Habit

David Campbell

Habit

For Soprano and Piano

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Performance Time: 20'30"

Aftermath

So much more than emptiness, it's something had but something lost. More than darkness, it's a phantom light. Absent shadows cast long across my skull. Those dark, creeping voices whisper haunting tones: You will never feel that light again.

Fantasy

I long to forget. To be not just heart-numb but brain-numb. I would scratch the gray matter from my mind for that sort of permanent peace. But the memories will not let me. Each failure loads a brick on my back, and I slump and I sag, and strain at the burden. But then I feel it—that tiny spark, deep down. The beginning of expectation, the frail first fledgling of hope. And I can see it: no longer absence but something glorious in the distance! I am not in so deep. No I am not so lost. And I remember—before darkness closed my eyes—how it was to feel the sunon my face. What it was like to laugh and sing.

Seduction

The other is a saccharine poison pretending to be sweet. But oh how sweet it seems! How it makes my pulse race. My stomach lurch with hunger. I can almost feel it again. Like the first time, remember? Its silken fingertips so eagerly massaged my brain. Fingernails scratched my veins, breathed whispered seething love in my ear. Septic hands caressed my ticklish goose-bumped skin. Remember how it feels? Like a soothing dip in a warm bath. Like a long drawn out sigh. I don't have to do it. I don't. But what if I did it? Just a little.

The Want

No. No! Resist! I can resist. I can endure a small short pain, a moment. But it is a ruthless being. So difficult to conquer. So merciless. So unyielding. Cruel. Heartless. It's million minions invade my body, scorching, scratching, screaming, racing, railing, reaming through my nerves all the way to the tender tips. Tiny fingers string spider-silk around my neck. Pitter-patter feet scramble through my blood. Unravel my tendons. Teeth gnaw my muscles. Eat my brains. Burning mouths devour my matter through and through. Scrape, scrape, scrape. Chew, chew, chew. Hollow me out. I am hollow. A husk. Filled with only want. The want. I want. Oh, how I want it!

Sacrament

Where is the choice? Forgotten. Because I can see it. The only. The relief. The cure. In that lovely corner of my mind I am master now. Because the moment is set. But the where, the how? That is mine. That is my victory. I welcome its embrace. I am home. Its serenade sounds like rapture in my ears. And I feel calm. And I feel clean. And whole. And bright And beautiful, so beautiful. And the world is at peace. And my mind is at peace. There are no more hidden corners of despair. No darkness to weigh me down.

Mourning The Morning

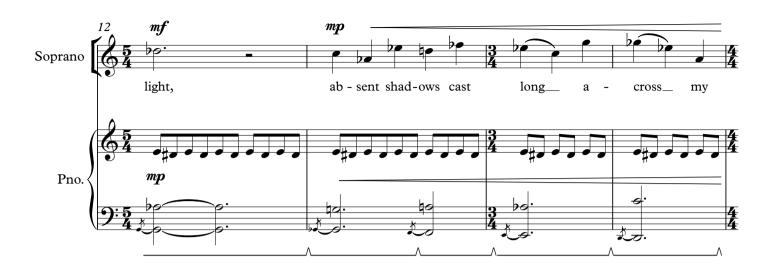
Blackness—a pinprick—like an inkblot in water. It spreads. See how it spreads. My stomach tightens and I know. My deliverance has the breadth of creation, but the span of a heartbeat. Dread. Like an itch on the back of my spine. The scrape of a voice inside my mind. My happiness is not happiness, but a straw-frame tower built of blinders to my suffering. I can no longer hide from the darkened rays of misery streaming through the breaks. I am left standing naked with nothing but grease and grime on my skin.

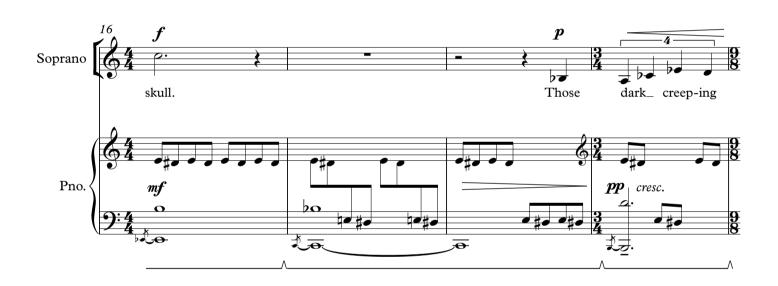
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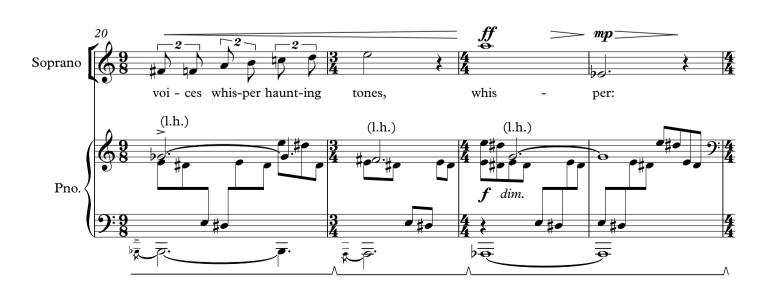
Fitfully =80 (poco rubato)

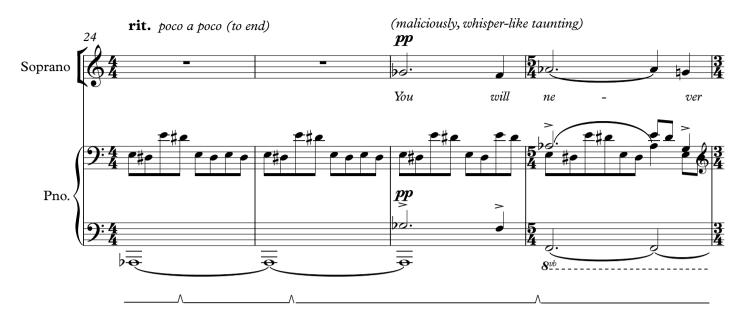


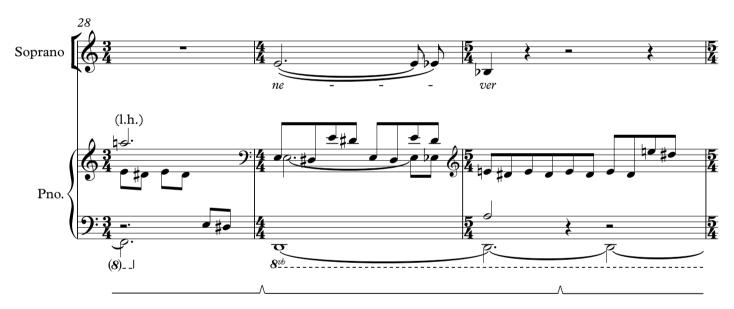
Music Copyright © David H. Campbell 2012 Text:Jenny Matthews (Used with permission)

