

CARY GRACE LADY OF TURQUOISE

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KHEPERA AT THE DAWN

(Budge, Grace, Lewry, Payne)

Instrumental.

LETTERBOX

(Grace)

Broken lines of sodium light
Mark old Roman roads at night—
So if my words can't comfort now,
Perhaps someday their echoes might
Guide the muse unto your door;
Take something less and make it more—
For, every stone that's raised anew,
Rests upon those laid before.

Meet me where the lines converge:
The shadow of the power surge.
It can't be found on any map,
But directions may emerge—
From north to south and east to west,
They are not all as they suggest—
Freedom is a cunning trap,
And words are imprecise at best.

WITHOUT A TRACE

(Budge, Grace, Garden, Payne)

If I could get a fix on you,
If I could navigate the void—
But star-crossed pilots can't triangulate
By constellations long destroyed.

And now the wind has changed,
And you have taken to the skies—
Gravity can't hold you anymore.
I knew the day would come
From the remoteness in your eyes,
And from the colours that you wore.

I always knew you were a beautiful explosion,
Blazing into space.
Glanced off the atmosphere,
Shocked breathless, but alive—
Then gone, without a trace.

If I could get a word to you,
If I could tune in to the shift—
But nothing's familiar since the shockwave hit
And set the frequencies adrift.

Now the light has changed,
Can't find you out there anymore—
Ancient as a distant star.
Time, it blasts away the dazzling disguise,
And shows you only as you are.

I always knew you were a beautiful explosion,
Blazing into space—
Smashed through the atmosphere,
Shocked breathless, but alive,
Then gone, without a trace.

If I could get a fix on you—
If I could look behind the mask...
But you never played the innocent,
And so I never thought to ask.

INTO DUST

(Budge, Grace, Garden, Payne)

Needle in groove, time after time.
Blood from a stone, nickel and dime.
Two sides to the coin, take it on trust.
Body and soul, dust into dust.

Anything goes—play it by ear.
Preach to the choir, and you're in the clear.
Sleep of the dead—sleep of the just.
Body and soul, dust into dust.

Body and soul...

A matter of form, to bitter end.

A perfect storm for a fair-weather friend.
As good as gold—until you rust.
Body and soul, dust into dust.

AFTERGLOW

(Budge, Grace, Garden, Payne)

After the glow came the blackout,
And you held it in your white hand.
It was all the same to you,
always the antilogy—
A silent song for a many-coloured night.

It seems like a longer time ago
than it really was,
The last time I felt the sun on my face.
But it doesn't matter anymore really.
Seasons change, seasons end,
seasons come around again—
And every time you do the full circle,
It seems a little smaller somehow.
A little more shallow, a little more predictable,
As if it's slowly drawing in on itself.
Spinning down.
Running out of ideas.

But I just want to wind it all back,
Take it all back to the beginning.
Grab onto the momentum and let it move me,
Let it move me, like it moved you.

I remember the snow
swept down in swirling arabesque,
Along the hard grey veins
in the ruined pavement.
You welcomed the storm like an old friend,
And shaking off the violent charge
of concealment,
You tried to drown out the clotted sound
of humdrum beating against commonplace.
You were striking. You spit conflict.
The cold air boiled off your strange skin—
And you showed them all
you knew too much.

On the last night,

I had a dream that time was up,
And we were all trying to run out
before the clocks did.
You said you were sorry, but, you had to go—
'Cause you were having drinks
with Baphomet at the end of the world.
Fair enough I said,
and locked the door behind you.

FILM NOIR

(Budge, Garden, Grace, Lewry, Payne)

Take the lenses from my eyes—
I cannot bear the sharp detail.
Let me watch you through a veil
of indistinction—
Like a child, and smile.

Take the windows from my walls—
I was not made to look outside.
I am contented with my pride—
No frame of reference, no contempt.

Take the sun out of the sky—
The night is much more apropos.
But what do I know anyway?
This is the day, and I am still dreaming.

Bleed the colour from my heart—
Give me a love that's black and white.
The same old film, play it again,
but at the end, I will suspend my disbelief.
And I will watch you through a veil
of recollection,
And pretend to smile.

