Cataclysm

Words and music by
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from "The Dark-Eyed Chameleon"

Music prepared by Jeremy Borum  www.jeremyborum.com

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Cataclysm

18 \( \frac{d}{d} = 72 \)

24 A tempo

\[
\text{But who is speaking? You shared my heart, my bed,}
\]

\[
\text{angused}
\]

\[
\text{on-ly hours a-go}
\]

\[
\text{The monsters who made you}
\]

\[
\text{are hovering near;}
\]

\[
\text{we were introduced just the}
\]

\[
\text{Faster \( \frac{d}{d} = 92 \)}
\]
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o-ther day._____
They still have you_ in cu-ri-ous thrall. And

\[ j = 112 \]
lyrically

some-one has de-ci-ded: Our love must die._ My world, my dream is

\[ j = 112 \]

A little slower

crum-bling in this ti-ny room, be-neth a flick-er-ing bulb._

\[ \text{sostenuto} \]

You say you prayed for us.

\[ \text{sostenuto} \]
But your god has failed.

Broadly

I am fearful, desperate

simile

fearful, desperate

am

O - p e n e d 

so

shaking.

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PERUSAL SCORE -- DO NOT PRINT
wide, shields

lowered, with time exploding.

forlorn am being molto.

cast to the winds, with -
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out explanation,

out apology.

molto rit.

lonely, distant

Did I ever
know you?
My questions will echo through the years, down De Chiриco's empty streets.

As for you, the sense of betrayal rests is silence.

Faster $\nu = 105$
sense of betrayal

As for you, the rest is silence.

losing control
I am swept out to sea,
pulled under by a \underline{\textit{rip}}} tide of grief and de-\underline{\textit{vas}}-

tation. I tumble and gasp:

Hands reach out, \underline{\textit{voi}} ces \underline{\textit{cry}} all a \underline{\textit{blur}}.

\underline{\textbf{Much slower}} $\frac{\text{\textit{d}}}{\text{\textit{d}}} = 70$ \underline{\textit{as softly as possible}}

My fate is to \underline{\textit{ride}} or die.
110  exhausted
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This journey can never be described.

Hold on.

114
\( \frac{j}{j} = 102 \)

poco accel.

119

123  \( \frac{j}{j} = 132 \)

stronger

127  distant

E
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drawing closer

reasons have drifted by; finally the grip relaxes and I surface. It is night,

regaining control

the air is warm, stars swim above me.
145 \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{e}} \cdot 92 \) end of the journey

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I pull for shore, alone, unseen; the pull back

149 \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{e}} \cdot 86 \)

dome of heaven lights my way. And

152 Calmly, but with pathos

A little slower

now I have reached the beach. I am no longer thinking of

156 you.