

#### **OTASPED QUE**

Ur, tenitates volum que quiasimus ma ditium esendelenis eumquate poria por rehenimus, ut asit, qui ut quidelist laccae exerror aut resequi oluptas et remo con plandae.

Catem a dolo inte venet mo comnis mod et volorpo ratessunt que mincur, quassimusam que as quatem sit, id ent quam ea voluptatem necta plant estiore

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### **PRAY FIR YER BONES**

... with a tethering connection to humanity and absence of spirituality, the privileged plays God in the material world, consuming, possessing and demanding submission. The seduction and ensuing slavery is subtly sold

# I WON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SOUL BUT I'LL PRAY FOR YOU BONES



Flesh don't own me I'll pray for your bones When you walk when you talk, when you kneel, when you feel; Beware of your bones

The first sex was on the floor Forks in your arms, knives in the door Let me tie you down, let me be your freedom, let me be your God

Your bones will do you wrong as you crumble under shelter as you shiver in the sun God i love you so, I'm smothered by your mystery, I'm hunting for your gold

I won't worry about your soul but I'll pray for you bones

God had mercy on your soul But he wasted your bones

While I'll pray for you bones

Words unfold me I'll pray for your flesh Honey warms the freeze of sullen tongues who pray to false Gods

And I sold my own, I sold my Godliness alone I prayed to false gods
The first sex was on the floor, starlight on the forks, knives in the door eating your cinnamon rolls cinnamon rolls

Know your bones will do you wrong from the deep they hold the key, they move your songs along Long ago you chose a home The gravestone to your soul I want to knock on your door and rattle your bones

come lay your flesh down

I'll pay for your soul

as you whimper through the window, the as you sink beneath the storm I want tae take them home feed them to my own, uncontainable soul

Let me tie you down, let me be your freedom, let me be your God Let me wash your dreams, let me sing with Inga, let me squeeze and squeeze We'll baptise your bones Why should you hang dry while they look for a black hole? Me, I want your bones



## I BECOME DEATH

In ending, there is beginning. In being, there is becoming.

I am become death explores the deconstruction of identity and gender norms, and subverts binaries into open fields of being, becoming.

Is my heart? Is my heart calling for love or

death?

I am become

I am become goddess

say my name

My day, my night, my road, my bite,

my taste, my soul, my salt, my fight, my time, my breath, my stones, my roots,

I am become.
I am become death
I am become your
your death

I am become death

I am losing

All my heartaches

For just one breathe

Poison pours in Without warning

If you love me If you love me

I am woman

I am uomo I need lovin'

I am bleedin' I need healin'

woman uomo woman uomo woman

I am become

I am become deatt

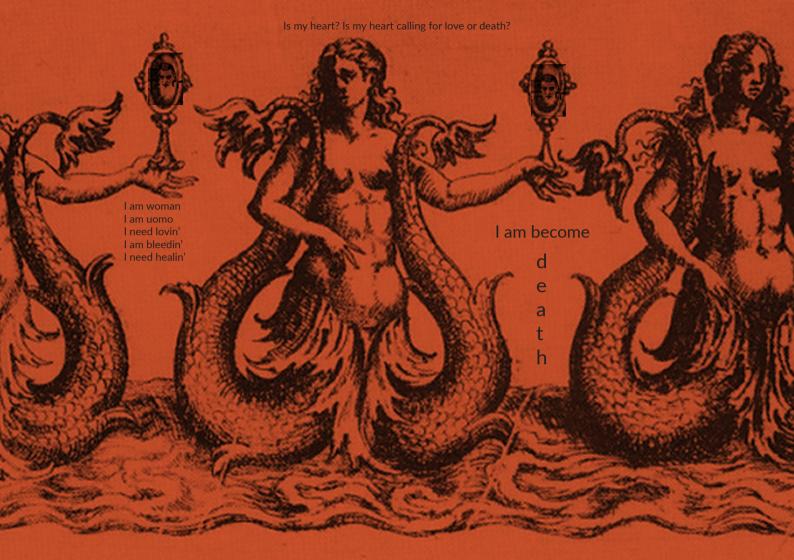
I am become your death i am become your

death i become

be your white sand be fir bathin' take ye in my banks

Be your island

I am become I am become





# **SONG FIR BILLIE**

If you need ma lovin I'll gee ye lovin if ye need some rolling I'll keep you goin Cos i need yer sonsie grin that stretches fi ma skin drawing out a moonbeam where we both begin

And we go beyond what we know
And we're hand in hand as the whistle blows
and we wander
and we wonder
Little wonder

if you need some codding (joking)
i'll be yer Gombeen (fool)
If ye need a donder (wonder)
I'll let ye gander (look)
If you want my lullin'
I'll sing ye til morning
And we go beyond what we know
And we're hand in hand as the whistle blows
and we wander
and we wonder
Little wonder

An ode to adventure and knowledge seeking, dedicated to my daughter Billie with whom I share a nightly ritual of improvised storytelling. Billie is always the hero in our stories set in different countries, historical movements, films, or imaginary worlds, which she chooses to explore, absorb and integrate with courageously and wisely.

we know in hand as th whistle blows and we wander and we wonder Pittle wonder

# ICARUS / SHE WANTED TO BE BURNED Dedicated to friend and film maker Ruth Paxton, the Icarus of my story is female who refuses to fall but rather integrates with the sun, absorbing the heat, creating resilience and assuming immortality. She has natural immunity. In my mind I have been swallowed by the sun and although it burns, I like that fever burn In my head, I have been followed by the black wings of time Gave my love, gave all my weakness too 'cause I let that fever burn inside my head and I let that fever burn in my head once more Once again, you have been hollowed by the gun take my love, take all my weakness too 'cause I let that fever burn inside my head and I let that fever burn in my head once more la la la la la la la la la Laughter comes after your tears and I let that fever burn Het that fever burn



#### **RESTLESS WAVES**

Depression and addiction can diminish one's ability to connect to the self as well as to "other". This is a love song which unveils the turbulent reality of mental health's influence on connection and asks for compassion, time and relief. Written for Debbie, my Goddess, who has chosen to set sail with me despite the storm.