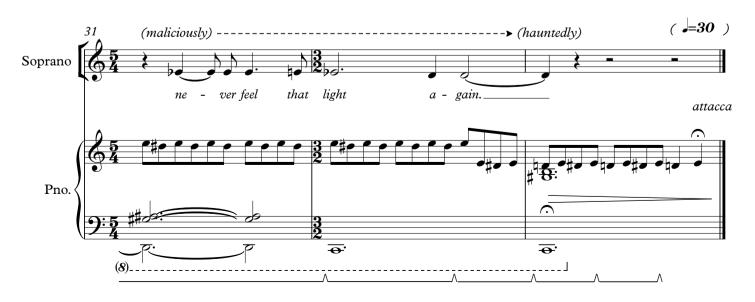






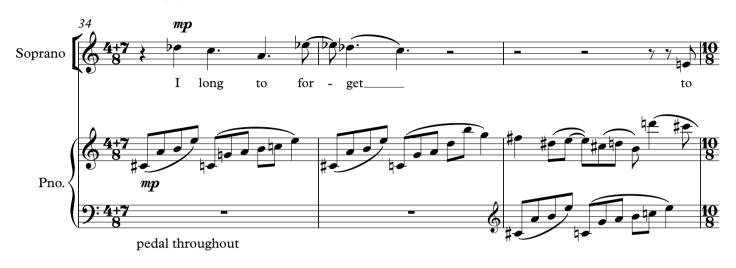


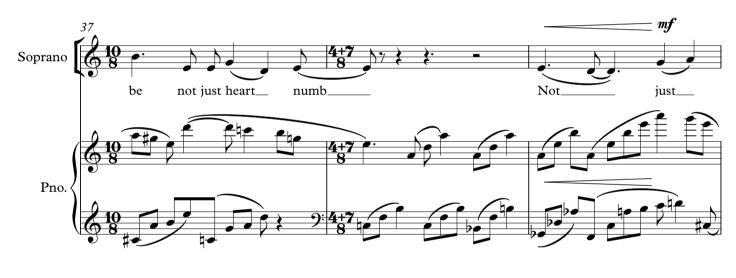


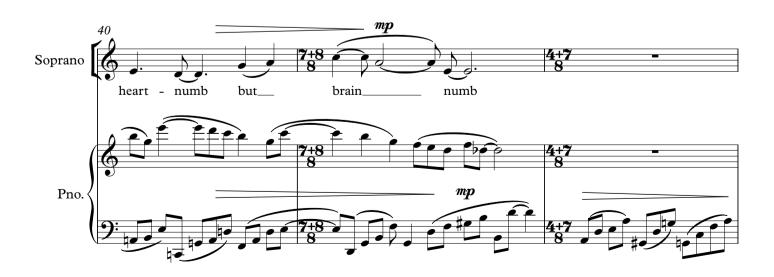


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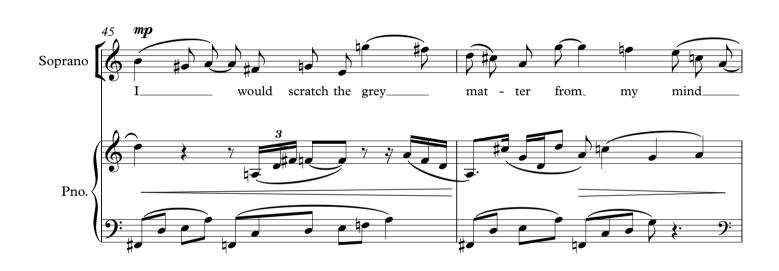
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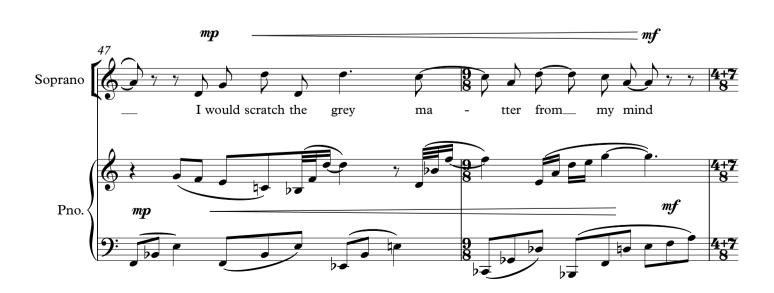




