



The Snow

Disaster Is Your Mistress





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Paper Raincoats – H. Downes

Have another drink
Are you out or are you in
You cover up your eyes
For all the light and motion make your head spin
Didn't know what night would yield
Running by the light of stars
This collision on the playing field
Takes our breath and leaves its scars

If it's psychosomatic, I don't really care
The result's still erratic, we're up in the air

Are you on your way home
From someplace nice
Would it make it real
If I wished it twice
You're a baby bird with broken wings
You're on my shelf of broken things

Steal away to the silver screen
Forget the aches and live in other lands
While I immortalize your frailty
Now who's the one with the red hands
Feed your disequilibrium
Until this planted seed is born
We're wearing paper raincoats
In a season of storms

Are you on your way home
From someplace nice
Would it make it real
If I wished it twice
You're a baby bird with broken wings
You're on my shelf of broken things

If it's psychosomatic, I don't really care
The result's still erratic, we're up in the air

Little Girl – P. de Gaillande

Little girl you're completely lost

And that dress doesn't fit anymore
You were the belle of the world and you turned us on
With your rebel's ecstatic revolution
But your tantrums offer up no resolution

You could cradle a sick man in your arms
And breathe peace into fevered brows
You had noble and terrifying charms
But the world that you ruled is dying now

Little bitch, the smoke's gone to your head
Take a bow, shut the door, go to bed
You were beloved, you were a champion, standing out
Now sickness hangs about you like a cloud

Your crowd is in season but this too shall pass
Your loud lack of reason will wither like grass
The people you've wronged will laugh when you fall
Your entire empire is nothing at all

And your tricolored garment is rent in twain
All the boys and girls are insanely afraid
To tell the popular kid what they really think
They're all leaving the party after just one drink

Little girl you're completely lost
Shine your light, swing your hips, be the boss

Disaster Is Your Mistress – H. Downes

Apocalypse, unveiling
This Judgment isn't last
The pattern has you failing
But that's all in the past

This time it will be different
History closed its door
The future you can reinvent
Much brighter than before

Nightmares that you dispossessed
Inside your chest they pound
Let them take their final breaths and
Bury them in the ground

Serenity may be your spouse
She is your pride and bliss
Lives in one room of your house
But disaster is your mistress

Walk across this pathless land and
Be the missing part
Take the steps to cleave together
Your divided heart

Tempted by oblivion
Her ample curves beguile
Awaken to the four horsemen
Your nation's rank and file
Rank and file

Your apocalypse reveals
All you try to hide
But music from a farther room
Calls you to its side

Here in this suspended state
Not sure what we will find
The burning question that remains
Will we be left behind
Left behind

Pomegranate – P. de Gaillande

The wall around my chest is broken
Something's trying to escape
I guess somebody left it open
I guess nobody's really safe