In my days, I've been searching for the night and in my way, I only did what I thought was right and I did what I done 'cause what I done I saw, and when I saw what I'd done from my cage, I sat myself and / I set myself free/ I opened to door and I prayed

Once in song, once in peace washed by rivers, walked on seas once a God, once at peace, Let me walk upon the seas once fir her, once fir me, set my song to the waves

and let me be kind in my way I always loved you that way I fender felt what I loved cos what I loved was lost and then I lost what I loved and in my haze

Walk with love, walk in peace

Once a God, once at peace, Hold the mirror in front eh me Woman must, a woman be

once for fir aw i've never been once fir her, once fir me, walking Once a God, Once a Slave Once a God, Once at Peace lost as seas

Once a Healer, Once a Beast feared and Walk in love, walk in peace Once a Woman, wondering free

words of God, words of peace Once for all, Once a painter, Walk in Ive, walk in peace

Once a woman, he held her seas Restless waves, violent feast

She sang:
Once again, once for me
Once fir aw

Once a God, once a love, now a loss once again once my heart wants again, I will part soaked in rain

and she ate the five thousand year that had kept her a slave

I felt the shame, at the dawn I began free

and I raised my empty glass to change Once fir God, once fir peace Once ye've done we'll walk o'er the seas, we'll sail Restless waves, restless past, Wild is Woman Once a God, Once a Beast, once a Woman

Once a God Once in peace Once I love glory comes

Once on fire Once Words of stone Words of

As the current throws the stone and it weighs down upon my woman's soul and it cuts me to the bones When I can't race that river home

And in my haze, I thought I was kind And in my way, I always loved you that way But I never felt what I loved, 'cause what I loved was lost, and then I lost what I loved And even death was like the sun, and then sun was gone, and death brought back the sun And in the maze, I



# LAND OF RIVERS

We are "Spiegel im Spiegel".

Ellaine Myles says "To love you is to reflect you" – addiction is the cage.

if we change our landscape we can abandon addiction.

Show me love Broken bones, and broken beds been seeking blood, and seeking death

and as I stumble, the flesh runs wild I can hear the thunder burning down again and it shoots me down, and chocked ma veins please take me back and read my eyes again

down this land of rivers show me love down this land of rivers show me love

when it's just the two of us
I believe I might just be good enough
Come lay next to my mouth
estuaries of ecstasy flowing
When I sip sweet olive blood
hunger retires to dust. It's just the two of us
come lay where we can trust.

Pray this world,



#### **HANDS IN GLOVES**

This is a story of abuse. Stripped of identity by grooming, a child's introduction to "love" through sex results in a paradoxical inexperience of intimacy which continues to haunt her future relationships. That bastard stole her sex for years. Until Debbie.

He left me wringing by the school gates I thought my mouth was gun Before the red race he said I was ready for some lessons on how to love

Just a downtown creeping Jesus looking fir girls to sell his sin He said I was a beggar right from the beginning learning how to love

Hands in gloves she never felt the thunder making love she always felt the plunder Get me ma whiskey before I jump like a knife i've got army rebels running through my wires screaming about love

Hands in Gloves, and wrists tied in spurges

Making love she always felt the plunder
He said I'd live more if I'd just spread my sex so he good gather it in
Strap it in
Jut it in tight like a hostage.
Don't look into my eyes
Or take me into consideration.

Jut my entire world Like an atom bomb, fumigate me From my habits and privacy.

Shaking, chanting: paralysis by black ecstasy! There's no way to stop the sacrificing now I want to be clinically clean. One day I'll bleach you out of me!



#### WITHERING BONES

Sometimes my bones really ache, as if they want to outgrow my skin, cutting through the present in shards of doubt and self-hate. I always believed I would explode like a black hole, trailing a smog of resentment into solitude. But my song is hopeful, and wants to sculpt the dust into mountain.

Gone, gone gone, Blown by a lithium fog Will I roll straight through my soul?

Winter's haund knocks me whether I open the door or sing my darling's goodnight song

I gave my heart, but lost my soul
Will I find love or will I rot / roam in these withering Bones?

From my flesh, unleashing the smoke and the fire
Let me bathe, in aphordite's waves
From the depths
transcending through her pussy + talk
Til ma death the siren's song
oil my death my lover's song

I gave my heart, but lost my soul
Will I find love or will I rot / roam in these withering Bones?
Will I give love and will I sow
if i find love, can I let go of these withering bones?

Sometimes I feel my skin reflect the storm And I can't ride these waves

#### SANTA CATERINA

Written for my darling Caterina, who saved me from a stiflingly oppressive and unforgiving patriarchy and showed me compassion, love and presence.

Born like a child born dead, Never to see the light S'what my bible said When I was just a child God wasn't on my side

Like a snail melting in the sun I used to go, where my preacher said to go I travelled far and wide But God was never on my side

But Santa Caterina With her wheel and her lilies and her sword Oh Santa Caterina I am yours and she is mine

Valent



# **LAND OF RIVERS**

A psychotropic sound cocktail of jazz, psych, roots-rock and folk





# LAND OF RIVERS

EM + TG



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