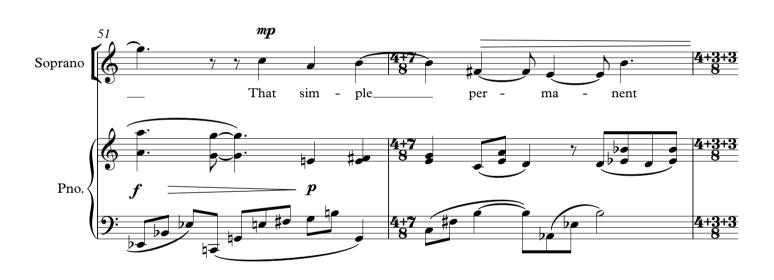






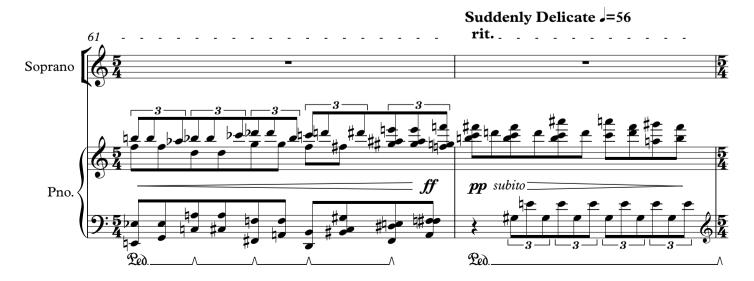






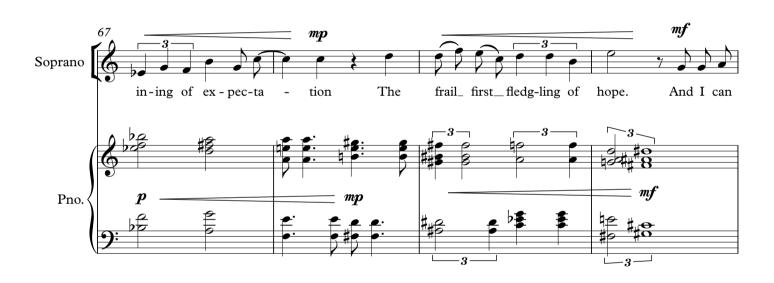


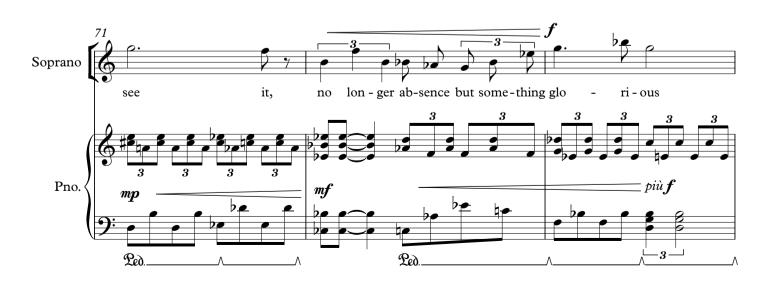




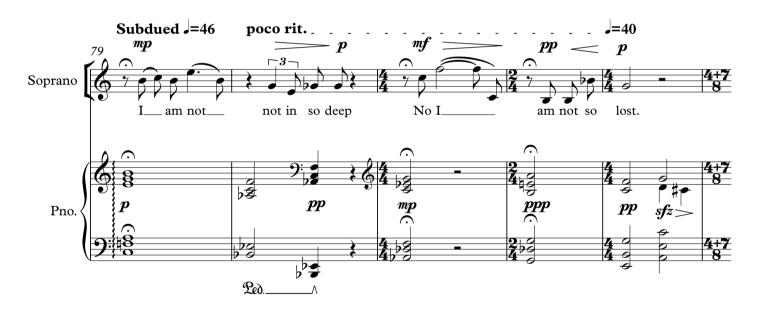
With Building Enthusiasm =45



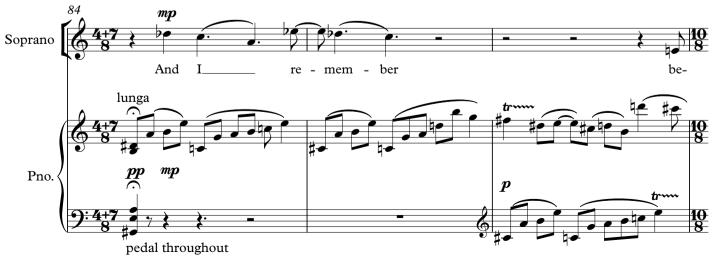


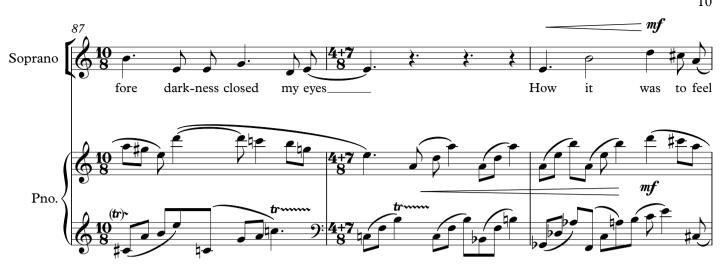




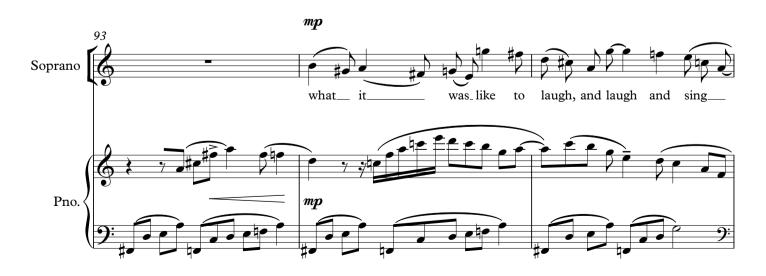








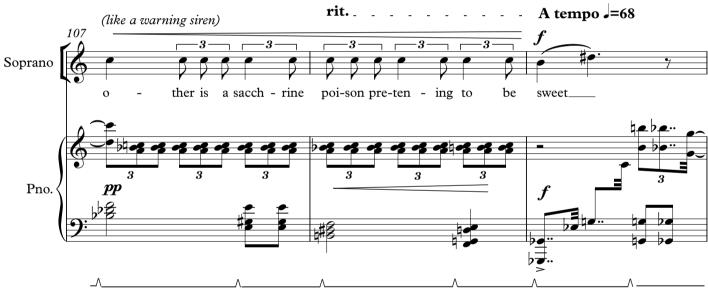