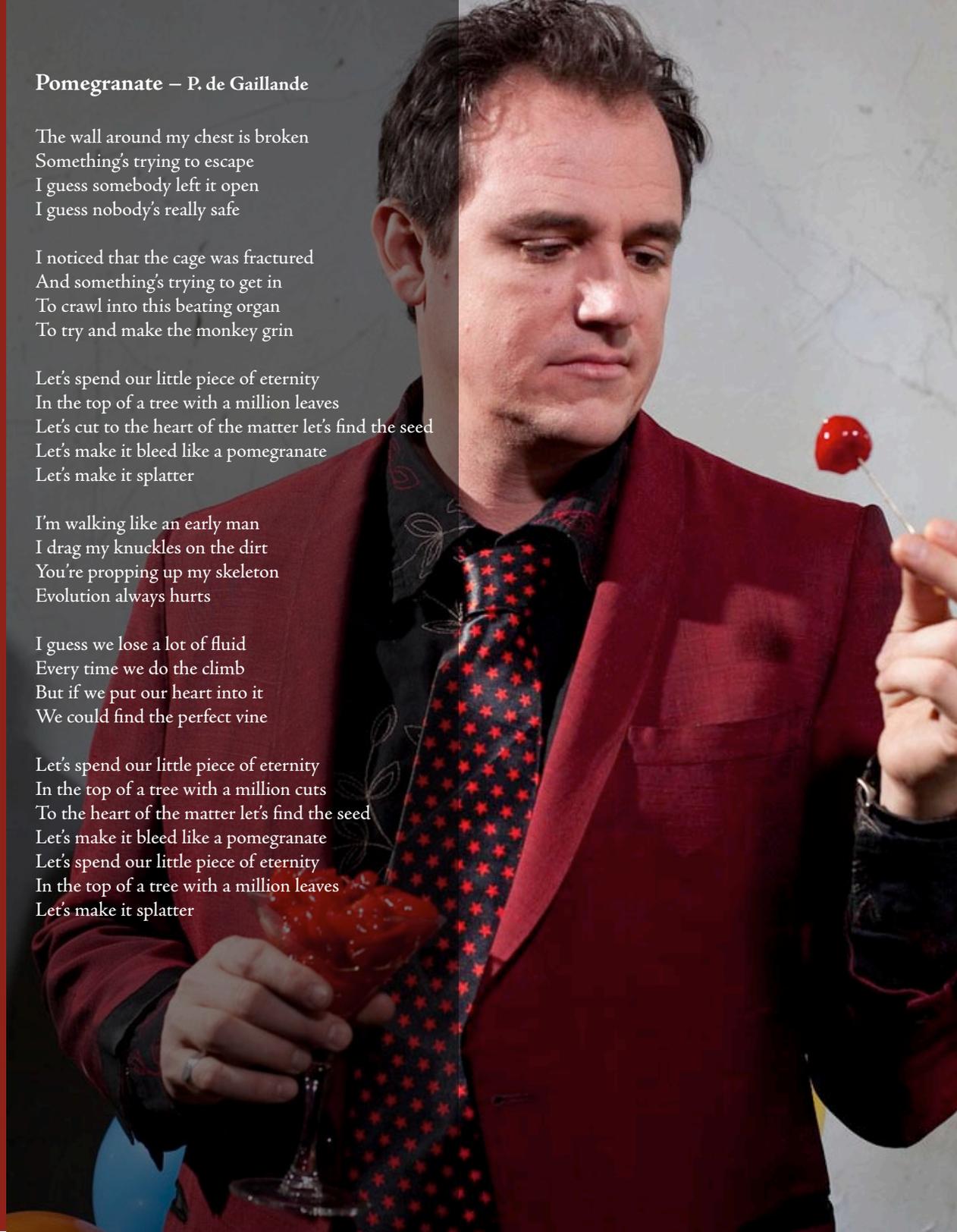
I noticed that the cage was fractured
And something's trying to get in
To crawl into this beating organ
To try and make the monkey grin

Let's spend our little piece of eternity
In the top of a tree with a million leaves
Let's cut to the heart of the matter let's find the seed
Let's make it bleed like a pomegranate
Let's make it splatter

I'm walking like an early man
I drag my knuckles on the dirt
You're propping up my skeleton
Evolution always hurts

I guess we lose a lot of fluid
Every time we do the climb
But if we put our heart into it
We could find the perfect vine

Let's spend our little piece of eternity
In the top of a tree with a million cuts
To the heart of the matter let's find the seed
Let's make it bleed like a pomegranate
Let's spend our little piece of eternity
In the top of a tree with a million leaves
Let's make it splatter





Glass Door – H. Downes

You were haunted by the waters
So you dove deep inside
Embarked upon a holy quest
To overrule the mind

You found a private cell
Where solitude would reign
And shower all the visitors
A cumulus cloud of pain

You are a house with many stories
A garden full of mines
A pretty house with countless rooms
A million points all wanting lines

When are you coming to the surface
Could I convince you of the purpose
You are cut, split in two
By the glass you try to walk through

