

Project Retake volume 2

Side 1

1. Three Little Pigs (intro)
2. Three Little Pigs
3. Daniel LaGrange
4. ...And Daryil Answered

4:56
4:07
6:23
12:27

Side 2

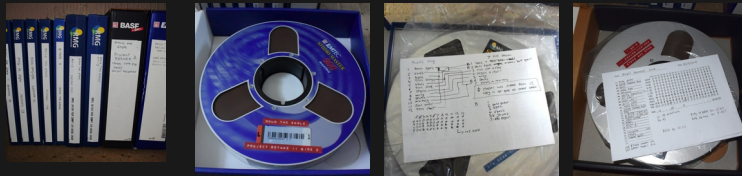
5. Niall's Story
6. DemonHunter
7. Baklawa Doom (part 3)
8. Song of Keaton

9:39
10:45
7:19
10:26

A collection of my favourite songs from the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth albums, rerecorded with better equipment and more experience. All songs contain vocals transferred from the original 8-track master tapes.

All songs written and performed by J. P. Morris, Copyright (C)2008-2020
Recorded using the Old Ways at The Lab, Cwmbran 2018 and 2019
All songs recorded on 2" 24-track, portions from the original 8 track masters
Mixed Dec 2019 and Feb 2020.
Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Solutions, Mar 2020

Greetings go out to Sunblink, Ren, Wuff, Keetah, Sofox, Merlin and co.
Thanks go out to the Rosegarden team, to Brian Roth and all at RTM, ATR, MRL and co for keeping the analogue dream alive.
Cover by Merlin Missingham, logo by Luke Turner, additional art by Merlin, Ren, Sunblink and Adrian Mui. Recorded and mixed on SM900 tape.



<http://www.dougtheeagle.com>

<http://dougtheeagle.bandcamp.com>



Three Little Pigs Introduction (from 'Three Little Pigs', 2009)

This little piggy went to market
This little piggy stayed at home
This little piggy, gonna hunt him down

Wherever he may roam
Death's too good for you!
Death's too good for you!
Death's too good for you, but it'll have to do.

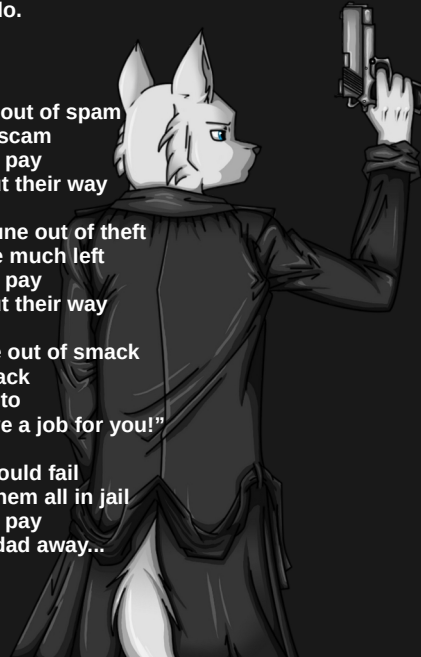
Three Little Pigs

Well, the first little piggy made his fortune out of spam
Selling dodgy medicines, the perfect little scam
But he didn't know the price that he would pay
The local mob persuaded him to send a cut their way

Well, the second little piggy made his fortune out of theft
Stealing gold and platinum, he didn't leave much left
But he didn't know the price that he would pay
The local mob persuaded him to send a cut their way

Well, the third little piggy made his fortune out of smack
Selling cheap enlightenment, for £30 a whack
But he didn't know what it would lead him to
The first two piggies hired him, said "We've a job for you!"

But they didn't know their lives of crime would fail
The big bad wolf arrested them, to throw them all in jail
But he didn't know the price that he would pay
Each little piggy drew a gun and blew my dad away...



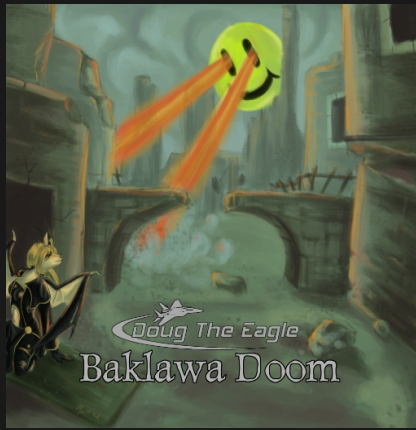
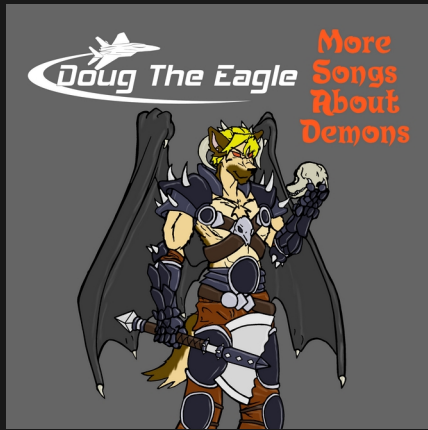
EQUIPMENT LIST