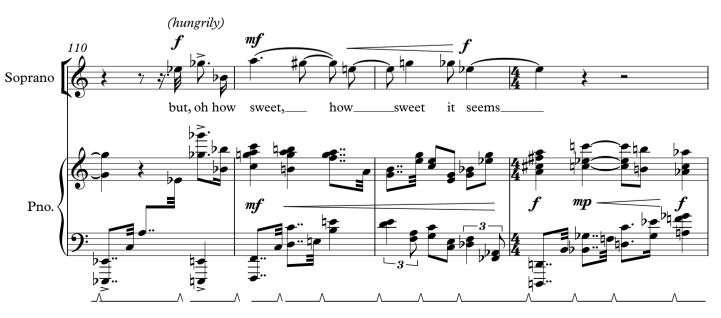




3. Seduction



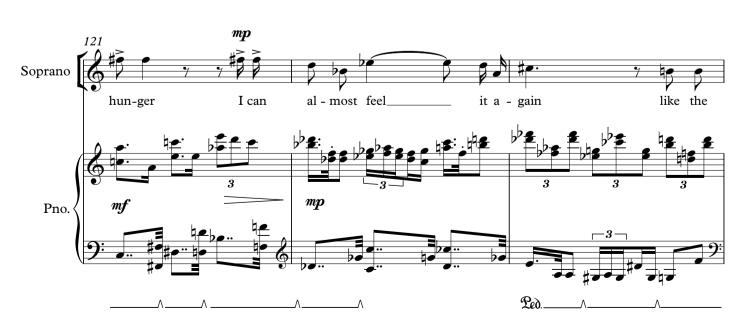




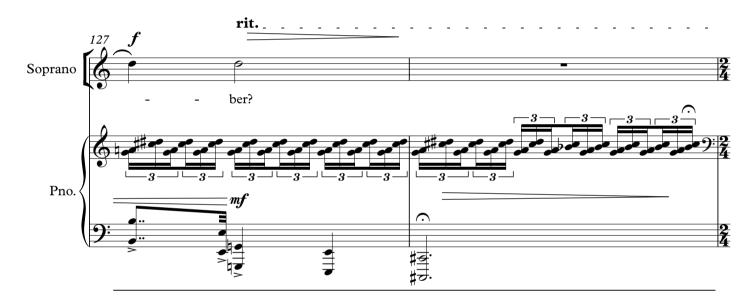


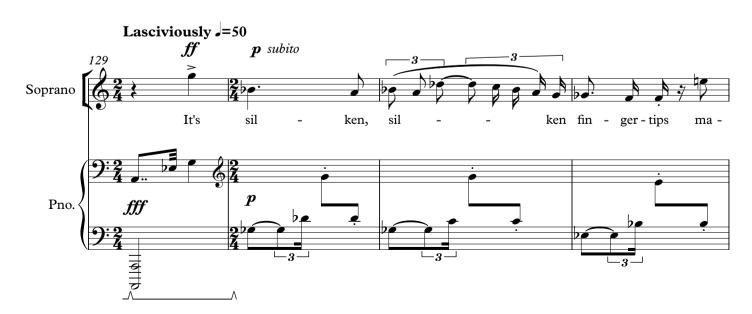




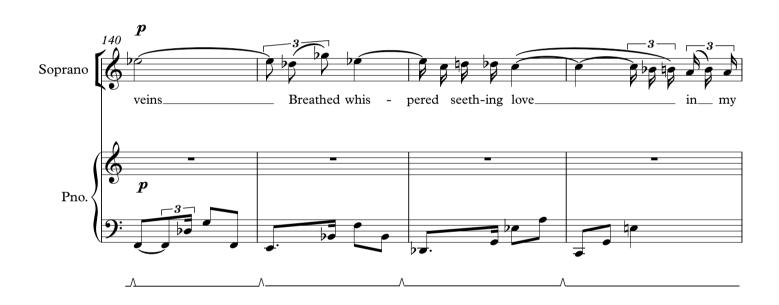


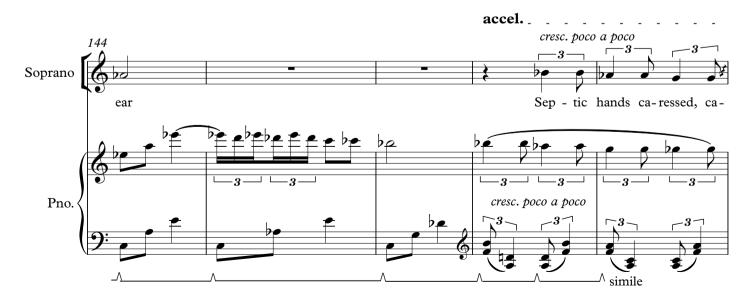






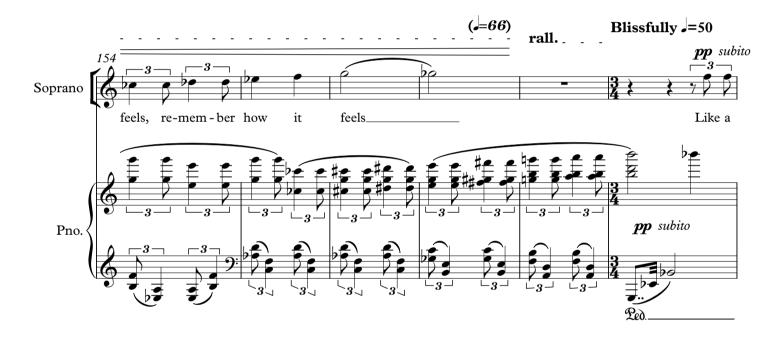


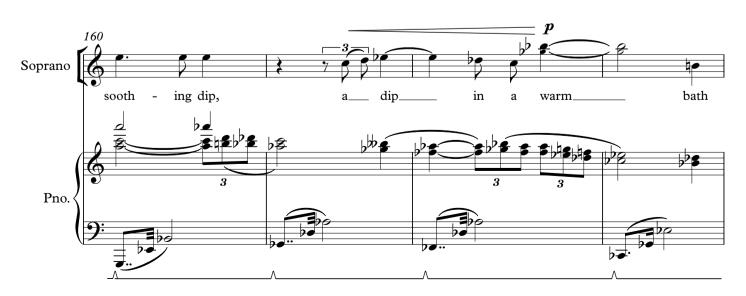


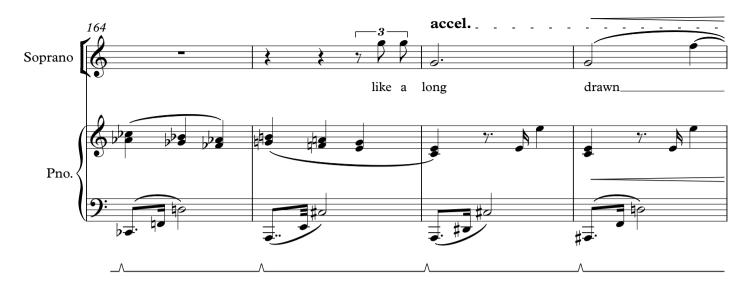


