



The Dream Spider of the Laughing Horse

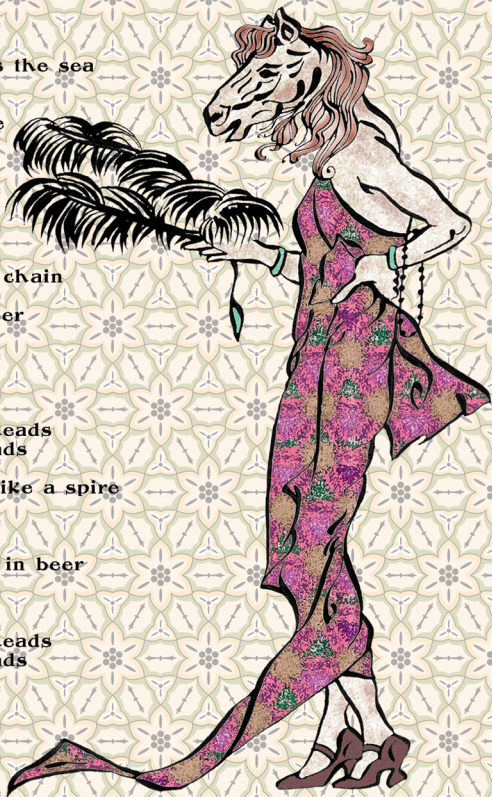
Where the sunless river meets the sea
A tavern smoulders by a tree
Painted on the faded sign
A mad-eyed, laughing palomine
Haunted by a shadow crew
And from the fog they spew
To sup the evening dew

Hanging from the rafters by a chain
The grinning skull of Kapitain
From the socket, eight eyes peer
Hanging down, a cocoon tear
While below the lies are sung
The silver nets are spun
And cast into the air

Spin your dreams above our heads
Weave the tunes into the threads

Where the smoke is twisting like a spire
Ten faces glow around a fire
Fancies flutter in the gloom
Flying up to sticky doom
While the words are drowned in beer
The fisher of the tears
Creeps out a hollow ear

Spin your dreams above our heads
Weave the tunes into the threads



The Curse

Feathered beauties of the night
Their dulcet tones
sing of the spheres
Twenty dinars each?
You must be mad
It costs me that in seed!
They're very rare
Who do you think you are
Lawrence of Arabia?

Furies wore this cloak of dusk
And when the Moon's in apogee
Mystic symbols of Delphi appear
You can't buy that in Fez
You Philistine
That's not a kebab stain
It's Apollo's lyre!

Behold this crown
with rubies laced
Fashioned for a Grand Vizier
Expert in the necromantic arts
Each gem a soul he fore
What do you mean
Of course it's got a hole
It's a fucking crown!



Billy Buttock's Requiem

Pray silence for my rotten wife
Into whose hands I leave my life
Already separated into heaps
One for burning, one for selling cheap

In all the hungry vultures prance
Distant cousins, long-lost aunts
Fingers fondling the furniture
And some clanking by the cutlery

There's Uncle Silas with my silver spoons
And he's drumming on his knee
Buttock's Requiem

Alas, poor Bill, I knew him not
It's such a shame he has to rot
And in his finest trousers, what a waste
Nowadays a shroud is thought good taste

There's little Colin tripping in my brogues
And he's dancing to the tune
Of Buttock's Requiem

Pray silence for my rotten son
Into whose hands I leave the sum
Of many ways to drown and fade away
And his lovely wife has come to stay

Perusing magazines of sun-kissed cruises
She's whistling through her teeth
Buttock's Requiem



Blubberhouses

Down a greasy alley by the harbour
There's a foggy window in a bay
If you wipe away the dirt
With your filthy little shirt
Oh, you'll see what keeps
the sailors all away

It's not the prices that sting
It's the look of the thing

Bright red, bright red,
bright red mutton
Glowing in your hands

In a bowel-splattered apron
by the counter
Lurks a fatty, gibber-ridden man
As he cackles in his beard
I try not to look weird
Thus, manipulate some
offal in my hand

It's not the feel you mistrust
It's the mystical gust

Raw chicken, raw chicken
Smelling like crocodile

The sausages are standing to attention
On a chessboard made of
little squares of silk
On the waxwork of a Prince
There's a wig of turkey mince
And some kidneys bobbing
in a bowl of milk

And on a sign is writ neat
"Come to my garden of meat"

Give me, give me, give me liver
Liver like it used to be



Walking With The Beast

Picture if you will a crumpled suit
And in that suit is stuffed a man
And in that man is one desire
To taste the milk of human kindness
Wear a shroud of velvet blindness
Quench the never-ending fire

