



Giblet's  
Chapel



## Supernatural Services

Don't be good or bad  
Be sad, be mad, be beautiful  
When you feel your hair start to rise  
Don't forget to hide your eyes

Don't be young or old  
Be master of your wonderland  
When the moonbeams are at your hips  
Don't forget to close your lips

I can't give you tragic moments or eternal bliss  
Just a full range of supernatural services

Sing your own magic  
Ciphersque and curious  
If the mirrors are at your throat  
Don't forget to hit that note

I can't give you tragic moments or eternal bliss  
Just a full range of supernatural services

Breathe in your own air  
Deep in silent evergreen  
If the children are at your feet  
Be they sweet, oh, be they sweet

I can't give you tragic moments or eternal bliss  
Just a full range of supernatural services

## Idol

We are going to burn your effigy  
We've found a new one, he's just 23  
Pretty little face, cute little rear  
With a gold stud in his ear

Got to make some room in my glitter box  
Tickets and clippings, t-shirt and socks  
Autographed CD, can't throw them away  
I'll sell them on ebay- oh, hey

Mike, I used to love you so  
I thought that we would marry  
But my mum told me no

We are going to hurl our underclothes  
Up on the stage where nobody goes  
Suck a little mint, hang round the door  
We've been here once before- what for?

Mike, I used to love you so  
I thought that we would marry  
But my mum told me no

We call out, oh, hey, call out for him  
It's all dark on stage, so exciting  
Here they come, I see them, the lights go on  
It's so loud, it's so hot, this is our song

We are going to burn a candle online  
Friend him and send him a heart and some wine  
Put his shiny poster up on the wall  
What was there, I can't recall- at all

Mike, I used to love you so  
I thought that we would marry  
But my mum told me





## The Vampire's Song

I am a vampire  
Soaring in the starlight  
Circling round the woeful spire  
Where my fire burns, furious red  
Undead

I ride on sirens  
In the painful river  
Leaping up a waterfall  
Hear the call of a sorrowful stream  
Here I dream

And I fly in starlight

I breathe out fireflies  
To light me through the meadow  
Lead me to a circle of stones  
Where the bones of my ancestors ring  
Here I sing

And I fly in starlight

I hear sweet fishers  
Casting hooks of silver  
Dragging me through misty air  
Winding stairs down to soft chambers deep  
Where I sleep

And I fly in starlight



## Messages From Beyond

Lucy wants to tell you where  
She kept the photos of the fair in town  
Don't forget to prune the briars  
Clean the attic, bring the vampires down

I'm alive, I'm running in the forest  
I'm alive, I'm sleeping under blossoms  
And I'm running, leaping, sunning, sleeping  
Loving, fighting, shoving, biting, live!

Uncle Arthur says don't worry  
Don't give up the fags or curried steer  
Drink as much as you can handle  
Lightning's going to make a candle of you, dear

I'm alive, I'm swimming in the river  
I'm alive, I shimmer in the moonlight  
And I'm swimming, leaping, sunning, sleeping  
Loving, fighting, shoving, biting, live!

Grandma doesn't think you should  
Wear the red cape in the wood again  
Don't eat unattended porridge  
Or encourage little bearded men

I'm alive, I'm flying over churches  
I'm alive, and angels are my perches  
And I'm flying, leaping, sunning, sleeping  
Loving, fighting, shoving, biting, live!



## Society Of Figurines



Dear Members, it has come to my attention that  
Some of our infants  
Are being given away as prizes  
For bad acting in awful movies, these awful people  
In dirty black dresses  
Their sweaty caresses choke our senses  
This must stop

We are the children of the gods  
We are the flowers of the stars  
Our bodies are made of wonder  
Our voices are thunder, beaten in steel

In ages past, great heroes would anoint themselves and  
Fight through the jungle  
In villainous tumbles, hacking, slashing  
Deep inside a temple, they'd crawl across bizarre mosaics  
To answer a riddle  
Involving a fiddle, then cut our eyes out  
This was good

We are the children of the gods  
We are the flowers of the stars  
Our souls are enclosed in sapphire  
Our hearts are pure fire, forged in the sun

On frozen winter lakes we skate  
It is our pleasure and our fate  
We fly as one

We are the children of the gods  
We are the flowers of the stars  
Our fingers are flutes of perfume  
Our blood is the moon, liquid in sleep

Please don't give us away  
This must stop

## Whisky, Baby!

If you're in a gallery  
And you don't get modern art, fill your tumbler  
And then suddenly, it all makes sense  
The reds intense, the blues immense- you feel humbler  
Grab yourself a lipstick, doodle on the canvas  
Everyone'll love it, a noodle in the madness  
Pretty little poodle!

Tall tumbler, feel humbler, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!  
Red doodle, sweet poodle, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!

If you're at an opera  
And you don't like what you hear, have a sniffer  
And then suddenly, it all sounds neat  
The crazy beat, you tap your feet- a toe-tap shifter  
Get up on the stage and sing a little number  
Everyone'll cheer you when you do a rhumba  
Give you uppa-thumba!

Neat sniffer, feet shifter, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!  
Sing number, dance rhumba, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!

If you're going to meet the Queen  
Don't be a square, let down your hair- take two glasses  
And then suddenly, you're having fun  
You're both barefoot in the sun, falling on your arses  
You can take her crown off, throw it like a frisbee  
Her Majesty will love it, she'll elevate you, baby  
Duchess of Whisky!