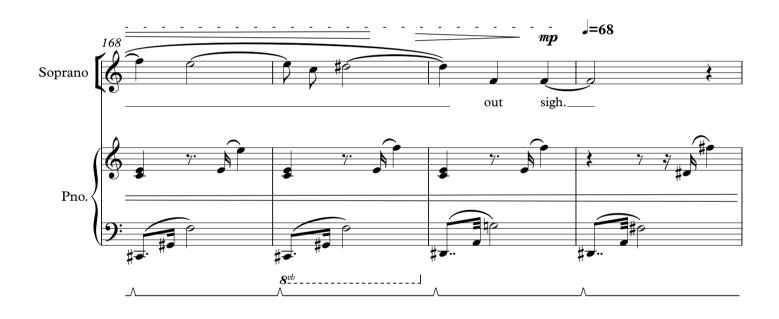


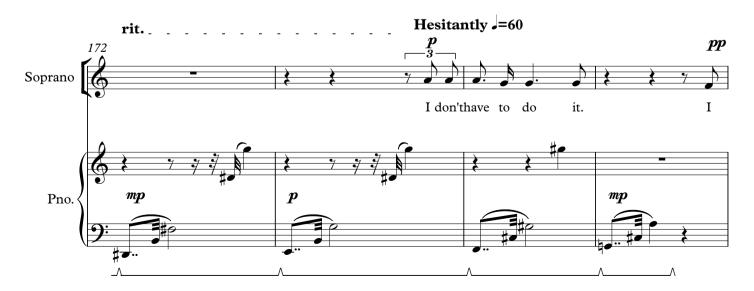


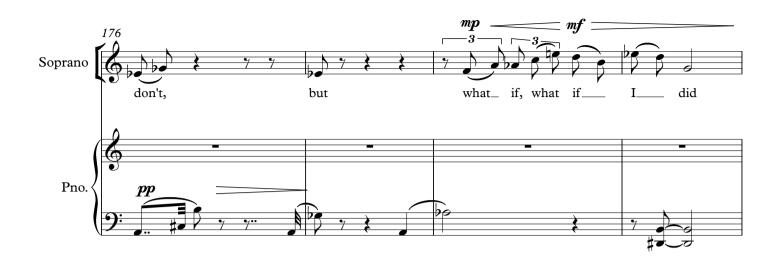


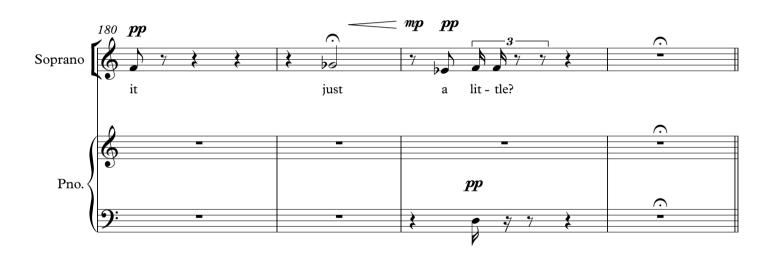






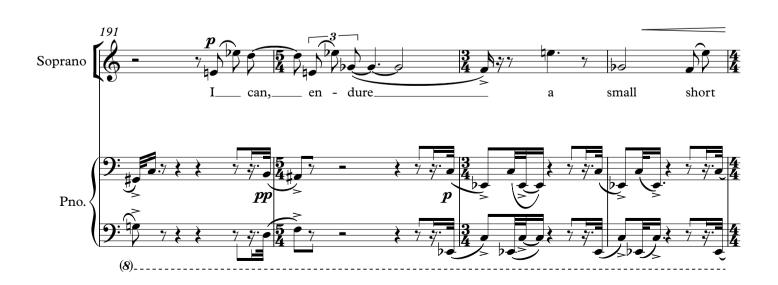


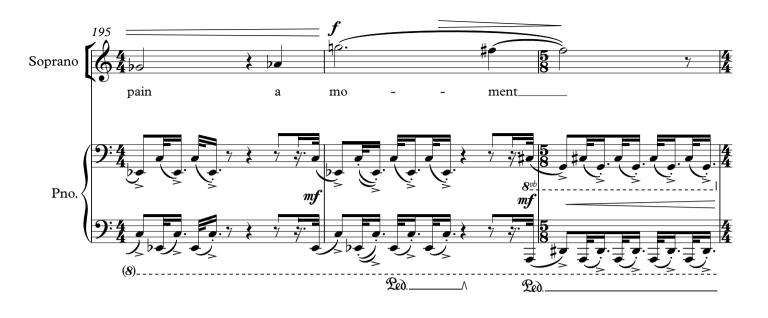


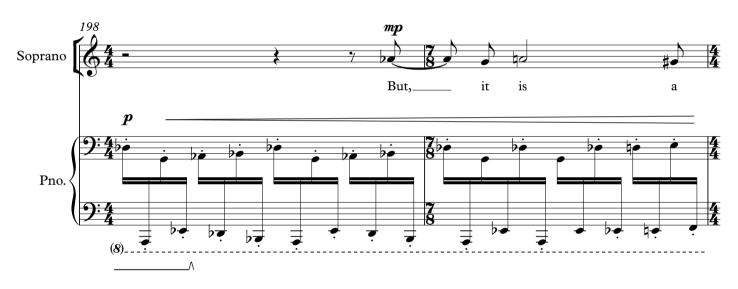


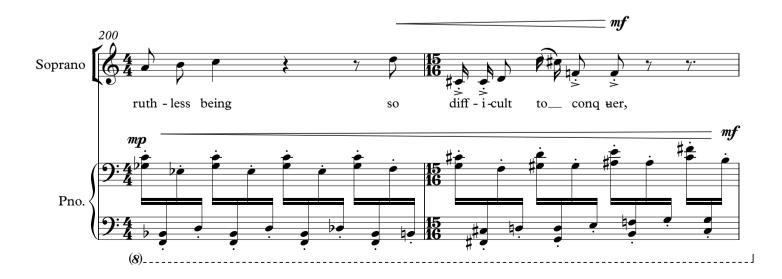
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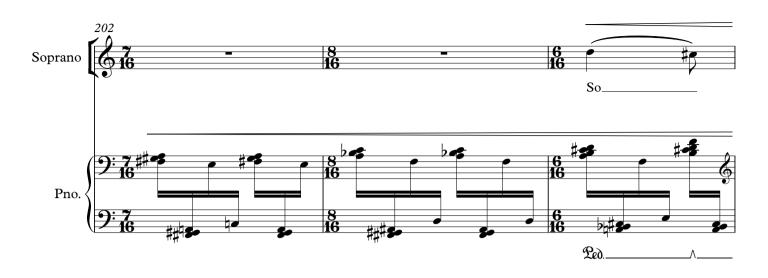


