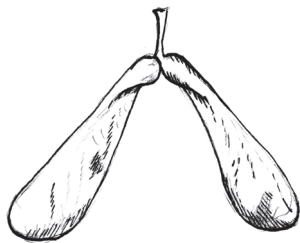




PAINTED LETTERS

THE
SORROWER'S

SONGBOOK



All Songs, Lyrics and Artwork by

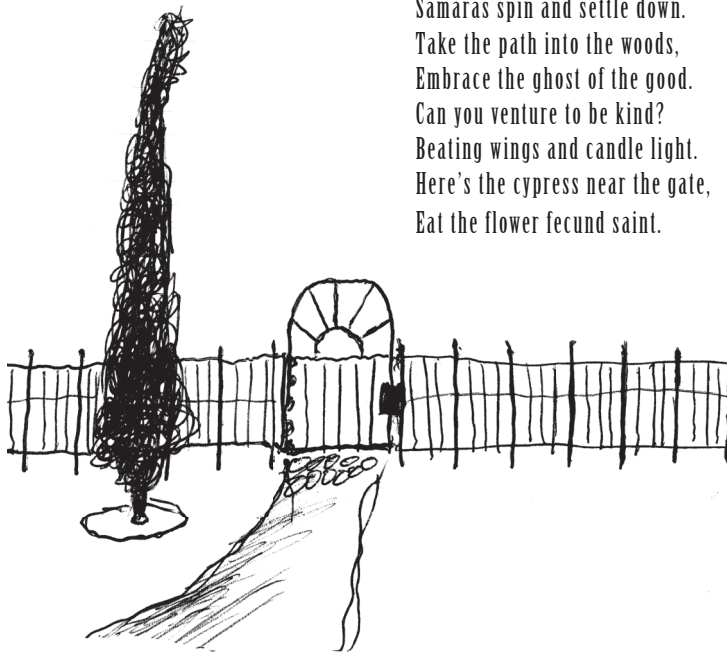
PAINTED LETTERS

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Painted Letters is a music and art
project created by M.P. Lobo

TROUBLED LEAVES

Troubled leaves in cobbled town,
Samaras spin and settle down.
Take the path into the woods,
Embrace the ghost of the good.
Can you venture to be kind?
Beating wings and candle light.
Here's the cypress near the gate,
Eat the flower fecund saint.



BLACK CAP

Black cap I heard your song and
I could hear over ten thousand
desperate days inside the hollow
where you hide your nest.

And I adored that mournful tune in
the day that you escaped into the
white and blue with tongues of fire
behind your wings.

I don't know why I worry about anything.

Black cap I turn to you. I, a child,
afraid to speak a word or walk the
wilderness to be among the blessed.

And I adored that mournful tune, in
the form that you once knew. The
silhouette, the silver moon and the
flowers that you bring.

I don't know why I worry about anything,
when you love me and I love you.

I don't know why I worry about anything.



COME GATHER US INTO THE NIGHT

Deep and apart there's a moon in your
heart and a magnetic field in your eyes.

Like water we dance to the fate of
romance - we move with the weight of
the tide.

A sudden and silent surprise, when all
of these visions collide.

It's a small price to pay, throw the
needle in the hay and blow out the light.

Come gather us into the night.

Summer's cocoon like a brilliant
balloon is empty and blowing away.

The thistle and thorn and the perfume
of storm, I am lost in the heavenly sway.

And the yellow, the pink and the white
are vanishing fast from my sight.

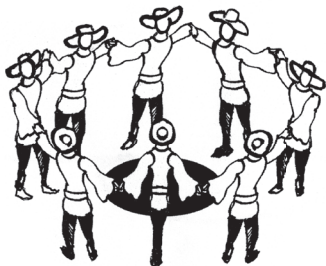
Plant the seed in the field, we'll har-
vest the yield and blow out the light.

Come gather us into the night.

Falling through space with a feeling
of grace it's a perfect and gentle July.
Angels ascend to the fire once again,
like ashes they lovingly rise. And your
burning the letters you write, now the
stars grow increasingly bright.

They shimmer and shine, they fill up
your mind and blow out the light.

Come gather us into the night.

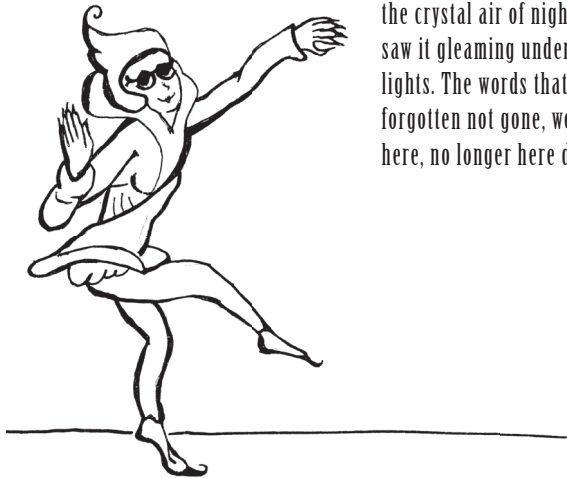


WE BELONG NO LONGER HERE

Salt encrusted sidewalks trampled by the throng. Caroline walks so careful through the snowfall on the lawns. A pretty device all locked up in ice. We belong no longer here, no longer here do we belong.

Caroline lowers her eyelids to dream of birds in flight. And there she always finds them with wings ablaze and bright. But soon comes the dawn with everything wrong and we belong no longer here, no longer here do we belong.

