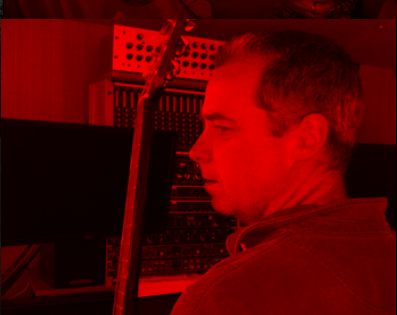
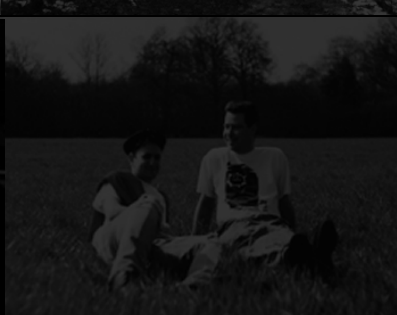
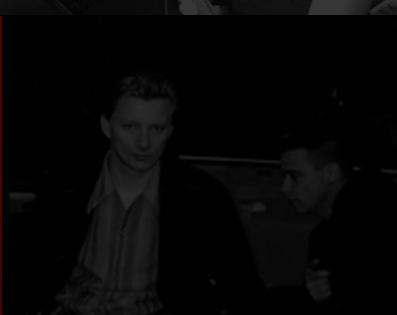
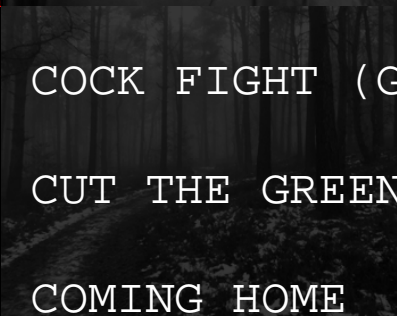
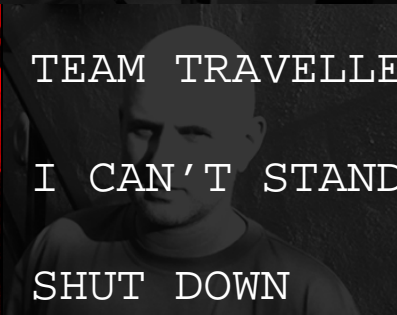
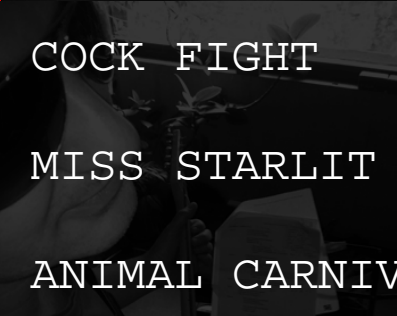


THE CHALK GIANTS

ANIMAL CARNIVAL





COCK FIGHT

A little stroll, is all
A little jaunt, across the park,
Have a little word, with the little man
Who is out of order.

Through the fields, across the lane
A thousand soles, and all the same,
For betterment, for love, for grain,
Here's to slaughter.

Gentlemen, a call to arms,
Gentlemen, show your arms.

Telegraph and drum,
Bits of rag, petroleum,
Have a little dig at a little man
Who is out of order.

Drive the streets,
Smash the doors,
Give your sons,
Give your whores,
For betterment, for love, for gain
Give them slaughter.

Gentlemen, here's to a higher power,
Gentlemen, raise your glass.



MISS STARLIT SKIES

We hold our breath, follow laws,
Touching hands over bugs in jars.
Algebra, express my thoughts,
Microscopic scars

We are salt, we are skin,
We're electrolytic things,
Growing brighter from the charge,
Miss Starlit Skies.

Cider wash, bread and cloth,
We cascade in sunny times.
We are complex things to solve
Miss Starlit Skies

Hair off your face, dressed in white,
I couldn't love you more tonight.
The universe unfolds its arms
The universe unfolds its arms

We are salt, we are skin,
The words between us, paper thin.
Growing bolder from the print,
Miss Starlit Skies

You are soft, I am hard,
We make love in dawning hours...
The universe coughs and chokes...
Miss Starlit Skies...

But, we are salt, we are skin,
We are electrolytic things,
Growing brighter from the charge,
Miss Starlit Skies.



ANIMAL CARNIVAL

Five miles from my position,
To swap smithereens for the rich men's dreams.
Six minutes from my decision: sulphur or silk?
Sulphur or silk?

The carnival lights me,
She's holding me gently,
We're giddy with laughter, with life, we're living, alive...
Animal.

I have been trained as a key technician:
A Typewriting man writing telegrams.
It's not my fault I look so young
From blue cross sting to pet play thing.

Her nakedness warms me,
I'm stroking her gently,
She is the first, I'm hers, forever the only...
Animal.