Oh, no, I love you madly
Oh, no, I'll kiss you gladly
Oh, my love is so enchanting, like a wishing well
And in the morning afterglow
Our parting will be sweet sorrow
And life is but an empty shell

Muscle of love, kiss me ever so sweetly
Honey truck, hit me and rattle my bones
Walk with the beast, and your heart will complete be
In love, in love

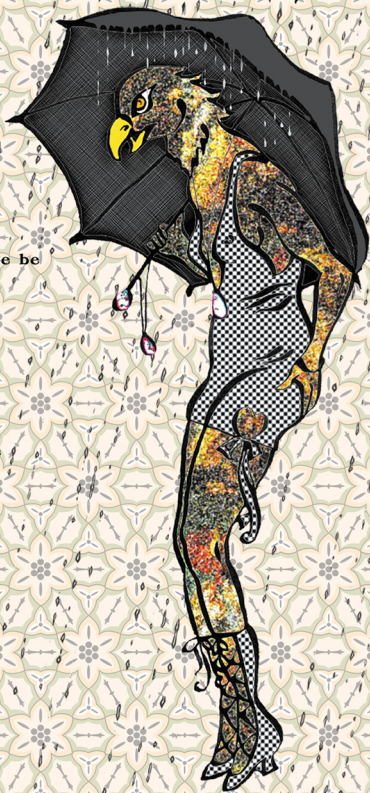
Another fireship sails on by
The skull and crossbones flying high
The mask of death is worn with pride
Flutter, flutter, gentle eyelash, do
By filthy lucre, I love you
And take you for my evening bride

Muscle of love, louch me ever so softly
Honey truck, hit me and rattle my bones
Walk with the beast, and your heart will aloft be
In love, in love

Once upon a time, there was a fool,
And like a fool, he made a wish
And like all wishes, it came true
To be the captain of the ship
To sail into the deep abyss
Sing with the ever-loving crew

Oh, no, I love you madly
Oh, no, I'll kiss you gladly
Oh, my love, the gentle rhythm of the rolling sea
And in the shadows of the night
Those in the darkness fade from sight
Those in the light of love walk free

Muscle of love, squeeze me ever so sweetly
Honey truck, hit me and rattle my bones
Walk with the beast, and your body will lent be
To love, to love
To love



Endymion Sleeps

Who is standing veiled by the river
Where the green oaks paint the spaces black
And the air lies dark and heavy
On my aching back

Stay for ever
With these strands of hair I bind you
Dream of me

Who is watching, kid in the twilight
Where the waters swirl around my feet
And the sullen blooms are hanging
Suffocating sweet

Stay for ever
With these strands of hair I bind you
Dream of me

Who is singing faint in the silence
Where the deep moss muffles the cold air
And the sickly moonbeams' streaming
Through my muddy hair

Stay for ever
With these strands of hair I bind you
Dream of me



Plundering The Matriarchal Larder

Winifred's jam was famous in the land
Each precious pot was lovingly made by hand
Never sold because, it was told
Her errant son scoffed the lot

As he was rather uncouth,
And quite severely lacking of tooth,
He ate the jam with his bare hands,
And he ate it pips and all

Plundering, plundering
the matriarchal larder
And how could a once
totally innocent son
fall any farther?



But unbeknownst to him
As those pips passed into
human skin
They turned to gold, and lo
and behold
He put on a carat or two

Plundering
plundering the
matriarchal larder
And how could
a once marginally
corpulent son
grow any wider?

Now Winnie
when asked
about her son
She said, "Look,
I'm no fool, of
course I knew
all along
With the consuming
greed he was eating
that seed
If truth be told,
he was bound to explode
And leave an interesting residue"

Plundering, plundering the matriarchal larder
And how could a once feckless and odious son try any harder to assuage?

Big Dipper On The Spearman's Floor

Can you see the Dipper, the twinkle of the Dipper
Look up to the ceiling of the vasty deep
It points the way to where we'll find our sleep

If you hear a fiddle, the scraping of a fiddle
Coming from the hull of a passing yawl
It's just a jolly, praying for us all

I hear my love a-singing far away
Calling me back to my door
And till I tread my earth
I'll march the Spearman's floor

Don't be caught a-slacking, talking to the mermaids
Don't be making sports for the rays to play
You'll fall behind and surely lose your way

You may meet a mako, lurking in the darkness
He may ask to join you for a little while
Don't answer, lest you want to see him smile

I hear my love a-singing far away
Calling me back to my door
And till I tread my earth
I'll march the Spearman's floor

