

**CUT LINE**  
ART MUST EXTEND PAST THIS LINE  
TO AVOID BLANK, UNPRINTED EDGES

**FOLD LINE**  
PRINT WILL FOLD AT DOTTED  
GREEN LINES

PLEASE NOTE: IMAGES USED IN THIS  
LAYOUT NEED TO BE CMYK TIF FILES  
AT A RESOLUTION OF 300DPI.

# PAUL ROLAND: MORBID BEAUTY

## The Stars In Their Millions

In the gilded glare of morning before I open up my eyes  
And come to my senses it's then that I realise  
The longer that I linger, the more do I perceive  
The stars in their millions, a universe inside of me

I guess I've always known it. It's something I can't deny  
A glint in the mirror. A light in the corner of my eye.  
Had I not risked my reason, I'd now be unaware  
I'm but a man in this world and a god in theirs

Worlds willed into existence from the fathomless abyss  
A cosmic consummation, an ecstatic surge of bliss

## Graveyard Train

Ten to midnight soon I'll catch the graveyard train  
Ten to midnight then I'll be aboard that train  
Say goodbye now baby, cause you won't see your man again

The ticket stamped 'To Nowhere' turns to ashes in my hand  
The conductor's face is ashen  
And the porter wears a black armband

The brakeman feeds the furnace  
And the wheels spin in spark and steam  
It's a-rolling ever closer, can't you hear that whistle scream?  
I hear its whistle blowing like a stallion snorting down the track  
It's a one-way ticket, now I know I'm never coming back

## The Light Divine

Journey to the centre of the mind leave yourself and reality behind  
All that you would be is who you are the light Divine enfolded in a star  
A sacred seed savoured on the tongue  
And thus your journey inward has begun

## Candyman

Candyman is summoned to the slaughter,  
He's got his knife all nice and sharp  
Candyman is climbing through your window  
And he's gonna plunge his hook into your heart!

Candyman is waiting at the crossroads,  
The midnight train is rolling down the track  
Candyman is summoned to the slaughter  
And once he's summoned, he's never going back

Candyman is waiting in the mirror,  
Call him three times or maybe four  
Candyman is summoned to the slaughter,  
But don't you call him five times or more

Candyman is summoned to the slaughter,  
He's got his knife all nice and sharp  
Candyman is creeping through the graveyard  
And he's gonna plunge his hook into your heart!

## Wilful Angel

Oh, my wilful angel why hang your head and cry  
Did someone clip your wings child? Did they tell you, you can't fly?  
Oh, how they did adore you, how they yearned to share your pain  
Oh, my wilful angel, we will not see your like again.

Oh, my weary angel  
And when the show was over alone in your empty room  
With the wretched bourbon bottle, the dirty needle and the fatal spoon.

Oh, my ragged angel it's true you didn't just sing the blues  
Oh, my ragged angel it's true you lived it too.

## Mephisto's Blues

Went down to the crossroads to the birthplace of the blues  
I was hungry, young and desperate, I had nothing left to lose.

But instead of that old rascal with a pact for me to sign  
There appeared a snake-eyed preacher, said he was a friend of mine

Well, he brandished a black bible, quoted chapter, verse and line  
And he conjured up a fearful scene of the fate that would be mine

And then that no-good made an offer, one he was sure I won't refuse  
But there's no sweeter sound, down and dirty like the blues

## Godzilla

A one-eyed siren sobbing hoarsely through the fog  
Calling 'cross the ocean like a grieving god  
There's a ripple on the water, a swell that seeks the shore  
And from the gulf of darkness there comes an anguished roar

Its great back breaks the surface, its proud head now unfurled  
A dread undying serpent, eyes glistening like pearls  
From fifty fathoms rises, lured by that mournful cry  
The dread undying monster met the siren's baleful eye

The lighthouse does not answer though its yellow orb still burned  
Spurned by its mute indifference he to the deep returns