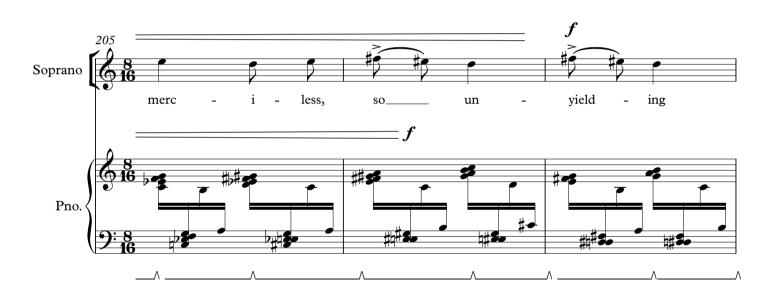






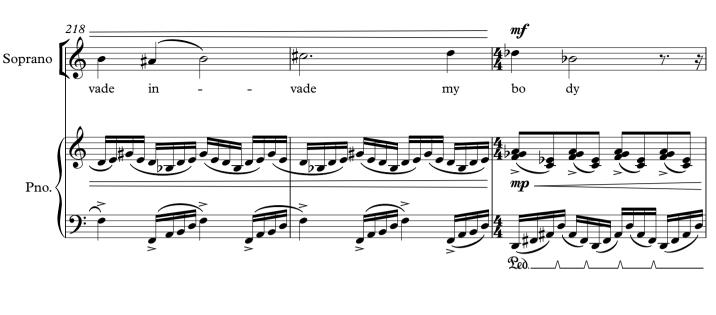


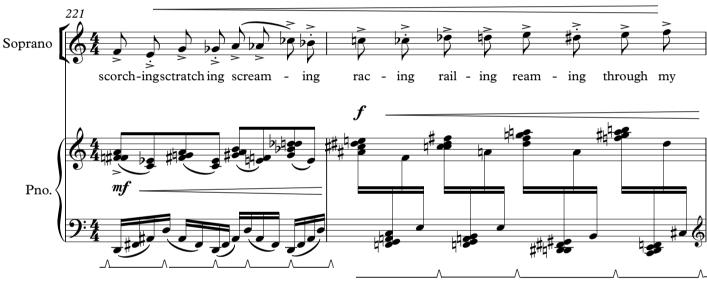




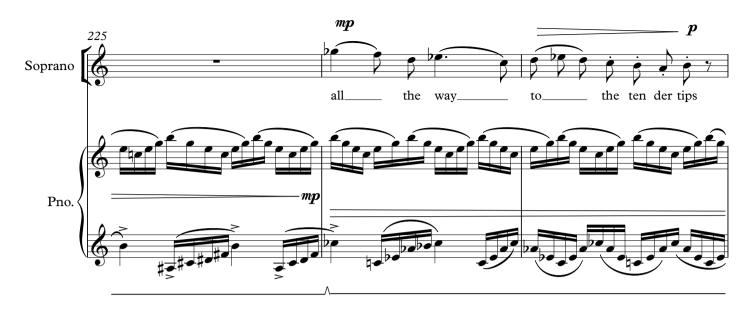


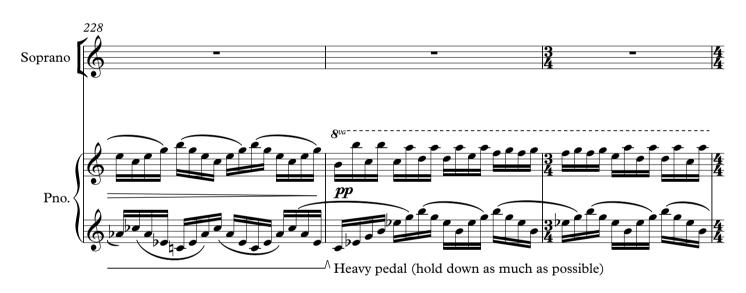




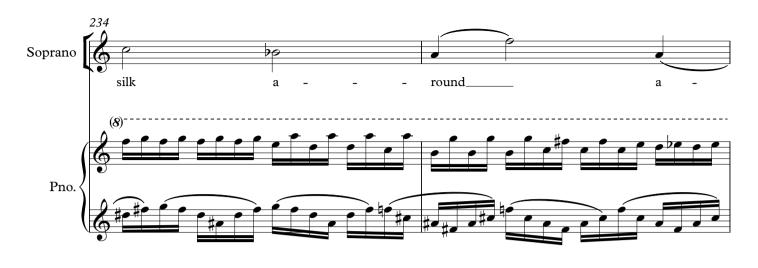


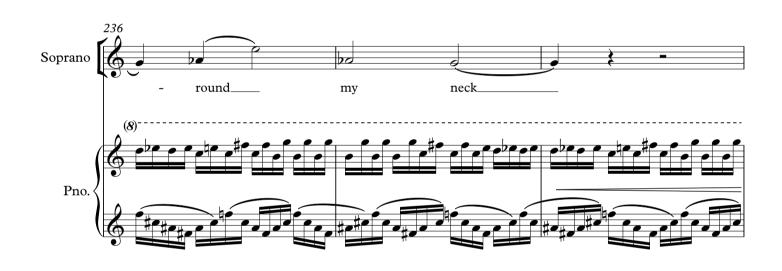


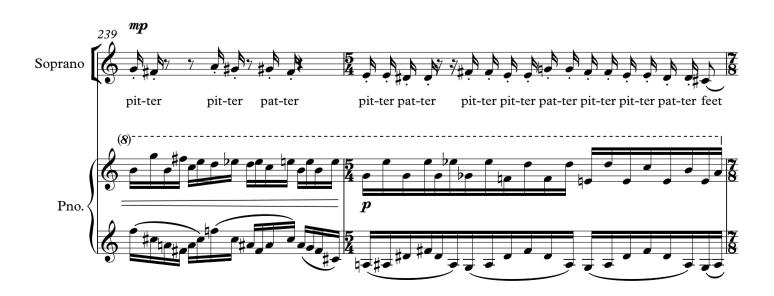


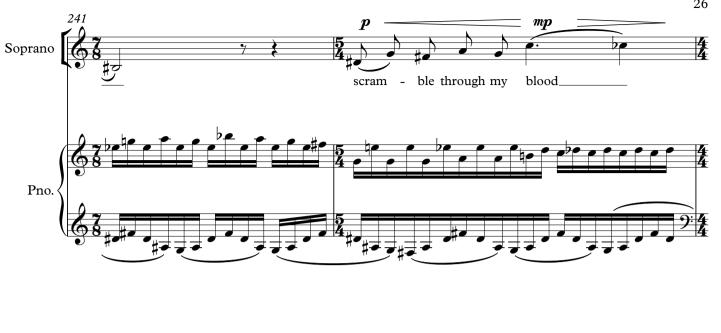


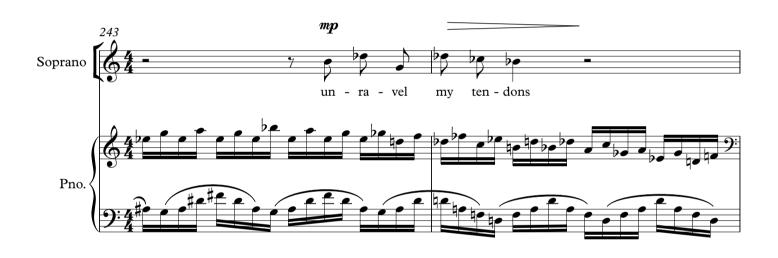




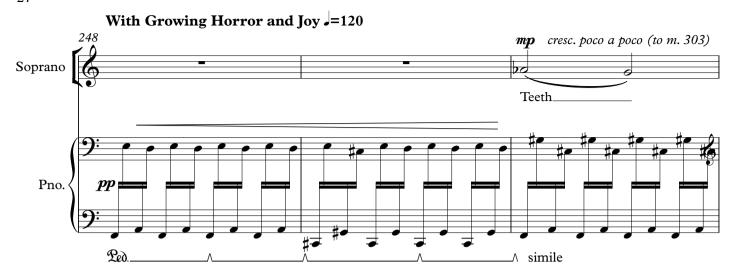


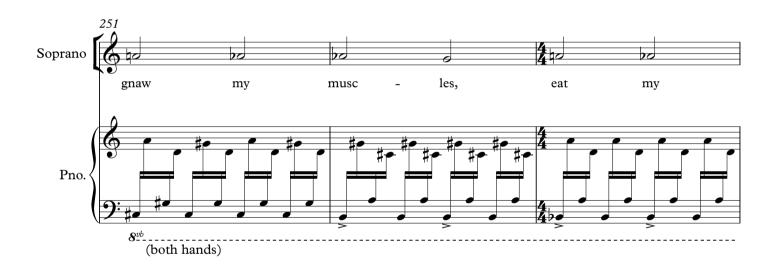