COSTUME JEWELLERY

(Grace)

From high in your tower, can you see everything?
Disappearing is easy when you are not a king.

See me, don't see me, I don't care anymore.
This is my freedom:
My feet on the floor, walk away.

In the gallery glare, there you are on display,
A perfect illusion, in perfect disarray.
The walls they are mirrors; the walls they recede—
Out beyond your reflection
Will anyone heed what you say?

I may be nameless, if anyone asks—
I may be faceless, but I wear no masks.
I may be tarnished, but I am real.
Bright costume jewellery may have more appeal,
May shine for an hour, may shine for a day,
But the shining is false, and it will fade away.

If I asked for the truth,
You would paint me a sky
Where the shadows of seagulls
on crimson glide by;
A sunset, on sands of eternal July—
Held aloft on the wings of a white butterfly.
You would speak not one word
that isn't a lie,
But impossible beauty, I would never deny.

MOONFLOWERS (FADE TO BLACK)

(Budge, Garden, Grace, Payne)

Thunder in your ears, drums without a form
The rhythm is a mystery—a sounding storm
Flood surge twilight down
sweeps the valleys clear.
Beneath the waves of hyacinth, we disappear.

Shadow me tonight, when the moon is high,
And when I do not see you there, I will not cry
And when you trace the way,
turn around and go.
All roads will lead us to the end
of what we know.

So here we will remain,

to plant the stony ground.
Between the lines we sow the seeds,
and words are found.
And born unto the moon,
we are not anymore.
But we shall never know the truth
of what we were before.

And when you find the key,
You'll know it's not your own.
You are just as much at sea as I am alone.
Ice covers everything, and you survey the waste.
You think if only you had wings
To rise above this place...
But almost nothing's as it seems,
See, we are only slaves.
And we float wraithlike into dreams,
Above the rows of graves.

We take the stage, then fade to black.
A time ablaze, then fade to black.
A page has turned—there's no turning back.
Candles are burned—there's no turning back.
We take the stage, then fade to black.
A time ablaze, then fade to black.

SACRIFICE

(Grace)

Cracklin' down the wire, a voice I recognise—
Don't make no difference who you know—
You best say your goodbyes.
Hear a god of dust speak to a god of flame:
Say no use burnin' out there on your own,
A face without a name.
Gonna find a friend; gonna treat him kind—
Say you don't have to worry anymore,
It's only in your mind.

Better watch your back; better to think twice—
Yeah, they're just makin' time
For the sacrifice.

Said walk with me a while;
step out on the dawn.
By the time you hit the ground,
I'm gonna be long gone.
None of this is new; it's like a fortune wheel—
You can follow anywhere it goes,
But that don't make it real.
Blood on a whitewashed wall—
There's a knife in you too.
You can't feel nothin' on the altar stone,
But the blade is true.

Better watch your back; it's a cruel device—
Waits in the shadows 'til the perfect time
For the sacrifice.

Don't think I've gone away—
Ain't gonna leave you be.
You forged your irons alone;
I only set you free.
But this is by design, every single move.
Every repetition made
cuts a deeper groove.
So watch it drain away,
with television eyes,
And rest assured, a mouth gone cold
Won't tell any lies.

Better watch your back—
I ain't gonna warn you twice.
I'm just a-keepin' time,
I'm just a-killin' time,
I'm just a-waitin' 'til the perfect time
For the sacrifice.

MEMORY

(Budge, Garden, Grace, Payne)

Vast are the stones which sleep beneath—
Mighty the walls from which they fell.
Worn smooth, all alphabets erased,
And only memory can tell.

Ten thousand years consumed by flame—
Ten thousand more to pay the debt.
And any being who survives
Only remembers to regret.

Cold are the shadows in our minds,
Hard are the edges of the well.
Deep are the waters, deep and still,
And only memory can tell.

Just like the river flowing red,
Just as the golden sun will set—
The only one who knows at all
Only remembers to forget.

