







Stones

Vaccinate my loneliness with cigarettes and wine
Then invite the ghosts inside to help me keep the time
I'm between the lines, could you meet me for a spell
We will honour the deities who keep us well

Digging hands into the earth to liberate the stones
Whisper to them secrets, let them hold it in their bones
Offer deeply, stories and your messages
We will leave behind more than words and sediment

And so, to stones, we return once more
We become the pendulum
Maiden, mother, crone

Think of all the others who have followed us this far
A path above a sea of moving mineral and ore
Oh, the canyon becomes our rocky fingerprint
With the hot embrace of fire steel and flint
Dream of all the others who've traveled here before
Metamorphic rock and metal in our core

And so, to stones, we return once more





Vampires

Sure are a lot of vampires in here
Lingering on my tongue
A lot of vampires in here
They wanna get some

Feasting on my breeding heart
I don't want to be a part
Of this game

Sure are a lot of vampires in here
All cut and concise
A lot of vampires in here
They don't want to play nice
So I won't play nice

Sure are a lot of vampires in here
Dark, vile, energy suckers
A lot of vampires, my dear
Grass, petty motherfuckers

A lot of spitting
A lot of spite
I won't take it
Not tonight
I won't play nice

And you can take a trip
Down the River Styx any day
Get on your big black horse
I will feel no remorse as you fade
You should have played
Nice

Sure are a lot of vampires in here
Sure are





No Harm

The devil never did me no harm
In fact he's the only one
Who stood by me all this time
A reminder of what it means to be human

Look here now, don't look back
This moment is the right track
It's the cycle of death and life
Move to the strains of his pipe

The devil never did us no harm
Giving a sun to the moon
Spirited bringer of light
Before dogma made its debut

Allies, friends and lovers are we
Shame and guilt and sin cannot be
A fawn in the pasture of chance
A partner when I just need to dance

The colour of sin is in your head
You're the one who painted his face red





Oh, Tim

Oh, Tim, they just don't understand you
Your philosophy and LSD
The professors they all reprimand you,
For experimental psychiatry

Oh, Tim, they just don't understand you
You scare them with radical thoughts
The senior cadets do command you
Be silent and do what we've taught

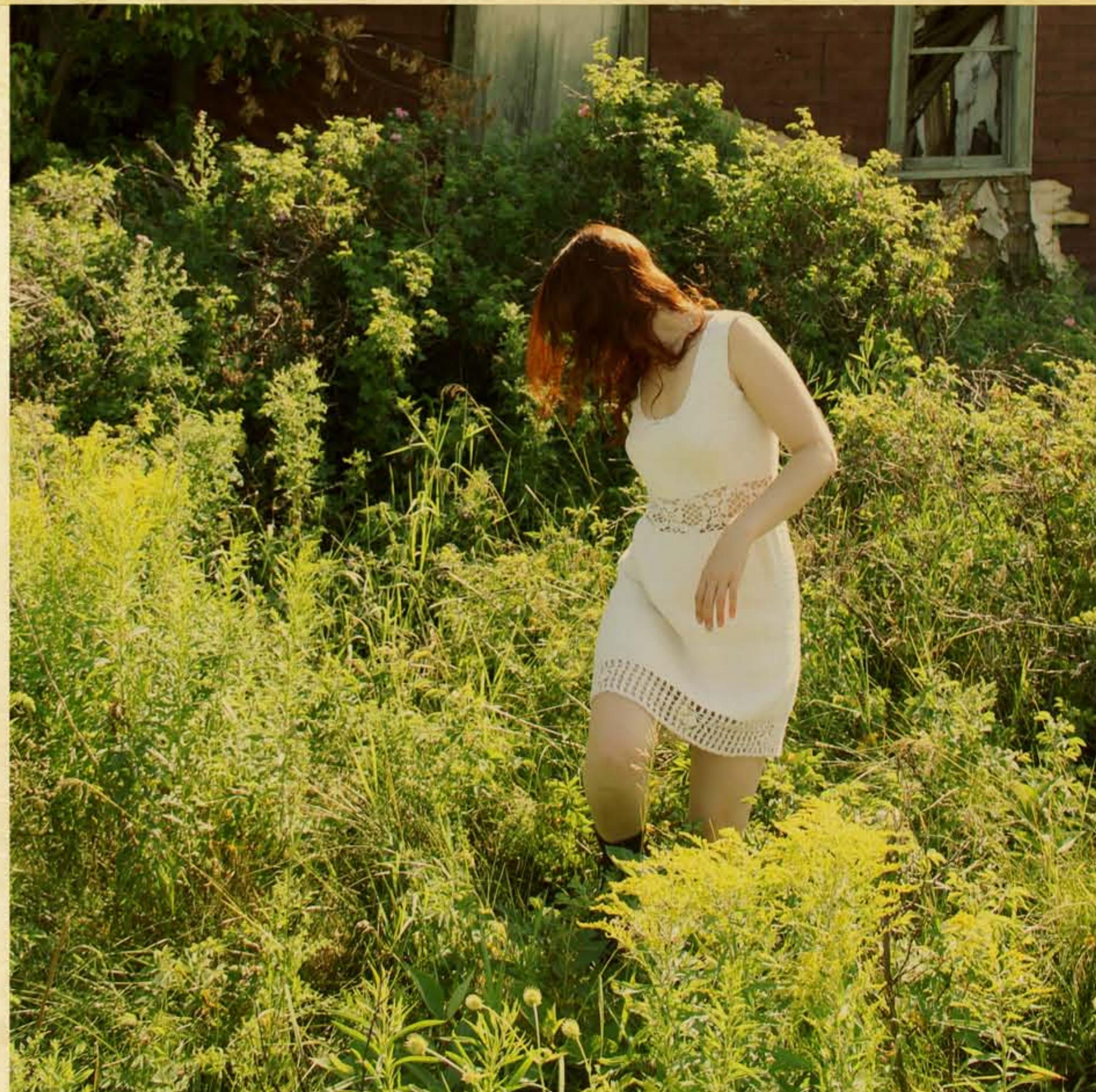
With proper set and setting, you can be free and unconfined
In order to use your head, you have to go out of your mind