Two glasses, green arses, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!  
Crown frisbee, elevate me, whisky, baby, whisky, baby!





## Nine Devotions to Krishna

One: in the dancing at the wedding of Rama  
Two: later on the same night  
Three: in disguise as a handsome young herdsman  
Four: I was flying my kite

Blue and brown, and down, on the trampled ground  
Two in one, undone, teaching yoga to the sun

Five: I was milking my cows when he spied me  
Six and seven: I was asleep  
Eight: we were sheltering under a banyan  
Nine: that's a secret I'll keep

Blue and brown, and down on the trampled ground  
Two in one, undone, teaching yoga to the  
Sixteen thousand one hundred and eight  
Who have their day then  
Bathe in the river to wash the god away



## Turn Your Face To The Forest

In some dark theatre, weeping with age  
A thin and ragged sweater sweeps on the stage  
From a canvas a-swinging deep in the shade  
Comes a singing, this serenade

Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Your eyes to me

Crash, the thunder sheet rents, wind drum howls, "thief"  
Brush the air with sweet scents, wood, earth, and leaf  
In a shadow a-lying deep in the trees  
Is a pair of eyes only he sees

Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Your eyes to me

In some umber rewrite, a mummer of dreams  
Steps out of the limelight into the green  
On a canvas a-brooding, deep in the gloom  
There's a man in a wood with a broom

Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Oh, turn your face to the forest  
Your eyes to me





## The Sailors' Bones

Our tale began as the ship went down  
We breathed our last of the cold air  
Sank beneath the waves  
And as we sank, what a sight we found  
Of coral reefs, and seaweed wreaths  
And creatures of the ocean deep  
And the fish  
Sniffing at our bones

What of my lady, and her mourning sighs?  
No pyre to blaze in memory for all those left behind  
We lie in wait, far from family shores  
And guard the captain's golden keep  
Now buried in the ocean deep  
And the fish  
Nibbling on our bones

Fifty-two leagues and counting  
We're no longer on our own  
Heaven's the earth above us  
We're no longer on our own

And as we slept in our watery grave  
There came scores of fish like men  
Descending from the waves  
Dead eyed fiends on their greedy raid  
They plundered shiny coins to keep,  
Our treasures of the ocean deep  
And the thieves  
Stealing of our bones  
And the thieves  
Stealing of our...

Bones, bones, bones  
Bones, bones, bones  
Bones, bones, bones  
And the thieves  
Are stealing of our bones

## Sacrifice

Once upon a sun was a little web unspun  
Behind, a door of green  
Opens out into a room where Melia dreams  
And they gather for the moon

Little tears of woe patter down onto her toes  
Above, a garland sweet  
Scented petals that just peel and fall at her feet  
And lamenting figures kneel

Sacrifice somebody, she's very hard to please  
Genuflect twice daily, down on your knees

Shiny bowls of dew shimmer in the morning blue  
Whisper words of despair  
Wishes rising like a cloud to swirl round her hair  
Just a murmur in a crowd

Sacrifice somebody, she's very hard to please  
Genuflect twice daily, down on your knees

She who dyes the sand scarlet  
She who dyes the sand scarlet

Once upon a sun was a little magic done  
Favours just fall and land  
Burning symbols of her grace on outstretched hands  
Just a yearning on a face

Sacrifice somebody, she's very hard to please  
Genuflect twice daily, down on your knees





### From A Dusty Shelf

You tied these strings  
Your delicate touch  
Then you said those words  
I've not gone far  
Haven't seen much  
But I know what I heard

You brushed my hair  
Painted my face  
Wiped away a tear  
Dressed me in silk  
Trimmed it with lace  
Then you left me here

On a dusty shelf  
In a darkened room  
Where I found myself  
When you closed the door  
On an empty house  
Where we used to live before







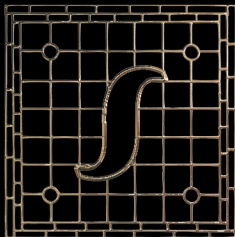
**SCARLET'S WELL studio albums**  
Strange Letters  
The Isle Of The Blue Flowers  
Alice In The Underworld  
The Dream Spider Of The Laughing Horse  
Black Tulip Wings  
Gatekeeper  
Society Of Figurines

[www.scarletswell.co.uk](http://www.scarletswell.co.uk)  
[www.myspace.com/scarletswell](http://www.myspace.com/scarletswell)  
[www.siesta.es](http://www.siesta.es)





**Bid** : Lead vocals, guitar  
**Alice Healey** : Lead vocals  
**Peter Momtchiloff** : Lead guitar  
**Helena Johansson** : Violin, mandolin  
**Siân Chaffer** : Keyboards, vocals  
**Deb van der Geugten** : Bass, vocals  
**Jennifer Denitto** : Drums, harmonica



**Produced by Simon Trought and Scarlet's Well**  
**Engineered by Simon Trought**  
**Recorded at Soup Studio, London**  
***in early 2010***

**Artwork by Giblel**



**All songs published by**  
**Ediciones Perezosas & Warner Chappell**  
**Writers: Bid (1,2,3,4,5,6,8,10)**  
**Momtchiloff (7,11)**  
**Chaffer/van der Geugten (9)**