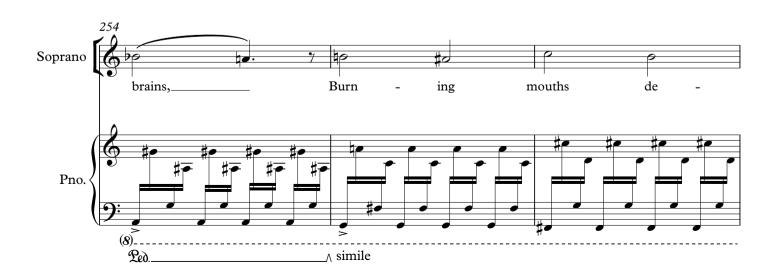


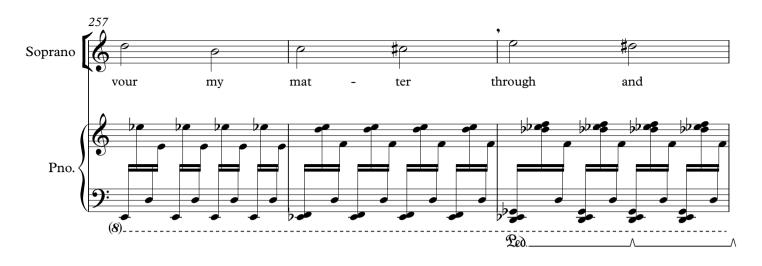


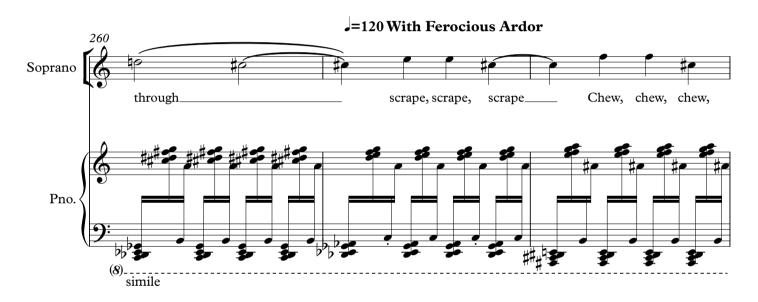


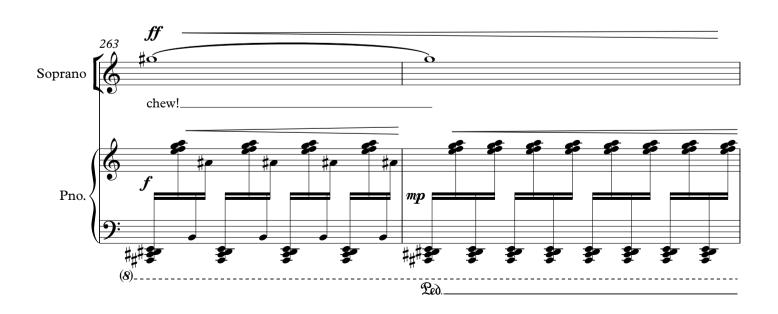


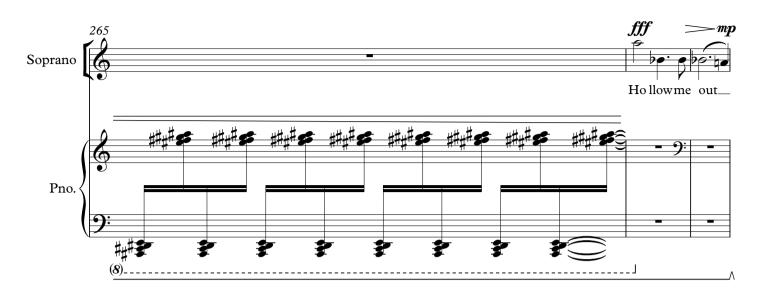


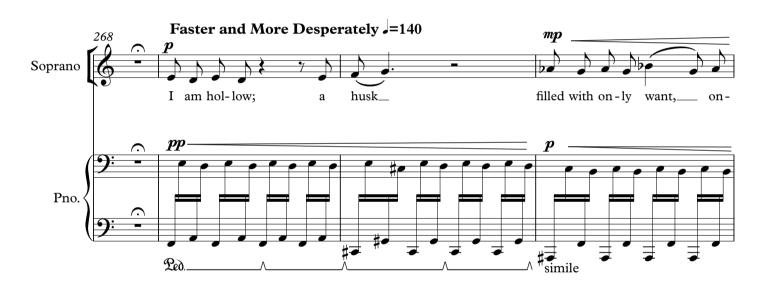


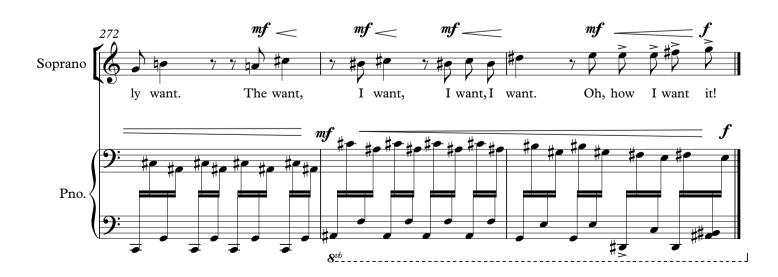








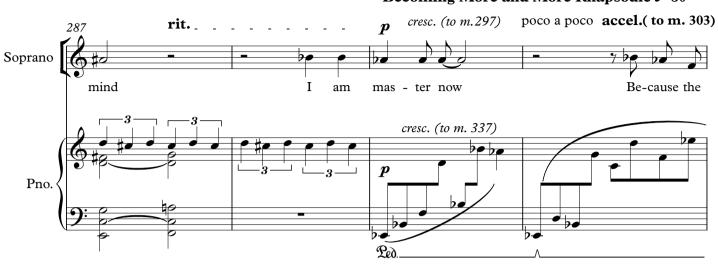


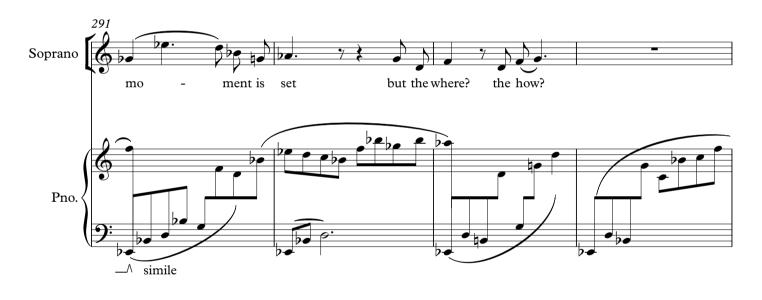


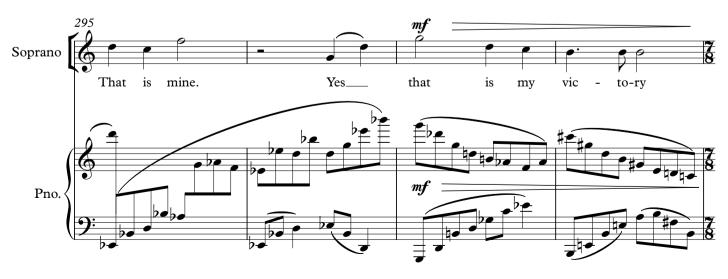
5. Sacrament



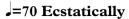
Becoming More and More Rhapsodic =80