I don't care where this labyrinth leads
I don't care where this cliff drops
Even while on-lookers plead
Nothing in me stops

Here you are a fugitive
On this chamber you depend
A little peace, a little shelter
And safety from buffeting winds

But smoke it builds inside this sphere
And in this haze we live, my dear
One warden's custody you flee
For another form of slavery

Where are the rooms inside of you
Where is the room inside of you
Is there room inside of you

Good Morning Cambodia – P. de Gaillande

As the dawn rises anew on a bruised and muddy land
There's a yawning peasant girl with a tough and tired man
She sits astride his mangled motorbike side-saddle
A paper mask covers her face
It hides a smile containing all the love and anger
Of her ancient tortured race

The Mekong flows between its banks like a snake covered in mud
Like the one who stole the sun out of the sky
And painted everything in blood

Good morning Cambodia
Arkuhn cheran, Sissaday

You were the enemy
You were the end of me

The Maoist Lao and Siamese
France, USSR, USA
The double-cross, the back-door deals
They let the red snake have his way
He cast his shadow on this ancient holy realm
Till love and laughter were all dead
He ate his own tail and turned off a thousand watts
But now it's time to raise your head

Good morning Cambodia
Arkuhn cheran, Sissaday
It is time to rise up from your sleep and meet the day

You were the enemy
You're not the end of me

Black and Blue – H. Downes

Get well soon
Erase the black from your black and blue
Separate false from what's true
Put down the crutches, you know what to do

Get new tricks
You're the magician I picked
Your sleight of hand does not deceive
Another illusion might offer reprieve

I'm not wrecked
You're badly damaged, I'm charmed all the same
You're a beat in my heart, a stroke in my brain
A pocket of seashells, a checkbook of rain
But I'm not wrecked

We have injuries
You wear the bandage but I bear the pain
Who's the elixir and who's the disease
We have injuries

Present becomes the past
Races lost and won
Break out of your body cast
Let's go run a marathon
Hurry up, won't you get well soon

First so soft, then calcified
Accident, homicide
Between the bones
The tissue's all died
Stretch all you want, reach is still shy

I'm not wrecked
You're badly damaged, I'm charmed all the same
You're a beat in my heart, a stroke in my brain
A pocket of seashells, a checkbook of rain
But I'm not wrecked

Present becomes the past
Races lost and won
Break out of your body cast
Let's go run a marathon
Hurry up, won't you get well soon

Calcified

Dirty Diamond – P. de Gaillande

No idea if you can hear me
I'm not sure you even exist
But these things I hold so near to me
Are here, wrapped like a parting gift

Sometimes it's too much strain
It won't always be fun
But there's a tight little truth
That shines like a dirty diamond

