

## DemonHunter

*Because not all demons get their wings when they're born*

In the blinking of an eye, as the daylight starts to die,  
Then the hunt begins once more  
They only seem to hunt at night, they never come in broad daylight  
To our village by the shore  
I've never lived a violent life, but with a sword and hunting knife  
I've taken up the fighter's trade  
I cannot just stand idly by as my friends and neighbours die  
I'll make those demons feel afraid

Demonhunter, noble demonhunter, payback time  
What do you do when your prey becomes the hunter?

Ever searching high and low, where even Angels fear to go  
I found a cave as dark as night  
And with no mercy in my mind - for I'm the scourge of demonkind  
I entered spoiling for a fight  
And as I crossed the threshold door, the demons pinned me to the floor  
But left the weapon at my side  
They took me to a dungeon wing, where demons formed a sparring ring  
To test my foolish mortal pride

### *Dances with Demons*

Why do you fight us, when you're my son?  
Demonhunter, former demonhunter, demon son  
Demonhunter, fallen demonhunter, I'm undone  
What do you do when you're the monster you've hunted?

In the blinking of an eye, as the daylight starts to die, then the hunt begins anew  
With the wings upon my back, and my horns of shining black, I have to flee from all I knew

Demonhunter, former demonhunter, child of lies  
Demonhunter, fallen demonhunter, Compromised  
What do you do when you're the monster you've hunted?

### Side 1

1. Niall's Song 9:43
2. This is a triangle 9:34
3. Get Your Facts Right 5:19

AAD - Analogue Analogue Digital.

All songs recorded on 8-track tape except for 1,2, & 7 which were recorded 16-track using two synchronized tape machines.

Recorded using the Old Ways at The Lab, Cwmbran during 2009-2010. Mixed on 20-21 Nov. 2010, except for (5), originally recorded Aug. 2009. Mastering by Alex Balzama at Swift Solutions, London, March 2011. Thanks once again, and I promise to repair the A807's channel cards before the next album...

Greetings go out to Jay, Keats, Ren and Wuff their help and support in making this album, Amber Williams for inspiring 'Super Funk Time' - AKA the Biggs theme. Apologies go out to Neal Stephenson for 'Anathema', sorry but it had to be done. Cover art by Sergei 'Ren' Steblinskyi. Abel on 'Coventry Carol' (DMFA intro) played by Jairus. DOUG the Eagle logo by Luke Turner.

This album was recorded on RMGI SM911 and mixed to SM900.  
Equipment used included:

TASCAM TSR-8 tape machines (2x)  
Studer A807 master recorder  
TASCAM ATS-500 sync unit  
WEM Copicat tape echo  
Behringer and Yamaha mixers  
Behringer chorus unit

### Side 2

4. Anathema 4:48
5. Super Funk Time 4:33
6. Return Ticket To Heaven 4:06
7. Demonhunter 13:03



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## Niall's Song (*Chronicles of Jakob Pettersohn*)

There was a great war, for thousands of years, it took my species to the brink of destruction  
It left us hated, they think we're all monsters, they try to lynch us for the slightest infraction  
They say we number about 40'000 - If we were wildlife they'd try to preserve us  
Things are not hopeless, our numbers are rising, but every execution makes me feel nervous

What would I do to save another of my race?  
Why should I keep their laws when justice is defaced?  
Maybe I'm a dreamer, but my back's against the wall...  
I can't allow another head to fall.

When I was younger, still only a child, they tried to hang me as some "servant of darkness"  
My father saved me and since I was rescued, I've turned my thoughts towards the plight of the  
helpless  
I've heard a rumour from some distant village, my spies have told me of a person in danger.  
They plan to kill him because he is different, his crime was just to be a wandering stranger

I saw them bind him with enchantments so he couldn't escape  
I saw them making up the evidence to charge him with rape  
They strapped him onto the platform, they raised the blade upon high  
And as the prosecutor lied I realised I couldn't leave him to die

The crowd went silent as the prosecutor gazed at the skies  
Their victim's life began to flash before his watering eyes  
I saw them pulling the lever, that's when I set off the charge  
And as the guillotine exploded there were loads of angry people at large

My name is Niall, I've made it my mission to save my people from unjust persecution  
I risk my own life but I think it's worth it - if I can even stop just one execution

What would I do to save another of my race?  
Why should I keep their laws when justice is defaced?  
Maybe I'm a dreamer, but my back's against the wall...  
I can't allow another head to fall.

## Get Your Facts Right

Let me tell you 'bout Davy Jones  
He turned some sailors into heaps of bones  
Then he ran naked 'round the sacred stones  
And that's all we know about madman Jones

You don't know squat, is that all you got?  
Spare me this rot,  
Get off the pot and get your facts right

Let me tell you 'bout Einstein, son  
He stole some theories with a loaded gun  
When they found out he had to cut and run  
That's all we know about Einstein, son.

You don't know Jack, all this is cack  
You're out of whack  
So just cut the slack and get your facts right

Let me tell you 'bout Buddha crucified  
He spread dissent and he stole and lied  
He killed a fig tree then he died  
And that's all we know about Buddha crucified

Have you gone mad? Or just been had?  
You make me sad  
Be a good lad and get your facts right

## Anathema

*Chronicles of Jakob Pettersohn*

Brothers and Sisters, the strictures of the Discipline are the lifeblood of  
our Order – without them, we are nothing. It is known that it is not easy  
to uphold them at all times – those who have strayed must do penance.  
Yet there will be some whose deeds are a poison, a disease which must  
be cast from the Order.  
Alas, there is one such man among us today, but the Discipline *must* be  
enforced.

Daryil, you have left the path of wisdom, and so you must be cast from  
the Order. Have you any words before you are thrown back...?

*Cast away like a broken cup to an existential void – Your bodies  
and your minds will be destroyed!*

UNREPENTANT...! You are anathema to us, your threats will avail you  
nothing! The power of our faith will protect us – you are no longer of the  
Order.

As head of our order it gives me no pleasure to do this, but the Discipline  
must be enforced. We have no choice.

Daryil, you have chosen the path of folly, no longer shall you be Brother  
to us. Have you any final words of repentance?

*I don't take rejection well and it leaves me quite annoyed - their  
bodies and their minds have been destroyed.*