And this is for all of those we've shunned

With no one at your side
Where will you hide
The defenseless one
And now you run

BULLET SPONGE

We are counted in thousands
For uncertain reasons
No matter what the season

We'll take that hill on high
Cause it's our job to die
As fire falls from the sky

And you and I
Will despise
All of their pious lies

You can aim at me with your guns
Cause I will be your bullet sponge

All flesh is grass
When you're in the elephant grass
You might as well kiss your ass
(cause you won't last)

We are measured in miles
Chasing phantoms in the wild
Shedding certain blood we defile
(and that's a fact)

And you and I
We will die
Only to be despised
(And they don't give a damn)

You can aim at me with your guns
(You're free to fire)
Cause I will be your bullet sponge
(Now my heart is wrung)
Zero in on me I'm the one
(I am your gun for hire)
Cause I am your bullet sponge
(I'll cut you down if you run)

GUN CORPS AND
FEEDER AND
EXPENDED AMMO

FIXED AND DILATED

Is there anybody here
Is there anybody still around
All my friends are gone
And now they're all underground
Are there any signs of life
And does anybody know the sound
(ooh...)

I can barely hear the night
But I feel it beating down
And now all my dreams
Are simply bleeding out

Peel the layers from inside of me
When I'm fixed and dilated
Then I'll rest in peace
Peel the layers from inside of me
When I'm fixed and dilated
Just let me bleed

So another grunt dies today
Another one goes unsung
And who will keep the wolves at bay
For war is a continuum

HARD BENT

I am a doll
I am a rag doll
At the mercy of all
And I'll take the fall

I am a toy
Just a plastic toy
Molded in your hand
Here on demand

And I will be used
And will be abused
A victim of your vice
And I always play nice

And so long
This fool has come unglued
You're so wrong
I'm broken just like you

I am a pawn
A sacrificial pawn
Move me to that square
But just beware

I am your plaything
And I'll keep soldiering
I am he who destroys
All of your plays

And I will be used
And will be abused
A victim of your vice
And I never play nice

And so long
This fool has come unglued
You're so wrong
I'm broken just like you
I'm no longer strong
I've been hard bent in two
You're too far gone
The world needs a piece of you
Just another piece unglued...
(Just another piece will do)

LAST STAND

President Ronald Reagan "A Time for Choosing" Speech Oct 1964

PTSD

Don't glare into my thousand-yard stare

So you recall all of your friends

And all the places you have been

Then you replay all your repressions

Then begins the palpitations

I tried to swallow orders

My demons give me no quarter

So this is my disorder

I hear all of your cries

While another piece of me dies

So you recall all of your enemies

And all the critical injuries

Then you uncap all the aggression

Only to feel the rush of depression

And so the guilt weighs you down
Like a stone in my boot I just can't get out

It's me here behind this wall
There's no one here at all

I tried to chemically erase
The image of your face
And fill this forsaken space

I hear all of your cries
While another piece of me dies
Just a torn shell remains
From the shadows of horror and blame

Get it out
Get that stone out...

HARD BENT

CREDITS:

PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY BRIAN EATON

ALL SONGS **WRITTEN, ARRANGED, PROGRAMMED AND PERFORMED** BY BRIAN EATON

Brian Eaton - vocals, guitars, keyboards, zither & drums/percussion

RECORDED, MIXED AND MASTERED BY BRIAN EATON AT EATIN' RECORDS, PORTLAND, OR USA

ALL SONGS PUBLISHED BY BSE Music (ASCAP)

ORIGINALLY RECORDED, MIXED & MASTERED DIGITALLY IN 96kHz / 24-BIT FORMAT

BRIAN IS ENDORSED BY ALLEGRA CUSTOM DRUMS, www.allegradrums.com/artists

BRIAN PLAYS: ALLEGRA MASTER CRAFT DRUMS, ZILDJIAN, PAISTE & SABIAN CYMBALS, FENDER & MARTIN GUITARS, AND AKAI KEYBOARDS

ARTWORK & DESIGN BY BRIAN EATON

ADDITIONAL BOOKLET PHOTOS TAKEN BY ALMA EATON AT THE EVERGREEN AVIATION & SPACE MUSEUM, OR
HISTORICAL WAR PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

BRIANEATON.COM



THIS IS THE ARITHMETIC OF...



CD Disc



1. BREAKING SQUELCH
2. BRIGHT AMBITIOUS LIE
3. OUTSIDE THE WIRE
4. DEFENSELESS
5. BULLET SPONGE



BRIAN EATON

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HARD BENT

6. FIXED AND DILATED
7. HARD BENT
8. LAST STAND
9. PTSD



10. DEFENSELESS (UNARMED VERSION)

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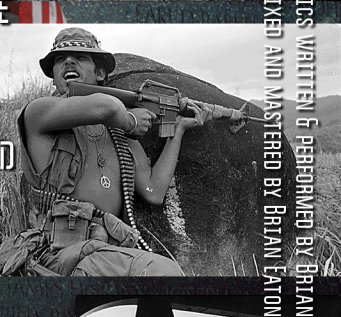
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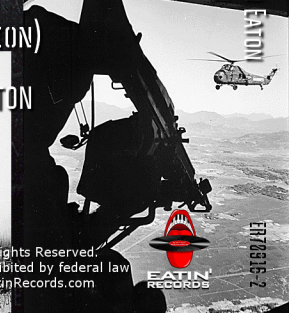


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ALL MUSIC AND LYRICS WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY BRIAN EATON
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7