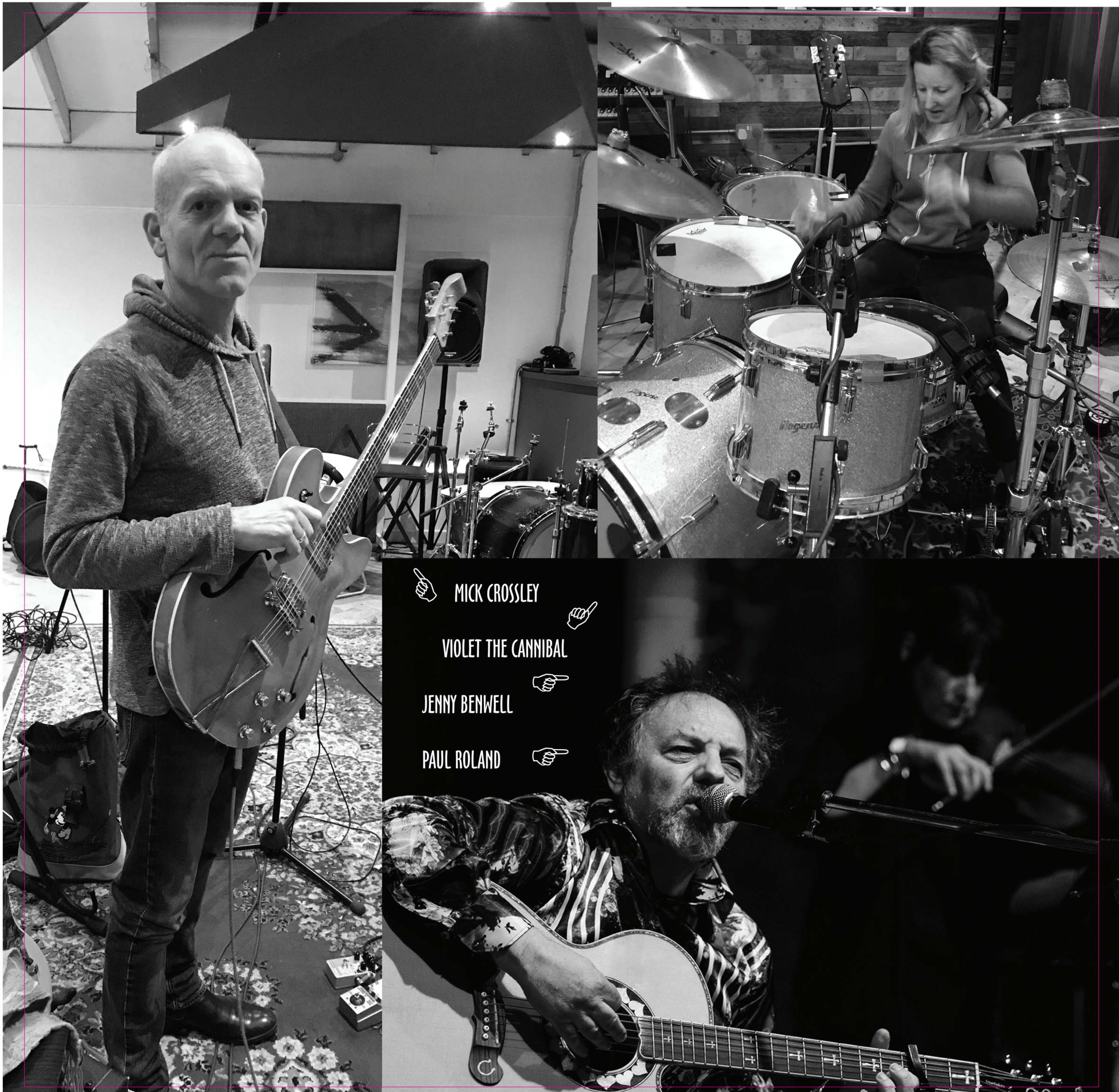
## A Word of Explanation




This record was conceived as a sparse, stripped down 'trio' album in an attempt to deliver something different from my previous offerings. There would be no layered acoustic guitars, no strings or woodwind or other embellishments (though a single violin, sax and cellos were added sparingly to a couple of tracks). The core songs were the pick of 22 sketches I had written over one weekend of intense activity to which I added a few songs I had demoed many years before as I was curious to hear what we might make of them. I then invited the band to extend these, so that it would be a more collaborative effort and that's how it worked out. Beautifully, in my opinion. After four years waiting for it to move to the front of the queue of finished projects, I was very fortunate to reconnect with Nick Saloman who offered to release it on his new label Blue Matter, and consequently it has now found its way to Bob Lambert and his new label in the USA, Desert Vinyl. So we finally have a happy ending. P

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 MICK CROSSLEY   
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JENNY BENWELL   
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