



SPIRIT OF RAIN

JONAS SJØVÅG

SILK THREADS
ITZAMA
MOON, STARS
MELODY MACHINE
THIS TRACK, THIS LYRIC
GENERAL IDEA
DREAM

Lyrics, compositions and arrangements by Jonas Sjøvaag
Recording, mix & master by Færder Audio
Album artwork and design manual by Supremeconnection.no



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SILK THREADS

In my dream, she hangs by silk threads
above the forest floor
and she looks like the most fragile thing
in the entire world

ref.: Like a flower
she grows
Through heartache and woes
Through daybreaks and throes

Wrapped in a cocoon
Like a creature in a cartoon
waiting to come out of the shell
and like all, with time, she will

Like a flower
And she grows
Through heartache and woes
Through daybreaks and throes

ITZAMA

Itzama
Spirit of rain
Shows through showers
for hours
Spirit of early mist
Spirit of snores
Of ropes and spiders
you lean against fire

Itzama
Caught in web
morning dew
In a new world
Mistress of rare stones
Mistress of ropes
Moonstone jasper
You lean against rock

Where are our masters?
When will they meet,
Where are our masters?
When will they meet,

Oh, when, will they?
The most dangerous one
The destroyer
The destroyer

MOON, STARS

Moving my hand, while
working in the shop and a piece of wood fell
It fell for a few days.
Just kept going on down

Then, we had a Chinese New Year party.
My kids were pirates first, now purple dragons
I bought pig ears
to chew on, for days

Moons, stars and silk scarves, and
black nights, moving far
away from where we used to be
as a separate and private entity
in a lonely void
in a lonely void

Put coloured ice glaze over
a wooden bowl, and on a purse our kids made
leave it in the fridge, or rather
in the fridge freezer
Green and black and blue
The background glow of a living room
a plastic soda bottle
chocolate chip sea shells
Moons, stars and silk scarves, and

black nights, moving far
away from where we used to be
as a separate and private entity
in a lonely void
in a lonely void

From the dark sea you hear noise
Though the cracks are filled with foam
Ice, glitter, lime green, look at the sea buoy
How it shines, and how the light bounces
off, so pretty

MELODY MACHINE

instrumental

THIS TRACK, THIS LYRIC

right, so
this track, the lyrics
of it I have written, myself, inspired, loosely
by everything I know and everything I've come to know
things that have happened
people I've met
but the voice that speaks these words, now,
is not my voice, it is not
my voice, I guess you would generally classify a voice
as belonging to
someone, so, this is another voice
a creation based on an older version of my voice
recorded years ago, talking back to me through
amateur recordings, through rough mixes, and
drafts
and that voice is what this voice is modelled on
although the words are mine, and
they are, in turn,
written to try to say something about the lyric
in the song following this artificial monologue,
and in that song the voice IS mine, though heavily processed, to the point
where it no longer sounds like me
voices in songs are often impersonal
perfected and sculpted, perhaps
artists feel they can
because the personality already is so heavily

invested in the lyrics themselves, and maybe, I suppose,
it might be tiresome performing them
night after night
for the performer, because of the personal elements embed-
ded,
thus it seems only natural to seek out a
mask, a new kind of layer, that hides
personality but allows you to sing personal lyrics
it allows the Self to
be put front and center night after night
and it removes the need
for imagination, or interpretation in the audience, it's seem-
ingly just raw
material, bare personality, open for critique and
blunt responses, when it's not, because the
voice is no longer yours or theirs
it belongs to a plugin, to an idea
so, you hide, behind the VST
autotuning and formant-shifting your
way out of too personal
and into artistry

another option is to
have texts without personal opinion, which in turn, again,
is about masking the personality
hiding it, as such, which means that
using a voice that is not one's own
might be done both by altering the voice
or altering the words
and both of those happen
all the time, in the world
and if you can't tell the difference
you are probably better off than
the artist, at least in
the short-term

THIS TRACK
THIS LYRIC

GENERAL IDEA

Our kitchen & dining room
like everywhere else
A calendar on the wall, stating clearly
how we're
on top of it all
on top of it all

I had a friend with a name
We met in the afternoons
throwing a ball, and I know now that we both knew
that we both knew
we both knew

Ref.:
So, here's the general idea
Of how the whole thing is supposed to be
You root and then slowly grow, into a
tree

That ultimately
Will fall over, and float into the
sea

I'm preparing for anything
I put labels on
To help me remember things
that clearly
happened once
happened once

When I'm ready to let go
Meetings in afternoons
I put labels on, and I know
That we both knew how to
Carry on through, how to carry on

Don't dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't want to dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't want to dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't want to dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't dim the lights
Keep them all on
Don't want to dim the lights
Keep them all on

DREAM

Dream
Dream
Dream
*2

Dream new dreams
Sing new songs
pretty young faces
coming along

in the blue light
think new thoughts
lots of new babies
connecting the dots

Make a new colour
Dress in new clothes
Embrace the unknown
As the story unfolds

Guided by spirits
Blinded by words
hollow and lightweight
like the bones of most birds

All the dots in between us
All the lines to connect us
All the borders we make up
All the differences we talk of

All the times we will fall in love
All the things we require
All the things we acquire
All the things that we're told

have an opinion
make your voice heard
open your eyes
take over the world

Into the future
everything new
All major changes
start with the few

All the dots in between us
All the lines to connect us
All the borders we make up
All the differences we talk of
All the times we will fall in love
All the things we require
All the things we acquire
All the things that we're told

Dream
Dream
Dream