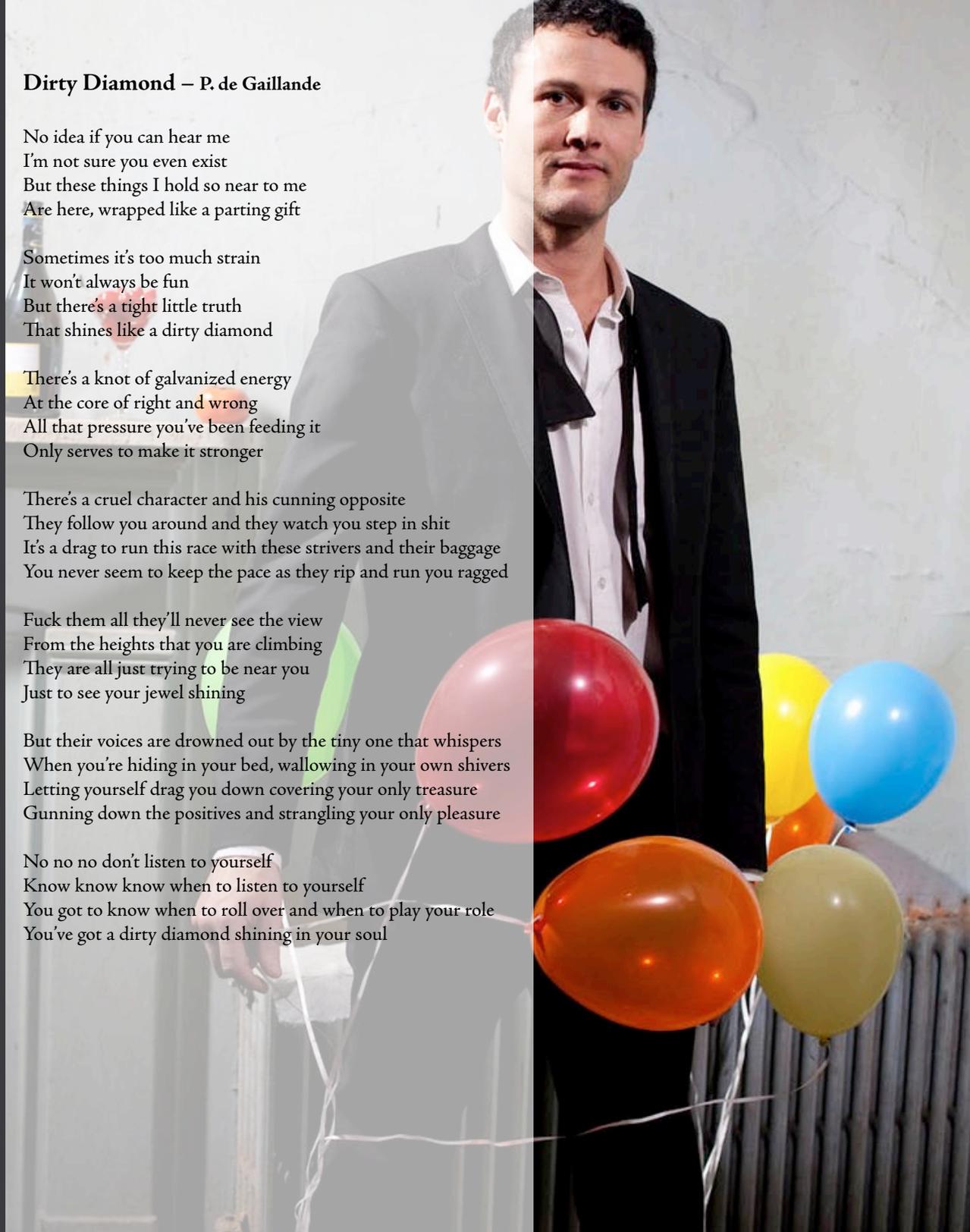
There's a knot of galvanized energy
At the core of right and wrong
All that pressure you've been feeding it
Only serves to make it stronger

There's a cruel character and his cunning opposite
They follow you around and they watch you step in shit
It's a drag to run this race with these strivers and their baggage
You never seem to keep the pace as they rip and run you ragged

Fuck them all they'll never see the view
From the heights that you are climbing
They are all just trying to be near you
Just to see your jewel shining

But their voices are drowned out by the tiny one that whispers
When you're hiding in your bed, wallowing in your own shivers
Letting yourself drag you down covering your only treasure
Gunning down the positives and strangling your only pleasure

No no no don't listen to yourself
Know know know when to listen to yourself
You got to know when to roll over and when to play your role
You've got a dirty diamond shining in your soul





Reaching Back For The Muse – P. de Gaillande

Reaching back to the source
Opening all the old sores
It's a sleepwalking mystery
Eternal musical history