Oh, Tim, they just don't understand you
Eccentricities and PhD
Your prescription is taken, the mind is awakened
Reality's constructs are shaken

A man with a gavel once named you
The most dangerous man in the world
You then reframe and reclaim the name
Of dissident philosopher

You'd rather starve in the gutter than be ordinary and resigned
In order to use your head, you have to go out of your mind

Oh, Tim, they just aren't understanding
Think for yourself and find what you seek
Authority is a pill best taken
With a grain of salt and tongue in cheek
Yes, with a grain of salt and tongue in cheek





If You Were My Monster

A many headed, many armed beast
Stood outside your door
Like a mangled mix of Cerberus,
Kraken and hydra tales of yore
The heads, they yelled and screamed
With some arms, they raised a fire
Feeling righteous behind their revulsion
Feeling protected under their spire
With werewolf pack mentality
They beat the walls of your home
But if you were my monster,
I'd unlock the door and we'd roam

If you were my monster

Whether horn or fang or hoof or tail
Dark shape shifter beyond the pale,
Stingers, scales, claws or wings
I'd see them as strange and beautiful things...
A strange and unkempt beast, they say
And if so, blessed be
For how much do you differ from they?
How much do you differ from me?
A parade of bizarre entities
Indulged in their own intrigue
Feeding their god, not the inner beast
When the creature is hungry
The unfamiliar gives them fear,
Petty judgement, deafened ears
But if you were my monster
I would listen, dear

If you were my móntster





The Emerald Horizon

Well the air is green with worry
And the mud's been losing sleep
And the horses and the cats are running toward the barn
Tell your father
Tell your neighbour
Tell the fortune teller
This might be what you've been running away from

Storm's a brewing, get inside
Lock the cellar door up tight
The dust is kicking up a fuss
It wants to be a part of us

Destiny has been a-flirting
With the man behind the curtain
Is he a wizard or a god?
You can tell me that you exist
Come on baby you can't resist
But I know that you're a champagne spiritualist
I know there is so much more than this

Well, the emerald horizon
Is the thing she's got her eyes on
Arrested by the sweet seduction of sleep
Alert the papers
Call your mother
It's a horse of a different colour
Ride on his green back to the emerald horizon

All of our minds have gone to bliss
From the ruby poppy's kiss
Sent us spinning into dreaming
Of an old black and white scene





Tara Rice - Panorama

All songs written by Tara Rice
Music for track 3 co-written by Sködt McNalty

Produced and Engineered by Tara Rice and Sködt McNalty
Recorded at Studio Organik and The Living Room, Toronto

Mixed by Dean Marino at Echo Valley, Toronto
Mastered by João Carvalho at João Carvalho Mastering, Toronto