Come and look at my handiwork, understand the things I have done,
I am trapped, I am thrilled, either way I am a little more damned.
We just do what we do and what we do is never undone,
Raconteur, fireside armchair, don't pass the story of the animal.

Five miles from the big decision
To swap smithereens, for the rich men's dreams.
Six minutes from my decision: Livestock or silk,
Sulphur or milk.

Its tugging me all ways, the thunder creeps always,
This is the first, the last, the World crushed into one
Animal.



TEAM TRAVELLER

We were never first
But then, we were never last
You have been beside me
Through the past

Cold, grey dawn
See our faces black
And when the time came
We watched our backs

We never wanted more
Because we've done all this before
It's like I've opened up the door
To find my team

Cold grey dawn
And cold grey eyes
When the hour came
We lost the skies

We'll see us soon
When the theatre moves on
It's like shadows in a room
We're never gone

We never wanted more
Because we've done all this before
It's like I've opened up the door
To find my team

Have I found the thing
To which, I can cling
Round and round we go
Until we know

We never wanted more
Because we've done all this before
It's like I've opened up the door
To find my team

us always us

I CAN'T STAND DOWN

The sheaths are bigger than the blades
You live off it, its an escape.
Its evidence, this blood, of faith.
They kiss us one by one, be safe.

Of rank and file, this dark divide,
We wait our turn to feed the lion,
Its evidence, this blood, of faith,
We bite our sleeves, we wait on names.

Look at me broken on the ground
I don't cry for help, I'll bring the fury down
I can't stand down.

When I dream she is waiting there,
A weave of corn flowers in her hair,
She is saying something I can't hear,
She holds out arms but I'm not there.

I'm here working the machine of war,
This harvester, this land of corn,
Its evidence, this blood, of faith,
Its evidence, my blood.



SHUT DOWN

It was some time in the 90s
When I lost you
But it wasn't until this year that I realised.
And now I need you so bad I don't know where to start
Dragging you back within me,
Dragging back my heart.

Headstrong for too long,
Headstrong and wrong,
You've been shut down.
Shut down.

Still waters run deep
But I know you are down there some where.
All the things you've seen, all the lives you've been
They're locked down there.
I'm throwing out my thoughts
Because I can't do this alone,
From the trenches to the hills,
To the hills to home.

Headstrong for too long,
Headstrong and wrong,
You've been shut down.
Shut down.

I can nearly here you now,
I can nearly hear you now.
Come to me, I'm calling you now, come to me somehow
Come to me, I'm calling you now, come to me through the universe
Somehow.

Headstrong for too long,
Headstrong and wrong,
You've been shut down.
Shut down.

Headstrong for too long,
Headstrong and wrong,
You've been headstrong.
Headstrong.

I can nearly here you now,
I can nearly hear you now.

COCK FIGHT

(GHOST REPRISE)

Stroll,
is all.
A jaunt across the park.
Little word,
Little man.
Order.

Through the fields.
Down the lanes,
A thousand souls,
Stare the same.
Betterment,
Love or grain.
Slaughter.

Gentlemen,
Gentle men,
Raise your glass.



CUT THE GREEN GRASS SHORT

I seek forgiveness,
I have killed.
I have cut the green grass
Short.

Father, I have been
Through the mill.
Eyes open, closed,
Screaming still.

Mother, I will say no more
Of the things I've done
To other's sons.

Brothers, I cried
I mowed by the light of the moon,
All is nothing less than
Creation undone.

HOW



COMING HOME

See my hands can be full of light,
Like amber glowing, shining bright,
We are singing, "long way home",
We have all been so far away.

Now see my hands, once full of light,
Can't even roll a cigarette,
We are singing, "we're coming home",
We are singing, coming home...

My hands are full of dirt
Dirt carried back from the fields.
You might say, I've worked the land
You might say whatever comes to mind.

That other place, that is done
We've left all that behind
All but our song, long way down,
We are singing, long way down.
And will you see a man?
And will you see your man?

These hands once bruised and torn,
Coming alive in the summer's warmth,
We are singing, across the downs,
I'm a stranger walking home.

Now see my hands, a spark of life,
Might yet shine, a different light.
We are singing, we might yet shine,
We are singing coming home.
And will you see a man?
And will you see your man?

Never been so far, will never go so far away
Again, never been so far, will never go so far away.

ANIMAL CARNIVAL was recorded by THE CHALK GIANTS in 2010 and 2011 at the WHITE HOUSE STUDIOS, engineered by MARTIN NICHOLS and produced by Martin and THE CHALK GIANTS.

MATT and MIKE played the guitars, sang and together wrote the songs, CHRIS played the bass and all the keyboards and PETE (HOG) drummed: we all worked hard and we had a great time being the chalk giants.

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