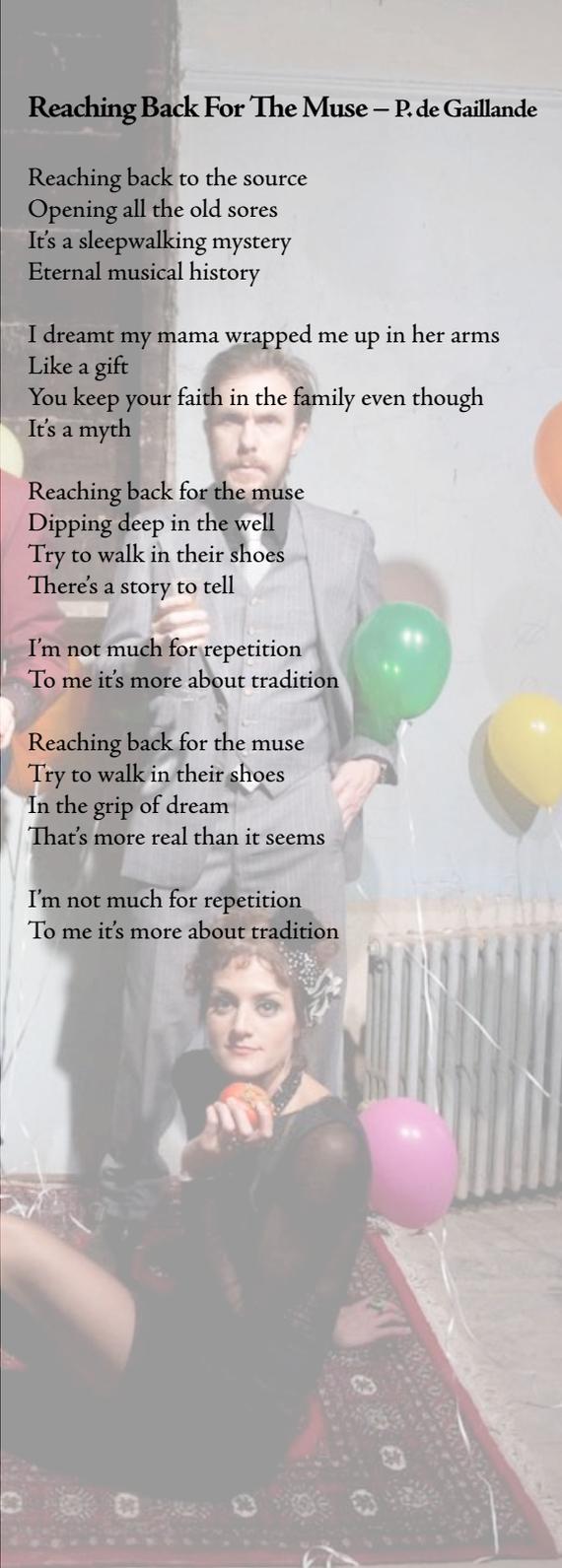
I dreamt my mama wrapped me up in her arms
Like a gift
You keep your faith in the family even though
It's a myth

Reaching back for the muse
Dipping deep in the well
Try to walk in their shoes
There's a story to tell

I'm not much for repetition
To me it's more about tradition

Reaching back for the muse
Try to walk in their shoes
In the grip of dream
That's more real than it seems

I'm not much for repetition
To me it's more about tradition



Stay Awake – P. de Gaillande

You would be better off awake
You could improve on your mistakes
You learned to crawl when your legs caved in

