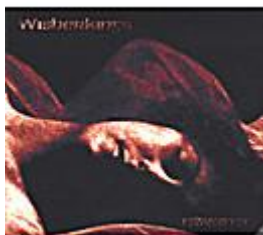


Mp3 Wisherkings - Romeoerror



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Rich and melodic, the evocative score for an unseen film: lyrical and dramatic. 13 MP3 Songs POP: Piano, NEW AGE: Progressive Alternative Show all album songs: romeoerror Songs Details:

WISHERKINGS (The Long Crusade) Dreamtime... variations in black... bliss... then gradually, the forgetting... odd shafts of light, unwelcome, then more and more, till all was blinded. And yet shreds remained, fought for ... treasured ... in the whispers of angels voices... little bits of the quality of eternity against which everything would be measured and found wanting... and all the time the growing and growing and yet... Then too, we were the lucky ones: blouses with pink roses, chequered shirts and white Levis, there was an ironing board. And she would cook our dreams while we were dreaming, and later she would send us out to play... and the yard went on forever... There were sounds, textures, songs and symphonies seeping from cracks in the facade of normality, sweet and transcendent, Resonant. . . there was Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and me... mother music...father music.. Orchestras, sopranos... Tenors, pianos, Hymn Then there was the Beatles... missed first time around, but caught on the rebound, Potent ! There was pop music, the hissing of summer lawns, cheeseclothed girls and casual heartbreak smiles sun-soaked football, open goals and fresh cut grass and yes, the yard went on forever. . . There was something odd though, in the back of the mind, Murmur, Something waiting for a voice, waiting to be heard ... But maybe we were imagining this, so for our own good, we took some time and played down stairs... Then Late one evening, From the corner of the eye John Prine Alone: "there's a hole in Daddy's arm where all the money goes..." and the word was made flesh... lines between lines, implications, connections connotations, and that was that really ... EPIPHONY ! ... a tear in the fabric of the emptiness, weak , but strong enough to go by... the path was clearer, the world got a little smaller and somewhere, a voice got a little louder and the dam burst and nothing would ever be the same again. When the floods

came we swam for our lives toward the future there were guitars and pianos, Beating hearts and bleeding fingers Confession and confusion, Connection, concentration, and all the time the learning. And scratched black vinyl scoured from musty second hand shops saved for and treasured... brandished like trophies... raised up like flags listening, learning all the time... Jim Dean of Indiana, Jim Webb of Oklahoma, the pastoral English movement: the poetry of Keith Reid (how many bands had a member whose only task was writing the words), the ambition of Strawbs, Amazing Blondel, BJH , Tull etc. Then there were The Lone Soldiers: the literate intelligence of Roy Harper the Myth of Dylan, the open-heart surgery of Leonard Cohen, the achingly withdrawn Englishness of Nick Drake, the degeneration of Syd Barrett, the mystical whimsey in the warble of a pre-1970 Marc Bolan... the precision of Randy Newman, the mastery of Joni Mitchell the fearless truth of Phil Ochs and Justin Sullivan and Judee Sill and on and on and on and on potent archetypes for teenage minds. School I guess was cool: music, football, girls, and books and learning, learning learning all the time and now writing too... tentatively, self-consciously . . . No way back now. Guitars and screams pianos, tins and boxes... two crappy tape recorders back and forth and back and forth and back . . . And learning all the time . . . Then we saw Osbourne look back in anger and Dern silent running and Shaw's man in a glass booth and Nathan's portrait of Jennie and obsessed beautifully, poignently, on St. Exupery's petit prince and Beagle's last unicorn. Then came College: Independence and philosophy, heartache and candled midnight poetry, learning and unlearning, discerning, the head from the feel, the fake from the real. Making some space. Trying to breath. Reading and reading. The Americans, The Beats, Kerouac's Dharma Bums and Desolation Angels, Brautigan's anything, Pirsig's motorcycle maintenance Cummings, O'Hara and Cohen and on and on and on. Thirsting Bursting. Writing. Songs and symphonies, seeds and germinations. In and out of love and favour and melancholy and ecstasy. Murder and Suicide. Devoured Camus Wilson's Outsider, Occult and Mysteries; Watson's Supernature and Dragons. Graves' White Goddess Discovered Williamson and Heron and smiling and tinkling with Wonder and the World And the Word. Hope. ...but then there was always time... endless time, timeless time... time alone and the Ocean. The was (and is) always the Ocean. Where we go when we need a hole to crawl in. Where we go To breath. And we persevered. We inked our musings and mumbled our tunes And we survived... not all of us though... we saw the best minds of our generation falter... destroyed by madness and the Whole World... but we survived, the blessed ones... But we do not forget ! And the dreams went on forever. And there were songs and songs

and tunes and tunes and happy and sad and deals and near deals and no deals and success and quiet forgetting and all the time carried by the muse and lead by the heart and guided by a longing and learning all the time and growing and finding Martha,the Dilster and Meg...the important things... and writing and listening, Hollis and Buchanen, Oberst and Stevens, Siberry and Gerard, Germano and Amos Arthur and Grech Spektor and Perkins Sufjan and Rosie And all the time panning for diamonds In the dust. and loving and giving and trying all the while and then, finally, sleep and the darkness. But listen , we are the lucky ones. We stay upstairs pretty much all the time now . We are no longer our names or the colour of our eyes. We are now the journey just the journey. This is the journey of which we write Of which we share. If it interests you, Or touches you, We are pleased If not Pass by. . . Sometimes we pine for the innocence below, The yard...weedy and overgrown Only touched in dream And scattered black and whites, But mostly we are happy. Though our days are numbered our work goes well. We live within the sound of waves and the blood red sunsets of the great western shore. Who, who knows anything, could ask for more... With Love, Wisherkings.

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