

Side 1 – Baklawa Doom

1. i. The Old Man 5:24
2. ii. At the Chippy 5:41
3. iii. The End of the World 7:20
4. iv. After the End of the World 5:22

AAD - Analogue Analogue Digital.

Tracks 5,6 recorded on 8 track tape. All other tracks recorded on 1" 24-track.

Recorded using the Old Ways at The Lab, Cwmbran 2011. Mixed on 8-9 Dec. 2011. Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Solutions, London, February 2012. Greetings go out to Keaton, Ren and Wuff their help and support in making this album, and to Sofox for helping out with 'At the Chippy'. Apologies go to the Pretty Things over 'Heaven's Army'. Thanks go out to the Rosegarden team, to all at RMGI, MRL and HomeRecording for keeping the analogue dream alive, to Don Lang for his inspiring use of the 'tron, to Gitte and Maia of *Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth* and to Google for naming track 6. Cover by Nyl, logo by Luke Turner. Keaton drawn by Ren. Recorded on SM911 and mixed on SM900.



Equipment used included:

TASCAM MSR-24 tape machine
TASCAM TSR-8 tape machine
Studer A807 master recorder
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit
WEM Copicat tape echo
Yamaha MG16 and Soundtracs RX8 mixers
Behringer chorus unit

Roland MVS-1, JV1010
Waldorf Pulse, MicroWave Mk.1
Hammond XM-1 w/ Rotosphere Mk.2
Korg Triton EX
Cheetah MS6, Tornado 'tron Engine
Creamware MiniMax ASB
Diode ring modulator

Side 2 – Some Other Neat Stuff

5. Heaven's Army 5:28
6. How To Build A Sundial 10:18
7. Song of Keaton 11:10



Baklawa Doom Part I – The Old Man

*In which the end of
the world is prophesied*

High on a mountain, far from the sea
There lived an old man and he, he spoke to me

He said “Doom is coming... it's not good news
If we'd survive it there is one course to choose.
We need a man, a DIY hero
We need him quick before our chances are zero”

He said “Son, you better run quickly
I've seen the future and it's getting quite sickly
Stand up, no time! End of the world is nigh!”

Hey old man, why is doom so near?
Tell me just what it is you fear?
“His friends all call him 'Tim'
but to his foes he is Baklawa Doom!”

Far from the mountain, when I got home
The old man left a voice-mail
Upon my phone

It said “Time is passing and the end is near
You'll find our hero down in South
Gloucestershire”

He gave a name, he gave a street number
How he got mine I've no time to wonder



Baklawa Doom Part II – At the Chippy

*In which a hero is
recruited to save the world*

I remember when I first met Bob
He was working at a fish 'n' chip shop
Because he was normal, he thought I was crazy
When I told him he should stop
I said we needed a hero – the old man and I -
To try and stop the End of the World,
When death rains from the sky

I remember when I first met Bob
It was hard to make the picture clear
All I could tell him was the world was doomed
And all because of some old mystic's fear
I had to get close to him, and so I joined the line
The menu said that they served Baklawa
And I knew this was a sign

I remember when I first met Bob
And I asked if he believed in fate
He shrugged and turned towards the frying vat
And put some haddock on a paper plate
I told him 'bout the old man, and what we had to do
He threw his apron on the ground
And said “Hell, yes! I'll join you!”

Hey old man, why is doom so near?
Tell me just what it is you fear?
“His friends all call him 'Tim'
but to his foes
he is *Baklawa Doom!*”



Her mother ran between the two for she was paranoid
The Queen might call out "Heresy!" and have her child destroyed
But Jyraneh ignored her quirks since Keaton was just small
She'd grow to be a warrior and cause their foes to fall

When Keaton was a teenager her brother took her out
To burn away her pity for the foes of the devout
And Noah told her that their sisters had been squeamish too
It was a rite of passage every Jyraneh goes through
They hid upon a mountain pass, 'till travellers came by
He shot them with a fireball and left them there to die
Then Noah turned to Keaton and he said the kindest thing
Would be for her to slay them both and end their suffering

When Keaton closed on 70 she kept her youthful air,
When you live several thousand years it's harder to compare
She went in search of Noah who'd been missing several days
When she returned she found her father dead and house ablaze
It wasn't just her family who had been taken down
Their city was invaded and their foes swept through the town
She fought and killed the warrior who claimed her father's head
But she was quickly overwhelmed and left behind for dead

