

CINDER WELL

CADENCE



TWO HEADS, GREY MARE

Crick in the side of the frozen moon
Is a lake the size of our sunken room
We weathered the night in a drunken croon
Another trick in the tide and you're gone too soon

Cave on the shore
In moonlight, I saw her
Two heads, grey mare
Hunted shadow

Crick in the side of the frozen moon
Is a lake the size of our sunken room
We weathered the night in a drunken croon
Trick in the tide and you're gone too soon

You old ancient forest
You old ancient forest
What are you aging for
What are you aging for

Crick in the side of the frozen moon
Is a lake the size of our sunken room
We weathered the night in a drunken croon
Another trick in the tide and you're gone too soon

Open, closing
You're not going
In shadow, only shadow
Here's hoping you're not going
In shadow, only shadow

OVERGROWN

Starlings burst the bleeding sun
The stone underfoot comes undone
I do know more slowly we will ramble
Those strong bones of us more fickle
Slow to the thoughts
The speed at which they pace
Gaps between to widen and erase

Overgrown, overgrown

I do know strands of hair now golden
Grey multiply and dominate the forest
Wiry and coarse, they blow the color of smoke
Sheafs 'round your shoulders
Fall fields, overgrown

Overgrown, overgrown

RETURNING

Leather boots, heavy armor
Like brambles, like dust
One of these days you'll discover your own morning sun
Finding feet bare in softer ground
Finding depth in hollow earth

The returning takes its own time

Edge of the road with wind in your hair
In goats' yellow eyes, I saw us there
Fallen breaths speaking lowly in damper skies
My hands slowly softening your lines

The returning takes its own time

Went on a walk with the wrong expectations
Seeking a still life in a town that once was
Streets are silent, like they were all last year
Time has taken its toll on it

You may sense my lonesome shadow
Distance between us has carved a hollow
Winding stillness, echo chamber
Time has taken its toll on me

The returning takes its own time

CADENCE

When you know where the light is
And you found cadence
Your heart is breaking forth
And you know what the pain is for

You found your emblem
Down at the mountain's shore
You hold it daily
I love you greatly for it

You found cadence
Your heart is breaking forth
You know what the pain is for
Your heart is breaking forth

WELL ON FIRE

Well on fire
The well on fire
If it will grow in the cracks then
It will grow in the water
It will grow in the well

I hear you're coming
Right through the door there
It won't be long now

I am close to it now
I am closer somehow
I am close to it now
I am closer somehow

CROW

Walking once in a farmer's field
A crow once had a word with me
Take your time to let them in,
Hold your breath when the wall gets thin

I awoke in a waterfall
In a hole in the middle of it all

A crow told me once
Take note of who crosses the corn stalks
And doesn't look back at footsteps
You'd at least want to know
How much pressure you put
And how much the earth puts back on you

I awoke in a waterfall
In a hole in the middle of it all
And I know it's a little too late
To revoke what's been put at stake

It crossed its wings and flew away
To awake in a waterfall
To feel the air above its head
Below its wings, the heaviness

And I awoke in a waterfall
In a hole in the middle of it all

GONE THE HOLDING

Limestone and the empty road
A flower bed of yellow roses
I've got another call coming down the line
Leaning out of broken blinds
Spider's thread in the edges fly
Flicker in the A-frame
Golden tepid light

Gone the holding we were in
From the cold Atlantic wind
Ferry port, metal wing
To other shores us they bring

These doors that rattle
In vapid wind and out of time
To let it be enough tonight, we're running out of time
Lines in soil lines in sky
I am alone in the fields tonight
And alone I may remain
Stark like consequence

Gone the holding we were in
From the cold Atlantic wind
Ferry port, metal wing
To other shores us they bring

Blackbirds scattered at the green
Gathering in the barren tree
Grief rises heavy
Ascend into the night
Damp clothes on the line
Shaking fence, quivering pines
Terrace echo
Coming back to life

Gone the holding we were in
From the cold Atlantic wind
Ferry port, metal wing
To other shores us they bring

These doors that rattle
In vapid wind and out of time
To let it be enough tonight
We're running out of time

A SCORCHED LAMENT

What could change the winter's course
What could temper the fall
What did you notice when the dawn turned to dust
The hour turned one and all

Will you shelter away from the storm
Will you hide out from the wind
Will you take your sweet, sweet rest
Returning with stories on your wings

In a thousand furnished rooms
A wilderness of mirrors
How can we recognize ourselves
Through the windows
If we can't see through the screen's glare

Did you look when the flood left the edge?
Did you hear the warning?
Did you see the strange green light
Over the city this morning?

Blackbird, blackbird will you call
Blackbird, blackbird will you come
Sing us over with your scorched lament
You were watching over all along

I WILL CLOSE IN THE MOONLIGHT

Oh, closing time
You are on my mind
When the road is back in sight
When the bottle's done
And the blinds are drawn
And our eyes are set on our hungered hearts

I will close in the moonlight
When the gaping wound
Closes to mend
And the planes touch down
I wonder when
When the haze of mourning is but a memory
And the fields before us, they are evergreen
We are childless and wandering
But the nightingale comes back to sing

And I hope to see you again
When the bottle's done
And the curtains drawn
And our eyes are set on our hungered hearts
I will close in the moonlight

Produced by Amelia Baker

Recorded by Harlan Steinberger at Hen House Studios, Venice Beach, CA
Nich Wilbur at The Unknown, Anacortes, WA
John "Spud" Murphy at Guerrilla Studios, Dublin, Ireland

Mixed and mastered by Nich Wilbur at The Unknown, Anacortes, WA

Photos by Georgia Zeavin
Design by Dan MacDonald Studios

Amelia Baker - vocals, guitar, fiddle, organ, piano
Phillip Rogers - drums
Neal Heppleston - bass
Jake Falby - viola
Cormac MacDiarmada - fiddle
Nich Wilbur - organ

All songs written by Amelia Baker (ASCAP) / Cinder Well