She walked out in the evening to breathe the crystal air of night. And there she saw it gleaming underneath the yellow lights. The words that were drawn, forgotten not gone, we belong no longer here, no longer here do we belong.



OH MY LOVE

Twenty three stars hang in the firmament, dizzy and dripping over the riverbank. Train conductor please take my ticket, I present it wrapped up in plastic.

She and he dresses up in finery, drinking wine, swallowed in scenery, writing backwards into my breathing, leave the light and enter the evening.

Oh my love.

They escaped into the theater, climbed the steps up to the battlement. Cool September ,if you could only be, salt and sea and lavender on the breeze.

Gaslight glows yellow against the night, wrapped up close, holding each other tight. Life has found us here in the quietude crush me now, how I have missed you.

Oh my love.

Seasons come and seasons go, I need the sun to feel cold. Seasons come and seasons go I need the cold to feel warm.

I have want for you of a better life. Let the pain shine, dissipate and die. Moonlight rise on us now to make it real - tracks run northward over an open field.

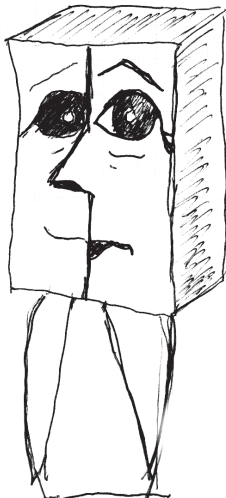


BEAUTIFUL BELLS

We dress the part. We wear the
clothes. We fill the holes. We stay
inside our homes. Beautiful bells
ring out a heavy toll.

We cut the wheat. We fill the holes.
We walk alone. We do just as we're
told. Beautiful bells
ring out a heavy toll.

Have a little mercy on our souls.



THEY'VE SEEN ME SHINING

They've seen me shining, they've
caught me in their teeth and plan to
strip my skin to grind the bones inside
me. And they are so afraid afraid
afraid but I am not afraid at all.

THE LANTERN'S OUT

Falling bombs on the yellow house.
I'm as quiet as a church mouse.
Water floods on the main street now
the kingdom in chaos the lantern's
out. White lines drawn all across the
black. Children there is a chimney
stack. Smoke that comes to block the
sun. The hollow filling up with mud.

It's ok to cry.

Smell the smoke and smell the moss.
The lantern's out, the kingdom in chaos.

Let us pray for the rain to end, for the
souls of gentlemen, for the colors of
twilight, hold onto each other tight.

Piling up the cobblestone - where did
all the flowers go? In the night the
stars are bright - we howl alone, we
howl alone.

Sweetest girl, I know it's hard,
counting each and every star. Colors
that you once could see, trap them
in your memory. Long ago there was
a man, ate the flowers of this land,
Poured them out all across the sky,
turned into a bird of flight.

It's ok to cry.

Smell the smoke and smell the moss.
The lantern's out, the kingdom in chaos.



QUIETUDE



VILLAGE LIFE

This village life, this village life will
swallow up each little dream that you
have placed into your cup - now - all
aboard we go, we dream and talk to
ghosts, they whisper to your heart
these verses and depart.

Surrender wrapped itself around me,
entered in my body and unbound me.

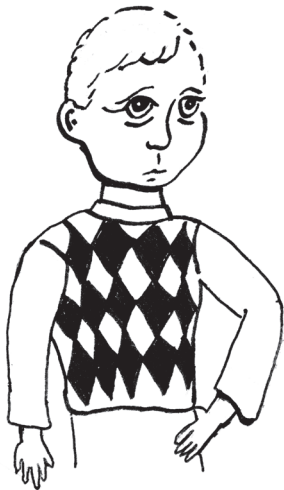
Oh little bird, oh little bird I heard
your song, you wake me up at break of
dawn - the place that we now go, with
everything you know. Stars slip out of
the sky, retreating in your eyes.

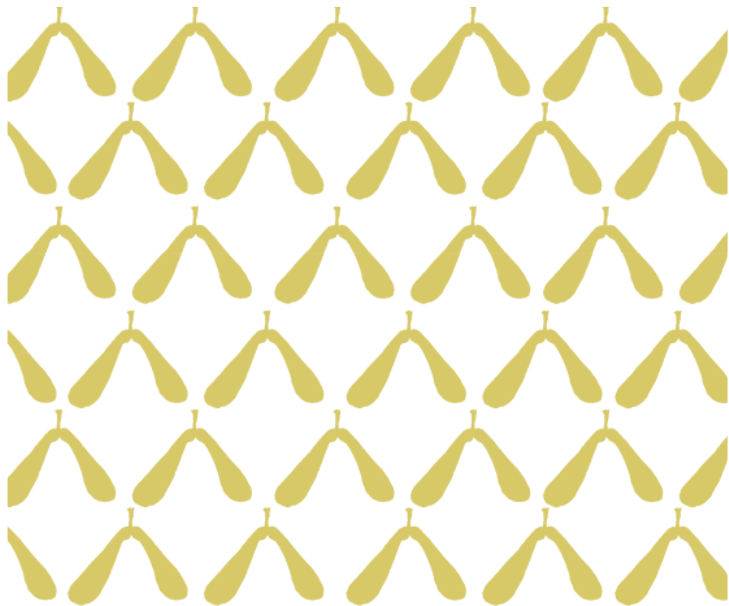
Surrender wrapped itself around me,
entered in my body and unbound me.

Let us never speak of ending up a
long white ladder we're ascending.

Emerge in shining glory.

Turning to the morning.





SPECIALS THANKS

To all who helped in the creation
of this album, especially to Julia.

“The Sorrower’s Songbook” was recorded at
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