Otari MX80 2" 24-track tape machine
with Brian Roth output drivers
TASCAM TSR-8 tape machine
Studer A807 master recorder
TASCAM DA3000 digital master recorder
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit
Allen & Heath GL2400 main mixer
Behringer line mixers and noise gates

Small Clone chorus
WEM Copicat tape echo
LA Audio valve compressor
TL Audio 5051 valve channel
TL Audio 2051 valve channel
American Audio 152B equalizer
Modified Strymon BlueSky reverb
American Standard Razorblades

Roland MVS-1, Roland JV1010
Waldorf Pulse, Waldorf MicroWave mk1, Waldorf Streichfett
Behringer VC340
Hammond XM-1 with Rotosphere mk2, Hammond SK-1, Cheetah MS6, Moog
Voyager, Manikin Memotron, Alesis DM10, Gem RPx piano, Yamaha Reface CP
Korg M1R, Dave Smith OB-6, Korg Triton Rack and Triton Extreme
Behringer B1 and modded Apex 460 valve microphones, Steinberger XT2 bass





Daniel LaGrange (from 'And Daryil Answered', 2010)

My name is Daniel and I spent my whole life hunting and destroying evil.
That's what I do
One day I saw that what I did was also evil
From a different point of view

Judge not, lest ye be judged
Things are not as simple as could be
Everything seems different now for me

The realisation that my life had been spent poorly
Left my thoughts all tangled, left me confused
I sought a way to make amends

And live my life more wisely - this I pursued.

Things I'd done were never as they seem
Everything before was like a dream

I thought that I could find the truth
But I all I found was twisted blasphemy
The hymns of praise I thought I'd sung
Were only songs of lies and larceny

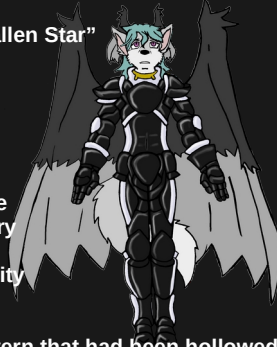
My name is Daniel and I spent my whole
life hunting and destroying evil.
But I was wrong
Since then I've found a little evil helps bring balance
To an over-righteous throng

Even good is bad if took too far
Neutral shades of grey is all we are



...And Daryil Answered (from 'And Daryil Answered', 2010)

They say that in the caves of Izenkar, resides the "Fallen Star"
A tome that legend says holds secrets of our race
I'm one of few who knows the ancient tongue,
And though I am yet young
I journeyed forth to seek this long-forgotten place
I am a child of Daryil – Clan of fear and mystery
I am a child of Daryil and I seek my destiny
I am a child of Daryil, and you can't take that from me
I hope to learn the ancient mystery, of our past history
Of how the 'Cubi came to roam our planet's face
It must hold secrets of such use to me, like immortality
That I'll transcend into a perfect state of grace



Wings ruffling in the cool breeze, I approached a cavern that had been hollowed out as if into some sort of shrine. Ever-burning braziers lit the room and there, upon a pedestal suffused with light, was the tome of the Fallen Star. If only my clan leader could see me now! Lord Daryil.. I'd never met him, but they say he is as ancient and as wise as the hills, ruling his domain with a just, but firm hand. If the rumours of what this book contained were true, I might at last gain his respect.

As my hand reached to take the book from its pedestal, I realised I was not alone.

"And so, another incubus comes in search of the book of the Fallen Star! Surely you did not think you were the first! The book makes such tempting bait... it is almost too easy. I shall crush your body, torment your soul and take your head-wings as a trophy!"

My sword cast aside in the struggle, I lay helpless, pinned in the Demon's cruel embrace. As the last of my strength ebbed, I looked into the very core of my being, and I uttered a prayer. I prayed that someone, anyone, Being, Creature or God... hear me now and bring salvation.

...And Daryil Answered.

