



Splinter me out the jewel of a juicy black lime, lime, lime... (as it echoes off) this eruption came--brings us running, red-footed, across a molten earth, which blooms in motion. We see the pregnant future and drink to our loosening legs. We youtheneyes our impulses and telekinize the seedling smokes hovering above our homes. We architect monuments to melt back into their molten beginnings. After all, we vibrated a circle which revealed itself.

All music, artwork, photography, and Tyrics on Obsidian Smoke Rings were performed and exposed by Unkindness Of Ravens (UKOR)
© 2003 Unkindness Of Ravens + Phy-d'eau.

Recorded and mastered in the cities of Austin, Texas; Berkeley and Eureka, California; and Montréal, Québec.

Far more information: www.unkindness-of-ravens.org www.phydeau.org

All material licensed under the P-LILEC for freedom in creative expression and thinking: www.lilec.org

Cover Painting By Keigher

Obsidian Smoke Rings Performers: Megan Alexander

Christie Bernard
Julie Buckner

Joshua Chalifour Andrew Ehrhardt Sean Gardner Michael Keigher Ian Lanphier

Chris Peterson Derek Sakakur The Ukorian Booze Quaffing Choir:

Megan Alexander Joshua Chalifour Andrew Ehrhardt Michael Keigher Ian Lanphier Jessica Momb Derek Sakakura

Drink Friends Drink

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again. The bottle will be empty, But not before the end.

I've traveled near and far, and now I'm back to stay, Had enough travelin', enough of the wanderin' way.

I saw the stars o'er Mexico, 'neath her thighs spread wide. She said, "Stay!", Lord I had to go, Though in her belly grew my pride.

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, the bottle will be empty, but not until the end.

Waking somewhere in the east, I couldn't see nor feel, Drinking hard, sans surcease With the devil I made my deal

"Son, be careful what you ask take care with what you say. You might try to fit the mask, But the truth gets in the way.

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, though the bar be empty, there's more 'fore the end.

"You can leave 'em in the alley, You can leave 'em in the night, But there ain't no son o' Sally, Won t let you go without a fight."

Well I heard those words and they rang true, Though the goat himself had said it, I wanted out; to 'scape my due, And profferred my soul for credit.

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, the promise may be be empty, a bargain without end. The goat just smiled -- winked one eye, Which kind of made me shu der, "The answer's easy -- stay a while, The end could be another."

When he was done and satisfied, and we had shaken hands to his work he fled and hied, to still my sired bands.

Drink friends, drink, and friends drink again, their bellies will be empt but thus it is an end.

I've got my hidden pleasures hidden sorrows, hidden truths, and high forgotten deasures, that the whiskey never soothes.

Haunted by their ghosts, are their long aborted cries, bugh forgotten are their hosts, yet remembered are their eyas.

Drink friends, drink, and friends drink again. The bottle now is emptied, and so we've at the end.

Chalifour and Ehrhardt

La Fée Verte

Ma tasse est toujours pleine à ras bords dans la mer.

La fée verte met les rêves dans ma bouche et prend les mains de la mer.

l'ai jeté le berceau d'eau perdu , au ciel-gui a brisé en mille morceaux.

Le monde sommeille, il ne soigne pas mes mains pénibles ou ma bouche en plein rêves

- Chalifour

- 1. La Fée Verte Chalifour
- 2. Backwards Cerebral Heartbeat Keigher
- 3. Time as a Pleasant Suicide Chalifour
- 4. Pink Bayou Sunset Sunrise Peterson
- 5. Weaving a Melting Door Keigher
- 6. Mesmer Regression Chalifour

- 7. Keyhole Deity Keigher
- 8. Softs Chalifour
- 9. Fermented ESP Trigger Keigher
- 10. Persephonian Thoughts Chalifour
- 11. Guinness Head Cascade Keigher
- 12. Drink Friends Drink Chalifour, Ehrhardt



Instruments:

aluminum foil, ashtray, bastebrush, bongos, bottlecap cardboard gourd rattle, bottle-o-itchagen, cake pan, Casio SK-1, chopsticks (wood and metal), coffee drum, coins, cork, cruncharoundaphone, criscolastic, flutes (bamboo and other wood), duct tape, didgeridoo, dietocussion, fivalpot, glass shards, grumble tubes, guitar, harmonica, kazoo, UKOR natural beat algorithm, metal scraps, spirit of Juanita, panhandle, pitchilbocks, ratchesqueaker, Roland JV-30, scat, season shakers, spoons, Tibetan singing bowl, violins, voices, waterbotafan, whipivic poles, wooden fish rake

OBSIDIAN SMOKE RINGS



Ensemble: UnKindness Of Ravens (UKOR) -- Album: Obsidian Smoke Rings

http://www.unkindness-of-ravens.org

(file under: musical scribble)

All music, artwork, photography, and lyrics on the Obsidian Smoke Rings album were performed and exposed by UnKindness Of Ravens (UKOR) (C) Copyright 2003 UnKindness Of Ravens and Phy-d'eau. All songs were recorded in the cities of Austin, Texas; Berkeley and Eureka, California; and Montreal, Quebec. Obsidian Smoke Rings was mixed and mastered Joshua Chalifour and Michael Keigher in Eureka, California and Montreal, Quebec.

