



DEADWOOD

I saw comets, fields burning
Earth turning, clay furrows on ancient ground
Storms are gathered around the chimney
stacks
Air like static, electric veins I am afraid
We buried treasure, we buried love
We buried time, time, time
I should have raged against you
This endless land and all the lines lines lines

I am deadwood I always have been so
Leave me to the ground that bore me
It's here where I want to be

I saw the sky rise along the coal road
Still light dancing a prison of purity
Snow is drifting, a blanket quiet
Something is lost, you smile, I am afraid
We buried treasure, we buried love
We buried time, time, time
I should have raged against you
This endless land and all these lines lines
lines

I am deadwood I always have been so
Leave me to the ground that bore me
It's here where I want to be

COME ALIVE (A SECOND TIME)

Kath's got new teeth
Fifty quid a week
For the foreseeable future
The old one's wore away
From the morphine
For her back
That wouldn't let her rest
Oh my darling

Come alive A second time
Come alive A second time
Come alive Come alive
A second time A second time

Thirty years ago
A story in the paper
About chemicals leaking
From an old abandoned waste facility
Now she has a wincing smile
For her Mother
Who most days
Doesn't recognise her

Heat from without
Tempers chaos
Heat from without
Is gone
The windmills on the mountain
Like fungus on a dead tree
Channel the winds
Straight to the City

Come alive A second time
Come alive A second time
Come alive Come alive
A second time A second time

EVERYTHING FLOWS

A fox on a railway
A hawk on a motorway
Flows. Everything flows.

The roar of a waterfall
The soot on the tunnel wall
Flows. Everything flows

The moss on an iron bridge
A horse on a distant ridge
Flows. Everything flows.

A space where no one has stood
A path taken by the flood
Flows. Everything flows

THEN THE RAIN CAME

The wind takes me by the hand
To steady my feet upon the land

It hurts now as it did then
The silence the falling down

Then the rain came
My hair stuck to my face
Soaked me to my skull
Euphoria Euphoria
Revived

All the colours of the day will be replayed
Destinations trembling in the earth
With your tiny hand in mine, oh my son
I feel we will conquer the day the darkness
and all time

BREEZEBLOCKS

Turquoise light in a boyish sky
Out to the brand new road
The tar is sticky hot to touch
Soft and clean beneath my toes

Under young bright hopeful clouds
Under the morning sun
The dirt between the tufts of grass
A racing track for our toy cars

Breezblocks shape the squares of air
The blue-grey worlds of grooves and dust
The cake-cut stone
The prison flowers
The walls the worlds
The labour units

Crawling through the long long grass
Through the fields of my seventies home
To the stone right at the centre
All golden rough with lichen

I can taste the colour now
Up to my chest in rust and iron
It's time I went back to that place
I want to take you there with me

Till you never see that place
You'll never understand
The stone that lies inside that field
Is the stone inside that breaks my heart

BLEAKLOW

Up on Bleaklow
balls of light glow
on the Gaffering Hill
Through the peat gruff
and the crooked clough
Roman legions drill

In the moonlight
at the crash site
metal fragments rust
Hear the winds moan
through the kissing stone
grind it all to dust

Pylons crack
Time unravels
Rain splits its flow
Tread the flagstone
Walk the back bone
Here on Bleaklow

Over the city
electricity
stains the night sky green
Above the reservoir
beneath the white stars
something hangs unseen

US AND THE WATER

It's just us and the water and light
A light that I have never seen before
You heard my heart beat before I knew you
but this is not the same voice I had before
you were born

I didn't make it because I didn't
push hard, push on
I saw visions of the way
and beauty turned her face away

Oh my God I thought it was the end
But it was just the start forging my
broken heart
Winding up the hill, echoes of the past
guide me home

Who who are we? We're sons of miners
We seek the dark for we are daughters
of the ground
The Earth here is scattered I wear the scars
would you bury my heart at forest deep

Still I do not love you, you broke me
You woke me from the most sublime dream
I see visions of the grave
I cannot turn my face away

Oh my God I thought it was the end
But it was just the start forging my
broken heart
Winding up the hill, echoes of the past
guide me home

A GIFT OF UNKNOWN THINGS

There's a barbed wire fence
Deep inside the woods
No one knows why or what's on the
other side
But all the locals claim
that when the Cold War came
All the birds stopped singing
And just flew away
A gift of unknown things

They burned the priory down. In 1539
It's all ruins now. Nothing survived
But when the sun hangs low
As the evening shadows grow.
Phantom footprints appear
in the fallen snow
A gift of unknown things

These islands are haunted
By more than just ghosts
In old chalk figures and standing stones
fairy paths and spirit roads
At gallows ridge Merlin's grave
The Devil's bridge, the hermits cave
Roman steps, the old goose fair
Arthurs seat, the mermaids chair
There are buried giants that wait to rise
Huge black dogs with glowing eyes
Cursed treasure in shipwrecked hulls
Headless horses and screaming skulls
There are things out there we can
never know
Places we can never go
A gift of unknown things

MONYASH

A field recording with improvised vocal and
shruti box recorded in the Monsal Tunnels,
Derbyshire.

All songs Costin/Thorpe/Hill
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THE LOW DRIFT



Cwm Gaeafren