CASTLE OF DREAMS

(Budge, Garden, Grace, Payne)

I. Nephilim

Love, love is illusion. Life, life is confusion.
Cast out of a starless sky,
Crashing through the firestorm,
All I see is this divide—
I'm beating the drums of war.

Love, love is confusion. Life, life is illusion.
Cast out of a starless sky,
Crashing through the firestorm,
All I know is this divide—
I'm beating the drums of war, war.

Cast out of a starless sky,
Crashing through the firestorm,
There's nothing left but this divide—
I'm beating the drums of war, war, war.

II. City at the End

Dead sentinels—
Dark windows watching us.
These spectral streets are fading fast.
No solid ground

To meet our marching feet—
But we heed the drumbeat 'til the last.
Glimpses of futures,
Shifting too fast to grasp,
Slip through our searching hands today.
The odds are stacked against
This game of accidents,
But as long as one man stands, we play.
And chancing ever higher,
Stepping out on the wire,
We risk the prize for the display.

In the city at the end,
A million towers of decay,
Straining skyward, seek the morning,
But will never reach the day.

A broken marble statue
Watches the scene evolve,
Unmoved by vice or virtue—
Cannot damn nor absolve.

And time ever advancing,
Like the dust that will not settle,
You only see it in the sunbeams,
But it's dancing through the shadows too.

III. On Cimmerian Shore

We are pinned butterflies,
And your wings they are green,
But your eyes haven't seen me in years.
We explore passive voice,
Every turn preordained,
The illusion of choice stained by tears.

The horizon lies low,
In the palm of the sea,
And the sky falls away to the deep.
I am nailed to the wall—
Every nail has a number—
As if counting the points could bring sleep.

Runaway train of change—
There's no slowing it down.
There is what we allow and refuse,

And there is what will be,
And what will be no more—
These are things we must never confuse.

Watch the sand falling through—
Look away if you must—
But the dwindling measure remains.
It's a cruel hourglass,
Escalating suspense,
'Til the moment you throw off the chains.

See the shadows draw in—
Soon the petals will close,
Like so many inaudible screams.
From the seasons elapsed,
Sands expended, amassed,
I am building a castle of dreams.

THE LAND OF TWO FIELDS

(Garden, Grace)

Instrumental.

LADY OF TURQUOISE

(Budge, Garden, Grace, Payne)

River of heaven, orbit of souls—
I have wandered the wastelands,
'Neath celestial poles.
Lady of turquoise,
Lady of stars...

Imau at noontime—the lioness reigns.
Engine of Osiris, the red lady sustains.
Lady of turquoise,
Lady of stars...

Western horizon, at journey's close—
She sails at moonrise, where clear water flows.
Lady of turquoise,
Lady of stars...

CREDITS

CARY GRACE: vocals, synthesizers (*vol. 1, tracks 1, 5, 6, and 7; vol. 2, tracks 5, and 6*), acoustic guitar (*vol. 1, tracks 2 and 7*), electric guitar (*vol. 2, track 2*), organ (*vol. 1, track 4; vol. 2, tracks 2 and 3*), sampling, sequencing, electronics, sound effects

JOHN GARDEN: electric guitar (*vol. 1, tracks 2-7; vol. 2, track 1, tracks 3-6*), Prophet 5 (*vol. 2, tracks 5 and 6*), drums (*vol. 1, track 2*)

STEFFE SHARPSTRINGS: electric guitar (*vol. 1, tracks 1 and 6; vol. 2, track 4*)

VICTORIA REYES: organ, piano, and backing vocals (*vol. 1, track 3*)

GRAHAM CLARK: electric guitar (*vol. 1, track 5; vol. 2, tracks 5, and 6*), electric violin (*vol. 1, track 7*)

STEVE EVERITT: string arrangement and additional electric guitar (*vol. 1, track 3*), electric guitar and lap steel (*vol. 2, track 2*)

IAN EAST: saxophone (*vol. 1, track 6*)

ANDY BOLE: bouzouki and laouto (*vol. 1, track 7*)

ANDY BUDGE: bass guitar

DAVID PAYNE: drums

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For more information about Cary Grace, please visit

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