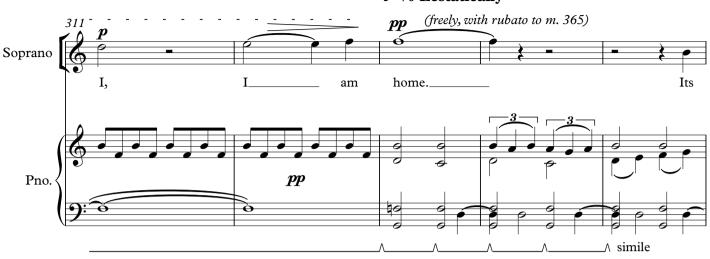


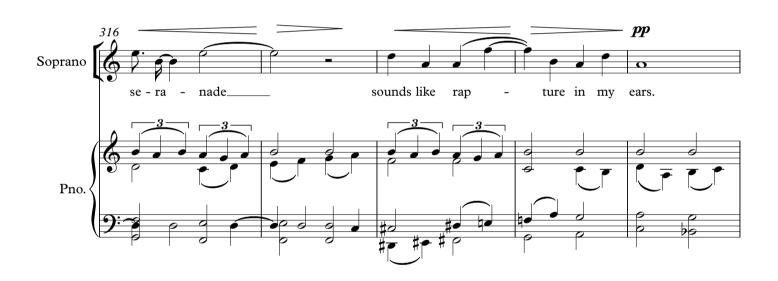


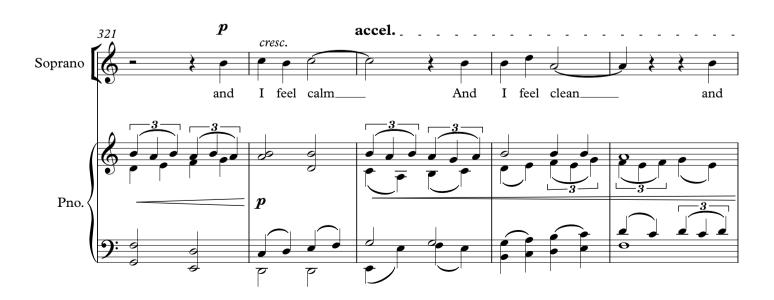






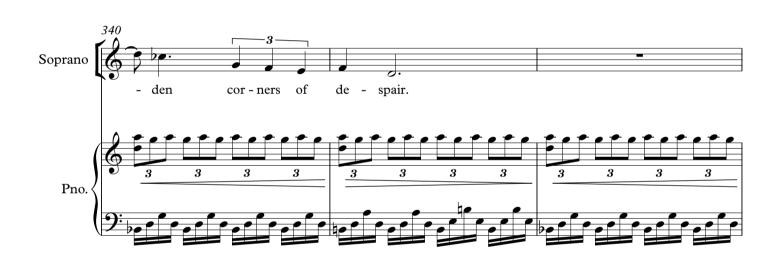


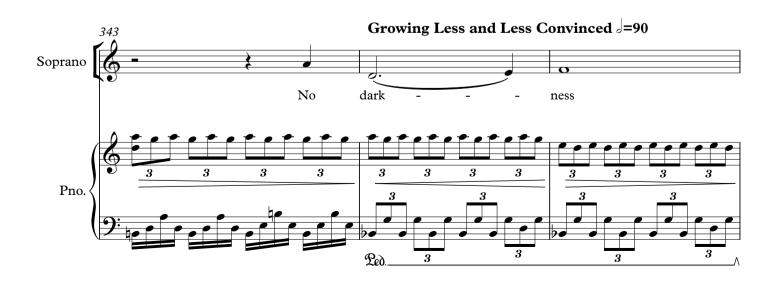


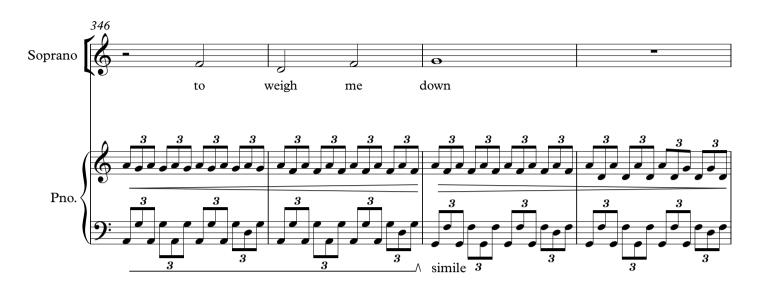


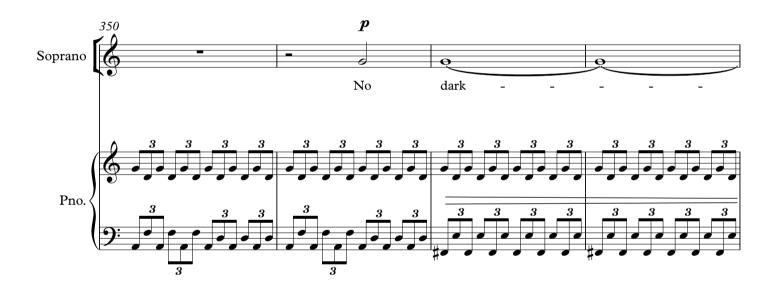


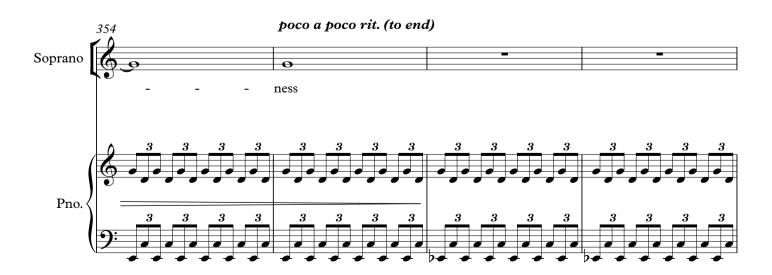


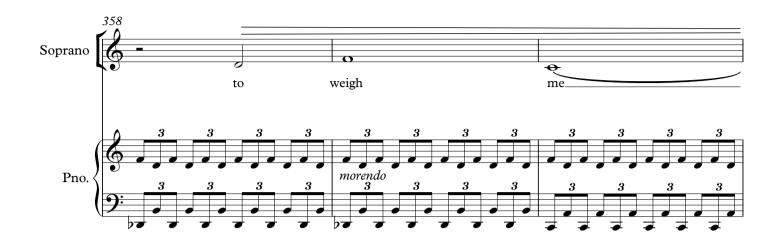










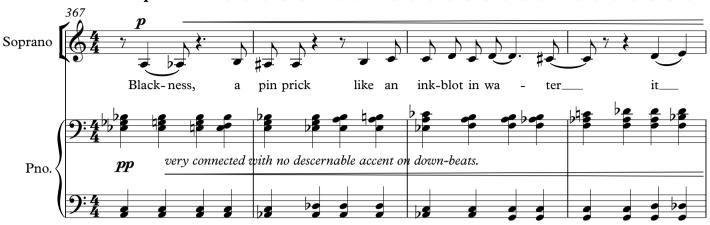






6. Mourning the Morning

Mortified =50 poco accel.



Light pedal if needed to make more connected