Can you see the fishes, the spangle of the fishes
Casting inky shadows across our heads
They point the way to where we'll find our beds

If you hear a tinkle, a merry little tinkle
Coming from the deck of a sunken sloop
It's just the verger, counting out his loot

I hear my love a-singing far away
Calling me back to my door
And till I tread my earth
I'll march the Spearman's floor



How The Cypress Made Apollo

Green leaf for his tongue
Petals make his lungs
Breathe deep, scents in the air
Live, live, live

Mute swan weave his hair
Starling make it fair
Curls kiss his golden brow
Live, live, live

Through woods far away
Forget-me-nots will play
Leap high, up to the sun
Live, live, live



I Walk In Endless Silence

Her long black hair twisted and danced
And bade me in a fashion queer
Go forth and steal an aura pure
So that as lamb-like I appear
Do this and rubies be your blood

I walk in endless silence
And in my footsteps lilies grow
And around them rivers flow

Her crimson tongue flickered and curled
And spoke to me falls of sleet
Bring me this night the voice of Spring
So that my songs may whisper sweet
Do this and satins be your skin

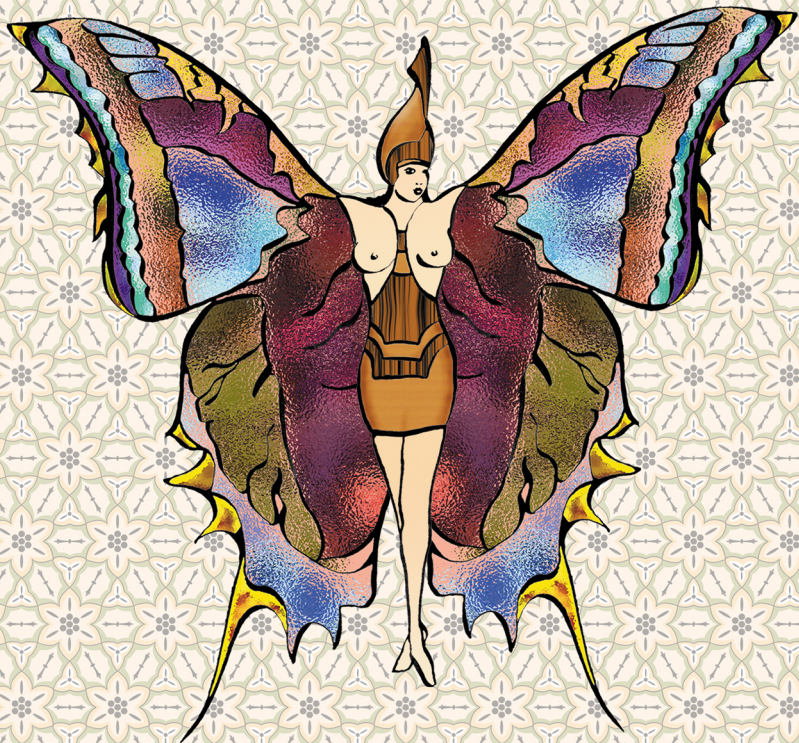
I walk in endless silence
And in my footsteps lilies grow
And around them rivers flow

Her glistening eyes, necrotic white
Seduced me once more into flesh
Untimely rip innocent sight
So that I see what I caress
Do this and laurels be your crown

I walk in endless silence
And in my footsteps lilies grow
And around them rivers flow



De Natura Deorum



Bio



Florence





Zorif



Alice

SCARLET'S WELL

Singers

Bid : The Dream Spider Of The Laughing Horse
Blubberhouses
Plundering The Matriarchal Larder
Big Dipper On The Spearman's Floor
I Walk In Endless Silence

Zarif Davidson : The Curse
Walking With The Beast
De Natura Deorum

Alice Healey : Billy Buttock's Requiem
Endymion Sleeps

Florence : How The Cypress Made Apollo

Musicians

Bid : Guitars, sitar, bouzouki, ukulele, mandolin,
saaz, Parker violin, banjo, percussion

Toby Robinson : Piano, keyboards, percussion

Ben Craft : Violin

Produced by Toby Robinson and Bid
Production Assistant : Lee Bowman

Recorded at The Moat Studios
in Autumn 2003

Design and artwork by Florence and Bid
Illustrations by Florence

All songs by Bid except:
Plundering The Matriarchal Larder by Toby Robinson

All songs published by Ediciones Perezosas & Warner Chappell
except "Walking With The Beast", published by Complete Music

This is the fourth album in the Scarlet's Well series

www.bid.clara.net/swell