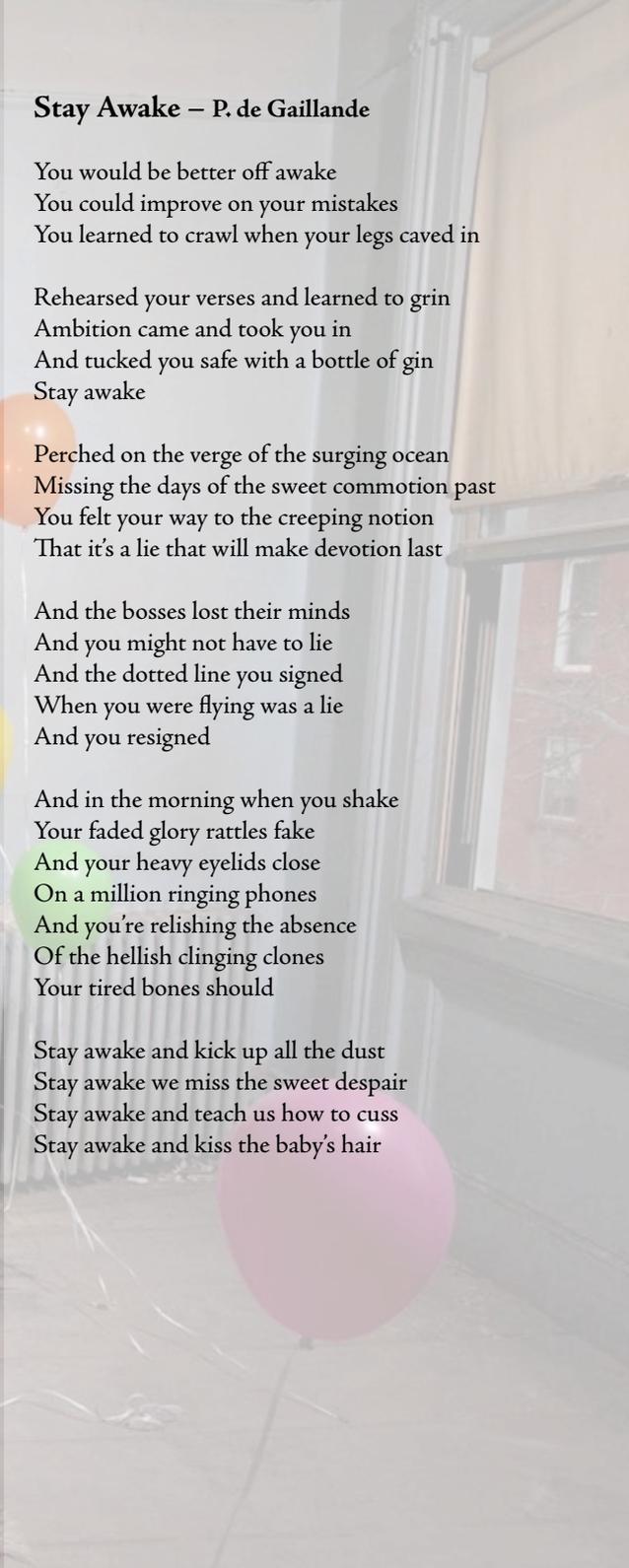
Rehearsed your verses and learned to grin
Ambition came and took you in
And tucked you safe with a bottle of gin
Stay awake

Perched on the verge of the surging ocean
Missing the days of the sweet commotion past
You felt your way to the creeping notion
That it's a lie that will make devotion last

And the bosses lost their minds
And you might not have to lie
And the dotted line you signed
When you were flying was a lie
And you resigned

And in the morning when you shake
Your faded glory rattles fake
And your heavy eyelids close
On a million ringing phones
And you're relishing the absence
Of the hellish clinging clones
Your tired bones should

Stay awake and kick up all the dust
Stay awake we miss the sweet despair
Stay awake and teach us how to cuss
Stay awake and kiss the baby's hair





Pierre de Gaillande – Guitar, vocals, banjo, synths, melodica, trumpet, percussion

Hilary Downes – Vocals, piano, Wurlitzer, synths

Christian Bongers – Bass

Jeff Schaeffer – Drums

Additional Musicians:

David Spinley – Clarinet, tenor saxophone

Ken Thomson – Baritone saxophone

Quentin Jennings – Flute, synths

Sara Stalaker – Cello

Karl Meyer – Violin

Recorded by Pierre de Gaillande at Sous-Soul, Brooklyn, NY

Produced by Hilary Downes

Mixed and mastered by Chicky Reeves at Sublime Recording Studios, London, UK

All songs by Pierre de Gaillande and Hilary Downes (©2012 BMI)

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