





1. pieces

One of these days I'll swap my brain
With butcher block collectors
In mineral town
And I'll be wasted from the neck down
It'll captivate the authors
Who scripted this scene

Now the stage is falling apart
Sit on the pieces while you whisper
"There are no returns allowed"
We just gotta wait
For all to vacate
And incubate their summer homes

Mow the lawn
We hold
Your heart

One of these days I'll sell my skin
For activated charcoal and a cigarette
I'll be putrid, sallow and wire-thin with
Emaciated organs, but at least I wore it well

And now the stage is falling apart
Cradle the fragments while you whimper
"There are no regrets allowed"
We just gotta wait
For all to placate
And intubate their dying homes

2. sorrento

I don't know why everyone's so
Happy with the way it's been
I'm dying here
Dying with the window open
Just don't know why everyone's so
Satisfied with how it's been
I'm dying here
Dying with the front door half ajar
(2x)

Everyone's an actor
Straddling the bend
Bend too far and you'll break down
That's a risk that I'm willing to take

Say my name, say I existed

Everyone's a player
Cupping tattered rules
Catch the runoff and covet
So insightful I bet you win big
Everyone is a layman
Straggling to catch up, save me
Posing, posturing, prolapsed
So delightful when checkpoints save you

I don't know why everyone's so
Happy with the way it's been
I'm dying here
I'm dying here
I'm dying
Say my name, say I existed
I'm dying
I'm dying

3. playground

Little boy, keep fishing
Little boy's in over their heads
Play like nobody's listening
Drown the screams out
Frozen on the couch

Come out when you're christened
Call out when you're over the hill
In the sidewalk whistling
On a concrete michelin, man you fell

Into a well of some great damn
Yankees are way ahead so suck
All of your pride up it's too short
Sell it all now before it dumps

Sanitary but missed him
Got ready but missed the chance to sell
Match point, he's so gifted
Don't blow it, yeah
Don't blow it all

Man you fell
Into a well of some great damn
Yankees are way ahead so suck
All of your pride up it's too short
Sell it all now before it dumps

4. sleep

I went to bed
But I woke up instead
And I lied about where I'd been

Sometimes we lie
And sometimes we go back to sleep

Went down to the Sunday morning
Left my tickets on the path
Realistically it's Monday
Ticket stubs now turned to ash

Went down to the Tuesday drive-in
Lot was empty 'cept for Ted
Gave his tickets to the bellboy
He, in turn, sold them to Ed

Went down to the Wednesday special
2-for-2 unless you ask
Woke up and it turned to Friday
Skynyrd may have had a point

April 5th and 7th fumbling
Green and yellow march ahead
Violet was the better singer
76 guns and you're-



- PIECES
2. SORRENTO
 3. PLAYGROUND
 4. SLEEP

JULY 18, 2026



the band:

Cris Clipperton: Guitar, Vocals

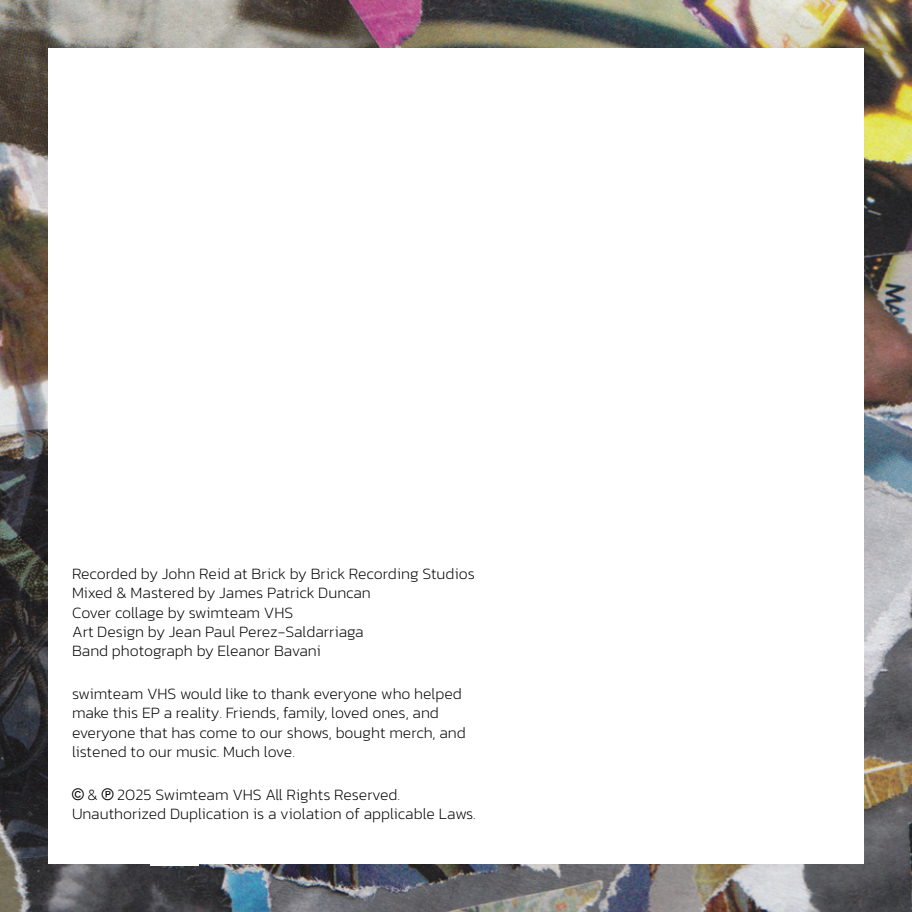
Adam Crespo: Drums

Julio César Gutiérrez Altamirano: Bass

Dara Mouhot: Vocals

Jean Paul Perez-Saldarriaga: Guitar





Recorded by John Reid at Brick by Brick Recording Studios
Mixed & Mastered by James Patrick Duncan
Cover collage by swimteam VHS
Art Design by Jean Paul Perez-Saldarriaga
Band photograph by Eleanor Bavani

swimteam VHS would like to thank everyone who helped make this EP a reality. Friends, family, loved ones, and everyone that has come to our shows, bought merch, and listened to our music. Much love.

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