This material is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0) licence https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/

TRACK

- 1. La Fee Verte -- Chalifour
- 2. Backwards Cerebral Heartbeat -- Keigher
- 3. Time as a Pleasant Suicide -- Chalifour
- 4. Pink Bayou Sunset Sunrise -- Peterson
- 5. Weaving a Melting Door -- Keigher
- 6. Mesmer Regression -- Chalifour
- 7. Keyhole Deity -- Keigher
- 8. Softs -- Chalifour
- 9. Fermented ESP Trigger -- Keigher
- 10. Persephonian Thoughts -- Chalifour
- 11. Guinness Head Cascade -- Keigher
- 12. Drink Friends Drink -- Chalifour & Ehrhardt

Performing on Obsidian Smoke Rings:

Megan Alexander, Christie Bernard, Julie Buckner, Joshua Chalifour, Andrew Ehrhardt, Sean Gardner, Michael Keigher, Ian Lanphier, Jessica Momb, Chris Peterson, Derek Sakakura

Singing on Drink Friends Drink -- The Ukorian Booze Quaffing Choir: Megan Alexander, Joshua Chalifour, Andrew Ehrhardt, Michael Keigher, Ian Lanphier, Jessica Momb, Derek Sakakura

Cover art by Michael Keigher

INSTRUMENTS

aluminum foil, ashtray, bastebrush, bongos, bottlecap cardboard gourd rattle, bottle-o-itchagen, cake pan, Casio SK-1, chopsticks (wood and metal), coffee drum, coins, cork, cruncharoundaphone, criscolastic, flutes (bamboo and other wood), duct tape, didgeridoo, dietocussion, fivalpot, glass shards, grumble tubes, guitar, harmonica, kazoo, UKOR natural beat algorithm, metal scraps, spirit of Juanita, panhandle, pitchilbocks, ratchesqueaker, Roland JV-30, scat, season shakers, spoons, Tibetan singing bowl, violins, voices, water bottles, whipivic poles, wooden fish rake

Splinter me out the jewel of a juicy black lime, lime, lime... (as it echoes off) this eruption came--brought us running, red-footed, across a molten earth, which bloomed in motion. We could see the pregnant future and drank to our loosening legs. We could youtheneyes our impulses and telekinized the seedling smokes hovering above our homes. We could architect monuments to melt back into their molten beginnings. After all, we vibrated a circle which revealed itself.

LYRICS

La Feé Verte

Ma tasse est toujours pleine à ras bords dans la mer.

La fée verte met les rêves dans ma bouche et prend les mains de la mer.

J'ai jeté le berceau d'eau perdu au ciel qui a brisé en mille morceaux.

Le monde sommeille, il ne soigne pas mes mains pénibles ou ma bouche en plein rêves.

-J. Chalifour

Drink Friends Drink

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again. The bottle will be empty, But not before the end. I've traveled near and far, and now I'm back to stay, Had enough travelin', enough of the wanderin' way.

I saw the stars o'er Mexico, 'neath her thighs spread wide. She said, "Stay!", Lord I had to go, Though in her belly grew my pride.

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, the bottle will be empty, but not until the end.

Waking somewhere in the East, I couldn't see nor feel, Drinking hard, sans surcease, With the devil I made my deal.

"Son, be careful what you ask, take care with what you say, You might try to fit the mask, But the truth gets in the way."

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, though the bar be empty, there's more 'fore the end.

"You can leave 'em in the alley, You can leave 'em in the night, But there ain't no son o' Sally, Won't let you go without a fight."

Well I heard those words and they rang true, Though the goat himself had said it, I wanted out; to 'scape my due, And profferred my soul for credit.

Drink friends, drink, and friends let's drink again, the promise may be be empty, a bargain without end. The goat just smiled -- winked one eye, Which kind of made me shudder, "The answer's easy -- stay a while, The end could be another."

When he was done and satisfied, and we had shaken hands, to his work he fled and hied, to still my sired bands.

Drink friends, drink, and friends drink again, their bellies will be empty, but thus it is an end.

I've got my hidden pleasures hidden sorrows, hidden truths, and nigh forgotten treasures, that the whiskey never soothes.

Haunted by their ghosts, and their long aborted cries, though forgotten are their hosts, yet remembered are their eyes.

Drink friends, drink, and friends drink again. The bottle now is emptied, and so we're at the end.

- J. Chalifour and A. Ehrhardt