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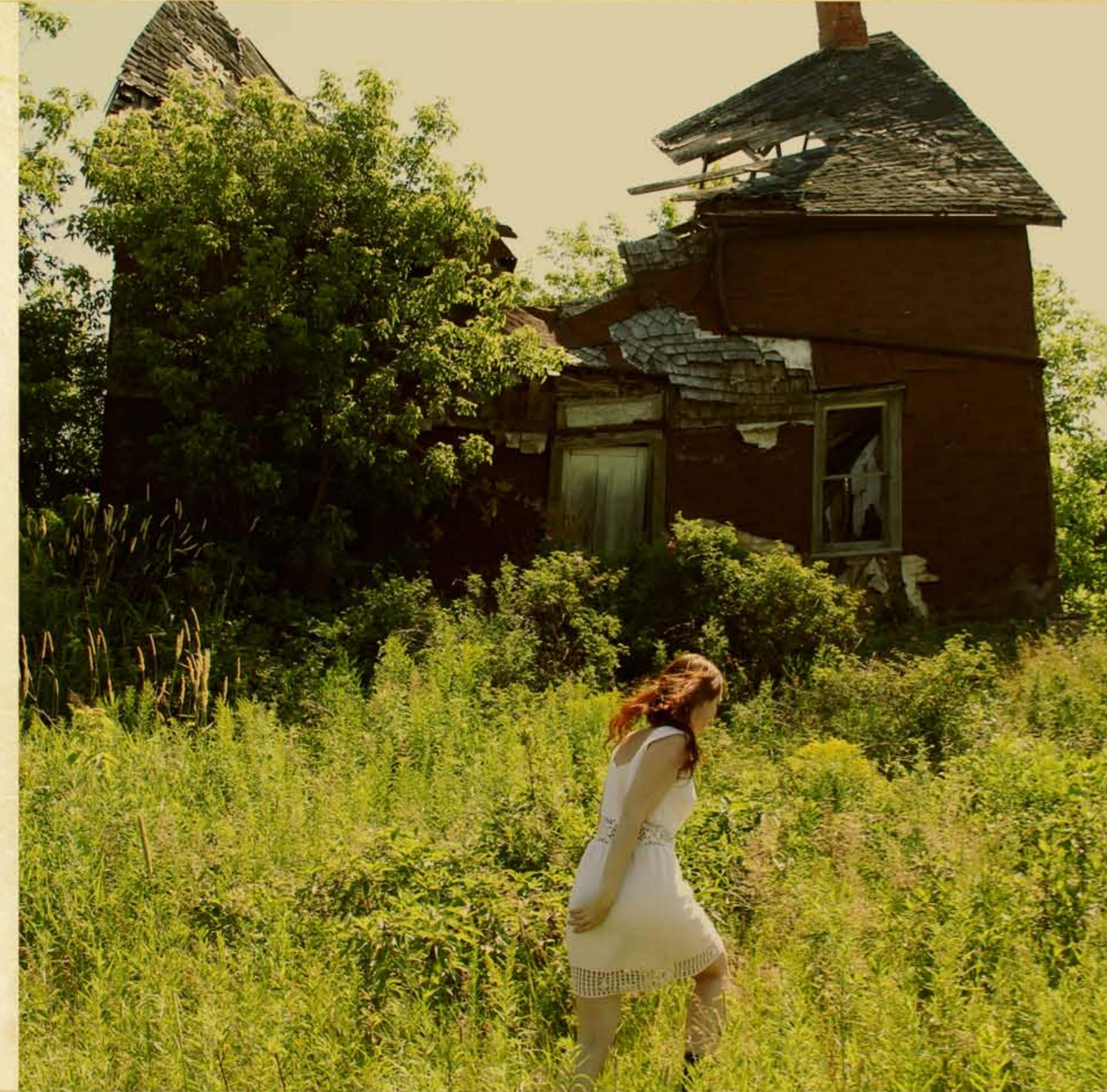
Photography by Jessica Rice

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Eternal gratitude and a big fat kiss to my co-conspirator, Sködt McNalty.
You make my best better and turn beautiful into breathtaking. To my sister
Jessica, thank you for selflessly lending your hawk eyes and ears. Blessings
to Laura Jones and Lucía Díez for contributing their talents with warm, soulful
cello resonance. Special thanks to Dean Marino and João Carvalho. Much
love and thanks to my friends, family and to you!

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**Stones**

Guitar, E-Bow, Drum Arrangements,
Vocals - Tara Rice
Cello - Lucía Díez

Vampires

Bass, Acoustic and Electric Guitar, Percussion,
Drum Arrangements, Vocals - Tara Rice
Noise, Electric Guitar - Sködt McNalty

No Harm

Acoustic and Electric Guitar, Drum Arrangements,
Vocals - Tara Rice
Bass, Synth, Electric Guitar - Sködt McNalty

Oh, Tim

Classical and Acoustic Guitars, Vocals - Tara Rice
Cello - Laura Jones

If You Were My Monster

Acoustic and Electric Guitar, Bass,
Drum Arrangements, Percussion, Vocals - Tara Rice
E-bow, Electric Guitar - Sködt McNalty

The Emerald Horizon

Guitar, Bass, Percussion, Vocals - Tara Rice
Cymbals - Sködt McNalty