But Jyraneth ignored her quirks since Keaton was just small
She'd grow to be a warrior and cause their foes to fall

When Keaton was a teenager her brother took her out
To burn away her pity for the foes of the devout
And Noah told her that their sisters had been squeamish too
It was a rite of passage every Jyraneth goes through
They hid upon a mountain pass, 'till travellers came by
He shot them with a fireball and left them there to die
Then Noah turned to Keaton and he said the kindest thing
Would be for her to slay them both and end their suffering

When Keaton closed on 70 she kept her youthful air,
When you live several thousand years it's harder to compare
She went in search of Noah who'd been missing several days
When she returned she found her father dead and house ablaze
It wasn't just her family who had been taken down
Their city was invaded and their foes swept through the town
She fought and killed the warrior who claimed her father's head
But she was quickly overwhelmed and left behind for dead

She woke and found herself alive but taken as a prize
Her captors healed her major wounds but took one of her eyes
It took about three hundred years and one attempted rape
Before she killed her master and she managed to escape
She wanders now in search of any clan-mates who survive
Her dying captor hinted that her sister was alive
So now she is a drifter and she wears a mask of hate
But deep down she's just terrified she'll share her father's fate

Little Keaton, as the years went along
Little Keaton, such a shame it went so wrong
Little Keaton, it was such a shame that you,
Little Keaton, have become a monster too



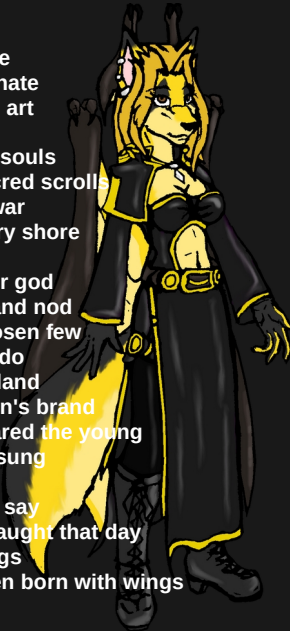
Song of Keaton (from 'Baklawa Doom', 2012)

Young Keaton, she was born into a once-grand city state
Ruled by an immortal Queen whose love had turned to hate
Her father was a blacksmith, and he dreamed of making art
Her mother hunted heretics and tore their souls apart
Her mother lived ten thousand years by feasting on the souls
Of those who would profane the Queen or mock the sacred scrolls
Her father was a younger man who forged the tools of war
To make the Red Queen's prophecies come true on every shore

The Queen believed she acted as the mouthpiece for her god
As non-believers lost their souls her men would smile and nod
Queen Jyraneth proclaimed that Creatures were the chosen few
All wingless mortals must be slain, their sacred task to do
Each month or so Her raiders would set forth upon the land
To harvest souls and smite the cities with the Red Queen's brand
They fought and slew and captured slaves and only spared the young
"Each child is pure and holy" was the mantra that they sung

Now Keaton was a young girl and she knew not what to say
When once she saw the wingsless slaves the Raiders caught that day
And pity stole upon her for these frightened mortal things
She shivered and she thanked the Queen that she'd been born with wings
Her brother Noah told her of a creature of the night
This story left young Keaton in a nervous state of fright
She placed her dolls like sentries on the watchtower of a keep
But stuffed toys cannot keep away the nightmare moths of sleep

One night when she was out alone she ran into the Queen
Who asked her what she'd like to do when she had turned nineteen
She tried hard not to think about the slaves she pitied so
Since Jyraneth could see her thoughts and things she shouldn't know
Her mother ran between the two for she was paranoid
The Queen might call out "Heresy!" and have her child destroyed



Niall's Story (from 'More Songs About Demons', 2011)

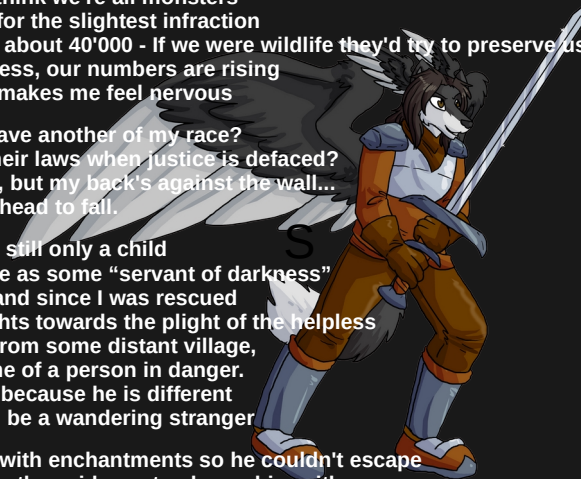
There was a great war, for thousands of years
It took my species to the brink of destruction
It left us hated, they think we're all monsters
They try to lynch us for the slightest infraction
They say we number about 40'000 - If we were wildlife they'd try to preserve us
Things are not hopeless, our numbers are rising
But every execution makes me feel nervous

What would I do to save another of my race?
Why should I keep their laws when justice is defaced?
Maybe I'm a dreamer, but my back's against the wall...
I can't allow another head to fail.

