

# Mp3 Perry Spinali - In The Footsteps Of The Gods



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New Age soundscapes with art rock ambience surround you in a world of dreams, myth and magic with a hypnotic mix of electric and acoustic guitar, piano, synthesizer, strings and tribal rhythms. 7 MP3 Songs

NEW AGE: Ambient, ROCK: Modern Rock Details: In the Footsteps of the Gods retells an ancient Nordic myth in music. It starts with a harmonium intro ala Beatles/Nico and a chill piano motif that storms into a full-on indie art-rock theme and returns to the hint of a backstreet or sailor storyteller with the harmonium also at the end. In the Deep is a deep ocean experience, with Sigur Ros/Pink Floyd psychedelic sounds pulsing with submerged guitars and exotic rhythms. O Love's lute heard about the lands of death, Left hanged upon the trees that were therein; O Love and Time and Sin, Three singing mouths that mourn now underbreath, Three lovers, each one evil spoken of; O smitten lips wherethrough this voice of mine Came softer with her praise; Abide a little for our lady's love. The kisses of her mouth were more than wine, And more than peace the passage of her days. O Love, thou knowest if she were good to see. O Time, thou shalt not find in any land Till, cast out of thine hand, The sunlight and the moonlight fail from thee, Another woman fashioned like as this. O Sin, thou knowest that all thy shame in her Was made a goodly thing; Yea, she caught Shame and shamed him with her kiss, With her fair kiss, and lips much lovelier Than lips of amorous roses in late spring. By night there stood over against my bed Queen Venus with a hood striped gold and black, Both sides drawn fully back From brows wherein the sad blood failed of red, And temples drained of purple and full of death. Her curled hair had the wave of sea-water And the sea's gold in it. Her eyes were as a dove's that sickeneth. Strewn dust of gold she had shed over her, And pearl and purple and amber on her feet. Upon her raiment of dyed sendaline Were painted all the secret ways of love And covered things thereof, That hold delight as grape-flowers hold their wine; Red mouths of maidens and red feet of doves, And brides that kept within the bride-chamber Their garment of soft

shame, And weeping faces of the wearied loves That swoon in sleep and awake wearier, With heat of lips and hair shed out like flame. An epic fantasy told in an hour of synthesizer music. Let your consciousness drift into dreamspace where the future is revealed, as the Myth continues....

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