She woke and found herself alive but taken as a prize
Her captors healed her major wounds but left one of her eyes
It took about three hundred years and one attempted rape
Before she killed her master and she managed to escape
She wanders now in search of any clan-mates who survive
Her dying captor hinted that her sister was alive
So now she is a drifter and she wears a mask of hate
But deep down she's just terrified she'll share her father's fate

Little Keaton, as the years went along, Little Keaton, such a shame it went so wrong
Little Keaton, it was such a shame that you, Little Keaton, have become a monster too



Song of Keaton (Chronicles of Jakob Pettersohn)

Young Keaton, she was born into a once-grand city state
Ruled by an immortal Queen whose love had turned to hate
Her father was a blacksmith, and he dreamed of making art
Her mother hunted heretics and tore their souls apart
Her mother lived ten thousand years by feasting on the souls
Of those who would profane the Queen or mock the sacred scrolls
Her father was a younger man who forged the tools of war
To make the Red Queen's prophecies come true on every shore

The Queen believed she acted as the mouthpiece for her god
As non-believers lost their souls her men would smile and nod
Queen Jyraneth proclaimed that Creatures were the chosen few
All wingless mortals must be slain, their sacred task to do
Each month or so Her raiders would set forth upon the land
To harvest souls and smite the cities with the Red Queen's brand
They fought and slew and captured slaves and only spared the young
"The Gods protect the innocent" was the mantra that they sung

Her brother Noah told her of a creature of the night
The story left young Keaton in a nervous state of fright
She placed her dolls like sentries on the watchtower of a keep
But stuffed toys cannot keep away the nightmare moths of sleep
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The story left young Keaton in a nervous state of fright
She placed her dolls like sentries on the watchtower of a keep
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One night when she was out alone she ran into the Queen
Who asked her what she'd like to do when she had turned nineteen
She tried hard not to think about the slaves she pitied so
Since Jyraneth could see her thoughts and things she shouldn't know



Baklawa Doom Part III – The End of the World

In which the old man proves less than helpful

Let's cut to Nanchester, where the end of the world is nigh

Reports are.. a giant Acid face... descending from the sky...

The Face floated around, cruising over town

And all who saw its Withering Smile fell dead



I called the old man up and I asked him for a clue

He said it was our hero's job to work out what to do

I sighed and said to Bob we didn't have a plan

Belatedly I wondered why I'd come to trust this crazy mad old man

Bob was the only man that the Face could do no harm

Its smile just gave him headaches but not one of us was armed

I called Bob back into this hiding-place I'd found

It was a chip shop and the deep-fat fryer still seemed to be sound

Hey old man, why is doom so near? Tell me just what it is you fear?

"His friends all call him 'Tim' but to his foes he is *Baklawa Doom!*"

Bob threw a fish, in polystyrene dish

It struck the Face which broke and we were saved.

Baklawa Doom Part IV – After the End of the World

In which the old man's origin is revealed

“You think I'm an old man, do you? But you don't know...
My exile started thirty thousand years ago
But now it's over and so, all thanks to you...
I'll rule this planet and the whole empire too
And it's done, I'm twenty times cooler - Overlord and galaxy's ruler!”

Hey, old man, who has come from space... are you worse than the smiley face...?
“My servants call me 'Tim' but to my subjects I'm Baklawa Doom!”



Heaven's Army

Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth

I found me in another world when my mortal life was done
I've earned the right to live up here and I am not the only one
But Heaven's not just clouds and singing, and so I joined the peacetime guard
Sent off to fight some vampire cult, should training be this hard?
“Oh and by the way,” they said, “Once an angel dies, he's dead.”

We found us on a forest world where the vampire threat existed
If I knew it would be like this, I'd never have enlisted
Heaven's Army falls apart, raw recruits are slaughtered by the dozen
See Hell's minions, find a place to hide away
(I saw so many comrades die – enough to make an angel cry)

Again I have to ask if I've been fooled, or is this really Heaven...?
Again I have to ask if I've been fooled, and it was all a scam

A band of angels wishing they had guns instead of sword and spear
If I get out of this alive I'm gonna choose a new career
And Heaven's Army falls apart, raw recruits are picked off by the dozen
See Hell's minions, find a place to hide away

Again I have to ask if I've been fooled, or is this really Heaven...?
Again I have to ask if I've been fooled, and it was all a scam