When I was younger, still only a child
They tried to hang me as some "servant of darkness"
My father saved me and since I was rescued
I've turned my thoughts towards the plight of the helpless
I've heard a rumour from some distant village,
My spies have told me of a person in danger.
They plan to kill him because he is different
His crime was just to be a wandering stranger

I saw them bind him with enchantments so he couldn't escape
I saw them making up the evidence to charge him with rape
They strapped him onto the platform, they raised the blade upon high
And as the prosecutor lied I realised I couldn't leave him to die
The crowd went silent as the prosecutor gazed at the skies
Their victim's life began to flash before his watering eyes
I saw them pulling the lever, that's when I set off the charge
And as the guillotine exploded there were loads of angry people at large

My name is Niall, I've made it my mission
to save my people from unjust persecution
I risk my own life, but I think it's worth it
if I can even stop just one execution



DemonHunter (from 'More Songs About Demons', 2011)

In the blinking of an eye, as the daylight starts to die,
Then the hunt begins once more
They only seem to hunt at night, they never come in broad daylight
To our village by the shore
I've never lived a violent life, but with a sword and hunting knife
I've taken up the fighter's trade
I cannot just stand idly by as my friends and neighbours die
I'll make those demons feel afraid

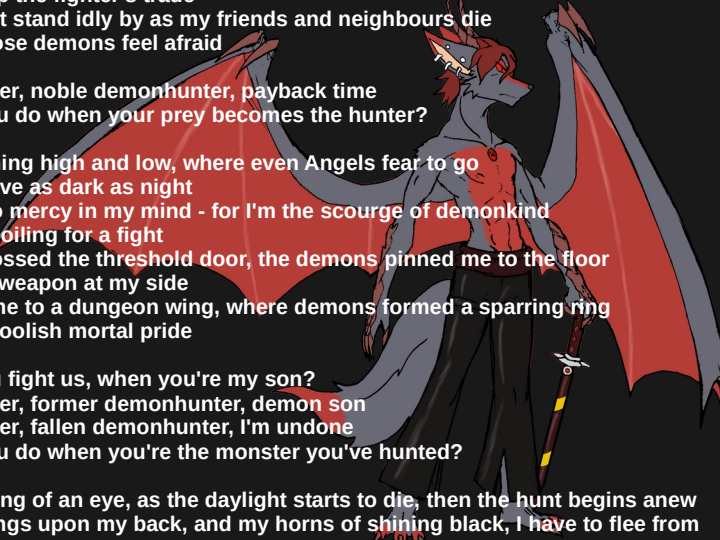
Demonhunter, noble demonhunter, payback time
What do you do when your prey becomes the hunter?

Ever searching high and low, where even Angels fear to go
I found a cave as dark as night
And with no mercy in my mind - for I'm the scourge of demonkind
I entered spoiling for a fight
And as I crossed the threshold door, the demons pinned me to the floor
But left the weapon at my side
They took me to a dungeon wing, where demons formed a sparring ring
To test my foolish mortal pride

Why do you fight us, when you're my son?
Demonhunter, former demonhunter, demon son
Demonhunter, fallen demonhunter, I'm undone
What do you do when you're the monster you've hunted?

In the blinking of an eye, as the daylight starts to die, then the hunt begins anew
With the wings upon my back, and my horns of shining black, I have to flee from
all I knew

Demonhunter, former demonhunter, child of lies
Demonhunter, fallen demonhunter, Compromised
What do you do when you're the monster you've hunted?



Baklawa Doom Part 3 (from 'Baklawa Doom', 2012)

Let's cut to Nanchester, where the end of the world is nigh
Reports are...
a giant smiley face...
Descending from the sky...

The Face floated around, cruising over town
And all who saw its Withering Smile fell dead

I called the old man up and I asked him for a clue
He said it was our hero's job to work out what to do
I sighed and said to Bob we didn't have a plan
Belatedly I wondered why I'd come to trust this crazy mad old man

Bob was the only man that the Face could do no harm
Its smile just gave him headaches but not one of us was armed
I called Bob back into this hiding-place I'd found
It was a chip shop and the deep-fat fryer still seemed to be sound

Hey old man, why is doom so near? Tell me just what it is you fear?
"His friends all call him 'Tim' but to his foes he is *Baklawa Doom!*"

Bob threw a fish, in polystyrene dish
It struck the Face which broke and we were saved.

